



A MATE FOR HAAAX

MATED TO THE GREKARIAN

EVIE BURKS

A Mate for Haax

Mated to the Grekarian

Book 2

Evie Burks

A Mate for Haax: Mated to the Grekarian

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Cover Design: Haelah Rice Covers

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To those who love spicy aliens that prefer
plus size FMCS... because everyone needs
love...

Praise for A Mate for Haax

“This is a fun and sweet alien romance story. It also has some action and a little mystery too. If you like alien romance, than this fun quick read will be for you.” - TheHeartofBrigid, Goodreads Review

“When a story written by Evie falls into your hands, you can’t put it down. I personally didn’t want it to end. I fell in love with Esme and Haax’s story. The way Haax makes Esme feel like the most beautiful woman in the universe, reaffirming her self-worth with compliments and words of love.

So if you’re into brave and protective alien heroes with curvy heroines, this story is for you.” - Michelle Dart, Goodreads Review

“Our author has deeply developed her world and characters and draws us into her story. It is full of plot twists, danger, teasing, steam, and a very protective and caring mate” - Donna, Goodreads Review

“This is a short story, but packed full with spicy hot and steamy scenes, an adventure in space, a journey back to the compound, all while trying to stay one step ahead of the invading aliens. Esme and Haax are constantly interrupted while trying to form their mating bond and I was seriously starting to wonder if it would ever happen! Their chemistry was electric and Haax is **EVERYTHING** in this story! I loved the amount of content that Evie Burks gives us in her stories. This is a quick paced alien romance that will leave you wiping your brow by the end. This is a **MUST** read!” - KimMac, Goodreads Review

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Chapter 1

Esme



My stomach does somersaults as a kaleidoscope of butterflies tries to break free. I'm anxiously awaiting this next change in my life. Nerves prickle under my skin. My heart is pounding in my throat, but I'm thankful it's finally here after days, and even months, of wondering what this exact moment would be like. Many of my friends say it's a big risk putting myself out there like this, but I have to believe, in the end, it'll be worth it.

A short brunette beside me bounces on the balls of her feet. "What do you think they'll be like?" Her voice comes out a little shaky, and I know her nerves are probably just as bad as mine.

My gaze finds hers, my eyes clashing with her chocolate-colored ones. She is attractive and curvaceous, but not in the big boobs, small waist, and no fat kind of way. No, she's full figured like me. I admire her confident stance as her little black dress melts into her body.

“Definitely different from us, but just because they’re different doesn’t mean they’re bad, right? I mean... I understand why the government took volunteers for this mates project instead of doing a lottery, ya know?” I pause to take a breath. “But think about it this way... they’ve been defending Earth from intruders and making sure our population doesn’t extinguish like dinosaurs for years now. One day soon, there will be no men left on this planet. One day, we’re going to need their help with more than just defenses. Plus, think about all the technology they’ll bring with them.” Yep, I certainly did just rattle off a bunch of nonsense. So much for not having nerves. I chuckle internally.

Her lips press into a thin, contemplative line. A loud noise breaks us from our revelry only moments later. My gut churns as we watch a large black spaceship, complete with bubble windows with neon stripes, hover over us before touching down in the port. Sweat breaks out across my skin. This is real now, it’s no longer just something hypothetical, it’s concrete.

I can’t believe it, I think to myself. Wind billows around the ship like the breeze flying off of a helicopter when it touches down.

A deep, gruff voice comes booming over the loudspeaker. “Ready yourselves, future brides. Your mates have arrived.” I roll my eyes. *How cliché.*

The sound of metal against metal as the door slides open brings all of our attention to the hull of the spacecraft. I imagine the noise closer up would be abrasive, but I'm farther back in the throng of people waiting for their mates in the docking area. Breath catches in my throat, and my lungs are screaming for more oxygen as I wait.

After years of dating and never finding my perfect person, I thought, what the hell, why not try? Obviously, I have no prospects here. Not that I would anyhow. Any Earth man I fall in love with and marry can't give me children. They've become sterile, and no one can pinpoint how or why.

I watch as sexy, multiple colored, tall aliens depart one by one from the ship. We haven't seen our potential mates, yet they know who we are. They picked us out specifically based on our photos. They claim to know their mate with just one look. I remain doubtful, but we'll see.

Fear swirls within the chambers of my soul as I try to gather as much courage as I can and let it burn through my veins, watching more alien's walk off the ship. They all look the same - tall, muscular, broad shoulders, slim waists. Each one is shirtless, wearing only low-slung pants as they approach the crowd of women waiting to meet them. Smiles and nervous giggles litter the previously quiet atmosphere.

My eyes rove over each male, wondering if he is the one who chose me. Not that I know what he looks like, but I hope I'll feel some sort of strange connection. I know, it makes no sense since I'm doubtful of their ability to know their mate on sight, but, even so, the little girl part of me clinging to a fairy tale is hopeful.

We have talked several times over the last few weeks.

They call it a bonding time. It's with the hope that they won't feel like complete strangers when they arrive. Every day, I talk to him well into the evening about everything - from my likes to his planet and everything in between. It's just been so easy.

He is smart, considerate, and thoughtful; much different than I thought he would be when all of this talk from the government started.

A tall male built like a body builder approaches the girl I was speaking with earlier, and they unite as if they've been away from each other for years. I can't help the smile that lingers on my face, watching them interact. I hope that Haax and I get along just as well. Her mate has light blonde hair that falls just below his ears. Scales of green and blue run vertically up and down his midsection and over his shoulders.

The couple to the left of us meet in a quick kiss of hello, and I can't help but smile at

them. We have been told the mating bond will click into place instantly with one simple look. Our gaze must meet, and we will know if we are meant to be together.

I get lost in that daydream of looking up to find my perfect alien match looking at me with desire and need so desperate that I run to him. It is there for us. I can feel it.

A warning sound blares, and shrieks rise from some of the women surrounding us. Another ship currently hovers over the one that has just arrived. Only this ship does not look like the other. This one is a slimy green color like algae in a pond that needs to be cleaned.

Aliens all over are pushing their mates to the ground and hovering over them, shielding them. *Protectiveness*. A tingle of jealousy slips through my thoughts.

I look around frantically, stopping briefly on every alien in my view. *Where is he? Has something happened to him?*

I turn to walk away when I hear my name being shouted. Large footsteps fly up behind me, and a large hand wraps gently around my arm. I shriek, trying to pull myself away, when I hear an all-too-familiar voice. "Esme, it is I, Haax. We need to get down." I drop down to the ground on my stomach, mimicking the other females with their mates, and, like the other alien mates, he covers me completely.

"Why are you..."

Lifting a hand, he places a finger over my lips, quietly telling me to shut the hell up. My heart is pounding, and I'm finding it hard to breathe. I can feel each palpitation. Being near him gives me only the smallest sense of security. I fear without him, though, I would be a ball of human huddled on the ground in a fetal position.

He leans down to whisper in my ear. A chill of symmetrical goosebumps line my arm from the warmth of his breath against my skin. Just the sound of his voice is soothing.

"Do not move. The Necorium are not as technologically advanced as the Grekarians. We have cloaking systems. Our whole entire body, when unmoving, is undetectable to them."

To my right, the girl I was previously talking to lies unmoving. With glossy eyes and the sheen of unshed tears, I can see it from here that she is terrified.

None of us expected for this to happen. When their government told us they had been protecting us for years and wished to mate our citizens, we honestly kind of assumed they just wanted willing females.

Now we know the truth. My mind spins. Does our government know about these Necorium? Do they know they planned to attack today once the ship landed? All around us, women

and their mates lie on the ground completely still.

It's obvious the other males have convinced their humans to remain still below them. We all hang in the balance, breath stunted, waiting for what comes next. The worst part is the silence, as if all sound has vanished in the world while we wait for something, anything, to happen.

It feels like forever passes while we wait for the sky to clear. I would like to think it is just minutes, but it feels like hours. My muscles grow sore from all the tension pouring through them.

The sky finally clears out, and for a brief moment, we see our freedom. Other couples start to rise when, out of nowhere, a second ship flies in. Bodies hit the ground, one by one, as beams of light reflect off of them.

There is a zap of glorious colors when all I see before me is gore. Couples fall to the ground dead, carnage befalls us.

Haax did not move when the thought of being free took over. I'm glad he had the wisdom to stay put. To make sure that they were truly gone. Now, seeing what I am being forced to watch, I am glad. Bile creeps up into my throat as people are decimated before my very eyes, falling all around me in pools of blood.

Warm breath tickles my neck again. "Do not watch, dear Esme. One as beautiful as you

should not have to see such devastation." I nod below him, tears falling. I sniff the snot currently trying to make its way out of my nose. It is gruesome. "Turn your head."

Why would they do this? It makes no sense for them to kill all of these people, only to turn around and leave. What do they get out of this act?

The second ship departs, and we all stay huddled, learning quickly from what just happened. Things tend to happen in threes around here - someone getting sick, someone losing their job, or someone dying - but after a long while, nothing else happens. My body is stiff from holding itself in the same position for so long. My arm is tingly because it's fallen asleep.

I can feel the hard ground digging into me from below, tiny stones rooting themselves in the outside of my arms. My eyes scatter from person to person, landing on friends of mine who are here as well. How did I not know that they signed up? It doesn't matter at this point.

"Someone help!" An agonizing cry, piercing and guttural, lifts from one of the women's lips as she stares up at her mate. The wound to his back seems severe. Skin is peeled away from the hole where he was shot, and it smells like burnt flesh; an absolutely wretched thing. I know he will not survive. I cry for her; shed

many, many tears, and thank the heavens that Haax was smart enough, cautious enough, to keep us still.

He helps me up with warm, gentle hands, and I can't help but love the way his big hand lies against my arm; causing tingles straight to my core. *Already?*

"What will happen to him?" I ask no one in particular.

Haax speaks up from behind me, and I jump. "He will need to be healed. We carry healers on the ship. It may take some time, but he should have a full recovery."

Many of the women look around in horror at the terror that has befallen us in such a short amount of time. Today was supposed to be a happy occasion, but all I see around me is death.

Haax bends down, putting one hand in the crick of my knees and another behind my back. His arms are strong and comforting. I lean my head against his chest and listen to his heart. Only, I hear two heartbeats.

He carries me away from the scene as emergency crews show up to transport the injured to hospitals close by. Aliens who were injured but had uninjured mates return to the ship to be healed before leaving.

As we pass more bodies of the fallen, pain tears through my heart like bullets piercing my

flesh for them. Couples who will never get to properly meet, fall in love, and mate for life.

Today has gone from what could have been the happiest day of their lives to the most tragic ending.

I spot two of my friends, Aniston and Jacee, as we leave. "Hey, wait." I say, looking up at Haax. "I need to go make sure they're okay."

His lips form a grim line of disapproval. "I would prefer for you to leave now. I cannot fathom losing my mate as many of these others have today. I will not stand for it. You are *mine* now."

As our eyes lock, something clicks into place. My heart speeds up with need, and my body responds in a way it never has before with a man. I have the urge to run to him, to kiss him, to climb him, but now is not the proper time or place.

"Haax, you need to let me see them." I plead, trying to give him my best begging face.

He sighs deeply, yet turns towards my friends.

We're all shaken up. Luckily, both of my friends and their mates are standing together. The girls are shivering, but I don't think it's from the cold. They run to me with arms wide open as Haax sets me down.

"Oh, you're okay. We were worried." Aniston gives me a hug, and I fear for a moment I

won't be able to breathe.

"I'm okay, Ani. I'm okay."

I watch as Haax walks over to speak with my friends' mates. They give some sort of secret alien handshake. I will have to remember to ask him about that later.

Tears stream down their faces as we all hug and say prayers of thanks that we were saved from slaughter unlike countless others.

Despair grips me.

We say our goodbyes, and I stroll back to where Haax stands, a small smile on his face, waiting for me. I can't help but return the gesture. Dimples caress his cheeks, and I want to look at them forever.

My brain is a mess of confusion and pain. I'm not exactly sure what to think, but for now, I need time to decompress and figure out what comes next. I'm not mad at Haax in any way for any of the events that happened today, but I kind of want to just be alone for a little while.

"Do you want to come back to the compound with me, sweet Esme?" His voice is soft and kind.

My lips pinch into a thin line as I think, hating to hurt him with words so soon. "No, I think I just want to go home..."

"I shall go with you." He nods as if his mind is already made up.

“No, I need to be alone right now, so I can think. What just happened is a lot to deal with, and I need time to decompress and not be around any of this right now.”

A frown tips the corners of his lips down, but he nods. “I understand, however, I do not wish to be parted from you. We have seen tragedy today, and my mate bond will require me to be within your presence for the next few days. I would like, if you’ll let me, to have you accompany me to the compound just for a few days. It is more secure than any apartment building will be.”

“I don’t... think that’s necessary.”

He huffs in disagreement. “You are my mate. I will not let you go. Not now that I have seen you, smelled your beautiful fragrance, looked upon your sweet face, and gazed at your plump, pink lips, wondering how they taste. I imagine they are as sweet as the honey you’ll produce for me. How will it taste once I have found my place between those sweet thighs? Something I greatly look forward to.”

I smile shyly with embarrassment at his dirty words while my core leaks with arousal. His nostrils flare, and I can tell that he knows, but he doesn’t say a word about it, which I am completely thankful for right now.

“Will you at least allow me to go home and grab some of my things before we go? I need

clothes if you plan to keep me hostage for days on end.”

He smirks. “If I intended to keep you hostage, I guarantee you wouldn’t complain about a lack of clothes or how much I intend to worship you.”

When I look away, I try to calm my nerves, Haax hails a glider at the spaceport, and we head to my apartment. I’m nervous of what he will think of my place, but there is no going back now. I understand his need to take care of me. Quite frankly, I don’t fully understand it, but the thought of him being away from me makes me queasy.

I grab my keys from my purse, and my hands shake as I try to unlock the door. I’m unsuccessful, and Haax finally steps in to save me from even more awkwardness. “Thank you,” I whisper, and he gives me that delicious dimpled smile of his.

“Esme, I can wait here until you get everything you need. I do not wish to impose upon you.”

My smile is small, but I appreciate that he isn’t absolutely forcing himself upon me. Yet, I guess, in a way he is by asking me to go to the compound with him. But he asked, not demanded, right?

“Well, I’m going to...” I point to the door to let him know I’ll be back.

He nods, leans down once more to kiss my cheek, and whispers, causing the hair on my shoulders to tickle my neck. "I cannot wait until you allow me to kiss you like a proper mate, and I'm not just talking about your upper lips..."

Fuck, how does he make me feel so much desire with just a few words? Right, fated mate thing. We have spoken about it several times since we were paired together, and it's hard to believe that there's actually a thing, but I feel it... or something. I definitely have strong feelings and desires towards this male.

I walk through the door and lean against it after I close it. Phew, this may be more interesting than I thought. He seems just like an alien book boyfriend in the protective you-are-mine-and-no-one-else-can-have-you type of way. I can't say it doesn't get me going. On the other hand, it's hard to properly examine and deal with such feelings after what I've seen today. My heart is pumping furiously to spread oxygenated red blood cells to where they need to go, and I'm trying to calm my breathing.

It's not working just yet, but I know it will once I chill out for a while.

Chapter 2

Haax



I cannot say that I am not disappointed by the turn of events today has taken. We should have been prepared for the Necorium. We have been monitoring Earth for the past week and a half; senseless death... so much death. I did not want to cause Esme despair, but my heart tore seeing so many of my brethren snuffed from existence before my very eyes.

Myself and the rest of our crew will grieve in our own ways. I shall put all my energy into focusing on my mate and her needs. I close my eyes, and the scent of her potent arousal still lingers between us from each time my lips parted to speak of my deep desire for her.

Her pupils grew dilated, and I could see the stiff peaks of her nipples begging for me to ravish them. Esme is not as thin as some of the other Earth women I've seen in vids. I like that she is different. Her extra curves are more for me to hold onto when I eventually get inside her. My eyes roll at the sheer thought of it while my cock twitches in anticipation.

We need to get to the compound and get sorted out. My personal effects should already be there since we were told they would be transported from the ship once it arrived. I hope that the actions of the Necorium did not ruin that from happening. My shoulders lift in a shrug. I am sure there are plenty of extra clothes lying around the compound in need of new owners.

Anxiety wears on me as I wonder who will be there when I arrive.

I need to find a way to the compound, so while I wait for Esme, I decide to contact the command center. A gruff voice and holograph greet me on the other end when I call. He looks different than a normal Grekarian, and I wonder if he is a hybrid. It does not matter, I suppose, at this point. "Commander, I am glad to see you survived the brutal attack today."

I nod because it's really all I can do at this point, clearing my throat as emotions roll through me. Gratitude, despair, hope, grief. Redirecting the conversation, I tell him of my needs. "I will require transportation to the compound. Are you able to arrange such things?"

"Certainly, Commander, I can have a glider sent directly to you. I shall program it now. Can you provide me with your current location?" I hit another button on my comm so that he may route the glider to the correct

place. "It should be there in no more than fifteen minutes, sir."

"Thank you. I will require a room for myself and possibly my mate, and can you tell me if my things have arrived from the ship?"

He frowns. "No, we have not received any gliders from the ship. They are still trying to clean up the casualties. Many of our men died today. Some brethren were able to get back to the ship in time to get into the capsules so they may heal, others were not so lucky."

"It was indeed a tragedy. Be grateful you were not there to witness such abhorrent actions in person."

Silence hangs in the air, thick and heavy like a blanket, and I can see the sadness as it consumes him with just the thought of all the senseless loss from earlier today. I understand it well. "The glider is in route, Commander, and should be there in exactly ten minutes. We shall be ready for you and your mate when you arrive."

"Very good. Thank you."

The glider arrives shortly after we disconnect, and we hop in. The ride seems to take no time at all, and we're arriving at the compound sooner rather than later. I've only been here once before, but my designation as Commander does not allow for much opportunity to leave the planet.

Prince Axxon had given me leave to find a mate of my own, and as soon as I saw Esme in the bride guide, I knew she was to be mine. The way her caramel eyes looked into my soul is something I just couldn't shake, nor do I want to. She smiles, and her eyes get that adorable crinkle in the corners, almost like the smile is reaching out to touch them.

Silver gates open to a long driveway leading up to the facility. It comes to a slow stop before the front door, and my heart rate ticks up a beat. It's finally happening. We're here.

I offer my hand to Esme as she steps out of the cruiser, and then I grab her bag to carry it for her. "I can carry that myself, you know." She says it teasingly.

"You can, this is true. But while I am here, you shall not have to."

The wonder and amazement on her face as we walk through to the compound is like that of a child seeing something for the first time. It makes me smile knowing that our compound is that aweing.

"This place is incredible. Where do you get all the colorful plants?" The words fall from her lips, but not once does her gaze leave our surroundings.

"These are seeded and grown in Grekaria. They were brought over with the first group of brethren who came to reside at the compound. It alleviates the homesickness that some of

our kind experience when we first come to Earth.”

“Why Alaska?”

“Why not?” I smile with a shrug. “We like colder climates, and it’s out of the way enough that not many people come across and notice it.” We approach the door, and her hand slides into mine, and I can’t fight the tingle that runs down the mate bond with just a simple touch.

A few minutes later, my hand regretfully slides out of hers, moving it to the small of her back as I open the door before us. She steps into the lobby of the compound and freezes. Her shocked gasp greets my ears as she takes in the surroundings.

Neon colors envelop the walls everywhere, and there are metal pieces of artwork scattered throughout. A giggle comes from Esme. “It looks like a glow stick exploded in here.”

My brows furrow. “What is this *glow stick* you speak of?”

She shakes her head, laughing. “You know what, don’t even worry about it.”

I reach for her hand again, and she doesn’t pull away, making me proud. She is not ashamed of me.

One of the command center’s ensigns approaches and gives a salute, his station proudly worn on his chest. He is not Grekarian

or Merink, he must be an Osslander. I have not seen one up close, but it closely matches the shape and description of the creature standing before me now. The ensign is shorter than myself by probably a foot, and his four toed feet are exposed. The ears attached to his head stick out and look like small fins. A pointy nose centers between his high cheekbones. He is black and white striped like a Zebra and sparkles when he moves in the light above us. "Commander Haax, it is good to see you again, sir. We spoke briefly via comms earlier. Your room is prepared, and your bags have just arrived from the ship."

"Great news..." I draw it out to see if he'll provide me with his name.

He gets the memo and nods. "Oh, Paaxion, sir."

"Very well, thank you, Paaxion. Will you please escort us to our quarters?"

He bows in respect. "Certainly, Commander."

He turns to leave, and I place my hand to the small of Esme's back again.

Caramel-colored eyes meet mine as I glance down to my mate. Her brows are furrowed in confusion. I reach up to touch her cheek.

"What is it, mate?"

"Don't I... well, don't I get my own room?"

"As much as I wish to fulfill your desire for privacy, I cannot. You are my mate, and I

almost lost you once today. You will stay where I can keep sights on you to make sure you're protected. There was a breach here several months ago, and the former commander's mate was almost kidnapped. I do not wish for a repeat."

Crescent shapes come from the balls I've made my fists into just thinking about those slimy creatures. A growl slips from between my lips, and I can't seem to care. I will kill anyone who tries to touch a hair on her head, even though I have only just *met* her.

As soon as I walked off that ship, the sweetest fragrance of peaches seared my nostrils in perfume. She smells of goodness, and she looks like a goddess with those curvy hips. When our eyes first met, everything clicked into place.

Esme is my fated mate. *Of this, I am sure.*

She doesn't ask any more questions, just turns on her heel to follow Paaxion. I am thankful and grateful for this small show of trust she graces me.

Chapter 3

Esme



Am I weirded out about the whole situation today? Absolutely. Does it make me want to leave, though? As I run the thought through my mind, I automatically come back with the answer *no*.

Haax has made an effort to make me feel more comfortable about everything, and for some strange reason, I feel safe around this big alien who could take me out with the flip of a wrist.

He is attractive, and the way he speaks with such authority does things to me that it probably shouldn't do, given that I've just met him. Haax's hand against my lower back is warm, and that warmth spreads like a fire up my body, igniting each nerve as it goes.

The Grekarian compound's hallways are long, wide, and tall. I try to take in everything at once, but it's just not possible. There is too much to see here, between the other Grekarians and these other small aliens with

three boobs, I don't hardly know what to think.

They're both also taller than me, so for every one step they take, I'm forced to take two, stretching my chunky legs almost into a split. I am not made for this type of activity.

I notice the way doors are set in regular intervals along our way. Some have light creeping out below with shadows, while others are pitch black.

As we follow Paaxion, my eyes greedily trace over brightly-colored blue and green hues on the walls matching their scales and skin tone. Metal artwork hangs every few feet on the walls as we pass, easily seen by the bright lights shining above us, lighting our pathway. Small pathway lights line either side of the corridor we're currently in, and I can only imagine how pretty it is at night with only those lights lit up.

I imagine I could liken it to driving through Christmas lights, only instead of shades in red or green, these ones would be neon-colored.

We stop at a metal door down the second hallway to the left. Outside hangs a keypad, and I swear it's like something out of a space movie.

"Your quarters, Commander." Paaxion says as he turns to give Haax a bow. I wonder where he sits on the hierarchy here. Is he a peon or

someone of importance? I don't understand what the patch on his chest means.

He steps to the side so we may enter the room. Haax goes in first, out of protective instinct or what, I don't know. But after the events of today, I find I'm perfectly okay with him checking things out first before bidding me entrance. "Outstanding, Paaxion. That is all I require for now."

"Certainly, sir, I will be of service while you are here. Should you need anything, just comm me, and I will be happy to assist. Your room has been thoroughly cleaned, and the Merink will be by in the morning to ensure it stays that way. Her name is Madera. She will also get your mate into the proper dress for the compound."

My eyes widen. *Shit*, what does he mean by proper dress? Can I not just wear my normal clothing? What do they have against t-shirts and jeans?

Haax nods, and Paaxion turns, leaving us to it. He clicks something on his comm, and a code pops up. I am assuming the code to get into the room because he uses the same one to enter into the keypad. A green light above the door flickers briefly before the metal door starts to open with a squeak. *WD40 anyone?*

The lights are dim as we enter the room, and everything is hazy like right after you get those silly drops in your eyes at the eye

doctor's office during an exam. I slowly adjust, and I take a good look around. A huge floating bed sits solidly in the middle of the room. I can imagine two of Haax and myself on the bed; enough room for both of us with extra space! Even with my considerably chunky self. Across from us sits a window, proudly displaying an outside garden. On the wall to the left of it is a mural of a jungle type of cave. Yet again, the neon colors penetrate the wall.

"So... is this some place on your planet?"

His attention turns to the mural, and the corners of his lips turn up in happiness. "It is a cave on Grekaria that I used to run off to when I was a youngling. I'd slip off in the middle of the day and go to this cave deep in the mountains. You've seen this place with all the colors, so picture that, only magnified by one hundred. The cave is known for its elixir pool. When Grekarians find their mates, they visit the cave. It signifies new life and love. It is a tradition on Grekaria to spend the night there as it is believed that the Goddess will bless whoever stays there. When I was a youngling, I'd sneak up there and peek at the couples who bathed naked in the pool together." The shallow dip of a frown mars his face briefly, and I wonder if he's thinking about the females that are no longer alive. But then he smiles amusedly as a blush covers his

cheeks. "It was the first time I had a glance at breasts."

He gestures to the bed, raising a brow as if in question, and I follow his instruction. It sits so high up from the floor that I have to hop up onto it. My feet definitely do not come anywhere near touching the ground.

My gaze continues to roam the room. "Are all the rooms the same?"

"I don't know, but I would not say no to finding out." He waggles his eyebrows and grins with all his teeth. I'm just noticing the two fangs currently making an appearance in the front of his mouth. *I wonder how sharp they are?*

The bed dips when Haax joins me, and my body crumbles into his side, his warmth heating my body rapidly. The smile he gives is pure joy wrapped in a bow and... there are those dimples again. *Swoon.*

He looks at me as if I am the icing on his favorite cookie, and I will admit he looks sexy enough to eat! Arousal pools at the mere thought of all the things he could be licking or doing with me. His nostrils flare, and his pupils dilate, yet he says nothing. *Can he smell me?*

I admire his body, taking in each solid muscle and dip below his heavily chiseled jawline.

Unlike the other Grekarians, his scales are green with a touch of iridescent purple shine. His frame is shaped with hard scales that slip

over his shoulders and inlay the length of his arms. His stunning torso is covered in scales, almost as if they are a coat of armor for him. The skin peeking through is a deep black color, and I can't stop my gaze from trailing everywhere.

Desire strikes like an arrow, daring me to run my hand down them to see if they feel like fish scales, but I refrain. Moments later, he reaches out lightly and pulls my hand to his chest. *Feel.* I hear the word, but he doesn't say it. *Where did that come from?*

I lift my hand to his chest, expecting coldness, yet they are soft to the touch, and I can only imagine what they would feel like against my naked skin.

Taking a moment to backpedal my thoughts, I consider how he was able to speak into my mind. "How did y-?"

He shrugs whimsically as if it is no big deal. "We are mates, Esme. We can speak telepathically now that our mate bond has started to form. I can sense your desires. You wished to feel my chest, and I want you to have everything you ask for." His smile is filled with amusement and so sexy. "I also wish to take care of you. I can smell your arousal from here, mate. I am more than happy to rub your naked skin all over my body."

My skin flushes brightly, and I look away. I cannot believe he can actually smell... that...

He tips my chin up to look at him. Running my fingertips mindlessly along the points of his scales, I have to ask. "Why are your scales a different color from the others?"

He turns away, the smile previously there slipping from his face as if he is ashamed. "I am not a full Grekarian. My mother was part Grekarian, part Sepharon. My father was full Grekarian. So I resemble closely to my fellow Grekarian males, but I do have some differences."

"What kind of differences?" I ask curiously.

"All Grekarrians have scales. It gives us the ability to swim underwater for long periods of time, as well as use for camouflage as you saw today. Sepharon males also have the ability to read desires. I will always know what you are thinking, mate. Unless you wish for me not to, then I can show you how to block me... for now." He appears slightly uncomfortable as I watch him closely; the same way he's watching me. I'm speechless. My mouth hangs open like I'm waiting to catch flies. That's... cool, but also creepy.

"I agree. It is rather creepy." He chuckles, his whole body shaking as he does so.

My eyes widen before I shake my head. "What else is different?"

"Since I am a hybrid, I also have two cocks. One for mating, and the other for pleasure. The mating cock will only erect itself in the

presence of my true mate. So you, my mate, will be the only one who will see or experience it.”

My eyes grow increasingly wider. “Wait, so you have two dicks? How does that work?”

“From what I have researched, females on your planet can have more than one round of sexual intercourse daily. You also have what you call a pussy and then a back hole. I am told and have watched many vids of humans having sex using both holes. I think it would be quite pleasant to feel both of my cocks inside you.” He smirks, an eager smile tipping his lips as I blush.

A tingle shoots up my spine, causing goosebumps to form across my flesh. Would I even consider having anal sex with him? I guess we’ll find out, but I don’t stop there with the questions. “Now I am curious what you look like below the belt. My mind is going crazy.”

“What is this *below the belt* you speak of? I do not have a belt.” His brows scrunch, head tilting, as his face fills with bewilderment.

“It’s an Earth phrase, Haax.” I grin cheekily at him.

He looks perplexed. “Hmm... I have researched Earth and human females for months to prepare. I guess I should have researched words as well.”

Holy hell, he researched human women and how to pleasure them? *Fuck, I won the jackpot.* Most guys around here wouldn't take the time to learn anything. They just fumble around down there until they find the hole.

"Well, that is sad, indeed. I promise you. I am interested in much more than just the hole, my sexy mate. I want it all, and I plan to devour you like the best slice of chocolate cake."

I want him. My brain goes back to our conversation a few minutes ago. It's salivating at the thought of two cocks. I'm dying to see the size. I'm also dying to know how they would feel inside me.

His eyes darken in lust, and my lower half clenches. An impish smile creeps across his face. "I couldn't agree more. I cannot wait to fuck you."

A flush warms my cheeks, and heat flows through my chest. No one has ever spoken to me so forwardly before, and I admire that he doesn't mince words. Granted, I have also only been with one man. *Shit, did he just read that thought?* I reprimand myself.

"It is good to know, my mate. I will go slow with you and make sure you are well prepared, and then work you up to take both of my cocks." He growls, low and deep. His pupils dilate. "Do you have any idea what it does to me knowing I'm about to make you mine? It

makes me mad with desire. I am a raging inferno for you, Esme.”

My core begins to weep, my breath hitching as desire courses through me with abandon.

“Let me see to your needs, mate.” I shake my head no as my mouth hangs open, not sure how to respond. He slips off the bed to kneel before me, between my legs; his head reaches above my breasts even on his knees. His rough finger trails up my calf slowly, eliciting a charged shiver that crawls up my body, leaving my skin tingling in its wake.

He stops his progression as he hits mid-thigh, finding my eyes for permission, I believe, so I nod.

Rough, heated hands feel me up as he spreads my legs. Haax’s eyes close, and his nostrils flare as he takes a deep inhale. “You are trying to kill me. Your arousal is the sweetest smell I have ever had the pleasure of breathing. It’s as if I can almost taste it on my tongue, and I cannot wait to sip from the source.”

The hem of my dress curls up with each inch gained. I wore it to specifically show off my assets; tall, lean legs, and cleavage. My little black dress provided both while hiding the extra love I carry about my middle.

“Mmm... I liked the dress. Tell me, did you wear it just for me?” I bow my head a touch in agreement. “I know I’ll like it even more on the floor.”

I gasp as he finds the outline of my panties. The gusset is completely soaked through. Once he's slipped below the fabric, his long fingers glide through my folds, eliciting a needy moan. It feels so good. *He feels good.* My nipples pebble, and the tips are so sensitive against my clothes.

It's as if his fingers have the perfect charge and pressure to make me see stars as he slips them almost...

A loud buzz emanates from the comm on his wrist. "Commander." It sounds like Paaxion from earlier. "Commander?"

He growls but remains where he is, his fingers still teasing my core. "Yes." His voice is gravelly. I try to smack him away while he responds, nervous that whoever is calling will hear, but I'm unsuccessful. My eyes roll back, and my lips part as he hits a certain spot. My lips slam together, trying to keep in the moan bubbling to the surface.

"I am sorry to interrupt you, sir, but your brother is here and wishes to speak with you." His hand pauses.

"My brother?" He says questioningly. "I was not aware that my brother was on Earth nor planning a trip."

"Haaxo. Good to hear your voice." What, I'm assuming, is his brother's voice comes across the line. It's smooth like Haax's but a bit

deeper; the same odd accent to his speech matching his brothers.

“Daax, brother. It is good to hear your voice, but you’re interrupting at a terrible time.” His dark eyebrows arch mischievously, and those adorable dimples pop out to play again. I squirm above his fingers as they slide through my slick folds, teasing my clit before slipping inside me.

A few moments later, dark eyes find mine, and Haax looks directly at me while he pulls his fingers away and lifts them to his lips. He closes his eyes as he slides them into his mouth and proceeds to lick my arousal from his fingers; moaning as he savors the flavor.

He goes back for more and proceeds to rub my juices all over his chest before giving me the sexiest wink I think I’ve ever seen.

I’m not sure which part of me is coming to the front more than the other, it’s either sheer embarrassment or delightfully erotic.

“Axxon has sent me here with a message. He apparently attempted to comm you earlier today, but with the accident, and you ignoring your comm... Brother, do you have any idea how many times we had to buzz you before you realized and answered? Six times.”

He growls. “Well, I was... am in the middle of something very important.” A giggle escapes my lips. He’s turned on and angry, if I’m

reading those facial expressions properly, and it's incredibly sexy.

Daax's voice comes out steady and low pitched. "What we have to talk about is very important. When can you meet me to discuss?"

Haax sighs with heavy exaggeration. "And it has to be right now?"

Daax speaks firmly and quickly; a sense of urgency is hinted at. "Yes, time is of the essence."

His firm, square jaw clenches. "Fine, I shall meet you in the Rakien conference room in five minutes' time."

Chapter 4

Haax



The last thing I want to do is leave her. I am incredibly aroused, and now I must take my time on the way to the conference room to hope that my erect cock disappears before I arrive so that Daax does not make fun of me like I am a greenling.

Frustration mounts with each step I take. My hands ball into fists, and agitation lifts my scales into fight mode. But fighting is the last thing I want to do with my own sibling. I hit the passcode Paaxion provided to me at the end of the handheld comm, and the steel door glides open effortlessly. Upon entry, I drop the comm on the side table as I pass by it and move closer to the middle of the room.

The tall stature and broad shoulders of my brother greet me. His face is one I see when I look in my own mirror. He is my womb brother.

“Brother,” he says, arms open wide to pull me into an embrace.

“What is this about?” I get right to the point.

“Axxon has requested that you return to Grekaria. There is news of the Necorium.”

“But he gave me leave to come and find my mate?”

He waves to the chairs before us, imploring me to sit down. “Yes, and he feels bad calling you back, but you are the Commander of the Flighten. If you so wish, you can bring your mate with you so that you may continue forming this mate bond or whatever it’s called.”

I chuckle. “You do know that, eventually, you will find your own female and will realize how wrong you are.”

He shakes his head. “You know I am not looking for a mate. I am simply here to do a job and report back when my duty has been completed.”

A job. *Our mission.* Integrate ourselves with the humans and learn their ways. Learn what they like. What do they hate? What makes them tick? What makes them do certain things or pick up certain habits?

I have spent a lot of time researching the internet about human women, and what I found is fascinating. Their pleasure core is incredibly interesting, much unlike those of a Grekarian female.

They possess a slot between their legs made to fit a cock. She also has a pleasure nub

above the slit which provides ample orgasms. According to the internet, orgasms are a good thing. Something I definitely aspire to learn about.

The humans have *porn*; portals where you can watch a human man and female fucking. They also have male with male and female with female.

We've spent years observing them.

"So you have no intention of finding a mate and helping to repopulate?" I ask him querulously.

"There are enough of you, brother, that I am not needed in repopulating the Earth. Look, how do you even know that these humans are actually bondable and that you're not just in lust with them because you are nearing your prime and think you need a woman?"

"It's been proven, just look at the prince and his mate. They are preparing for their first greenling, and you know that we are unable to impregnate women who are not our mates. So, tell me how you can explain this."

I didn't think I would ever meet my mate. Some Grekarians wait their whole lives and still never meet their fated mates.

Males sleep with the females of our planet for pleasure and company, but that is the limitation of it because we can no longer produce offspring.

I wonder if my mating cock will rise for her tonight. I hadn't planned to do anything with her just yet, but the way she looks at me tells me she wouldn't hate the idea.

I want to strip her down and worship her body. Take everything I've learned from my research on porn websites and use it on her. I know from her thoughts earlier that she has only ever been with one other male. My hands fist at the thought of someone touching what is mine, but that thought quickly morphs into how good my mate will look spread out before me. I cannot think about such things. My cock twitches again; *not in front of my brother.*

A shrill beep vibrates my comm on the side table. The prince is calling me again. I hit the button, and a hologram of him pops up before me from the comm. The background tells me that he's in the throne room using his wall comm. "Commander," he says in his *means business* prince voice. This is no longer my best friend but my own commander. He is who I follow for orders. I can't say I'm not miffed at the thought of leaving Earth and my time here to woo my mate.

Hopefully, she will come with me. I can only ask.

"Prince," I nod my head in respect to my sovereign.

His face screws into a grimace. "As you can guess, the Necorium has been up to something,

and I'm concerned about what may be coming next. I've sent out scouts, and we found nothing of assistance. They've gone off grid, and, normally, when that happens, it's not good for anyone."

I duck my chin in agreement. "Indeed, it sounds like they're planning something."

"I know I gave you leave to go find your mate. How did that go? Have you met her?" As he reminds me of the beautiful creature I'm not currently with, a realization comes to me. A pure and desperate desire hits me. One that only comes with pleasuring oneself, and I must say I'm envious of not being there to watch the delicate movements of those small fingers.

Fuck, there goes my cock again.

"Haax?" The prince's voice breaks through the daze of desire.

"Yes, sorry. What did you ask?"

His lips quirk into a smirk. "You must have. I remember how I looked after I found my own mate. You have, my friend. You've met her! How wonderful! That makes my next request of you so hard to ask. I know right now you wish for all the time you can have with your mate, and if the Necorium weren't on our list of worries these days, I wouldn't call you back."

I can feel the blood pulsing through the vein in my neck as my body heats. "I will not leave her behind." My voice is hard as I cross my arms over my broad chest.

Axxon puts his hands up, palms towards me in defense. "And I am certainly not asking you to do so. I just wish for you to be on the planet so we can address the situation with the council and notify our warriors should measures need to be taken."

"Understood, Prince." My tone deepens with my response.

The picture of my liege fades before my eyes, and I sigh, my thumb and forefinger going to the bridge of my nose. My chest tightens and disappointment floods my veins. Standing up straighter, I accept my fate. It is my duty to the crown.

My only concern is my mate.

"So, when do you want me to get the crew together to go back?" I jump at the sound of Daax's voice.

"No!" I yell abruptly before calming my voice. "No crew is needed. I want to spend time with my mate alone, and I've flown enough to know I can handle a ship all by myself. Which one is here?"

"The Elixirbus, Haax. I will have the crew move to fly me home. It will be nice to have someone else do my job for me for a change."

He winks at me, and I shake my head. My brother has always been a jokester. Even from the time he was a greenling, he was never serious. I cannot wait to see one of these tiny humans bring him to his knees.

"I suspect I may need a whole night to convince my mate to come with me. I do not wish to be parted so soon, since we have just started to form a mate bond."

"Sure... you just want to talk her into it? It's not that you really want to just fuck her?"

My lips press together in a slight grimace.

"Well, I do. But I also wish to speak with her."

He sighs with a shake of his head. "Gone is the powerful war commander, replaced with this craderie before me. Must I knock some sense into you? Or shall you continue to be wrapped around your little mate's fingers?"

"If I am wrapped around her finger, perhaps she is more likely to wrap her little fingers around me." I waggle my eyebrows exaggeratedly.

His jaw tenses in deep frustration. "You are insufferable, brother."

I give him a hollow chuckle. "Are we finished here? I need to try and convince my mate to travel with me back to Grekaria and hope she says yes," I say, turning on my heel without a second of hesitation to see if he responds.

Chapter 5

Esme



Haax exits his room in a hurry, and I'm left spinning with no idea what just happened. *What am I doing?* I've just met him, and I don't understand this pull. I've never felt like this towards another male before, and maybe this whole mate bond thing may just be real.

It's weird that even as he leaves I can feel a hole inside with each step he takes away from me. How is that possible? Maybe I've been drinking Love Potion Number Nine or something. It'd definitely explain my need to kiss him.

Thoughts of Haax swarm my mind, and my arousal goes into overdrive. The need overwhelms me; to cure the itch he created, making me needy. I slip my hand down my panties, hoping to get myself off quick when I feel a weird sensation coming back across the bond. It must be Haax because it's filled with desire. I can feel how much he wants me right now.

A few minutes into Me Time, a quick knock on the door sounds before it slides open to reveal another one of the aliens who resides on this compound. I scurry to right my clothing as a flash of red paints my face and chest.

My eyes find the doorway. The female... or male... alien with three breasts in the front stands before me; an un-bemused look upon its face. "Hello, human. My name is Madera, and I will be assisting you in finding proper clothes while you are here, as I have done with all the other humans that either live or have passed through this place."

Besides the three odd breasts, she is tiny and has a blueish-green tint to her skin. Her, or maybe his, bottom half is covered in pants, yet the top is exposed without shame. Gigantic boobs just hanging right out there like *look at me*. Which is apparently working because I cannot stop staring at her.

"Human, please follow. I do not like to dawdle."

I nod and scurry out of the room behind her without a second thought. Surely, I am not being naive with this alien. I want to trust them, but maybe I should've just stayed where I was.

Today has certainly been a lot to take in, and I can't stop my eyes from roaming as we, yet again, hit the corridor.

“So, how long have you lived here?” I ask Madera, trying to get rid of the awkward silence as we walk, but she doesn’t respond. “Okay, then...” I say quietly to myself. Right now, it feels as though I’m back in elementary school holding onto the rope so none of us get lost, but we also have to be quiet.

On our way to wherever it is she’s taking me, I spot another human female. As her eyes find mine, a smile widens her face, exposing one perfect set of dimples. She has long, curly dark hair, and she is plus-sized like me.

“Hey there, I’m Rhea. Oh, my gosh. You have no idea how nice it is to see another human here.”

“So, is it like this all over the compound?” I say it quietly, nodding my head towards Madera.

She giggles. “Yes, pretty much. Some of them don’t understand us, and others just straight up ignore us like she does. What’s your name?”

I hold out my hand in polite human fashion. “Esme.”

“No way, like the mom in Twilight?”

I frown. “Yep.” I can’t tell you how many times I’ve heard this over the course of my life. Want to know the even more messed up thing about it? My father’s name is Cullen. She proceeds to

walk with me as I stroll behind Madera at a comfortable speed.

“Madera is harmless. Just so you know. Do you have any idea how intimidated I was first meeting her? I had literally just ran out of gas on the road and started walking back towards this place, right? Then all of a sudden, I see this blue and purple alien dude in the woods, and it freaks me out so much I actually pass out.”

She takes a quick breath and keeps going.

“Well, then... I end up here; of course. I heard about how the meetings went earlier today, and I can’t even imagine how awful it was to witness that much hate. From what I’ve gathered, the Grekarians and Necorium are enemies and have been for quite some time now.”

“What happened next?” I ask, honestly interested in what she has to say.

“Well, I woke up in Traxx’s room, come to find out he’s my fated mate. Weird, right? Well... then, as if my day wasn’t bad enough, I got kidnapped by those pesky little amphibian guys and almost taken away. It’s how I found out that they can talk to us telepathically. Pretty cool, right?”

I dip my head in agreement. “Do they...” I lean in closer. “Does your mate... Is he...”

“Come on, spit it out. There is nothing embarrassing about any of this. I’ve been here

for a while, so I know the ropes. It takes a lot to make me feel weird.”

“Okay... can Traxx... I think you said that was his name,” she smiles with a nod of agreement, “can he read your desires?”

A devilish look slips into her caramelized, golden eyes. “Oh, shit. If that was the case, we’d probably never get out of bed.”

My face flushes at her forward comment. Her voice fades to a hushed stillness as we slow behind Madera. She approaches a steel door at the end of the second corridor we turn down and waits. “These are the usual human guest quarters. They are stocked with more appropriate clothing. While you are in the compound, you must dress as a Grekarian.”

“It is customary.” Madera says it at the same time as Rhea. Only Rhea gives me a funny face instead of the serious look currently planted on my alien host’s.

I look Rhea over, wondering curiously where her *Grekarian* clothing is hiding. She follows the path my eyes have taken and must have read the look on my face. Leaning in, she lowers her voice. “It is customary, but I kind of do what I want. The only time I really dress, how would you say, *appropriately*,” she uses hand quotes, “is when Traxx has to meet someone of importance. I promise it’s not as bad as you think it might be. The girls here aren’t those string bean, mean girls you ran

into during schooling. We all have a little extra to love.”

She walks us over, directing me to the closets lining the left side of the room. A sharp gasp escapes my mouth, and I open the doors to the closet. Before me lay hundreds of robes in an assortment of neon colors. Go figure, right?

“I, personally, went with blue and purple to match Traxx’s skin tone. Apparently, it is a great honor for us to wear their own colors. Tell me a little about your mate. Is he Grekarian? I know there are several different types of aliens here at the compound.”

“He’s part Sepharon and part Grekarian. He is covered in blue and green scales.”

“Hmm... I’ve not heard of that combination. I will have to pick Traxx’s brain later about that kind. In the meantime, I would suggest that neon green robe with the blue tie. I promise it will definitely get you lots of action.”

Madera harrumphs behind us, and I can’t help the snicker that sneaks out at the sound. She’s like an old school grandma who thinks things should be done a certain way, and that’s the law. Or at least in their idealized world.

My mind immediately goes to the old granny from Madagascar at Grand Central who keeps whacking the lion, Alex, over the head with her purse, calling him a bad kitty. I shake my head, the smile never leaving my lips.

It may not be so bad here. Before, I was nervous about leaving my family and friends behind, but maybe I'll meet new ones here. I've just met Rhea, and she's awesome.

I pick out a few more robes in different patterns but the same colors. Rhea pulls the clothing from Madera's hand and shoves them into a bag.

"I can help her back to the room, Madera. I'm sure we can manage to figure it out." Rhea says perkily.

"No, you are under my protection. Do you remember what happened last time you were not following orders?" She gives Rhea a raised eyebrow.

"Ugh, fine. You know you're a party pooper, right?"

She tiffs. "I do not know what this said *party pooper* is, but I do not care, either."

We start our way back to the room when a large blue and purple scaled alien starts walking our way. By the smile on my new best friend's face, this must be the infamous Traxx she mentioned several times already. He comes up with a wickedly sinful grin spreading his mouth wide and pinches her bum. "Mate, are you giving Madera a hard time?"

She looks at him in mock offense. "Absolutely not! I am the picture of innocence."

He shakes his head, and I take a minute to look him up and down. He looks a lot like Haax, but now that I'm up close, I can see the minute differences.

"Traxx, this is Esme. She's new here. I was trying to help a fellow newbie fit in better than I did at the start."

He nods his head at me in greeting.

He follows behind us as we walk. A few minutes later, my own handsome alien appears; a grim look upon his face. I'm assuming that means the meeting he had to run off to probably didn't go very well.

The males introduce themselves to each other, there's a certain familiarity there, and I wonder what it is. My question is quickly answered, though, when Haax tells me Traxx is the former Commander of the Flighten. They look the same age, though. What age do these guys retire?

Once his eyes find mine, the corners of his lips curve into a grin. "Esme, I was looking for you." His tone is teasing.

So, I give it right back to him. "Oh, I hadn't realized your meeting was over. Rhea and Madera were showing me the clothing options for my stay."

He gives a knowing smile. "Ahh... I shall look forward to seeing you in it then. In the meantime, there is something I need to discuss

with you, and I would prefer to do it in the privacy of our room.”

I incline my head in compliance with his request, and we say our goodbyes before turning and walking in the opposite direction of where we were headed.

Haax scans his hand on the door panel, and it opens. He says he plans to program my hand as well, but he hasn't yet. I have to cut him some slack, though, since he really hasn't had much time.

He directs me to the bed as soon as we're inside the room with the door relocked. “I have found out today that the Necorium have gone off the grid, following this morning's attack, and my scouts cannot manage to find any trace of them. Prince Axxon has commed us and is telling me that I need to return planetside so we can discuss the course of action going forward.”

My left eyebrow rises a fraction. “But... you literally just got here.” I feel the frown form across my face. “What happens now?”

He looks at me as if I've lost my mind asking that question. “I plan to take you with me, of course. My fated mate should see the planet we will eventually build a home and future on, should she not?”

My expression grows serious. “Haax, everything is moving really quickly. What about my job? I won't have time to tell them

I'm leaving, and I refuse to just be a no show until they fire me."

He gives a firm shake of his head. "I am sorry, but I cannot leave you here alone, mate. No matter how safe this compound is, my arrynthia will not rest until it knows you are safe, and the only way to keep you that way is to have you with me."

I place my hands on my hips. "And when are we supposed to leave?"

"We will leave in the morning." I move my arms to cross over my chest, slightly miffed at this last minute change. I don't do well with surprises, but I also don't want to stay behind. I sigh, thinking about all the phone calls and explanations I'll need to make so I can go with him. The fact that I'm willing to drop everything and go with him almost shocks me. I should find it hard to walk away from my entire life after knowing Haax for only a short amount of time; only the thought doesn't actually terrify me like I thought it would.

He reaches up and gently grabs my chin with his thumb and forefinger, turning my face to him. "I promise that I will make it up to you. In fact... tonight, I have plans for you. I really want you to show me what Madera had you pick out today. I am especially curious about the undergarments." His voice is so gravely.

My face flushes, remembering what Rhea said to me when we were looking at the robes as

Madera waited. Undergarments are not worn below the robes.

Yes, this will do nicely.

We have a nice evening together with dinner, followed shortly after by my catwalk in my new robes. Rhea was right, these guys do really appreciate the honor of us wearing their colors, if the look on Haax's face or the hot kiss afterward are any indication.

Now I just have to figure out how the hell to sneak out of here before he wakes up. I can't go with him. It's too soon. I agreed to dating here because it's on my terms. If I go with him tomorrow, I have no control over what happens. And that... is going to be a problem.

Chapter 6

Haax



My blood is thrumming at having to go home so soon. I had planned time to properly court my mate and make her officially mine, and now it's being rushed. I noticed the way anger clouded her face when I told her she had to come with me. Probably not the best idea, but she has to. I cannot leave her here. It is not good to be away from one's mate while the initial bond forms.

She may hate me later, but it's for the best.

Her eyes look to the exit when I tell her that we leave tomorrow. I know that look. I've seen it plenty in Grekaria. It's fear. Fear makes people run, and running is what I don't want her to do.

If she plans to run tonight, I will follow her to the ends of the world to get her back. She is mine. *Mine.*

After seeing Esme in Grekarian wear, I want to mate the hell out of her; so much that she'll be walking bowlegged for weeks, but I'll wait. I want to go about this the right way. Luckily,

we never unpacked, so there is nothing to prepare for leaving early in the morning. According to Daxx, the Elixirbus will be in its dock before they leave with my brother to go home.

She's currently lying in bed, the robe slightly open in the front, exposing just a tease of what lies below the surface. It shows off those delectable breasts I can't seem to stop ogling. The silk robe molds to her. She has her head propped up with her hand while her elbow sits at a ninety degree angle.

Esme has delicate features, and unlike most of my kind, I love humans. There is something special about them that Grekarian women don't possess; especially this exquisite creature laid out before me like a delicious dessert.

Her eyes search my face, trying to look into my thoughts. "I have questions." My lips twitch at the corner, and those gorgeous caramel orbs narrow. "Look, I'm not saying yes, but I want to know more before you just drag me off."

Restlessly, her hand strokes over the soft sheets below her.

I wave my hand in a gesture for her to continue. "I figured you would. Go ahead. I will answer as best I can."

She sits up, adjusting the robe as she does, and folds her slender hands into her lap,

unconsciously twisting her fingers together as she looks at them, not making eye contact.

“You said we are leaving tomorrow morning, how are we getting to Grekaria, and how long will it take?”

“It will take us two quarran to get there, which is two days in your Earth terms. My personal space ship is docked at the station. It will be stocked and ready to go tomorrow.” Her lips pucker with annoyance as her eyes find mine.

A flicker of apprehension crosses her face.

“Will it just be us on the spacecraft or will there be a whole crew? And how do you know that the Necorium won’t shoot us down out of the sky? We’ve seen it once already.”

My face softens as I respond. “This is the part where you must trust me, Esmé. I will do everything in my power to keep us safe. My ship is loaded with all the newest technology and does very well cloaking itself. This is not forever, we just need to figure out what the Necorium are up to. We are here for mates, but it is still our duty to protect the females of Earth from evil.”

“What about my horse? Can it come with me, and if so, how will it get there? Will it go on the ship with us tomorrow?” She lifts her chin, meeting my locked gaze.

I sigh with a shake of my head. “No, my ship is not equipped for horse transport. We can bring back another ship that has the capability once

we return. I find it weird that in all of our conversations, we never talked about what you do to earn money. What is this work you cannot just leave behind. Does it have to do with this horse you're requiring?"

"I'm a horse trainer, and I have a ton of clients. If I don't show up, how will they know what's going on?"

I put my thumb under my chin in thought. "We can comm them tomorrow and tell them you'll be unavailable for a couple of weeks. You will check in when we are back."

Her brows draw together in an agonized expression. "We can't just stop by before we leave in the morning?"

"Unfortunately, we need to get a move on first thing in the morning. It will take us two quarran to get back to Grekaria. I do not plan to have any delays. Get there and get back is the plan. I'm hoping for a smooth trip."

Crestfallen, her hopeful smile quickly fades. My gut twists. I wish I could do as she asked. I understand the things I am asking of her. I did not intend to test our newly formed bond this early, but I am the Commander of the Flighten. It is my duty before myself to protect and serve.



We continue talking late into the night about what the plans are going forward, and I think, by the end, she has accepted our task. Now that she is my mate, we are a team.

Almost silent snores slip from my mate's lips, and I can't help but look her over. Her facial bones are delicately carved as if someone spent a lot of time trying to perfect it. Pale gold undertones hide below creamy white skin. Black eyelashes sweep down, covering her high cheekbones.

Loose tendrils of golden yellow hair are stuck to her cute face, and I gently brush them away. The early morning light from the window casts a shadow across her face. I've been up most of the night, tossing and turning, worried that my mate may try to flee. Fear overrides my need for rest.

She yawns, her arms reaching above her head in a stretch that also pulls up her shirt, exposing just a sliver of her bare skin. I have to resist the urge to run my fingers against it. My cocks have been hard all night in anticipation of what's to come.

Esme did not seem so keen on me using both of her holes, so I may have to just use her pussy for now. Maybe one day she will bestow me the honor of fucking her ass. Time is draining with each minute we continue to lay here. It's imperative that we start getting stuff together and get out of here.

A moan slips from Esme's lips, drawing my attention as caramel eyes find my amethyst ones. She yawns again. "Morning." Her hand is being held up in front of her mouth.

"What are you doing?" I ask with a chuckle.

"Morning breath. Don't smell my morning breath." I lean in to kiss her anyhow. She shakes her head from side to side but then succumbs to my request so beautifully. Puffy, firm lips press against my own, and I savor the sensation.

I pull away with a smile. "I do not care about morning breath. I want you, regardless, always."

Tilting her head back, she stares up at me. "You are a charmer, aren't you?"

"If that is a compliment, then I will surely take it." I wink at her, and she giggles. I reach out and pull her small hand into my own. "Our spaceship awaits, madam, we're burning daylight, let's get moving."

She furrows those cute little brows. "Can I at least shower first?"

"You can shower here or on the ship. They are the same. Both have containment rooms, similar to what you call a shower on Earth. I suspect the way it is used on Earth differs from how we use them."

Half an hour later, we're all packed up and heading to the landing docks attached to the

facility. There are a few crafts here today. Most of them have similar styling and features to that of my own, but you can definitely tell which is mine.

As the Commander of the Flighten, I had first pick in ships, and I may have gone just a little too big. "Which one is yours?" Esme asks me curiously.

"The black one with neon lights at the end there." We walk down the dock and to the slip where my ship is currently hanging out. Pride thumps through my chest simply looking at this magnificent craft. Hard to believe it is mine some days.

I press in the buttons on the keypad to access and open the doors to the ship. It is a large ship with bubble windows and neon lights hidden throughout. She is a masterpiece, and I hope that Esme likes it as much as I do.

Chapter 7

Esme



I contact the horse barn shortly before we leave the room to let them know I will be away for, what I hope is, only a few weeks. Sheila answers on the first call and tells me to enjoy myself.

It's been forever since I've taken a vacation. The barn is my mistress, and my job is my first love.

When they first started talking about the mate pairings, Sheila was the one who actually convinced me. Most of my friends thought it was a horrible idea, but she's always believed in true love and soul mates; a true hopeless romantic at heart.

The ships in the loading dock are intimidating; each one bigger than the next. I keep wondering which one belongs to Haax, but as we slip closer to the end of the loading dock, it sticks out like a sore thumb. It's undoubtedly the biggest ship here, and it definitely looks like it has the best upgrades, at least from the outside.

I liken the appearance of his space ship to a bubble-eyed goldfish, with the way the windows stick out on either side, while neon colors of yellow and lime green border the windows and stand out starkly against the black color of the ship, reminding me of a light brite or something.

The door to the ship glides open as if welcoming me, and Haax waves his hand and steps aside, motioning for me to go in first. I cautiously step inside, and his large presence follows me. My heart beats faster in anticipation of that ominous song that all alien movies seem to have when you walk onto a spaceship or enter another galaxy, but it doesn't happen. See, this is what happens when you live vicariously through too many movies and books about space.

Instead, the sound of a lock resonates throughout the room and tells me we are officially sealed away from the outside world. No turning back at this point.

With a hand to the small of my back, he guides me to the captains chairs sitting behind the controls. The heat of his hand melts into me, and my nerves tingle at the sensation that only he can create. A sprawling panel lies before us completely lit up like your car does when you put the key in the ignition. My eyes trace the letters on the controls, and it's definitely not English. It must be in his native tongue.

I drift over to sit down in one of the cabin chairs, but it turns into a rather unflattering and awkward drop that forces my boobs to bounce against my chest, causing a gasp. Haax immediately assists in getting me all buckled in. He leans in and leaves the briefest kiss on my lips, and I try to follow his departure. I can't help but to memorize the exact way his lips feel pressed against mine.

Haax takes the other seat and hits a few buttons on the control panel. Within seconds, the ship engines fire up and prepare for liftoff? Take off? I'm not entirely sure what lingo I should be using right now.

My hands shake from the nerves vibrating throughout my body. I've never gone into space before.

When I first signed up for the alien brides program, I thought eventually I would get here, but not a day after him arriving on Earth. My world is moving so quickly, but I'm not afraid of what's to come.

Everything is smooth sailing. If I didn't know I was on a ship, I wouldn't have noticed. There is nothing out of place. I look over to see what Haax is doing and find amethyst eyes staring back at me.

My eyes land on something behind him; space. Stars shine and dip as we pass them. Each one a different size and slightly different color.

"Wow, it's beautiful out here. So peaceful."



You can't tell by looking outside as to whether it's night or day, but by my watch, it's getting late, and my exhaustion over the last day or so is finally wearing me down. I yawn, and Haax looks over at me. "Ready for bed?"

"Can the ship... fly itself? Or do you have to stay up all night?"

"My ship is equipped with navigation, and, should any issues arise, it will immediately notify me." I nod with a sleepy smile. "Let me walk you to the cabin so you can start getting tucked in and ready for bed while I make sure everything is good to go and we're cloaked. Don't like the idea of any surprises while we sleep."

"Sounds good." The luxurious nature of the ship is breathtaking. Every inch has something new or cool to look at. The hallways are lit with color, much like they are at the compound. Again, we reach another touchpad, and he places his hand on it to scan.

A gasp falls from my lips when I see the inside of the cabin. It's obvious that he's spent a lot of time and money on this ship.

Another mural hangs similar to the one at the compound over the bed. This time, the bed is not floating in the middle of the room, but

appears to be a legitimate bed, like a human would use, but for someone more Haax's size. The room smells like a mix between leather and mint.

Haax pulls down the sheets for me, and I climb under so he can pull it up. "How long do you think you'll be?"

"Not too long, mate. I will be back soon. Be prepared to get a little frisky and cuddle." He wiggles his eyebrows at me, and I playfully swat his arm.

"Behave, you." All I'm left with is the leaving effects of his laughter as he starts back towards the control room. I don't remember much after that...



I wake from my stupor feeling bone tired, the excitement and worry over the last few days really taking its toll. I feel like I could sleep for a whole week and still never recover. Firm lips press against my forehead. "Morning, my sweet Esme."

"Hey," I say, turning my head to look up at him, while also trying to cover my mouth in embarrassment over my morning breath, yet again. Man, I may have to invest in some Tic Tacs or something.

“So, according to my calculations, we should arrive back at Grekaria in about fifteen quandiry. Just in time to grab some dinner and hit the sack again. In the morning, I will go ahead and set up all my meetings with the prince.”

“You keep talking about a prince. Where are his parents?”

“The king’s health is failing, so these days he rarely makes an appearance and leaves the ruling duties up to Axxon. His mother lost herself once he was diagnosed. It’s a shame seeing the two people you grew up with being so strong and then so weak.

Beep, beep, beep.

The shrill ring of an alarm starts blasting in my ears and mixes with the disco ball of colors lighting up the room around us. “Shit.” I halt when the swear word slips from Haax’s mouth, and I have to hide the giggle threatening to burst loose at his funny accent saying such a word.

A shiver spirals inside my body, and I shudder once I remember this is not a good situation. My heart is jackhammering. “Haax, tell me what to do. What’s happening?”

He bolts upright out of bed, briefly throwing on clothes. He hits the comm on the side table, but there are no notifications, so he heads to the control center.

I follow him out of the room, watching as he rushes around hitting buttons, but he's calm and collected. He is incredibly agile for how big he is. I can imagine he could be really good in stealth mode. It makes me realize why he would make an excellent commander. Rubbing my sweaty hands against my thighs, I allow my eyes to dart around the space. "What is it?"

"Something is happening at the compound. These alarms are keyed to trigger if an attack is imminent. We need to go back."

Terror drops my stomach. "Wait, we're going back?"

"Yes, Esme. I am the Commander of the Flighten. Odds are, the prince has already deployed the army. We are closer, so we shall go back."

The bile in my mouth tastes bitter as I swallow it down, along with the lump in my throat. Brave is not a word I'm completely comfortable with, but I am, after all, the mate of a fearless war commander, but, in all honesty, I'm scared shitless. My heart pumps so fast that I worry about an arrhythmia. My hands shake with each quick inhale. I need to be strong and supportive for my mate, no matter how much of a wuss I feel like inside.

So I do what I can. "Tell me how I can help."

Commands are thrown at me like snowballs from across the command center of the ship, and I try my best to follow every word Haax

issues. He's calm and shows no fear, which is why he's such a good leader.

The beeping lasts for what seems like hours, but then complete silence overwhelms the cabin. The ship changes course faster than expected, and I wobble forward, unsteady on my feet, before being caught in strong, warm arms.

Notes of white tea and rain water tickle my senses and make me feel safe. It soothes me. In the back of my mind, a niggling feeling appears, an emotion I didn't think I would feel in a moment like this exposes itself - arousal, pure arousal. My breath catches from the wetness slowly pooling between my legs.

His arms wrap around my waist and tighten, pulling my back to his front, and I can clearly feel his desire for me right now. With hands on my shoulders, he spins me, but I don't look back at him. I can't due to sheer embarrassment.

My hands fist his shirt-covered chest, saddened by the fact that I can't feel his bare skin against me. I watch my fingers as I trace them across the broad ridges of his chest and shoulders, feeling him up like a cat in heat. "Are you in need, my mate?" A whimper is the only sound that breaks free. "Oh, you are. I can smell the sweet scent of your arousal, and my mouth waters for you. I want nothing more than to pleasure and devour you, my Esme."

I try to swallow, but nothing happens. My mouth is dry as if I've been eating cotton balls. "Haax." His name comes out breathlessly and filled with lust.

I want him, madly. The last time we got this worked up, we were interrupted, so I'm not even surprised when Haax's comm starts to light up. A growl fills his throat and erupts into his mouth. Gritting his teeth, he speaks quietly. "I must take this. It is the prince. Impeccable timing these days." Before answering, his gaze finds mine and immediately heats. "You will go to the room and get naked. Wait for me there because when I am through with this comm, I am going to devour your pussy. I'm hungry, and it's been a while since I've eaten." He winks at me, and there go my damn knees.

Vacating the thought of taking my seat at the command center, I head towards our quarters to do as told or to at least consider it. Finally, it's *finally* happening. I'm not sure how much longer I can keep pretending we aren't inevitable. My excuse that it's too soon is becoming smothered beneath overwhelming sexual tension between us.

I can only imagine his velvety, solid length beneath my hand as I rub him. How similar will he be to a human male? Or is there any similarity at all? I've never met a human male who has two cocks, and I'm not entirely sure that what I saw online was believable, either.

Chapter 8

Haax



My eyes trail after Esme as she gets up and turns to leave, watching her voluptuous hips sway to and fro as she heads towards my quarters. Mmm... why must I be interrupted twice when things are getting steamy with my sexy little mate? The comm on my wrist buzzes, reminding me again, and I find myself rolling my eyes in annoyance. His holo comes up fuzzy on the screen before me. He's pacing back and forth in front of me, several papers in one hand while he flails the other around as if he's trying to talk with it. "Prince," I say roughly as I answer the comm.

"Commander. The Necorium have detonated several bombs on Earth. We have no idea how they got onto the planet, and no one can seem to pinpoint when they crossed over. Or how they did so without anyone noticing. You know we keep strict borders."

Guilt creeps into my mind. As a Commander, I should be doing my job, but I requested to find a mate instead. I have no regrets meeting my Esme; just need to focus on getting home and

finding out intel. I shake my head, trying to focus. "What do you plan to do? Are you following emergency protocol for yourself? Is there a way off the planet for you? Do you know their next target?"

Axxon huffs and taps his chin as if mulling it over. "No, they will be waiting for me if I move now without more information as to where they are, and I have Daax commanding the Flighten from here as your second in command. I need you to run point on the ground and check in with me."

My face scrunches, mildly displeased with his answer before I nod in acceptance. I would prefer he was under my protection, but Daax is just as good as I am. I trust him with the prince's well-being. "Where will you go?"

A pause in his thoughts doesn't seem to even appear. "The underground bunker. I will take my mate with me, and we can wait this out to see what happens next. I will have my comm."

My mind panics briefly, going into overdrive. "And of the king and queen?" They are frail and need assistance. Should an attack happen against the crown, I fear their lives would be in unfortunate danger.

Sensing the direction my thoughts move, he speaks. "We have already moved them to the bunker." That is the thing about being friends

with the prince, he knows my expressions well.

He lifts his thick hand in his normal salute to me. "Be well, Haax. Keep me apprised of the situation going forward."

I bow my head in deference to my prince. "I will."

His holo image disappears in front of me, and I remember that naughty little mate who should be spread out naked on my bed waiting for me. My cocks jump at just the thought of it. A deep ache to finally scratch the itch snaps through me.

As the door to my room opens, my gaze sweeps the room for her. Only instead of a wide awake mate waiting for me, I see a sleeping beauty. As I near the bed, soft snores greet me.

Everything seems heightened. I can hear the flicker of the lights in my room and faint noises resonate throughout my craft.

The walls seem to glow more than usual, much like my soul when I'm with her. A feeling of affection floods through the bond link. As much as I want to wake her up, she looks so peaceful, so, yet again, we will wait to make the mating official. Even though I'm desperately hard simply thinking about her, I won't force it.

I climb into the bed slowly so as to not wake her and scooch in closer. So close, in fact, that I can feel the warmth of her body against me. The mating fever hits. It's what happens when you've found your mate but haven't consummated the mating. Hopefully, soon, it will happen, and, this time, there will be no distractions.

A sweet aroma of honey wafts from her hair, and I realize it must be from the shampoo that she uses. I breathe heavily and close my eyes to remove all other scents surrounding me. I realize in this instance that I've not turned out the lights, so, yet again, I softly get out of bed and head towards the light switch by the automatic door. My extra sensitive vision will not be hindered by the darkness left behind when I turn off the light.

I fear the light, if kept on, will disturb Esme. In my research, I learned that most humans sleep with the lights off at night. The interesting thing I also read is that human females prefer to mate in the dark, and I have to wonder why. I wish to see her body, every square inch of it. Will she do this to me?

Instead of going back to bed, I redirect myself towards the bathroom. The resonance of a squeak from the door has me gritting my teeth. As I stand there, everything becomes muffled except for the rhythmic pounding of my heart in my eardrums.

My cocks are still aroused for her. My sexy, curvy little mate.

I look around my small bathroom, taking note of all the little details I've added over the years. The rejuvenator sits in the corner across from the fluid repository, what Esme calls the toilet. The floor is covered in shining tiles, and towels are hung on the side wall. The oddest thing is the color. Unlike most of my life, and the rest of the spacecraft, it's sterile, not brightly colored. My chest puffs out at my own ship. I am proud that I own it and have done many upgrades.

Esme seems to like it as well. Well, no time like the present...

My clothes fall on the floor as I remove them one by one, placing them in the clothing regenerator. It is similar to what humans would call a washing machine on Earth.

Such strange creatures; humans. Even though they have a similar appearance to a Grekarian, they are, indeed, very different in many ways. It will take time to adjust. Esme is not like the females of Grekaria. She is sweet and shy. Grekarian females tend to bully their mates, whether it be for protecting the family or needing a male's seed.

I step into the cleanser, and the door slides up so that the steam and water do not escape me. Instead of using typical soap and water, the cleanser is much like our ponds on

Grekaria. The water cleanses one using the magical purposes of the elixir.

My head rests against the side of the cleanser, and I sigh, enjoying the feel of the warm water against my skin while the tiny bits of elixir coat my scales, giving them a layer of protection from the atmosphere. Just as my cocks are finally relaxing, I hear it in my mind; a moan. Confusion strikes because when I left my mate, she was sleeping peacefully.

But the notion comes again, and my cocks jump back to attention, reading the desire of my mate. I hurry my shower along so I can return to her. The door to the cleanser shifts downward, and I don't wait for it to open fully before hopping out and quickly drying off. There is some water still lingering under my scales, but I will worry about that when I do not have a horny mate.

Opening the door to our room, a smile breaches my face. I am ready. It is finally time for us to mate. I walk softly across the room, the excitement mounting as my mating heat rears its ugly head again. I slip beneath the covers this time. I do not normally use the things humans call sheets. Grekarians are able to maintain their body temperature all on their own. It is a unique feature from our DNA that changes with the generations.

As I take in the scene before me, ready to satisfy my mate, I realize that Esme is still

asleep. She is moving around restlessly, her legs twitching along with her eyebrows as she has a dream. I watch her for a few minutes as desire floods my mind. Gritting my teeth, it takes all I have to fight the urge to take my cocks in hand and work them until I find relief. I yearn to slip into her mind and watch the obviously erotic dream she's enjoying without me, but I resist, not wanting to encroach on her private thoughts.

I roll onto my side and pull her back to me, my thick cocks jerk against her back. She moans again, and I swear I may just die a very slow death tonight. There is no hope of sleeping, so I just lay and listen to her soft snores. My arm is wrapped tightly around her midsection, and the underside of her breasts rest against it. It is complete and utter torture, but a sweet torture I will never turn away.

My eyes drift closed, and I breathe in her scent, placing my nose in her hair. My mind is clear from everything other than the fact that I've found my mate.

Something I never thought would happen in this lifetime. She is perfect. Now we just need to get back to the compound so I can determine the amount of threat the Necorium is to us. If they are bombing Earth, there is an issue. Before, they were always sitting on the outside looking in, sometimes trying to sneak in and steal the females, but they've gotten bolder recently.

The compound was attacked only months earlier, and the former commander's mate was almost taken. His fierce protectiveness swept in, and he was able to save her, killing most of the Necorium in the process. He did, however, leave one alive for questioning.

This alien was tortured to within an inch of his life, yet still did not give up anything about their kind. As a matter of fact, I believe this alien is still at the compound, and I have to wonder if the Necorium are really trying to bomb us or if they are just trying to get their fearless leader back. We did not realize initially that it was a higher member of their army that we captured.

Traxx was exuberant about his take. After the capture, he spent two days locked in the room with his mate, making sure they were completely one. I cannot wait for that moment with my own mate. Only a little while longer. Once I get home and assess the damage and determine what to do next, I will also lock ourselves in a room for multiple days.

Chapter 9

Esme



A horribly loud alarm wakes me from my peaceful slumber. I'm now wide awake searching for Haax, but he's not in the room. Scrambling to find clothes, I then throw them on and head out to the control center.

Haax stands there stone still, his shoulders rigid, as if he's preparing for a battle to the death. He doesn't hear me as I approach, and it's probably because he's so focused on what's in front of him. When I reach his side, I look up to see his lips in a firm line as he runs his hands through his hair. His eyes have a certain wildness to them. Stress. I've seen this look many times before.

"W-wh-what's going on?" I stutter; something I haven't done since I was in elementary school.

He turns towards me; a grim look painted across his face. A sigh slips past his lips as though he feels defeated. "It appears we have been hit. One of my engines has failed, and

the other does not have enough power to run the whole ship.”

My eyes track his face as my heart thuds in my throat. “Holy shitballs! What do we do? Do we need to land, or can we make it back to the compound?”

“We are close to Earth. Near the compound but will not make it there. I need to try and land us safely. I need you to sit down and buckle in. It’s about to get rough.” He rushes over to help once he realizes my hands are shaking too badly to buckle my own seat belt, and then returns to his own seat and follows suit.

Taking hold of the controls, he tries to level out the quickly falling airship, but it’s no use. The ground creeps closer to us with each passing minute. Adrenaline pumps through me, and I’m fighting the bile crawling up the back of my throat as my skin grows clammy.

My stomach gives a sickening lurch. *Please, dear God, tell me I’m not going to die today. I’m too young to die. There’s so much I haven’t done yet.*

I will be missing out on so many things. A future with Haax. The knowledge of what it’s like to finally be intimate with my mate. Raising kids together until we grow old. My life is essentially flashing before my own eyes with the descent.

Orange and red lights flash all around us as the ship jolts. Haax starts yelling, and although I don't know what he's saying, I can tell that it's not going to be good. *Grekarian*. I swallow down the bile creeping up my throat, and my knuckles grow gradually whiter as I grasp the armrests of my chair.

Closing my eyes, I try to take in several deep breaths, but it all comes out in pants.

The words *brace for impact* are said in my head but never aloud. Telepathic, I keep forgetting. The faster we fall, the more my hands shake. Haax does his best to pull up on the controls, but it's no use.

Haax must see the utter look of terror on my face because his words swirl passionately around my head. *Do not worry, Esme. I will make sure you are safe. I have had many years training as a commander, and I've spent many times lost in the jungles of Grekaria. I imagine Earth's woods to be similar.*

Wind roars around us as we plummet towards the ground. Oh, God, I think I'm going to puke. I prepare myself for the inevitable when we hit the ground, but instead of vomiting, my world starts to fade away.

Pain radiates throughout my body, but I can't move to do anything about it. So I let the darkness swallow me whole.



“Esme... Esme...” Someone or something is shaking my shoulders, and I blink my eyes as he comes into focus, trying to wake me up. A moan rips from my mouth as the pain again slices through my body. He’s standing over me; his jaw is tense and only softens when I fully open my eyes. “Oh, thank the Goddess.” Concern is written clearly in his eyes.

Forgetting my own pain, my eyes scan his body, making sure he isn’t hurt. He just looks stressed, and his clothes are disheveled. There is no blood or bones sticking out. A sigh of relief slips from me.

I try to assess where the pain is coming from and pinpoint it to my right wrist. I don’t think it’s broken but definitely strained.

He lifts his hand to my cheek, and I let myself drift into the warmth and comfort it provides. “Let me get the healer.” Without giving me a chance to respond, he goes in search of what I’m assuming is some type of medical device.

My eyes widen as I take in our surroundings, waiting for him to return. The sky outside is quickly turning to an onyx color, so I know we won’t be traveling tonight.

What happens now?

I keep wondering if it's all a dream and I'll wake up from it, but that is definitely not the case.

Haax returns moments later with an object that looks similar to a metal detector, like the ones they use at the airport. "Hold out your hand. I will let the healer diagnose it." He says softly.

I do as he asks, and a weird light appears to run across my skin. He lets out an audible exhale. "It is not as bad as I expected. The healer will be able to get it back to new in no time."

I allow him to scan my arm, and, already, it's starting to feel better.

A few minutes later, I unbuckle myself from my seat and stand, only to wobble forward. Strong hands grab me before I hit the deck. My sight catches on the outside of the ship. Luckily we didn't hit any of the trees and get stuck on the way down. I can see the ground below us. Littered chunks of the ship are scattered everywhere.

Lights still flash in multi-colors on the display board in front of me. That means we still have power, right? If our power source was affected, we wouldn't have lights. My chest lightens just a smidge before my next thought hits, and my stomach lurches, leaving me feeling disoriented. "Do you know where we are?"

Pulling up a map on the screen in front of us, he points to a location. "We're currently here; about a day's walk from the compound. We'll have to travel there by foot since my ship is no longer an available option. It is dark now, and I am unfamiliar with the area, nor the animals who live here. I wish to be well aware of my surroundings so that I can protect you."

He examines my face before exhaling. "I know there is a cave between here and the compound. We will start early in the morning and rest in the cave overnight. On our walk, I will procure wood to keep us warm by a fire, and I shall hunt."

I give him a perfunctory nod. I'm still wrapping my head around the fact that we crashed and I'm still alive. I feel like someone has a wire wrapped around my heart and is pulling on it, squeezing the life from me, making it hard to breathe.

This is easily on my list of my biggest fears; being lost in the wild. I find a small amount of comfort in the fact that I'm not alone.

One single tear drops down my face, and he reaches over to wipe it off before pulling me into a hug. "Hey, do not cry, mate. We will figure this out together. Let us go to bed tonight, and we will start our way home tomorrow. I have bags and some things we can take for our travels. Always come with blankets and provisions for this precise

situation. It is going to be okay. I'm hoping we come across a mountain where I can get direct comms with Axxon or the compound to let them know we are okay. They will be worried when they notice our ship dropped off the tracker."

Rubbing my sweaty hands on the thighs of my jeans, I worry my bottom lip. "What happened?"

"This type of destruction can only be caused by one enemy, the Necorium. They must have been following us. The unknown of their newly stealthed ships proves cause for concern since we are no longer as advanced in finding them first and heading off any attacks."

Haax pulls me in close, so I breathe in his calming scent as he kisses my forehead. Leather and mint coils around me in a protective way. "When we start out tomorrow, we must be vigilant and make sure we do not run across any of those savage creatures. I will not lose you. My people have already suffered too much loss." His lips pull down at the corners as his eyes close.

Tears sting my eyes, and I sniffle, wiping at my runny nose. My heart breaks for him. I can't even begin to fathom how hard it must have been to lose their females. Especially because no one knows what happened to them or why they all got suddenly sick.

The air is filled with absolute silence for minutes before Haax breaks it. "We should go to bed, mate, I fear it will be a long day tomorrow."

I dip my head into a bow. "Yeah, I am kind of tired." A yawn pries its way out through my mouth, and I put my hand up to cover it. He points to the room, and I head that way. The heat of his hand on the small of my back brings me a modicum of comfort in this uncertainty.

He palms the scanner, opening our room. *Our room.* How weird it is to say. My brows scrunch. "What happens to the ship? Will you come back for it?"

A quick no jerks his head. "It will be recovered once the Necorium situation is under control." The words are spoken resolutely. He pulls down the sheet for me, and I climb in; quickly bundled with the covers as he tucks me in.

Haax walks to the other side of the bed and undresses before climbing in behind me and pulling me to him. The big, strong arms cocoon me, and I drift away into dreamland.



Confusion fills me as I wake, only today, it is not because of the normal rays of sun peeking through my curtains like they do. I quickly

remember that I am on the ship with Haax and instantly feel the weight of his arm squeezing around my waist. I feel his breath against my neck before he speaks. "Good morning, little mate."

I turn to face him, pulling the blanket with me, and reach up to touch his cheek, feeling his hardened scales against my fingers. "I'm not sure I would go with *good*, but it is morning. I am missing the sun, though, peeking at me through the window, warming my face as I wake slowly."

"Would you like it if I warmed your face?"

My brows scrunch, *what the hell is he talking about?*

He reaches up, his hand caressing my cheek, and, instantly, I feel heat.

Wow, how... "How did you do that?"

He smirks. "Magic... you have much to learn about me, little mate."

My eyes widen to the size of saucers. "So, not only can you sense desires and speak to me telepathically, you use magical voodoo, too?"

He wiggles his eyebrows. "Wait until you can see what I can do with my cocks."

"W-what can you do with y-your cocks?"

"They vibrate." He says with a shrug as if it's no big deal. *His cocks fucking vibrate? What the hell? Am I dreaming?* I reach down and

pinch myself. *Nope, very much awake.* “I hear and have read that human women use these things similar to large bullets that vibrate. Ergo, problem solved, little mate. I shall give you all the vibration you desire to make you satisfied. Would you like to feel?” He says it so casually before pulling my hand from his face and sliding it down his chest, over the very large bulge just south of the border. *H-ho-ol-y shit. Talk about a meat stick in his pants. Well, two meat sticks.*

“Do you approve, little mate?” The words send a shiver down my spine, and I giggle nervously.

“Okay, I really just have to ask because, honestly, I have so many thoughts happening right now. Do your balls do something funny like jiggle or produce lubrication?”

His lips thin into a frown. “No, they are seed holders and producers. What would jiggling or producing lubrication do?” A laugh escapes his mouth. “Do not be silly. My balls will give us younglings. Why would they do something other than that?”

He’s speaking in riddles, confusing as hell things.

I audibly exhale. “Look, I’m sorry, it’s just a lot to take in, all right?”

He dips his head slightly in acknowledgment. “We need to go. It is already getting late.” Swinging his long, thick legs over the side of

the bed, he sits there for a moment before standing and walking towards the bathroom. I admire his sexy, muscled, alien ass. There is not even a single jiggle of fat.

I have to say that I'm actually jealous. My ass is extra jiggly these days.

I hear water running in the bathroom and feel the urge to sneak a peek while he's occupied. Curiosity killed the cat or something like that, right? Slowly, I throw my legs over the side of the bed and stand up. Creeping across the room, I stop when I get to the bathroom door that's propped open, giving me the perfect view of the shower, but it does not look like a shower at all.

I don't even think about my actions when I push the door open more and walk in. His shoulders sit broadly to either side of his neck and dip down to his thick back and the dimples above his ass that I've always found attractive in a man. It's my kryptonite. Clearly, he works out often if the six pack and bulging muscles tells me anything.

My eyes dip lower, planning to fully devour him. At that same moment, he turns to face me, and oh, dear God in heaven, sweet baby Jesus. Twin circumcised anacondas dangle between his thick thighs. As opposed to the normal light pink color of a human cock, Haax's are a violet color, highlighted by neon yellow veins and ridges. The very tip of the

top cock has what looks like one head inside the other, and I have to wonder why it looks so odd. The cock below the one I'm currently admiring is much smaller than the first cock, but definitely just as impressive in girth if not length.

I tilt my head to the left as though somehow that's going to give me a better view or understanding of what I'm seeing. They're not even erect, yet, they look firm.

I can only imagine how big they will be when they're fully turned on.

Fuck, is my pussy going to even be able to take those on? Why do I want to lick them? Wait... where are his balls? My eyes dart to the normal location where one would think balls exist, but I don't see anything. What the hell?

His lips tip up in a smile, exposing fang. "Like what you see, little mate? If you get any closer, we won't be leaving this ship today, and we need to get back to the compound to assess the situation. Even though I have a burning desire to not call myself Commander of the Flighten right now. We will have time when we stay in the cave tonight, so prepare yourself to be ravaged."

My body vibrates with anticipation as wetness starts to pool between my thighs. A gulp escapes me. We just crash-landed yesterday, and we still need to get back to the

compound, and here I am being a little horn dog.

His nostrils flair, and the amethyst irises of his eyes flash brighter for a minute.

“Mate...” He growls at me. “I can sense your desire and smell your arousal for me.”

This frosted door is not normal. It seals oddly in the middle instead of like a normal sliding door. Unlike a typical shower with soap and water, it appears to be some type of mist and foam. I lick my lips as I watch misted water droplets caress his skin, and, dear Lord, I wish I was in there with him.

Moments later, the shower stops, and he opens the door, holding out a hand. “Join me, mate.” My cheeks heat with embarrassment. I have not yet been completely naked with him, and all the lights are on. He will see every bump and roll that encases my chunky body. I should not think this way, but I can’t seem to help it. I’ve always been a bigger girl, and while most days I’ve accepted it, some days it’s hard.

Chapter 10

Esme



A moment passes, and his jaw grows tight, pulling his lips into a firm line. Large hands encase my face as he holds me “Do not feel this way, my mate. Every inch and curve was made to perfection just for me. You are mine, forever, and I never plan to let you go. I shall worship you until the Goddess takes my soul from me. Maybe not even then.”

Tears build up in my eyes. No one has ever said something so sweet to me before. I nod with tears leaving tracks down my cheeks. I’ve been called thunder thighs and many other names in my lifetime that were hurtful, so I always expect that treatment when it’s all I’ve ever known.

I sniff, trying to keep my nose from running. “Will you... will you at least turn around, for now, while I strip?”

His lips tip into a grin, and he does as asked. He turns to the back of the shower, and I get to once again enjoy the sight of his firm butt.

God, I can't wait to touch it. He's an alien Adonis.

Cold air kisses my skin as I grip the hem of my shirt and start to pull it over my head, followed shortly by my pants, leaving me standing there in just a lacey black bra and panties; full thighs on display, along with my voluptuous breasts. I shoot a glance to the left, and I see a mirror showing off my not so flat stomach and thighs that touch in the middle. *What will he think? God, I enjoy way too many snacks during the day.*

Losing weight has always been incredibly hard for me. I've been battling it all my life. I'd lose weight only to gain more back. I'd always wonder what people thought about the fat girl when I went around in public. I've heard the snickers. All my fears and insecurities flair to the foreground.

If he is my mate, he will love me regardless, right? I take a deep breath, trying to calm the nerves running through my blood.

With one deep breath, I gather all the courage I can and strip the rest off. My eyes turn back to Haax, and he's still facing the wall like a gentleman. So, I sidle up and step through the bathroom door, running my fingers along his muscular back, which twitches from the simple touch.

Turning away from Haax, I attempt to start closing the shower door, but it's in vain.

“Haax... I can’t get...” my breath is stunted as I try to close the door.

The atmosphere changes as he shifts around. My eyes find him as a gorgeous smirk creases his lips. “I will get it, my mate.” His eyes trace over each unsavory dip of my body, and I lift my hands to try and cover myself. Chills scatter up my spine. “Do not cover yourself. I want to see the beauty of your body. Because you are beautiful...” I open my mouth to comment, but he continues, cutting me off. “If you continue to feel like you are not enough or too big, then I will take it as a personal insult. I do not find you either of those things. I will love every delicious inch of you.”

He reaches around me, encasing me in his arms as he closes the door behind me. My skin heats in reaction to his touch against me, and wetness pools between my thighs. Every single time we have gotten intimate, something has interrupted us, and, I swear, I have the lady version of blue balls.

The door clicks closed, and I spin in his arms to look up at him. He’s tall, probably a whole head and a half taller than I am. The top of my head just barely reaches the top of his neck. Every inch of him is muscular. I allow my eyes to trail down his body and land on those incredible cocks hanging between his legs. Both were flaccid but appear to be having some moment.

Using his forefinger and thumb, he tilts my chin up so he can look me directly in the eye before he says his next words. "You are stunning, Esme."

I'm completely honest when I say, "I do not feel that way."

He rubs his thumb against my cheek. "Then whenever you feel this way, you need to tell me, and I can make every assurance that you feel nothing less than love and have everything you have ever and will ever deserve."

My heart jerks against its tethers, beating for him. He moves his hand away from my face before sliding it down my body; over my collarbone and to my breasts. There, he pulls my hands away so he can look his fill at me. His eyes darken with desire, and his cocks come to life between us, twitching, well, almost thudding, against my bare stomach.

He turns the shower back on, and mist hits us. It's weird but not unpleasant. Too bad my thoughts are not on getting clean. In fact, I'm thinking the very opposite.

I can feel the ribbing of his cocks, and my core tingles as I wonder what they will feel like inside me. Without a second thought, I reach between us and feel the top one. Silky hardness greets my hand, and Haax lets out a moan. "Don't stop." He begs as I start to stroke him. My fingers don't touch as I wrap

them around his girth. It's official, I'm pretty sure that weapon will not fit inside me.

As I'm rubbing him, his hands snake down my body; from my breasts to my mound. His fingers find my wet slit, and he groans his approval. "You are a tease, my sexy little mate." His fingers leave a trail of fire burning down my body as he caresses me.

"Haax." I beg, his name slipping from my lips breathlessly. I love the way he touches me. It feels so right, so good. I want him to know how much I enjoy it with the way my hands caress his body or with a simple touch to his cheek. My hands roam over him, enjoying how firm he is everywhere. His muscles ripple as he strokes my slit over and over again. My eyes roll back into my head in ecstasy as he works me into a needy mess.

A heavy thudding hits my hand, and I realize that his cock has started to vibrate, and, holy shit, I am going to enjoy this. His eyes are soft as the scent of rain as he looks down at me, trying to assess which motion of his fingers makes me beg for more the most.

I say his name in a whisper, barely audible. "Please, Haax. I want you. Do not make me wait any longer."

"We do not have time to do all the things I wish to do to you right now. No, when I take you for the first time, Esme, we will be alone, and I will have all of you to myself. No worries

about being interrupted by anyone or anything.”

My lips tilt down into a frown. I'm horny as all get out, and he's denying me the dick, well, dicks. Disappointment poisons my blood, and that high I was feeling earlier has dissipated. “Do not give me that sad look. I didn't say I was skipping breakfast,” he wiggles his eyebrows, and with the agility of a tiger, he dips down to the floor of the shower and lifts one of my legs onto his shoulder, so I'm completely open for him before plunging that thick, also ribbed, tongue into my cunt. He pushes in and out for a few minutes and returns to tease the hell out of my clit.

“Do you like this, Esme? Does it feel good?” The only response I can give is a moan because I can't bring any words forth from my mouth. I must say that this is truly the first time a guy has eaten me out. Human men don't normally go for it, which is such a shame.

Haax, though, eats me out like it's his damn job. The amount of attention and pressure he gives is perfection wrapped in a little ribbed tongue bow.

I have to lean back against the shower stall to hold myself up as my knees threaten to collapse below me. He attacks me with vigor and need again and again. “Fuck, yes. Haax...

don't stop, please, don't stop." I beg him, this time, a certain whine piercing my voice.

I feel the wave crashing as I hit my first orgasm, and the way he sucks down my juices is just fucking sinful and hot as hell at the same time. The noises he makes have me trying to clench my thighs together, but I can't since he's holding them apart.

He looks up to make sure that my back is pressed against the wall before lifting my other leg over his other shoulder. I'm completely exposed in this position. I watch as he licks his lips so sensually, and I can't help but groan. I really, really wish that we had more time to play with each other.

After my second orgasm, my legs are shaking, so he lets me down gently. Again, licking his lips. "Goddess, you taste like the sweetest honey. I could drink from between your thighs and never tire, my mate. I am ready to take you. If we had time, I would have you bent over my bed while I fuck into you from behind, but, alas, I want to make it to the cave by sundown. I do not wish to be in the woods after dark with all the creatures who wander the ground at night."

I nod, still not able to speak. I'm panting as my breath saws in and out of my mouth. My chest heaves.

Haax turns off the shower, and I spin as he leans around to open the door; guiding me to

step out before him onto the mat.

I expected to be much more wet than I am currently, and it must be due to the fact that it's a mist and not a full on water-drenching shower. Haax pulls down a towel and starts to dry me off, getting me, yet again, all riled up and needy as he strokes me. His cocks are still fully hard.

He catches where my eyes have gone and smirks at me.

"Can I?" I ask him politely as if I'm asking for sugar from the next door neighbor.

His lips turn down in a frown before he shakes his head, obvious sadness pouring from his body. "Later, mate. Later you may do whatever you please with me. If I let you do that now, we will actually never leave this damn ship. They will go down... eventually."

I giggle at him, embarrassed over my horniness.

We make our way back into his bedroom and grab our clothes to get dressed. I pull things from my bag, and Haax pulls his own out. I watch him wince as he shoves his cocks into his pants. It must hurt. I wouldn't want to be in his position. At least I got off a couple of times.

Once dressed, we start gathering our supplies to take with us to the compound. Luckily, our bags both have straps like backpacks so we

can carry them along with us. To his backpack, he adds some food and water from the ship's storage compartments. He pulls another bag out from a cabinet behind him, and I quirk an eyebrow.

"It is a blanket and tent for staying overnight. We will most likely not need the tent in a cave, but I do not wish to leave it here and then need it later on should our plans change halfway through the day."

I dip my chin in understanding, and he turns to continue filling his bag.

About an hour later, based on my watch, we finally leave the ship. He opens up the door to the outside world, and we step through before he turns back to lock up the ship. "I do not wish for anyone to be able to access the equipment or technology my ship possesses. I am reducing the security risk. Are you ready?"

Am I ready to be in the middle of the Alaskan wilderness? Fuck no, but we don't have a choice.

"Everything is going to be okay. I am a survival expert and have endured much training while in the military. Yes, most of it was in the jungle, but this has the same concepts: shelter, water, fire, and food. Those are the four main things we will need. Before I decided to come to Alaska, I went over several guides

about the state, just to know what each part holds.”

A mate who actually takes the time to research things versus just jumping in feet first without a second thought. It’s a breath of fresh air, and, once again, I’m impressed by his efforts towards me. Most men tend to do things and follow directions afterward.

I’m also thankful that it’s summertime in Alaska. The winters around here are wicked, and we’d be in a heap of trouble trying to traverse the snow and ice that normally happens in these parts.

I’m wearing a burgundy t-shirt and a pair of khaki shorts. Luckily, I thought to bring tennis shoes. They aren’t my hiking boots, but I’ll take it; better than flip flops.

My eyes find Haax, and guilt creeps in as I look at what all he’s carrying. I am not carrying even a third of what he’s currently holding. For once, he has a shirt on, covering up those delectable muscles, and a pair of the same combat type pants he’s worn since I met him.

He turns to look at me and smiles. “Esme... I am your mate. I can carry out supplies, and if you so desire, I can also carry you.”

I vehemently shake my head. “No, uh, I’m good.”

A single dip of his chin is the response I receive. “If you should change your mind, just

ask.”

How is he so sweet? I think it to myself, but I know he’s read my thoughts because a smile broadens his face, and he looks like he’s won the prize of the century. I shake my head and chuckle to myself.

Who would have thought just yesterday that I’d be stranded in the Alaskan wilderness with my new mate. Talk about learning to trust and lean on each other quickly!

“Haax?”

“Hmm?” He says, but, this time, he keeps walking and doesn’t stop.

“How do you know where we’re going? How are you sure we’re heading in the right direction?”

He snorts. “Magic, my mate... and the help of a GPS.” I’m not entirely sure where he got the GPS from because I didn’t see him put it in his bag, but I won’t question it.

For the next few hours, we traverse in silence, making our way through the rough terrain and trees that surround us. As we walk, Haax points out berries, some that are good, but also ones I should stay away from. We haven’t had to cross any streams or rivers yet, and, for that, I am thankful since I’m not a great swimmer.

And just as I finish speaking the words, my ears prick up the sound of flowing and

gurgling water against rocks. "We will stop here and fill up the water bottles. The ones I have will filter the water so we are able to drink it."

I stop and sink to the ground. Putting my hands down on either side of me, I feel the softness of leaves and things below them.

As I look around, my jaw drops in awe as I take in the scene before me. True Alaskan wilderness; that's what I'm currently admiring. A waterfall cascades down the side of the mountain in glitter-like silver shreds, acting as a water spout. The edges of the waterfall are hemmed in jagged white lines; plunging into the beautiful jade green pool below and producing bubbles. A babbling brook tingles as it seeps away, leaving behind a swoosh-plunk sound.

Water flows languidly over each rock with the honeyed sexuality of a sensual kiss; smooth, yet also fierce. At that precise moment, the sun peeks through the trees and dances its way across the water, leaving behind a glittering masterpiece.

Century old trees stand guard all around us as if keeping the secrets of the many who have gone before us. They blot out the sky from view, leaving us in a shady state. The bark of the tree has become thick and furrowed with age, while maintaining a gray-brown color.

In the dark corners of this forest, spiders spin webs of silvery steel, hoping to lure in their next meal. Somewhere, bears fish for their next meal from within the streams of the area; looking for the best slice of salmon. Through the trees, a mother elk takes care of the calf she's brought into this tough world.

I've never spent this much time investigating and actually taking in the world around me. I used to go hiking with friends, but we were always too busy chatting to focus on the peacefulness of the nature surrounding us.

I take note of my shallow breathing even minutes after we stop for a water refill. It's only been a little while, and my fat kid issues are catching up with me. I knew I should've worked out at the gym more as I prepared for my mate. Ugh, doesn't it just figure.

The breeze blows, tossing around my hair and sending a shiver down my spine from the ticklish feeling I'm experiencing.

I gulp in one breath after the next as I watch him bend down to gather water, the muscles of his back and arms shifting with each movement. It's impressive. *Stop looking at him*, I scold myself, or I'll have wet panties all afternoon, and I do not need another rash. Thighs that meet in the middle give me enough issues already.

He's so intoxicating; his scent, his sharp features, really... everything about him.

If I could fan myself right now, I totally would. A few more minutes is all it takes for him to complete filling our water packs. As he stands up, he walks back to me and drops down, holding himself up in a crouch before me. "Water?"

"Thank you." I give him a big smile because, right now, I'm really happy. Despite the fact that we're stuck in the middle of fucking nowhere. He hands over my water bag.

The water is cold and wet against my parched lips. I hadn't realized until now that I was so thirsty. I suck down a refreshing sip and *ahhh* at the perfect taste of the water.

Haax grins at me and holds out his hand. "Shall we, my lady? We have plans this evening, and I would hate to miss them."

My cheeks redden thinking about what is to come, but all I do is respond with a nod.

Our trip is silent as we make our way through the forest. Animals scurry away around us, rattling fallen leaves, and birds chirp their own little noises. I keep listening to the crunch of the spiky underbrush below me as we go.

Lush green vegetation surrounds us, allowing only a few patches of the sky to be seen above us. We'd been traveling for a while, and I was starting to wind down. I needed a break but didn't want Haax to be disappointed, but, like always recently, he seemed to know exactly what I needed.

Turning to look at me, he smiles. "I think we should take a break for a little while. We're making good time, and I suspect we will make it to the cave long before nighttime hits."

"Thank you, Haax." I am sincerely thankful for this amazing male standing before me.

I find two fallen logs and make ourselves a seat. He pulls two bars and the water pack from his bag and hands them over before pulling something else from his bag. I munch on the peanut butter and chocolate protein bar he's given me as I look around at our surroundings.

The trees are less dense here and more wild flowers peek free from the ground below them. He pulls an orangish-brown tarp looking object from the bag. "Here, we shall rest under my portable tent for an hour before journeying on. I do not wish to tire you too much, little mate."

Butterflies spiral in my stomach over his concern and words. He pulls the pop up tent over where I'm currently seated and secures it to the ground. I'm not entirely sure why we need it when the sun doesn't peek through the trees and it's not raining, but he is more of an outdoorsman than I am, so I remain silent.

"So, tell me about your friends from the loading dock. How long have you known them?" Haax says, attempting to make light conversation between us, and the corners of

my lips tip on the ends that he wants to know about not just me, but also my friends.

I swallow quickly, my fingers twisting together at his question. "Anniston, Jacee, and I all went to school together from the time that we were little. We stuck to each other like glue." I laugh thinking of all the fond memories of the troubles we would get into and the boys' hearts we broke along the way.

My friends are skinnier than I am, but not once have they ever shamed me for my size. I probably do that enough on my own.

"All of our mom's were best friends. We lived in the same neighborhood. Anniston, Jacee, and I actually all worked where I currently work for a while after we left school. We'd plan lessons, train, and Anniston even went so far as show jumping."

His brows furrow. "What is this *show jumping*?"

My skin buzzes with the urge to word vomit. "It's essentially an equestrian event in which a horse and rider have to clear a number of jumps in a certain amount of time. The person with the least amount of faults and time is the winner."

Interest lights up his eyes. "And what does the winner of this event receive?"

I hitch my shoulders in a shrug. "Depends on the competition. If it's a big event, the prize is

normally money. Sometimes, the smaller events are just for fun, so the most you'll get is a ribbon." We talk for a while as he packs up our pop up canopy, and it seems as though time flies by. Before I know it, we're up and walking as the light starts to lower in the sky.

Chapter 11

Haax



I'm not entirely sure we'll make it to the cave by sundown, and if I could throw Esme over my shoulder and take off, I would, but I've already read her thoughts on that possibility.

I don't want to scare her off. So, I keep a slow pace so she doesn't fall behind. I find a way to snag her bag and carry it myself, hoping that less weight will help. It's not that she's what humans call fat, but humans do not have the strength and endurance of a Grekarian.

I highly doubt they learn as small children to fend for themselves, and it wouldn't surprise me if she's never been anywhere outside of rural life. She doesn't exactly seem like the hiking type, but I admire that she's trying her hardest.

Dusk is now upon us as we head deeper into the forest. Animals are scurrying across the ground frantically, trying to make it home before all the predator creatures come out to hunt. Good thing my hearing and eyesight in the dark is perfect. Noises that Esme may not

hear, I'll be attuned to; listening for anything that goes bump in the night. I know we've run into multiple creatures that I am one hundred percent sure Esme would freak out over knowing they were so close to us.

Her breath comes out in forced pants as she pads slowly behind me. It is more rushed than before, which tells me she is tiring. We're almost to the cave, according to my GPS tracker, and a few feet from the cave's entrance. I've been carrying Esme's bags for the last half quarran.

Esme drags her feet as she enters the cave, almost tripping when her foot doesn't come completely off the ground. My heart deflates. She will be too tired for all the mating frenzy I had planned. Maybe it is for the best. I plan to stay awake and watch over her sleeping this evening. My arrynthia will not allow me to rest without knowing my mate is completely safe.

She leans against the wall of the cave before sliding down to the ground. A few beads of sweat litter her forehead. As quickly as I can, I set our sleeping mats together and get her bed ready. When I've finally finished getting everything together, I look to Esme. Her breath is even with each inhale, and I realize that she's sleeping on the ground.

I don't want to wake her up right now, but, at the same time, she will be sore if she stays in that position. So I risk the wrath of my mate.

I've read about females who are not pleasant when woken from sleep and prepare myself in case Esme fits into that statistic.

Walking over to her, I allow my gaze to travel her body before I bend down, putting one arm behind her knees and the other supporting her back as I stand and turn towards the sleeping mat.

I dip my nose into her hair and get lost in her strawberry fields scent. One scent of her and my cocks rouse for duty.

She curls into me, her small hands turning in and grabbing hold of my chest.

Ever so slowly, I lean down and place her on the bedding, pulling the blanket up her body to make sure she's warm, but she never lets me go. Esme wants me, even in her sleep. My chest puffs with just that little knowledge. So, instead of prying her perfect little fingers away from me, I slip into the bed beside her and pull her body into mine.

With a small kiss on her forehead, I say a prayer of thanks to the goddess for my mate and for not waking her. I lie awake, listening to her soft snores, and can't help the nerves that fly up my spine at the thought of her being mine. *My fated mate.* Something I never thought I would see in all my time.

For hours, I listen to her sleeping peacefully before it combines with the melodic sounds of the forest around us. It's a beautiful biphonic

song. The song of owls swirls through the air like confetti and bounces off the walls of the cave around us. It's probably searching for a midnight snack. Branches sway and creak with the small breeze that dangles in the air tonight, unwillingly held back by the mountain above us.

My eyes travel over every square inch of the cave. It reminds me of the ones back in Grekaria. The walls and plants are highlighted in neon beauty. It's breathtaking. If only it had an elixir pond.

The night becomes silent. It's a type of peaceful quietude that I'm not used to, being the Commander of the Flighten. The owls have ceased their calls, and I no longer hear the rustling of leaves outside the cave. I savor the sweetness of being somewhere so remote, surrounded by the colors of home.

It's starting to become concerning; the sudden change. So quiet that I can hear my own heart beating. I look over at Esme and have to lean in close to make sure that she's still breathing as her small snores have also disappeared.

In the middle of the quiet, a sound of leaves crinkling meets my ears. It's an unusual sound, not one of small animals running here and there. My pulse thumps and nerves start to escalate. A feeling of complete helplessness befalls me.

Shadows in the moonlight slip across the front of the cave. I would know the shape of those shadows anywhere. All day long they have tracked us, yet stayed far enough away to pretend I couldn't hear them.

I've known all day they were there, but now they're becoming bold; sneaking up to the cave, probably assuming that we're asleep. *Newsflash, assholes, I am ready for you.* Esme whimpers and turns on her side. The sounds from outside go suddenly quiet again, but I follow the shadows that continue to line the outside of the cave.

Leaning down, I place my hand over Esme's lips, and her eyes open widely in shock. Her breath comes out fast as she starts to panic. I light up the silver of my irises so she will know it is me and not the enemy. Once she's awake, she realizes that it's me and instantly calms down.

Do not move, mate. The Necorium has found us. I will handle this, but I need you to stay here and remain hidden. Say you understand me with a nod.

She dips her head. With instinctual stealth, I crawl from the sleeping mat and brace myself against the wall, employing my invisibility sheath. This will allow me to sneak up on them without any knowledge.

With a bit of the magic I've received over the years, I cover my mate in the same invisibility

cloak. I am not like the rest of the Grekarians. A Sepharon brings a lot to the table. Not only do we have different physical aspects, we also have the power of simple magic.

I lean down and pull a knife from my boot, knowing it will be easier to just kill them than fight. Right now, I don't have any idea how many surround us, and I won't put Esme's life at risk.

My nerves run rampant. Like having 50,000 jolts of electricity shooting through my body and not being allowed to move, it's almost impossible. I move with the stealth of a leopardoi, a big cat known for being the quietest movers on Grekaria. They are known for perching in treetops or hiding in bushes to go unseen as it stalks prey, which is what the Necorium are for me right now. They are my prey, and I will not show them any mercy.

Their reptilian eyes are bright in the darkness. I am hiding the normal iridescence of my own eyes to remain invisible. Blood stains the floor of the cave as I strike out, mercilessly killing alien after alien.

I have never enjoyed killing, but knowing that I am protecting my mate makes all of this worth it. I would kill and die for her. She is my arrynthia. My fated. My love.

I don't even know how many Necorium I manage to kill in just a few minutes, but I know their numbers are dwindling. They have

to be because these creatures do not run in very large packs. Normally, there are eight or less in each group.

Once the moment becomes stunted, I take a minute to assess. Turning up the silver in my eyes, I face where I left my mate to make sure she's still there, but I find nothing.

My heart lodges in my throat. No, they cannot have taken her. I will kill every single last Necorium gruesomely, which will be the only way they deserve to die.

My brain becomes scattered trying to figure out where she's gone. I search every single inch of the cave and speak telepathically to her. *Esme? Where are you, mate? It is over.*

I walk past a tiny crevice in the wall and something reaches out to grab my leg. I stab out with my knife and hear a small cry. Definitely not the enemies cry. Oh, God, what have I done?

"Haax..." She whispers my name.

"Oh, my Goddess." I pull her out from where she's hiding and hug the ever-living shit out of her. I was so afraid I'd lost her. "I should spank you for not following directions when I said to stay where you were."

"They were coming for me. I had to move."

I cannot be honestly mad at her. I'm actually incredibly proud to call her my mate. She acted bravely in the face of danger. This

shows me how truly blessed I am that I was given a mate who is strong. She rivals my own strength; maybe not physically, but, mentally, she possesses it.

“We need to get moving. I do not wish to run into them again. I know we didn’t want to travel at night, but I don’t see us having a choice.” My eyes run over her body, and I notice the small scrape running across her forearm. Guilt sits like lard in my gut. “I am so sorry, my mate. I have failed in keeping you safe.”

She turns her arm to look at it. “Oh, this? It was an innocent mistake, Haax. I am fine. If it were not for you, I may not be here right now. I owe you my life.”

My lips tip up in the corners. “All I want is your heart and you, my love.”

Quickly packing up, we take one last glance around at the cave. “Wow, it’s really pretty here.” She says, looking at the colorful patterns and wildly-colored neon flowers creeping up the wall.

“It is not as pretty as the person I’m currently admiring.” I say, and her cheeks flush. She likes the charming side. I cannot wait to see what she thinks of the dominating side.

Chapter 12

Haax



It takes us two additional days to reach the compound. We're both exhausted and ready to sleep for a few days, but I need to check in with the prince and my brother Daxx. He will get me up to date with the situation.

I take Esme to my room and convince her to lay down and take a nap. The compound is not as alive with action as I thought it might be. It offers me a little comfort while leaving my mate in my locked quarters. Since the last attack, the compound has upped security, and I am the only one who can access my room. It is a specific key card. Once I leave, they will replace the key card for the next person.

I wait for a few minutes with Esme as she gets ready for bed and then kiss her sweetly before heading off to the command room to assess the situation.

My comm vibrates with a call from the prince as soon as I step foot in the command center. Hitting the button, up pops the face of the prince before me. "Your majesty."

“Haax, I was for certain we lost you. What happened out there?”

“Our ship was shot down. It took us a few days to make our way back. Between the Necorium finding us and the exhaustion, we had to go slow. My Esme is not as strong as a Grekarian female, so I needed to make sure she was okay.”

He dips his chin in understanding. “Is she...”

“She is good. A minor mishap with my hunting knife, but otherwise fine.”

“I am glad to hear it.”

I clap my hands together. “How are you, my prince? How is your mate? Are you still hiding underground?”

His brows furrow. “You have not spoken with your brother?”

I tilt my head from side to side. “No, you were the first communication I’ve had since making it to the compound. We arrived mere minutes before you commed me.”

“We managed to locate the Necorium. They tried to take more of our human females, but we fought them off, killing most. Take the next few days to relax, lock yourselves away, and enjoy being with your mate. I assume you have not yet sealed the deal?”

He smirks, understanding how I feel completely.

I bow my head. "Yes, Prince."

He chuckles loudly, his chest shaking. "Lose the formality, Haax. We have been friends for years. It feels so weird when you call me prince."

"But that is your name, sire."

"Touché."

I hang up with Axxon and comm my brother, Daxx, who also updates me with information before telling me to go spend time with my mate.

Leaving the command room, I head back towards our room, where she is, hopefully, peacefully sleeping. Putting my key card to the door, it slides open quietly, and my eyes scale over the room, looking to find my mate. She sleeps peacefully in the bed, and without a hesitation, I turn off the lights and walk to my side of the bed before climbing in.

Wrapping my arm around Esme, I hold her briefly before pulling her back flush against my own body. My cocks rise at the mere touch, but not now.

Tomorrow, I tell myself. Tomorrow, I will ravage my mate and complete the bond. I cannot wait for what is to come now that the Necorium situation is under control, and I know that the prince is safe.

Tomorrow starts the rest of our forever. I still want to take my mate to Grekaria so she can

see where I was born and lived. Daxx is sending in a team to locate my ship and bring it back to the compound for repair. I fall asleep to the sound of her soft snores, finally feeling safe enough to rest.



The sun peeks through the window at me, waking and warming me to another brand new day. I can't blame it for the reason I'm currently awake, though. No, I blame it on the sexy little mate between my legs. She watches me closely as she runs her warm tongue up and down the underside of my shaft. Leaning back, I close my eyes and moan, trying to encourage her more. "Don't stop, Esme. Don't stop." I plead with her desperately between pants.

Grekarian females never did this for their men. They believed our seed was not to be wasted in the mouth so long as wet pussies were available. Sex was mandatory. We did it to get one another off and spill our seed in the females to further our kind. But the humans... they have passion, lust, and need when they make love. It's a driving force greater than just the need to sate arousal.

I want this kind of intimacy with Esme. In fact, I crave it. As she continues to suck my cock

down her throat, I allow my fingers to run through her silky hair, holding onto the back of her head, but not pushing her to choke on my cock. My mating cock is coming to life slowly below the one she's currently worshiping.

My balls twitch with the simple thought of pounding my seed into her womb. The thought of seeing her wide with heavy breasts, carrying my child, drives me insane. "I am ready for breakfast." My vocal cords vibrate as my words come out with a growl. The instant look of disappointment on her face is adorable.

"Oh... okay." She says quietly, without making eye contact, while moving away from me.

"Where do you think you're going?" Caramel-colored eyes crinkle in the corners as she furrows her brows. Waiting for me to speak again, she chews on her plump, pink lower lip, and I want to pull it into my mouth so I can nibble upon it.

"I was..." she continues to say as she pulls away farther.

Reaching over, I run my hand up her arm and gently wrap it around her bicep. "You, my sexy little mate, are the breakfast I wish to devour. I want you moaning below me and screaming out my name as your orgasm takes over. I want you to fill my mouth with your honey. I want to drown, drinking you down."

Rose stains her cheeks as she almost pants with desire. Instead of letting her pull any farther away from me, I pull her slowly up my body, allowing her to feel my every dip and curve against hers.

Flipping her over onto her back, my lips go on a journey, starting at the spot right behind her ear, down the curve of her neck, over her voluptuous chest, her not so firm belly, and lands just above her mound, causing her to squirm with need below me.

Chapter 13

Esme



He works me until I am begging for him to finally put his lips against me. I can feel his breath dance against my slit, and a cold chill burrows its way through my body. His thick fingers find the corners of my underwear, and he slides them down my exposed legs, inhaling my skin as he goes.

He pulls me roughly to his face as his tongue explores my lower lips. I love the way it feels; so slick and so warm. His tongue slips under my hood and attacks my clit with vigor. Reaching down, I grab hold of his hair and pull him to me, not giving him any room to back off from what he's doing.

I want it all, everything he is giving me and more. I find myself rising quickly towards an orgasm, my toes curl, and my grip tightens in his hair. He moans, and the vibrations shoot right through my body. My stomach clenches. The tension in my muscles pulls in towards my sex, and it feels incredible.

My orgasm hits me like the crash of a wave against the shore. I scream out his name as my body spirals out of control. I clamp down my legs around his head, but he doesn't stop what he's doing. No, he continues eating me like a damn fucking presidential dinner.

He makes me crazy, and, again, I have to beg him to fill me completely. I need him deep within me. I want to connect with him on a level that's not just physical. I want to mentally, spiritually, and emotionally cum with him. We are more than just a cock and a pussy. We are to become one with each other, yet keep our own individual personalities. A perfect complement.

Haax rubs his thick fingers through my folds one last time before his beautiful eyes meet my own. "Are you ready, mate? Because once it's in, there is no going back. Well, I think we've already gone too far to go back. My cocks are hard for you, and they will be yours for all time. I shall be your soul mate til the end of our days together. May the Goddess bless us together in the afterlife as well."

"Fuck me, Haax."

He growls, fucking growls, and the noise goes straight to my core. Wetness pools between my thighs, adding to the mixture of his own saliva he left behind.

His hands explore my body in a sensual manner, paying close attention to what makes

me squirm and what makes me moan. Fingertips glide delectably over my nipples, and they perk to attention; even harder than when they're cold.

Fingers continue to trail down my body, and he pulls away, only to wrap his hand around his girth, stroking it before he brings it to guide through my folds.

My clit is tingling with desire. I want to feel him inside me so badly that I am scooching closer, begging him silently to take me and do what he wishes with me. As long as he is touching me somehow, I'll be okay.

Both of his cocks are hard and throbbing against my middle. I have to wonder which one he will use first or if he plans on using them together. A shiver runs down my spine at the very thought of being filled by him with both.

I've never done butt stuff before, but, for some reason, I trust him enough to want to do anything with him or for him. As if he reads my mind, he says, "I will use my lower cock for now until you are comfortable... then I will place my mating cock into your pussy while my other cock will enjoy the tight entrance of your sexy ass."

It's an odd sensation when he pushes his lower cock into my channel. It hits spots that no cock has ever touched before. Add in the thumping of his upper cock against my mound and stomach, and, I swear to God, I may cum

just thinking about it. I have never been this turned on.

Yes, I've enjoyed sex, but the anticipation and joy I feel right now has never accompanied me into an intimate relationship. I trust him and respect him to treasure me as he has promised.

My walls stretch to accommodate his size. It feels even larger inside than it did on the outside. His cocks are beautiful. It's not something I ever thought I would say, but here I am. The defined lines are sexy, and if I could lean down and lick his top dick while he fucked me with the other, I would in an instant.

Hell, maybe at some point I'll try it with him. We have our whole lives to explore our sexuality and pleasure with one another. A small spot on the top of his cock vibrates within my cunt, and my g-spot lights up like fireworks on the fourth of July. "Haax... don't stop."

"Never, mate," he grunts between thrusts. My walls squeeze down on him as he continues to thrust, and a few minutes later, I'm cumming all over his cock.

I am so wet that moisture is running down onto the bed below us, and, I'm sure, his balls, but he definitely doesn't seem to mind as he continues working my body like a marionette. I

will gladly be on his string, so long as he never stops.

“Do you like my thick cock in your tiny little cunt, mate? I can’t believe how sexy you look spread out before me. I love watching as my cock enters you again and again. You swallow it whole each time. Fuck, you’re sexy.”

This experience is almost spiritual, transcending my body completely. I find myself immersed in the sensation of him moving within me; of us becoming one together. Being with him is pure and exhilarating, a delicious sort of freedom that you find in nothing else on this Earth.

His upper cock thumps against my stomach, and the need to touch it burns through me. I lift my hand and run it up and down his cock. A carnal need strikes within me to watch both of his cocks come to completion.

“I need to cum, and I am dying to fill up this pretty little cunt until you carry my child. I wish to see you pregnant with our youngling.”

I lift my hand to his cheek, and he leans into me. “I want your mating cock.” I whisper it sweetly to him. I want all of him, every bit that he’s willing to offer me.

“Are you sure, my mate? We can wait, I do not mind.”

I shake my head back and forth adamantly. “I need it.” With a dip of his head, he shares his

agreement. Sadness overwhelms me when he pulls his cock from within me, but that is quickly replaced with carnal need as he inserts his mating cock. It is much larger than his lower cock, and it stretches me even more than before, but it is a stretch so sweet I crave it.

His thrusts grow more vigorous as he pounds into me; his lower cock rubbing up and down the crack of my ass, producing the friction that's innately needed. Groans and moans leave his mouth with each push into my body. My cunt pulls him in and holds on every single time, milking his cock with every pump of his hips.

That all too familiar wave crashes into me, and I'm cumming yet again all over his cock. My own orgasm throws him into his own release, and he grunts as spurts of his seed hit against my cervix. When he finally stops coming, he drops down onto his elbows, still buried inside me. Leaning up, he gives me trailing kisses, starting at my forehead and lowering until his greedy mouth meets mine. We kiss as though we will never get enough of one another. Sex with Haax is on a totally different level. I feel connected, and it's not because of the way he looks or the way he smells, even though both of those things are increasingly intoxicating.

It's just him, my Haax, my mate.

All of my performance anxiety and worry over my naked body was for nothing, and I didn't even think about it, letting myself drift off into bliss unknown; falling into greater and greater pleasure. My desires have been silenced for now, but I know now... once you have an alien cock, you won't ever go back.

One day, I will take both of his cocks, and I know it will feel amazing. We will fight, we will make up, and then choose to live our lives to the fullest.

He pulls out of me slowly, and I wince at the soreness already starting to form. Hot seed drops from between my lower lips, and he lifts up my knees to place two pillows under my ass. "I need my seed to take, and it can't do that when it is running out from between your legs like a stream."

A few more drops of his seed break free, and he catches them on his fingers before pulling those sexy fingers to his lips and licking them off; one by one. Curiosity gets the best of me. "I want to taste you, Haax. Give me just one taste."

Going back for more, he holds it to my lips this time, and I stick out my tongue to lick his finger, pulling it into my mouth like a lollipop. His taste is sweet, almost like cotton candy. Giving this guy blow jobs will never be a problem if his taste reminds me of some of my favorite sweet treats.

More falls out, and I watch as he pushes his seed back into me and fixes my pillows again, making sure that my ass is in the air.

Exhaustion overwhelms me, and my eyelids start to droop. "I still want to take you to Grekaria. I wish for you to see where I grew up and learn our traditions. Plus, I cannot wait to show you off to all of my friends. Show off the sexy little mate the Goddess created just for me."

"Okay, Haax. I'll do whatever you'd like." The words flow out, mumbled and sleep driven.

"I love you, little one. Sleep now because, in a few hours, I plan to make you mine all over again."

Chapter 14

Haax



I wake with her sweet ass making the perfect cushion for my rock hard cocks. One slips between those soft, supple thighs and glides so easily through the wetness starting to pool between her legs. A small moan pours from between those perfect, pink upper lips, and it makes me smile, even if I can't see them.

“Haax...” She moans my name, and my cock twitches with the hint of subtle seduction lilted in her tone. “Need you.” She whispers, and I feel the same way. She starts to rub herself on my length, and, I swear, I am about to feel like a juvenile. My balls hang low, with my cum wanting to burst forth in mere seconds like an untried youth. It's what my small mate does to me.

I rub my hand up and down her side, leaving a trail of goosebumps in my wake. My hand creeps up over her fleshy hip and down to cup her mound, my large, greenish yellow-scaled hand is a strict contrast to the soft, pale skin of my mate.

Her skin is hot against my chest as if I'm causing her body temperature to increase with my nearness. She is soft like suede and wet like I could never imagine. How is she always so wet and ready for me?

One of my thick fingers circles around her cunt, teasing her entrance, then returning to flick that tight little pleasure bud hiding behind her skin.

Another sinful moan leaves those lips. If I wasn't looking at her right now, I'd think that maybe I was dreaming.

She is fevered and needy as I rub her lips, fingers slick with her arousal. Suddenly, I can't take it any more. The need to be within her takes me over, and the finger that had been circling her entrance dives in, drawing a garbled moan from her lips.

I want to do depraved things to her. Like tie her up and fuck her until she cannot bear to stand on two legs or hold her down with her ass in the air as I take it how I see fit. The dominant part of me wants to master her, while the other wants to cuddle her and hold her close so I know she will never leave me.

I must find a balance between the two. The slickness of her arousal starts to pool as I fuck her with thick fingers. In and out. In and out. Wet, squelching sounds greet my ears and join the chorus of her glorious moans. Thick thighs tighten around my wrist at the same

time that her cunt tightens around my fingers.

“Tight little cunt you have, my sweet mate.”

“Please.” She whimpers, the prettiest plea slipping from those sinful lips of hers. She squirms with the need to cum.

I fall to her will; pulling back my hips slightly so that the head of my cock finds her opening as if it knew all too well the warmth of its home. My fingers slip from her cunt as I push myself in, eyes closing at the tightness of her hole. Leaning over her slightly, I can see the silhouette of her face and the way her eyelashes flutter.

Her breathing is stunted, but her heart beats firm and steady. She whines, arching her back against me, forcing my length into her further by another inch or so. My eyes roll at the pleasure of it. I bury myself to the hilt and pause just for a moment.

An image of her naked ass jiggling as she runs from me in the forest of Grekaria flashes through my mind. I’m chasing her, my cocks smacking into my flesh painfully as I pursue her. She looks over her shoulder with a giggle and a faint blush on her cheeks. She is egging me on. I wish to chase my mate. Chase her, hold her down, and fuck my cum into her so she is overflowing with it. I wish to see her so full that she will have no chance but to become swollen with my child.

My mating cock rises to the occasion and brushes through her thighs. I wish I had her turn in front of me so that I can look upon her face as I take and give her pleasure. Her ass should be cushioning my mating cock. An ass I desperately want to feel around me but that requires me to stretch her. My cock will split her in two if I go in without proper preparation. Another time...

I grip the flesh of her hip, knowing I will probably leave an imprint of my hand, but I cannot find it in me to care. The desire to have my marks all over her hits me.

"I'm going to fuck this pussy as long as I want, until you lose sanity or consciousness first. I want you to feel so much pleasure that you cannot speak afterward. I want you to be so worn out that all you can do with those pretty lips is moan for me."

She reaches a small hand behind her and holds onto my neck, arching her back more and forcing me into her further. Her blunt nails dig into my skin, and I shiver at the feel of it. My mate is marking me, whether she realizes it or not.

Her moans and whimpers grow louder with each thrust. Before I know it, she will be waking the whole compound. They shall know that I am thoroughly pleasuring my mate.

Against my better judgment, I pull out and roll onto my back, one of my arms around her

waist pulls her body onto my own. Esme is a squirming, needy mess as she tries to grab hold of my cock and pull it to where she needs me most.

It is as if she believes my cock is a dog leash and she can handle it how she pleases.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk, little one. I am in charge.” I remind her as I grab the hand currently wrapped around my cock.

I release her, and small hands push against my chest as she rises over top of me, and her pussy lines up with my twitching cock. I finally give her leave, holding my cock in place so she can slide down the length. She moans with each inch she takes.

My cock disappears into the utopia between those thighs as her pussy devours me. Watching those tight little lips stretch to their max capacity is making me even harder. Now, my mating cock is fully erect and slapping up against her ass.

“Please.” She begs again so beautifully. “I want them both.”

“I cannot. It will hurt if your ass is not properly stretched.” Why would she ask this of me? I want it, maddeningly. But I cannot.

“No, in my pussy.”

“You want both of my cocks in this tight little pussy? I do not know if you can handle it. I may split you wide.”

“Please...” She begs again.

“I will try, but should it start to hurt at any point, you need to tell me immediately.”

She nods her agreement. I slip a hand between us and wedge two thick fingers in with my cock. She may ask this of me, but I will be damned if I do not attempt to stretch this pretty pussy before I plunder it with a second cock.

“Open for me.” She immediately does as requested, trying to widen those sexy legs of hers. I pull out my first cock and rub it over her sweet little cunt, then do the same thing with the second one, making sure that I am completely lubed up.

“Haax...” She whines so beautifully.

“I know, my sweet. Soon enough. Are you ready?”

Chapter 15

Esme



The stretch is painful, but there's a hint of pleasure attached to it as well. I feel full of him. Never in a million years would I have asked a normal human male to double penetrate me, but a normal human male also doesn't have the two glorious cocks that my mate has.

Haax's hands are in my hair as I am stuffed with both cocks. A weird sort of purr emanates from his lips. Something I definitely haven't heard come from him before, but it seems like a contented noise. Haax is proving to be a dominant male, but he's also tender and loving. I can never see him hurting me.

Happiness churns in the mate bond slowly forming between us. It thrums through my veins, making me smile. I want to make him happy the way he has done for me.

I've been licked, kissed, and caressed to the limit. Every inch of me has been touched and pleased. My arms struggle to lift myself up and down as I ride him. That's the other thing

about Haax, the male is a machine, never tiring during sex. He can go for hours without even blinking based on what I've seen the last two times he's taken me.

He's definitely not a two pump and done chump. He also worries about my pleasure more than his own. Yes, he takes, but he also gives tenfold.

His thrusts increase, and my eyes close over the feel of him inside me. The top cock expands and hits my G spot, and I moan.

"Mmm... yes... please." I beg. I'm not even sure what I'm asking him for, but he seems to know the answer. His cocks start to vibrate, and I squirm atop him; the pleasure increasing to an almost unbearable height.

He reaches out to help, lifting me up and down on his length faster, chasing his orgasm. He is using my pussy for his pleasure, yet gathering mine as well.

Moments later, warm cum is painting my walls, and my orgasm hits me like a bullet from a loaded gun. I am sore and wince as he pulls from me.

A gush of cum slips loose and falls to the bed. The bed I now notice is a mess. The sheets are rumbled. I can only imagine how my hair looks currently.

Haax eyes me, silver shining brightly in his eyes. It's a look of complete desire.

"I am so enamored with you, Esme. You are perfect for me." He speaks with such reverence, and it makes my heart beat harder. I have never felt this appreciated, loved, or protected in a relationship. Every moment I'm with Haax, I'm glad I signed up for the mate program.

He leans in, sealing his lips over mine, and the warm caress of his tongue greets my own. "I want to take you home; let you see where I grew up. I want to show you the forests of Grekaria and maybe visit the cave in my mural where couples go to bathe together. The desire to experience everything with you thrums through my veins just like my hearts beat for you."

"Getting on another spaceship?" I question, thinking about the last time I was on a ship.

"Yes, but not mine. Mine needs to be repaired. We will borrow another ship to get us home. Do you need to contact the barn?"

"No, Sheila knows it could be a few weeks."

"Very well." He responds. "I must go check in with the prince and my brother. An update is needed as to the status of the Necorium before we travel planetside."

"Okay." He leans in to press a kiss to my forehead and slides me off of him before he gets off the bed. I watch as he quickly dresses and then walks towards the door and hits the

panel on the wall. He turns back to me with a smile before leaving.



This spaceship is sleek, and every detail has been meticulously streamlined. It has the same goldfish bubble windows, but this one is cherry red instead of black. Neon lights line the windows and bottom. It makes me wonder if this ship is a stealth one because it sure as hell looks like a luxury type of ship.

“This one has just the same cloaking technology as my own. I have spoken with the prince and my brother. The threat of attack from the Necorium is low.”

“How did you...” I start to speak but remember he can read my thoughts. I really need to get that under control.

“It’s nice to know what you’re thinking, mate.” He winks seductively. “Especially when you need me.”

“Haax.” I reprimand, knowing he’s right.

The sleek black door opens, permitting our entrance onto the ship, and a ramp extrudes from its bottom lip, beckoning us. I was right, it is luxurious.

I follow Haax as he makes his way into the cockpit and takes a seat in the pilot’s chair.

This dashboard in front of him lights up in glorious neon colors similar to the ones on the outside of the ship and of the flowers in the garden at the compound. My jaw drops at how much our technology lacks in comparison to the Grekarian's ships; not that I've spent any time in human spaceships.

My sexy mate hits a button on the control panel, and the viewscreen before us shows the air stations doors opening to show us the beauty of the compound surrounding us. We are headed into space where everything will be pitch black, yet dotted with stars. I can't wait to get there.

He's been teasing me with all these tales of his youth and his planet since we met, and all I want to do is see it in person. My initial concerns about leaving Earth so soon have been swept away. The bond between us has clearly blossomed, and my thoughts tend to lean toward exploring a new place versus dreading going somewhere I've never been, to a planet where not everyone speaks English. Haax gives me this crazy feeling of comfort like when he's around, nothing could go wrong.

The creatures that live on Grekaria have to be so different from those that roam around on Earth. I wonder if they have horses.

"Are there horses?" I ask out of nowhere from Haax's point of view.

“Better.” He winks at me, but as I wait for him to explain further, I realize that isn’t going to happen.

I slide into the copilot’s seat beside Haax. My hands fumble with the seatbelt, and Haax notices because, quicker than I can blink, he’s up, taking the webbing from me, stretching it across my body. The back of his hand rubs over my breasts and that all too familiar tingling sensation takes over.

“I must admit that I like these breasts. They are the perfect size, and I cannot wait for them to fill with milk for our greenling.” My cheeks heat at his words as a gasp slips free. The words aren’t necessarily dirty, but they have the same effect as if they were. It’s the tone and volume he uses; low and gravelly.

Haax easily maneuvers through the doors, and then, slowly, he hits a few keys on the control panel, waiting for the outer shield over the compound to open. Before us lies the vast expanse of outer space. I don’t remember seeing this the last time we were up here, but we were also trying to escape and get back to Grekaria. We weren’t sight-seeing by any means.

There are a few ships floating around outside the shield. Ones I assume are probably guards keeping intruders out. Did they see the attack, or are these new guards assigned when the last ones lost their lives to the Necorium?

Well, that is a somber thought.

Haax reaches over, his large hand covering me.
“We did not lose many of our men this time,
not compared to the last time they breached
the compound.

I nod my understanding, even though the
thought of losing people always makes me
sad. My heart aches for those who lost loved
ones.

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Chapter 16

Haax



Once we are past the ships, I increase our speed, and we jet out into the atmosphere. The viewscreen now shows the darkness tinted with twinkling stars. We pass by the stars as we make our way to Grekaria, and it's almost as if they're dancing for us. In less than two days time, I will be showing my mate the home I have built for us to raise a family in. I will get to show her where I grew up, the places I swam as a greenling, and where I met my pet.

Esme cranes her neck to look out the window as we pass by other planets. The oohhs and ahhhhs that fly past her lips lift my own in a smile more than once. To be seeing things for the first time, it must be a unique experience.

"Haax? Do you think I'll ever be able to hear your thoughts?"

"Eventually, you will be able to, it'll just take some time. But, for now, you may ask what I'm thinking so it is even."



We've been on the ship for hours and have a little over a full day still to go to reach our destination. My gaze trails over to where my mate sits in the copilot seat, and I realize for the first time that she's asleep. Her head is cocked to the side, and her mouth hangs open slightly, a dribble of spit tries to break free.

Even in her sleep she looks beautiful and peaceful. Even if she is going to drool on herself. I know we could keep going, but we also need rest as tomorrow will be another long, taxing day.

Once the ship indicates we are in neutral territory, I will bring it to a halt and arrange the bed area for her. We can cloak it for a few hours while we catch some sleep before moving on.

I cut the engines and put the control panel on autopilot.

"Computer, please change the main cabin to bedding quarters." I smile at my sleeping Esme. "My mate is in need of sleep, and not in the copilot's chair."

"Understood, engaging change."

It is weird speaking to this ship when I am so used to my own. Luckily, this is a similar

model, so I know the controls well. There isn't a ship I haven't conquered, and today wouldn't be the day that happened, either.

I watch as the cabin seats and table in the lounge area disappear into the floor. A few seconds later, a new set of furniture replaces it. It's then I realize how tired I am. It's been a long few days with a lack of sleep. My cocks twitch, reminding me they still want to mate.

My eyes find Esme. I want her again, but I refuse to be selfish and wake her for my own pleasure. No, I *can* wait. I tell my insistent cocks, who are already impatiently thinking about finding their way into her tight little body again.

It's like they have a mind of their own growing with desire.

I reach over my mate's curvy body and slowly unclick her seat belt. She rouses slightly, giving me quick sneaks of those gorgeous, deep caramel beauties of hers as she blinks them open.

"Haax?" She whispers my name, and, goddess... I love the sound of it on her lips. "Oh, my gosh. I feel like I could sleep for hours." She says with a yawn. Her arms lift over her head and expose her pale, pillowy middle section. I lick my lips, and her eyes follow the movement. My hearts beat like crazy in the cage my chest holds them in.

“Well, I’ve prepared the bed for you.” The normal seating area has been replaced as requested. The chairs were replaced with bedroom furniture. I point to the large round dias in the middle of the room. It’s covered in neon colors like the forest of my home world.

Her sleepy eyes widen. “Wow, I... that’s... really cool. Is that like a thing with all ships?”

“Yes, my ship is much larger, so there is no need to swap the seating area for a bedding area, but this ship will do. We shall see mine again soon, I hope.”

“Will they fly it home for you?”

“Yes.” She yawns again, holding a hand up over her mouth. “Okay, let’s get you to bed.”

I help her to the bed and pull back the covers so she can slip under them. “I’m glad I came with you. I’m glad we met Haax... You make me feel...” Her voice trails off as I lose her again to sleep.

I ruminate on what the rest of her comment would have been. Reaching out to the mate bond, I feel nothing except contentment coming from Esme.

Pulling the sheets up, I tuck her in and lean down to kiss her head before starting to get up. Halfway into my stand, she grabs my hand. “Please, just stay with me?” She asks so politely.

“Of course.”

Pulling back the sheets, I slip in behind her, pulling her soft body into mine. Wrapping my arm around her waist, I scoot in until she has nowhere else to go. Her ass is firmly planted against my cocks, and her back is to my front.

I bury my nose in her hair and inhale that all-too-familiar scent I've grown to love in a few short days. Before I know it, I've fallen asleep.



What must be a few hours later, I wake. Everything seems to be how I left it when I put Esme to bed and then fell asleep myself. I slowly remove my arm from below Esme's neck and rise from the bed, heading towards the control panels.

The viewscreen is still dark, but I can see neon highlights surrounding our planet. A light at the end of the tunnel as some earthlings would say. My hearts beat with happiness. It will be nice to be home and in my normal routine.

There are so many things to show Esme, I hardly know where to start. I hit a few buttons

on the controls to determine exactly how long we have left.

I strap into the pilot's seat and turn off the autopilot so I can once again control the ship. The ride is peaceful as I sit behind the controls watching the viewscreen before me.

I don't hear her approach and jump when a dainty hand pats me on the shoulder. Luckily, I have enough self control to know it's her. Had it been an enemy, they would be flat on their backs right now. I am a trained warrior.

"Morning..." She says, almost like she's not sure if it is or not. I pull out the watch I have in my pocket and look at the time.

"Good morning, indeed, sweet mate. How are you feeling?"

"Still tired, but excited to finally arrive at Grekaria!" Her excitement is a delight to my ears. "What will we do first?"

"Well, I had planned to show you our home."

She tilts her head. "Our home?" There is a questioning lilt in her voice.

"Yes, it is the home I built for myself and my mate. You are my mate, therefore it is our home."

She plops into the copilot's chair beside me. As we approach the planet, I notice that a storm has blown in. It makes our descent a little bit more difficult, but not impossible. Who knows how long this storm will last, so I

decide to take us in the back way to the planet. Only the military knows of this entrance.

It will take longer to reach our destination, but I would rather do that than risk another crash. If we crash this time, too, I have a feeling Esme would never fly with me again.

She looks over the control panel out the viewscreen. "What is all that stuff? The glow is dim."

"Looks like there's a storm happening planetside, so we need to go in the back way."

"Ohhh... the back way. That seems like fun."

She looks at me and winks. "Naughty, mate. Always."

"But, seriously, is it like a military landing area?"

"Yes. You are correct." I point to a section of the storm area that's clear. "We'll enter over there and then backtrack to the space station."

She nods. "Cool." I can feel her excitement through the bond; almost feeling the way her heart pounds in her chest.

As we fly closer, the planet seems to swell to an even larger size up close. The bright neon colors that normally paint it are muted from the storm swirling around us. We fly out of

the darkness of space around us and head towards the storm free zone.

The viewscreen expands from straight ahead to down as well. Esme gasps as she looks down. Finally clearing the storm, the gorgeous neons of the jungle emerge beneath us. I take a deep breath. It's good to be almost home. Earth is nice, but I like Grekaria more.

We will breach the middle of the storm cloud and then head to the west towards the space station. Unfortunately, I can't just park the ship at my house, and as much as I want to take Esme home and do all manner of wicked things with her, I will need to check in with the prince and Daax first.

Air howls around the aircraft as we travel through the storm. Luckily, the anti-gravity additions to the ship keep us from being swept into the turbulent winds surrounding us and plummeting to the ground.

A few minutes later, the doors to the spaceport are opening and voices start ringing through the comms, summoning me in. I slip into the designated spot and hit the controls to turn off the engine. Looking over at Esme, I catch her face wreathed in utter joy, and my hearts beat out a happy tune.

"Welcome to Grekaria, Esme."

Chapter 17

Esme



Everywhere I look, a splattering of neon colors my surroundings. It's like walking through Avatar. Every single thing glows and sparkles. I never truly believed it would be this bright here, and a part of me wishes I had sunglasses because all the brightness is getting to my eyes. Looking around makes me realize how dull and boring Earth is in comparison.

"I am going to take you to our home, and then I will speak with my brother."

"Sure."

Haax hits a few buttons on the control panel, and a voice greets us. "Sir."

"Yes, hi. We will need a cruiser to make our way to my dwelling."

"Right away, sir."

He looks at me before lifting a hand to move a stray hair from my cheek and tuck it behind my ear. "Thank you. There, now they will be ready for us."

Haax gets our stuff together on the ship while we wait. We're heading toward the road to wait for the cruiser, and I keep an eye on my surroundings. I'm not shocked to see that things look exactly like they did at the compound, only a lot more modern. The houses look like technology advanced aliens built them, and I guess that's true.

Haax leads me to where the cruiser will arrive, but then turns to speak with someone briefly. Out of nowhere, something hard whacks into me, and I'm on the ground. My vision is blurry. My head is spinning. I hear my name, but it sounds like it's being called in one of those movies where everything is moving in slow motion.

The pain doesn't immediately register but slips through as my world comes back to reality. Shades of green and yellow hover above me. Haax, my brain instantly supplies. "Esme."

My name speeds up this time. "Esme." I can hear him saying it, but it's like I'm still in a hazy fog. "Esme."

"Haax?" I say as I come to.

"Oh, thank the Goddess." He pulls me into my chest and holds me tight.

My airway starts to constrict. "Haax.... can't... breathe..."

"I am sorry, my mate." He says it with such conviction that I wonder if he's apologizing for

something specific. *What the hell happened?* A crowd is gathering around us, concerned looks all pointed in my direction as I realize I'm laying on the ground. There are multiple shades of scaled alien males before me and a few human females I've yet to meet. The males are all shirtless and muscle bound. How does a species stay so fit? Do any of them ever get fat? I hear Haax growl his disapproval of my thoughts but says nothing. My eyes keep searching; scanning over a parked cruiser with a human sized dent in the front.

Haax's eyes sprout murder everywhere he looks. "What happened?" I ask him quietly.

"Something must have happened to disrupt the cruiser's normal signals. It didn't stop when it approached the landing area and hit you." He turns to someone behind him and yells out something I don't understand in Grekarian, but from the look on the aliens face, I would swear it was a death threat.

The Sepharon turns on its heel and shuffles off at an unearthly speed. Seeing a full-blooded one in real life is almost mesmerizing. Haax is only a half Sepharon, so it's amazing to see a full one up close.

A flash of blue and purple scales fades into the background as he, I'm assuming it's a guy, leaves us behind. "Are you able to stand, Esme?" He asks me gently, and I nod up at

him, giving a smile I'm not feeling in the least.

Pain registers in my leg as I try to move it, and when I look down my body, I see my foot is curved in fully, telling me there is something dreadfully wrong. "I can't..." I say through gritted teeth and a painful breath because now it's starting to radiate up my leg

"Shhhh... breathe, sweet mate. I've got you. You need to see a healing chamber. Can I try to lift you?"

"Haax, I am too heavy for you to lift."

He gives me a look that promises punishment for degrading myself yet again. I wish I saw what he does when I look in the mirror, but I still see that fat little kid from middle school that all the girls and boys used to pick on because I was fat.

"Do not make me spank you here in front of all these people while you are in pain. I will do it. Do not test me, little minx. You will not speak down about yourself again today, do you hear me? I will not have it."

I bite down on my bottom lip and give him a nod of agreement. As he bends down to grab me, he's halted by a lime green hand upon his shoulder. "Wait, my mate says it is not safe to move her yet. We must wait for a physician. Humans have a certain way of handling things."

“I do know, brother, but we also have a protocol for situations exactly like this. Do not forget to whom you speak.”

His eyes widen before he dips into a bow of respect. “Yes, Captain.”

“Haax...”

“Yes?” The word comes out as a question as his eyes meet mine.

“If you can lift me gently and take me to a healing chamber, I’ll be okay.” My eyes keep closing shut. Pain radiates from my leg outward. I can tell that my heart has sped up its beats per minute.

As gently as he’s ever been, he leans down and puts one arm behind my legs and one hand on my lower back before raising back up. I grind my teeth with each jarring step he makes toward the space port. “There will be a doctor on duty. In the medical center, they should have healing chambers. We store them here for when our men come home from fighting and need immediate medical treatment.”

“I trust you, Haax.” I say slowly before my eyes grow heavy like cement; The weight increases until they finally shut the whole way.

My body tilts with each step, and it feels like an out of body experience; like another part of

me is floating above my body, watching over this part of me.

I start to rouse when Haax gets to the med bay. A rush of air greets my ears as we reach the chamber, and it opens. My eyes peep open briefly as I'm lowered down into the chamber. It feels similar to a CT machine on Earth, but my head doesn't stick out.

"This may be weird the first time, Esme, but I promise it will work. Try not to freak out when I close the door as it will seal to keep the healing within."

"Okay..." It comes out as a whispered breath. I've never really liked tight spaces, but if a healing chamber will fix me and help to avoid surgeries, I'm all for it. I've seen what happens with legs like mine.

As Haax suggested, the glass lid on the chamber closes and locks with a seal. I can see him from the outside, and the smile on his face is reassuring in this moment of uncertainty. I allow my eyes to fall shut and the healing process to take over. There is a tingling in my leg that wasn't there before, and I have to wonder if the healing is already starting.

Chapter 18

Haax



Seeing my mate helpless and lying on the ground with a twisted up leg did something awful to me. My arrynthia is pounding out to the rhythm of a bass drum; heavy and loud. I wonder briefly if others can hear it before I decide I do not give a shit, as the humans would say. Their reverence of feces is beyond me, but it is what it is.

I can tell as soon as the pain starts to alleviate from Esme's body as she shows visible signs of relaxing within the chamber, but there is also not as much pain traveling through the mate bond for me to feel. She hasn't gotten a handle on keeping me out of her mind yet, and, for some reason, I enjoy it.

It takes merely a half quandiry before the pink flush of her normal face color shines through the screen at me. She opens those carmel-colored eyes and smiles. I rush to open the hatch, but I swear it takes forever to actually open. The need to have her in my arms and saying my name is overwhelming. I need to

know that she is alive and well, not just a figment of my over-dreamed imagination.

I click the lock on the hatch so it disengages then opens the door. "How are you feeling, my mate?"

"Like I got run over by a massive ass mack truck."

My brow furrows, what is this truck she speaks of. "Do you need more time in the healing chamber?"

She looks down at her leg. Her foot is no longer bent inward, and there doesn't appear to be pain radiating around the leg. Everything that was broken appears to be fixed as I pick up the wand beside me and run it over every inch of her sweet body.

"No, it actually feels really good." She says it as she starts to try and move it.

"Ready to see our home?" I am more than ready to have her home and safe. My hearts threatened to escape when I saw her lying there, lifeless-like on the ground.

"Yes, let's go."

Once again, I call up the port and ask for a cruiser to be sent for us, but, this time, I do not allow myself to get distracted. I also do not allow her out of my sight.

It takes mere minutes for the next cruiser to arrive. This one stops on the path like it's supposed to, but I don't miss the cringe Esme

makes when she thinks it's not going to stop again. I can see the fear in her eyes; imagining I might feel the same way if a cruiser had taken me out in the blink of an eye.

The door to the cruiser before us opens, and I offer my hand to her. Her small, warm hand is gently placed in my much larger one. A slight breeze blows her heavenly scent in my direction, and my cocks rise to attention, should they be needed. Once seated inside the cruiser, she looks back at me, and her lips curl into the prettiest smile. Bright pink lips encompass vibrant white teeth.

She looks so small in the cruiser made for Grekarians. I step up and sit beside her. Taking a moment before hitting the controls and entering the location of my dwelling. I open the windows of the cruiser so that Esme can take in all the beautiful sights of my home planet. It's a place where the streets are paved in a glitter gold neon color.

The trees stand proudly in various shades of neons; pinks, blues, yellows, purples, greens. The houses we pass would be considered modern in human terminology. We are more advanced than the humans, so we have, of course, implemented our upgraded technology with each of the houses built on the planet.

"Oh, my gosh, is that a unicorn?" Esme squeaks with a squeal beside me as she looks

out the window.

“Yes.”

Her brows pinch together in uncertainty.

“Unicorns exist?”

“They are the most prized possession on our planet. Only a few are able to own them. You must be military or part of the royal family. They are our pets, born in the palace stables and sold only to the worthiest of our kind.”

“So, who lives there then?” She points to the house where, sure enough, a unicorn is grazing peacefully beside his house.

“That is where the captain lives.”

It takes a while to get to my dwelling, and my hearts lift a smile on my face with each gasp or sigh of awe as Esme looks over the city.

The city is not the safest, especially for human women. Unfortunately, crime has not yet been eradicated from Grekaria. There are still those among us who wish to do harm; whether that be selling human mates to the Necorium or stealing from those around us.

“Here we are.” I say as the cruiser comes to a stop. Neon-colored grass covers the ground. My sidewalk is bright neon blue. The house is designed from an old Seeper tree that weaves throughout it. Humans would call it a treehouse, but it’s not high up in the trees like comparable ones I’ve seen on Earth. It’s only about three feet off the ground because there

is a sweeping and bubbling stream that runs below it.

Tiny flowers kiss the streamline and bloom year round in bright shades of turquoise. I remember them fondly. My mother planted them at my childhood home, and every year, we would sit together and wait for them to bloom. Thinking of my mother brings a certain sadness. I miss her deeply.

My father went a few months later. At least I still have Daax, though he is a foul, grumpy soul most of the time. I chuckle at the thought of him eventually finding his mate. She is in for a rude awakening, and I hope she gives him a run for his money, like the humans would say.

I capture my cabin in my vision once again. It stretches wider and taller than other houses, one most Grekarians would dream to live in. Being the captain of the Flighten gives me certain advantages that others do not have.

The structure is set back in the trees of the jungle, giving it an almost outdoorsy, country feel. It is two stories, has a screened in front porch, balconies on the second level, and several pools; for swimming or bathing. The image of my mate naked in my pools has all sorts of naughty images wandering through my brain. If I let myself, I'd get completely caught up in her. I'd forget that I have a life or that I'm the Commander of the Flighten, which requires a great deal of effort on my part.

The mating frenzy is still hitting me. What I would love to do is chain my sexy little morsel to my bed and keep her there until we're both so worn out and ragged that my cocks don't even have the wherewithal to stand on their own. Maybe then this lusty cloud of desire and desperation would depart from me. It will be a trying time for the first few weeks.

Chapter 19

Esme



My eyes don't know where to look first as we make our way to his... Well, I suppose it's our home now. There is something to see on every corner. It is surprising to not see very many Grekarian women or children on the planet. I knew that there probably wouldn't be, but knowing and seeing are two very different things.

A yellowish-green scaled hand reaches out and grabs my own. I'd always thought that scales would be hard like that of an armadillo, but they're actually soft. I wonder if they change during battle. Do they toughen up like fingernails? Another thought occurs to me, and I audibly inhale.

I am now mated to the Commander of the Flighten, how often will I be alone when he's on assignment. Does he leave the planet often? If so, can I go with him? Shit.

He gently squeezes my hand, commanding my attention. "I may be the commander, but a lot of my duties are right here on Grekaria. It is

rare for me to be called up to duty unless the situation is dire. I have daily check-ins with my command stations, who keep me apprised of any issues that may arise and require my immediate attention.”

I didn't realize it at first, but I let out a small sigh of relief, which brings a smile to his handsome face. A sharp jawline fans upward to high cheekbones. His eyes are amethyst with silver rings, much like Traxx, Rhea's mate. I've never seen quite an exquisite color. They must all have the same eye color because I've yet to see an alien, half or full Grekarian, whose eyes are different.

Not like humans, who tend to have a random array of hair and eye colors. Despite the eyes, I can tell slight differences between them. The shape of their scales, the color of their hair, the shading on their bodies. Some of the Grekarrians have scars, leading me to believe they're soldiers.

We continue on our journey. I keep waiting for the pain in my leg to spike again, but I swear that regenerative healing chamber thing worked wonders. If I was still on Earth, there's no way I'd be standing, let alone walking, on that leg right now.

I wiggle my toes and move my foot in my shoes. It all feels so normal. Or maybe I'm just so caught up in the way Haax held me and told me everything would be okay, even if

he didn't know it would be. Once again, my mate shows his compassion and care for me and my safety.

Small shops line the road. Some of the signs are in Grekarian, so I'm not exactly sure what the businesses are, but some are easy to guess based on the customers holding different treats. Like, one definitely has to be some sort of bakery or ice cream store.

One male is holding a tiny ice cream cone in his hand, and I have to laugh at the size comparison. It would be comparable to me holding a mini ice cream, like a child's size. This alien has blue and purple scales. From what I can tell, he is tall like Haax, definitely a full bred Grekarian. Two scoops of ice cream hang on to a tiny cone held in massive hands.

"It's so pretty here. Like someone opened a book and decided to bring things from their imagination to life. I love the colors. It's sad, though, not seeing any smiling children or women. It must be lonely to live here alone."

"We have women who live here, even though they are not Grekarian. Do not worry about the males. They all manage to seek out pleasure just fine. We have pleasure givers here, much like on your planet."

"You have prostitutes, you mean?"

"No, our pleasure givers do not accept money for their offerings. It is freely given because

they like the feel of sex with another.”

“Interesting.” It’s the only thing my poor little brain can come up with to say.

I open my mouth to ask him something else when the cruiser comes to a halt. “Here we are.” He announces proudly. “Welcome home, Esme.”

My eyes widen at the sight before me: A massive treehouse. A small stream flows below it, and a swinging bridge meets my eyes as I capture the whole picture. And what a picture it is. To the side, I see a fire pit, similar to what a human would have, and things that resemble chairs but are huge.

The house is surrounded by foliage everywhere you look. It’s like he picked this house right out of the jungle and plopped it here. Flowers dot the stream in a bright array of turquoise, and I can’t help but want to pick a bunch so I can look at them forever.

My mate. What is that pretty little head of yours thinking right now? The expression on his face when I turn to him is one of devious delight. It’s also predatory like an animal who wants to hunt his prey. I am that prey. The thought hits me like a speeding bullet, sending a shiver down my back, and I can’t stop the words springing from my lips next.

“Do you enjoy the chase?” I ask, returning my eyes to the jungle.

“Are you suggesting what I think you are, Esme?” He quirks an eyebrow as his lips form into a smirk.

“And if I am?”

“I will hunt you down if you run. We are predators known for our excellent hunting skills. If you run, I will find you. If you hide from me, I will find you. And would you like to know what I will do to you once I find you?”

I gulp at the image my brain shows before me.
“Yes.”

“I will chase you, throw you down on the ground, and then have my dirty way with you until you’re begging me to stop and only then will I stop. I take your pleasure very seriously. Then I will proceed to spank your bottom so you remember how much running from me is a bad idea.”

“But if you fuck me, and that’s what I wanted, then why would spanking, which I also apparently like, turn me away from doing just that?”

Heat flares in his eyes, and his nostrils widen with an intake of air. “Do not tempt me, little minx. You will not like the consequences, and right now, you need to rest. I imagine the healing chamber took a lot of strength from your body quickly to fix your bones.”

As if he’s pulled the yawn from my lips, my mouth opens on command. I lift my hand up to

try and shield it, but he just grins at me.

“Now... would you like to see the inside of our home?” My heart beats soundly in my chest and warms with affection over his use of the words *our home*.

Chapter 20

Esme



My yawns grow more enthusiastic with each step. All of a sudden, it feels like there's no energy left in my body. Haax must realize it and shows me to the bedroom first. "Here is our room. I think you should rest now, Esme. We can continue the tour when you wake."

His room is something else. It has similarities to the rooms on the compound, but at the same time, it is different. It's clear he's added some human effects to make it more comfortable. Things Grekarians definitely wouldn't have on their own.

In the middle of the room is a raised dais that holds the bed. The structure is made of dark wood, but the mattress and coverings are all in the bright neon colors of the world around me. There is a canopy draped over the bed and four posters stick up from the ground to hold it.

A small desk floats mid-air in the corner of the room. There is a mural on the wall of the jungle that spreads behind his house, and in

the middle stands another unicorn. Clearly, these animals are something like royalty to the Grekarians. I wonder briefly if Haax has one. He would've told me, though, right?

"I do have one, and you can meet her once you've properly rested."

"There you go with that mind reading again..."

A faint blush creeps up his face as if he's embarrassed, but he says nothing else. "Sleep now, my mate." Walking towards the bed, he turns briefly to lift me before placing me gently on it.

"Umph..." A grunt slips from my lips. The sheets have to be the softest thing I've ever felt. My eyes grow heavy as he leans down to kiss my forehead.



I wake to the sun peeking through the window, tilted halfway down the sky. A yawn grips my mouth, and I lift my arms over my head in a stretch. The house is silent around me, but I can hear a faint noise coming from the jungle. Sitting up in bed, I realize there are floor to ceiling windows on one side of the room. The trees outside it twinkle and shine bright with tiny dancing blooms falling gently to the ground.

I wonder what they feel like. Are they soft? Will they come alive and dance across my skin if I reach out to touch them? All I can picture is The Tree of Souls on Pandora. Has Haax ever seen that movie? How would living here compare to Pandora? Do they have weird flighted animals or just the unicorns?

Haax isn't here, and I have the overwhelming urge to be nosy and snoop around his room. It's a very tidy room. Everything has its own spot or area. There's no random junk lying around like my room at home had. I have odds and ends just scattered everywhere. Probably why I can't find things I need when I need them.

I slowly rise from my spot on the bed and walk toward the floor to ceiling windows to get a better look, and what I see takes my breath away. Breathtaking doesn't even begin to describe what lies before me.

I'd almost thought Haax was lying when he said everything glowed. I mean, at the compound, that could definitely be re-created with Earth-made functions, but, here, it's natural. Trees and plants glow on their own. I imagine it would be very hard to create unicorns.

Moving to the dresser on the side of the room, I open it to find more of the clothing that Haax has worn since I met him. Unlike humans, who wear a variety of clothes, these are all

the same colors and style. Is it a uniform he must wear as a commander? Wait, if he's a commander, then he'll have something like dress whites, right?

Curiosity takes hold of me, and I move to a door to the left of the dresser. I open it to find a whole slew of uniforms, official uniforms. A dirty thought pops into my mind, and as much as I shake my head and blink to clear it from my brain, the scene is like a running recording. Him dressed head to toe with his two cocks sticking out the front, long and hard, waiting for me. Then he's fucking me. I'm bent over the bed, and he fucks into me with both cocks, one in my pussy, the other in my back hole.

Arousal pools between my legs, and my pussy tingles with just the mere thought. My eyes shift downward, and I find a large black box on the floor. Turning, I look to the door to make sure I'm still alone before sitting down and continuing to snoop. With no Haax in sight, I proceed to lift the lid on the box, and the contents within shock me. Half of the box is laden with jewels - sapphires, rubies, and jade - set in necklaces and rings, while the other half appears to be full of sex toys.

I pick up the large dildo before me. It's about two sizes thicker than Haax's one cock. My pussy tingles yet again at the thought of putting this inside me. It has an odd shape, though, like that of a monster. It's not

humanoid at all, but I know for sure that it is a cock.

The tip is tapered down, and the shaft is wide, wicked ridges run along the sides of the cock, and nubs dot the very top of it. The thought of those nubs rubbing up against my inner wall and g-spot have my eyes rolling back in my head.

Quickly putting it back in the box, I pick up another of the items. I've never seen one before and am quite intrigued to find out its purpose. I turn it this way and that. "How the hell... where the hell does this go?"

"Well, that one takes a bit of time to get used to, I'm told." I gulp in a gasp of air. How didn't I hear him come in? Did he even knock on the door? I turn to look at him, eyes widening at the heat in his eyes and the naughty smile running across his lips.

"Haax?" His name comes out as a squeak, and red paints my face. Heat crawls up my cheeks, and horror that I've been caught snooping holds me tightly in its grasp.

"I thought I heard you moving around in here. How are you feeling?"

"Better," I reply, hoping he doesn't ask why I'm messing around in his box of toys.

"Find anything else in there that interests you?" The tone of his voice is teasing as he flirts.

Laughing, I pick up the dildo I was previously looking at. "You realize this would probably maim someone, right?"

"No, you can take it. We will be using that later. I have plans for you, my sexy little mate."

I gulp; looking between him and the dildo. *How* is he my mate? I keep waiting for the kink to come out with Haax in the bedroom, and maybe, just maybe, it'll happen soon. I secretly can't wait.

"You up for a tour? First the house and then the cave."

My brows furrow. "The cave of the mural back at the compound?"

"The one and the same." He looks out the window. If we were back home on Earth, I'd say it was probably mid-afternoon, but I have no idea what time their sun sets, if it even does, here. "Well, let's get you some food, and then we can head out." He holds his hand out to help me up, and I slide mine gently into his. "We can play with this stuff later." He winks with a sly grin, which has me laughing.

"My, my, you are a naughty alien."

"Only for you, my mate. Only for you." Haax leans in to kiss me, and I get lost in the way his tongue plays with mine, begging for more connection, and I give it freely. The ridges move along mine and cause a sensation unlike

any other kiss I've ever experienced. I like kissing Haax. Okay... I just like everything about him.

A few minutes later, we're in Haax's kitchen, although he calls it something else. I didn't hear exactly what he said because I was too mesmerized by the space to listen. He fires up the food simulator, and, a few minutes later, the yummiest tacos I've ever seen appear before me.

"What are these?"

"Tork tacos with cheese, the sauce called barbeque, pineapples, and onions."

"So, like Hawaiian tacos?"

"What is this Hawaiian you speak of?"

"It's a state in the United States on Earth. Very pretty place. Is tork like some sort of pig or wild hog?"

"Yes. Some of my unit mates and I went out hunting the week before arriving on Earth. We have stored it to use for many months. They live deep in the jungle and are a feral thing. We will avoid that part when we go on our jungle tour."

"Will I get to see your unicorn?"

"Absolutely."

Out of nowhere, a flash of burnt orange crosses before me. "Um... Haax?" I say nervously.

“Yes?”

“I think there’s something in here with us.”

“Oh, that is just fuzziwitts.”

My eyes widen. “What the hell is a fuzziwitts?”

“I believe humans would say they are a cross between your squirrel and a lemur. Small furry creatures. The one who stays here, I found in the jungle shortly after its mother had been killed. I brought it home to save it, and, well, it just kind of stayed. You will get used to it. There is a small door on the back of the house where it can come and go.”

“Is it a she or a he?”

“I don’t know. I have never gotten close enough to get a good look down there.”

I tilt my head to look at him. “Is that its name, fuzziwitts?”

His brows furrow in confusion. “It does not have a name, it is just a fuzziwitts.”

“You need to give it a name, Haax. Give the little creature an identity.”

He smiles at me. “Well, if it means that much, you may name it.”

“Thank you. Will he... it... come out. Like, is it friendly?”

“It acts like an Earthly dog.”

He lets out a high-pitched whistle, and, sure enough, the little creature comes scurrying into the kitchen. When it sees me, it freezes long enough to look over at Haax. My eyes find Haax, too. It's like he is asking for permission. To do what... I'm not sure.

Haax nods, and the little creature bounds towards me, plops down into my lap, and raises on its hind legs. Small webbed hands grab a hold of my cheeks as it inspects each inch of my face. It sniffs me as well. I must pass the test because, shortly after, it sits itself on my shoulder with its arms wrapped around my neck; almost like it's giving me a hug.

"Well, aren't you just the cutest little thing?" I coo at it, and it lights up from the praise. Its eyes remind me of that one little lemur in Madagascar who has the biggest, saddest eyes. It's the little guy who can't stop praising King Julian. The creature curls up and bundles itself against my neck like it's going to take a nap.

"They are popular here on Grekaria. Most Grekarians own them as pets, much like a human would have what you call a cat or dog. Fuzziwitts probably aren't as domesticated, but they act like pets."

"So, you don't have any dogs or cats here? Just fuzziwitts?"

"I know of a few people who house leopardi's as pets, but I feel like they're much too big and take up too much room."

Well, that's interesting. "What is a leopardi?"

He thinks for a minute before speaking. "Some would compare it to a big cat on Earth. Something like what you call a panther or a tiger."

I figured the fuzziwitts would try and take my food or at least beg for it, but the little thing just sits there, perched on my shoulder, and waits patiently, bite after bite.

"You want anything else?" Haax asks me.

I shake my head. "No, I'm actually stuffed."

"Okay... shall we explore the rest of the house?"

"Yes, please." I stand from my seat at the island and wait as he walks out before me. I follow along quietly, just listening as he shows me every room in his house. Newsflash, this is not a house, it's a dang mansion.

There's several bedrooms, a main room, a game room, a movie room, and several screened in porches on the back of the house. Balconies hang from each upstairs door. Haax shows me his cruiser room. He shows me the alien gym where he works out. He tells the fuzziwitts to jump down from my shoulder before we head out to the backyard. The little guy, or lady, gives me the saddest little lemur

face. Much like the all-too-familiar puppy dog look. I reach down and scratch under its chin, and he lifts it. One look at the backyard literally takes my breath away.

Before me stands a diamond white-colored unicorn. A long, flowing mane hits almost at its knees. Its tail is full. There is a sparkly shine to its coat that horses back home just don't have. Its horn is a brilliant, sparkly white with a tinge of pink. Seeing the unicorn makes me really miss my own horse. I wonder how Vegas is handling not seeing me for a few days.

It's been a long time since I went on a vacation. I'm at the barn almost every day so it feels weird that I haven't been there in a few days.

"Will I be able to bring Vegas here if we choose to live here?"

Confusion fills his face. "What is a Vegas?"

I smile proudly at his question. "Vegas is a buckskin dun registered quarter horse; he's my champion."

"I do not see why we could not make that happen. We'll just need to make adjustments to the ship to ensure his safety."

My heart swells at his easy acquiesce. "You mean it?"

"Yes." He nods, looking at the animal holding my gaze. "My unicorn would probably enjoy having a friend."

I look up at him with a quirked eyebrow. "Let me guess, you haven't named your unicorn, either?"

He harrumphs. "It is a unicorn. It does not require a name."

"Do you at least know if it's a mare or not?"

"It is a female as it does not have testicles." My eyes widen. Well, shit. Guess Vegas is going to have a little procedure before he crosses the sky. We don't need little half unicorn babies running around.

"Will she let me pet her?" I ask, thinking out loud.

"Well, why don't you go find out?" He points to the gate where she's being held. Pretty girl really needs a name. I'll have to work on that.

I approach her gently, and she watches; every bit of attention on each move I make. "Hey pretty girl," I smooch to her, and her ears perk up. Holding out my hand, I go gently and wait for any body language telling me she's not okay with this. I don't see anything other than curiosity, so I step closer.

My hand connects with her neck, and I can't help but admire the softness of her coat beneath my hands. It's smooth and shiny. You almost worry the glittery color will come away on your hand, but it doesn't.

Chapter 21

Haax



Watching how gentle she is with the unicorn makes me smile. She is caring and will make a great mother to our children one day.

Thoughts of her rounded with my child in her belly fill my head, and all I want to do is pick her up, throw her over my shoulder, take her back inside, and fill her until I am sure she carries my child, but that is caveman behavior.

Not saying I don't think she would like it. She tends to like the rough side I have set aside for when she is being naughty and in need of discipline. My hand aches to smack that plump bottom of hers again. To watch it jiggle with each squirm of her body.

I watch as she reaches out and half expect the mare to give her some sign that she doesn't want to be touched. Most unicorns only prefer the company of their owner, but she seems to like my mate. Maybe it is because she's small and whispers nice things in her ears.

Goddess, I most definitely like it when she whispers things in my ears, too. My cocks jump at the mere thought, and I need to get this mating lust under control. I will have her at the cave today, but we need to get their first. No matter how much I would rather strip her down and ravish her here in the backyard.

I give her another fifteen minutes of Earth time or so before I tell her we need to be on our way. She gives me a sad smile but follows my lead. The cave is close to my dwelling, so it does not take long at all to get there. The thought of seeing her experience the cave for the first time has my hearts beating wickedly. Seeing her happy completes me.

I'm pleased I had the wherewithal to bring a bag with extra items. I know humans wish to have towels to dry off with after swimming. It will also be nice to lay something on the ground so her bottom does not become sand covered when I have my way with her.

I have read sand in the vagina and butt are quite unpleasant.

The cave comes into view, and I grab Esme lightly by the elbow. She startles at my touch, drawn away from the amazement of her surroundings. "Let me go in first." I beg of her. "I want to ensure there is no threat."

"I'll be fine, Haax."

"I know that you are perfectly capable, but as your mate, it is my duty. Now, will you behave

or does my hand need to become friendly with that luscious backside of yours?”

“You do realize threatening a spanking only turns me on, right?” This woman’s sass. I chuckle lowly.

“So, you are saying that I should threaten not to spank your bottom if I wish for you to do something? Like reverse psychology or something you Earthlings use?”

She tilts her head ever so slightly. “You know about that?”

I smirk. Oh, what she doesn’t know. “We know a lot about your planet and customs, little human. We’ve been studying it for years. So, I will ask again, will you wait here while I check inside the cave?” She chews on her bottom lip but nods her head in agreement. “Thank you.”

There is a set of rocks outside the cave, and she makes her way over to it nimbly before plopping down.

It is so beautiful here. Earth will never be as pretty as it is here. Feels good to be home. Feels right to have Esme here and in my space. As I told her I would, I leave her alone momentarily to check out the cave. I am surprised to see that no other couples are inside the cave. There have only been a few times where I am the only one present. I merely take the time to enjoy the water and feel it soothe my skin.

Satisfied that we have the cave to ourselves, I return to the outside of the cave only to find Esme missing from where I left her. I start to panic, my hearts speed up. I look around frantically but still don't see her. Where did she go? Was she taken? Walking around, my eyes travel here and there over the lush jungle looking for my blonde-haired beauty.

"Esme?" I shout her name, searching for her. "Esme!" My shouts get louder with each one. Why is she not responding? I can feel my chest pounding as my hearts try to break free. A few moments later, a noise hits my ears. A soft neighing sound, but it's confusing because there are no unicorns in the jungle.

I head in the direction of the noise and stop in my tracks. There sits my beautiful mate. A huge smile splitting her face as she looks upon a tiny white horse with a horn and... are those wings? What kind of creature is it?

A bright smile finally finds me as she looks over her shoulder and up at me from the ground. "Haax... look what I found..."

I walk up cautiously so as not to scare the creature. "What is it?" The words fall from my mouth before I have a chance to rein them in.

"It's a baby pegasus, I think. Your unicorns don't have wings, right?"

"No, just the horns."

“Well, where did this little one come from? These creatures are mythical at best. Hell, I didn’t even know that unicorns existed. Color me surprised.” She says, patting the horse on the side of the neck. It shoves its face into her and stays there, nestled against her chest as they lay on the ground together. I have no answer for her because I’ve never seen one before.

“Haax, we have to keep it.”

“I must report it to the palace at once. We have no idea where this little one has come from, and I have no idea about what it needs for food or otherwise.”

“Do you have to report it? Can’t we keep it?” Her bottom lip sticks out, and it’s the cutest thing I’ve ever seen. She is begging, I realize. Her face is bright with smiles as she baby talks to the little animal. “I’m going to call you... wait, I need to figure out if it’s a girl or a boy.”

The creature is laying down, which makes looking at their private parts an impossible task. We will figure it out, though.

Lifting up my arm, I speak into my comm. “I need to speak with the prince immediately.”

“Please state your business.”

“My mate has made a discovery that he will want to hear about sooner rather than later.”

“Please tell me of this discovery.”

“No, I wish to speak with the prince directly. Let him know that Commander Haax is requesting his attention.”

There is quiet and whispering on the other end of the line before another voice speaks up. “I beg your pardon, sir. We did not realize you were the one contacting the prince. We shall get him right away.”

More silence hangs between us. I stand and watch my mate love on the small creature that’s now in her lap. It’s so tiny, and I have to wonder where its mother is. Something must have happened. I can’t imagine it would leave its young out here without protection.

A few minutes later, the prince’s voice comes across the comm. “Haax... I heard it was urgent. What news have you?”

“My mate has found what she calls a pegasus. Much like a unicorn, but the thing has wings.”

A gasp comes across the comm. “I must see a picture. I’ve only heard of such beings.”

I flick the button on my comm that allows a hologram to pop up and point it at the pegasus. The prince’s mouth falls open as his gaze locks on the creature sitting with Esme. A blush crawls up Esme’s cheeks, and she looks away, almost embarrassed. “Well, I’ll be, Haax. This is marvelous news. You must bring it to the palace.”

“Please don’t.” Esme speaks up before realizing who she is speaking to. “I’m sorry, sir. I mean, Your Highness. I’m honestly not sure what to call you... Your Grace? Can I please keep the pegasus? It’s so small, and I believe Haax’s unicorn may be the perfect stand in mom. I know you probably have more qualified horses at your royal stables, but, please, let it stay with us.” Her grip on the creature tightens lightly, but the small horse doesn’t seem to mind. At this point, it’s fallen asleep and is starting to snore.

My eyes find the prince, and I watch as he mulls the idea over in his head. “Let her keep it, my sweet. We can go and visit.” I hear the voice of his mate behind him and am instantly at ease. If she is asking for this, he will agree. He always does when it comes to his very pregnant mate. He’s learning it is a bad idea to do anything that will piss her off or make her cry.

I am eager to see how Esme acts with me once she is with child.

“It’s settled. We shall visit the little one tomorrow. Please keep us updated as to the status and let us know if anything is needed.”

“Thank you, Mr. Prince, sir.”

“You may call me Axxon as your mate does, Esme. I had wished to meet you in person, but, regardless, it is nice to meet you now. I am

sure your mate will bring you around to the palace soon, once there is less lust in those veins of his." He chuckles, and I want to punch him in the smug face. *Bastard.*

Chapter 22

Esme



It's been a few months since arriving on Grekaria and finding the pegasus, now named Sophie. It's definitely a little girl, which is exciting. She's growing day by day with Haax's unicorn, now named Dakota, by her side. Sophie hasn't started flying yet, but we hope she will any day now. Although a part of that thought scares me. Will she fly away and not return? Will she get lost?

I can't think about it too much. One day, our little Sophie will grow up. She'll learn to fly, and all I can hope is that she decides to stay here with us.

I make my way out to the stables and whistle. Dakota comes running and whinnies when I come into view, but Sophie is nowhere to be seen. "Where's your baby?" I ask Dakota softly.

She snorts, and it's at this moment I wish I could read her mind. A few seconds later, another tiny voice joins the noises of the jungle around us. Sophie comes out from the

trees, the same ones her adopted mother did just a few minutes ago, but she's flying, not galloping.

"Aww, baby. You're flying. Look at you go!" She zips around me and then lands as if it's second nature before running up to me and rubbing her face against me. I've learned that this is how she shows me affection, and I soak it up.

"Baby Sophie is flying, I see." I never hear Haax walk up behind me, and I startle at his voice briefly before melting into his touch.

"Isn't she precious?" I sigh wistfully.

"She is, my mate." I look over my shoulder, and he's giving me that smile he always does. Haax really stepped up once we took on this baby pegasus. He had not the first clue on how to handle it, but, little by little, he figured it out. Seeing him with Sophie makes me wonder how he will be with our own children. I rub my still flat belly.

In addition to caring for the new bundle of joy named Sophie, we've also been fucking like rabbits. We've christened every single inch of the house he built for us; the kitchen, bathrooms, bedrooms, theater room, and game room. Hell, we've even had some backyard and pool sex.

The idea of getting caught really turns me on. Being mated to the Commander of the Flighten certainly has its drawbacks. He's gone more

than I thought he would be, but I have company.

Traxx brought his mate, Rhea, back to Grekaria about a week ago, and they have a house right down the road. She is full with child; her belly wide from the life she's growing inside it. The prince's mate is soon to deliver. Soon there will be children running around Grekaria. A scene no one has witnessed in a few years.

"You ready to finally visit the cave?" He asks me, one hand placed gently on my back. He's got a bag packed already.

I look down at the comm on my wrist, realizing I know exactly what time it is. For weeks, I've been trying to memorize the time differences and codes here. "Vegas is supposed to be here in two hours."

"We will be here when he arrives. I just need some alone time with you."

"You have alone time with me every day, Haax." I say jokingly.

"Time with you will never be enough. The world moves on. Earth expands. Life changes, and yet, I will still never have enough time with you, mate. You were fated from the stars and something I thank the moon goddess for every single day of my life."

"I love you, Haax."

"My love and heart is yours, always, Esme." I remember the first time I told Haax I loved

him. He had no idea how to respond. It seems Grekarians do not use the word love here. You are mated, and that is all. Marriages are not common here on the planet, yet, we were able to visit Earth to witness the union of Traxx and Rhea. She insisted on it, and who were we to turn her down.

I sigh dramatically. "Okay, I suppose we have a little bit of time."

His eyes grow dark with approval and desire. "Excellent." He picks me up behind the legs, and I'm thrown over his shoulder before he takes off through the jungle. I squeal, but it's not in disappointment. It's more in excitement as I know what's about to happen.

Like before, the cave isn't that far away from the house, and we make it there in no time. Also like before, he goes into the cave first, making sure it's okay before he comes to get me. "There is another couple in there enjoying each other. Are you sure you want to go? We do not have to." I smile because Haax is looking out for me. He knows I don't wish for people to see my body. Most days, I've come to accept myself, but, some days, I still see that fat girl that no one wanted on Earth, and he has to remind me that I'm perfect, just for him.

"Yes." I tell him, and that sexy smirk crosses his lips. The amethyst color of his eyes

disappears as the silver comes to the surface.

We enter the cave, and my mouth drops. It is an exact replica of the mural painted on the wall at the compound. Like Haax told me before, the couple is definitely getting it on in the pool of water before us. Her boobs bounce with each thrust he gives her. Desire pools between my legs, and Haax growls. "I can smell your arousal, mate."

"Then come over here and do something about it, big boy."

Instead of staying in the same room with the other couple, he grabs my hand and pulls me after him. I almost trip trying to follow but catch my balance before face-planting.

I'm led into a second room with a smaller pool. Neon-colored moss lines the walls. The water glistens a bright neon blue. The stones sparkle and shine like diamonds reflecting off the pool.

Before I have a chance to look at any more things inside this room of the cave, I'm backed against the wall, and Haax is on me. He's kissing me like I'm his life's air and he'll die without the oxygen in my lungs. His hands are all over me, shredding my clothes from my body. Soon, I feel his skin brush against my own, and a tingle shoots down my arm.

He abruptly pulls back and looks down at me. "I want to breed you, mate. I wish to see you

round with my child.”

“Okay.” I reply breathlessly before he attacks my face with kisses yet again.

Some time between arriving at the cave and now, he’s removed his clothes, and his pants are down around his ankles, quickly being kicked off.

Two thick shafts bump against my stomach, and my pussy clenches with need. It takes mere minutes with him to be ready. He yanks himself away again. “Wait here.” He tells me before running over to the bag he’d apparently dropped on the ground. From the bag, he pulls a bottle of something and the massive dildo I’d been admiring a few months ago.

I lick my lips, and his eyes trace the movement. “What are you doing with that?”

“I want you to take all of me in that pretty little cunt of yours. I want all of my seed in that pussy, filling you up so much that nothing else can fit. But your sweet little pussy is tight, so I need to give it the little stretch my cock needs to expand wider, allowing my mating cock to emerge. I have been waiting to finally breed the hell out of you, little mate. It is time.”

“Yes.” I’m on board. Sign me up, and, lord help me, that thing looks huge.

“On your knees, pretty little mate. I want to see that sexy mouth of yours around my cock.

What is the term those Earth-bound women use these days? Shut the fuck up and take that dick like a good girl? Be my dirty little good girl, Esme.”

A thrill runs up my spine. I’ve heard women talk about their men who say this, but hearing it from Haax drives me insane in the best way possible. I drop to my knees before him, eye level with those brilliant cocks.

He bends down to put the dildo on the ground below me. “Now, I need you to drop yourself onto that cock, baby. Take it at your pace, but you will take it all, then you’ll take me. Both of my cocks in your tight little hole. Tell me, mate, am I making you wet?”

My head tips back, and I moan at his use of dirty words.

“Tell me.” He repeats as a growl rumbles from his throat.

I can’t speak. The words that fumble from my mouth are incomprehensible.

“Well, I suppose I will need to see for myself.” He says, voice dipping with each word as he drops to his knees before me and helps me stand.

He lifts one of my legs and hooks it over his shoulder before leaning in and taking a deep inhale of my sweet spot. “Goddess, you make my mouth water.”

Haax leans in and takes a long swipe of his rough tongue against my slit. My breaths come quicker with each lick, my breasts ache, and my pussy clenches, silently begging to be filled. He lifts his hand to my mouth and shoves two thick fingers inside. "Suck." He commands me. A blush starts to form at the blunt request.

Coupled with the sounds of the other mating happening in the other room, it feels sinfully dirty and delightful. His rough fingers stroke in and out of my mouth. He tastes tangy, a little salty, and all Haax. The scent of leather and mint fills my nostrils, and I close my eyes to focus on it.

His gaze upon me is devilish, and warmth blooms in my core under it. He strokes my body with his large hands, and his fingers slip between my legs and through my already drenched folds. "What a good little human you are, wet and ready for your mate."

My pussy sucks him in greedily when he shoves those two thick fingers inside of me and starts to scissor them. "Mmmhmmm.... yessss...." I groan and moan. I'm glad we're in the back part of the cave where I can pretend that no one else can hear me. But I also know that the other couple more than likely can anyhow. I wonder if my noises spur them on. Does hearing someone else mate throw you overboard with an unimaginable amount of desire?

Because it is certainly working for me. He heightens my arousal with each minute he finger fucks me. I'm soaked. I can feel wetness on my thighs.

"Are you ready to prepare yourself for me?" He asks, pulling his fingers from my pussy and waving the dildo in front of me. The bottle clicks as he opens the lid and pours an enormous blob of liquid onto the dildo. It glistens in the light of the cave. "I need you to take this the whole way to the base. I know you can do it, my mate. And while you fuck yourself, I want you sucking me off down to the root. Prepare me for that pussy."

Leaning in, he gives me one last long, lingering lick before folding his lips around my clit and sucking on it like a deep type of sensual kiss.

No man has ever been this passionate about going down on me. I was hooked, line and fucking sinker and then some. "Pretty little pussy." He whispers, briefly moving his lips away from me. The tone is so reverent like he's having a personal moment with my vagina.

I'm on the verge of going limp, either that or taking a seat on his face and riding him like it's my last day on Grekaria. I would say the last day on Earth, but I think that day passed by a while ago.

His tongue swipes out to lick his lips as he removes my leg from his shoulder and rises

from the floor before me. He doesn't give my whimpers of desire any attention, and it makes me want it more. Want *him* more.

He shuffles me briefly to quickly place a blanket on the ground before gently placing the dildo on top of it and covering it with more lube. With his hands, he helps me to lower myself. The end is blunt and unforgiving. It nudges rudely at my opening and is a juxtaposition of the way his tongue slipped in so easily.

He drops to his knees again, which brings my face level with the thick throbbing lengths in front of me. They twitch and pump fuller with each second. His thighs radiate heat, and I can feel it this close to my skin. His muscles move and flex with each slight movement. I want to bury myself in those thighs and maybe, okay, definitely, bite them.

I sit back slightly, notching the head of the dildo inside myself. My tongue flicks out to lick my all of a sudden dry lips.

He crawls forward on his knees. "Open." The command comes, and my mouth follows directions like a soldier. The smell of him at his crotch is rich and musky, like leather that'd been sitting in a barn for a while, with just a touch of sweet mint lingering in the area.

"I need you to ride that cock like you mean it, mate. Ride it, and then take me into that

pretty little throat I've grown to love fucking."

I open my mouth and lean in to rub my tongue over the broad, ruddy head of his top cock, while my hand finds the bottom one. I can't leave the second one out, now can I?

Salt bitters my tongue as I swipe over the glistening hole, followed quickly by the dark flavor of spiced nuts. It pools on my tongue, and I hum, drawing a moan from his lips.

"Look how well you take my cock, mate. Your mouth is heaven." His eyes roll back in his head. A few inches into my mouth, and his cock is already hitting the back of my throat. My gag reflex is exceptional. I don't even have to blink and know that while I may not be able to stuff this whole cock into my throat, I can manage to get damn well enough of it to deep throat.

Taking so much time and focusing on his cock, I forget that I also need to be preparing myself with the dildo below me. The head is in, and I've slid about an inch down the length thanks to my wetness and the lube making miracles.

"Your body needs to take that cock, mate. Your body will need to accept me fully. Both cocks in that tight little pussy, and I do not wish to hurt you. So work that pretty little cunt down the dildo."

I try to bounce myself on the cock, even though the progress is slow. He has not told me that I cannot use my hands, so one slides down the front of my body and finds my clit. The lips of my pussy are already widely stretched around the dildo. My skin is tight. The tiny bud is sticking out, waiting to be pleased, and just a slight brush of my fingers gives me a rush that has my eyes rolling into the back of my head.

Pulling off his cock, I lick and pay special attention to the veiny underside.

Goosebumps break out over my skin the more I play with my clit. I put my mouth back to the head of his cock and suckle slightly. His hands run through my hair, and he holds the back of my head lightly, directing my mouth on and off his cock in a steady motion. He cants his hips forward and starts steadily increasing his thrusts.

I've worked myself down another inch on the toy, and I'm stretched to the max. There's almost a tingle of pain, but it's blinded by mostly pleasure.

My path down the toy eases a little bit as more wetness pools between my legs. I bounce up and down, fucking myself slowly; preparing myself as Haax likes to call it.

"I cannot wait to see this greedy pussy gripping my cocks. Goddess, it will be the sexiest thing my eyes have ever laid

themselves upon.” His voice resonates around the room and grows deeper. Our voices marry and bounce as one against the walls.

Haax pulls back slightly, and I chase him, rising on the toy below me. I wince a little as it comes out. My mouth goes on a scavenger hunt of the room for his cock as my lips enjoy the soft feel of his thick rod. A vibration catches me off guard, and I remember that his cocks do have that ability. It’s odd, I won’t deny it, but it’s also hella hot when it’s inside me doing its little vibrate dance.

I sink back onto the dildo, down past the stretch I’d already decided to embrace. His cock slips from my mouth and precum decorates my cheeks.

He reaches out and places his hands gently on my shoulders before pushing me down. I cry out, eyes widening, hips rocking as I move onto the next part of the dildo.

“Look at yourself, mate.” He demands of me, but when I try to lean over and take a look at the length below me, I almost fall. “You look magnificent. The way the cock stretches your pussy lips. They’re puffy and needy.” My body is stretched taut. I’m not going anywhere, but a little more pressure from Haax on my shoulders has me reaching the base, finally.

I feel as though I’m on a stake, ready to be sacrificed to the cock for the good of my pussy.

"I knew you could take it, my mate. You are so damn sexy." He holds a hand out to my cheek and rubs it. "You are a magnificent creature, and I am so incredibly honored to call you my mate." His cock goes into my mouth and hits the back of my throat. Saliva dribbles out around his cock and down my chin. My path on the dildo is becoming easier with each second.

There is no need to hollow my cheeks because he's already filling them. My only job is to suck, so I do. I suck his dick like my life will end if I don't give it exactly what it craves. "Mmhmmm... fuck." I smile around his cock. Hearing Haax swear still makes me laugh. A thread of precum drips down my throat, and I'm sad I didn't get to taste it on my tongue.

"Suck me, mate."

I start sucking him into my mouth harder, but he holds my head away from him. "I am not ready to cum yet, mate. I told you. I fully intend to take that sweet pussy with both of these cocks." He says as he crudely grabs his cocks. My mouth waters.

"Please." I beg him. Although I can't put a finger on just what exactly I'm begging him for. Maybe to let me cum, to bring me to release, to actually fuck me with those sexy cocks, to put that thick dick back into my mouth.

Looking at his two cocks, I realize the bottom one isn't as hard as the top cock. I feel bad.

My attention was drawn away from it to focus on the top cock and the toy below me.

“Are you ready for me, Esme? Ready to take these cocks?” He grabs a hold of them and wiggles them.

“Yes.” I breathe the word. Finally, it’s finally happening.

I rise up off the dildo, whining as it seems to retract itself from my body.

Chapter 23

Haax

Haax



I lift her up in my arms and then watch her eyes widen as gravity takes over pulling her down my length. *One cock at a time*, I think to myself. She is stretched; much looser and more ready than she normally is. I miss the tightness, but I know it will return when I add in my second cock.

“Oh, fuck, yes.” She sighs as she slides down my length. Her stomach flexes as she tries to lift herself up and down without any success. My cock vibrates fast and furious as I slowly pump in and out of her.

She was welcoming heat and warm flesh against my own. Her begging was the sweetest sound to my ears. “Are you ready for the second one?”

She chews on her lower lip but nods her head. I lift her up again and hold one arm around her waist while I direct my second cock to her spread hole. Working gently, I shove my second cock in with little resistance. Esme is so slick and wet. I groan because, goddess,

yes. Then I am rolling my eyes at the immense pleasure and the way her pussy holds both my cocks in a chokehold.

Esme lifts her arms to cover her breasts, and I growl. "Do not cover yourself from me, mate. I want to see those beautiful tits bounce with each thrust. I want to see you, all of you. Perfect for me..." She beams at the compliment and releases the hold she has on her tits.

They are perky and just the right size; a good palms width.

Her pussy bathes my cock in her release as she screams my name. I continue to fuck up into her, harder and faster with each continued thrust. I won't be able to hold on any longer. As soon as I got my second cock in here, I almost blew my load.

Reaching down with one hand, I find her little pleasure nub and rub in circles. "Haax, I can't," she begs.

"Oh, but you can, Esme. Give me one more. Then you may have my cum, you greedy little thing."

As if my command speaks it into the present, she cums a second time, clamping down on my cocks like a vise grip. I cannot hold on. No longer. The pressure of pleasure is too great, and I explode with sweet, sweet relief. Seed pours from my cocks as I roar her name into the space around us. It feels as if I haven't

cum in days. There is so much of it that it leaks out around my cocks and down her thighs and my balls.

I pull her in closely and hold her as she comes down from the high of her multiple orgasms. I groan into her hair, letting out a sigh as seed continues to spurt from my balls like a geyser. Tension bleeds itself from my body, quickly replaced by euphoria.

“Holy...” She stops herself before she says what I’m sure at this point is holy shit.

“God, that was amazing. Thank you, Haax.” Her voice is soft and relaxed.

Leaning in, I kiss her on the forehead. “You are amazing, Esme. I wish to thank you for this gift you’ve given me. Taking me is not always easy, but you cannot imagine how incredible you feel wrapped around me. I love you.”

“I love you, too.” She says dreamily. I lift her, and my cocks slip from her pussy, followed by a combination of our arousal. “Now, let’s get you home and all cleaned up before Vegas arrives. How does a warm bubble bath sound?”

“Have I mentioned that I love you yet today?” She smiles at me, and my hearts beat double time.

“Yep, but I shall never complain about hearing it again.”

“Well, I do.” Her arms and legs are boneless. I shall need to carry her back to the house.

Gathering items up off the ground, I hand her her clothes. “Can you put these on, or do you need help?” She wobbles on her feet, and I back her up to the wall so she can lean against it. “I will help, let me put on my pants first.” I quickly grab my own pants and pull them up, tucking my still half-hard cocks into them.

I toss the rest of the items haphazardly into the bag and turn to help Esme put on her clothes. Once done, I pick up the bag and throw it over my shoulder. “Let’s get home.” I walk over and dip down, putting one arm under her legs and one at her lower back, lifting her until she cradles into my chest.

Her breath is warm against my skin.

Halfway back to the house, her breathing steadies, and little snores erupt from her lips. They are cute. I’ve always read articles about some humans who snore like dogs trying to chase off unwelcome intruders.

Esme doesn’t rouse when we get home. I walk her up to our bedroom and lay her down in the sheets. She rolls to the inside and curls herself into the blanket. I push a few pieces of hair away from her face and whisper to her, even though I know she probably can’t hear me. “Rest for now, mate. We have all the time in the world.”

Her reply is a soft snore, and I smile. The goddess has blessed me with the perfect mate.

My comm goes off on my arm, and I startle, then immediately look to Esme, hoping it didn't rouse her from sleep. What I find is that she is still peacefully ignorant to the world.

Closing the door behind me as I leave, I finally answer my comm.

"Commander Haax speaking."

"Yeah, your brother here. I've got a horse with your mates name on it. Want me to bring him over?"

"Sure, I would offer to come to you, but Esme is sleeping. I've worn her out." A smile shines through my comment, and my brother scoffs.

"I am truly happy for you, brother, but I do not wish to hear about your mating escapades. My eyes and ears do not need that much scarring."

"One day, you will find your mate, Daax. You will find her, and she will make the whole world shine in a way that you didn't know was possible. You will revolve around her like the sun and moon."

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of. But there's more..."

His words sound ominous. "What do you mean by more?"

I can imagine him biting his lip in uncertainty. He always had a weird tick about him when he was nervous or unsure. "See, the problem is I've just met my mate. I've found her, and she absolutely hates me."

"Well, shit."

"Exactly."

Also by Evie Burks

Mated to the Grekarian Series

[A Mate for Traxx](#)

[A Mate for Haax](#)

A Mate for Daax (Coming Fall 2024)

Alpha Island Series

[Omega's Choosing](#)

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Columbus Hellbenders Omegaverse Series

[Knot Your Puckbunny](#)

Anthology Collection:

[Knotty Holiday Nights: An OV Holiday Anthology](#)

[\(Coming Nov 2023\)](#)

A Mate for Traxx: Mated to the Grekarian

The last thing Rhea Masters expects to find when her car breaks down is a hunky alien who claims that she is his mate.

But who would want her as a mate? She's not exactly skinny like so many other Earth women she knows. So why does he want her? What is his game?

Traxx decides its his mission to show her how much she's worth to him, but when the enemy comes prowling the mate talk gets put on hold.

Not only is he going to have to save her, he's going to have to prove that she's worth it, curves and all. Fated mate or not, Rhea is the only woman he wants in his bed.

<https://books2read.com/AMATEFORTRAXXEV>

Knot Your Puckbunny: Steamy M/F Hockey Omegaverse

Can finding your scented mate mend a shattered heart or will they remain as cold as the ice they both work with?

Presley has been hurt by alphas in her past and has no intention of letting another into her life. She's built a good life and reputation all on her own, she doesn't need anyone to complete her. Of course, fate often has different plans.

Gavin wants the scented mate match his parents had, one filled with love and support, but his life so far has been filled with an endless string of puckbunnies who barely satisfy the baser urges. When fate knocks on his door, he's more than willing to answer the call, but his fated is keeping him at arm's length.

When Presley's past comes back to terrorize her and ruin everything she's built, will she be able to open up and trust the one alpha who could save her life?

Will Gavin be able to secure the bond with his
scented or will he lose her forever?

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Omega's Choosing: A MMF Alpha Island Series Novel

One omega for two alphas. What could possibly go wrong?

Adelyn has known from a young age that she would have to follow the guidelines laid out by the government... but dreaming about alphas and seeing them in real life are two very different things. In real life they're hard, dangerous, and only interested in one thing, her. Claiming her. Breeding her. Making her theirs.

She's seen what happens to omegas who disobey the rules. She's not going to be one of them.

Bash, a hardened alpha construction worker, has been skipped over for years, so he's skeptical when he's chosen by Adelyn, but it's not pity that he sees in her eyes. No, it's desire. Sharing her will be a monstrous task, but this alpha is all in. He won't let his one chance to get off this island slip away.

Rhylon, a new alpha, doesn't know what to expect when he arrives at Alpha Island. It

certainly wasn't making eyes at a cute omega on the transport or being chosen by said omega.

With danger lurking just around the corner, these two alphas must fight their instincts and work together to protect their omega at all costs. Will they manage to do the impossible and save her, or will they lose her and their chance at happiness forever?

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**Forget snowflakes stinging my nose and
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**Bring on the Alphas and their...holiday cheer. I
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**Big knots on Alphas and nesting with pillows.
Bite marks and claiming and pack mates that
glisten...**

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About the Author

Evie Burks is the author of the sweet and sexy Mated to the Grekarian Series and the steamy Omegaverse, Alpha Island Series. If you like fated mates, a couple plus size heroines, aliens and alphas with huge appendages, sizzling moments, and more... you'll have to check them out!

When Evie isn't stuck in the writing cave, she's hanging out with her husband and their rescue pooch, Sir Cooper Ryder Mess, and odds are they're watching either hockey or The Food Network Channel. Occasionally she is subjected to watching golf... but she loves her husband anyhow! Ha!

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