

ELITE ROGUE
ALIEN WARRIORS

A SCI-FI ALIEN ROMANCE

FEAST

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
HATTIE JACKS

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A SCI-FI ALIEN ROMANCE
NOVELLA

ELITE ROGUE ALIEN WARRIORS

HATTIE JACKS



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ONE



FREYA

“WHAT DO YOU THINK, FREYA?” MY SISTER DIANA’S VOICE breaks into my thoughts as I stare at the myriad of winged males thronging the area they call their ‘food hall’.

Seven foot winged aliens. It shouldn’t be physically possible; all my medical training tells me it shouldn’t be possible. Yet here I am, on an alien planet surrounded by impossibility. It’s taking up a lot of my brain, which means I’m not paying attention to what Diana and the other human women were talking about.

Turns out there were a bunch of us abducted from Earth, not necessarily at the same time, but we’ve all ended up in the same place.

“Lauren thinks we should be doing Christmas.” Diana says with a resigned familial sigh at my inattention. “What do you think?”

I’ve always loved Christmas. I like the crisp air with a nip of frost. I love the smell of pine trees and spice. And I’m the best at giving gifts, legendary even.

But an alien Christmas? I feel like I struggle to breathe some days, let alone educate an alien race in human customs.

“I don’t know,” I say slowly, and faces fall around me. “I mean, how are we going to do it? Do the Gryn have any idea what Christmas is?”

“They love a party and basically I think we can sell them a party really easily.” Lauren replies. “Plus I’m sure the other ladies in the lair would love to give their kids a human celebration.”

“It would be nice to bring the lair and the eyrie together for a change. It’d do the young Gryn, not just the babies, some good too.” Kat says, her little one cradled in her arms over her expanding stomach.

There are plenty of babies in both the lair and the eyrie, the two places on this ruined planet where the Gryn live. Diana has also pointed out the younger Gryn, known as ‘mercs’ to me as part of my sudden induction into this alien world. They are fairly easy to identify compared to the older ones. Slender and wiry, they delight in their wings and usually go about in large flocks. Flocks which are accompanied by a tremendous amount of noise.

I shrug. “I genuinely don’t know what the Gryn would make of Christmas, but I’ve not been here long enough to know.”

Everyone looks at Kat. Her ‘mate’ is a Gryn warrior called Strykr. I’m not sure I’ll ever get used to that term, given it means she’s in a relationship, only apparently it’s more than just a relationship. He’s a huge, imposing male, and he’s considered to be a senior among all these males.

“I’ll speak to Strykr about it.” She says. “I’m sure Viv and the other ladies in the lair would be interested.” She heaves herself upright. “I’ve got to put this one down for a nap, but I’ll speak to you all later.” She grins at us. “So excited!”

There’s a chorus of ‘byes’ as she walks away.

A disheveled-looking male approaches our table covered in coffee cups and crumbs from the ‘interesting’ pastries which are served as part of every meal. He shuffles from foot to foot, looking uncomfortable.

Robin, who is one of the sweetest ladies I’ve ever met, gets to her feet and wraps her arms around him without a word.

“Hi Ayar.” I say and give him a supportive smile.

He was one of the males along with my sister Diana and her ‘mate’ (nope, it’s not getting any easier) Syn, who helped rescue me from the clutches of the horrible lizard like aliens called the Drahon. The ones we are sure were responsible for our abduction.

Robin has told me Ayar was tortured in the past and his scars are internal and external. But, along with the other warrior, Vypr, they make a family unit, and he seems happy enough, although far more socially awkward than all the other Gryn. Which is saying something, given how big, brash and loud they all are.

I am also eternally grateful to be rescued and to be back with my sister, despite how confusing I’m finding everything. I’m just trying to take small steps, not get overwhelmed.

“Ayar’s concerned he and Vypr have to go on patrol, and I’m supposed to be seeing Orvos for a check-up.” She runs her hands through the male’s feathers, and he shivers.

“I can go with you if you want Robin. I want to have a look at the technology. It’s far beyond anything we have on Earth.” I reply with a smile.

It was the wrong thing to say. Ayar bristles, eyes darkening, claws extended. He’s terrifying.

“Orvos won’t be putting me in the healing chair, darling.” She holds his hand, rubbing circles around the vicious claws all these males sport. “And Freya is also a medic, so she can look after me too.”

He narrows his eyes. “Maybe she should take care of you. Not Orvos.”

I hold up both hands. “I can say for certain I am not qualified to deal with humans pregnant with hybrid babies.”

Robin snorts out a laugh. “But you already have the same bedside manner as the Gryn doctor.” She says, wryly.

“What?” I ask as she kisses Ayar on his cheek and he oscillates between staying and leaving, before finally walking away.

Robin gets to her feet, then links arms with me.

“You mean you haven’t met him yet?” She asks as we walk down the ramps to the exit of the eyrie and in to what passes for fresh air on this planet.

I shake my head. “I’ve been meaning to. Diana has told me there’s some sort of machine, and I’ve been dying to see it but you know,” I wave my free hand up at the flying males, the massive spaceships and the destroyed city, “there’s a lot to take in.”

Robin laughs again. “Don’t I know it. I got stuck in the surgery for weeks and weeks when I first arrived, and then I had to face the Gryn.”

We reach the lair and Robin slows as we climb the stairs to get into the main building, stopping at the entrance to catch her breath.

“I’m not even that pregnant yet, but I’m knackered.” She huffs. “Kat told me the Gryn pregnancy was short.”

“How short?”

“Equivalent to five months.”

“Woah!” I exclaim. “I thought you were twelve weeks gone, but...”

“I’m about a month and a half in Gryn terms, probably closer to twenty four weeks.” Robin grins at me, patting her little bump.

I’m shaking my head for the second time in her company. “I’m going to look forward to meeting this Orvos.” I grit my teeth. “I need answers.”

ORVOS

“WHAT THE VREX DID HE DO?” I STARE AT THE FLOPPY MERC in his compatriot’s arms.

If I was hoping for a quiet morning doing a bit of supply counting; these two mercs have just spoiled everything.

The limp youngster has three snapped flight feathers and a head wound which is dripping blood all over my nice clean surgery floor.

“He...we...were down below,” the merc stutters out in the face of my ire, “just doing some races. He didn’t see the column. He flew into it.”

Not for the first time, I raise my eyes to the ceiling. Younglings will be younglings but leaving them to their own devices is not the right way to deal with youthful warriors. They need more discipline, and I’d have less injured ones presenting themselves to me.

It doesn’t help the majority have grown up without any female influence, given all our females were taken from us many cycles ago. I am maybe fortunate, maybe unfortunate in remembering a time when we had females. Mothers, sisters... mates. One of the oldest of the seniors in the lair, I was here before Jyr, our Prime, and the others arrived.

I’ll never admit it to my Prime, I would have gone mad without them. Being alone is not a natural state for a Gryn.

Although being constantly bombarded by vrexing mercs doing stupid things to themselves is endlessly irritating.

The merc groans and stirs.

“Put him over there.” I point to an unoccupied ledge and walk to the rear of the surgery to get my kit.

When I return, the pale looking youngling has his eyes open, albeit they are rolling in his head. His friend is crouched beside him, like they always do, almost as pale as he studies his fallen companion.

“Vrex off!” I snarl at the youngster. “He’ll be fine, and I don’t need you cluttering up the place. Come get him after the midday meal.”

He widens his eyes as I open my wings. The surgery is my domain, and he knows it.

“Yes, Orvos.” He mutters. With one last look at his injured comrade, he scuttles away in a flurry of youthful feathers.

For a brief instant, I wonder what it’s like to care and be cared for. I’ve been stuck in this surgery for so long, away from the rest of the lair, doing my job, like I always do, I’ve forgotten what it’s like to be part of any kind of friendship.

Seeing the other seniors find their mates filled me with joy. Realizing I’d never find mine filled me with bile.

“Let’s see what we have here.” I put my hand on the merc’s forehead to still his movement. He groans. “Be quiet. It’s not that bad. I’ll have you fixed up in no time.” I say, keeping my tone light as I check over him for broken bones.

Other than the damaged feathers, which will not impress our second in command, Fyn, and the cut on his head, he’s just dazed. I tranq him, fix him up, and leave him on the ledge where he can recover for a few hours before he can be sent back into the lair, no doubt to get into more trouble.

I’m just washing my hands when the door flaps again, and I internalize a groan, my work is never done.

“What is it? It had better be hanging off, or you can vrex off!” I shout over my shoulder.

“I see what you mean.” An unfamiliar female voice, all husk and softness, responds.

I turn to see two human females waiting for me. One is the mate of Vypr and the bane of my vrexing life, Ayar. She is with young and was due to see me today. There’s no sign of her mates, but instead a tall human stands next to her with bright blue eyes and long dark hair swinging past her shoulders.

She has the prettiest face I’ve ever seen. Soft, full lips and high cheekbones. She’s wearing the usual shapeless garments of the humans, but underneath I can see she has a lush body, full of curves. Her scent—I usually can’t scent anything over the smell of tranq and cleaning fluid in the surgery—is incredible.

Almost edible. Just like her.

And one I shouldn't be thinking about at all. This human female is naught but a youngling herself. Far too young for me to even consider. I've been around for fifty cycles. I'm not ancient, but I'm older than the rest of the Gryn in the lair and Gryn live long lives. I'm certainly far too old and cranky for mating.

"Where are they?" I fire out at Robin, before I can stop myself. "I won't have Ayar in here unless he is tranquil."

Last time I tried to examine his mate, we ended up in a grappling match which I don't want to repeat. Vypr was no help either. He growled almost as much as his mate. It was only Robin who stopped the whole thing descending into a brawl.

Robin laughs. "They had to go on patrol. Freya brought me instead."

"Vrexing good thing too." I grumble as I attempt not to stare at the female she called Freya.

"I also promised Ayar you wouldn't put me in the machine." Robin adds.

"Foolish promise." I growl.

TWO



FREYA

ORVOS HAD HIS BACK TO US AS WE ENTERED THE SURGERY, SO all I saw was a mass of black feathers, so much darker than any of the other Gryn. He turns, and I see he's also much older, a grizzle of gray at his temples.

Naked to the waist, like all the Gryn, he's thicker than the rest, but still sporting an impressive set of chiseled abdominal muscles. My eyes linger on his defined six pack for probably too long.

And when he speaks, it's a rumbling growl which does funny things to me. Things I'm not sure I've ever felt before. Especially as I kicked my first and only boyfriend to the curb once I started my medical studies. I didn't have time for what he wanted from me, and I wasn't prepared to give him my first time.

Or give it to anyone, as it turned out. Yep, I am a virgin at twenty-six. I'd own it if I wasn't stuck on a fucking alien planet, and somehow it doesn't seem important anymore.

"Foolish promise." Orvos says, somewhat menacingly to Robin, and I step in front of the slight woman.

"Hey!" I retort. "She's here for a check-up. If you won't do it, I can, and it won't involve any machines if she doesn't want them."

"And what would a human female know?" Orvos cocks his head on one side, intelligent eyes glittering.

Could he be any more patronizing?

“This human female is a doctor. I know plenty about human reproduction, and I certainly know more than you!” I put my hands on my hips. “The only reason I didn’t do this check-up myself is because I don’t know anything about Gryn anatomy.”

A couple of brief emotions flit over Orvos’s face, and he settles on smug.

I want to punch him.

“Good thing I’m here.” He says. “Why don’t you take a seat over there, Robin?” He points to the opposite side of the room to the single unconscious male lying on a bed. “I’ll get my kit.” He gives me a pointed look. “There will be no machines. They are not necessary for pregnant females.” He pauses as he turns. “You can stay. Perhaps you’ll learn something.” He adds.

“Perhaps I’ll teach you something too!” I call after him as he stalks off like a galleon in full sail into a side room.

“He likes you.” Robin grins at me as she takes her place.

“I don’t think that male likes anyone.” I grumble at her. Part of me wants to stay with her, and part of me wants to get the hell away from an alien who wants to treat me like a first-year medical student. “Where’s this machine though? I’d like to see it.”

“It’s through there.” Robin points to the rear of the surgery, past the rows of empty beds. “Not sure Orvos will be impressed if you go looking without an invite.”

“There’s nothing which would impress that grump.” I call over my shoulder as I hurry in the direction she took. “But don’t tell him.” I give her a wink.

Once I’m out of sight of the main ward, I find myself in a long corridor. The first room is a supply store, and I check over the contents. They’re neatly arranged by type, size, and color, which makes me smile. I like an orderly supply store. A scrap of parchment type paper is on one shelf, next to a rudimentary pencil. I can’t read the symbols written on it, but I

do recognize the gate like lines. Someone has been doing an inventory.

Somehow, I don't find it difficult to see the big dark hulk of a Gryn working his way through this room, his clawed hands carefully checking the contents. I give my head a shake. He's as grumpy as fuck, and he probably hates doing an inventory.

The next room contains what I'm looking for. Like something out of a science fiction movie, the huge white and silver contraption looks oddly out of place in the rough and ready concrete like structure of the lair, decrepit like the rest of the planet it seems. It gleams at me.

Tempting me.

Because, although it seems science fiction, it doesn't look too far removed from a CT scanner. The familiarity fills me with confidence on an alien planet full of seven foot flying males.

I run my hands over the structure, and it begins to hum. A light beams into the center, presumably where the patient is placed. There's a panel on the side covered in similar symbols to those I saw on the parchment.

It can't do any harm if I press one, can it?

"Don't!" My hand is knocked away gently from the panel, and I turn to be faced with a wall of bare chest.

Orvos huffs at me. These males are good at huffing. He doesn't move, and I'm assaulted with a strong scent. He smells of spice and fresh baking.

How can he possibly smell of spice and fresh baking? I must be having a stroke!

"The healing chair is sensitive. What are you doing here?" He rumbles, and I feel the words as well as hearing them.

"I told you, I'm a doctor. My sister told me you had this machine, and I wanted to have a look." I stare up at him defiantly.

Like my sister, Diana, I'm not small in stature, but these males still tower over me.

"You were not looking. You were touching." Orvos says accusingly. "You should not touch what you don't understand. It can be dangerous."

He's still incredibly close to me, so close I could touch him. My hand moves of its own accord, and I place it on his chest.

His skin is warm. It seems like the Gryn have a higher body temperature than humans. It's smooth where my hand is, but up on his shoulders, it's strangely mottled, and yet again, my hand moves without any thought up so I can touch it.

"Like leather, but harder." I say, partly to myself.

A massive hand wraps around my wrist, vicious onyx scimitars remain sheathed but not invisible and sharp points press into my skin.

"Did you not hear me, little female? Or do you court trouble?" He rasps.

"You're trouble?"

Am I flirting?

"Far more than you might imagine." He replies with a rasp.

"That's a shame. We were looking for a Gryn to play Santa for the younglings in our Christmas celebration." I continue to gaze up at him. "I think you'll make a good Santa."

Orvos has dark eyes which are flecked with the tiniest bit of gold. His cheeks have a dusting of salt and pepper scruff, which covers, but doesn't hide his gorgeous cheekbones. I shiver, just a little, in his grasp.

And I have no idea why I just asked him to be our Santa, or even if we want a Santa. It was the only thing my addled brain could come up with.

"Santa?" He releases me and I sway on my feet. "What is a Santa?"

ORVOS

“ON EARTH WE HAVE A TRADITION WHICH IS HELD DURING THE wintertime. It’s where presents are exchanged and there is a feast. One of our traditions is a big, kindly man who gives out presents to children. He’s called Santa Claus.” Freya says to me, taking a step back, and fortunately away from the healing chair.

“Santa Claws?” I stare down at my hands, gnarled and strong, like a medic’s hand should be. I extend my claws. “Your males have claws?”

Freya releases a snort of laughter. “No! It’s not claws, it’s C-L-A-U-S.” She spells out. “It’s his name.” She folds her arms and leans against the wall opposite me. “Anyway, we’re going to put together a Christmas party and we need a Santa. Someone with some seniority.”

Seniority, I have that in spades. I’m more senior than Gryn in the lair, even the Prime. But it’s her choice of words which catch me off guard.

“A human party?”

“A human traditional party.”

“I don’t do parties.” I grump at her. “Parties just result in drunk mercs and injuries. Parties just keep me busy.”

“It’s not that sort of party.” Her body tightens. “It’s all about celebrating being with your family and friends. Eating, drinking, yes, but having fun at the same time. If you don’t want to get involved, fine. I’m sure we can find another Gryn who’d be good at giving out presents.”

She pushes away from the wall, and her scent hits me again, the scent I followed through from the surgery, into my supply room and eventually to where I found her, about to activate the surgical function on the healing chair. She smells of ripe, rich berries, grown by the Kijg, the only thing sweet

about those vrexers, and of something else to, something I can't quite put my finger on.

Only I know I only ever want to scent her. And I don't want her to leave.

"I'll do it. I'll be your Santa Claws." I call after her impulsively.

"Don't put yourself out!" Her voice comes back to me. "We haven't got the go ahead yet anyway."

I am absolutely not running after anyone, let alone a human female. No matter how good she smells.

Because she does smell good, and her touch was incredible. I close my eyes and think about her finger tracing over the hard skin on my shoulder. How can I even be sensitive there?

Then I open my eyes again and give my head a vrexing good shake. Mating is for the young. For those without a job as important as mine in the lair.

I don't mate.

I flick through my feathers briefly with my claws to center myself before heading back out into the surgery. It's empty save for the unconscious merc and her scent still lingers. I hear growling and it takes me a while to realize it's me. I'm growling because there was a male in her vicinity.

"Vrex it, Orvos!" I mutter to myself. "Have some control!"

The doors to the surgery burst open and a very young merc flies in, wild eyed.

"Orvos! You have to come, we can't move him!" He heaves out, panting with exertion and fear, his eyes wild.

"What the vrex?" I'm next to him in a wing beat, hand on his shoulder. "Take a breath, merc. Tell me slowly, what's happened."

"Out here."

I push through the doors to find an equally young one lying on the ground, his wing at an unnatural angle. He looks

up at me and whines, clearly attempting to be brave.

“It’s going to be all right.” I gently scoop him into my arms, and he cries out in pain. I hush him, cradling his little body to me. “It’s going to be all right.” I say to his friend who trembles, legs hardly able to support him.

My work is never done. This is why I cannot mate.

THREE



FREYA

“HAVE YOU HEARD?” KAT PRACTICALLY SKIPS UP TO DIANA and me in the food hall where we’re having a cup of strange brown liquid the Gryn call Cala. It tastes like a cross between dirt and tea.

“The Gryn found a way to produce a decent cup of coffee?” Diana says quickly.

“No, but...”

“They’ve discovered how to make a bra?” I suggest, hitching the strange corset thing which is vainly attempting to hold in the girls.

“No...”

“Jet packs?”

“Will you be serious!” Kat stamps her foot and looks adorable. Her little robot, Ike, buzzes around her head, seemingly as excited as she is.

“Maybe.” I tilt the cup at her.

“The Prime’s agreed we can have our Christmas!” Kat claps her hands and Ike lands on her shoulder. “Apparently he and his mate think it’s a great idea and it’s about time the lair and the eyrie had a party together!”

Diana is smiling widely, she loves Christmas as much as I do. “That’s great news!” Her face falls for a second, “oh, but there’s so much to do!”

“Orvos is going to be Santa.” Kat exclaims. “Can you believe it, that big grump?”

My heart beats wildly at my chest. “He is?”

“Freya met Orvos yesterday.” Diana laughs. “What did you call it, sis?” She stares at me. “Beauty meets the Grinch?”

“I didn’t say that.” I grumble. “I just said he seemed a bit touchy.”

“Freya has no filter. She told him he didn’t know anything about humans.” Diana continues, loudly.

“Oh, that’ll do it! Orvos hates being told he’s wrong, almost as much as he hates ‘vrexing mercs cluttering up his surgery’.” Kat joins in the laughter.

For a second I consider saying I asked him to be our Santa, but I don’t understand the dynamics of this place yet, what with aliens and humans in the mix. All I want to be is of some use, but I feel like a spare part.

“Come on, I want to tell the others, we’ve got so much to do!” Kat says, grabbing Diana’s hand and pulling her to her feet. “Ike, go get Lauren and Robin, but don’t disturb them if they’re with their mates.”

The robot lifts off her shoulder and whizzes off, chattering to itself.

“I can’t wait to tell Lauren!”

The next few hours are spent in a whirl of planning. My head spins with all the detail everyone wants to put into the Christmas celebrations. There’s even talk of finding something, anything, which might resemble a turkey. Finally, it’s suggested someone needs to liaise with the human mates of the seniors who live in the lair, and I offer my services, if only to get out of Christmas planning HQ for a breath of air.

I wind my way through the ruined buildings slowly, taking in the crumbling structures and trying to get a grip on myself.

I wasn’t such a wallflower on Earth. I worked for a busy charity and flew all over the world to help out in conflict zones, famine stricken places, disease break out areas. And yet

being abducted has taken me right back to the time I hid behind my big sister, hoping she would make everything okay.

But I grew up and found I could do it myself.

Except it seems I can't even help plan a Christmas without being overwhelmed. Fuck it! Now I'm bloody crying!

I scrub at my face and put my head down so no one sees, even if all the Gryn are in the sky and paying me no attention, it doesn't matter. The feeling of being out of control is taking over, and I'm starting to hyperventilate, which means I'm only barely aware of the shadow which covers me.

"Little female?" A rich, deep voice, filled with honeyed tones and tobacco hits me square in the chest.

I look up to see Orvos in front of me, shuffling his wings against his back. Somehow, he seems more imposing outside of the lair, bigger, broader. Older.

"Are you well?" He asks.

"I'm fine." I snap with a sob.

"You do not appear fine."

"And you said you wouldn't be Santa."

He huffs a laugh. It's just as deep as his voice and rumbles to my core. "I did say that, but then I had a change of mind."

"Why?"

"Jyr seemed interested in having a family celebration, and I always obey my Prime." Orvos replies in a tone which I'm pretty certain indicates he never obeys anyone, ever. "So I offered."

A tiny smile hitches the corner of his mouth, but it's gone before I can be certain I saw it. My chest heaves involuntarily as my sadness catches up with me, and I'm wrapped in a blanket of warm, deliciously scented feathers. Orvos has me in a light embrace, checking me over with a practiced air I recognize.

"You are not well." His chocolate brown eyes gaze at me. "You struggle to breathe."

Now I'm laugh/coughing. "I have mild asthma. It comes on when I'm stressed."

"And why should a sweet female like you be stressed?" Orvos has not released me.

"I've been abducted from my planet, drugged, held against my will, experimented on." I rush out. "All the other humans seem to have taken it in their stride, and I should to. I can do high level stress." I'm struggling. "But it seems I can't do it at the moment."

"No one says you have to. The other humans have been here longer. They've had more time to adjust." Orvos uses one huge finger to lift a strand of hair off my face. "When I first got here, I struggled too, but I didn't have anyone, just myself, for a long time."

I can see in his eyes a deep pain, and yet, when he blinks, it too is gone. I'm not sure what comes over me but I'm lifting up on my tip toes, and I'm brushing my lips over his.

Electricity jolts through my body and, before I can even work out what's happening, I'm kissing him again, to see if it happens a second time.

It does, and a delicious tingle runs down my spine as his lips melt into mine. I feel everything slipping away, until it's just me and this huge predator.

I pull away from him. His eyes are still closed for half a second longer, then they spring open, deep and dark.

"Sweet morsel," he rasps, "my apologies, I should not have touched lips with you."

ORVOS

"TOUCHED LIPS? YOU MEAN KISS?" FREYA HAS TWO BRIGHT red spots on her cheeks and looks so much better than the pale thing she was when I found her.

“Is that what it’s called?” I reply, feeling as if I’ve tranqued myself. I can still taste her in my mouth, such abject perfection. “I’ve seen the other males do similar things to their females, but I had no idea it could be so...delightful.”

“You’ve never kissed?” Freya seems alarmed, and it’s the last thing I want.

“Even when we had females, we showed our affection through preening,” I hold out my wing slightly, as if to invite her. “Not through lip touching. It seems a shame we didn’t.”

Freya looks confused. “You remember Gryn females? The others don’t, or not much.”

“I am much older than them. I remember females very well.” I reply, and I feel her stiffen in my arms.

If I had hoped my Freya was relaxed and her breathing better, it appears I have said something wrong, because the wheeze is back, along with the guarded look in her eyes.

“Where were you going, Freya?” I ask in an attempt to change the subject. “Maybe I can take you?”

“Fly you mean?” Her eyes widen and her scent changes, becoming bitter. “No. I don’t fly. I never fly.” She stumbles over her words.

This female, this human, she is such a contradiction. One minute bold, her tongue sweeping mine, the next wanting to hide away.

“Then you’ve never flown with me.”

Her hand is on my chest and the heat is incredible. For the first time in a long time my cocks are solid bars, straining against my pants. This little female has me wound so tight I could explode in seconds.

And it’s the last thing I should be doing. She is not mine. Females are for the warriors, not for a grizzled old medic like me. And even if I wanted to mate, I don’t have the time.

I don’t have the heart, not any more.

“Maybe.” She bites down on her lip, and the simple but erotic action causes real problems in my pants. “I need to speak with the human women in the lair. Perhaps you could introduce me?”

“What makes you think I know them?” I can’t help but tease.

“From what I’ve heard, they’ve all had babies, and I’m pretty sure as the only doctor, you’d have met them at some point.” Her blue eyes, the color of Ustokos’s sky, twinkle at me.

Her breathing has eased, some of the ‘stress’ she spoke of leaving her.

“Huh!” I grunt. “When their mates will allow.” I step away from her and give her a short bow. “Let me make the necessary introductions.” I hold out my arm.

She eyes it with some suspicious for a few seconds then steps into it. I gently curl her into me, holding her waist firmly as she doesn’t break eye contact.

“Are you ready, Freya?”

“Nope!” The word is half-screamed as I unfurl my wings and beat upwards in one movement.

She clings to me, head buried in my shoulder, and all I can feel is the sound of her squeaking.

“Freya,” I say in her ear. “You can look.”

“Don’t want to.” She replies, her voice muffled.

“Freya. You will look.” I reply.

She lifts her head, slowly from my shoulder and I level us out.

“Oh!” She exclaims.

“You are perfectly safe with me, sweet female.” I tell her. “Now we are going to go into the lair, up to the nesting level. Are you ready?”

“Yes.” She breathes, her eyes on mine. “As long as you hold me tight.”

“I wouldn’t think of doing anything else.” I growl and fold up my wings.

FOUR



FREYA

I'VE FLOWN WITH THE GRYN BEFORE, AND IT WAS HORRIBLE. All slippery and flappy.

But with Orvos, it's something different. Something better. I know he won't drop me in a way I can't quite fathom. I feel safe, tucked into his warm skin, his strong arms wrapped around me. I can almost enjoy it.

We swoop in through one of the large holes in the side of the lair, and he does a sharp, dizzying circle around the central shaft before landing high up.

I'm panting a little as he sets me down on my feet, partly with exhilaration and partly because I still haven't quite recovered from my earlier bout of asthma. I'm lucky I don't normally have any real problems with it because there's clearly no drugs of any sort on Ustokos which can help me.

Orvos brings up a huge hand and cups the side of my face, then brushes a lock of hair out of my eyes.

"What did I tell you about flying?"

"It wasn't bad." I hold his gaze, "I suppose."

His breath is hot and sweet in my face. "I would never let you go, my little scrap." He murmurs.

"Orvos!" He turns at the sound of his name and our contact is broken, his hand falling away as if he's been burned.

“Lady Prime.” He says to the beautiful woman who has two little children holding onto her legs. Orvos bows and immediately looks as ungainly as he did graceful in flight.

“Oh dear god! Don’t start that crap!” She cries out.

The taller of the two children releases from her legs and runs over to him, leaping into his arms as his wings flap madly, crying out his name. He embraces them one by one and places them back on their feet. If I didn’t know better, I’d say he enjoyed the attention.

I’m not surprised, they are literally cherubs, and I know my mouth is open like a fish because it’s the first time I’ve really seen the children of the humans and Gryn. For all I knew there were hybrid babies on this planet, actually seeing them as little flying creatures, not bundles, they are adorable.

I find my insides clenching slightly.

“Hi, I’m Viv.” The woman extends her hand to me, and I shake it. “I’m the mate of Jyr.”

“I’m Freya. I just got here.” I stumble out. “Not here, here. On Ustokos I mean. I was a prisoner of the Drahon before that.” I’m babbling but yet again, there’s so much to take in.

“And you have made a friend too, I see.” Viv’s eyes crinkle at the corners. “Our Santa, apparently. Who’d have thought it, Orvos?”

The big male shuffles his feathers and pulls himself up to his imposing seven foot height. “I do as my Prime asks, as always, Lady Prime.” He adds a further, slightly odd bow and then dives away from us, over the side of the shaft and is gone.

“Impressively rude as always.” I say. “And I asked him if he would consider being Santa, but he told me he wasn’t interested.”

“Orvos’s bedside manner,” Viv tips her head on one side as she watches him circle down, where he’s joined by another large warrior, “any manners, actually, have always left a lot to be desired. But you...” She takes each of my hands in her own and looks me up and down, “seem to have made an impression.”

“What do you mean?”

“He was the one who asked Jyr if he could be Santa *Claws*.”

ORVOS

KYT IS GRINNING FROM EAR TO EAR AS HE JOINS ME ON MY descent.

“What do you want?” I ask him as I drop onto the ramping.

I had every intention of grabbing a cup of cala from the food hall before returning to the surgery, maybe even one of the sweet pastries Myk’s human mate, Emma, makes, if there are any left.

I certainly did not want to have a conversation with Kyt.

“Apparently there’s a party being planned and you’re part of it.” He says, joining me as I walk into the food hall.

“I’m not planning anything.” I reply curtly. “I’m far too busy.”

“Is that why you’re flying human females around?” Kyt asks, still with a ridiculous smile on his face.

Vrex it! I must have been seen, and by the lair’s biggest gossip no less.

“Freya has a medical condition called *ast-mur*.” I say confidently. “I happened to be passing and she required assistance.”

“Oh, really?” Kyt queries insolently as I pour myself a cup of piping hot cala.

The hall is relatively quiet, with only a few groups of mercs gently squabbling among themselves. Presumably they are part of the later patrols or those who have now been seconded to working on and with the new tech, including the space ships we obtained from the Drahon. I have plans to explore the medical facilities on these ships at some point, to

see how they can be best used for the lair and the eyrie, along with looking into the wild theory one of the members of Strykr's elite unit has about a machine which can enhance a Gryn.

Although it's maybe not so wild, given the nature of the seniors, including the ever-grinning Kyt. They are Gryn with incredible strength and healing properties. Properties I never thought I'd see again, until Ayar and Vypr, two vrexing warriors who have been exposed to tech which has seemingly enhanced them somewhat like the seniors.

"Yes, really. Now, if you don't mind, I have work to do."

"Not so fast." Another voice rumbles behind me. "I've also heard about a party involving the humans." Myk places down a platter of freshly baked pastries and my mouth waters. "My Emma is very excited about it. They call it 'Christmas'. It's a human celebration which normally takes place in the dark and cold part of their year."

"Seems like an odd thing to celebrate, being cold and dark." Kyt frowns and helps himself to a pastry.

"They have a present giver called *Santa Claws*, who gives gifts to younglings." I say with an element of smugness I didn't mean to exude. "And it's a feast, not a party. Definitely not like your sort of parties." I add pointedly at Kyt.

"You and younglings? You terrify my younglings!" Kyt laughs.

"I do not!" I huff in response. "I'm very good with younglings."

Now it's Myk's turn to laugh. The big weapons master is less streaked with soot these days, his forge not needed as much since we moved to using the laser weapons. Instead he handles the younger mercs and younglings, providing them with a father figure of sorts. His laughter booms, and I remember a time when he didn't laugh so much.

It's good to hear him laugh.

It's about time the lair and the eyrie rang with laughter.

“You, good with younglings?” He continues to laugh. “Just as long as they’re not in your surgery anyway.”

I lift up my wings and rattle my feathers. “Younglings love me.”

“Oh, do they?” Kyt enquires. “Hey, you!” He shouts at a gaggle of very junior mercs currently jostling and fighting amongst each other at a nearby table.

Heads pop up in our direction, eyes wide because a senior has spoken to them.

“Any of you want to help Orvos out in the surgery, or do you have jobs to do?” Kyt asks.

As one, they rise from their seats. “We’re in the er... laundry.” One of them says, just as another says ‘kitchens’.

“And we were just going.” They hustle past us, all gangly limbs and feathers. They are out of the door and in the air before another word can be said.

“Yep, you’re great with younglings.” Kyt turns to me with his irritating smile, knowing he’s proved his point.

What the vrex have I got myself in to?

FIVE



FREYA

TALKING WITH VIV WAS FUN. SHE'S BEEN WITH THE GRYN THE longest of all the human women and her four children are just gorgeous. She's hopelessly excited for a Christmas celebration.

"I don't know why none of us have thought about it." She gushes. "But it seems right to introduce the Gryn to something human. I think we have the numbers to mount a takeover."

"I've always loved Christmas." I sigh.

"Do you want to go back to Earth?" Viv studies my face.

"I had a job I loved, but my sister is here. I want to be wherever she is. She's my only family." I reply carefully.

"She's mated to a Gryn?" Viv asks.

"Syn."

"Syn?" Viv taps her lips. "Oh, one of the elite unit? Is he the one who captured the Drahon queen?"

"That's him." I feel a strange sense of pride Diana is mated to a warrior with a reputation.

Certainly beats the fuck out of all the deadbeats she dated on Earth. They were never right for her. With Syn, I see something in her, a happiness which shines so bright it's almost blinding.

"Mating with a Gryn will do that to you." Viv says with an indulgent smile.

“Oh shit, did I say that out loud.” I cover my mouth with my hand.

“Not exactly, it’s...well, maybe you’ll find out for yourself.” She smiles indulgently.

Three of her children come screaming through the double doors to the central shaft.

“Dadd-eeee!”

“And here he is.” Viv gets to her feet as an absolutely enormous Gryn enters.

The Prime.

I’ve seen Jyr before, but at a distance. Up close he is simply massive. Viv wraps her arms around him, and I watch the huge warrior melt into her arms as he’s pulled left and right by the children.

I feel a pull on my pants’ leg and look down to see the youngest, a little boy called Gury looking up at me, thumb in his mouth. As soon as he sees me look down, the thumb comes out and arms are raised.

“Come on.” I lift him up.

His little wings flutter, but they’re obviously not well enough developed to allow him to join in with his siblings. He cuddles into me, and something dips in my stomach. I’ve spent plenty of time with human children and not felt like this, but there’s something about the epic level of cuteness the Gryn exude.

And yet, I still don’t feel I belong.

“I’d better be going,” I say hastily, “the others will wonder what I’ve been doing and we’ve got so much yet to plan.” I hand over the toddler to Viv.

“Anything we can do, just let me know.” Viv says. “I can help you keep Orvos in line too, if you want.”

“Orvos?” Jyr rumbles. “Is this the female...” His eyes widen and I see Viv withdraw her elbow from his side. “Yes, Orvos will do whatever you tell him to, female.” He says. “If

he doesn't, he will answer to me." His voice lowers and is stupendously sinister.

"Jyr!" Viv admonishes the great predator.

"What?" His eyebrows raise along with his voice. "Too much again?"

"Too much." She laughs and presses a kiss to his lips.

So there it is, a family unit on an alien planet. The huge warrior, his mate, and their children. It is a perfect picture of everything I don't have and the feeling of being overwhelmed hits me once again.

ORVOS

THE EYRIE IS FULL OF NOISE. THERE ARE SEVERAL COHORTS OF warriors readying themselves to go on various missions which operate out of this building and together they are causing a cacophony of wingbeats, shouts, and weapon wrangling.

"Where are the human females?" I ask one.

He stops punching his comrade in the wing for long enough to look me up and down, realize who I am, and point upwards.

I nod my thanks and fire upwards, circling around the atrium until I catch her scent.

Freya. The only female I've ever been able to pick out.

It appears she's somewhere on the fifth floor of the eyrie, not a nesting floor, and not one which is occupied by other males, which is good. I don't like the idea of her being near any other males. Although I have been putting this meeting off in the vain hope I can manage to control myself around her.

Striding down a hallway, I'm following my nose as I round a corner and hit something soft and feminine. It squeaks.

"Orvos?" Freya steps back from me. She's only wearing a single item. A piece of fabric wrapped around her torso. Her

hair is wet.

She has been bathing.

My cocks spring to life at the mere thought.

“I’ve come to discuss Santa Claws.” I boom at far too loud a volume. “As this Christmas party is happening, no?” I reduce the volume and attempt to concentrate on the wall behind her, not her bare shoulders, beaded with water.

That I’d like to lick.

Vrex it! I’m a senior in this lair. The only medic. I cannot be thinking of this tasty female morsel this way.

I mean Freya.

Vrex.

“Oh,” her eyes widen a little. “Yes, I suppose the celebrations are happening. We’ve got so much to plan it’s insane.” She walks past me, and my feathers shake with her proximity.

I grit my teeth, curling my claws into my hands. I have to get back some sort of control.

“I thought you weren’t that interested.” She throws back over her shoulder as she enters a room.

It’s her quarters. The scent is incredibly strong, overriding all my senses, and I’m in the doorway before she can close the door.

She sits down on her ledge and begins combing through her hair, unconcerned at my presence.

“So, what do you want to know?” Freya looks up at me.

“How to be Santa Claws, what else?”

“For a start it’s *Santa Claus*,” Freya seems to disguise a laugh, “know what, never mind, just think of yourself as Santa, just Santa.”

“Santa.” I repeat.

Freya pats the ledge beside her and for a second I hesitate. Is this a good idea? But yet again, my body takes over and I

find myself sitting next to her, head full of her scent, completely unable to think straight, like an untried warrior.

“Santa is basically a genial older human, with a big white beard and a red robe who has an enormous sack full of presents. Every year on Christmas Eve, he flies around the world and gives the presents to all the children...younglings... who have been good.”

I feel my wing feathers prick up.

“Is that why you chose me for Santa?” The words are out of my mouth before I can stop them. “Because I can be such a strong warrior?”

Freya’s eyes rest on me. She chews the inside of her mouth for a few seconds, her eyes dancing.

“You think Santa is a warrior?”

“Who else but a warrior would undertake such an important and dangerous task. Flying all that distance to make sure younglings are happy? Your Santa has to be a very brave warrior.”

Freya dips her head. I see a smile play over her lips, lips I so very much want to touch with mine again.

“Yes, you are absolutely right, Orvos.” She raises her head. “Santa is a brave warrior, and what he does is the most important job. Making younglings happy.”

Freya thinks I am worthy. Just like that, all my feathers twirl at once, rousing in a way I cannot stop.

SIX



FREYA

I AM UTTERLY CHARMED BY ORVOS REACTION TO MY description of Santa, right up until something happens with his wings and he's a violent flurry of feathers, making me jump out of my skin.

“Dear Freya,” he reaches for me, “please do not be alarmed. I roused, it is an involuntary action a Gryn cannot control.”

“What is a rouse?”

“When a Gryn is satisfied, or ready for action, or well fed, his feathers like to return to their favorite positions.” Orvos explains, his eyes uncharacteristically not on my face.

“So what are you?” I query and finally follow his gaze down.

My towel has slipped and I'm exposing far more of my chest than I should be. I go to hitch it up and a black claw stills my hand.

“I am aroused, sweet Freya.” He rumbles, the depth of his voice hitting me. “It is a different thing entirely.”

I'm not entirely sure if I can breathe. After the kiss we shared a few days ago, there's been no sign of Orvos. It's as if he's been deliberately ignoring me, and I wasn't sure how to take it.

Other than as a rejection.

Only, here, now, he's distinctly not rejecting me. Not at all.

"I know what arousal is." I reply in an attempt to draw breath.

He lifts his head and inhales deeply. "You do," he fixes me with his beautiful dark eyes "and you arouse me."

Fuck.

The claw slides down, pulling away the towel and I don't do anything to stop him.

"What have we here?" He rasps, his huge hands coming in to cup my breasts. Clawed thumbs swipe over my aching, needy nipples and wanton Freya thrusts herself at him.

He leans forward and swipes his tongue over one, before sucking the tight peak into his mouth as I gasp out loud, the rest of the towel forgotten, I'm grabbing at his head and wing.

Orvos groans and the sound pools in my belly. He turns his attention to the other nipple, his gaze firmly on me, gauging my reaction.

"Don't stop." The strangled words leave my mouth.

I've never felt anything like it. The only boyfriend I've ever had used to chew on them like they were jerky. Orvos's touch is both featherlight and demanding. It causes heat to pool in my belly, down to my core. My pussy floods with moisture.

"What else do you have for me, sweet female?" Orvos demands.

"I-I..." I stutter.

Can I admit my inexperience to this huge, muscled predator who is already strumming my body like it's an instrument he's played all his life?

His lips leave my nipples, and he draws me to him, my skin against his, he buries his head in the crook of my neck and sharp teeth, teeth which were just on my breasts, prick against me.

"I've never been with a man...a male...before, Orvos."

He stops dead. Wing feathers rattle.

Dammit! An experienced male like him doesn't want to waste his time with a virgin like me.

"I didn't want to say anything, only I know the Gryn are different to humans, *down there*." I stumble out.

Just how different, I don't know. All I have to go on is innuendo from the other women.

"All I know is human females are compatible with Gryn males." Orvos lifts his head and brushes his lips over mine. "You taught me how to kiss, sweet one. Let me teach you about pleasure."

He gently pushes me back until I'm lying on my bed, spread out for him. He trails a claw down my chest, gently circling each nipple with the point as I shudder under his touch. I'm slick, thighs slippery with need.

"I'm going to touch you." Orvos says, hand spread over my mound, covering me. "Tell me what you like."

I'm terrified with anticipation as he slowly teases his way through my folds.

"Breathe, my Freya. Just breathe." He rumbles, eyes eating me up.

He delves a digit inside me, and I'm gasping, my pussy sucking at him as his thumb strokes over my clit and stars explode behind my eyes.

"You are so tight, sweet one. So very tight. I will enjoy taking your *first time* very much."

At his words I convulse, hips firing upwards, and he slides his arms under my thighs, pulling me up to his mouth. Fingers are replaced by his tongue and as it explores me, I climax over and over until I don't think I can move.

"You have ambrosia from the goddess." Orvos lowers me just enough he can see my face. "But one time is not going to be enough, not if you are to take my cocks and let me breed you."

I haven't yet recovered the power of speech, and he lifts me once again to his mouth, talented tongue working at me and, even though I knew it was possible, I just didn't believe in multiple orgasms.

But then I never believed in Santa either.

“Do you want me to breed you, little Freya? Do you want your first time to be the time I fill your belly with a youngling?”

“Yes!” The strangled word comes from nowhere.

Something I never knew I wanted, but I do now.

ORVOS

MY FREYA COMES APART UNDER MY TOUCH. IT'S BEEN A VERY long time since I touched any female in the way I'm touching her. That she's unmated and mine makes it all the sweeter.

I lap at her, more of her delicious ambrosia coats my tongue. Her hands squeeze the furs on her ledge and, vrex, I want those hands squeezing me.

Only I am a large male, even by Gryn standards. If she is to take me, she will need proper preparation. I release the mag catch on my pants and allow my cocks to spring free. My secondary cock, normally so docile, throbs with a dull ache. It needs a release. I need to seed my mate. I could take her in both of her beautiful holes, and yet, if she is untried, this may be difficult for her, as much as I enjoy such an act. Thus she will need the best possible coaxing.

Freya cries out and shudders, releasing more of her sweetness all over my hand. I gently lower her to the bed, and she looks up at me, half-lidded as I touch myself, covering my cocks in her release and pulling the slippery pre-cum my second cock produces.

“Oh!” She says, eyes widening. “You have two!”

“All Gryn have two cocks. Both are for pleasure, one is for seeding.” I reply, continuing to stroke myself, watching what she does.

“Can I...?” Freya reaches out, tentatively.

“I’d like nothing more, sweet one. Touch my cocks as much as you like.” I can feel sweat gathering on my brow as she brushes her hand over the tip of my main cock. “Because you will feel every inch once they’re buried inside you.”

My words don’t frighten her, any more than the size of my cocks. Her fingers explore them, tripping over my nodes and sending shivers through me I can’t hide.

“You’re big.” She says, eyes bright as she grasps the base of both cocks with both hands and squeezes her way up in one single movement. “I don’t think you’ll fit.” Her eyes twinkle with fire which wasn’t there before.

“They will fit your pretty, tight cunt, sweet one.” I lift her hands away. “And I will pleasure every part of you, just as long as you obey me.” I lift her hands over her head, pressing her down into the furs so she’s pinned beneath me. “Do not move.” I order.

She wriggles.

“Do not move, little Freya or there will be consequences. What do you want, naughty or nice?”

“I want your cocks inside me, Orvos. I want you to fill me.”

“Then that is exactly what you will get.” I lift up her leg, pushing her knee towards her abdomen as I part her in order to press my cockheads at her soaking entrance.

“Let’s take this slow.”

FREYA

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, BUT I AM ABSOLUTELY ACHING for him. I've gone from avoiding sex, to being desperate to feel what it's like to have a man...a male...inside me.

But Orvos is huge. I've seen plenty of cocks in my time as a doctor—it's a hazard of the job—but his anatomy is something else entirely.

But beautiful too. Each hardened shaft is made for pleasure, ridged and nodes in the places I am aware from my anatomy lessons are perfectly placed for my pussy. But there are two!

One fits in a groove below the other, and both are unbelievably silken with the copious pre-cum leaking from them, but still... I can't quite circle my hands around their base. The human body is adaptable, but not *that* adaptable, surely!

Plus I teased him and now I know I'm going to pay the price. Having ordered me not to move, which I immediately disobeyed, he has one hand on my knee, pushing my leg up towards my stomach and the other is under my back, tilting my hips to him. His thick cocks press at my entrance, and I feel a fresh flood of moisture.

“Let's take this slow.” His voice is velvety smooth, and he pushes forward gently.

I feel the fat tip breach me. It's painful but pleasurable all in one. I let out a little moan.

“You look so good stretching for me, sweet one. Shall we see just how far you can stretch?” Orvos is looking down at where he has me pinned and he thrusts forward again, this time the feeling of expansion is incredible, along with the scraping over every part of my channel by those glorious nodes. I'm aware I cry out, and then I'm covered by a hot, fragrant body.

“Is my sweet one enjoying my cocks?” Orvos rumbles.

His eyes are almost black with his lust. He moves inside me, sinuous and perfect, making sure I feel every single inch of him, and yet ensuring I'm not overwhelmed.

“Y-yes.” I can just about get the word out.

“I think my sweet little mate can take more.” He says and a finger runs over my clit, firing the sensitive bundle of nerves and causing me to arch my back.

He swirls down, over himself and underneath where he circles my anus.

“I think you can take me here too.”

“Orvos!” I groan.

I’m already very full. He wants both my virgin holes, and I already know I’m going to give them to him. There’s a burning, stretching sensation as he pushes a slippery finger through the tight ring of muscle.

“So full.” I bury my head in his shoulder as his wings enclose us.

The finger pumps in time with his cocks and it’s incredible, right up until he withdraws completely and, holy hell, I miss him.

“Are you ready for me to take you?”

Two cocks push at me, the first sliding easily into my soaking channel, the second encountering some resistance.

“Just breathe, sweet one.” Orvos murmurs in my ear. “Breathe, you can take all of me.”

His gaze is soft, lips brushing mine as I relax, and he pushes inside me. The burn is brief and replaced by pure pleasure.

“Now I have you.” Orvos rasps, “all of you.”

His arms are wrapped around me; he’s so big in comparison. I’m cradled by him as he thrusts up and makes me groan out loud with pleasure.

“I want to hear my name on your lips again.” He says as he plunders my body. “Scream for me!”

He circles his hips and goes deeper, hitting my g-spot and instantly causing me to convulse. I’ve never felt anything like

it, even when I've used a toy, it's so much more with him, it robs me of my ability to speak, to think, to breathe even. Only then I hear a voice shouting, and find it's me, hands clawing at my huge alien as he pounds at me, I realize I am calling his name, over and over. My climax sweeps through me, peaking and then hitting me again until I'm unable to move.

"Sweet mate." Orvos groans, and I feel his thrusts become irregular and a sudden rush as he explodes within me, filling both my channels. "You are beautiful. And you are mine."

ORVOS

I DON'T RECALL THE LAST TIME I MATED, BUT I'M SURE I'VE never had a climax as intense as the one I've just had with Freya. My cocks pump her full of seed and instantly I'm regretting both were not buried in her, so I could also have the pleasure and pain of my secondary cock swelling and filling her womb.

Vrex! What am I even thinking? I drop down over her delicate form, holding her to me as she molds to my body. I don't understand human aging, but I am certainly too old to be mating her or taking her as my mate. She was untried, and now I have spoiled her for any other warrior.

Any other more deserving, younger warrior.

Except Freya is mine.

"Orvos?" I look down to her sweet face, eyes half-lidded, cheeks flushed.

I could mate her again in a heartbeat.

"Is everything okay? Was it okay for you?" She queries, her breathing harsh. "I wasn't too...inexperienced?"

"Oh, my sweet one." I hold her close, pressing my lips to hers, "on the contrary, you were the perfect ambrosia, and all the better for being plucked for the first time by me."

“I’m pleased my first time was with you.” Freya cuddles into me, her hands delving into my feathers and making me shiver with pleasure.

Vrex! Now I never want to let her go.

SEVEN



FREYA

“DO I HAVE TO WEAR THIS?” ORVOS SWIPES A CLAW THROUGH the false white beard which Lauren has made for him out of god knows what. “It’s itchy.” He scrabbles at it again.

“Santa has a long white beard.” I reply, trying to keep a straight face. I much prefer Oreos’s scruff than the fake one, but he does make a good Santa. “Along with the red robes.” I hold out the long cloak and red pants.

We all deliberated long and hard about what Santa should wear, given there is no avoiding Santa having a massive pair of wings. In the end a cloak seemed the best option, with long slits in the back to allow for the additional appendages.

Orvos continues to grumble at me as he drops his trousers, giving me an eyeful of the cocks I enjoyed only a few days ago.

Since then he’s not initiated any more sex (which is probably a good thing because after my first time I was sore), but we’ve been spending time together when he’s not in the surgery, and he’s been showing me more of the lair and eyrie.

I want to ask the other women if this is normal for a Gryn warrior, but somehow I can’t quite bring myself to say anything, not just yet, when I don’t really know what it is between Orvos and me. From everything they’ve said while we got started on the Christmas celebrations, they are amazed he agreed to be Santa.

Basically, Orvos is the Gryn version of the Grinch. He's considered to be unapproachable and as grumpy as hell. The exact opposite of the dominant and sensitive male who took my virginity only a few days ago.

"There!" He says, arranging the cloak around his shoulders and poking his wings through.

Is Santa allowed to be sexy? Because what I have in front of me most definitely is.

I. Do. Not. Want. To. Share.

"Freya!" A plaintive wail comes from outside my room. "Is he ready?"

The other women are dying to see how Orvos looks. Somehow, he's become the centerpiece of the whole celebration, and he's due to fly in just before the feast with a sack full of presents for the younglings and the younger mercs.

I couldn't quite picture it until now.

"I feel like a fool." Orvos grumbles, swinging the cloak around. "I am respected in the lair and eyrie, and this makes me look stupid."

Unable to help myself, I find I'm wrapping my arms around his waist. "You look perfect." I tell him.

"Hmph." He replies.

I lift up the beard and press a kiss to his lips. Orvos doesn't respond immediately, but eventually his tongue joins mine.

"I want you, sweet one. Here and now."

"Not sure, they'll wait." I reply, ignoring the increasing cries from outside.

Orvos drops his head into my hair and inhales deeply, the fake whiskers tickling my face. Clawed hands slip under my top, tracing their way over my skin.

"You are a bad female for tempting me, when I'm giving up my time to be your Santa *Claws*."

“About that,” I trace my hand over his still deliciously bare chest. “Perhaps I could help you out. I am a doctor after all.”

Orvos stills. “I’m not sure, sweet one. Gryn are very different to humans.”

“Not that bloody different.” I hear myself grumble. “And what about the humans? I’m surely better to assist them than you.”

Orvos lifts his head. His jaw is tight. I know he thinks of the surgery as his domain, but he has to see the sense in my suggestion.

Unless, for some reason, he thinks this is the reason I let him take my virginity.

But he can’t be thinking that, surely.

“Come *ON*, Freya!” Diana howls from outside. “We want to see!”

She starts up a chant of ‘out, out, out’ which is joined in by the others, and Orvos pulls away from me.

“The females need us.” He says.

“Well, we can’t disappoint them.” I murmur. “You’d better go out.” I reach to adjust his beard again and step aside, my stomach in knots.

What if Orvos doesn’t want me? What if I’ve made a huge mistake?

He looks down on me, at once ludicrous in his Santa outfit, and yet as familiar as if I’ve known him forever.

“Go!” I give him a push as the chanting gets louder.

“Here he is, you noisy fuckers!” I open the door, and Orvos emerges to loud cheers.

While I remain behind, my emotions scrambled to oblivion.

ORVOS

THE HUMAN FEMALES SEEM VERY EXCITED ABOUT MY OUTFIT. I'm greeted with cheers and squeals which would not be out of place in a flock of mercs. Their faces are wreathed in smiles as I'm turned left and right.

I look over my shoulder, hoping to see Freya but she has gone. My heart drops into my boots. I didn't say the right things, not at all. I want her more than anything I've ever wanted, and it seems she might want a grumpy old warrior like me.

But I ruined it all by not agreeing immediately to her request she should work with me in the surgery. It makes perfect sense; it's just I've been alone for so long. And fear grips my heart with icy fingers when I think of the difference in our ages. That I might not be able to give her what she will want, in time. As much as I want to breed her, a male of my cycles? It's entirely possible my breeding days are over.

But our mating, it was a gift, a beautiful gift which I relive over and over. Seeing her come apart at my touch.

Vrex the goddess! I want to hear her my name on her lips again.

"I think he needs a belt." Robin says as I'm turned towards her.

"I have a belt." I grumble, although not too much because I like Robin.

"A *Santa* belt." She laughs. "It's different, there's a big silver buckle."

"I can ask Myk to make me one." I reply. "In fact, I'll do it right now."

I turn away from the group and practically run down the hallway out into the atrium, hoping I'll happen upon Freya and can explain myself better, as well as getting away from their critical gazes. I feel uncomfortable enough as it is in my new role, given I know I'm hardly the first choice for the lair, or the human females.

After all, I've been around long enough I should be able to tell a female how I feel.

A snort sounds to my left, and I turn to see Strykr leaning against the wall. The leader of the elite unit has a very smug smile on his face.

"I am Santa *Claws*." I point out. "This is the outfit the humans say I have to wear."

"Suits you." He frowns. "But what is the fluffy down on your chin?"

"It is a Santa *beard*. It denotes maturity." I reply, pulling myself up to my full height so I'm eye-to-eye with the vrexing warrior.

"So the human females say." Strykr looks at me critically. "It looks like you've sneezed."

I shake my head. Am I destined to be surrounded by younglings forever?

"Did you see the female called Freya come past here?" I ask, determined to find her and not get into any further discussion with Strykr about my outfit.

"Yes, she went in the direction of the food hall." He replies.

I huff and turn to go in the same direction, but my progress is halted by someone pulling on the long cloak draped around me.

"If you are intending mating with her, I suggest you try being less you and more of a pleasant Gryn." He says. "You need to coax a female into your nest."

"Freya is my female," I snarl at him, pulling the cloak out of his grip. "She will nest with me."

"Human females need more than just a pretty nest, Orvos." Strykr replies. "They need to be loved and cherished. Perhaps if you ate some more ambrosia, you'd understand."

"What do you mean?" I snap.

Despite myself, I want to know the best way to Freya's heart, and Strykr is a mated male after all. I can't live without her, and every moment which passes and I don't know where she is, is torture.

"She needs you." He says cryptically. "Not Orvos the medic."

"But she is a medic, from Earth." My voice sounds like a whine and I hate it. I hate the not knowing.

"Then you need to think of her as a female. You need to make sure she knows you want her, no matter what. You need to be her honorable male." Strykr says. "Although, if you're doing this for her, it's a good first step." He regards my outfit again.

"I need to find her." I reply.

I don't want to admit it, but he's right. I took her first time. I should be making sure she feels cherished and not something I can toss aside when I think she's not right for me.

Because Freya is very right for me. Regardless of what I think about my age, she makes me feel alive in a way I haven't for many turns. And I need to tell her.

I haven't yet worked out a way to fly with the vrexing cape and don't want to risk it, so instead I walk down to where the food hall is located within the eyrie. There is a little noise coming from within and as I enter, I see Freya being lifted by two mercs.

With a snarl, the cape is off and I'm flying towards her, snatching her out of their arms and slamming one of them into the floor.

It's only when I see her wide eyes do I realize what I've done.

Far from cherishing my mate, I've scared her instead.

EIGHT



FREYA

I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHAT HAPPENED BUT, ONE MINUTE I was being helped to hang up some of the green plants which grow in the eyrie and which look a bit like ivy, and the next, I'm being flown across the food hall clutched in the arms of Orvos.

"Is everything okay?" I ask him. The cloak has gone, his beard is hanging around his neck, and he has a wild look in his eyes. "The others haven't upset you, have they? You do still want to be Santa?"

"You are mine. They were holding you." Orvos growls.

I look over where one of the warriors is helping the other up. Orvos shakes his wings at them, and they back up.

"They were helping me put up decorations, that's all." I reply. "For the celebration."

But Orvos already has his face buried in my hair and inhales deeply.

"I cannot have you in the arms of another." He says, his voice still ragged from his earlier roar.

"I want to be part of the eyrie. Helping out with this celebration, it takes my mind off, everything." I'm holding back tears. "It makes me feel like I'm wanted."

"I want you. You are mine." Orvos says simply.

I press my cheek to his chest, hearing the thrum of his heart and rejoicing in it. "I want to be yours." I reply.

"Really?" He doesn't let go. He doesn't move.

"Yes, but you can't go around beating up all other males." I trace my finger through the feathers on his wing. "You've got a job to do, and I want to help out where I can, if you'll let me."

"Then you should be in the surgery with me." Orvos rumbles, still not lifting his head.

"I'm a doctor. I'm sure I can help." I say, allowing the silky slippery feathers to lift and flatten under my touch. "If you don't mind me taking time off to deal with the Christmas stuff."

"Of course I want you right where I can see you, sweet one." Orvos finally lifts his head so I can see his face. "By my side, like you should be."

His eyes are the deepest darkest brown and remind me of how he looked when he made my body sing like never before.

"In that case, you'd better check on that one," I point behind me to the warrior who is bend double. "I think he might need our assistance."

Orvos winces. He's supposed to be the healer and the present giver, instead he's managed to make Santa look like Satan and injure a warrior in one go.

I collect the cape, which is thankfully undamaged and walk back to where Orvos is attempting to examine a very reluctant Gryn.

"If you don't let me look, how can I help you?" I hear him say.

The young warrior looks terrified, shaking his head and shifting his wings so Orvos can't check his abdomen.

"Hey." I drape the cloak over a table and approach the warrior. He shies away from me too, eyes huge as he stares over my shoulder at Orvos. "We're not going to hurt you again. Orvos is sorry for earlier, aren't you?" I look over my

shoulder at him and find he's bristling with feathers, wings high and looking anything but sorry.

I raise my eyebrows at him.

He rattles his feathers.

I fold my arms.

He wrinkles his nose.

"I'm sorry." Orvos finally says. "Now will you let me look?"

The young Gryn looks at his friend and lifts his wing away, removing his hand. There is a small gash on one side, no doubt from one of Orvos's claws. He's grabbed and manipulated as Orvos inspects him.

"You'll live." He pronounces gruffly. "Make sure you keep it clean."

I shake my head, exasperated.

"Sit down." I say to the warrior. "What's your name?"

I can feel Orvos's eyes burning on the back of my neck.

"It's Kylryn." He stutters out.

"Well, Kylryn, let me get you something to eat. Do you like the sweet pastries?"

He shoots a look at his friend and then one at Orvos.

"I'm fine, mistress. I don't need anything."

"You've had a fright, just sit there and Orvos will get you something to eat." I tell him.

"I will?"

"If you want to get into the spirit of Santa, you will."

Orvos leaves us, grumbling under his breath. It doesn't matter. I already know I can make this grumpy alien grinch into the best Santa Ustokos has ever seen.

ORVOS

FREYA MADE ME GET CALA AND SOME SWEET TREATS FOR BOTH of the warriors, barely more than mercs. All the time she had a smile on her face which pricked at my heart. It was both at me and for me, and I want to see it on her forever.

If I thought for a minute I could exist without Freya, I know now, I cannot.

We finally finish settling the young warriors, and I walk out of the food hall with my Freya. As soon as we exit, I pull her into my arms and we're in the air.

"You are a very disobedient little female." I growl in her ear. "And disobedience has to be punished."

The perfume of her arousal reaches me instantly. My Freya might not be experienced, but her desires are obvious.

We reach a level of the eyrie which is largely unused, given the place has yet to be completely filled with warriors, and I stalk the corridors, my *eregri* in my arms until I find what I'm looking for.

Only we don't get there because she won't stop moving until I cage her up against a wall.

"I don't want to be punished." She whines, although her scent and her bright eyes tell me otherwise.

"But how else will you learn to be a good little mate?" I shove my hand down her pants and find she's soaking for me. As I circle her sweet bundle of nerves, she arches her back.

"I can be good." She moans, eyes half closed.

"I know exactly how good you feel on my cocks. Are you going to take my cocks, sweet one?"

I slide a finger inside her. Vrex! She feels tighter than ever. My cocks are throbbing, almost bursting out of my maraha hide trousers. There's no way I'm making it to a nest of any kind. Freya will be mated right here, right now.

"Yes!" She says, hands running around my waist, and I feel the catch release on my belt.

My female is a needy one. Hungry hands grasp at my cocks, and I'm thrusting at her.

"Take off your clothes." I growl and, although I miss her touch immediately, her instant obedience makes me even harder, something I didn't think was possible.

Here, where any merc could happen upon us, Freya strips under cover of my wings until she's bare and trembling before me.

"Come here." I say, and she steps into my hands.

I slide them under the delicious globes of her ass and lift her up until her entrance is hovering over the weeping tips of my cocks.

"It will be easier than last time, my sweet one, but I can't take it as slow. I have to fill you." I press my forehead against hers. "Fill you completely."

"I want you." Freya puts her hand on my cheek, her beautiful eyes boring into mine. "I feel safe with you."

I roar as I plunge into her. She's so vrexing tight and so vrexing perfect as she flutters over me once I'm seated.

"Are you ready?" I murmur in my ear.

"Give me everything you have." She murmurs right back.

FREYA

THE INCREDIBLE BURNING STRETCH OF ORVOS'S COCKS IS replaced by bliss as my body quickly adapts and molds to him. I wrap my legs around his waist, and he holds me as if I weigh nothing, pressing my back against the rough wall as he thrusts.

For a second, his head is buried in my shoulder, eyes hidden, but then he lifts my chin and stares directly into my face.

"I need you, sweet one. I need you more than anything, more than life. You are my *eregri*." He says in a rush as his

hips fire up at me, faster, harder, deeper. “Be mine.”

My heart beats faster, my core pulses, this huge, grumpy predator is bringing me to climax again, and I want him so very much.

“Orvos,” his name is a keening cry on my lips. “I am yours.”

I’m clutched to him as he plunders my body, every part of me shaking from his deliberate, rhythmic thrusts. I’ve reached my peak and everything implodes. My body sucking at him, drawing everything he has up into me. Blood pounds in my ears, as I’m carried away on a wave of pure, unadulterated pleasure I can only ever have got from my big alien warrior.

With a roar, Orvos reaches his orgasm, and I feel his hot seed exploding within me along with another, incredible stretch as if something expands further inside me. He comes with an incredible rush, and he doesn’t stop, pumping and pumping until eventually, breathing ragged, he drops his head into my neck and presses his lips to my damp skin.

“My sweet one.” He rumbles, his words joining the aftershocks flowing through my body.

“Orvos.” I breathe, running my fingers through his silky feathers, feathers which enclose us, hiding what we’re doing from sight.

For now at least. I shift against him but find I can’t move. He’s still inside me but we’re somehow stuck together.

“What’s happening?” I try not to panic. I appreciate having sex with an alien who has two cocks is beyond my medical knowledge in any event, but last time we were not stuck.

“My secondary cock has swelled for you, my *eregri*.” Orvos rasps. “It will subside once my seed has had time to take root.” He sighs. “At least my body thinks so.”

His devastatingly handsome face looks into mine, eyes so deep I could drown in them.

“I’m sorry, sweet one. A male Gryn of my age is unlikely to be fertile. I cannot give you a youngling.”

Just like that, my heart bursts for him. For the male who for some reason doesn't think he's worthy.

"Orvos, my darling. I don't care. I only want you. Only you." I croon in his ear.

"Then I will build you the best nest the eyrie or the lair has ever seen, sweet one." The relief on his face is incredible. "You are my world."

He lifts his head and scents the air, wings wide. "Let me bathe you, my sweet *eregri*. Let me ensure you are properly cared for, then we can return to the surgery and make our nest."

He withdraws from me, the heavy knot I felt earlier softens, and I miss the feel of him inside me. However, my clothing is scooped up, along with me and this massive dark warrior strides to the end of the empty hallway, turns an immediate left and right, where we find ourselves in a steamy room which almost resembles a cave.

In the center is one of the pools the Gryn are fond of. I accidentally came across one filled with warriors when I first arrived, the air heavy with testosterone, whooping males and water everywhere as they bathed messily and with abandon.

Never let it be said the Gryn don't do anything with all their hearts. Just like my grumpy Orvos, he's kicking off his boots the minute we arrive, and I'm lowered onto wobbly legs in order he can remove his pants.

"Come my sweet one." He holds out his hand and helps me into the water.

I'm given the most thorough cleansing of my life, followed by yet more mating, until I can't keep my eyes open any more.

NINE



ORVOS

“HURTS.” THE MERC GROANS AT ME AS I SHIFT HIS SHOULDER.

“Yes, if you fly into something solid, it will hurt.” I reply.
“You’ve dislocated your shoulder.”

“Don’t want the machine.” He says, eyes wide.

Dear goddess, not another Ayar!

“You will not need the machine.” I look around to see if my sweet mate has arrived.

There is no sign, and a growl rumbles deep inside me. She is surely spreading herself far too thinly. Freya has become the chief organizer of the Christmas celebration alongside helping me in the surgery. For the last thirty turns she’s been by my side, in the main, and we have mated so many times.

I should have made her a nest.

Instead she still shares my ledge and it’s only down to my vrexing pride I can’t bring myself to make her one. Because I know I cannot give her a youngling.

And yet she stays with me.

“Hold the edge of your ledge.” I order the merc. “Tell me if there’s anyone coming through the door.” I grab his arm. He cranes his head.

“There’s no...” his words turn into a strangled cry of alarm and pain as I shove his arm back into its socket.

“Sorry, little one.” I pat him on his good shoulder and shove a sponge covered in tranquilizer under his nose. He goes out like one of Kyt’s artificial lights, a snore rising from him.

“Everything okay?” Freya pushes her way through the surgery doors with arms full of what I’ve discovered are called ‘decorations’. She seems to spend every spare moment making them.

“Fine. Let me help you.” I bustle over and grab some of what she’s holding. “Exactly how long does it take to prepare for your human Christmas?” I say as I dump the many stiffened loops of fabric on my desk.

Freya laughs, but it’s a tired laugh and rather than make me happy, my heart twinges for her. She sits down with a weary sigh. “Some humans celebrate it all year round.”

She wipes over her brow and looks around. “Only one?”

She nods at the merc with the fixed shoulder, wings drooping over his ledge.

“Dislocated shoulder. Another one not keen on the machine.” I grumble.

“It takes time to get used to new things. I should know.” Freya rubs at her eyes and yawns.

I immediately pull her to her feet and into my arms. “You work too hard, sweet one.” I say into her ear. “There is no need.”

“I just want to feel part of things, that’s all.” Freya replies.

It’s what she always says, and it makes my blood boil. Anger souring my stomach because I have not nested.

If I nested, she would feel safe. She would feel whole.

There’s a tremendous cacophony of voices, shouts, and scuffling from outside the surgery and the door bursts open, letting in a stream of younglings and some mercs.

No sooner is one through the door, when he vomits.

“We ate some fungus we found growing in the lower passage.” A merc leans against the wall, holding his stomach.

“It looked like the cooked ones we get in the food hall.” He turns green.

I stare at them all, there has to be fifteen of the vrexing creatures.

Already Freya is mustering them to individual ledges, and I hurry to grab as many containers as I can in a vain attempt to contain the bodily fluids before rushing to my lab in order to brew up a tonic which will, unfortunately result in more vomiting before they all get better.

FREYA

I CHECK THE PULSE OF THE LAST YOUNG GRYN, WHO SLEEPS peacefully. They have much faster heart rates than humans, despite their size, probably due to the need to keep their big wings full and operational. His has returned to what is considered normal and the expulsion of mushrooms they shouldn't have eaten has slowed to a stop, fortunately.

There will be a big clean up, but we've had a visit from Myk, the lair's weapons master and youngling wrangler. The huge warrior towered over Orvos, but his size was tempered by his gentleness. He agreed to come back later and do a mass herd of them all out of the surgery once they were more recovered.

He also presented Orvos with his Santa belt. Wide and black with a silver square buckle, it's just perfect.

And now I'm exhausted, and I flop into Orvos's big chair.

“You do too much for them.” He says as he finishes checking on his side. “You do too much for everyone.”

“I've told you before...”

He holds up his hands. “I know, it's important for you to feel part of the eyrie and the lair. I understand, Freya, but you are part of it, and you don't have to prove yourself to anyone.” He says with undisguised annoyance.

“You just don’t like me being out in the lair without you.” I fire the words out before I think about them, tiredness getting the better of me.

Orvos folds his arms, and I see I’ve hit a nerve. For some reason, I can’t seem to hold back.

“It’s important to me to be part of this place. Can’t you see?”

“Not at the expense of being run into the ground, sweet *eregri*.” He replies, his deep and delicious voice impacting on me in all the wrong ways because I want to be mad at him.

I want to be mad at anyone. All I feel these days is rage, or unbridled joy, or the depths of the despair. If I didn’t know better I’d have diagnosed myself as having depression, my emotions are so unpredictable. It doesn’t help I’m always hearing about banding ceremonies or new nests being built for the other human women, which is apparently what Gryn warriors do when they take a mate. Orvos has done none of these things. Instead, we share a ledge in the rear of the surgery some nights, and for the rest of the time, I’m on my own back in the eyrie.

It makes me feel further apart from this new world than ever.

I want him so much, to be with him all the damn time, and I don’t understand how I ended up so needy.

“I’m perfectly fine. If you don’t want to be involved, given how busy you are.” I gesture to the full surgery. “I quite understand. I’m sure we can find a new Santa.”

A muscle in his jaw ticks. “You would do that?” He asks, quietly.

“Why not? It’s not as if you really want to do it, is it? Dealing with ‘vrexing younglings’.” I spit at him. “Everyone knows you don’t like them so why break a habit of a lifetime.”

“I don’t care to be Santa. But I’m doing it for you, my *eregri*.”

“Then that’s the wrong reason.”

Orvos pulls himself up to his full height, looking as pompous as he appeared the first time I met him.

“Then maybe I shouldn’t be your *Santa*.” He says.

“Maybe you shouldn’t.” I fire out in return.

The anger inside me is rising so much I know I can’t stay. I’m tired and confused, emotions swirling within me in a way they never have before. Clarity has always been my thing. I have a cool head. But not today, I have to get out, out of the surgery, out of the lair and away. It’s all I can think of and without my bidding, my legs carry me away without a backward glance.

TEN



FREYA

I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHERE I'M RUNNING, BUT THE FACT THE Gryn are gripped with Christmas fever does not help. Everywhere I look there are swathes of green foliage interlinked with silky red fabric.

I'd heard the Gryn like to party, but it seems this Christmas will be a first for them, and the level of excitement does not match my mood.

I want Orvos, but it seems all he wants to do is possess me.

I don't pay any attention to where I'm running and before I know it, I'm out in the wastelands between the lair and heading for the eyrie. And I'm fucking crying.

I'm crying over Christmas, over everything. It's stupid beyond belief. So when I stumble back into the eyrie, I'm a snotty mess, and I hate myself even more.

"Sis?" I look up to see Diana stood with her warrior mate, Syn. "Is everything okay?"

"Yep, everything's fine. I always fucking look like this." I reply with as much venom as I can muster, only it's not much.

"Syn," Diana turns to the worried looking warrior. "Give us some space will you?"

He chuckles and shakes his head, turning in a rustle of feathers as Diana leads me across the atrium in the center of the eyrie and sits me down.

“What’s going on, Freya? You’ve been running yourself ragged these last few weeks, why?”

“Fuck!” I roll my eyes. “Not you too?”

“What do you mean?”

“Orvos and I had a fight.” I drop my eyes to the floor, hating I even have to say it out loud.

“You and...Orvos? The resident Krampus?” I don’t have to see Diana’s face to know her eyes are out on stalks. “What have you been doing, sis?”

“Nothing you wouldn’t do.” I reply. I’m still angry, but my tiredness is getting the better of me.

“That’s a pretty broad brush, hun.” Diana laughs. “Are you and Orvos...” I can tell she’s fishing around for the right word. “Dating?”

“Do Gryn date?” I lift my head to look at her with a frown.

“Er, no. Basically they go all in from day one.” Her eyes widen. “Have you had *sex* with him?” She says, making it sound salacious in the extreme. “Because you know where that leads.” She runs her hand over her small baby bump.

“Yes,” I flap a dismissive hand at her. “We’ve ‘mated’. A lot. And I know how biology works, thanks. I’m not concerned.”

“You don’t seem happy though, sis.” Diana puts her hand on mine and tears I didn’t even know I still had flow. “Hey!” She wraps her arms around me, drawing me to her squashy pregnant body and holding me tight, just like she did when we were kids.

I let go because I can’t hold back any more. I thought I could distract myself with the Christmas celebration and the work in the surgery, but really, all I can think about is Orvos and whether he really wants me.

“I love him, Diana.” I choke out into her shoulder. “I fucking love him, but I have no idea how he feels about me. He hasn’t made me a nest or offered me his band and

apparently that's what a Gryn should do when he finds his *mate*, or so everyone says."

I lift away from her soaked shoulder.

"I've fucked everything up and all I wanted to do was fit in."

To my immense surprise, Diana starts to laugh.

"Do you really think it works that way with these guys?" She smiles at me, and it's tinged with sadness because she's sad for me. "The Gryn mate hard, but not a single one does it the way they claim it should be."

"How can you say that?" I touch the strange metal circlet which is almost part of her upper arm.

"Syn went into rut when we got together and apparently Gryn don't rut. Jay spent most of his time trying to nest with Lauren only he didn't know how to do it, and she thought he was bonkers. As for Ayar and Vypr, well, you can imagine how complicated that was for Robin." She shrugs. "These males, they are so simple and yet so complex, Freya. You can't take anything at face value."

I'm pulled back for another hug.

"I'm so pleased you're here, Freya." Diana says, and I choke out a barking laugh of my own.

"Why on...Usokos...are you pleased I'm here? I'm a mess."

"You've become a huge part of the eyrie and the lair. If it wasn't for you, I'm a hundred percent sure Christmas wouldn't have happened. You have skills, girl. You get these warriors to do what you want when you want. It's an epic level of organization."

"Probably why I feel like a wet dishrag, and I basically just told the one warrior I actually care about to go fuck himself." I grumble. "He's never going to forgive me."

"Did he call you his *eregri* at any point when you were," Diana does a stage cough, "bumping uglies?"

This time I do choke on my laugh, raising my eyebrows at her. “Really?”

“You were always such a prude about sex, sis.” She elbows me in the ribs. “Bet you’re not now.”

“How can I be...they have two!” I dangle my fingers down.

“Two cocks, yes, I’m well aware of that fact.” Diana says loud enough for the entire eyrie to hear.

“Yes, he did use the word once or twice. What does it mean?”

“Oh boy.” Diana folds her arms over her bump. “You’re in so much trouble.”

ORVOS

“ABOUT VREXING TIME!” I FIRE OUT AT MYK AS HE STROLLS through the doors. “Get them out of here, will you?”

I run my hand through my hair. With a surgery full of unconscious mercs, I couldn’t leave to go after Freya and my heart feels like it’s been cut from my body.

“Hold on.” He lifts his hands, and I know he’s going to want to go through every aspect of aftercare with the bunch of vrexing idiots who managed to poison themselves.

“I have other things to do, and this place is going to need a vrexing deep clean.” I grumble at him. “I’ve made up flasks of tonic for them. Put them in one barrack room and make sure they drink it all. They should have all recovered within a turn or two.”

Myk eyes the groggy mercs, some of them starting to sit up, wings rowing at nothing. Others still clutch their stomachs. I don’t envy his task in looking after them for the next turn at all.

“Simple food for the next few hours, but they should all eat something, even if it makes a re-appearance.” I continue.

Myk’s eyes widen.

“Yes,” I try not to smile, “there will be more ‘accidents’. These mercs did very good job on themselves. They could do with more supervision.”

Myk grunts at me without commitment. Letting the young ones run wild is what we’ve done since the lair is founded. My irritation is unlikely to change the situation.

“Orvos?”

One of the youngest, the one on the ledge closest to me and who I was most concerned about, is finally sitting up. His eyes are red, and he shivers violently.

I get out of my chair and hurry round to him, wrapping a blanket around his shoulders and rubbing him to get the circulation going. He’s a slight little thing with much growing left to do. He leans into me as I rub and looks up.

“Are we going to be okay for the Christmas party?” He asks in a quiet, hoarse voice. “The others said there would be a big warrior called *Antaclaws*. He’s bringing presents for all the good younglings.” A single tear tracks down his face. “I have been good, really good, only maybe being sick makes me bad? Maybe he won’t come for me?”

“Making a mistake doesn’t make you bad, little warrior.” I curl my arm and wing around him and trace a claw through his feathers. “Everyone makes mistakes, even Myk here.”

Myk rumbles out a low growl. “Even you, Orvos.”

“Even me.” I tell the youngling. “As long as you are good in here.” I press my finger onto his chest over his heart, “*Santa Claus* will know, and you’ll get your gift.”

And now I know exactly what I need to do.

ELEVEN



FREYA

THIS IS WHAT THEY USED TO CALL A COVEN ON EARTH, I'M sure of it.

Diana has called a meeting, so six of us are sitting around in Syn's nest, something which is incredibly tasteful, and surprises me immensely, given how brash the rest of the nests I've been in are.

"We don't need to do this, Di." I complain. "It doesn't matter that much."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" My sister says. "This one is in love with a Gryn. For the time being I'm not going to say who, but she needs help."

"I do not need help." I fold my arms. "I'm fine. And we've all got far too much to do about Christmas to be sat around here."

"The hell you are." Diana retorts.

"Is it Orvos?" The quiet one, Jen, asks.

"You told them?" I spit at Diana.

"He never comes out of his surgery," Kat fiddles with her little robot who is wrapped around her neck, "and yet he's always in the eyrie when you are." She raises her eyebrows at me. "The Gryn are not subtle when they find their *eregri*."

"What is this *eregri* thing?" I slump back onto the bed.

"Orvos is in love?" Robin laughs. "Really?"

“Thanks.” I huff.

“I didn’t mean it like that, sorry Freya.” Robin sits next to me and puts her arm around my shoulders. “He’s just always been distant. If you’ve managed to get through to him, then you’re a miracle.”

“I haven’t ‘got through to him’.” I stare up at the ceiling, not wanting the tears to fall. “I don’t know what we have at all. And now he hates me, I’m sure of it.”

“They had a falling out.” Diana says in a loud whisper.

“Gryn are not like human men,” Jen says.

Diana raises her eyebrows.

“I don’t just mean anatomy, Diana.” Jen says, pointedly. “I mean they mate hard, when they mate, but they don’t always understand what it means.” Her voice wavers just a little and I remember Diana saying the warrior she’s keen on is off the planet on a space station somewhere at the moment.

“They’ve not had females for a generation. Let’s just say they’re a little rusty in the old romance department.” Kat, putting her hand on Jen’s arm in a comforting movement.

“But very good at the whole caveman thing.” Lauren laughs. “Mine.” She growls in a very passable impression of Orvos.

The rest of them laugh knowingly.

“The Gryn love with all their being.” Robin takes my hand in hers. “If he loves you, he loves you. It’s just they are not very good at explaining what they feel or how they feel it, other than by either mating you or nesting for you.”

“Orvos is good at one and not the other.” I wail, tears beginning to flow unchecked. “I don’t know what he wants, but I don’t think it’s me. He hasn’t made a nest.”

My friends and sister exchange glances.

“You’ve had sex?” Robin says.

“When did you find the time?” Kat stares at me open mouthed. “You’ve been the one doing all the organizing,

everything!”

“You’ve had sex with *Orvos*?” Lauren puts her hand over her mouth.

“Oh, come on! It’s not like you lot haven’t...you know...with the Gryn.” My tears halt as I look around them all.

“But literally, he’s the grumpiest Gryn ever.” Kat says. Then her eyes widen. “Oh.” She exclaims, looking over at the others and covering her mouth.

“What?” I ask wearily, not that I’m tired of the conversation or the judging, but the feeling of extreme exhaustion comes over me again. “I’ve got so much to do and now I have to find a new Santa, because he’s not going to do it now that we’re not together.”

“Fuck Santa.” Robin says.

“Freya already did.” Lauren chuckles.

Kat is nodding now, looking over at Diana and there’s something in her gaze I can’t fathom. Yet again, I’m on the outside, looking in. A fish out of...well everything. They all know this place and I don’t. Not at all.

The only creature who grounded me, who made this place feel like home was *Orvos*, and all I’ve done is yell at him. I drop my head in my hands and the sobs are there again.

Until I’m surrounded by bodies, some squasher than others.

“And to think, she’s supposed to be a Doctor.” Kat says as I’m smothered by a whole bunch of ladies, who only want to help.

“Normally, I’d suggest she see *Orvos*...” Robin adds.

“What about?” I lift my head with difficulty, to find I’m in the middle of a cuddle puddle.

“About the fact you’re pregnant, idiot.” Diana gives me a sisterly smack on the back of my head.

“I’m *WHAT*?” My stomach fills with ice.

My life has just gone from bad to complete disaster. Diana is right. All the signs are there, my high emotional state, the fact I can't even remember when I last had a period. I might not have been throwing up everywhere, but certain smells do make me nauseous.

I'm pregnant by Orvos, something he didn't believe possible, and I don't think he even likes children. Yet again I dissolve. I have no idea how I'm going to deal with any of this, especially with a male who doesn't want me.

FREYA

“COME ON.” DIANA POKES ME IN THE RIBS.

“Fuck!” I groan, attempting to prize my eyes open. I feel like shit. “What is it?”

“Christmas morning!” She claps her hands together like a kid.

I'm immediately transported back to Earth. I'd creep into her room and stare at her until she awakened. Then we'd sneak downstairs, trying to avoid the creaking treads, so as not to wake our parents. That moment when we opened the door to the front room, the lights on the Christmas tree twinkling and a pile of presents, which were not there when we went to bed the night before. It was magical.

Today the magic is gone. Today I know Santa is not real. Today I'm an alien abductee on a planet a billion, zillion miles from Earth.

And my sister is behaving like a toddler.

“Get dressed!” She flings my clothes in my face. “You've worked so hard for this, Freya. You don't want to miss a second.”

I let rip with some choice swearwords under my breath. I'd rather give the whole thing a miss, especially as it's just some arbitrary date we picked. Or rather Jyr picked.

“Do you think he’ll come?” I eventually ask, returning from the tiny sanitary facility and pull on my pants as Diana taps her foot impatiently.

“As Santa?”

“At all.”

I’ve been avoiding Orvos, much to Diana’s annoyance. She’s been on my back daily for the last week as the excitement in both the lair and the eyrie ramped up in advance of the celebration. It was decided that breakfast on the day we chose as ‘Christmas Day’ would be in the eyrie, and Christmas dinner would be in the lair.

All the young Gryn are beside themselves wanting their presents. It has literally been the only thing anyone has talked about, including the battle hardened warriors, who seem almost as starry eyed about the mysterious present giver as the young ones. It’s been incredibly hard not to dissolve into a tearful mess every five seconds.

And we’ve spent the last two weeks making the gifts and wrapping them. Turns out, young Gryn are apparently easy to please, so small items of clothing, little sparkly trinkets, and anything which can just be ‘theirs’ is more than enough, according to the senior in charge of them, the imposing Myk.

We toyed with the idea of giving every youngling the same thing, to avoid any fighting, but Myk disagreed. He wanted them to feel special and ultimately, we agreed. Christmas is a time for being kind to your fellow Gryn, and it’s clear the young ones, whilst they might play fight constantly, they care for each other deeply. They are more likely to be entranced by their gifts than jealous of another’s.

And it’s what makes them so different to human children. And adorable.

I smooth my hand over my stomach. There’s a slight raising of it, no doubt due to the completely weird fact that the Gryn actually have a five month gestation, something my doctor brain cannot get her head around.

I also can't quite come to terms with the fact I'm pregnant. Orvos has not attempted to speak to me since I stormed out of the surgery, and I'm absolutely certain I've blown my chances with him.

It gives my heart a hollow feeling, one I hate more than anything. Coupled with the knowledge I can't keep my pregnancy a secret forever, I've spent most of my days feeling sick, almost as if my body is rebelling against my failure to notice earlier.

"I don't know if he will be Santa." Diana puts her arm around me. "Kat says Jyr is ready to take over."

"Dear god, that's just going to terrify the young ones." I exclaim.

Diana shrugs. "It is what it is."

"Story of my fucking life." I pull on my boots. "Let's get this over with."

"Don't be like that, you love Christmas." Diana slides her arm in mine as we head out into the eyrie.

I puff out a breath. "Maybe."

She pulls me into her and leans her head on my shoulder. "You know you do. You'll be leading the carol singing in no time."

I bark out a laugh, imagining the reaction of the Gryn to a rendition of 'Jingle Bells'.

"Everything's going to be fine, Freya. You'll see." Diana gives me a squeeze.

I doubt it very much, so I don't reply, and we walk down the corridor to the atrium, where the sight that greets me has me gasping out loud. Somehow the sky light has been covered, making the entire atrium dusky. The long streamers of green foliage which grow over the edges are dotted with lights, thousands of them, just like fairy lights.

The entire atrium is a huge Christmas tree.

"When did you do this?" I round on Diana.

“You’re not the only one invested in Christmas being a success you know.” Diana gives me a shy smile. “Plus I know how much you loved the lights when we were little.”

“It’s completely amazing!” I throw my arms around her, swinging us from side to side.

As much as I love it, as happy as it made me, I’m still empty. This was supposed to be a time for Orvos and me too. I wanted him to get involved, to show the Gryn how warm he could be.

Diana is dragging me down to the ground floor of the atrium where there are around eighty very excited young Gryn milling around.

“Sit!” Myk booms at them, just as we arrive, and I almost comply myself as he bristles at the edge of the open area.

They obey immediately, all dropping to the ground, wings tucked behind them and staring around in wonder.

“Listen.” Diana says, holding her cupped hand to her ear.

I roll my eyes. “Really?”

But the younglings are spellbound, watching her intently because they know Christmas is something human. So I copy her, and their eyes widen.

Then, in the distance, I hear the sound of bells.

TWELVE



ORVOS

“THIS IS A BAD IDEA.” I GRUMBLE TO MYSELF.

“This is the best idea. You make a very honorable Santa.” Vypr looks me up and down, but behind him Ayar smirks.

Why I let this unit help me out I have no idea. The bunch of vrexers have always been trouble.

I don’t have time to argue with the senior’s choice of assistants. There are gifts to be delivered and a mate to impress. Even if I do feel like a trussed up maraha on the roof of the eyrie. And speaking of maraha, I drew the line at arriving on the back of one of the huge beasts, even if the human females thought it was a good idea.

“You look good.” Ayar says, stepping forward to adjust my cape over my shoulders.

There’s an odd, hungry look in his eyes, one I know I shouldn’t trust.

“Where’s my hat and beard?” I fire at him. He produces them from behind his back but doesn’t hand them to me immediately.

“Do all Gryn get a gift?” He asks, his voice quiet.

Ayar might have been the bane of my existence in the past, but he has been through far more than most Gryn. Being mated to Vypr and Robin has calmed his unquiet soul considerably, but he is still an unpredictable warrior.

“Why?” I ask.

He looks at Vypr.

“Ayar wants to know if Santa will be bringing our youngling a gift.” Vypr puts his hand on Ayar’s wing and gives him a comforting stroke.

“Santa will be bringing all younglings a gift.” I say, gruffly as I don my beard and hat. “Your youngling is very small.” Ayar’s face drops. “So I have arranged with Robin to give the gift later when it’s quiet.”

He grins at me as if it’s about to split his head in two. “Thank you, Orvos.” He says, delighted.

“Looks like they’re ready.” Jay calls over from where he’s been peering down into the atrium. “What do I do with these?” He holds up a jingling set of metal discs.

“Start shaking them so they can be heard in the eyrie.” I explain. “I will go first, you are to follow with the rest of the gifts. Understand?” I tell the assembled warriors. There is a round of nodding, just as the weak sunlight is blotted out by a pair of huge wings and the Prime lands next to us.

“Ready, Orvos?”

I give him a bow, as always.

“Yes, my Prime.”

When I lift up, he’s also grinning almost as widely as Ayar and slings an arm around my neck.

“I hear you are finally mated, old friend.” He says in a lower voice than usual. “I cannot tell you how proud I am all my seniors have found their *eregris*.”

Somehow, I’ve lost the power of speech for a minute. Jyr wants me to be mated?

“My younglings are incredibly excited about Santa. We appreciate your agreement to do this very important task. One which could only ever be entrusted to an honorable warrior like you.” He releases me from the almost headlock.

“I would always do what is best for the lair and eyrie, and for the younglings.” I reply, which causes Jyr’s eyebrows to shoot into his hairline and his feathers to prick.

“Who are you and what have you done with Orvos?” He laughs, slapping me on my back.

“I am Santa *Claws* for today, Prime. I am the warrior with all the power of Christmas.”

He stands back, hands held up. “That you are, my dear warrior. Go to it, *Santa*. Make the Gryn proud.”

I lift my large sack and secure it on my back between my wings. I want to prove to Freya I am a worthy warrior for her, an honorable Gryn who she can trust with her heart. Christmas is important to her, and I will be her Santa. I will be the best Santa ever, buoyed by the acceptance of my Prime.

In a couple of strides I’m in the air, circling the atrium as the unit throws back the covering and allows me to enter to the sound of cheering below.

FREYA

I LOOK UP AS SOON AS THE YOUNGLINGS START TO SHOUT. Framed against the light is a huge Gryn warrior, wings spread as he slowly descends with a loud ‘HO HO HO’.

My heart flip flops in my chest. This was supposed to be Orvos. He was supposed to be Santa, and I still think he would have made an excellent Father Christmas, because even though he tries to pretend he doesn’t care, he does.

Very much.

And I accused him of not caring.

As the big warrior drops lower, a hush falls over the young Gryn. Anticipation has them holding their collective breaths as Santa lands in the center of the eyrie.

“Ho ho ho, younglings. Have you been good for Santa Claws?” The big warrior has his back to me, but there’s something familiar in his wings, in the way he holds himself.

For half a second, the entire place is silent as the younglings stare and stare at the red cape. The warrior turns slowly, and I see his hat and beard. Then the entire eyrie erupts in shouts of ‘YES!’

It’s Orvos and I can’t hold back, I’m running towards him. He sees me, and drops the sack to the floor, opening his arms as I reach him, and instantly I’m smothered in his delicious scent, soft feathers and a face full of tickle fake whiskers.

“Hello, Santa.” I manage to find a way through the beard to press a kiss to his lips.

“Sweet one.” He murmurs.

“I’m sorry I said all those things. You look wonderful.” I kiss him again, only longer as the cheers rise.

“I should be apologizing, my beautiful Freya.” He rumbles, his deep voice melting my insides. “I told you I would nest with you, and I didn’t. You felt unappreciated and it was wrong.”

“I have something to tell you...”. Tears are running down my face and into his beard. I can see little clawed hands plucking at his cape.

Santa is in demand, he has a job to do.

“But we can’t let the younglings see me kissing Santa Claus. You’d better get back in character. We can talk later.” I step out of his arms, and he’s surrounded immediately.

“Sit!” He growls and they respond immediately, much to his obvious surprise.

“Now, where are my good little warriors?” He beams down at them, opening his sack and delving in for the first present.

THIRTEEN



ORVOS

HANDING OUT THE PRESENTS SEEMS TO TAKE FOREVER. BUT the sight of the younglings' happy faces, wreathed in smiles as they unwrap their gifts with reverence, inspecting both what they have been given and what their friends have. There is a hushed buzz, and I realize it's been a very long time since anyone of these younglings have done anything which is remotely familial.

The human females are to thank for the smiles I see all around me on young faces. In particular, my female.

My Freya.

“Breakfast!” Myk booms, wings raised. “An extra special Christmas breakfast! Come on! No flying!”

He indicates they need to go up to the eyrie food hall and there is a rush for the ramps to take them up. My eyes meet with Freya's, and I step towards her, only to feel a hand tug at my cape.

“Are you coming for breakfast, *Anta*?” The youngling stares up at me, at once bold and terrified.

“Of course Santa will be coming for breakfast, aren't you Santa?” Freya wraps an arm around my waist under my cape.

“I will be coming to make sure you all stay good.” I intone at the little one. “Now off you go.” I give him a gently push, and he scampers away to join the rest.

“You were a brilliant Santa.” Freya leans into me. “I knew you would be.”

“You did?” I drop my head into her hair to inhale her scent, which is more intoxicating than ever.

“You can try to fool me you don’t care, Orvos, but I know you do.”

“I should have shown you how much you mean to me, my *eregri*. I promised you a nest, and I didn’t make you one because I was sure you would reject me. I’m old and cranky and unable to provide you with a youngling of your own.”

The words come tumbling out. Words I meant to say to her many times but failed.

“And I told you it didn’t matter. But in any event, you were wrong.” Freya has her hand on my chest, and she looks up into my eyes, hers are bright, beautiful, her face glowing.

“Me? Wrong?” I laugh. “Never.”

“I’m pregnant, Orvos. We’re going to have a youngling.” She says simply.

The eyrie spins around me.

“You are? How is it possible?” I gasp.

“You’re the medic.” It’s Freya laughing now. “You tell me!”

FREYA

“ARE YOU READY?” ORVOS STANDS BEHIND ME WITH A massive hand over my eyes.

Christmas breakfast was a jolly affair. Having recovered from the shock of discovering he was going to be a father (a real Father Christmas), Orvos played his part of Santa for the young ones beautifully, happily taking center stage as they trooped up to him one after another to show him their gifts and to thank him.

Each one got a hug, a kind word and they skipped away, all fluffy feathers. And the best part was being beside my big, gorgeous warrior, who shone with life and laughter. I'm pretty sure he's the best Santa I've ever met.

Then, with a lingering kiss, he promised he would come back for me, and we could do the test to be sure of my pregnancy.

Within an hour, he was back and carrying me over to the lair into the surgery. At which point, he became very dominant, hand over my eyes as I was led...somewhere.

"I've seen the machine if you're intending using it as a pregnancy tester, Orvos." I say, somewhat testily. "It's hardly a surprise."

"I don't want to show you the machine." He says in my ear and removes his hand. "I wanted to show you our nest."

We're standing in a large room which looks like it was carved from rock. To the rear, there is an enormous bed, covered with furs, swags of dark fabric flowing from the ceiling like a Bedouin tent. Further back, I can see a hint of a bathing pool. There is another large pile of furs, which look almost like a couch in one corner along with a simple table and two chairs.

It is perfect.

"Did you do this? For me?"

"Of course for you. I should have done it turns ago." Orvos nuzzles at my neck. He's ditched the beard and the hat, but the cape and red pants, along with an impressive silver belt buckle, remain. "Do you like it, my *eregri*? It is my Christmas present to you."

"Like it? I love it." I wind my arms around him. "I love you too."

My breathing shuts down as I realize what's just come out of my mouth. A declaration of love I wanted to ease into. Except this alien has just shown me the real meaning of Christmas.

“I’m very glad, my sweet one, because I love you too. You are my *eregri*, my fated mate, my boundless flight, and it would be my honor if you will nest with this Santa for many years to come.”

He is my warrior, and I jump into his arms, knowing he will always keep me safe and will always be my alien Santa.

EPILOGUE



FREYA

“ORVOS!” I GROAN HIS NAME AS HE SLIDES INTO ME.

“Breathe sweet one, you know you can take all of me.” He murmurs, his huge hands caressing my big belly. “And I’ve been told this is the best way to induce labor.”

“It’s the way I prefer.” I pant out.

I’m overdue by at least two weeks and, while it’s not unheard of, I’ve gone longer than any of the other human women.

I. Am. Massive.

Plus we are both desperate to meet our new addition. We had our first just over a year ago, a gorgeous little boy we named Nyk as a nod to Father Christmas who brought us together. Despite everything, Orvos still wasn’t convinced Nyk wasn’t just a fluke, and, let’s say we weren’t as careful as we could have been, which is why I’m as big as a house and have a huge alien predator fucking my brains out.

Orvos circles my clit with a clawed finger. He’s positioned himself at the end of the bed so he doesn’t have to rest on me and it’s given him a distinct advantage, meaning, I can’t do anything for myself. He loves it.

“Vrex!” He withdraws nearly all his lengths and then thumps back into me. “You are so deliciously wet, my sweet mate.”

“And you’re enjoying yourself, Orvos.” I laugh and moan at the same time.

“My duty is to pleasure you to your climax.” He rumbles and pinches my clit gently sending stars through my head and causing my body to pulse.

He swears again as I flood him with moisture, his cocks going in deeper and deeper, allowing me to feel every node.

“By the goddess, I love you like this.” Orvos grits his teeth, only just holding on as he gazes down on me. “So ripe, so full of my youngling.” His hands cup my stomach, swirling over my skin as he raises his wings and begins a slow, hip circling set of thrusts, reaming my channel and touching all the right spots, over and over. “I want you to be full of my young again, just as soon as we’ve met this one.”

“You want me pregnant again?” I’m hardly able to get the words out because I’m so damn close.

“I always want you full of my young. Your scent, your taste, just everything about you is perfect, but with my young inside you, it’s like Christmas every day.” He rasps.

A flick of my clit and I’m tipped over the edge as he strums me perfectly, knowing exactly what will make me explode, and I do. My pussy fluttering over him, drawing his cocks to me as my big grumpy warrior roars his climax, both cocks filling me with his hot cum and I let the intense pleasure wash over my body, enjoying the intense stretch as he swells within me.

“I guess if you’re going to keep me pregnant, I’m going to need more of this.” I say to my panting mate, one hand spread over my stomach, head bowed as the aftershocks of his orgasm run through him.

“Always, my sweet mate. And I will continue to worship you forever.”



I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR CHRISTMAS FEAST!

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ALSO BY HATTIE JACKS

FATED MATES OF THE SARKARNII

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DRAXX

DREGA

DRASUS

DAEOS

DRELIX

WARRIORS OF THE CITADEL

SAVAGE PRIZE

SAVAGE PET

SAVAGE MINE

ELITE ROGUE ALIEN WARRIORS

STORM

FURY

CHAOS

REBEL

WRATH

ROGUE ALIEN WARRIORS

FIERCE

FEAR

FIRE

FALLEN

FOREVER

FATED

HAALUX EMPIRE

Taken: Alien Commander's Captive

Crave: Alien General's Obsession

Havoc: Alien Captain's Alliance

Bane: Alien Warrior's Redemption

Traitor: Alien Hunter's Mate

JUST WHO IS THIS HATTIE JACKS ANYWAY?

I've been a passionate sci-fi fan since I was a little girl, brought up on a diet of Douglas Adams, Issac Asimov, Star Trek, Star Wars, Doctor Who, Red Dwarf and The Adventure Game.

What? You don't know about The Adventure Game? It's probably a British thing and dates me horribly! Google it. Even better search for it on YouTube. In my defence, there were only three channels back then.

I'm also a sucker for great characters and situations as well as grand romance, because who doesn't like a grand romantic gesture?

So, when I'm not writing steamy stories about smouldering alien males and women with something to prove, you'll find me battling my garden (less English country garden, more The Good Life) or zooming around the countryside on my motorbike.

Check out my website at www.hattiejacks.com!

