



GUARDIAN

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
SARA FIELDS

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PROLOGUE



*H*ector

Something was off.

I stood there on the cliff, looking out into the mountains. The breeze raced through my hair, whipping it around my face with wild abandon. There was a strange scent on the air, metallic and bitter and I crouched down, trying to figure out the source.

The sun was cutting through the rocks, just dipping behind the highest peak to the west, coloring the sky in a brilliant display of hues that radiated sheer beauty. For a moment, I allowed myself to enjoy the tranquility that came with such a sight, but the howling of a wolf pack not too far in the distance broke my reverie.

It had come from the east. A childlike scream pierced through the wind, echoing in the valley and bouncing off the rock. I clutched the spear in my hands and zeroed in on the location of the sound before I sprinted down the trail that led into the gorge. I stepped on rocks and branches along the way, not paying any mind to the stinging pain burning across the soles of my feet. My leather shoes could only protect me from so much. I'd probably have to stitch them together tomorrow or make another pair. Either way, I was going to have work to do.

This time, another scream echoed in the canyon, only this time it was distinctly feminine. She sounded angry. The excited yips of several wolves followed, and I ran even faster. I

rounded one corner and then another. I lost count of how many turns I took until suddenly I was upon them.

A woman and two children were cornered in a narrow valley by a pack of wolves. At a quick glance, there were fifteen wolves, which was rather large for a pack. They were quite skinny, crouching low and growling with vicious intent. They must have been ravenous to choose to hunt these three unfortunate souls instead of the bison wandering down on the plains below.

The woman's eyes were wide and afraid. She'd pushed the children, a boy and a girl, behind her and was brandishing a torch before her to ward off the hungry animals. It worked for a second or two, but there were too many to keep them off her for any period of time. With every sweep of the torch, they moved in closer, more than ready to brave the fire in hopes of getting something to eat.

She noticed me, but the wolves hadn't yet. I dipped lower, wrapping my fingers around a hefty rock. I tightened my grasp on the spear in my other hand before I roared in challenge to the terrifying beasts before me.

Immediately, I sprang into action. I gave no care to how many there were and how incredibly outnumbered I was. I fought because the mother and her children could not.

I protected them. I didn't know who they were or why they were here. All I knew was that they needed a guardian.

I would be that for them.

I tried to draw the wolves backwards to clear out a path for the mother and children to escape. It took time, but eventually I was able to goad the wolves into attacking me. I fought, wounding some, but soon enough it became clear there were too many. Even for me.

I swung my spear wide, forcing the wolves back enough for the woman and her children to get out.

"Run. Go!" I screamed. She didn't hesitate. Not even for a second.

The woman seized both children's hands and sprinted as fast as she could. A stray wolf saw their path and moved to cut them off, but I was faster. I speared it in the chest and it yipped loudly. The other wolves took advantage and attacked me from behind. One bit into my shoulder. Another tore into my thigh and yet another ripped into my wrist. I yelled and the woman paused, and I shook my head, practically growling back at her too.

“Get out of here. Do not sacrifice your children for the likes of me,” I declared fiercely.

Her eyes teared momentarily. “Thank you,” she whispered.

I never saw her again.

My world became one of blood and gore and violence. I soon lost track if it was my blood or the wolves', but it no longer mattered. My movements became slower. My vision grew hazy. It became exceedingly difficult to keep a hold of my spear. I'd long lost my rock somewhere in the dirt. Still, I refused to give up. I would keep fighting as long as I kept drawing in air.

Eventually, I fell to my knees. My palms caught me from falling forward and I lifted my head only to capture the gaze of the largest wolf of the pack. It was the alpha.

He walked up to me with his head held high and my sight blackened for a second. A quiet yip echoed, and I turned, only then noticing the entrance to a den.

Their den...

The wolves weren't trying to kill anyone at all. They were simply protecting their own too.

I placed down my weapons. My heart thumped and I swayed as I tried to keep myself upright, but it was a losing battle. I showed the alpha wolf my palms, showing him that I meant no harm and he lifted his head as if he understood.

It didn't much matter now though. My wounds were too great. I was losing too much blood.

I turned my head, seeing several small forms move out of the entrance of the den. It was a litter of pups.

I collapsed, fully content with the knowledge that the woman and her children would live to see another day, as would the wolf pups safe in their den.

* * *

A warm finger pressed in between my eyes, and I groaned, unable to feel my arms or my legs.

“It might be too late for this one,” a voice sounded, and I furrowed my brow in confusion.

“He shows the proper qualities. If we move quickly, we might be able to salvage him,” another replied, and I tried to open my eyes. It was as if they were sewn together. I was able to move my arm a little bit, but an agonizing wave of pain poured over me like a wave of boiling hot water. I groaned, unable to move any further.

“Please,” I managed to murmur, and something jabbed into my right arm. In the following seconds, the pain began to lessen until it disappeared entirely.

My body went numb and finally, I was able to open my eyes. My first instinct would have been to evaluate my body for injuries, but the sight before me took immediate precedent.

The voices belonged to something that wasn't human.

If I had been capable of movement, I would have raced backwards. I would have run as far as I could to escape such unnatural beasts, but my legs didn't work like I wanted them to and when I finally glanced down to take stock of myself, I almost wished I hadn't.

My left foot was at an unnatural angle and my right leg was chewed open to the bone.

I turned my gaze back to the aliens standing before me.

One was at least eight feet tall. The other maybe seven. Their skin was purple, almost metallic in the sun, and they were

staring at me with a singular focus.

“Who are you?” I asked uneasily.

“We are here to make you an offer,” the taller one replied gently.

CHAPTER 1



*E*mma Hart

I'd been through some shit in my life, but the prospect of camping outside in a tent with eleven other girls in some weird bonding exercise meant to set us straight was pretty much the most ridiculous experience yet.

It would only be for a week. I kept telling myself that, but it didn't make it any better.

I'd bounced between foster homes as a kid. I'd seen every type of parent from the ones who hit their kids to weird Uncle Joey who looked at me with far too much interest at the dinner table to Grandma Maisy who had at least thirty cats and still wanted more. I'd gone hungry at some places and been the poster charity case for some rich couple who wanted to look special to their community in others. At some point, I stopped keeping count.

As I stared at the spider web spanning the hiking trail right before me, I couldn't decide if all of this was worth it. Maybe it would have just been easier staying at juvie for another year or two instead.

A spider as big as my palm raced across the thick web, and I shrieked.

I hated this place.

"It's your turn to take the front of the line, so go," Eliza chimed in from behind me and I looked back at her with the

most deadpan expression I could manage. She was the most gung-ho of the group in this whole group bonding exercise and every word out of her mouth rubbed me the wrong way.

From what I knew about her, she'd come from some rich family and had gotten caught up in some sort of raunchy gambling ring complete with drugs, sex, and booze, all from the ripe old age of seventeen. It had created some big scandal, or so I'd heard, and her family had paid some ridiculous amount of money to some hot shot lawyer to get her off with a few years of juvie and when this wilderness program came up, her parents practically bought her the first spot.

"Why don't you take my place instead? You're so good at it," I replied sarcastically, but the tits for brains was apparently tone deaf and hopped forward like it was the most coveted position in the world.

"Okay! Let's go!" she chimed in. She raced forward and I had to stifle a laugh as she ran right through the spider web. Her expression faltered for a second, but she quickly plastered on a million-dollar smile to cover it up. She didn't glare at me like I expected her to, but I'd have to sleep with one eye open tonight.

With a sputter, she turned back ahead and skipped off like it was the best day in the world. The rest of the girls followed, and I stood back, letting them go by. The twelve of us were supposed to work together to survive. On the first day, we divvied up the supplies so that all of us carried an equal weight. Already, I was sore and there were so many more miles to go through this tree-filled wasteland.

If I wasn't here with this particular group, maybe I would have considered it pretty. I don't know.

The powers that be had flown us all the way to Montana to Glacier National Park. Then they had just left us and told us that our ride was about one hundred and ten miles away at the southern border of Canada. We'd have to work together to make it the whole way.

I'd never been much into group things. I'd always been something of a loner. Except for Sophie. I'd always had a

weak spot for her.

I'd been seventeen and she was only ten.

I tried not to think about it, but my mind went there anyway.

At the time, our foster parents were pretty shit. Diane had been addicted to meth. Joe knew better than to fuck with me, but that hadn't stopped him from sneaking into Sophie's bedroom at night. She wouldn't tell me what he did, but that had been more than enough for me to want to rip his balls right off.

I wasn't going to let her stay in an environment like that. Not when I could do something about it. So, I did. I did something that would follow me for the rest of my life.

I'd stolen a car and hightailed it down I-10 with her in hopes of escaping into Mexico where the two of us would have been freed from the foster system forever. I had plans to rent a room with the money I'd saved from odd jobs here and there. I was going to find a job and take care of her as if she was my actual family because she was the closest thing I had to one.

I hadn't planned on getting caught at the border.

Apparently, Diane had chosen that day to get clean and when she noticed her car missing from the driveway, she'd called it in as stolen. When I got to the border crossing, they pulled me out of the line and I had just assumed Diane left some sort of drugs in the car, but it hadn't been for that.

I'd been arrested that day, charged with grand theft auto and kidnapping and sentenced to five years in juvie. My sentence would have been less, but Sophie had made me swear to never say anything about what happened to her. I didn't, but I did spill a few details about the drugs in our foster home and from what I knew, Sophie had been placed somewhere else, which was a small comfort.

I'd asked enough questions in the years since, and I'd finally gotten word she'd been adopted by a nice couple who insisted on sending her to the most expensive private schools in New England. I was twenty now and she was in middle school. From the pictures I'd been able to scrounge up on the internet, she appeared happy and healthy and that gave me much relief.

I'd never stop checking in on her, but at least I knew she was okay.

Eliza started singing some annoying tune at the front and the rest of the girls joined in. Apparently, they were all into this group bonding thing. I hung back, not wanting to be pressured into singing too.

I didn't have any talent there. I knew better than to steer out of my lane.

Irritated, I wandered off the trail a little bit just to get some peace and quiet. It would be far more enjoyable for me if I just did this by myself. I walked for a little while until I found a stream. I sat down on a big rock, dipping my fingers into the icy spring water as it rushed by. It wasn't a very deep brook, but if I waded in, I guessed it would probably come to my knees at its deepest point. The small whitewater rapids were soothing to watch, and I lost myself for a little while just watching them rush by.

There were tiny minnows in one of the calmer sections. They darted this way and that. Eventually, I got up and followed the small river a ways until it widened to a much larger pool. When I dipped my fingers into the water, I found it much warmer.

I looked around, noticing how private this little oasis was. The trees surrounding it were so thick it was like a wall, not to mention the sharp cliff sides of the rolling hills that would eventually give way to the Rocky Mountains.

I looked back. There was no sign of Eliza and the rest of the group, which meant a blessed reprieve from her terribly annoying songs.

Would it be so bad if I just took some time for myself and enjoyed a swim?

I didn't have a swimsuit, but honestly it didn't much matter. There was no one here and even if the other girls happened upon me, we'd all seen each other naked anyway. The showers back at juvie weren't exactly private.

I shrugged my backpack off my shoulders and placed it up on a rock where it would stay dry. With a heavy sigh, I kicked off my shoes and stripped on the sandy beach. I tossed my sweatshirt and shirt on top of my bag. My khakis came next. I contemplated swimming in my bra and panties, but the sun was starting to descend toward the horizon, and I wasn't sure if there would be enough time to dry them off after I was done.

So. Those came off too.

What's a little skinny dipping when you're already a felon anyway?

CHAPTER 2



*H*ector

I lumbered through the woods, keeping back from the group of about a dozen young women trudging along the trail. One of them was singing along the way. Her effort was admirable, although much of it was incredibly off-key. They all seemed to be in pretty good spirits, but there was one who seemed to be hanging back.

She was wearing a sweatshirt with the hood pulled up, so I couldn't quite see her face. One thing was clear though. She was utterly miserable.

When no one was looking, she paused, pretending to tie her sneakers before she slipped off the trail and left the others.

I knew the area and there was a lesser used path in the direction she had headed. I doubted she could find it though. She didn't appear to be a girl who was particularly used to the wilderness.

I glanced toward the rest of the group, deciding it was best that I follow the loner and make sure she didn't get lost or hurt in her solitary endeavor.

My paws pressed into the dirt, my claws digging in and urging me onward. I shook my head and followed the lone woman deeper into the forest. I was careful to make sure I was as quiet as possible.

Humans didn't particularly like running into a giant brown bear. It tended to freak them out. It had been that way for as long as I could remember.

I took a deep inhale, fully taking in the scent of the forest. Fresh water flowed in a river to the west. Pine trees grew in mass in the east and the brisk mountain air whipped around me like a comforting blanket.

I'd walked these lands for centuries. I was a solitary creature, but my life had purpose even amidst my lonely cause.

I was a guardian. It was my duty to protect the Earth.

In the time before history was recorded, an alien race discovered Earth and the sentient life that existed on its surface. The human species was just beginning to rise, but they were far from ready to interact with advanced lifeforms, so the aliens created me to protect them. Intergalactic decree forbade interference of any kind until the species was deemed ready, but there were, and still are, many alien species out there that would ignore such an order in search of resources. Much of the time, their intentions were far more nefarious.

Occasionally, it left an entire planet in ruin.

I was designed especially for Earth. I was bear. I was warrior. I was also alien. I was three lifeforms merged into one, but it was my purpose that was more important than any singular part of me.

My role on this planet was not to interfere with the progress of humanity in any way, but simply to keep watch over them. The only time I was to get involved was if another alien species arrived and interacted with the humans without permission from the Intergalactic Dynasty.

I'd moved from place to place throughout the centuries, but the northern reaches of Montana and the border of Canada were some of my favorite locations in the world. I could wander in my bear form mostly undisturbed. I could interact with people if I wished.

It was my nature to protect however, and I sometimes put aside my orders not to interfere to rescue a child from

drowning or to lead a lost hiker back from the brink.

I had a feeling this woman would soon need a guiding hand. The forest was a dangerous place in the dark.

I had clothing stored away in various locations all over the woods. I slunk off to a nearby cave and shifted into my human form. I slipped on a pair of jeans and a long-sleeve t-shirt. Thick socks and a pair of hiking boots protected my feet. When I emerged from the dark, I found her trail and followed it to a nearby river and swimming pool.

Her tracks were slow, thoughtful even. She wasn't running or rushing along but meandering as if she was enjoying the embrace of nature all around her. I rounded a corner, and a flash of pale skin caught my eye. I paused, wanting to evaluate the situation before I approached her.

God. Damn.

The sun caught her hair in such a way to make it shine like exquisite golden thread. I stared, taken aback by the vision of beauty swimming in the hot spring pool. To my knowledge, no wayward hiker had ever discovered this little hidden oasis until today.

Not only that, but she was swimming entirely naked.

She stood up and the water sluiced down her back, sparkling like diamonds in the light of day. The muscles of her shoulders were strong and defined. She lifted her hands to push her hair back and my gaze dipped down, taking in the enticing sight of her bare backside. I pulled in a heated breath.

Fuck.

Her ass was perfect. Each cheek was full and luscious, the perfect amount to fill my hands as I pounded into that sweet little pussy.

I stopped, turning my head. I tried to keep my gaze off the seductive little creature, but as my head was turning back toward her, I already knew it was a losing battle.

She tilted her head in my direction, but her eyes were closed, and she couldn't see me. I leaned back against a tree trunk,

using the thick brush to hide my presence.

My cock throbbed like an iron spike in my jeans. It was so hard that I soon found it impossible to ignore.

Human women didn't necessarily arouse me. Not like this.

Never like this.

There had been a few rare occasions in the past when I'd enjoyed the pleasures of the female form, but there was nothing that could have prepared me for the wild attraction I felt for this woman. I wanted to touch her. Claim her. Mark her with my seed and make her scream my name until her voice echoed so loudly the mountains moved for her. I wanted to make her mine in the most primal sense of the word.

My desire pulsed heavy and deep.

I wanted her. I shouldn't. To touch such a delectable creature would certainly be considered interference because once I had her, I was certain I would never be able to give her up.

I took a deep steadying breath. I had to get it together.

I couldn't lose control like this.

I gripped the rough bark of the tree, trying to ignore my growing need, but it soon became too much for me. She turned her body around and I took in the vision of perfection that was all of her. Her perfect breasts would fill my palms to the brim. Her curves were lean and slender, but utterly intoxicating. The cusp of her thighs was entirely bare.

I swallowed hard. My cock throbbed harder.

She dove back into the water and floated on her back. Her pretty pink nipples were pebbled tight, the cool mountain air chilly against her bare skin. She ran her hands along her body slowly, her eyes mostly closed before she sighed impatiently.

What was she up to?

She climbed out of the water and lowered herself onto a towel that she'd pulled from her bag. She lay down on her back and palmed her breasts. With her fingers, she tweaked her nipples

several times and I had the sudden urge to pinch them and bite them myself.

No. She wasn't... was she?

The naughty little thing arched her back as she slipped her fingers between her thighs. Her legs spread just the slightest bit and I saw the glistening evidence of her arousal on her pink folds. I groaned in silence as she gathered her own wetness and spread it over her swollen little clit.

Her soft sighs of pleasure were the most delicious thing I'd ever heard. I lifted my nose and tested the air, scenting her arousal almost immediately. It carried with it the aroma of freshly baked peaches and cream combined with raspberries and beautiful innocence.

I wanted a taste, but I knew that if I touched her, I'd devour her whole.

I tried to distract myself by focusing on the fact that it was getting dark soon. The trail was hard to follow in the night and she'd probably get lost. I couldn't leave her alone out here, not with the sun setting soon.

I couldn't lead her back to her friends this way. I had to do something because if I got anywhere close to her right now, I'd throw her down on the ground and fuck her like she was meant to be fucked.

I reached down and unbuttoned my jeans. I pushed the zipper down and grasped my cock in my fingers. I could feel the blood pulsing inside my engorged length, and I squeezed it tight, feeling several drops of pre-cum gather at the tip. I collected that liquid and glided it down my cock, using it to stroke myself several times, slowly at first.

Beside the pool, the woman moaned, the sound only just loud enough to carry on the wind. My hearing was hypersensitive, and it was like music to my ears. Her tiny little fingers moved quickly, dancing over her clit with deliberate intention.

She was going to make herself come.

My hand stroked up and down my cock, envisioning what the little minx would look like down on her knees staring up at

me, ready to take all of me in between those pretty lips. I imagined her lying down in my bed, spreading her legs for me and begging for me to fuck her hard enough to leave her sore long after I was through with her.

My hand moved faster and faster, and I groaned. She was too caught up in the building of her own orgasm to notice, but I quickly pressed my other fist to my mouth so that I could keep quiet.

Her body was illuminated by the sun, and when the leaves swayed, dark little shadows swirled along her skin. I couldn't get enough of the sight of her locked in pleasure and when her tiny little moans reached a fever pitch, I felt my own release brewing from deep within. My balls tightened and my cock pulsed hard. I roared into my fist as my seed shot forward, splashing against the leaves of the bush in front of me. At the same time, she screamed with her own pleasure, covering up my sounds with hers. I fisted my cock several more times, making sure that I was completely empty and entirely spent.

I sighed, looking at my pool of cum down in the dirt.

What a waste.

It would have looked so much better marking her pretty face.

Far more casually now, I stroked my fingers up and down my length. Irritatingly, my cock wasn't softening. If anything, it was just as hard as it was before.

The woman hummed quietly. Her lips were curved up in a beautiful smile, her cheeks pinkened from her release. She was practically glowing as she lay there in the sunlight, drying off in its warm embrace.

"Maybe this won't be so bad," she whispered, and I cocked up an eyebrow in her direction. What did that mean?

She didn't say anything more. I stayed for a while longer, watching her lay languidly on her towel until she opened her eyes and looked to the sky. She sighed with annoyance, finally pushing herself up and venturing toward the rock where she'd thrown her clothes.

I watched her dress with a sense of disappointment and relief. Despite my best efforts, my cock was throbbing again, but I felt marginally more in control than before. Still, I would see if she would be able to make it back to the trail on her own. Night was coming in just a few more hours though. She'd either make it back to the group or she would spend the night with me.

Either way, I'd make sure she was safe.

CHAPTER 3



*E*mma

The dip in the hot spring had been absolutely divine. I imagined it had been like an expensive spa, except I'd gone in for free, which made it even sweeter. I'm not sure what had prompted me to touch myself, but in the privacy of the pool and the warmth from the sun, I couldn't help it. Now I felt relaxed and refreshed. I felt like I could conquer the world or at least Eliza's upbeat singing a bit better than before.

My skin had dried, so I pulled on my clothes piece by piece. My hair was still mildly damp, so I toweled it dry the best that I could. I dug into my bag and found my comb, brushing through the tangled mess so it didn't turn into a bird's nest later. When I was done, I wound it into one thick braid and tied it with an elastic I found at the bottom of my bag. I tucked it into the hood of my sweatshirt, sighing when I realized I should probably get back to the group.

If I didn't, Miss Uppity would probably arrange some sort of search party that communicated in song and dance.

Yeah. No.

I packed up my bag and slung it back onto my shoulders. I found the way I'd come in and walked in that direction. I followed the river upstream, looking for the path through the forest that I'd taken to get here.

When I finally found it, I sighed in relief knowing the trail wasn't that far after that.

My trip to the pool had only taken an hour's walk off the main trail, but one hour of trying to backtrack quickly turned into two. I looked around, trying to figure out which way the trail was and if anything looked familiar. I paused. Maybe the path hadn't been the right one? Maybe I'd missed the one I'd taken and accidentally went down another.

I chewed my lip, looking in front of me and then back the way I'd just come.

I looked up, realizing that I probably only had a couple of hours of daylight left. With a sigh, I sat down on a fallen log. I shrugged off my bag and put it in my lap. My stomach growled as I opened the front pocket. I found a piece of beef jerky. I'd grabbed as much of it as I could from the provisions store since the Arizona Department of Juvenile Corrections was picking up the tab. I opened the plastic and took a big bite, chewing thoughtfully as I tried to figure out what to do next.

My legs were beginning to feel the effects of walking so many miles in such a short time and I stretched, trying to work as much of it out as I could. I was strong though. I'd always had excellent endurance and when this was over, I'd look back on this whole hike as an accomplishment that would set me free sooner than expected.

I finished the beef jerky, deciding that I would continue walking the trail that I was on. It had to run into some road along the way and I could use that to connect with the group once again. I took a deep breath. At least I had a plan.

A branch cracked ahead of me, and I stiffened. Was it Eliza and the rest of them already?

I stood up, but a big burly man rounded the bend instead. He started when he saw me. I was able to school my expression enough to cover my own surprise and I did my best to appear like I belonged out here.

"Hi there," he began. His voice was gravelly and powerful, and it was jarring enough to give me pause. It seemed to

rumble deep into the marrow of my bones and his simple presence was enough to suck the air clean out of my lungs.

I looked away and swallowed, trying to cover up my distress.

“Hi,” I offered meekly. I could have kicked myself with the amount my voice trembled. I hoped he didn’t notice.

He held his palms up as he walked toward me, and I got my first good look at him once he stepped out of the shadows and into the sun.

He was a big guy. I guessed that he was probably something like six and a half feet tall and solid muscle. His thighs were thick like tree trunks, and even the rough fabric of his jeans did little to hide how much of him was hard grit. He was wearing a long-sleeve black cotton t-shirt, but the way it hugged his chest made my mouth water.

“I mean you no harm,” he offered.

I narrowed my eyes at him with suspicion. I knew better than to just trust him at his word. He was a stranger, but as I gazed at him, nothing in my gut told me I should be afraid of him.

To be honest, I was lost, and it was comforting running into someone else who wasn’t Eliza. This guy looked like he knew his way around the woods too, so maybe it was my lucky day.

A thick beard covered his chin. It was a bit wild looking, but upon closer inspection it was well groomed. His dark eyes bored into me and as I stared back at him, I could see that they were brown with flecks of green. He had the look of a man who spent an inordinate amount of time in the sun. I guessed that he was somewhere in his mid-to-late thirties.

“Who are you?” I asked carefully.

“My name is Hector,” he answered. There was no malice in his voice. He showed no signs of a threat and I allowed myself to relax just a little bit.

“I’m Emma,” I offered and when he held out his hand, I took it and shook it firmly in greeting. He grinned. I returned the smile, his delight infectious. His touch was strong and comforting. My skin tingled long after our hands separated.

“I don’t usually see anyone hiking out here alone.” He cocked his head. “It’s pretty dangerous. Bear country, you know.”

“I hadn’t seen any signs of any,” I replied lamely. To be honest, I hadn’t even been looking, but I wasn’t about to tell him that. I didn’t want to look dumb.

“That’s a good sign. Are you hiking the Continental Divide trail?” he asked, and I nodded.

“I was with a group, but I got separated. They’ll probably be looking for me,” I murmured.

“I know the way. Why don’t I lead you back?” he said lightly.

“Why would you help me?” I asked, unable to keep the suspicion out of my voice. I wasn’t used to people doing nice things for me. Did he expect something in return?

“I’ve been stationed here as something of a park warden. It’s my duty to make sure its visitors remain safe,” he replied.

I searched his face, looking for any indication of mistruth in his expression and finding none. For some reason, I felt myself drawn to him in a way I hadn’t experienced before. For some reason, I found myself wanting to get to know him.

“It’s a relief to see someone else out here, honestly. I would really appreciate the help finding my way back,” I said. “I got turned around and I’m not really sure which way to go. You see, I found a stream and a really cool hot spring back that way, and I thought I was going the right way, only I’ve been walking quite a while and the main trail has been nowhere in sight.”

“I’m not sure how you managed it, but the CDT is back that way. You’re about three hours in the opposite direction. Come. Follow me. I’ll get you back in no time,” he replied.

He strode toward me, and I took a step back. The electric tension I’d felt between us only strengthened as his proximity drew closer and I resisted the urge to reach out and touch him as he walked by me. I noticed that he stiffened visibly, but I said nothing of it.

I pressed my hands to my stomach, not knowing what else to do with them. When he was a few steps ahead of me, I turned to follow his lead. His gait was steady and strong. It seemed like he knew where he was going, and that sort of confidence comforted me.

Sure, he could be some sort of serial killer leading me to his cabin in the woods, but I had always had a knack for reading people and he didn't seem like a sociopath. Maybe nice guys actually existed in the world, and I'd finally had the good fortune to run into one.

Who knows? Maybe my face would be on the news tomorrow or on a milk carton several weeks from now...

"Where are you from?" he questioned lightly, and I smiled.

"Arizona. How about you?"

"I'm from all over," he answered. "What brings you all the way out here?" he asked, and I had to admit that I would talk to him all day just to keep hearing the comforting sound of his voice.

I sighed. Well, might as well rip the Band-Aid off now. There was no use lying because I was sure he'd figure it out eventually, whether from the rest of the girls or me.

It would be better if I told him myself.

"Me and eleven other girls were sent here on a wilderness trek to help us bond and create relationships. It's a program for us all to shorten our juvie sentences. Supposedly it'll build our character too," I explained.

I fully expected him to turn toward me and dismiss me. Most people did when they found out I was a felon, but not him.

"So, you're something of a bad girl then, huh?" he smirked, glancing back at me with curiosity.

"You could say that, I guess," I replied, unable to stop myself from grinning along with him. His chocolate brown eyes seemed brighter and for a moment, I found myself lost in them.

“What did you do? Rob a bank? Murder someone? Teach some bully who was really the boss?” he joked. His voice was light with laughter, and I found myself growing increasingly at ease with this random stranger.

“I stole a car,” I began.

“Was it at least a good-looking one?” he pressed.

“No. It was just a shitty Oldsmobile my foster mom owned,” I replied.

“Shame. Should have made it worth your while,” he laughed.

“Well, it’s not like I planned on getting caught. No one ever said crossing the border *into* Mexico was hard,” I muttered.

“Ahhh, felon on the run. And look at you now, lost in the forests of Montana with a handsome stranger leading the way. Seems like you haven’t learned your lesson yet,” he grinned.

“So it would seem,” I laughed.

We walked for a while longer and I told him about my past. Talking with him was easy and effortless and the time flew by. For a while, it distracted me from the soreness in my legs. As we ventured through the brush though, the hike started becoming increasingly difficult. I was athletic, and I’d always considered myself pretty tough, but the trail we were on wasn’t maintained at all. There were several times we had to climb over a fallen tree or make our way through dense shrubbery. If Hector hadn’t been there, I would have easily lost the trail.

My thighs ached, but I didn’t complain. Complaining never got anyone anywhere.

I took a step and a rock slid out right underneath my feet. I stumbled, pitching forward. He acted so quickly I hardly saw him, but his strong hand wrapped around my upper arm and stopped my fall almost immediately.

“Careful,” he said softly.

“Loose rock,” I mumbled, feeling myself blush a little. The fabric of my sweatshirt was between his skin and mine, but it might as well have not even been there. An electric spark

passed between us, and my heart pounded in my chest. My core pulsed and I was ashamed to realize that my clit throbbed along with it.

“Mind your steps. Lots of rocks are unstable in this area. Step on the wrong one and you could break an ankle,” he explained.

“I will. Thanks for catching me,” I said.

“No problem at all, Emma,” he replied lightly. The roll of my name off his tongue was soothing at the same time that it was arousing. That was disconcerting.

I broke eye contact as quickly as I could. I didn’t want him to know that my nipples were firmly pebbled inside my bra and that I was more than certain that my panties were quite damp too. I strode forward with a smile, doing my absolute best to cover that all up.

“This way, right?” I asked and he grunted that I was correct. I pressed on, trying to ignore the soreness in my legs. I stumbled several more times but recovered before he had to catch me again. Eventually though, my exhausted muscles got the best of me. I lifted my foot and it caught on a branch, making me trip. I flew forward and he swiftly grasped me around the waist, pulling me back so that I slammed against his chest.

I gasped in shock at the feeling of his body pressed up against mine. He was warm, very warm. His chest rose and fell with his breath, strong and steady and protective.

And utterly fucking intoxicating...

I inhaled deeply and the masculine scent of him surrounded me. The fresh aroma of cedar and smoke and something citrusy comforted me. There was something wild and savage about it that made my heart pound in anticipation. For what, I didn’t know.

“We should take a break. You need rest,” he said, but I shook my head.

“No, I’m fine. I just wasn’t paying attention,” I scoffed. “I can keep going.”

He was silent for a moment. I could almost feel the tension rising within him.

“It’s not up for discussion, Emma. You’re not used to these trails. It’s okay to rest,” he replied.

I pulled out of his grasp and kept moving forward. “No,” I said. “I can keep going.”

He caught up to me in three strides, grasping my upper arm in one hand while the other swung down. There was no time for me to stop what happened next.

He smacked my ass. Hard.

I was left speechless as his hand peppered my backside several times. The sound echoed like a gunshot in the surrounding trees. It stung viciously, but the wounding of my pride hurt far more.

He’d spanked me. Like a goddamn child.

The scalding burn intensified over the following seconds, building even though he was no longer spanking me. My head flew back to face him. He looked just as shocked as I felt and before I could stop myself, I slapped him across the face.

He stared at me for a moment and my stomach dropped in fear. Would he continue to spank me? Would he do something even worse?

My backside throbbed. He’d smacked me over my khakis, but my backside still felt singed anyway. He hadn’t held back. I knew that I would feel those sharp slaps with every step for the rest of the night. I should have been angry, but my fury was tempered by the arousal raging inside me. My nipples peaked and my panties felt soaked.

Could he tell?

I prayed that he couldn’t.

I expected him to retaliate, yet as the seconds crawled by, I became more certain that maybe he wouldn’t.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered. I’m not sure why I did. I just felt like I should.

“It’s okay,” he replied. I expected him to apologize too, but it soon became clear that he wasn’t going to do that either. I glared at him as he stared back at me. “We’ll rest in the clearing up ahead. Come. Follow me.”

He released my arm and I reached up to rub it. It didn’t hurt, but the feeling of his hands on me lingered long after he let me go.

I glared at the back of his head, my cheeks burning as the heat scalding across my backside began to move somewhere else.

He expected me to listen and follow his command simply because that’s how he decided it would be. My initial anger resurfaced, and I did what I could to keep it at bay. He was strong and I knew that he would likely be able to overpower me no matter how scrappy of a fighter I was.

I swallowed hard and walked behind him to the clearing. We were both stiff, the tension between us mounting with every minute that ticked by. By the time he stopped and gestured for me to sit down on a fallen log, we were practically vibrating with annoyance toward each other.

I wasn’t ready to just obey him. I was used to taking care of myself. I didn’t need anyone else doing it for me.

“Sit down and rest. Please,” he said calmly, but his gaze on me was anything but relaxing. His eyes burned toward me, and I swallowed anxiously, not sure if he wanted to hurt me further. My bottom ached and I wasn’t ready to sit down quite yet.

“I’ll stand. Thank you,” I answered.

If his stare could have set me on fire, I would have been burned alive. He took a step toward me, and I took one back. His eyes drifted up and down my body, making me feel naked even though I was still fully clothed. I crossed my arms over my chest and turned away, all my senses tuned to him in case he decided to try anything funny.

I heard him take a deep breath and my pussy clenched unbecomingly. I braved another glance in his direction, trying to read his mood.

It soon became clear that he wasn't angry or annoyed with me. Far from it. His gaze was lit with desire. If I went anywhere near him, there was no doubt in my mind that he would rip my clothes off and fuck me.

I was still a virgin, but I wasn't naïve about sex. I knew what happened between a man and a woman and I more than knew my way around my own body. I knew how to make myself come.

Unable to help myself, I glanced down at the juncture of his jeans.

He was hard. And enormous. His jeans couldn't hide that.

"I'm going to gather some dry tinder so I can make us a fire," he explained. He pointed to a nearby log and cleared his throat. "You better be sitting down there when I get back."

He didn't threaten me directly, but it was there between the lines. My backside clenched instinctually, and my stomach flipped nervously. I stared at the ground and by the time I looked back up, he had already disappeared into the woods.

I was still in shock that he'd just spanked me like that. He hadn't warned me or given me a chance to keep going. He'd just swatted my backside several times hard enough to hurt. The only measure of my pride that remained intact was that I'd taken the spanking without making a sound.

It was dominating and controlling and utterly infuriating and I didn't understand why my pussy was throbbing incessantly as if it wanted to feel his rough fingers there too.

I was insane. That was the only explanation.

No woman in her right mind enjoyed getting a spanking, least of all me.

I didn't understand why I was soaking wet, and it just left me feeling flustered and angry and increasingly turned on as the minutes passed. The ache in my backside began to fade as the need between my thighs intensified.

Growing up, I'd never been spanked. I'd been a good girl for much of my life. I followed the rules. I did well in school, but

the foster system wasn't a great place. There had been a few times I remembered hearing what one sounded like. Now I knew what one felt like too.

I knew I should run. I could find my own way through the forest. I had food and water and a bottle with a built-in filtration system should I need any more. I had enough to go for at least a week if I ate sparingly, which was something I'd done several times over the course of my life.

I don't know why I didn't sprint off into the wilderness. I don't know why I waited in that clearing for him to come back. I refused to sit down though, not because I couldn't but because it was what he wanted.

I wasn't going to sit because he'd told me to.

I looked up at the sky, recognizing there was probably less than an hour or so left of daylight. Soon, it would be dark. I didn't have a tent in my bag. One of the other girls had it, but I had a rolled-up tarp that was still wrapped in the plastic.

Tonight would be my first night sleeping in the forest and I would be spending it with a man I'd met in the woods who had the audacity to smack my ass when I didn't listen to him.

I walked back and forth, fuming at my indecision. I stared at the ground as I paced, trying to figure out my next move. A twig snapped to my right and I started.

It was Hector. He had returned with a pile of logs and tinder. His eyes narrowed as he strode to the center of the clearing, and I did my best to avoid his heated gaze. I retreated to the perimeter of the clearing, not wanting to poke the bear any more than I already had.

"Please sit down and rest. Hiking through this dense forest is hard work and if you trip and fall, it will make the journey back that much harder," he urged. The threat was gone from his voice, and he seemed more in control than before.

I turned my head, pretending to ignore him. I did stop pacing though.

"We aren't going anywhere until you've sat down and rested, Emma. That is final," he declared. His voice carried this time

and with it came a domineering authority that I couldn't ignore.

It irritated and aroused me at the same time, which only made me that much madder.

"And what if I just keep walking? You'll just spank me again?" I scoffed.

"Maybe. Maybe I'll just bare your rebellious little bottom and give you a real spanking over my knee, or maybe since I can smell your arousal from here, I'll just bend you over that log and fuck you until you're too sore to walk, let alone hike," he practically growled.

A very quiet gasp escaped my throat. My pussy tightened greedily, but my mind revolted against every word that left his mouth. He had no right to say such things to me. There was no way he could smell how wet I was. It was impossible, especially since I was still fully dressed.

His eyes bored into me as he cracked his knuckles, one by one as if he was warning me that something terrible was about to happen. Whether it was a spanking or a fucking, I wasn't sure, but I was certain that I didn't want to stick around to find out.

My fury swirled around inside of me. I didn't have to take this. I didn't deserve this.

"Fuck off," I spat as I strode off. I walked in the direction we'd been heading, fully intending to leave Hector behind and just find my way myself. I didn't turn back as I heard him begin to follow me.

Maybe it would do him good if I took charge for a change.

I didn't make it very far. Just as I breached the perimeter of the clearing, he caught up to me and grabbed my wrist. He jerked me backwards roughly and as I struggled to catch my balance, he threw me over his shoulder as if I weighed nothing at all. I pounded my fists into his back, and he didn't even make a sound. I kicked and squirmed, but his hold on my waist was too strong to break. From my position upside down, I could tell he was heading back toward the center of the clearing.

I renewed my struggle, not wanting to give in without a fight. He stopped and let me struggle for several seconds before he deposited me back on my feet in front of him.

“Sit down, Emma,” he said quietly, the command clear in his voice. He’d set me down back next to the log where he’d told me to rest in the first place.

I ignored him.

“I will give you one last chance to sit down like a good girl for me,” he said. His voice was calm, but there was the slightest note of savagery hidden beneath it.

There was something inside me that wanted to know what that was. Would he really fuck me? Was I about to get spanked even harder?

Maybe I had a death wish because I wanted to push him.

A part of me was curious enough to want to find out. I was scared, but a part of me knew that he wouldn’t really hurt me. Deep down in my soul, I knew I was safe with him.

I slapped him again instead. I watched as the pink mark from my hand flared on his cheek. He said nothing. He didn’t yell or scream or lose control of his anger like most men would have. Instead, he set his lips in a firm line, nodding once as if to say *that’s how it’s going to be then*.

With a tense sigh, he grabbed my wrist and jerked me toward him. The unexpected motion was enough to throw me off balance. He used that to his advantage. I stumbled and he spun me around, forcefully pressing down in the center of my back. Another arm wound around my waist, carefully slowing down my momentum so that he could deposit me face down over the log that I was supposed to be sitting down and resting on in the first place.

His hand stayed on the center of my back, holding me in place over that fallen tree. When I tried to push myself up, I couldn’t get any leverage and even when I kicked, I couldn’t swing myself backwards far enough to get on my feet.

“Let me go,” I demanded, but there was a sinking feeling inside me that he wasn’t going to listen to my demands and for

some reason, that made my clit throb even more incessantly than before.

He leaned over me, pressing his body against mine. Even though the two of us were fully clothed, I could feel his nearness. He pushed his pelvis against my backside and there was no missing the massive bulge of his cock. He was wicked hard, and my continued defiance seemed to make him even more aroused.

I didn't know how to deal with that, but I did know that just feeling his cock in such a salacious way was making me needy for more. I wished that I could run off and slide my fingers back in between my legs. The sudden urge to orgasm was overwhelming and with him being so close, it only grew stronger.

He pulled down the hood of my sweatshirt. When his lips brushed against my ear, I shuddered. With fear or arousal, I wasn't sure.

"I'll make you a deal, Emma," he whispered, and I could have sworn his voice was like pure liquid sex. I trembled beneath him, trying to remain brave when I felt anything but.

"What do you want from me?" I asked hoarsely, unable to stop the way my voice shook under the power of my own arousal.

"If there isn't a wet spot on your panties when I take your pants down, I'll let you up and I'll take you the rest of the way, even if I have to carry you on my back. If I find one though, you know what's going to come next," he growled. The rumble of his tone was like that of a beast, and I absentmindedly wondered if he fucked like one.

"You don't know what you're talking about," I said, more than a little flustered by his rough handling of me. My skin was practically buzzing with sensation and when I reached back to try to paw him off, he pinned my arm behind me.

"Don't I?" he snarled, his voice reverberating across my skin like a wave crashing against the beach. My pussy squeezed hard, my body reacting to his proximity far more than it should.

I shouldn't like this. I shouldn't want to feel his fingers against my bare flesh.

I shouldn't want him to smack my ass more.

When he pulled back, I knew he was going to make good on his threats. I still wasn't sure entirely what was going to happen, but I knew it was going to be rough.

I also knew that it was making me insanely wet.

He wasn't gentle as he pulled my pants down. He didn't even unbutton them, baring my backside in one hard motion that left me reeling with want. My flesh sizzled with sensation and when the fiery heat of his fingers just grazed against me, I quivered with anticipation.

I tried to press my legs together to hide what I knew he'd find. I closed my eyes as his fingers slid beneath the hem of my panties.

It was only a matter of time now.

CHAPTER 4



*E*mma

I thought he was going to rush in his mission to bare my flesh, but he took his time. He slid his hand back and forth across my skin teasingly, lightly pulling my panties down as he went. When he finally grasped them fully in his hand, I expected him to bare me gently.

Instead, he tore them right off. Viciously.

I yelped as the cotton fabric pinched at my tender folds. His motion was so fast that the cloth scraped against me, and a vicious flare of hot agony pulsed between my thighs. For several seconds, the burning sting intensified cruelly, until at long last it began to ebb away. It never disappeared though. It simply lessened to a scalding ache that would linger long after the fabric left my skin.

I trembled for several moments before he leaned over me once more. This time, the only thing that separated his flesh from mine was the fabric of his jeans. Roughly, he forced one leg between mine and pressed his thigh firmly up against my pussy.

I squirmed against him, trying to pull away but I only succeeded in rubbing my sore clit against the coarse fabric of his jeans. I stilled, finding the motion strangely compelling.

I swallowed a moan of pleasure, biting my lip hard in an effort to keep quiet.

His cock pulsed against me, hard and firm and so incredibly big. My pussy clenched against his thigh at the thought of taking it deep inside me. I wondered what it would feel like. Would I like it? Would it hurt when I took a man inside me for the first time?

His hand drew forward and I looked at the torn remnants of my panties. He had laid them so that the gusset of my panties was fully displayed in his palm.

“Tell me, what do you see?” he pressed, and I tried to shut my thighs instinctually. He didn’t allow that.

I swallowed hard, staring at the light pink fabric. There was a large patch that was stained a much darker pink, clear evidence that his rough manhandling had made me very wet.

Fuck. Would he really do it? Would he really take me bent over this log with my pants pulled down to my knees?

I clamped my lips shut and he released my arm, only to slap it down hard on my right bottom cheek. I yelped in surprise at the sound. It was so much louder than before and when the sting of it finally reared its head, its sharpness took my breath away.

“A spanking on this perfect little ass will hurt much more now that I’ve bared it. You will answer me and tell me what you see on those pretty panties unless you want to find out what that feels like,” he warned.

I shivered, feeling the full effect of that single smack on my barer skin now.

“Although, I must say, it’s far more enjoyable to watch my mark rise on your skin,” he mused, and my clit throbbed that much harder. I was having far more trouble keeping myself still now. All I wanted to do was grind against his thigh so that I could come.

“Please,” I pleaded.

I tried to summon my fury back, but it had seemingly wilted and faded away into nothingness. The only thing left was my burning arousal. Would he really fuck me like he said he would?

“What. Is. This,” he demanded, and I opened my lips, trying to find the words to answer. My focus was narrowed in on the panties and for a moment, words failed me. My shame compounded, swallowing my voice and claiming it hostage. My cheeks burned hot, and I was thankful that he couldn’t see just how much of an effect he was having on me.

I paid for my silence when he slapped my left bottom cheek hard. I yelped and squirmed against him.

“It’s a wet spot,” I finally managed to say, wanting to avoid any more stinging smacks to my backside. My core was spiraling with heat, and I was practically shaking with my desire. Without meaning to, I rolled my hips and ground my clit against his thigh. A powerful jolt of pleasure raced through me and when he chuckled knowingly, I groaned with sheer mortification.

“You’ve soaked through your panties, naughty girl,” he whispered, and my hips rolled once again. If I could get out of here, I could finish myself off with my fingers. He wouldn’t need to know how much I wanted to come right now.

“Please don’t do this,” I begged again.

He brought my panties closer to my lips and I tried to pull back, but he didn’t give me even an inch as he forcibly rubbed that soaked fabric back and forth across my lips. It was still warm.

I couldn’t believe this was happening to me.

“Taste yourself,” he demanded, and another delicious blossom of pleasure pierced through me as I ground against his thigh.

“No, I can’t,” I squeaked, and his hand slapped my ass hard twice in a row, making me yelp at the burning sting.

“Keep pushing me, Emma, and you’ll find out what a real punishment feels like,” he growled, and my core spiraled with desire at the heated threat. I shivered hard and opened my mouth. Tentatively, I stuck my tongue out and started to lick the spot I’d left behind.

The musky sweet taste of my own arousal was jarring at first. I’d never tasted myself like this before and it came with a deep

sense of shame that I couldn't push away. I knew he was watching every mortifying moment and for some insanely twisted reason, it was only turning me on. I wouldn't admit it to him or anyone else, not even myself.

"Clean it off, bad girl," he directed and one of his hands squeezed my bottom hard. It reignited the fire from his palm, which made my inner walls go haywire. I couldn't decide if I hated his heavy-handedness or if there was a dark unknown part of me that kind of liked it.

Maybe he was just the right kind of wrong for me.

With increasing shame, I licked up and down my sodden panties until the taste of myself faded away. He finally pulled the cloth away and quickly secured my wrists with them. I was so surprised that I forgot to fight him. Only when they were fully bound together did I think to try to get out of them. Surprisingly, they were tight enough that I couldn't pull my wrists free. His ability to tie them in a knot was impeccable.

I feared that the only way I'd gain my freedom was if he cut me out.

"Let me up, Hector," I tried, giving one last ditch effort to negotiate with him.

"I don't think so," he replied.

"I won't tell anyone about this. I promise," I pressed, trying to play on his sympathies.

When he chuckled, I was taken about by the dark intention in that nefarious sound. My pussy tightened reflexively, and I pressed my thighs around his leg, trying to cover myself and failing. How much of my naked body could he see?

"No. You won't, will you?" he asked darkly, and I refused to answer. One of his hands pressed down on my lower back and the other lingered on my backside, tracing along my skin. I trembled with reluctant sensation. It drifted across my body like petals on the wind and soon enough, it surrounded me completely.

Almost unconsciously, my hips rose to his touch and his fingers cruelly squeezed my backside. I cried out and he

released me. I breathed a sigh of relief at his mercy, but then his palm crashed down on the same spot. The air rushed out of my lungs and a brilliant spark of pain blossomed around my left cheek and then he did it again on the other side.

He started spanking me in earnest and I was soon overwhelmed by the rising intensity of the fire his palm created. Just when it felt like it was bordering on too much, he stopped and started tracing his fingertips across my scalded flesh.

“This bare little ass looks so pretty like this,” he murmured, and my thighs flexed around his leg. I kind of liked when he talked to me like that, and I couldn’t for the life of me understand why.

I decided not to think about it anymore and to just focus on his touch. I whined a little when he pulled his leg from in between mine. I pressed my thighs together halfheartedly, trying to hide my arousal and not wanting to at the same time.

My bottom stung, and when he dragged his nails across my punished flesh, I sucked in a breath as a wave of sensation dove right into my core. His hands fully explored my backside, dipping lower and lower until they edged down onto my thighs. With a quiet gasp, I tried to tell myself that I didn’t want this, that I didn’t want him to slap my ass again and slide his fingers between my legs. That I didn’t want him to make me come.

It was all a lie. I knew it and he knew it too. I was sure of it.

“You spanked me again,” I breathed. I wasn’t angry, even though I felt like I should be. Instead, I was intrigued. I’d never been more aroused than this very moment. Every inch of my body was screaming for him to take me, and I couldn’t fight it for much longer. I closed my eyes and vowed to myself that I wouldn’t beg for him to take me.

“I did, didn’t I?” he answered, and a heated shiver raced up and down my spine.

When his fingers finally grazed the interior of my thigh, I started, not ready for the way his fingertips would slide across

my soaked flesh. He didn't stop when he grazed my wet folds. He just continued exploring me at his leisure like he had all the time in the world, like he wasn't touching the place no man had ever touched before.

"What if someone sees?" I squeaked.

"Then let them see," he replied, and his fingers slipped fully in between my legs. He found my clit and I moaned openly once he began to circle it. Sheer pleasure raced through me, decadent and twisted and only partially unwanted. In an instant, I was certain his fingers would be that much better than my own and I couldn't help myself as I ground my pussy against him.

The thought of someone happening upon me like this with my spanked ass up in the air and his fingers between my thighs was both terrifying and exciting. I'd be mortified, but this felt dangerous, and my clit throbbed that much harder in anticipation of what was to come.

He pulled his fingers backwards and before I was ready for it, he slipped a single finger inside me while rubbing another one back and forth on my clit.

Oh. My. God.

I wasn't sure what heaven would feel like, but I was pretty sure it would be something like this. I could feel every rough knuckle pushing in and out of me and I shuddered with need as my pussy salaciously clenched around him, over and over again until I felt an orgasm brewing deep inside me.

I knew instinctually that it would be the best one I'd ever had. Far better than any of the ones I'd given myself.

"You're so wet, Emma. This sweet little pussy is going to take my cock so very nicely," he observed. My inner walls clenched around him with every wicked syllable that fell from his lips.

"Yes, sir," I replied, shuddering with arousal as he teased me relentlessly. The words had seamlessly fallen from my lips like they were the most natural thing in the world. A part of me

wanted to take them back, but an even larger piece of me didn't.

"Hearing you finally refer to me properly makes my cock very, very hard," he purred, and I gasped with terrible need as his finger pressed in and out of me. Before I was ready, he added a second digit and for the first time, I felt a burning stretch from his forced entry. It flared hot for a moment and then faded to a more sizzling ache.

I moaned quietly, then slammed my lips together, embarrassed that I'd made such a sound for him because of what he was doing to me. He pushed his fingers in deeper and a sudden stinging pain radiated deep inside me. I gasped in shock, and he paused.

"You've never taken a man here, have you?" he asked, the command in his voice making me shiver.

"No, sir," I answered and the deep growl of desire that followed made my entire body tremble with need.

"I'm going to take great pleasure in being your first," he murmured. He started pumping his fingers in and out of me a little faster and my need grew even more intense.

"Hector, please," I gasped.

He pressed one finger forward, sliding it against my clit as the other two pressed in and out of my greedy pussy. He showed no signs of slowing down and there was a deep shameful part of me that didn't want him to.

"Please what?" he pressed, and I shook my head, clamping my lips shut. If I spoke now, I'm not sure what I would say. I might just end up begging him to fuck me with his cock.

When I didn't answer him, he pulled his fingers free from my body. He reached forward and presented them only a few inches from my face. They were glistening in the sunlight, soaking wet with the evidence of my arousal.

My lips opened and he shoved his fingers in my mouth. I didn't need to be told to clean them off. I swirled my tongue around them, and he groaned with pleasure.

I decided that I liked that. I liked that a whole lot.

“Mhhmmmm. Good girl,” he crooned.

I liked that too.

When he pulled them free, I heard the jangling of his belt as he unclasped it. The noise from his zipper as he freed his cock seemed impossibly loud.

He didn't force his cock inside me right away. For a moment, he just edged his pelvis forward until his erection pressed up against my right bottom cheek. I chewed my lip nervously. He was so much bigger than I had originally thought. The heat of it was scalding. Would it burn me from the inside out?

A drop of arousal trickled down my inner thigh and I moaned with shame.

He angled his hips and I tensed, expecting him to push inside me at any minute. Yet, when he didn't, I eventually relaxed. Casually, he angled his cock and slid its entire length along my pussy. It was so very hard, but his skin was soft as velvet. When the tip brushed against my clit, I had a difficult time staying quiet.

“You want to come for me, don't you?”

“Hector,” I whispered hoarsely. I didn't want to tell him yes. I also didn't want to tell him no either.

“When your pussy is bare for me, you will call me sir simply because I enjoy it,” he chided, and my entire body reverberated with need.

“Yes, sir,” I moaned.

He curled forward and kissed the back of my left shoulder. A fierce blossom of fiery passion hurtled across my bare skin, sinking deep into my soul. I lifted my hips, unconsciously rubbing my clit against his length with increasing tempo.

“Present that pretty pussy to me, Emma. Let me see what I'm about to make mine,” he commanded and even though my mind screamed for me to run, my body obeyed his every word with embarrassing enthusiasm.

The tip of his cock slid backwards until it pressed right up against the entrance to my pussy. My pussy clenched down, and I blushed. Would he be able to feel that? He groaned softly and my shame deepened, knowing that the answer was undeniably yes.

“This is going to hurt, Emma,” he murmured and with one vicious motion, he slammed the entirety of his cock inside me.

My vision went white with pain. He tore through my virgin barrier with ease, my body no match for his hard length. He stilled after impaling me and I wailed softly, squirming beneath him as the pain washed over me like a tidal wave.

“You’re okay, sweet girl. The pain will pass,” he whispered, and his words brought me comfort.

Finally, the pain ebbed away until it became more of a gentle ache. Then my desire to experience pleasure came back with crushing force.

As if he could sense my passionate disquiet, he started to pull back. His movements were gentle as he took me, gliding his cock in and out of me and stoking my pleasure until it reached terrifying heights.

I needed more. I wanted more.

I lifted my hips and drove myself backwards as much as I could, taking his gentle stroke and making it that much harder.

“Oh, Emma, you don’t know what you’re asking for,” he growled.

It scared me, but it also made my excitement catapult straight up into the heavens. My pussy was sore already, but I desperately wanted to come all over his cock anyway.

His fingers wound around my hips, gripping tight enough to make me yelp. He pulled his hips backwards and snapped them forward so hard that it took my breath away immediately. My pussy struggled to take all of him and when he did it again, the burning stretch continued to burn that much hotter. I moaned with pain and a shameful pleasure, unable to hide that even though it hurt, there was a part of me that definitely enjoyed it.

His grip on my hips dug into me, giving him leverage to really start pounding me.

If I had expected him to make love to me, I would have been sorely mistaken. There would be no gentle. This was a fucking. This man was a beast.

I was about to learn a very hard lesson at the end of his cock.

He was massive. My body refused to acclimate to his size in any way, which meant every single thrust carried with it a stinging pinch along with the pleasure that came with it. It throbbed inside me, every ridge rough and incredible at the same time.

My eyes rolled back in my head, the delicious sensation of his cock driving in and out of me far more incredible than I could have anticipated. I had expected his taking of me to be agony, but this was nothing like that. This was bliss.

I couldn't get enough. I wanted more.

My body clenched around him again and again. Desire surged through every vein in my body, making my hands clasp into tight little fists and my toes curl. If he continued like this, I had no doubt that I would come from his cock alone. My inner walls fluttered around him, and he groaned with his own pleasure.

The sound of his cock sliding in and out of me was wet, shamefully so. If anyone happened to be nearby, there would be no hiding what was happening. I tried to keep my lips shut. If I kept quiet, maybe they wouldn't know how much I was enjoying it.

"You're so incredibly tight, Emma. This needy little pussy was made for my cock," he purred, and my cheeks reddened.

His pelvis slapped against my ass, reminding me of each hard smack he'd given me. With every moment I thought of my spanking, I grew needier, wetter, and closer to orgasm than I ever thought possible.

I didn't need much longer before I would fly apart right on his cock.

He wound one arm around my waist and lifted me off the log. His other hand made its way forward to capture my clit beneath it. He started to tease me, his touch relentless and cruel and viciously wonderful.

His cock was delicious, but in combination with his knowledgeable fingers dancing on my clit, I knew that I would come undone.

Deep in my core, my need spiraled tighter. My skin grew hotter until I was almost feverish to the touch. Droplets of sweat beaded at my forehead, dripping down my nose and cascading down to the ground with every cruel thrust. More perspiration dribbled down my spine, cool spheres that made me shiver even as he continued to fuck me. I cried out, reeling from the dizzyingly confusing sensations of pleasure and pain at war inside my body.

I was so close.

Just when I thought he'd push me over the cusp, his fingers slowed, and I wailed as my impending orgasm retreated.

"Sir, please," I begged.

"Tell me what you need," he pressed.

I didn't want to say it. I just wanted him to do it, so I stayed quiet.

"Have it your way. I have all night," he replied, and I should have been afraid of the warning in his tone. I hummed with pleasure when his fingers played with my clit once more, building me up slowly. Lightning buzzed inside me, sparking more intensely with every passing second until I was right on the edge of orgasm. I gasped, and his fingers pulled away again.

I cried out loud this time.

"Wait!" I pleaded.

"You will beg for the privilege of orgasm now, naughty girl. Until then, I'm going to enjoy using you however I please," he demanded, and I whined with mortification.

"I won't," I whispered.

“You will, Emma,” he answered. There was a cocky arrogance to his tone and that only made me want to prove him wrong. I doubled down on my vow, and I shook my head. I would never beg for pleasure from him.

He teased me cruelly once more. I bit my lip when he inevitably removed his touch, focusing on his cock sliding in and out of me instead. He hadn't slowed his thrusts, likely enjoying the tight glove of my pussy surrounding it.

I tried to ignore his fingers on my clit, but that soon proved impossible. They were too good, too experienced, and too positively wonderful that I could feel myself enjoying them even in their denial.

My skin buzzed with feverish sensation. I imagined him looking at my naked body, his cock driving in and out of me and I sucked in a heated breath. I was so very close.

“If you come without permission, Emma, I'm going to have to mark this perfect little ass with my belt,” he warned.

How the fuck could he have known?

I growled and he released my hip only to slap my right ass cheek impossibly hard. A blinding sting blossomed across my bare backside. In complete opposition, my pussy practically spasmed around his cock.

His thrusts slowed to a snail's pace and his touch on my clit was so light that it was nothing but pure torture. My clit was so impossibly sensitive that his fingers soon became more painful than pleasurable. My orgasm ebbed, so close, yet so far away.

I stayed strong, biting my lip and keeping silent. He chuckled softly.

“I will win this battle, Emma,” he declared seductively.

I didn't answer because I knew the moment that I opened my mouth, I'd beg him to let me come.

It was as if he knew my body better than mine. Over and over, he teased me, edging me to orgasm and stopping right before I came. There was no relief for me. I cried out in frustration, but

he didn't take pity on me. I couldn't even come if I tried. He held my pleasure just out of reach because he could.

He edged me again. And again. And again. I lost count of how many times. Six times. A dozen times. More than that.

He edged me so much that it started to hurt.

I soon realized he would continue until I broke and begged him for relief.

He edged me so many times that just his fingers on my hip made my blood boil with passion. My clit felt raw and needy, yet he still teased it with his fingertips. Soon enough, I began to fear his touch more than the embarrassment of begging him for the privilege of orgasm.

Still, I tried to hold out, but even as I did so I knew I was fighting a losing battle. I had been right. He was going to win.

After he edged me yet again, I finally opened my mouth and started to beg.

"Please, sir. Please let me come for you," I pleaded. My voice trembled with desperation, needy and pitiful and entirely too shaky. My cheeks burned as if I'd stuck my face directly in a campfire.

As if he had all the time in the world, he leisurely thrust in and out of me while he lightly grazed my clit. He taunted me with pleasure just out of reach even though I'd done what he wanted.

"You need to come for me, don't you, Emma?" he asked. The use of my name struck a chord. It was personal now, like he was lording his power over me and that made me burn all the hotter. I wanted to come for him. I needed to.

"Yes, sir. I need to come for you. Please," I begged. The raw sensation spiraling just underneath my skin was so powerful that I could hardly breathe and there was nothing I could do except wait for his permission to release it. My pussy clenched so tightly around his cock that it hurt, but that didn't stop him from thrusting in and out of me.

“You may come all over my cock, Emma,” he said. In my relief, I didn’t hear the dark undercurrent in his tone. I was too focused on my own pleasure to heed it.

His fingers pressed more firmly against my clit with intention. His cock pounded harder into my pussy and the fucking that he promised me truly began. I gasped as my pleasure catapulted into the sky. He’d given me permission. He’d released the reins.

I was free.

My need intensified so much that it consumed me. My heart pounded with feverish intent inside my chest. My skin burned red hot and every nerve in my body crackled with electricity in anticipation of the orgasm that was to come. I moaned out loud and he growled behind me, driving his cock into my pussy so hard that I finally started to believe that I would be able to feel it all night into the next morning.

I keened as he fucked me even harder, driving my pleasure to heights I’d never experienced before. My need spiraled tighter than a coil and then all at once, my orgasm broke over me with vicious intensity.

“Oh! I can’t!” I wailed, but it was already too late.

I was coming and it was so hard that my legs went numb. White-hot bliss blazed through me, blinding me with its power and overwhelming me from the very first second. I moaned, the sound almost inaudible at the beginning. It didn’t take long for that moan to turn into a scream of brutally explicit pleasure.

My thighs quivered and my toes curled tighter than ever. My fingers wound around the torn fabric of my panties, holding on as he fucked me like I was meant to be fucked.

That first orgasm carried on for what felt like forever. My entire core throbbed, and my pussy tightened around him reflexively, over and over again as my body milked him for all the pleasure that he was willing to give me.

By the time my release finally began to fade, I was left breathless and shaky. My limbs continued to tremble long after

it was over and I closed my eyes, trying to relax and draw in the air that my body so desperately needed.

“Thank you, sir,” I whispered.

“We’re not finished, Emma,” he answered, and it took several moments for me to grasp the meaning of his words.

“What?”

“You’re not done coming for me, little girl,” he murmured, and a frisson of fear fractured me in two.

“I can’t!” I shrieked.

“You will. You’re going to come twice more for me. I’m not going to stop fucking this needy little pussy until you do,” he demanded. His fingers slid against my clit, eased by the ample wetness that was dripping down my legs. I cried out, a painful raw sensation piercing through me at his touch.

“Please! I’m too sensitive!”

“It will pass. Until then, I’m enjoying watching you suffer,” he replied coldly, and my pussy continued to squeeze around him like a vise.

I’d never come more than once before. I’d never even tried. When I was alone in my bed, I only tried for one. I’d always pulled my hand away right afterwards because my clit hurt to touch when I was through with my single orgasm.

With him in charge, there was no stopping this. He was the one in control, not me.

It took several punishing moments, but by the time the stinging sensation passed, I could feel my pleasure surging forward faster than a wave breaking against a rocky cliff side. However impossible it felt, I knew that he was right.

That didn’t make it easy.

“Please, sir,” I pleaded.

“Come for me,” he commanded.

He fucked me roughly, forcing his thick length inside me again and again as I struggled to take it. My core started to squeeze

tight, and my clit throbbed underneath his touch. My heartbeat quickened and my pulse raced.

It took faster than I expected, but when I started to approach the edge of orgasm once again, I began to fear it. My need climbed higher and higher, growing so strong that I knew it would be even more intense than the last.

Just when I was about to come, he spanked my clit and my orgasm slammed over me like a sudden rainstorm. I screamed from the start, lost in the drowning sensation of mind-bending ecstasy. Unlike the first orgasm, this one carried with it a painful edge and I worried the third would hurt even more. My inner walls fluttered around his massive cock and when I finally came down, I begged him for mercy.

“Please don’t make me come again,” I pleaded.

“Would you rather I whip your pretty bottom with my belt instead?” he asked and even though the thought terrified me, a tiny piece of me was curious about what that would be like.

“No, sir,” I finally whispered, and I prayed that he wouldn’t pick up on the reluctance in my voice.

“Then you will come for me one more time. I’m not going to give you a choice,” he replied darkly, and I quivered at the meaning in his tone.

Every muscle in my body was sore now. The exhaustion from the day of hiking, the swim in the pool, and the orgasm he didn’t know about on that very beach, combined with my fucking was starting to take its toll.

I took as big of a breath as I could manage and when I was ready, I arched my back just the slightest bit so I could take his cock even deeper than before.

It brushed against my cervix, and I moaned with fervent desire, liking how that felt.

“This next one is going to hurt,” he warned, and I knew he was right, but it was no longer up to me. At some point, maybe it was the first orgasm or the second, I’d given him control or maybe he’d just taken it. It didn’t much matter though. The only thing that did was him and me right now.

His cock sank into my needy pussy, punishing me with every hard stroke. His fingers danced over my clit, torturing it through that painful sensitivity without mercy, until at long last I felt that third and final orgasm rearing its head.

It was like a phoenix rising from the ashes and I feared it would be my doom.

My hips rolled unconsciously, and I could do nothing to stop them. He fucked me so hard that it jolted me forward again and again. He lifted me completely up off the fallen log, holding me in midair so that I felt weightless as he took me from behind.

It was delicious in its wildness. He pounded into me like a savage beast, forcing my reluctant pleasure forward once more.

I struggled. I tried to fight it. I failed.

Before I could stop it, I teetered at the edge of orgasm once again. Feeling like I was about to jump off a cliff, I held back for as long as I could, but it was a losing battle.

His fingers were firmly dancing over my clit and as his cock continued to slam into me with ruthless intent, I hurtled over that cliff as if he'd shoved me right off it.

Blissful agony sizzled through me, burning and cruel and deliciously wicked. A twisted part of my soul embraced it, making me come all the harder because of how much it hurt. As he held me in midair, I couldn't shake the sensation of falling and I closed my eyes, spiraling down into an endless void of pain and pleasure that destroyed me from within.

His cock throbbed hard inside of me, and my inner walls milked around him. He groaned and my pussy squeezed tighter.

He fucked me so hard I feared I would feel it for days. Just when my orgasm reached its peak, he roared with his.

His cum spurted deep inside me, blazing hot and thick. One fiery rope after another marked my insides and I was ashamed to realize that I liked how it felt. My legs shook and my

nipples pebbled into rock-hard little beads of desire. My breasts felt heavy.

My core hadn't stopped twisting with fiery sensation, pain and pleasure coming together in a raw feeling that obliterated every waking thought in my head. I struggled to breathe and when my third orgasm eventually faded to a more manageable ache, I could hardly do anything other than try to recover.

Both of his arms surrounded me and lifted me straight off his cock. He sat down on the fallen log and deposited me in his lap. I was too exhausted to fight him, but I was thankful when he tore my panties free from my wrists.

I rested my head against his chest, listening to the beat of his heart. It was strong and faster than most, but I found myself comforted by its steady sureness. All the blood in my body seemed to be centered in my core and I curled up close to him, trying to remain warm even though my fingers and toes were more than a little cold. One of his hands found mine, and he wrapped it around them without a word. I held onto him, feeling safe, secure, and satiated.

My pussy was still throbbing hard, and I squirmed when I realized his seed was dripping down my thighs. I kind of liked it, but I blushed so hard that I hid my face in his shoulder in order to escape my shame.

Most of my body felt numb with exhaustion. I was more satisfied than I had ever been in my life. I closed my eyes and before I knew it, I'd drifted off to sleep in his arms.

I woke up some time later as he carried me through the forest. The sun had long set, and the glittering lights of the stars were visible far above. Too tired to stay awake, I shut my eyes and let myself fall back asleep, knowing that I was safe.

CHAPTER 5



*E*mma

I blinked groggily, trying to place where I was and having difficulty. There was a bright light to my right and when my eyes finally adjusted, I realized Hector had brought me to a cave of some kind. It was bright enough outside that I knew I must have slept through the night. I yawned and tried to shake off my sleepiness, but it was hard to want to drag myself out of my warm little cocoon.

He'd put me to bed on a cot and covered me with a thick quilt to protect me from the cold. From what I could tell, he'd slept beside me on a pile of blankets on the cave floor. He wasn't here with me though. After I stretched, I pushed myself up to a seated position and looked around, wondering if he was somewhere else in the cave, but I didn't see him anywhere.

It appeared that Hector used the small cave for shelter from time to time. The interior was neat and tidy. There was a wooden shelf with a few containers that could be used to collect water. I saw more supplies such as flint, a knife, an ax, and even a small collection of spices on one of the shelves. Next to the shelving unit was a big pile of split wood. I glanced down and saw that my hiking boots were beside the cot, and I pulled them on. I didn't see my backpack anywhere, so maybe it had gotten left behind. There wasn't anything of mine that was necessarily valuable in it, so it wouldn't be a big loss if it did.

I sniffed the air, and the delicious aroma of cooking food caught my attention. Hesitantly, I climbed off the cot and gasped in surprise at the tightness in my legs.

Oh. Wow. Ouch.

I was so sore. My muscles protested every step, but that all paled in comparison to the incredible ache between my legs.

I paused, closing my eyes, still able to feel every terribly delicious inch of his cock inside me. His seed was still slightly sticky along my inner thighs. He'd pulled my pants up at least, but the bareness of my well-used pussy was quite distracting. I told myself not to think about it, which only seemed to make me do it even more.

My clit pulsed as I fantasized about last night. I wanted to slip my fingers beneath my khakis and touch myself while imagining his big cock sinking into me. I took a few steps toward the entrance of the cave and blushed. Just thinking about Hector fucking me was making me wet.

With a deep breath, I ignored my traitorous arousal and walked out of the cave. Hector was sitting outside on a rock beside a well-built campfire. He was cooking something in a large pan and as I drew closer, my stomach rumbled hungrily.

He glanced up at me with a grin. His brown eyes sparkled like gemstones in the sunlight. I almost felt as if I was looking into the gaze of some omnipresent creature and then I shook my head.

Hector was nothing more than a man who happened to have a magnificently ginormous cock.

“Good morning,” he offered happily, and I couldn't help but smile back at him, his joy infectious.

“What are you cooking?” I asked.

“I caught fresh salmon for us this morning. It's almost done,” he replied.

My nose crinkled. I'd never tried fish before. It hadn't been something my endless list of foster parents had ever forced on me as a kid. For most of them, it had been too expensive

anyway. To be honest, I didn't really understand the appeal. When I'd passed by it at the grocery store, I was put off by the sliminess, not to mention the fishy smell. The only thing that was grosser to me was the sight of a raw oyster. That reminded me of a used tissue.

Hector must have caught my look of disgust because he chuckled lightly and patted the rock next to him.

"Come sit next to me. You need to eat after the day you had yesterday," he invited.

"I have jerky in my backpack. I just have to find it," I said quickly.

"You'll try a bite of the fish I caught for us first," he instructed boldly. I lifted my gaze toward his, wanting to challenge him and thinking better of it. When I glanced down at his hands, I was quickly reminded of how they felt smacking against my ass. He didn't say it directly, but I could tell that he expected my obedience.

With a soft sigh, I walked over to him and sat down. I knew when to pick my battles and this was certainly not one I wished to fight.

"I've never had fish. I'm not sure if I'll like it," I answered honestly.

"One bite. That's all I ask," he replied. "If you don't enjoy it, I won't make you finish it."

"I can do that," I replied.

"I brought your bag. It's over there," he added, pointing to a tree at the edge of the clearing.

"Did you go back and grab it for me?" I asked. He nodded and I glanced down bashfully.

"Thank you," I said softly. That was awfully kind of him.

"It was no problem at all. It was on my way back to the river," he replied. His smile in return was genuine and I felt myself growing more comfortable in his company by the moment.

"Did you really catch it yourself?" I asked.

“I did,” he answered. He didn’t offer any more details though and the two of us fell into silence.

“I’ve never had anything cooked over a campfire,” I admitted warily. I studied the pink fish, reluctantly assessing it as it roasted over the open fire. It looked flaky, well-seasoned, and maybe a little bit appetizing. Maybe I could enjoy something like that, but I wasn’t sure.

“Cooking like this is something of a specialty for me. Just give it a chance. I really think you might like it,” he grinned, and I nodded.

“One bite,” I agreed sulkily enough to make him chuckle.

I glanced down at his broad palm and forced myself to look away. I don’t know why out of everything we’d done yesterday, the thing that kept popping back into my mind was the feeling of that big hand smacking my bare ass.

“Good girl,” he replied and if I wasn’t blushing before, I knew I certainly was now.

For a short while longer, I watched him cook the fish until he declared it was done. He pulled the pan off the fire and placed it on a flat rock in front of us.

“Come here,” he said gently. I got up off the rock and approached him, taking his hand when he offered it. He pulled me close and sat me down on his knee. For some reason, I kind of liked it. I leaned back against him, feeling the security of his chest pressing against me. With one arm wound around my waist, he leaned forward and dug into the salmon with nothing more than a fork. It flaked apart easily and even though I had been reluctant to try it at first, I was sort of looking forward to it now.

He brought the fork to my lips gently, and I opened my mouth. As the salmon hit my tongue, a burst of flavor exploded over it.

I wasn’t prepared for how delicious it was. I expected it to be slimy and fishy, but it wasn’t. It tasted of salt and lemon buttery garlic, and I couldn’t stop myself from groaning out loud as I enjoyed that decadent bite. I took my time, chewing

it slowly. When I eventually swallowed it, I was actually looking forward to having another bite.

“Wow!” I exclaimed.

“Beats some store-bought brand name jerky, huh?” he asked a bit arrogantly and I laughed out loud, deciding that he’d more than earned the right to be a little cocky.

“Yeah. It’s alright, I guess,” I replied halfheartedly. I tried to be serious about it, but I broke character when I started giggling immediately after I’d said it.

“I thought you’d say that, sassy girl,” he replied lightly, and he scooped another bite of delicious fish for me. He brought it to my lips and fed me once more.

“You’re a pretty decent cook,” I teased, and he chuckled heartily. His hand dropped to my hip, and I squirmed against his thigh. His fingers only grazed my bottom over my pants. I decided to stop teasing him because I wasn’t quite certain if he would put me over his knee or not. A part of me was curious enough to want to push him and find out, but my sore pussy kept me from following through with it.

“Eat your fill. I had a good catch this morning and there’s more, so don’t be shy,” he said and when he handed me the fork, I started eating in earnest. I tried to take my time, but it was really the most delicious thing I’d tasted in a long time. There were several times when I had to deliberately slow down and chew the fish, but it was so tender that it practically fell apart on my tongue. When I was finally full, I passed him the fork and he finished what remained in the pan, which to be honest wasn’t very much.

“Thank you. That was far more of a treat than I thought it would be,” I said.

“My pleasure, sweet girl,” he replied. When we were finished eating, he lifted me off his knee and took my hand. “Come. I have someplace special to show you.”

“Where are you taking me?” I asked curiously and he shook his head.

“You’ll find out when we get there. It’s a place I often go to when I’m in need of security and solitude,” he smiled.

Feeling more than a little curious, I let him lead me. Before we left the campsite, he grabbed my backpack and slung it over his shoulder. As I walked behind him, I let my eyes wander. I checked out the broad set of his shoulders, appreciating how they tapered into a narrow waist. His jeans hugged his ass quite nicely too. It was round and firm and a part of me wanted to reach out and squeeze it with both of my hands. I blushed hard at the thought. If anyone had caught me looking, I’d have been embarrassed. But there was no one else around, so it would be my little secret.

He led me off onto a narrow trail. We trekked along for about ten minutes before I heard the rushing of the river water nearby. When we finally broke free of the trees, I gasped at sight of the oasis before me.

He’d led me to a pool much like the one I’d discovered yesterday, but this one was far bigger and there was a waterfall on the other side. It looked like it was deeper and from the amount of steam rising off the water, probably much warmer too. The pool was surrounded by a rocky gorge. Cliffs rose high all around, making the pool private. It was lush, surrounded by trees and beautiful flowering bushes that looked absolutely divine in the sunlight.

“Are those rosebushes?” I asked.

“Those ones are roses over there. I planted them in every color. There are also lavender, heather, and glacier lilies, as well as a type of daisy too along the shore. Those pink flowers are called monkey flowers,” he explained. I looked to where he was pointing, losing myself in the beauty of this hidden place.

“You made this your own private sanctuary,” I whispered, and he nodded. His dark eyes found mine and I couldn’t help but be drawn into them. They were kind and genuine, but I knew there was a much rougher man hidden beneath them.

“I did,” he grinned. He released my hand and walked over to a carved bench. He opened the top of it and pulled out a basket.

It was full of different types of soap as well as shampoo and conditioner. I watched as he closed the top of the bench with open curiosity now.

He carried it to the edge of the water and put it on the ground. When he stood back up, his fingers grasped the top button of his flannel shirt. It was white, black, and gray and when he started unbuttoning it, I finally realized what was going to happen.

He was going to strip and bathe in the pool.

My body seemingly pulsed to life, and I took a step back, fully intending to run for a second. With an incredible amount of effort, I ignored my instinct to flee and strode over to the bench, curious enough to take a seat.

Sure, he'd fucked me yesterday, but I hadn't been able to get a good look at him. Would he swim in his underwear? Was he the type of man that swam naked? I crossed my legs, trying not to give my wayward thoughts away.

I kind of hoped that he'd go naked so I could see the beast between his legs. My pussy clenched at the wicked idea.

He cocked his head, watching me as he unbuttoned his shirt as if he was gauging my reaction. I tried not to look too interested, but I knew that it was more than likely that he'd see right through me. We'd known each other for less than twenty-four hours, but already I felt like he could read my mind sometimes.

I licked my lips as he reached for the last button, and I swallowed hard when he shrugged his shirt off his shoulders. His muscles flexed as he tossed it aside on a boulder nearby. I couldn't tear my eyes away. His chest was so perfectly chiseled that it could have been carved right out of marble. There was a dark shadow of hair across his pecs and a part of me yearned to run my fingers through it. His arms were just as hard, firm biceps with a bulging vein or two that made me want to touch them just to see if they were real.

He was perfect, like a model on the cover of one of those fitness magazines.

My pulse picked up the pace and my clit throbbed to life. I crossed my legs, hoping to keep the arousal I feared was coming at bay. Several seconds passed by and I was soon certain that I wouldn't be able to.

His hands dropped to his belt, and I almost forgot how to breathe. Slowly, he unclasped the buckle and drew the end of it free. He took the metal buckle in one hand and pulled it out of the loops of his jeans fast enough to make it snap. My mouth went dry, and my pussy tightened reflexively. He folded it in two, glancing at me suggestively as he swung it back and forth. I did my best not to squirm on that bench as it swayed side to side in his hand.

Yesterday, he'd threatened me with that very belt. Today, I wondered if he'd make good on that threat.

He tossed it aside and it landed on top of his shirt. I found myself staring at it for far too long and when I glanced back at him, I was certain that he'd seen me. Bashfully, I looked down at the ground for a moment before my curiosity got the best of me once again. My eyes feasted on him as he kicked off his boots. I whined softly as he unbuttoned his jeans and slid the zipper down next. He was taking his time, enjoying this slow torture almost as much as me.

He pushed his jeans down to the ground, stepping out of them slowly. Next, he pulled off his socks and stood up in nothing more than a black pair of cotton underwear. They hugged his thighs, and I couldn't help but notice how thickly muscled they were. He was such a strong and ruggedly handsome man.

My nipples pebbled inside my sports bra.

Both of his hands grasped at the hem of his underwear, and he paused, likely noticing how my eyes were glued to the tented fabric of his crotch. With deliberate slowness, he pushed down his boxer briefs and freed his cock.

It was even more magnificent than I could have anticipated.

It was at least ten inches long and thick. I wondered if I wrapped a single hand around it if my fingers would even be able to touch. It was incredibly hard, and I could see the veins

pulsing along the sides even from several feet away. My pussy tightened, remembering how every inch felt sliding in and out of me and I bit my lip.

I was like a cat in heat.

His fingers grasped his cock and I watched as he stroked it. My thighs pressed together instinctually, and there was a part of me that felt pouty that my legs weren't wrapped around his waist right now.

I stared as he finally pulled his underwear off and threw it with the rest of his clothes.

Fully naked now, he stroked his cock several more times before he released it. It was even harder than before. It was so fully engorged with blood that the color had deepened to a darker red color.

Eventually, I was able to get a hold of myself and remove my sordid gaze from his thick member. Even though I tried not to, I found myself looking back at him with curiosity as he smiled knowingly and turned around, taking several steps toward the pool and picking up one of the containers of soap along the way.

Oh, good lord. His ass was perfect too.

It was toned and round as a melon. It was just as chiseled as the rest of him. I just wanted to grab it and sink my teeth into it.

He waded slowly into the pool, and I was saddened when he went in far enough so that it came up to his waist. He turned back to face me as he squirted a gob of shampoo into his palm. He washed his hair, and I couldn't take my eyes off him, especially when he rinsed it and the suds dripped down his body. A part of me was jealous of that soap.

"You will strip and join me," he commanded, and my mouth opened in shock. I tried to formulate an answer, but my tongue stopped working entirely. My cheeks felt aflame and when I pressed my fingers against them, I found them red hot.

I remembered myself enough to close my mouth, but that only did so much. I dropped my hands and nervously gripped the

tops of my thighs, glancing back at him with hesitation.

“I shouldn’t,” I eventually managed, and his gaze darkened with his desire.

“Do you need another fucking, Emma?” he asked suggestively. His hands rose to his head, and I watched as he started to wash his body.

Fuck. Why did his bathing have to be so sexy?

My pussy tightened with need, and I hummed, the ache still far too fresh. I feared what the monstrosity of his cock would feel like right now. I worried that it would be more painful than pleasurable. Maybe I couldn’t take it even if I wanted to.

“I’m too sore,” I whispered, crossing my legs as my blush deepened.

“Then you better find another way to thank me for catching and cooking your breakfast, pretty girl. You can begin by stripping for me,” he replied. His hand disappeared beneath the water to stroke his cock.

I glanced around. The pool was so very private. He would be the only one that would see.

What would be the harm? And what would happen if I was obedient? Would he reward me? Would I like it?

I stood up slowly and he smiled in appreciation.

“Good girl,” he murmured, and a shiver of delight raced down my spine.

“I like when you call me that,” I admitted.

“I know,” he replied quietly, the rumble of his voice soothing. “Now show me that beautiful body. I want to see what’s mine.”

His claim over me was possessive and maybe a little barbaric, but I liked it. It felt like I was his.

Bravely, I lifted my sweatshirt up and over my head. Beneath it, I had a tank top that I pulled off next. I left my bra on and curiously looked in Hector’s direction, noticing that he was watching me with laser focus and serious interest.

He wanted me. Again. Just like I wanted him.

I shouldn't be this attracted to a stranger I'd met out in the forest in Montana. I shouldn't want to spread my legs for him and orgasm on his cock. I was here to shorten my sentence and when my absence was noticed, it would likely cause even more problems for me.

Right now, though, I couldn't summon the will to care even a little bit.

I sat down on the bench and pulled off my hiking boots, along with my thick socks. I dug my bare toes into the sand as I unbuttoned my khakis. I paused when I remembered I wasn't wearing any panties underneath them. I pulled my hands away and angled my hands behind my back, deciding to unclasp my bra first. I undid one hook and then the other, taking a deep brave breath as I shrugged the straps off my shoulders. The fabric sliding along my arms was enough to take my breath away. Anxiously, I gazed back at him as I dropped it beside me, instinctually covering my breasts for a moment before I summoned the courage to bare myself.

He looked at me with seductive fire. If he could have reached me, I had no doubt that he would have thrown me flat on my back and fucked me into oblivion.

I trembled at the thought. I kind of liked it.

My nipples pebbled under his scrutiny, and I finished unbuttoning my khakis, pushing them down slowly as I fully exposed myself to him. My clit pulsed and when I took a step toward him, I could feel a single drop of arousal coursing down my inner thigh.

"Wait. Turn for me. I want to see every beautiful inch of you," he instructed, and I looked away, embarrassed and aroused at the same time. He'd already seen my backside, but the glimmer in his eyes was like he was looking at me for the very first time, like I was desirable, and I smiled as I began to twirl for him. I didn't rush, instead I showed myself off *for him*.

All my life, the boys and girls in school had made me feel like a plain Jane. My foster parents never gave me an allowance, so

I couldn't go out and buy the latest fashion or makeup or shoes. No boy ever gave me the time of day, let alone made me feel even the remotest bit attractive.

Not Hector. Right now, he only had eyes for me.

"Come to me," he guided, and his voice pulled me to him like gravity. There was no fighting that electric attraction and I gave into it almost immediately, wanting to feel the touch of his skin against mine more than anything else. With every step that brought me closer, my heart beat faster. When I finally reached him, both of his hands emerged from the water. Gently, he put one of them on the back of my head and cupped it, pulling me toward him so that my breasts just grazed the hair on his chest. His close proximity was polarizing, and the heady aroma of his scent surrounded me like a blanket. I breathed in deeply, the fresh mountain scent mixing with wildflowers and a hint of lemon. It was intoxicating.

Was this what being drunk felt like?

"I'm going to bathe you now. Be a good girl and don't fight me," he said, and I hid my face behind my long locks.

"I can do it," I retorted and one of his hands descended to cup my left bottom cheek. He said nothing, but he didn't have to. I knew what he'd do if I didn't let him.

"Yes, sir," I whispered, blushing terribly hard. He growled in approval and my pussy practically vibrated from the sound.

"That's my good girl," he murmured, and he released my backside. I breathed a sigh of relief.

He squirted more shampoo into his palm and started to massage it into my scalp. I closed my eyes, just letting the tips of his fingers dig into my head. I moaned as sheer pleasure radiated through me. I leaned into his touch, enjoying every second and when he eventually finished washing my hair, it was still too soon. Carefully, he leaned me backward so that he could rinse off my head, dipping me in the water just enough so that it didn't get in my eyes.

He soaped up his hands and started to wash the rest of my body, my arms and my breasts and the rest of me. When it

came time to wash my legs, he guided me to a shallower place so that he could work the suds down further. His rough fingers edged along my thighs, washing away the remnants of his seed and my own arousal. He dipped me back into the water, carefully rinsing off every bit of soap.

I looked up at him, noticing that his eyes were locked on my lips.

“Your lips are so very pretty,” he said softly. His other hand glided up the expanse of my throat. I gasped when he dragged his thumb across my lower lip.

“You should taste them,” I replied.

“Mhmmm, I should, shouldn’t I?” he whispered and the hand behind my head tightened in my hair. His fist held me hostage, but as his lips dropped to mine, I found myself utterly captivated. His kiss was tender at first, explorative and wonderful and I kissed him back. It was sweet and genuine and when I wrapped my arms around his neck, he lifted me out of the water and started walking toward the shore.

My pussy pulsed with need. I wanted more of what he’d given me last night.

He carried me to the bank as my thighs squeezed his waist. His erection felt like fire against my clit, and I had an enormous amount of trouble keeping still.

His lips never left mine, but he deepened the kiss as the moments passed. Roughly, his tongue danced with mine. He claimed me in that kiss, possessing me so completely that I forgot to breathe. I trembled in his arms and when he finally pulled away, I gasped. My lips tingled and the electric sensation didn’t stop there. It continued to fuel the pounding of my heart and the fierce spiral of need developing in my core.

“Now that I’ve tasted these pretty lips, it’s time for me to use them,” he whispered, and I shivered at the meaning in his tone.

“I couldn’t,” I blushed, and he kissed my cheek.

“You can still choose the fucking, sweet girl,” he murmured, and I hummed with shame.

“Hector, please,” I pleaded, and he glanced over to the rock.

“Do I need to bend you over and mark that perfect ass with my belt or are you going to get down on your knees like a good girl for me?” he purred, and I squeaked in anxious arousal. His arms loosened on my torso, and I hesitantly dug my toes into the sandy dirt beneath me.

Slowly, I lowered myself to the ground and looked up at his cock. I had thought it was big before but kneeling in front of it now I realized it was even more ginormous. It would probably only just fit in my mouth.

“I haven’t done this before,” I said, ashamed that I didn’t really know what to do.

“I will teach you, Emma,” he said gently. I glanced up at his face, finding myself wanting to please him more than anything. My clit throbbed and I turned back to his cock. Tentatively, I opened my mouth and leaned forward so that I could reach him. I wrapped my hand around his cock first, still quite taken aback by the size of it. His flesh was velvety soft, and I slid my fingers up and down his thick length. When he groaned in appreciation, I decided that it was the sexiest sound to ever grace my ears.

I wanted to hear it again.

I hesitantly licked the head of his cock, circling the tip of my tongue around the rim. When he rewarded me with another soft moan, I did it again. The more I explored him with my tongue, the bolder I became. Eventually, I summoned enough courage to take the head of his cock completely in my mouth.

On my knees before him, I felt powerful. I could give him pleasure as he had given me and that thought made my pussy yearn for his touch even more. I pressed my thighs together and sat back on my heels. I knew I was wet, very wet. Blushing, I tried to focus on him rather than the needy little bud between my legs that was begging for more.

I’d been stuck in juvie ever since I’d been seventeen. I’d never sucked a cock and I wasn’t very confident in my abilities. I’d seen a few pornos at least, so I wasn’t totally naive. Some girls

could deep throat. Others couldn't and I wasn't yet certain what kind of woman I was.

I had expected not to enjoy the taste of him, but it was musky and salty and a little bit sweet. I found myself craving more of it. I wanted to take his cock in my mouth and when I was ready, I suckled on as much of his length as I dared.

Hector allowed me to explore his cock with my mouth for some time before he cleared his throat. I had a feeling that things would soon get a whole lot rougher for me if I didn't start doing a better job.

"You're going to have to do a better job than that, little girl, unless you want me to redden your bottom before I put you back on your knees to try again," he growled, and my core shivered with arousal at his open warning.

I drew my teeth back as I began to lightly suckle him, wanting to be careful not to scrape him. I sucked hard enough so that my cheeks hollowed, all while keeping one hand stroking up and down the base of his cock.

"Mhhmmmm, good girl. Show me how enthusiastic you can be with that pretty mouth," he purred, and I hummed around his cock. I did my best to swirl my tongue around him, gaining more confidence and suckling him more vigorously than before. With increasing bravery, I took him a little further in my mouth and when the tip of his cock brushed the back of my throat, I gagged at first. I pulled back and quickly got a hold of myself before I tried again.

I was able to control my reflex the second time and sucked him that much harder. His hand petted the top of my head for several long moments before he slinked downward to cup the back of it. His fingers wound around my hair and just when I was beginning to enjoy the feeling, he fisted them at the back of my scalp.

I cried out, but the sound was muffled by his cock. He thrust into my mouth for the first time, and I used my free hand to push against his thigh, but his fist held me captive for his cock.

He started to use my throat and I suckled at him desperately. I put everything into it that I had to give, so much so that my cheeks began to ache. My lips were stretched tight enough to feel sore and he still didn't slow down. I couldn't tell him, so all I could do was use enough enthusiasm in hopes he would find his completion soon.

He groaned but showed no signs that he was even close yet. His cock throbbed, hot and heavy against my tongue and I moaned around it. I kept one hand busy stroking the length of his cock. Without thinking, I slipped the other between my legs and started to play with my clit.

My pussy was soaked. My fingers practically slipped over my tender flesh. He used my mouth and I teased myself until I felt ready to burst. I was so hot that it felt like my skin would melt right off. Fiery pleasure spiraled inside me and just as I approached the edge of orgasm, Hector cleared his throat.

"You didn't ask for permission to touch yourself to orgasm, did you?" he scolded, and my stomach danced with fluttering butterflies instantly. I tried to pull back so that I could answer him, but his hand on the back of my head kept me prisoner.

"You will answer me with my cock inside your mouth," he added, and my cheeks must have flushed blood red.

He couldn't mean that, could he? The way he was staring down at me told me that he did. I hummed anxiously, waiting for him to start using my mouth again. He didn't and I nervously pulled my fingers away from my needy little clit.

"No, sir," I managed, embarrassed of the way my tongue bounced off his length. It sounded wet and shameful and wrong, yet my pussy was clenching almost greedily with desire from it.

"You may touch yourself, but you will not come. If you do, you'll find out what a spanking feels like on that naughty little clit instead of my tongue," he said darkly, and an aroused shiver made my whole body quake with need.

I knew that his palm would hurt there far more than the slaps against my bare bottom.

“Yes, sir,” I pleaded, mortified that I was speaking even around the gag of his cock once more. Despite my best efforts not to, my fingers eventually returned to my clit, and I started to touch myself again. This time, I only lightly teased myself. I didn’t want to disobey him because I was far more intrigued by the prospect of his mouth working between my thighs than his palm punishing me there.

I almost forgot about the soreness in my mouth. Pleasure radiated through every inch of me, building higher and higher until I felt like I was floating somewhere in the clouds. I slurped around his cock, pulling my cheeks in and sliding my lips enthusiastically up and down his length. My fist tightened around the base of his cock, sliding up and down with vigor.

He groaned and I was once again rewarded with the sound of his own heated desire. His thrusts into my mouth came faster until there was a frantic pace to them. The head of his cock grazed against the back of my throat several times until I was able to relax it just enough for him to push past it. For a moment, he just held it there and I fought to draw in air in through my nose. When he finally pulled it back out, I sucked in a panicked breath.

“That’s it, pretty girl. Keep it up and I’ll reward you with my seed,” he purred, and I redoubled my efforts to please him.

I didn’t slow even though I was sore. I gave everything to please him, showing him with my mouth that I cared as much about his pleasure as he had mine.

His cock pulsed against my tongue. Almost greedily, I suckled even harder and swirled my tongue around him. His thrusts became increasingly erratic and when his cock throbbed against my tongue, it dawned on me that he expected me to swallow it.

I panicked, but he didn’t let me go. I should have been angry, but my clit pulsed insatiably beneath my fingertips, and I opened my throat as best as I could. When the first hot spurt of his cum hit the back of my throat, I wasn’t ready, and I choked. With a concerted effort, I pushed past it and

swallowed around his cock, finding that I liked the way his milky seed sliding down my throat felt.

I enjoyed the taste of it even more.

The stream of cum seemed almost endless. I swallowed one mouthful after the next and when it finally began to slow, he groaned low, and it reverberated into the depths of my soul.

“Good girl. Make sure you clean off every last drop,” he said, and my wetness slipped down onto my thighs.

Oh, my god, why did I like this so much? Why did I want to jump on top of him right now and ride myself into oblivion? He was demanding and rough, but for some reason it felt like he completed me.

I licked that cock like it was a Popsicle melting on a hot summer’s day. I made sure that there wasn’t even the hint of his seed left behind by the time I pulled back and lifted my eyes to meet his. Teasingly, I ran my tongue along my upper lip, and he arched an eyebrow in amusement. His eyes darkened with arousal at the same time.

“I enjoyed that very much,” he murmured, the hunger still clear in his voice. I smiled, a bit embarrassed, but also shamefully aroused. He released my head and strode over to the boulder with his clothes. He grabbed his shirt and laid it on the sand.

“I did too, sir,” I whispered.

“Good, now come here and lie back on my shirt. You have a needy little pussy that needs to be taken care of, don’t you?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” I answered, blushing even as I pressed my thighs together. My hand was still in between them and I pulled it free, more than a little ashamed to be caught that way. He offered me a hand and helped me to stand up. Each step I took felt shaky, so I held onto his fingers tight. When I reached his shirt, I lowered myself down onto my back.

I kept my thighs together, suddenly feeling incredibly self-conscious. He knelt in front of me and casually dragged his fingers down the sides of my legs.

“Open your legs for me,” he said softly. It felt like more of a request than a demand and that made me feel more comfortable. I spread my thighs just a little bit and he surprised me by forcing them open the rest of the way. I squeaked and tried to close them again, but his open hand against my pussy gave me pause. Suddenly the thought of his mouth between my thighs was overwhelmingly embarrassing. I didn’t know if I could bear it.

“Hector, please,” I tried, pushing against his chest in hope that he would just leave me be.

His hand swept up and came back down on my pussy with a hard slap. The air was suctioned right out of my lungs as the sound of the hard slap echoed throughout the gorge and then the sting followed. I cried out at its fiery swift agony and its sheer intensity consumed me. I bit the inside of my cheek and whimpered through it until it finally started to fade. He held his hand against my tender flesh, which only sought to bring the message home that much more clearly.

“I can continue with my hand, or you can have my tongue like I planned, naughty girl,” he replied, and I trembled, the stinging ache still pulsing red hot. Sizzling desire followed in its wake and my clit practically jumped against his palm.

“Please! Your tongue! I choose your tongue,” I shrieked. When he pulled his hand away, I stilled and closed my eyes, expecting another hard smack against my pussy, but it didn’t come. When I dared to look, I saw that he had stood up and was pulling his underwear back on. With a knowing grin, he lowered himself onto his belly in between my legs. He rose onto his elbows and pressed a soft kiss against the skin of my left thigh.

I quivered with desire.

“You will beg me for the privilege of orgasm, Emma. If you come without permission, I’ll spank this pretty little pussy bright pink. Do you understand me?” he warned, and his chocolate brown eyes glowed with his dominant power.

“Yes, sir,” I trembled. He kissed my right thigh next, and I worried my lower lip with my teeth.

“Lay back and play with those little nipples. Pinch them hard enough to make them sore, sweet girl,” he directed. I hummed nervously as I brought my hands up to my breasts. Tentatively, I touched my nipples, grasping them between my thumb and my forefinger with enough pressure to make me gasp.

“Harder,” he said. “If I have to do it, I’ll leave them far sorer by the time I’m through with them.”

I pinched them harder, twisting them back and forth and I bit back a cry. I could feel him watching me and I did it a second time, enjoying the pleasurable sensations that followed the initial bites of pain.

“That’s it. Now lay back and enjoy yourself for me,” he demanded gruffly.

Then his head returned to kissing the sensitive skin along my thighs. I leaned back all the way and arched as he began to graze his lips along my flesh. I quivered, trying to remember to keep my legs open. Every instinct in my body told me to close my legs, to hide my most private of places, but he was demanding the exact opposite. My pussy still stung from the slap of his palm and when his tongue explored just along my outer folds, I gasped at the fire that came with it.

The moment his mouth closed over my clit, I arched clean off the ground. His kiss there was warm and wet and utterly delicious. Nothing could have prepared me for how good that felt. His tongue flicked my clit back and forth and I cried out with need as my thighs tensed. They brushed against his shoulders. I knew that I wouldn’t be able to close them even if I tried and something about that made my inner walls flutter with excitement.

His hand slid up my right thigh and I shuddered with pleasure. His mouth teased every inch of my flesh, making me feel swollen and needy. He kept his kisses light enough to tease me, building my pleasure slowly from a pit of sizzling embers to a raging inferno that felt like it was going to explode and swallow me whole.

My hips rolled greedily. My clit throbbed under his tongue, and I couldn’t stop playing with my breasts. I slid my palms

over my nipples, feeling them hardening under my touch and I pinched them firmly enough to make me whimper out loud.

“Oh. Oh, please,” I murmured. His wet wonderful mouth continued to tease me. He kept the pressure light, never using enough of it to bring me to orgasm and it was beginning to drive me crazy. I writhed underneath him, trying to press my clit against his tongue so that I could come, and he drew back, watching as I struggled to maintain position. My thighs started to quiver, and I felt too hot. With a moan, I arched as perspiration beaded at the edges of my brow and I pressed my fingers to his shoulders, wanting him to put his lips back on my clit desperately.

His palm lightly smacked my pussy and I keened. It hurt, but at the same time it didn't really. He used his fingers to spread my folds open and did it again, only this time the flats of his fingers landed directly on my clit.

I moaned, grappling with the incredible sensations coursing through me. He slapped my clit one more time, this time much harder and I wailed. His mouth descended on my needy flesh once again and my legs started trembling immediately. I could no longer control my hips. They rolled and ground against his tongue.

He started sucking my clit and I started to beg.

“Please. Please let me come, sir,” I pleaded. I couldn't take much more. If he didn't give me permission, I was afraid I would fall apart before he let me. My fingers dug into him and just when I was about to lose control, he pulled back and looked at me with his dark, smoky gaze.

“You want to come for me?” he asked teasingly, and I rushed to answer.

“Yes! Yes, please!” I whimpered.

“Not yet. I want to feel your whole body shake when you come for me,” he answered, and I cried out as his mouth descended on my clit again. He started teasing me, building up my pleasure again until I was crying out with need.

Electricity buzzed in my core and if it wasn't released soon, I feared what it would turn into. He suckled me a bit harder and then he started flicking my clit with his tongue at the exact same time.

I started begging again. Soon enough, words became too difficult to form and my pleading sounded more like a string of cries than anything else.

"Sir! Please!" I cried out desperately and eventually he pulled back. My need receded, but it had a painful edge to it now. I needed to come, and I needed it soon. I couldn't bear much more of this.

"You will come for me now, little girl. Make sure you scream for me. I want the whole forest to hear how you lose control for me," he demanded, and my thighs trembled in anticipation.

His mouth went down on me again and I wasn't prepared for the difference in sensation. He suckled me harder, flicking my clit with full intention and my thighs squeezed around him in surprise. I moaned more loudly this time and then I started to whimper. Each cry sounded more desperate, more needy and aroused and the fiery pleasure between my thighs blossomed into something that consumed me from the inside out.

Every vein surged with passion and when my muscles started to tighten just as my legs started to shake, I knew it was only a matter of time.

Just as his mouth worshipped my clit, he slipped his hand between my thighs and pressed a single finger against my sopping wet entrance. There was suddenly nothing I wanted more than his fingers inside me too.

"Please! I need it," I pleaded. "Please let me come!"

He wasn't gentle, but I hadn't expected him to be. He forced two of them inside my pussy and I wailed, the soreness from the previous night piercing through me at once.

It only added to my pleasure though.

His fingers started to flutter inside me and my orgasm tore through me with the vicious cruelty of a riptide. I moaned, but it was more of a scream from the start. My fingers dug into his

shoulders as he pumped his thick digits in and out of me. My body gripped onto them like a vise.

I writhed and I bucked beneath him, coming harder than I thought possible.

I hadn't known a man's mouth could be this wonderful and I knew that my fingers would never be even close to something like this.

My core squeezed tight, fluttering hard as I lost myself in the crushing void of orgasm. When it finally crested, I knew it was only the first. The endless stream of pleasure left me soaring and when I eventually started to come down, I struggled to catch my breath.

He didn't remove his mouth. If anything, he just doubled down on the firmness with which he teased my clit. I cried out as my clit revolted, far too sensitive from his knowing tongue. With all that I had, I tried to push him away, but it was like I was attempting to move a brick wall.

Cruelly, he pumped his finger inside me, harder and harder until I was crying out from the burning stretch. The ache from the previous night was harsh, but the vicious snap of my returning arousal was far greater.

He pushed past that barrier of sensitivity and when I soared past it, I knew the next orgasm was going to be that much harder.

The wet warmth of his tongue was heaven and hell at the same time. My clit throbbed hard, and my pussy clenched down around his fingers. I approached the edge of that release far more quickly than I had the first. I tried to hold it back, but I soon realized that stopping it would be impossible.

"Sir!" I screamed and he shoved his fingers inside me all the way, petting a spot deep inside me that undid me.

I came so hard that I saw stars. My core exploded with heat, spiraling outward and surging over every inch of me with a sweet viciousness that held me completely captive. Every muscle in my body tightened. My thighs clenched and I couldn't relax them no matter how hard I tried. Pleasure and

pain raced through me, two cruel edges of the same blade. The two brutal sensations came together as one, destroying me from within.

White-hot bliss blinded me, and I closed my eyes, my vision too sensitive to look into the light any longer. I lost myself in the black void of that orgasm, suffering and enjoying every second of it until it eventually reached its peak and began to fade.

Catching my breath after it was over was difficult. My heartbeat was erratic, and I panted, trying to draw in enough air to cool me down. His mouth finally pulled away from my clit as he drew his fingers out, and he leaned forward to capture my lips with his.

He kissed me so deeply that I could taste myself on his tongue. I had never imagined such a shameful kiss, but he didn't allow me to escape it.

I adored every second of it.

When it finally ended, I was more breathless than before. I didn't care though, and I greedily pressed my lips against his once again. I couldn't get enough of his kiss, the roughness combined with sweet so intoxicating that I kept coming back for more.

He groaned with desire, and it was then that I noticed the firmness of his cock against my hip.

“Keep that up, little girl, and you're going to get fucked,” he warned, and I squeaked, unsure if I wanted him to follow through with that threat or not.

I hid my face in his shoulder as he wrapped his arms around my waist. He lifted me off the ground and sat down with me in his lap.

“I've kept you from your friends long enough. I think I should get you back to the trail. It's only about an hour from this spot,” he murmured, and my heart sank. I didn't want to leave him, and I closed my eyes, trying to memorize the feeling of his arms around me.

My body still quivered with aftershocks, harsh reminders of the power he'd wielded over me with nothing more than his tongue.

"That's not very far," I answered meekly, not knowing what else to say. I kept my head in the crux of his shoulder, curling up more tightly against him. As if he didn't want to let me go either, his arms squeezed around me, and I wondered if he felt the same way that I did.

I shouldn't care so much about a man I'd met only yesterday.

CHAPTER 6



*H*ector

I shouldn't be holding her like this. I shouldn't have taken her virginity and I most certainly shouldn't have insisted on spending the night with the beautiful little minx, but there was no taking any of it back, not that I wanted to.

Her small form against mine felt perfect and I dreaded the moment when I would finally have to let her get up off my lap.

I'd taken her innocence and made her mine.

When the aliens had merged my three spirits into one, I had assumed that I would never love again. Each of my souls had lost someone in the past. For an agonizing moment, I closed my eyes and imagined each one.

In the time before recorded history, I was just a human warrior. I once had a lover and a child, but both had been lost to sickness and with their deaths, a part of me died long before the wolves almost killed me and the aliens had saved me. At the time, they'd presented themselves as gods, but I knew the truth now. They had been highly advanced aliens with the technology to either destroy Earth or care for it as the world evolved.

My bear spirit was wild and untamed. He'd come out even when I'd been in my human form with Emma, demanding that I claim her as mine once and for all. Even now, he was screaming for me to take her back to my cabin and never let

her go. He wanted me to keep her safe, to protect her from the horrors of the world and take her as my mate.

He'd lost his own. That wound still hadn't closed even to this day.

Long ago around the time when my warrior spirit had still walked the land, the aliens had found the bear dying in a primitive human trap. With no hope of survival, they'd offered him a chance at life in a way he had been able to understand.

Upon our combination, I'd learned that he'd lost his female and a cub in a savage storm. The memory of that wild rainstorm was fresh in my mind as if it was my own. A bolt of lightning had devastated an old tree. It snapped, the sound sharp and terrible, but that wasn't the worst of it. The tree fell on their den, blocking the entrance and trapping his cub and female inside. The floodwaters rose and despite everything he'd done to try to move that tree, his family had drowned inside.

He'd wandered the lands in hopes that time would change and give him his mate back, but he'd fallen into a pit lined with sharpened sticks. The alien race that created me found him that night.

I was human and bear, but a significant part of me was also alien, a Mardsian. I hardly ever shifted into his form for fear of an unassuming human accidentally catching sight of me. It would certainly be jarring for them to see an eight-foot-tall purple alien with long curved horns, and I couldn't risk that. As Earth's guardian, it was my role to keep the planet safe without interfering or obstructing the progress of humanity in any way. To this day, humankind had yet to discover life outside of their own planet and I aimed to keep it that way until they were good and ready.

The alien spirit inside me was the quietest of the three simply because I utilized him the least, but he was no stranger to pain and sadness either. He'd had his own loss in the past and it was just as painful as the rest. With a sigh, I lost myself in the memory too.

On another planet much like Earth on the edges of the Milky Way, the Mardsians had discovered a species that appeared to be primitive, but it was simply a trick. In order to lure other aliens onto their planet, the Darzoiks built communities on the surface that appeared to be simple shelters, but inside they hid dangerous stocks of advanced weaponry.

The Mardsians had intended to instill a guardian like me on that planet. My alien's mate had been sent as a part of a small convoy to explore the life that dwelled there, but she'd been captured in a trap laid by the Darzoiks. My alien self had gone after her and when he'd gotten close to finding her, the Darzoiks murdered her and presented her head to him as part of a ritual sacrifice to their gods.

He'd slaughtered them in revenge. When the Mardsians finally intervened, they gave him a choice. Either he would be sentenced to life in prison, or he could be granted the right to guard Earth from alien species who might ignore the ruling decree of the Intergalactic Dynasty.

I hugged my arms tighter around the small bundle in my arms. With all the loss in my past, it was risky to keep her by my side. I wasn't sure if the Mardsians would approve. Likely they wouldn't.

They'd never made clear to me their standing on me taking a mate of any kind, let alone a human one.

With a heavy sigh, I accepted my fate. I would take her back to the group of women she'd lost. I'd follow them from a safe distance, ensuring that they made it to the end of the hiking trail safely. I would intervene no more than I already had.

It would be painful to let her go, but it was my duty as Earth's guardian.

With a heavy sigh, I finally loosened my arms from around her as she fidgeted in my lap. I lifted her chin and stole one last kiss from her sweet lips.

"Come now, Emma. It's time to get dressed," I whispered, and her lower lip protruded just the tiniest bit. It was difficult not to grin at her adorable perfection. Her cheeks were still pink

and when she smiled, two magnificently beautiful dimples gave away just how much she was enjoying sitting there in my lap.

“Do I have to?” she whined.

I lifted one brow and it was more than enough to make her squirm.

“You will get dressed before I decide to give you that fucking you so obviously deserve,” I warned, and her blush deepened perfectly.

“Sir,” she answered bashfully. She didn’t rush off my lap though. Instead, she gazed back at me with reluctance.

“Do I need to take you over my knee?” I threatened next. Unexpectedly, the idea of turning her perfect little ass bright red with my palm made my already spent cock rock hard once again.

“No, sir,” she replied, but I saw a glimmer of curiosity in her gaze that she did her best to hide. I watched her glance over to my pile of clothes, her eyes glued to the leather of my belt.

For some reason, the idea of me taking her in hand intrigued her. Wanting to know more, I sniffed the air, and the sweet aroma of her arousal practically assaulted my senses.

I shook my head. I couldn’t. I’d intervened enough already.

If I spent more time with her, I risked her finding out too much about me. What if she saw me shift into my bear form? What if she discovered I was something far more than human?

“Emma,” I warned again, and she huffed with irritation.

“Fine, fine. I’ll get dressed,” she replied, and I couldn’t resist the urge to grasp her around the waist, angling her so that her bottom was positioned perfectly for me to slap it hard several times. She cried out in surprise, but I quickly painted her disobedient backside bright pink.

“That’s not how you answer me, is it?” I asked her, spanking her sit spots hard enough to make her whimper. I watched my handprint rise on her pale skin. With each slap, the print

appeared bright white on her backside, before it blossomed into a beautiful pink color that made my cock impossibly hard.

“No, sir!” she answered quickly, and I grasped her left cheek hard. Her skin was warm. I growled with desire.

“You will listen to me on the hike back to the trail. If I ask you to do something, the answer will be ‘yes, sir.’ If you disobey me, I will finally teach you what my belt feels like on your bare bottom, is that clear?” I scolded her.

“Yes, sir!” she whispered hoarsely. The scent of her arousal had grown sharper, and I forced myself to release her ass even though I didn’t want to.

“Go get dressed now,” I instructed.

“Yes, sir,” she squeaked, and I greedily took in the sight of her pink cheeks bouncing as she rushed over to the bench, grabbed her bag, and took out a change of clothes. Obediently, she put on her bra as well as her shirt, and I cleared my throat. She paused and looked back at me expectantly.

Fuck. Why was she so perfect? Why was she such a fucking temptation?

“No pants. I haven’t decided if you’ve earned them back yet,” I called out.

She blushed hard and her hands dropped to her pinkened backside. I cocked my head, waiting for the words that made my cock jump each and every time.

“Yes, sir,” she mumbled, her mortification written all over her face.

Her arousal was ripe now. I’d made her come twice with my mouth and there was no doubt in my mind that she was ready for a third. Even from a short distance, I could see her wetness glistening down the expanse of her inner thighs.

Trying to keep myself under control, I pulled on my jeans, imprisoning my erection with the zipper almost in a rush. I shrugged my shirt back on and sat down to pull on my socks and boots.

She was standing by the bench, dressed in her sweatshirt now with her lower half bare. She was the sexiest thing I'd ever had the privilege to lay my eyes on. I knew that I would never be able to think of anyone other than her when I stroked my cock for the rest of my days.

Her eyes glittered with her own desire, dropping to take in my hardened state before returning to mine.

She was going to come for me one more time before I allowed her to return to the group she'd left behind.

"Bend over and spread your legs for me. Show me that bright pink bottom," I demanded, and she turned around and tentatively placed her hands on the bench. She tiptoed her legs open, and I sucked in a heated breath when I took in the glorious sight.

I could see the glowing marks of my fingers across her backside, but it was the swollen folds of her pussy that captured my attention. Her clit was engorged, peeking out from beneath its hood as if it was calling to me.

"You're very, very wet after your spanking, naughty girl," I murmured and before I could stop myself, I reached to touch her glistening skin. Her thighs trembled and for a second, I saw her contemplate closing them. She thought better of it though.

"Yes, sir," she blushed.

I sat down on the bench beside her, and she squirmed.

"Would you like to come one more time?" I asked her carefully, studying her expression closely. She glanced toward me, her expression indecisive. She opened and closed her mouth and I decided to make the decision easier for her.

"I will give you a choice, Emma. You can complete the rest of the hike dressed as you are, with your bottom bare and on display. Just before we reach the trail, I will give you back your pants and allow you to wear them. Your other option is to climb up onto my lap and grind that wet little pussy against my cock. My jeans will be rough against your sensitive little

clit, and the orgasm will likely hurt, but I think you'll enjoy it more because of it," I explained.

Her face turned as red as a tomato. "Ride you?" she gasped.

"Yes, little girl. Make your choice."

Indecisively, she looked back at me, and her thighs trembled just the slightest bit. I let her take as much time as she needed. I knew the choice she would make in the end. She finally stood and took a hesitant step toward me. I offered her a hand as she climbed onto my lap. When she settled, I could feel the overwhelming heat of her pussy pressing against my cock.

"You will come hard for me, Emma. If I decide that it wasn't hard enough, I'll take you over my knee and spank that pretty bottom bright red," I warned. Her hips jerked against mine.

More than anything, I wanted to free myself and fuck her this way, but she was far too sore for that. I wanted to see her moan for me one last time. She would enjoy herself, I was sure, but I was addicted to her sounds of pleasures and watching her this way would be one last forbidden indulgence.

"Begin," I demanded.

"Yes, sir," she whimpered, and she tentatively rolled her hips. Her wetness was seeping into my jeans, but I didn't care. At least I'd still have the scent of her with me long after I let her go.

Her movements were slow at first. I didn't rush her. She found her rhythm and gradually increased her momentum, rolling her hips faster until the look of sheer pleasure on her face was clear. She wound her arms around my neck. Her small fingers clutched at my shoulders, digging into my back as her eyes scrunched up with desire.

She moaned as I slid a supportive hand up her back. I slipped the other around her throat and squeezed just a little bit, just enough to remind her that I held control and not enough to cut off her air. She gasped and ground against me especially hard.

She liked that.

She worked herself into a fervor on top of my cock, grinding down firmly again and again. She whimpered and cried out with her need and just as her sounds began to grow more desperate, she opened her mouth and what came next was like music to my ears.

“Please let me come, sir. Please!” she begged.

I didn’t even have to prompt her to say it. My cock throbbed hard, demanding to be set free. I ignored my need and focused on hers instead.

“Come for me, sweet girl,” I whispered, and she trembled hard against me. Her hips bucked frantically. She threw her head back and screamed with her pleasure and I memorized everything about her beauty in that moment.

Her hips never stopped moving as I held her steady. I tightened my grip on her throat a little more and her cheeks pinkened a bit further. Her pretty little dimples emerged and when she opened her eyes, I was taken aback by the dark blue color.

They sparkled like flawless sapphires. Her pupils were dilated and a fresh sheen of sweat beaded along her brow. From the small shape of her nose to the way her fingers clutched at me like she was holding on for dear life, I couldn’t get enough.

I knew it had to be though. This had to be the *last* time.

With a frantic jerk of her hips, she sighed and collapsed against me. I released her neck and held her against me.

“Good girl,” I praised, and I caught a soft sigh falling off her lips. I wasn’t certain if it was one of relief at not earning another spanking, or disappointment that she wasn’t going to get one.

“When you’re ready, sweet girl, you may put your khakis on and cover that pink bottom,” I murmured, and she nestled her head against my shoulder.

“Yes, sir,” she answered. I slid my fingers up and down her spine, petting her and comforting her until she caught her breath. Neither of us rushed to let the other go.

“I came hard for you, sir,” she said.

“I know you did,” I answered, and she hummed in satisfied shame.

The fiery heat from her pussy pulsed against my cock and much to my chagrin, the time eventually came when she pulled away from me. I let my arms fall as she climbed from my lap. I glanced down, noticing that she’d left a wet spot behind on my jeans.

She’d done it for me.

Fuck.

I was stronger than this. I’d walked the Earth for centuries without being tempted by a single human until her. I took a deep breath and summoned every bit of courage that lingered in my soul. I could resist her long enough to bring her back to safety.

She turned, giving me one last delicious sight of her pink backside before she pulled her panties and a pair of jeans up into place. I wanted to forbid her to wear panties at all, but I couldn’t bring myself to. For a second, I was disappointed that I could no longer see her beautiful body even though I knew it was for the best. I steeled myself and stood up, ignoring my aching cock and grabbing her bag.

“I can carry it,” she said, and I shook my head.

“You will let me do this for you,” I replied firmly, and she nodded. Shyly, she glanced down at the ground, but there was a small smile on her lips. She would never admit it, but she enjoyed being cared for like this.

“Yes, sir,” she answered, looking back up at me with interest. Her smile grew wider and there was a twinkle of happiness that hadn’t been there when we’d first met.

The fact that she was looking at me like that fractured a piece of my soul. I wanted to keep her, but I knew that I couldn’t.

It would be best for the both of us if we parted ways and soon.

“The trail is this way. With any luck, we’ll come out ahead of your group and we’ll be able to meet up with them,” I offered.

Her smile faltered a little and I tried not to notice. I looked away, unable to bear even a hint of her sadness.

I hated her sorrow more than anything. I just wanted to take it away.

I strode off into the forest, the sound of her footsteps behind me a small comfort. For a few minutes, she was silent.

“Do you live around here?” she asked.

“Yeah. I have a cabin a few miles away in the mountains,” I answered. I didn’t give her any more details than necessary, and I could hear a sliver of her frustration when she spoke next.

“Once I complete this hike, I’ll be released soon. I wasn’t really sure where I was going to go after that,” she said softly, and my heart broke for her. I knew what she wanted to hear. There was no way I would be able to keep her here with me. I was a strong man, but I wasn’t strong enough to resist the temptation of her.

“Do you know where they sent Sophie? Maybe the two of you could settle down and make a life for yourselves somewhere. There’s so many beautiful places in the world for you to see,” I answered, and I didn’t have to look to know her eyes were boring into the back of my head.

“You remembered her name,” she whispered, and I hated the hurt that bled through her voice on a visceral level. I didn’t answer.

“Do you have any suggestions?” she finally asked, and I dared to glance back at her. Her expression was strained, as if she was trying to school it free of emotion and I loathed that I had done that to her in a span of less than twenty-four hours.

I sighed thoughtfully.

“The mountains of northern Italy are beautiful as are the beaches of the Greek islands. The canyons of the southwestern United States are also magnificent. The lush forests of the Amazon are thick and wonderful, a world that almost seems alien in comparison to the rest of the world,” I offered.

“What about cities?” she asked.

“I’ve never spent much time in any of them. I prefer the solitude of nature,” I replied with a soft smile. She glanced away and I turned my attention back to the trail to avoid the glassy look in her eyes.

I didn’t want to make her cry. Not like this.

I focused on putting one foot in front of the other as we both fell into silence. I wanted to tell her that she could come live here with me.

I didn’t want her to stop talking to me. I wanted to hear her voice as much as possible before I had to let her go.

“What is the first thing you want to do when you get out?” I asked her. Even though I couldn’t keep her, that wouldn’t stop me from learning everything that I could about her.

“I want to adopt a dog,” she said wistfully, and I paused.

“What kind?” I pressed.

“One that’s unwanted and hard to place. I want to rescue a dog that no one else wants and give it a home so I can show him or her that there is still kindness in the world,” she answered. She stopped and licked her lips thoughtfully before she continued. “Early on during my sentence, my institution partnered with a shelter nearby to help rehabilitate traumatized dogs and prepare them for life in homes. I volunteered right away and was able to help several of them until they were ready for adoption.”

“That sounds wonderful,” I answered.

“Dogs are simple. When they’re scared, sometimes they lash out, but they always give warning. They growl. Their bodies get tense. Their tail drops between their legs. If you ignore all those signs, you’ll get bit. Humans are far more complicated than that. Sometimes they lash out without giving any warning at all,” she explained. Her eyes bored into mine, accusatory and sad all at the same time.

“I can understand what you mean,” I replied gruffly, unable to shake the feeling that she was taking a direct dig at me. “Come

on, it's not much further.”

She didn't reply, but she didn't have to. Her silence said everything.

The main trail was only about a quarter of a mile away, but something in the air made me pause. I held up my hand, signaling in silence for Emma to stop along with me. I knelt down and pressed my fingers into the dirt, listened intently to the vibrations in the earth using one of my innate alien abilities. I closed my eyes, concentrating on what sounded like the pounding of many boots on the ground, along with several rattling engines.

That was unusual.

There was a research facility close by hidden away in the mountains, but most of its scientists lived on site and flew in and out by way of a helicopter. Most of the trails weren't passable by car unless it was something made for this kind of terrain.

“Wait here,” I commanded.

“But...” she began. I cut her off before she could finish. I had a bad feeling about what was up ahead, so I would take nothing other than her obedience until I could get a handle on it.

“You will stay here until I return,” I said, and she huffed in annoyance. I glanced back to see that her arms were crossed over her chest. She turned her head and didn't answer, but she didn't move to follow me.

I took off into the forest, moving as fast as I could with as much stealth as possible. I used every single one of my senses at my disposal, recognizing that it wasn't just a few vehicles. It was a whole goddamn caravan. I slowed as I came upon the sparser brush along the edge of the trail.

I expected to see a few delivery trucks heading to the research facility, but as I crested a small hill I froze.

The National Guard had sent an entire military convoy. Armored cars rumbled alongside tanks, heavily shielded personal carriers, and big trucks full of some pretty serious

artillery. A few soldiers walked alongside the trucks, carrying flamethrowers in their arms while military grade machine guns were strapped to their backs.

I'd never seen anything like it. I glanced in the direction of the research facility. What the hell would a group of scientists need protection like this for?

Something very dangerous was happening and I needed to find out more, but I also wanted to get Emma to safety first.

I drew back and retraced my steps, expecting to find her where I left her. She was nowhere to be found. After taking a deep breath, I pushed away my frustration and knelt in the spot where I'd seen her last, searching for traces she left behind so that I could follow her trail.

She'd followed me, at least part of the way.

Hastily, I ran along the path, keeping my eyes on the ground for any sign of her tracks and stopping when I reached the road. Her scent was all over the place. She'd definitely come this way.

I paused by the edge of the trail, finding a scuff of her boot here and a deeper indent indicating something of a struggle. Someone had dragged her out of the bush.

I continued around the bend until the quiet rumble of the traveling convoy drew close. I slowed, catching sight of several men behind a military police vehicle. The lights weren't flashing, but they seemed to be talking to one another in angry hushed voices and when I saw Emma leaning miserably against the car I knew why.

Normally, I would just walk up and take her from them, but I didn't want to make a scene or put anyone in danger. Before I could think up a strategy to intervene though, one of the soldiers grasped her arm and hustled her inside the car. The echo of the door slamming behind her was deafening. I hung back, wanting to keep an eye on the convoy and needing to ensure that Emma didn't get hurt.

Before I'd left that pool with her that morning, I'd already decided that I'd keep an eye on her once she got out of juvie. I

wouldn't involve myself in her life, but it was important for me to know that she was safe and happy.

Seeing her in danger changed that.

The beast in me wanted to keep her at my side. An even wilder side of me needed her as my mate.

At a safe distance, I tailed the caravan the rest of the way. They followed the main road for a while until they turned off onto a much lesser used one that led to the main research facility. They stopped about a mile away from it at what appeared to be a massive military installation that appeared to be in full operation.

A large number of trees had been felled and an enormous amount of brush had been cleared away so that several massive tents could be set up alongside the road. From my position, I could see that a few housed bunks for the soldiers. One was something of an armory with a terrifying amount of artillery and weapons inside it. Another was full of technology, complete with radar and satellite images plastered on every computer.

I snuck a bit closer to that particular tent, trying to get a handle on what was happening while still keeping the police car that had Emma still in my sights. Once I was safely behind some thick brush, I stripped. With a steadying breath, I shifted into my bear form.

Although my senses were heightened in my human form simply because of the alien and bear elements contained within me, they were especially strong in my bear form. They were even better when I was in my alien one, but that would stand out in a situation like this.

I lumbered through the brush, getting as close as I dared without alerting anyone that might be watching the perimeter. My ears perked up as the police car pulled to a stop. They weren't exactly gentle as they pulled her out of the vehicle, but there were no signs that they were going to hurt her. I guessed that they wanted to simply detain her so that she didn't catch wind of whatever was happening out here. She wasn't fighting

or arguing with them, but she didn't exactly seem delighted in their presence either.

They led her into one of the central tents. She didn't come back out.

I'd keep an eye out for her, but I wanted to get a better handle on whatever the situation was out here before I decided what to do next. A sharp screech of static in the tech tent caught my attention and I turned back to it, listening intently to the update as it came over the radio.

"All clear here. No sightings of extraterrestrial activity in the northern sector."

I stilled, narrowing my eyes. In the past, there had been several areas in the world that alluded to alien activity, but they'd simply been cover-ups for advanced military research to continue uninterrupted. My first instinct was to assume that this operation was something like that, but the grandeur to the whole scheme left me hesitant to conclude anything without more investigation.

Silently, I wandered the perimeter, taking stock of the military installation the best that I could. There were at least two thousand men here. The general's tent was placed at the center, so I couldn't overhear direct plans, but the more I searched, the more convinced I became that they were actively looking for signs of alien life.

Just outside their camp, I stumbled upon a massive stationary structure. Any passing hiker would assume that it was just an enormous telescope, but I knew better than that.

I glanced around, noticing that the structure was monitored by an overwhelming number of cameras, both bright field and night vision. A telescope was expensive, sure, but it wouldn't need this kind of surveillance.

The rooftop had been left open, revealing a massive communication device that was far more advanced than anything I'd ever seen on Earth before. It was enormous. It mimicked the design of an enormous satellite dish, but the antennae had three circular structures affixed to the tip that

would power the waves sent out of it and drive it out at hyper speeds.

The shaft flickered with electric energy and when I focused on the humming sound radiating from the core, I realized it was powered with electromagnetic light.

There was no doubt in my mind that this advanced technology could send and receive messages across deep space.

Humans weren't ready for something like that. If they happened to catch the attention of the wrong alien species, they could be destroyed in an instant.

This was far more serious than I thought.

I needed to make my way inside. There were only a few night vision cameras watching the entryway to the structure, so I would have to handle those. There was no sign of anyone guarding the place, so I climbed one of the trees the nearest was fixed to. Rather delicately, I used my big bear paw and knocked it down. I did the same with the other. To anyone watching, I would just seem like a curious bear and if I was lucky, they'd be far more distracted by whatever was happening in the military camp instead.

As the Earth's guardian, I knew that it was my job to understand exactly what was happening here so that I could decide whether I needed to intervene for the sake of humanity.

I climbed back down the tree and strode away from the comm device back in the direction of the military camp. I surveyed the area for any sign of Emma, but it appeared that she was still detained in the interior of the camp.

I sat down and stretched against a tree, listening for signs of her distress, and not picking up on any at all. I glanced up into the sky, taking note of the position of the sun. It would be setting in a few hours and with it, I hoped that the activity within the military installation would slow down. The cover of nightfall would give me the concealment I needed to sneak into the general's tent and find out what their real mission was here. It would be safest for everyone if I could do it under the cover of night.

There was also the problem of Emma. I was pretty sure that these men wouldn't hurt her, but I wasn't about to gamble with her safety based off nothing more than a hunch. I'd have to get her out of here before I focused on whatever they were planning.

I watched several soldiers walk in and out of the tent she'd been forcibly led into. They seemed unhurried. As the sun continued to drop, fewer and fewer men went in and more came out, leading me to believe it was simply a holding tent for anyone who wasn't supposed to be there. As the sky began to darken, two guards stood outside the entrance. There were no more stationed around the perimeter of the tent. It would be easy to sneak my way inside and get her out.

Once I had her in my arms, I'd throw her over my shoulder and carry her off to safety myself.

The thought made my cock pulse.

I couldn't wait to get my hands on her. My claws dug into the ground as my mind raced over the fact that she'd directly disobeyed me.

I'd punish her thoroughly once I came back for her, not just with several licks of my belt but at the end of a switch.

I snarled with delight. I was looking forward to it.

CHAPTER 7



*H*ector

I waited several hours in the forest safely hidden in the brush until the sun set and the world fell into darkness. I'd taken a few minutes to sneak off at one point to a nearby cave where I'd stored some extra clothes. I shifted into my human form there.

The familiar trees all around me stood tall like shadow sentinels, guarding the forest from whatever evils might go bump in the night. The military base went mostly dark as the soldiers hunkered down in their bunks with nothing more than a skeleton crew safeguarding the perimeter.

The guards were interspersed throughout the border of the camp and using the cover of nightfall it was fairly simple to slip through them unnoticed. Carefully, I made my way through the camp, taking extra caution to make sure each step was silent. I navigated around several piles of dry brush as well as broken twigs. There were enough men that any stray sound would give away my position, so when I finally reached the tent I'd seen them lead Emma into, I sighed in relief.

I loosened the posts that held the tent steady in the ground, fully intending to slip underneath it, but the Earth rumbled ominously beneath my fingertips. I paused, pressing my palm against the dirt.

I closed my eyes and focused. To the north about a mile, there was a heavy commotion. Several feet were pounding against

the ground. That wouldn't have alarmed me on its own, but the distinctive purr of a vessel that could only mean one thing raised the hair along my arms.

Earth was no longer safe amongst the stars.

Lights started popping on all around me, illuminating the camp as if it was midday. If the Earth was under attack, there was no stopping me from intervening now. Before anyone spotted me, I quickly shifted back into my bear form, not caring in the slightest bit about the violent destruction of the sweatpants that I'd been wearing.

I took off in the direction of the commotion, making quick work of the distance with massive strides. There was no keeping quiet at that speed, and I saw multiple soldiers stop short at the sight of me. Surprisingly, they made no moves to attack me because they were far more focused on whatever was up ahead.

As I drew closer, my sensitive hearing picked up feral snarling and malicious growls as they echoed fiercely throughout the woods. The pitch was frantic and when the first gunshot sounded, the tone changed to a series of excitedly vicious yips.

I reached the edge of the trees long before the human soldiers. I knew they would follow with their tanks and advanced artillery in short order, but I wanted to take stock of the situation before I decided on my own path of action first.

I stopped, shocked at what lay before me. A massive clearing had been singed into the middle of the forest. The blast had been fairly silent, so much that even I'd been unable to pick up on it, which led me to believe it had been some sort of technologically advanced laser weaponry. Several trees were still burning with a bright green flame while a great many more had been charred so badly that I doubted they would ever recover. Many had simply been obliterated into piles of glowing ash.

Destruction like this would leave a scar.

Feral yips turned my attention away from the burning fires. A small army of massive attack dogs pounded their paws into the

ground, demanding action at once. There was a shielded spaceship hovering above them as more hopped out.

I didn't know if the humans' radar would be strong enough to pick up on a vessel of that kind. To be honest, I doubted that it would. I couldn't see enough to determine what alien race had sent it, but I was certain that they weren't friendly or remotely obedient to the Intergalactic Dynasty's decree.

When the ship was fully unloaded, I estimated there were about five hundred alien dogs.

I drew a bit closer, wanting to get a better look at the wild beasts. They were hairless, their skin spotted with dark patches of brown. The rest of their flesh was the same color as dried decaying mud. They had four legs and one head, but their ears curved back along their heads and onto their necks like long horns. The most unnerving part of them was their small, round, black beady eyes, three on each side of their head. Sharp claws dug into the dirt at their feet as their nostrils scented the air for their prey. There was no defined snout, just something that was akin to a horse muzzle. Two sharpened talons extended from their chins. Drool dripped from either side of their mouths and when one of them whined, I saw a mouth full of razor-sharp teeth.

With every step, I could see their muscles flexing. Broad chests exposed their strength. They were much bigger than an Earth dog or even a wolf, probably weighing in at a hefty three hundred and fifty pounds.

As a bear, I weighed about three times that. I was a fair bit larger than most Earth bears. Not only that, but my flesh was practically impenetrable to claws or human bullets. Even as a human, I would be incredibly hard to kill because that same ability protected me from death too. The ability extended over all parts of me from the Mardsian that had agreed to merge with both my human and bear forms. Mardsians were blessed with thick skin, which afforded them much safety in the depths of space.

I lumbered out into the clearing and when the dogs caught sight of me, the yips and cries of their excitement for battle

became uncontrollable. They were more than ready for action.

But so was I.

I'd been walking the lands of Earth for a centuries preparing for a time when I might have to defend its inhabitants. There was no longer a need for me to keep to the shadows.

Behind me, the human soldiers stopped at the edge of the clearing. I didn't need to look back to see the looks of fear plastered all over their faces. This was the first time they had seen alien life and they were about to learn how real and hostile they could be.

The feral beasts were a species that lived on a planet clustered in the massive Andromeda galaxy. They were commonly referred to as Lykans. They were especially smart, but they were easily trainable if you knew how incredible food-driven they could be. If left to their own devices, they were dumb enough to eat themselves to death. When given the proper kind of direction though, they could fight a war and come away as the victor.

In the end, a fight against the Lykans would be undoubtedly bloody.

I searched the edges of the forest, looking for any sign of the alien species that might have sent them. I found none. In all likelihood, they'd sent the Lykans ahead as a warning. I also knew that this would only be the beginning until the real fight started when they arrived to take in the carnage their attack dogs had wrought.

The humans were going to have enough trouble with the Lykans, let alone the fact that whoever had sent them would undoubtedly be that much worse. It would take a great many of their paltry bullets to fell a single Lykan. They'd need all the artillery I'd seen rolling along in their convoy to stand even the slightest bit of a chance.

It was my job to protect them.

I bounded out further into the clearing, fully intending to capture the attacks dogs' attention before they decided to focus on the humans. I stood up on my back paws and roared, which

made every single one go absolutely wild with savage excitement. My front legs slammed down into the earth, and I flew forward.

It didn't much matter if the humans thought my behavior strange. Most of them were likely not to survive the night.

The alpha Lykan threw his head into the air and let out a piercing howl. The rest of the wild dogs behind him flew toward me and I dug my claws into the ground.

I pushed myself back up to a standing position and whipped my right paw at the first Lykan that had the misfortune of running into me. My claws were razor sharp, ripping into its bloated belly with ease. I tore into one and then another, fighting fiercely as the humans charged in behind me. The dirt beneath my feet soon became slickened with blood.

Several engines rumbled behind me, and I knew the full force of soldiers had arrived. They threw a number of grenades ahead of themselves, causing a massive explosion that might hinder a few Lykans rather than kill them. Lykans were annoyingly resistant to fire.

I grasped one and twisted its head hard, breaking its thick beefy neck. They kept coming and soon enough, a swarm of them surrounded me. A soldier stared at me wide eyed. I paid him no mind. For several seconds, he stood still until he decided that he rather liked having a massive bear fighting on his side. I chuckled with amusement, but it sounded more like a growl than anything else.

I grasped a Lykan and lifted it clean into the air, using a single claw to point at a hollow directly in the middle of their chest.

"Aim here. This spot is weak to your gunfire," I explained, and the wide-eyed soldier swallowed hard enough for his Adam's apple to bob up and down. His gaze was panicked, and he shook his head.

"What's a talking bear on top of a bunch of aliens anyway?" he muttered. If I wasn't busy ripping the head off another Lykan, I would have laughed more openly.

The man started peppering the Lykans with bullets, taking care to aim in the place I'd indicated. His accuracy surprised me and a few of them stumbled in front of me, letting me take them out with ease.

I grabbed two of them and using all of my strength, I knocked their heads together hard enough to shatter their thick skulls. Their black beady eyes glazed over to something of a dull gray as I tossed them aside. I didn't give them another glance.

Another soldier joined the man I'd directed, and he shouted to him, telling him the same thing. The two of them stayed by my side, which was probably smart because without me they didn't stand much of a chance.

I roared viciously, the sound reverberating across the valley. It carried with it an innate ability to draw in the enemy. My intention was to take as much of the Lykans' attention as I could, so that the humans fighting them might possibly survive.

There were so many though. Even as I tore through one after the other, it seemed endless. I looked up into the sky, seeing another dark shadow of a ship pass by and I gritted my teeth. As it lowered itself toward the ground, I snarled at the realization that it was simply another vessel full of Lykans.

The constant pop of gunfire was deafening, but it was soon drowned out by the screaming of humans all around me. Lykans were feasting on them like candy. Several of them were gnawing on a single felled soldier together and his ear-piercing shrieks were worse than anything I'd ever heard before in my life. I shifted into my human form and grabbed a gun off a nearby soldier. I gave no mind to the stunned expression on his face as I aimed the gun and ended the screaming man's life with a simple shot between the eyes.

The silence that followed was sobering.

More Lykans bounded toward me, and I shifted back into my massive bear form. I swept my paw and extended my claws. It was time to lean into my alien abilities for the first time in history.

In my creation, the Mardsians had instilled within me not only immortality, but access to innate biological weaponry that was fueled by the constant surge of blood in my veins. With a heavy breath, I reinforced my claws with serrated edges. The edges glowed with the constant flickers of electric energy and power.

Every nerve in my body was firing on overdrive and the same buzzing sensation flared behind my eyes.

I didn't need guns. The biotech inside my body was more than enough to take out a Lykan. With a roar, I swept both paws out, knocking out several dogs and paralyzing even more with the electrified edges of my talons. I ripped into their flesh, my claws tearing through them like butter and when the energy behind my eyes became too much to bear, I released it into a massive group of Lykans about to leap onto a tank. One of them had just leapt onto the long barrel of the gun and the electric laser froze it instantly.

My power caused its brain to liquefy within its skull. I don't know how many Lykans I took out with that single blast, but by the time I drained that energy the ground was littered with them.

The humans looked at me with panicked fear. I can only imagine their terror. They'd never seen something like me, especially a bear who shot laser beams straight out of his eyeballs.

I chuckled to myself as the two soldiers by my side erupted into excited shrieks.

"Yeah! Who brought the laser bear to the fight?" one of them yelled and I shook my head as I caught a Lykan right out of the air as it bounded in their direction. I broke its neck with ease and used its body to block another that tried to leap high enough to bite at my ear. It slammed into the ground hard enough to knock it into a daze. It tried to get back up, but I slammed my fist into its skull and killed it before it had a chance.

I fought for hours, using my strength and abilities to save as many humans as I could, but by the time the sun rose and the

last Lykan breathed its final breath, the ground was littered with more dead soldiers than alien beasts. Their blood soaked into the dirt so much that it turned to mud. Several bodies were mangled with Lykan bites. Others were torn apart, their limbs strewn over the clearing with no rhyme or reason.

The rancid smell of death, blood, and unimaginable suffering was overpowering.

I managed to keep the two men who'd stuck to my side alive, but only a handful of others had made it out.

I'd seen my fair share of violence, but this was something else. I needed to know why the Lykans had been sent here. I suspected that the humans had something to do with it, but I couldn't conclude anything without more evidence.

First though, I needed to make sure Emma hadn't been hurt, and that she was safe.

I turned to the two men beside me.

"Don't do anything stupid," I warned them, and they nodded enthusiastically. Much to their chagrin, I bounded off and didn't look back even though they yelled after me not to go. I didn't pay them any mind. They were no longer of my concern.

I ignored the soreness in my limbs from hours of fighting and pushed onward. My heart pulsed heavily, worried that Emma was lying in the dirt somewhere hurt or dying from a stray Lykan attack. I bounded as quickly as I dared through the woods, not caring about stealth in the slightest anymore. I raced right into the military encampment to find it mostly abandoned.

Their stocks of weapons were fully depleted. They'd gone through everything trying to fight off the alien beasts, further confirming my initial conclusion that they were not even remotely ready to face off against the true horrors of life amongst the stars.

A few soldiers hid inside and none of them paid any mind to a stray bear pawing through camp either. I reached the holding

tent and tore through the cloth with my claws only to find Emma handcuffed to a heavy steel table.

She started when she saw me, and I could understand why. My fur felt sticky and rank with Lykan blood, so I was probably something of a vision of horror. Humans generally feared bears and they especially feared one as big as me. She froze, doing her best to remain completely still even as her hands trembled with terror.

“Emma,” I purred, and she cried out in shock.

“It can’t be,” she whimpered.

“Shhh. It’s Hector, sweet girl. I’ve come to rescue you,” I explained, and she stared at me like I had two heads. She looked away, unwilling to accept it and I quickly shifted back to a human so that I could allay her fears.

“I don’t understand,” she whispered.

I held up my hands, showing her that I meant no harm. The wariness never left her face as I reached for the handcuffs. Without much effort, I tore them right open and freed her.

“You’re not human,” she said.

“I’m only part human,” I explained gently. “A portion of me is a bear, and the last part of me is something you’ve never encountered before.”

“What do you mean?” she asked curiously. She rubbed her wrists, slowly becoming comfortable in my presence once again. She didn’t get up out of her chair yet though.

“I can explain it to you further once we get to safety, but I’m alien to your kind. My role here on Earth is to protect humanity from forces outside your planet,” I continued.

She reached for me, touching my cheek as I knelt before her.

“You look like a savage beast all covered in blood like this,” she murmured.

“I won’t hurt you, but you already know that, don’t you?” I asked.

She sighed softly. “I do know that,” she answered thoughtfully.

“Good,” I said. I didn’t give her any more time to get used to the idea that I was something more than human. I wrapped my arms around her and tossed her over my shoulder, slapping her ass hard so that she would know I meant business.

There would be time to figure out what the humans had done to instigate the alien attack. Once the Lykans failed to return to their masters in victory, the species that had sent them might come for Earth.

In the meantime, I had a disobedient little human to deal with first.

CHAPTER 8



*E*mma

I'd thought my life was over when that giant brown bear had wandered into my prison tent. I tried to remember what the park ranger had told us to do in the event we ran into one, but my mind had gone blank and the only thing I could remember was to stay still, but the bear had kept moving.

At the time, I remember distinctly thinking that all that advice had simply been bullshit and running into a brown bear just meant you were royally fucked.

I didn't quite understand it, but when the bear spoke, I'd instantly experienced the same calm that I had in Hector's presence. I almost didn't believe it at first because bears weren't supposed to talk, but the quiet rumble of his voice made me look past the dirt and mud and blood that coated his fur, making it border on the color of midnight.

When he'd shifted into human form and Hector's familiar gaze met mine, an overwhelming sense of relief poured over me even if he was still covered in all that blood. It didn't appear to be his either.

"You came for me," I whispered. He had known I'd been captured, and he'd cared enough to come for me. I blinked hard, trying to hold back my sudden surge of emotion.

No one had ever done something like that for me before.

“I always will,” he answered, and my heart blossomed with hope. With my initial panic subsided, I hadn’t fought him when he tossed me over his shoulder, but I did squeak in surprise when his hand slapped my ass really hard.

“We have to get out of here before there’s another attack,” he continued.

When I’d been handcuffed to that table, the officers had promised me they’d release me once the threat in the forest had passed. They had alluded to some sort of escaped serial killer lying in wait for hikers in the woods and I’d believed them, at least until the sound of gunfire and massive explosions echoed a short distance away all through the night.

Now, though, I had a feeling something far more serious was going on.

I kept quiet as he made his way out of the military base. There were hardly any soldiers left, making it fairly easy for the two of us to slip out unnoticed. When we got to a place that was safely out of sight, he stopped and put me down. He didn’t say a word as he looked me over. When I realized he was checking me for signs of injury, I grasped his upper arm and shook my head.

“They didn’t hurt me. They just kept me there to keep me safe. The officers had said it was because of some escaped fugitive, but that was a lie, wasn’t it?” I asked quietly.

“It was,” he answered. As if he wasn’t completely satisfied with my answer, he lightly squeezed my arms and legs until he was certain that I wasn’t hurt. I had to hold back a smile at his concern. It felt pretty special to be looked after like that.

His expression turned serious.

“I’m going to shift into a bear and you’re going to climb on my back. I’m going to take you to my cabin for safekeeping where we can both shower, rest, and then I can deal with the matter of you disobeying me when I told you to stay put,” he said firmly, and my stomach dropped precariously to the tips of my toes. I swallowed hard, suddenly feeling far more anxious than before.

“Wait, what? What do you mean?” I asked and there was a soft tremble to my voice.

His dark eyes found mine and I had the sudden sinking feeling that I was in more trouble than I realized. My gaze dipped to his palms and returned to his face. His expression gave nothing away.

“I told you to stay put,” he said simply. He waited and I realized he was waiting for me to respond.

“You did,” I answered warily.

“And did you?” he asked.

“No,” I whispered, my anxiety reaching greater heights.

“Answer me properly,” he replied firmly.

“No, sir,” I breathed.

His finger lifted my chin and he forced me to face him.

“In the morning, I’m going to punish you for disobeying me. When I give you a directive, you are to obey me. You could have been killed,” he scolded gently.

“Punished?” I asked quietly.

“Yes. I’m going to punish you, and it’s going to hurt,” he said, and there was a dark seductive gleam in his eyes that both terrified and aroused me. He was more serious this time than he had ever been with me.

Sure, his hand had hurt when he’d spanked my ass and my pussy, but it had never felt like anything more than a little pain meant to embarrass and arouse me. His roughness had been unbearably sexy, and it was something I very much adored about him.

To be honest, he was the only thing I’d thought about in that chair all night. I hadn’t been able to sleep through the sounds of battle and imagining the safety of his arms had settled me. The thought of those same arms punishing me was something else entirely.

“Yes, sir,” I said softly.

He sighed heavily and he grasped my chin so roughly that I gasped out loud. He didn't ask to kiss me; he just took. His lips devoured mine with such force and I knew mine would be tender long after he was through with me. He kissed me like he was terrified of losing me and I couldn't help but give him everything he wanted. When his tongue tangled with mine, I pressed back with just as much desperation. I moaned into his kiss, and he swallowed my sounds.

My heart pulsed and I gasped as warmth and adoration flooded through me. When he finally broke off that kiss, I struggled to catch my breath. I gazed up at him to see him looking down at me with such love that it threw me off guard.

"What happened last night?" I asked fearfully.

His palm rounded the back of my neck, and he shook his head, before bringing his forehead down to touch mine. "I'm not sure why as of yet, but the Earth was attacked last night," he began.

"What do you mean by Earth? Was it Russia?" I asked, drawing back a little bit so I could search his face.

"No. The Earth was attacked by aliens last night," he answered.

If I hadn't seen him shift from a bear to a man right in front of my eyes, I might not have believed him, but there was a seriousness to his gaze that told me that every single word was the truth.

I looked out into the woods in the direction that I'd heard the gunfire and his hand squeezed tighter around me. It was possessive and it left me feeling secure even though it stung just the slightest bit.

"You could have been caught in the crossfire," he said and the emotion in his tone revealed just how much he had feared the possibility.

"I'm sorry," I whispered.

"I've already forgiven you," he growled before capturing me in another kiss that left me breathless. "That doesn't change the fact that I'm still going to punish you."

I trembled against him, even as my pussy tightened in anticipation. I didn't know how nervous I should be, how much it was going to hurt, or what it was going to entail.

The only thing I did know that I was going to be safe with him no matter what.

"Yes, sir," I whispered as his arms wrapped around me tight. When he finally released me, I could tell that he was reluctant, but the whirring of a helicopter overhead caused us both to jump.

"Come now. We must get to the safety of my cabin. From there, we can figure out our next move," he replied.

"Together?" I asked.

"Together," he confirmed with a hard nod. He didn't say anything more and the dark of his eyes flared electric yellow.

He began to shift right in front of me. The whole process was extraordinarily quick, but the first thing about him that changed was his height. He was already tall at six foot something, but he towered several feet higher before his entire body began to thicken. His beard blossomed and suddenly he was covered in thick fur. His fingers lengthened into sharp claws and everything about him just became that much greater. By the time he finished, a giant brown bear stood on his hind feet at full height right in front of me.

Any sane person would have run screaming, but I didn't. I knew it was Hector and I knew instinctively that he would never hurt me. He lowered himself and pressed his front feet to the ground. He offered me one paw.

"Climb on my back, sweet girl. Trust me," he said quietly. He kept his voice soft, and I nodded quickly, knowing time was of the essence. We needed to get out of here before we were discovered.

With a courageous breath, I grasped his fur tentatively and he chuckled.

"You don't need to be gentle with me, Emma. You won't break me," he mumbled, and my core squeezed tight with desire. I

chewed my lower lip, blushing as the image of his enormous cock flashed at the forefront of my mind.

My hands tightened more firmly around his fur as I placed a foot onto his waiting paw. I pulled myself up as he lifted me up into the air. I scrambled up by grabbing more fistfuls of his fur until I was safely on his back.

Oh, wow. This was high up.

I'd ridden a horse one time, but this was way different than that. Hector was much bigger, and I had to lay forward on my stomach between his shoulder blades.

"Don't let go. I'm going to run. Get comfortable. You're in for quite the ride," he instructed, and I snorted. The words slipped from my mouth before I could stop myself.

"That's what she said," I quipped, and the sound of his bear laugh was like music to my soul.

"Indeed."

* * *

A few hours later, Hector and I had traveled up into the mountains at a breakneck pace. When he finally rounded a bend, I was taken aback by the homey-looking log cabin nestled within several thick pine trees. The logs appeared to be hewn by hand and the fireplace on the left side built from rocks sourced directly from the surrounding mountain.

"Welcome to my home," he said.

"Did you build this yourself?" I asked curiously.

"I did," he replied.

As he approached the front door, he stopped and leaned forward.

"Climb down now. Carefully," he instructed, and I looked down at the ground. The climb off his back seemed way more daunting than the one going up. Nervously, I gripped his fur

tight and swung one leg to the side. I used his body like a ladder until I was close enough to the bottom to jump off.

He shifted once I was clear, and I couldn't help but glance down at his nakedness. His cock was rock hard, and I quickly looked away so that he wouldn't catch me peeking.

"Let's head inside," he said, and I quickly agreed. When he turned around though, I spent as much time as I dared checking out the sheer perfection of his ass. Eventually, he got too far away from me and looked back, catching me staring and smirking knowingly. I blushed and rushed after him.

Like a perfect gentleman, he opened the door and ushered me inside. When his hand brushed against my lower back, I tensed. Not with fear, but with expectation.

Inside, the cabin was even cozier than I expected. There was a plush leather couch covered with blankets and pillows that made me want to jump right into it and take a nap. The kitchen was crafted from lightly stained pine. The countertops were simple, with speckled brown and black granite. Upon closer inspection, I could see rocky veining interspersed throughout it. The walls kept the log esthetic, although I could see they were lined with plaster in order to keep the cabin warm or cool depending on the season. There was a massive grandfather clock in the corner. The place wasn't necessarily that large, but it seemed perfectly matched to a man like Hector.

The fireplace was gorgeous. Every stone was a different shade, and I was taken aback by the sudden desire to sit in front of a fire with a hot mug of tea and just relax. There was another room at the end of the cabin, which I assumed would be his bedroom.

"I'm going to go wash up. You will join me in ten minutes," he directed.

"Yes, sir," I answered tentatively, and I glanced up at him before he turned away to see a look of pride in his eyes.

I didn't understand why that meant so much to me.

As I watched him walk away, I tried to work through my feelings. My mind drifted back to the moment the officers

discovered me. I'd tried to follow Hector because I had been afraid that he was going to wander off and disappear on me. Despite all that, I'd lost him at one point, but I'd stepped out into the road just a bit too far and the soldiers at the back of the convoy had noticed me. I'd looked around frantically for Hector, but he had been nowhere to be found and my heart had hung heavy at the realization that he wasn't there. I'd been taken into custody and the sudden loss of his presence had hit me deeply enough that I feared actually having to leave him.

I cared about him and when my heart squeezed tight, I realized something else.

I loved him.

I glanced back at the grandfather clock, noting that enough time had passed for me to go to him. I wandered into the bedroom, smiling at the comfy-looking bed. The quilt was made of goose down and so were the pillows. I sighed, yawning, and suddenly realizing how very tired I was. I hadn't slept more than an hour or two last night in that uncomfortable metal chair. I looked to the right, seeing another doorway.

It was the master bathroom. I took a few hesitant steps toward it, hearing running water just beyond it. The décor was beautifully done in a rustic fashion. The tiles were a dark green with silver and white veining that reminded me of water cutting through the forest. There was a large walled-in glass shower with multiple showerheads. The steam billowed out the top, but I was less concerned with the beautiful bathroom once I noticed the naked and soaking wet man inside it. He was much cleaner now, no longer covered in dirt and grime and blood. I didn't yet know if it was alien or human.

He turned his head at the same time, noticing me too. He grinned and his eyes flashed dangerously.

"Strip. Toss your clothes in the basket over there," he directed, and I blushed even though I knew he'd already seen me fully naked. I started with my sweatshirt and tossed it into the hamper, fiddling with my shirt after that. Unable to help myself, I glanced up at him to see him watching me intently. His eyes narrowed just the slightest bit in warning and that

was more than enough to urge me onward. Quickly, I knelt down and untied my boots, kicking them off and peeling down my socks after that. Then I grasped the bottom of my t-shirt and pulled it over my head. With a deep breath, I unbuttoned my pants and slid them down.

I still didn't have any panties underneath. Reaching being my back, I unclasped my bra with a quick snap and threw that in the bin with the rest of my clothes. Fully naked now, I shivered as I stepped into the shower along with him. His hands were gentle as he directed my body under the spray of water.

He was silent as he started to bathe me. His hands were like heaven as they brushed over my weary flesh, gentle and kind and impossibly tender. He shampooed and conditioned my hair at leisure, taking extra time to massage it into my scalp. I couldn't help but moan with pleasure at the feeling. He soaped up my body and rubbed my sore muscles. When he was done, he kissed the back of my head and I leaned back into him.

The two of us stood under that water spray for several minutes before he cleared his throat.

"I should get you tucked into bed," he murmured, and his hand splayed over my belly possessively. My clit throbbed and I arched back against him. He was hard. I could feel his cock pulsing against my lower back. I wiggled just a little bit, letting him know that I knew he was aroused right now too.

"No, sweet girl. You're not going to come for me until tomorrow," he scolded, and I couldn't stop myself from pouting just the slightest bit. "I want you very needy for me for your punishment in the morning."

I shuddered against him, and his arms tightened around me. He shut off the water and grabbed a clean towel, pushing me away only enough so that he could wrap me up in it. It was difficult to ignore the pulsing need in between my thighs and a part of me wanted to reach down and take care of business myself, but an even bigger part of me wanted to be obedient for him.

With a sigh, I grasped the edges of the towel and tightened it around me as Hector grabbed one of his own. I padded out of the shower, following him into the bedroom. He sat me down on the bed and used a comb to remove the tangles from my hair as gently as he could. By the time he was finished, I was relaxed enough that my eyes started to feel really heavy. As if he could sense it, he unwrapped the towel from me and lifted me up in his arms before he tucked me into bed. I pulled the covers up to my chin as he turned off the lights and plunged the cabin into darkness. My ears perked up as he moved around the room, and I hummed happily once he climbed into bed behind me.

His warmth surrounded me, and I closed my eyes. His arms around my waist were strong and sure, and I allowed myself to fall asleep in the safety of him.

Just when I was about to drift off, he whispered something so quietly I wasn't certain if I was meant to hear it at all. "I'm never going to be able to let you go, am I?"

I didn't answer, but I wanted to tell him that I felt the exact same way.

CHAPTER 9



*E*mma

When the sun pierced through the windows the next morning, I groaned and turned toward Hector. I hid my face in his chest, wanting to extend this moment together forever. I didn't want to go back to my hiking expedition with the other girls and I didn't want to go and make a life for myself all on my own.

I wanted to spend it here with him.

I didn't care that it was too fast. I knew my own heart and I knew that he'd somehow wormed his way into mine.

Now I knew I was inside his too.

I kept my eyes closed and drifted back to sleep. I'm not sure for how long, but when I finally awoke once more, I saw that his eyes were open too. His interest in me was keen and possessive, but that was comforting in its own way.

Like he only had eyes for me.

"Hey there, sleepy girl," he whispered, and I groaned, not wanting to get up quite yet. He chuckled, the music of it beautifully addictive. I knew it was something that I would never tire of, and when it finally ended, I was almost saddened by the silence.

"I'm going to get up and make us some coffee. Would you like some eggs, bacon, and a few slices of toast for breakfast?" he

asked, and I nodded against his chest. “You’ll stay here in bed and wait for me, won’t you?”

“Yes,” I murmured sleepily, closing my eyes once more. His tone hadn’t been demanding or expectant in any way. In fact, it almost seemed like a simple question. He kissed my forehead and untangled himself from me. I curled up into a ball, wanting to preserve the heat in my warm little cocoon as much as I could.

I drifted off, sleeping lightly as he worked quietly in the kitchen. Soon enough, the aroma of bacon started to infiltrate the bedroom, waking me up completely as my stomach growled angrily. I groaned, realizing I hadn’t eaten anything in quite a while.

He walked into the bedroom and veered off into the bathroom. I didn’t get out of bed, but I soon heard the gentle sloshing sounds of a washer, and I smiled, knowing that when it was done I’d have clean clothes again.

I’d have to be naked until they came out of the dryer.

He walked past me once again to open a door that I hadn’t noticed the night before. I could only see enough to gather that it was a modestly sized walk-in closet. When he walked out, he’d dressed and I pouted at the sight, but when he returned to the kitchen and started cooking once again, the delectable aromas were more than enough to distract me from my disappointment.

When he finally returned, he carried with him a very full tray of food. He’d brought me breakfast in bed, which was hands down the sweetest thing anyone had ever done for me.

I smiled in wonder.

“No one has ever done this for me before,” I whispered.

“It brings me great pleasure to be the first,” he answered. “In all ways,” he added with a suggestive wink, which was enough to send me into a fit of giggles. I sat up against the headboard, pulling up the covers to hide my bare breasts as best as I could. He placed the tray over my lap and my eyes rounded with excitement.

I reached for the coffee first, seeing that he'd already added the perfect amount of cream. I took a sip and groaned in surprise.

"I didn't take you for the kind of guy that enjoyed pumpkin spice," I teased, and he smirked.

"We all have our secrets," he answered playfully, and I couldn't help but giggle once more. I took several more sips slowly so that I didn't burn my tongue. My stomach growled and my eyes turned to the food. I placed the mug of coffee down and dug right in.

The first bite was so delicious that my hand rushed up to my mouth in surprise. Every morsel packed within it so much flavor that I knew that every breakfast I enjoyed after this would pale in comparison. Greedily, I scooped another forkful and shoved it into my mouth, making quick work of the seasoned cheddar eggs before I dove into the bacon. When I was ready, I picked up the whole grain toast slathered in jam and tasted that next, humming with glee as the fresh taste of raspberries exploded into my mouth. Hector smiled at my reaction and went back into the kitchen to fix himself a plate too. He returned and ate with me, only he sat down beside me on an armchair by the window. There was a small table next to him.

"I made the jam myself," he said proudly, and I raised an eyebrow.

"Aren't you a Suzy Homemaker... Should get you a nice little apron too," I teased.

His warm gaze turned to me, and my nipples hardened. I blushed, realizing that they'd probably show through the sheet I'd used to cover myself.

"I don't know. I could get you one and forbid you from wearing anything underneath it," he grinned, and I squirmed at the thought. Trying to distract myself, I started eating once again.

I ate as much as that breakfast as I could before I finally threw in the towel and admitted to myself that I was full. When I

placed my fork down, I saw that he had finished too. I wiped my hands off on the cloth napkin and picked my coffee back up.

“Come sit with me and sip your coffee in my lap,” he said. This time, the command was clear in his voice and all the humor from our earlier talk had disappeared entirely. My stomach tightened with nerves. Obediently, though, I put the tray aside and flipped the covers off of me. I climbed out of bed and walked over to him. He took my coffee and placed it on the table so that I could join him in the armchair.

When I was settled, he passed me my mug and I nestled against him.

“Drink your coffee. Then I’m going to take you outside with me and we’re going to deal with the matter of your punishment together,” he murmured.

“But my clothes...” I replied quickly. The washer still sounded like it was running.

“You won’t need them,” he said quietly, and my stomach fluttered with anxious butterflies.

My mouth opened and closed. I gripped the handle of my cup a bit tighter. As my nervousness intensified, I couldn’t bring myself to look at him.

He’d told me he was going to punish me.

“Hector?” I asked.

“What is it, Emma?”

“I’m a little nervous,” I admitted nervously.

“You should be, sweet girl,” he replied. I fidgeted in his lap apprehensively.

“I will take care of you though. I always will,” he pressed when I didn’t answer right away.

“Yes, sir,” I mumbled, and he pulled me into a soft kiss. Even though a part of me was scared, I could feel myself getting aroused by the prospect of what was to come.

He wrapped an arm around me and held me for a long while.

I sipped slowly as my coffee grew colder. I took my time, wanting to stall for as long as possible. He didn't rush me, and I appreciated that immensely, but as more time passed, the more my need began to overwhelm my sense of nervousness.

When I eventually finished my coffee, he took the cup from my hands and put it on the table. I swallowed hard at the damning sound.

"I can do the dishes," I said anxiously, and he shook his head.

"No," he answered simply. He lifted me out of his lap and placed my feet flat on the carpeted floor. He walked back into the kitchen, and I followed him, knowing that he expected it of me. He didn't look back at me, simply trusting that I would.

The blood rushed to my head and each beat of my heart was so loud that I couldn't hear his footsteps. My thighs slid against one another. A sense of shame washed over me as I realized how soaked I'd become since I'd climbed up in his lap.

I wondered if he'd be able to smell it.

He made his way to the back door of the cabin. He opened it and led me out onto a back patio. Lush grass covered his backyard, and a number of young trees were growing all across it. Several much older ones towered overhead.

I felt so exposed.

I crossed my arms over my chest, suddenly very self-conscious about the fact that I was naked outdoors. When he noticed my hesitancy, he held out his hand and I took it. As I bared myself for him, my nipples hardened into tight little peaks.

The expression on his face darkened and I blushed. The urge to cover myself sprang up again, but I did my best to ignore it.

He led me over to one of the saplings in the yard. When he stopped, I stood at his side, fidgeting slightly as I tried to figure out what was going on.

"Hector?"

"You're going to help me pick out a switch, naughty girl," he finally said, and I gasped at the same time that my eyes nearly

bugged out of my head.

“A switch?” I echoed. At first, I didn’t know what to think. Was he serious? I had assumed that he would simply use his hand and the knowledge that he had no intention of that caught me way off guard.

“Yes,” he answered definitively. The way he said it left absolutely no room for negotiation and that made my nerves jump into overdrive.

“Please. You don’t have to do this,” I rushed to say, knowing that the thin whippy branch would probably hurt far more than his hand.

“If you help me choose one like a good girl, it will go better for you. Either way, you’re still getting a spanking that will make you very sorry for disobeying me when I told you to stay put,” he explained, and my eyes widened like saucers.

I swallowed hard and his hand squeezed mine tighter.

“After your spanking is over, I’m going to bring the lesson home with my cock,” he declared. His sureness left no room for anything else.

“I’m sorry,” I murmured. I tried to focus on the promise of his cock, but the switch was making me more than a little nervous.

“I forgave you the moment you disobeyed me, sweet girl. I will always forgive you because you’re mine,” he answered firmly.

“Yours?” I asked.

“Yes,” he replied.

“You mean that? You’re not going to send me away?” I whispered, extremely hesitant to ask for something that felt so massively big.

“No. I’ve decided that I’m going to keep you, Emma. I’m not going to give you a choice about it either,” he said firmly, and I chewed my lip as a blossom of happiness flooded through me. For a moment, he stared into my eyes, assessing me.

“Does that make you happy?” he asked and there was the slightest tremor to his voice, revealing just how much he cared for me. That emotion tore into my soul that much further, and I knew a part of me would always be his now forever.

“Yes,” I answered truthfully.

He kissed me roughly, his passionate hunger making my heart race like wildfire. He pulled back and lightly kissed my forehead.

No matter what happened today, I trusted him.

“I don’t know how to pick a switch,” I offered plainly, swallowing hard as I tried to summon whatever courage was inside me.

He wound one arm around my waist and pulled me to him, situating my back against his chest. He reached forward and ran his fingers across several branches of the young tree.

“You want to choose one that is supple and flexible. If you pick a branch that is too dry, it could break. It needs to be thin, but not so much that it’s simply a twig. It doesn’t matter if there are smaller branches on it because I will trim them off,” he explained.

Nervously, I stood next to him and started to test each one myself. With both hands, I tested the flexibility of several before settling on one that might work.

“This is going to hurt, isn’t it?” I asked.

“It is, my sweet girl,” he answered. My pussy tensed and I felt a drop of arousal roll down my inner thigh. I squeaked nervously, pressing my legs together in hopes to keep my raging arousal at bay.

I was about to get a switching and the first real punishment spanking of my life. I shouldn’t be turned on. I shouldn’t want to come because of it. I shouldn’t be looking forward to his cock after it either.

His hands squeezed my shoulders.

“Don’t worry, Emma. I’m going to make sure you come really hard for me after I turn that perfect little bottom bright red,” he

assured me, and he released my arms only to pinch my nipples roughly. I cried out as he twisted them hard and a vicious flare of agony blossomed across my breasts.

“This one, sir,” I gasped, whimpering as he let them go. Unexpectedly, the pain intensified for several seconds before it began to ebb away.

“Good girl,” he said, and the words calmed me. “Since you helped me choose a switch so very well, I will punish you inside rather than out here in the backyard. I want you to head back into the cabin. You will sit down on the end of the bed and wait for me while I prepare your switch,” he continued.

My mouth opened and closed anxiously before I managed to get any words out.

“Yes, sir,” I whispered. My bottom tightened reflexively as I stared with wide eyes at the branch I had chosen. He reached into the pocket of his jeans and took out a small knife, flicking it open so that he could cut the switch free of the tree. His gaze glanced back to me, and he raised an eyebrow expectantly.

Not wanting to incite him any further, I turned around and walked back across the lawn. The back door was still open, and I slipped inside, not veering at all in my journey to the bedroom. I sat down on the edge of the bed, digging my fingers into my thighs to keep still. My pussy was throbbing with sensation, and I did my best not to fidget. I yearned for relief and had to keep telling myself that I couldn't slip my fingers in between my legs and bring myself to orgasm before he returned with that terrible tree branch. That would just make everything that much worse for me.

I hung my head and waited. When his boot steps eventually brushed against the floor of the cabin outside the room, I jumped, and my heart leapt along with it.

When he came through that door, he looked like he was ten feet tall even though I knew he wasn't. I felt so small sitting there naked in front of him. He paused for a long moment before he held the switch in both palms, almost as if he was presenting it to me. It brought home the fact that he would soon be whipping my bottom with that very thing.

“You could have been killed, Emma,” he began and the sheer emotion in his voice was staggering. An unexpected sense of guilt simmered to life inside of me, and I stared down at my hands.

“I’m punishing you not to hurt you, but to remind you that I care enough to correct you. It would have broken me to lose you. If you had gotten caught up in the battle, I don’t even want to think about what could have happened,” he continued.

“Yes, sir,” I whispered hoarsely, suddenly feeling more than a little ashamed of what I had done.

“I have no desire to control every aspect of your life. I want you to choose what makes you happy, but there are going to be times that I will expect your obedience. If you choose to be disobedient, then I will have to punish you like this again,” he scolded.

He was silent for a minute, letting the weight of his words sink in.

“Do you know why?” he pressed.

“No, sir,” I replied quietly.

“Open your legs,” he instructed. I blanched, but I did what he asked anyway.

He took a step toward me and dragged the tip of the switch along my inner thigh. Then he lightly tapped it against my leg. It stung only slightly, but it made me nervous all the same.

“Because of this,” he observed. “You’re afraid of your punishment, but this little pussy is the wettest I’ve ever seen it. You need this and I’m going to be the man to give it to you. You need to know how much I care.”

I trembled, panting as I struggled to draw in a breath.

I wanted to tell him he was wrong, but I knew that every word would be a lie. My pussy was pulsing with need.

“You should know it makes my cock very hard too, Emma,” he murmured, and I whimpered softly, but it ended up sounding more like a moan than anything else. He slid the end

of the switch up my thigh, very lightly tapping it against my clit.

I struggled to keep my legs open as stinging volleys of pleasure jolted through me with wicked electricity.

“You should know something else,” he continued.

“What’s that, sir?” I asked, my voice trembling.

“After your spanking, I’m going to punish that tight virgin bottom of yours with my cock. I’m going to fuck it hard enough to make sure it’s sore for a good long while after I’m through with it,” he continued, and a strangled whine escaped me before I could stop it. I looked up at him wide eyed.

“You can’t mean that,” I breathed and by his hardened stare, I knew that he did. My mouth went dry as he walked over to the bed and sat beside me.

“Put yourself over my knee, naughty girl,” he instructed, and I grabbed at his hand, needing his touch for just a few seconds before I climbed over his lap. As my stomach pressed against his thighs, I couldn’t help but whimper. This was so very different from the times before. He pulled my body in close to his waist, securing me against him.

I could feel how hard his cock was against my hip. My pussy clenched down impossibly hard.

His palm smoothed over my backside leisurely. His scrutiny burned into my skin, making me nervous at the same time that I shook with arousal. My thighs shifted apart just the slightest bit and he dipped his fingers in between them, tracing along the rampant wetness on my skin.

My upper half was supported by the bed, and he rearranged me so that my hips were situated over one of his thighs. He lay his leg over the backs of mine, pinning me into place in the process. I wiggled a little bit and my stomach tightened fearfully as one hand wrapped around my hip. In this position, I wouldn’t be able to get away.

I was helpless.

He leaned forward and placed the switch a few inches in front of my face, leaving it in my field of view so that I couldn't ignore the fact that it was soon going to be thrashing my naked backside.

My clit throbbed hard against his thigh.

“You need to be punished, don't you, Emma?”

My pussy almost spasmed at the combined effect of his gravelly voice and being pinned naked over his thigh.

“Yes, sir,” I whispered, and I ground my pelvis against his leg. A brutally intense volley of desire jolted through me.

His fingers squeezed one side of my ass firmly enough to hurt. I gasped and the first hard spank exploded across the same spot. I squeaked in surprise at the deafening sound, not ready for the second one that followed quickly.

Oh. Oh. That hurt. That hurt way more than it had any other time.

The sting was intense from the start, but after he spanked me several more times the initial pain began to sink deeper. Each slap radiated deep into my core, and I tried to reach back to block them once the vulnerability of my position really began to hit me, but he quickly pinned my arm behind my back too.

“Please!” I shrieked.

“I've hardly gotten started, Emma. This bottom is barely even pink,” he chided me and then his hand slapped my bottom even more firmly. He must have found his stride after that because each smack got even harder. He made sure to strike every square inch of my ass, painting it red before he turned his attention to the tops of my thighs.

I couldn't keep quiet. With every spank, I cried out, struggling to take the harsh punishment. Already scalded from his palm, my backside burned red hot. I didn't know how much of this I could take.

“I'm sorry, sir,” I yelped, and he wrapped his arm around my hips, lifting my bottom up high enough so he could focus on the place where my bottom and my thighs met. Each slap there

stung more than anything else and by the time he finally paused, I was panting with the exertion of holding myself together.

He reached over me and grasped the switch in his hand. With ease, he slid me off his lap and bent me over the bed. I hummed with anxiety. My heart was pounding. Nervously, my hands fisted the quilt beneath me.

“Spread your legs. I want to see that wet little pussy while I punish you,” he demanded, and I cautiously took a step outward with each foot. He must not have been satisfied with my efforts because he used his foot to slide mine that much wider.

The amount I was displayed for him must have looked obscene. My backside already felt scalded, and I knew I still had the switching to survive through. His fingers slid in between my thighs. They slipped through my soaked folds with such ease that I had to shut my eyes rather than face my shame.

“You should know that you’re even wetter than before, naughty girl. I think you’re enjoying your punishment quite a bit,” he observed, and I gasped as he slid a single finger inside me. My pussy clutched around him greedily and when he pulled it out unexpectedly, I groaned with open disappointment.

I wanted him inside me.

“You should know that no matter how much you beg, this little pussy isn’t going to get fucked today, but this pretty virgin asshole is,” he warned. His finger tapped my reluctant bottom hole, and I shook visibly with anxious arousal.

“Not there. You can’t,” I whimpered.

“I mean every word, Emma. I want you to think about my cock sinking in deep right here during your switching. How it’s going to hurt. How you’re going to struggle beneath me. How you’re going to come harder than you’ve ever come before,” he said, and a cruel shiver raced up and down my

spine before it settled deep in my core and made my clit throb impatiently.

I shouldn't want something that shameful, but there was a curiosity welling within me that I couldn't push away. Would I like it? Was he right that I could come that way?

He circled my asshole with his finger and my pussy clenched hard in anticipation. The more he touched me like that, the more I convinced myself that he might be right.

"I think we should get your switching over with, don't you, little girl?" he murmured and my inner walls spasmed as he pressed lightly with that finger. He didn't push inside me just yet.

Did I want him to? I moaned into the blankets and my hips arched up.

My body certainly did. My mind was reluctant to follow.

He pushed a little harder and I bit my lip.

"Yes, sir," I mumbled.

The thin branch tapped my backside one time in a silent threat. I whimpered, having lost focus on what I had coming with his attention on my tight virgin hole.

I was going to get switched first.

I took a deep breath and steeled myself. It couldn't be as bad as his big broad hand, right? His palm was so wide that it covered one side of my ass all on its own. The switch was thin. Maybe it would sting a little and then it would be over.

I would find out that I was wrong very quickly.

Dead wrong.

I arched my back as he pulled his fingers away from my asshole, trying to tease him with my needy pussy. I hoped he would forget about switching me and punishing my bottom hole. Maybe he'd just fuck me in the normal way like I wanted him to instead.

I heard the gentle swish of the switch cutting through the air before it connected with my bare backside. When the blazing

line of fire exploded across my ass, I was in no way prepared to take it. The air rushed out of my lungs and every thought other than the stinging agony that was simmering across my ass fled away like petals on the wind.

I tried to push up off the bed and his hand pressed down in the middle of my back, pinning me.

He didn't switch me again right away and it didn't take long for me to figure out why. The pain intensified for several moments as a welt rose on my skin. His fingers brushed over it and I sucked in a nervous breath.

"It hurts, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir," I rushed to answer, not wanting to do anything to make this worse.

"Good."

The switch fell again, and now that I knew what was coming it stung even worse than the first. He whipped me more quickly now, bringing that terrible branch down on my ass at a dizzying pace. He started at the very top of my bottom, punishing each side before he swatted right below it. I shrieked and his palm pressed down against my lower back again.

By the time he switched the tops of my thighs, I was fighting back tears. My eyes watered and my whimpers grew more desperate. My ass was on absolute fire as the welts rose on my skin.

"There now," he said softly, taking a moment to trace the marks the switch had left behind. His touch was gentle, but the fiery pain from each one was still intensifying. I gripped the blankets more tightly, whimpering as the sting crested and sighing with relief once the burn lessened just the tiniest bit.

"Please," I begged.

My core was spiraling with sensation. Pain and pleasure mixed together, and I couldn't drag myself away from it because it started to consume me. As I lay over the bed, my scalded ass continued to burn, but I felt on edge. My thighs trembled and

just as I managed to get my breathing under control, I felt a drop of my arousal roll down the expanse of my inner thigh.

When his fingers brushed against the same place, I knew that he'd seen it too. Worse, he could feel it.

"You enjoy being reminded of your place, don't you? It makes this sweet little pussy soaking wet, doesn't it?" he asked.

I shivered, the knowledge that he expected me to answer him making everything that much more intense.

"Yes, sir," I mumbled shamefully, and he chuckled knowingly.

"Stay over the bed. I want to admire this perfectly punished ass before I fuck it," he groaned, and I trembled as I lay there. Without meaning to, I swayed my hips back and forth a little. The movement was enough to cause the welts to sting anew and I gasped. My pussy pulsed greedily.

I could feel his gaze gliding over my naked punished flesh, and it made me feel hotter. My ass stung more. My pussy throbbled with insatiable need. My asshole quivered at the knowledge his cock was going to claim it next.

I heard him unbuckle his pants and I tensed. I didn't turn my head to look back and see, but he didn't move behind me just yet. I closed my eyes, trying to focus on what I could hear.

"Do you feel like a punished girl?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I whimpered. Nervously, I reached back and slid my fingers across my bottom cheek. The welts were very slightly raised. As my fingers crossed over them, I took in every tiny ridge as my inner walls fluttered with passionate need.

"They hurt, don't they?" he pressed.

His questions were making everything inside me feel like it was being consumed by a blaze too wild to control any longer.

"Yes, sir," I moaned.

"Do you know what's going to hurt even more than those pretty welts?"

I shivered harder. "What's that, sir?"

“The moment I sink my cock into that pretty virgin asshole,” he vowed, and his feet shuffled against the floor as he drew closer.

His fingers glided against my hip, and I jumped when a cool liquid poured over my tightest hole. Without being able to help it, I turned back, a little frightened and intensely aroused.

“It’s only lube, Emma. Lie back down,” he demanded.

I tried to crawl on the bed, my nerves getting the best of me. He grabbed my waist and threw me back down, pinning me to the mattress with a firm hand on my lower back.

“I want you to know something, little girl,” he began, and I stilled as he peppered my backside with several hard smacks.

“Please, sir!” I shrieked, the feeling of his hard palm that much more intense on top of the fresh marks from the switch.

“You belong to me, little girl. By the time I’m through with this tight little virgin hole, you will understand that completely,” he vowed darkly.

He grasped both sides of my bottom in his hands and pulled them apart. I cried out in embarrassment, knowing that he could see every bit of the most shameful part of me. The tip of his cock pressed against me there and I tried to pull away in a moment of panic, but he pinned me to the bed once again.

He paused and drew back just far enough to slip his hand between my legs. He captured my clit in his fingers and started to tease it.

“There is only one way that you’re going to come for me today, Emma,” he warned, and my hips rolled lewdly against his hand. His expert touch was torture. I was so aroused that it didn’t take much to push me right to the edge of orgasm, but he didn’t allow me to come.

“Please,” I pleaded.

“You will beg to come for me with my cock inside your pretty punished bottom, Emma,” he pushed.

His touch was so light. He slid it over my clit and a shattering breath escaped my lungs as a viciously cruel jolt of need burst

through me. I trembled.

I tried to stay strong. I vowed that I wouldn't beg him to take me so shamefully, but even as I promised that to myself, I knew that I would soon break it.

His fingers were ruthless. They took me right to the very brink of pleasure, over and over again until my legs were shaking, and I wanted to cry. Each subsequent denial grew more and more painful until I wailed with misery at the overwhelming sensation coursing through me.

"Please fuck me," I begged.

"Where, Emma? Where do you need my cock?" he pressed.

"In my ass," I whispered hoarsely. I rushed through the words, thinking if I said them faster it would feel as if I'd never had said them at all.

But I did.

I'd begged him to fuck me in the most shameful way imaginable.

His fingers left my clit and it throbbed hard. I whined pitifully and my hips lifted in an effort to seek him out. His hand grasped my ass again. Without pause, he spread me open, and I whined knowing what was going to come. He used the other hand to squeeze more lube on top of my bottom hole. It was cool at first, but it gradually started to warm.

The tip of his cock felt like a red-hot poker, and I did my best to lie still. I should want to pull away, but there was a very quiet instinct inside me that wanted to push myself back and impale myself on his cock.

"You're nervous, little girl. I can feel this tight little hole quivering in anticipation," he observed, and I hid my face completely in the blankets beneath me.

His hands wound around my hips, and he pushed the tip inside me slightly. My eyes opened wide. This felt so wrong, so taboo and knowing it was going to happen whether I wanted it or not made it feel that much more shameful.

My pussy was absolutely flooded with my arousal and my inner walls quivered knowing that his cock was entering a much more reluctant hole.

The first tremor of pain twisted through my core as he pushed in a little deeper.

Fuck. His cock was so big.

Immediately, my body revolted. My muscles tensed. My asshole tightened around him, and a sudden firestorm of pain blossomed around it. It radiated outward, rushing up and down my spine with cruel intent. He pushed inside me that much deeper. He stretched me open, wider and wider as I struggled to take him.

I whined. I blinked back tears, but still he pushed inside me until the entire head of his cock was fully within my tight hole. His grip on my hips was like a vise. He didn't let go as I struggled to escape the punishing feeling of him taking me this way.

"I told you I was going to punish you with my cock, little girl. This beautiful body belongs to me now and I will use it however I please. Right now, I want to fuck your pretty little asshole and you're going to take it like a good girl," he growled.

There was a definitively different tone to his voice now that reminded me of something like a wild beast. My bottom hole tightened endlessly around his cock, which only sent fresh volleys of fiery agony spiraling through me.

"Put your hands behind your back. I will make this easier for you," he demanded.

Trembling, I slowly unfurled my fingers from the blankets and reached them back. With one hand, he pinned both of my wrists to the small of my lower back.

With a hard thrust, he forced at least half of his cock inside. It took two more for him to fully sink himself in my ass. His pelvis grazed against my scalded backside, making me feel like a truly well-punished little girl.

The feeling of his cock inside my ass was so full and so wrong and he hadn't even started to really fuck me yet. Fully impaled by him, I trembled knowing whatever was to come was going to be the most memorable part of what happened between us today.

I would never forget the punishing feeling of his cock taking my ass for the very first time.

"It makes my cock very, very hard knowing it's the first to punish this tight little hole," he snarled, and I whimpered with fear.

"Please. I've learned my lesson," I pleaded.

"I haven't even started, Emma," he said and the darkness in his tone made my asshole clench in fear. I cried out and a fresh wave of pain rolled over me, but it eventually began to ebb.

My body had taken a long time, but it was just beginning to acclimate itself to his enormous size. He drew back slowly before he pushed himself back in. It still hurt, but the pain was more manageable now and I was able to draw in a full shaky breath.

I could do this.

I closed my eyes as the burning stretch lessened to a smoldering ache. He fucked me slowly, laying claim to my virgin ass with every last inch of his massive cock.

It felt wrong, but at the same time it felt impossibly perfect.

My body took over. My hips drew up, lifting in tune with his thrusts as he carefully released my wrists.

"I want you to reach down between your legs and tell me what you find," he instructed, and my entire form shuddered with traitorous arousal. I drew my hands forward, trembling as I reached my right one beneath my hips. I wailed when I brushed my fingers between my legs.

"I'm so wet," I moaned.

"Play with your clit. You may come as many times as you like, but this tight ass is getting fucked hard enough so that you

remember you're mine with every step you take tomorrow," he demanded.

I was already sore. I gulped anxiously as I lightly touch my clit. I was so aroused that I jumped and cried out. Immediately, I came to the mortifying conclusion that it would be easy to come with his cock inside me like this.

"I can't," I wailed.

He jerked his hips punishingly hard, and I whimpered.

"You will. You may tell yourself that you won't, but I plan to make you one very sorry and satisfied little girl after I'm through fucking this tight hole," he vowed.

I hated that he was right. I didn't want to, but I knew it was simply a matter of time until I fell apart getting my bottom fucked for the first time.

His hands gripped my hips once more and the taboo feeling of his hard length sliding deep into my bottom was so terribly arousing that I couldn't help but slide my fingers over my clit. My nipples were painfully hard, scraping against the soft blankets beneath me. My free hand slid under my chest and captured one of them between them, pinching lightly and making me cry out. My clit throbbed greedily. It was firm beneath my fingertips and even as I tried to deny it, I knew it wouldn't be long until my first orgasm broke over me.

It was inevitable.

He snapped his hips toward me and forced his cock in my ass so hard it made me whimper at the fierce volley of pain. When he did it again, I panicked slightly. Soon after that, my punishment fucking truly began.

He'd been gentle before. He'd slid his cock inside me slowly so that my body could get used to him, but that tenderness was long gone now.

The pace at which his cock slid in and out of my asshole was nothing more than feral. He mounted me like a savage beast, ignoring my cries as he took what he wanted however hard he wanted. I could feel every massive inch going in and out of me.

I knew he'd fuck me long past the point in which I was sore.

I knew he'd fuck me hard enough to make me sorry.

I also knew he'd fuck me hard enough to come.

My fingers started working furiously over my clit. I couldn't stop myself.

I shouldn't want to come, but I needed to. Desperately.

My skin heated with feverish passion. Every inch of my body pulsed with need as my clit hardened beneath my fingers and I realized my orgasm was mere seconds away from crashing over me. Then, just when I thought the sensations were about to overwhelm me completely, I came.

My legs shook and I knew instinctively that if I wasn't bent over the bed, I'd have fallen without its support. Every muscle in my body tensed as my pleasure wrenched through me with wild abandon. It was as ruthless as it was vicious.

This wasn't just a fucking. This was a mounting and a rutting.

His hips pistoned in and out of me at a reckless pace. My bottom hole burned, but it opened and took every inch of him anyway.

The spanking wasn't the punishment. Neither was the switching.

This. This was the punishment. This was the part I should have been afraid of.

My pussy spasmed, clenching over and over again around empty air. The knowledge that his cock wouldn't take me there today was as painful as it was arousing, and my orgasm seared through me that much hotter because of it.

My hips rolled and I rode my fingers, shaking desperately as he used my bottom as hard as he saw fit. When he eventually slowed, I trembled, hoping that maybe my punishment would be over soon.

"Does it hurt?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I screamed, shaking with an orgasm so strong that words were simply breathless pants now. Stringing any more

than two together would have been impossible.

“Good,” he answered, and my body clenched tight around him.

My fingers shook on top of my clit. The rest of my body shook harder.

“Please,” I managed. I don’t know why I was begging him. I knew he wouldn’t listen, but I couldn’t help myself. To be honest, I didn’t even know what I was pleading for anymore.

A part of me wanted him to stop. A dark and wicked piece of my soul wanted him to keep going.

I didn’t have to choose because he’d already made that choice for me.

His pelvis slapped against my ass, forcing his cock in my asshole viciously over and over again. Each thrust was furiously hard and so rough that I knew I would feel him inside me long after my fucking finally ended.

“Who do you belong to?” he growled.

“You!” I shrieked.

“Who do you answer to?” he pressed.

“You! I’m yours,” I wailed.

My fingers never stopped working my clit and another brutal orgasm tore through me before I could stop it. Everything inside me tightened with sensation and he groaned as my asshole did too. He sank himself in over and over again, taking me harder than I ever would have imagined.

That single release devastated me in a way I hadn’t thought possible. My legs quivered so much that my toes slipped across the floor. The hand that had been teasing my nipple fisted the sheets and the one beneath me froze as I writhed myself to completion on top of it.

My hips bucked as he thrust in deep, and I began to scream.

My release billowed up from the dark depths of my core and I closed my eyes as it burned through me. It held me captive in its punishing embrace, forcing me to take every last cruel

moment. I wailed and moaned, suffering through that viciously long orgasm until it obliterated every waking thought in my mind.

Nothing else mattered except the cruel sensation throbbing across my clit and the painful taking of his cock in my virgin asshole.

It was incredible and terrible all at the same time.

When that savagely wild release finally began to fade, I pulled in a shaky breath. He kept fucking my ass harder than ever and, in that moment, I realized I'd lost control.

He'd taken it.

As his cock continue to piston in and out of my sore little asshole, my breath hitched in the back of my throat. I would have thought it impossible, but another orgasm began to well to life not long after the other.

At this point, I'd lost count of how many times I'd come. Each one had been as pleasurable as they were painful, but I knew the one coming would be rougher than all the rest.

My breathing haggard, I tried to prepare myself for it. I tried to be brave. I told myself I could survive anything, but as he slammed his cock into me like an angry beast, I questioned everything.

He released one side of my hip and slid his fingers up the gentle arch of my spine. I thought he might pet my head, maybe offer me comfort, but he didn't. When his fingers fisted the hair at the back of my scalp, I knew it was anything but that. A cruel delicious agony blossomed across my skull, tearing down my spine and settling directly in my core.

I couldn't stop myself from touching my sensitive clit again.

I was afraid, but I wanted to come again.

"One more, little girl. This one will be the most painful one of all, but I want to make sure you never forget you're mine ever again," he growled.

"Please, sir," I cried.

“I’m not done with you yet,” he replied darkly, and a hard shiver of desire rattled through me.

In the following seconds, my fucking turned more than brutal. Every single thrust was harsher, rougher, and more intense than ever before. He used my asshole as thoroughly as he pleased, and a frisson of panic twisted my insides. I feared that I wouldn’t be able to take what he wanted me to take.

My screaming was deafening to my own ears, but it was the shameful sound of my moaning that was more mortifying than anything else.

My core spiraled tighter. Every inch of my body pulsed with heat, rising higher and higher until I knew I was fractions of a second away from falling apart.

I couldn’t even beg for mercy anymore. There was nothing left for me to do but give in.

I gave him everything.

My orgasm was swift and overwhelming. The moment it broke over me, I shattered into a billion little shards of glass. My entire body convulsed with soul-crushing pleasure. The void of sensation was so vast that I lost myself in it. I couldn’t tell up from down. Left from right.

There was nothing left to do but feel.

The pain that followed was immense. My screams of pleasure were so loud that anyone passing by would undoubtedly hear them. My inner walls convulsed so violently hard that it caused cruel waves of burning pain around my asshole and he roared with deafening fury.

I was so awash with sensation that even breathing became painful. His cock throbbed deep in my asshole, and I cried out when the first burning spurt of his seed marked me in a place where I was never meant to be marked.

Tremors of electricity radiated from his cock. It made me jump several times as it shocked my release into overdrive. Each jolt forced my orgasm to continue, on and on until my voice was hoarse from screaming.

By the time it was finally over, my cheeks were soaked with my tears. My body shook with my sobs and the only thing I was capable of doing was muttering one apology after the next.

Mercifully, he pulled his cock free and gathered me in his arms. He tucked me in against his chest as I cried. I curled against him, just trying to draw in enough air so that I could begin to pull myself together. My bottom was more than sore, and I tried to ignore the feeling of his seed dripping down my thighs from my very well used asshole.

“I’m yours. I’m yours,” I repeated, my chest shaking from my cries.

“Shhh. It’s alright. You’re mine. You’re safe, sweet girl,” he said softly. He used his thumbs to brush away my tears as gently as he could.

As I sat there, the full weight of what had just happened fell upon me.

He’d made me come so hard that I cried. It hadn’t been the spanking or the switching and even the fucking itself. Those things had left me sore, but it was the orgasm that had punished me to the core.

I felt subdued in a way I’d never imagined was possible.

As his arms surrounded me in their infinite safety, I breathed in deep and closed my eyes, basking in the sheer bliss that followed such a life-changing experience.

“I love you,” I whispered. I bared my soul to him in that moment and as I burrowed my head into his shoulder, he immediately showed me that I’d been right to trust him with it.

“I’ve loved you from the moment I first met you,” he replied.

My heart swelled and I let my happiness consume me whole.

CHAPTER 10



*H*ector

I kissed the remains of Emma's tears off her cheeks, tasting the salty wetness of each one on my lips. Her punishment had taken its toll on her small form. Her breathing was still shaky, and her heartbeat was still pounding more quickly than usual. Her muscles quaked with aftershocks, but I knew with time, she would recover.

Her bottom would be welted from the switch for another several hours. By nightfall, her punished cheeks would be tinted with nothing more than a rosy blush.

Her cute little asshole was a different story. I'd used it hard enough that it bordered on red. When I sent her to bed, it would still be sore and a little pink. I closed my eyes, remembering the perfect vision of my cock sinking into that quivering hole. I'd planned to be gentler with her at first, but she'd needed to be taught a lesson and I used every inch of my cock to do it.

I'd taken that virgin asshole like a wild beast, and she'd broken for me so very beautifully.

I groaned with my own satisfaction. She shifted on my lap. Her eyes were closed, and her blonde eyelashes framed against her cheek like an angel's.

"You took your punishment like such a good girl," I assured her, and I felt her smile against my chest. Her cheeks were

warm. She was probably a little ashamed of how strongly she reacted, but to me she was perfect.

I didn't know if I was meant to have a woman, but at this point I no longer cared.

Emma was mine. Forever.

She drew her head back and pressed her lips against mine with a boldness that I hadn't expected from her. This time, I let her take the lead.

Her lips tasted of candy and sweetness and a hint of my homemade raspberry jam. Her kiss was tender and wonderful and before long, I couldn't help myself as my hand curled against the back of her head. I deepened that beautiful kiss, and I fully embraced the feelings that were circulating through me with wild abandon.

I'd closed off my heart when I'd been created. My past lives as a warrior, as a bear, and even as an alien were a distant memory. Now I was simply a guardian who had never been meant to find anyone at all. My whole existence had been focused around protecting the Earth from extraterrestrial threats. I'd never thought to look closer to home.

Emma changed all that. Now I couldn't envision life without her.

When I finally allowed her to pull back, I stared into her kind eyes and I felt the extreme need to protect her from harm, from anything that might hurt her.

I needed to deal with whatever problem Earth was about to face. I couldn't keep her safe if the planet was under the threat of an imminent attack. I needed more information, like who sent the Lykans and why they even came after the humans in the first place.

I sighed as I realized that the only option would be for me to go back to the scientific facility and find the answers I needed. She must have noticed the turmoil on my face because her fingers tentatively brushed my cheek. With a concerned look, she situated her body so that she was facing me on my lap. She cocked her head and searched my face.

“What’s bothering you?” she asked.

If she was anyone else, I wouldn’t even have considered telling them what was on my mind, but she was mine.

I would explain everything to her.

When I began to divulge to her the story of my three selves, she listened intently. She didn’t gaze back at me with any sort of fear or disbelief or even the slightest hint of resentment. By the time I finished explaining how the Mardsians had created me, she nodded thoughtfully.

“So, in a way, you are three strong men instead of just one, all wrapped in a single pretty amazing package?” she teased, and I couldn’t help myself, tweaking her nipple as she giggled. She didn’t brush my hand away either.

“Something like that,” I murmured.

“What do you think you need to do?” she asked attentively. It made me proud of her to see her refuse to shy away from the problem at hand.

She was the kind of woman who would always stand by my side.

As I would with her.

“I need to figure out how to deal with the problem before it gets any worse,” I whispered and she searched my gaze, her own intelligently inquisitive.

“What if I told you I had an idea?” she said.

“I’d want to hear every bit of it,” I answered. With my reassurance, her entire face lit up with delight. Her big smile dug even deeper into my heart. Rather adorably, she scrunched her nose. With a nervous shrug of her shoulders, she started to explain.

“You need a way in, but it’s likely the whole place will be swarming with soldiers by now, right?” she began.

“I heard a number of helicopters flying in overnight,” I confirmed with a nod.

“Let me help you,” she continued, and I shook my head.

“You said you wanted to hear my idea,” she scolded me lightly, and I grimaced, realizing she was every bit correct.

“You’re right. Continue, sweet girl,” I replied.

“In the battle against the Lykans, most of the soldiers died, right?”

“Unfortunately, yes. It was a battle they were not equipped to win,” I said. Despite the fact that I’d done my best to save as many as I could, the overwhelming majority of men had been killed.

“That means that the soldiers that took me prisoner the other day are probably not alive either. They probably wouldn’t even know I existed,” she continued.

I narrowed my eyes, trying to figure out what avenue she was going to suggest. Eventually, I shook my head, and she began again.

“I could help you get into the research facility. If the soldiers happened upon a lost and very scared hiker running through the woods in an effort to get away from the petrifying sight of a large group of aliens somewhere off in the mountains, they’d need to look into that, wouldn’t they?”

“They would...” I answered reluctantly.

“They’d need to send a rather large force of soldiers to deal with that, which would leave much of the research facility unguarded.”

“It would,” I sighed.

“While they’re distracted on a wild goose chase, you could sneak in and find out the answers you need...” she added with a hesitant smile.

“I could...” I said grudgingly.

I hated to admit that her idea was a good one because it would put her at risk, but I couldn’t come up with anything else that wouldn’t involve me killing a bunch of soldiers just so that I could sneak my way inside.

“What do you think?” she asked. Her eyes searched mine and I reluctantly nodded, which was more than enough for her grin to illuminate her pretty face once again.

“It’s a really good idea, Emma, but I will only agree to it on one condition,” I said.

“What’s that?”

“You will promise me that you will do your best to stay out of harm’s way. If I find out that you put yourself in danger in any way, your punishment today will seem like child’s play,” I warned.

Her cheeks flushed hard, and she fidgeted in my lap. The warmth of her pussy teased over my cock, the only thing separating us the rough fabric of my jeans.

“I promise,” she whispered, and I kissed her hard.

“Good girl. Come now, let’s get you dressed. The sooner we deal with this, the better,” I said, and she nodded resolutely.

“Let’s go save the world,” she replied, and I couldn’t help but laugh at the lightness in her optimism. It was refreshing and absolute perfection.

More important though, it was all mine now.

* * *

Later that night, the two of us crouched just outside the research center. Emma had been right, just as I feared she would be. The place was crawling with at least twice the number of soldiers compared to the first time and even if she deflected a large number of them a fair distance from here, it was still going to be difficult to make my way inside.

“You don’t have to do this, Emma. I’m sure there’s another way,” I said. I wanted to give her one more chance to pull back.

Bravely, she turned her head and stared right back into my eyes, her resolution clear. “I want to. It’s the fastest way to get the answers you need. Who knows who’s coming for us? It

could take them a day or a month. We need answers and we need them now,” she vowed, and I breathed a bit easier. Her resilience was inspiring, and it made me love her even more.

“Stay safe for me, Emma. I’ll come for you. Be ready to move,” I whispered, and she nodded once.

She took a deep breath and stood up. She backed up a few steps and broke out into a full sprint on a collision course with a large group of soldiers on patrol. The noisy crash of her running through the forest was almost ridiculously loud, but when she started to scream bloody murder, every soldier stopped walking and looked in her direction immediately.

She tripped and fell in the mud, making a show of getting back up and dashing off as if she hadn’t even noticed the men yet. I had to stifle a chuckle as she very nearly collided with the nearest one.

My Emma was good.

They rushed into caregiver mode, clearly not expecting to run into a young woman out here hiking in the mountains. Her whole planned story fell out of her mouth and the soldiers started to look at one another with increasing dread.

They’d have to act. She’d been right.

The human species was a complicated one. I’d seen my fair share of both good and evil and all shades in between, but these soldiers seemed to want to protect her. I watched as a number of them swept outward in a circular formation, using their bodies to shield hers as they looked out into the dense darkness of the forest all around them. I knelt low enough to ensure they couldn’t sense even a single hint of my presence.

It was only a matter of minutes before they rushed off with her. I followed behind them through the forest, keeping back just far enough so that they couldn’t tell that they were being followed. They arrived at another military station not far from the first. I noticed that this one was set up much closer to the research station and I made a note of which tent they shuffled her off into. I waited just a little while longer to see the entire

military camp spring into action once news of her warning spread.

With any luck, they'd drive off and start searching for a group of aliens five miles to the north that they would never find. Considering what had happened last time, they probably wouldn't call off the search until long after the sun rose that morning.

It would give me a more than wide enough window to find the answers that I needed.

It took everything in me to sneak away from the place Emma had been taken to follow through with my mission. I didn't want to leave her, but I needed to protect her. This was just something I had to do in order to keep her as my mate.

I crept through the forest, pausing from time to time when I came upon a lone soldier or two. They were more concerned with Emma's warning though and from the serious orders that I kept hearing over their radio equipment, they weren't looking for someone like me.

I moved along in my human form until I eventually approached the research facility. I paused, taking in the nondescript exterior. It was designed to look like an outpost used by wilderness biologists, but I knew it covered up some pretty high-tech gear inside. I'd been here in the woods when it had been built and I'd sensed that they'd dug down deep.

It was a two-story high cabin that appeared to be something like a dorm. It was long and about as wide as a trailer. There was nothing about it that appeared expensive. Altogether, it looked like a pretty rundown rustic cabin in the woods. It was meant to draw as little attention as possible and it had worked very well thus far.

Hikers usually didn't venture this far up into the mountains and the ones that happened across it had far too much pride to try to sleep in it rather than their own tent. Being one with nature was why they were even in the national park to begin with.

I waited long enough for the soldier guarding the structure to pull back. Only a handful were left behind. Carefully, I used the surrounding foliage to cover me as I approached the building. Most of the windows were shut and locked tight in the front, but when I rounded the back of the structure I found one that had been forgotten.

When I slid the window up, I could tell the wooden frame was damaged. A normal human might not have been able to open it, but that didn't slow me down. I opened it as wide as I dared and climbed inside, crouching low once my boots hit the floor.

The room I'd snuck into looked to be a long unused storage closet. There were rows of shelving with dusty boxes and when I touched one of them, I found it empty. I moved several more and every single one had nothing inside it.

The whole room was simply a front. I highly doubted there was anything of importance inside it at all.

I wandered each row of the room, ensuring no one was here before I approached the entryway. I pressed my ear to the door and waited.

There was no sign of anyone that I could pick up on.

I decided to open the door slowly. When the door hinges squealed in protest, I stopped immediately, but no one came running to check. I paused for several minutes before I continued on again. I passed through the hallway. Each room I walked by was deserted. There wasn't a single light on inside, which didn't slow me down.

My vision in the darkness was quite extraordinary thanks to my Mardsian self.

The more I wandered the research station, the more I became convinced that there was no one here, at least not on the upper floors. I found the emergency stairs and worked my way below ground. I searched that one too, finding no one left.

Had they evacuated all their scientists?

The labs on this floor seemed innocent enough. When I palmed through one of the lab journals left on the counter, I found that it was full of notes I would expect from a wildlife

biologist. One of them was interested in native bacteria, while another had spent an extraordinary amount of time observing wolves in the wild. Another was obsessed with the breeding patterns of the American eagle. One other was focused on hot spring temperature and its correlation to natural fauna. None of them contained the answers I needed.

I descended another flight of stairs. This floor was full of a number of different kinds of older scientific equipment that might have been cutting edge fifteen years ago. It was a lab that any public university might be equipped with.

I went even deeper until a locked door blocked my passage. There was a palm reader and a thick padlock. I touched the top and released the electric current housed inside my body. My fingers crackled with violet electricity, shorting out the pad in a matter of seconds.

The padlock unbolted itself for me.

I swung open the door and made my way down several more flights of stairs before I reached the lowest floor. The place was quiet, but it was also in the middle of the night. Although I hadn't run into anyone yet, I still proceeded with caution as I left the stairwell and entered what appeared to be what this entire structure was designed for.

This was a military research facility. With each step, my hackles rose as I took it all in.

There was a single long hallway running down the center. There were several doorways that led to what looked like faculty offices, but none of them were manned with anyone. I lingered before each one, studying the maps of the stars on the walls. When I approached the last room, there was a big auditorium that was set up as a command room with an extraordinary amount of computer stations all around it.

There was a single person at the head of the room, staring at a screen and furiously typing a command into the keyboard beneath his fingers.

It had the distinct air of a captain going down with his ship.

I crept up behind him silently. Maybe he was overconfident. He didn't even turn his head to see if anyone was there with him. I leapt up and covered his mouth. He screamed, but it was already too late for him. With the expertise of a thousand lifetimes, I twisted his head hard enough to knock him out for a good long while. The maneuver wouldn't kill him, but he'd probably wake up with a massive headache and an incredibly sore neck.

Slowly, I lowered him down to the floor and took over his command at the computer.

Human computers were simple, nothing more than a series of ones and zeros and it was easy for me to figure out this one in order to find the information I needed in the fastest way possible. This particular network was cut off from all other ones around the world. From what I could tell, the only connection to anyone on the outside was through a secure phone line that tapped straight into the commanding general of the United States military office.

The more I read, the more uneasy I began to feel.

The place was known as Operation Nightfall. Its sole mission was to find and communicate with life outside of our solar system and from its establishment several years ago, it had shown dismal success. There was a mountain of circumstantial evidence in the past years that life existed on other planets in distant galaxies, as well as a number of suggestive places inside the Milky Way galaxy itself, but there wasn't anything conclusive in the older entries.

The massive comm device I'd already discovered hidden a short distance away in the forest had been a part of this whole operation. At the beginning of this year, the scientists that manned this station had been sending out a signal meant to communicate with any intelligent life that may be close enough to hear it. It was based on the use of wavelengths, and they'd tested radio waves, ultraviolet waves, as well as a number of others in the process.

The message wasn't combative outright, but it warned anyone that might approach Earth with nefarious intentions that the

United States military would defend themselves. They made it very clear that meant that they would kill every single one of the aliens that dared to defy their power if it came down to it.

To be honest, if the humans understood the true danger of life outside of their precious Earth, they would realize how truly silly that notion was. Their tech wouldn't hold a candle to the real powers in space.

I read over the reports of the different ways the human scientists had sent that message. At some point, it had been received and they'd received a response.

More than a response, a warning.

It had been from the Darzoiks. The scientists had been incredibly excited at the prospect of getting a message back and as I skimmed through their reports, it became obvious that they couldn't make heads or tails of it. The Darzoiks had replied in their own language and while it may have sounded musical to the human ear, it was anything but that.

I clicked on the audio recording and let it play.

“Your messages are interfering with our radar. You will cease them at once. Your species is not recognized and we very much doubt that your weaponry is a match to ours. Obey or we will deal with you as we see fit.”

I sighed. That was weeks ago. The humans had sent at least another ten since then. The Darzoiks had only sent one other one in reply, and I listened to that too.

I traced my thumb over my chin. I checked the dates and saw that was only days before the Lykans arrived. By now, they would know that their attack dogs weren't returning. As I was standing there, the screen flashed several times with a notice of an incoming message. Automatically, it began to play as the computer recorded it for future study.

“We are quite irritated with you, humans of Earth. You wiped out our attack force, which in turn lost us an incredible amount of capital. Our ships returned empty. We can see now that a force that size wasn’t enough to deal with you, so we are going to send a significantly larger army this time. If you want your paltry little planet to survive, you will greet our military commanders with respect. On your knees.”

There was no one else here to listen to that message other than me, not that they would have understood it anyway. They didn’t know how to translate Darzoik words and there wasn’t enough time for them to figure it out.

They’d already wasted weeks on the others.

I’d gathered all the information I needed. It was time for me to contact my creators. I could protect the Earth for a period of time, but not against a force like the Darzoiks.

They were a cruel species. They had pretty fantastical ideas about religion, which involved worship of some kind of evil tentacled deity that they sacrificed lesser species to often and without fail. Their bodies processed crude oil in a way similar to humans ingesting alcohol. They had ground penetrating scanners that would be able to recognize the signature of oil deep beneath the Earth’s surface. If they discovered that information, their arrival here on the primitive planet would be nothing less than a complete genocide. They stopped at nothing to get what they wanted, especially when it came to their favorite drink.

It was time for me to leave.

I copied as much information as I dared onto the hard drive that I found in the pocket of the man I’d put to bed. When I was done, I left the command room and went back up the emergency stairs. I retraced my steps to the storage closet and slipped out without any further delays.

I hid against the building when I heard the harsh sound of planes flying overhead. I closed my eyes, knowing instinctually by the noise that it was human.

The aliens weren't here yet. With any luck, I'd have a few more days until they were. When the coast was clear, I dove into the trees with the intent of getting back to Emma immediately. I would fetch her and bring her back to my cabin where I would introduce her to my very own basement.

From there, I would contact the Mardsians.

I took off through the forest. My keen hearing picked up on all the wildlife scurrying through the underbrush. When I listened more closely, I heard the telltale signs of the military convoy on their way back.

I broke out into an all-out run. I sped through the trees and skidded to a halt at the edge of the military camp with only minutes to spare before they returned. I rushed toward the tent where they'd funneled her in an effort to keep her safe. I didn't wait to see if anyone else was inside, I simply rushed in.

There were two soldiers guarding her. They looked annoyed and she appeared to be trying her best not to look sheepish. Their radios kept squawking with angry orders about a false call. One of the men muttered something about drug testing her and I swiftly snuck up behind him and took him out in the same way that I had the scientist in the research facility.

The other saw me first before I could grab him.

His hand dropped to his belt as he un-holstered his weapon, but I was on him before he could get off a shot in my direction. He yelled out, I covered his mouth, and in the ensuing struggle, he somehow got the gun in his hand. He squeezed the trigger, and the shot went wild. I wrestled the weapon out of his hands and used my strength to bend the barrel enough so that it wouldn't function anymore.

The man's eyes widened in fear. A normal man couldn't do something like that.

"The aliens are here. The girl wasn't lying after all," he yelled, and I used the butt of the gun to hit him in the side of the head. His eyes rolled back, and he swayed side to side before he pitched forward and fell face first in the dirt.

Emma glanced from me to him. I expected her to be shocked or a little bit scared, but when she hopped out of the chair and walked over to me, she just held her handcuffed wrists up in front of my face with obvious expectation. I broke them apart without a second thought.

“Come. We need to get back to my cabin right away,” I said.

“What did you find?” she asked with interest.

“I’ll tell you along the way. Right now, we have to get out of here before the whole National Guard descends upon us,” I urged.

I knelt down and she jumped up on my back.

I shifted into bear form immediately and rushed out of that tent, not caring that I’d destroyed yet another set of clothing in the process.

CHAPTER 11



*E*mma

I'd never seen Hector move that fast. His massive bear form was quite terrifying to behold, but I knew that I was safe with him. I closed my eyes, holding him tight and just feeling the sheer power of him beneath me. By the time we reached the safety of his cabin, the woods were quiet and devoid of soldiers. We'd left them far behind after they'd fallen for my false warning.

It had gone off without a hitch. To be honest, I was more than a little proud of myself.

When he approached the front door, he knelt down, and I jumped off as he shifted back into his human form.

I didn't complain when I realized that form was also naked.

I enjoyed the sight of his big cock first and when he turned around, I took a moment to admire the firmness of his round butt.

Yeah. I liked that too.

He didn't say anything that indicated that he'd noticed, but I was certain that he did. I followed him inside the cabin, and he quickly walked over to a big rug in the center of the room. Without pause, he flipped the right corner to reveal a heavy-duty metal trap door.

He grasped the handle and pulled hard. It seemed like even he struggled to open it and I knew that was probably an additional security measure meant to keep any human from venturing down below if his cabin was ever compromised.

He grunted as he used all of his strength and when it finally opened all the way, he sighed from the effort of it. He beckoned me over to him and I climbed down the steel ladder below. I jumped when he closed the trap door behind us.

“Humans have satellite radar that will pick up our body heat. Down here, I’ve incorporated measures to prevent that,” he explained.

“What is this?” I asked while I looked around.

“This is where we are going to contact the Mardsians and the reigning members of the Intergalactic Dynasty. We will stay here together until we receive their directive,” he replied.

He came up behind me and squeezed my shoulders. I looked around, seeing that the space below the cabin ran its full length. It was like a second home, complete with a kitchen, a massive bathroom, and a bedroom with a bed as big as the one upstairs. On the far end of the large open room was something that I couldn’t quite recognize, and I looked a bit closer.

It was a clear cube. The borders of it glowed with a soft purple bluish light, and inside it was an object that kind of looked like a virtual Rubik’s cube but the squares that covered its surface were constantly shuffling. The colors transformed without rhyme or reason and when I moved closer, I could see that it was floating in the center of the box. Nothing was holding it up. Transfixed, I stared at the thing, recognizing that it could only be of alien origin.

Hector followed me and caught my hand in his. “Why don’t you sit down for a moment? I’ll activate my comm device and send the information I’ve collected, then we can enjoy a nice meal together,” he said.

My stomach growled. It had been a while since he’d cooked that delicious breakfast. The soldiers had been kind and fed me

one of their MREs, macaroni and cheese. I had been pleasantly surprised that it was pretty tasty.

“A comm device?” I asked.

“Well, that’s what the Mardsians told me, but it was a few thousand years ago,” he answered cautiously.

Sometimes things were so easy between us that I forgot his true age. He’d walked the Earth for pretty much all of human history, from the times of the cavemen, through the Roman Empire, the dark ages, all the way through the rise of the modern world. It was staggering when I really thought about it, but as I stared into his eyes, I saw the ethereal being that was the man I loved. I smiled.

“Have you ever used it before?” I asked.

“Well... No,” he replied.

“Who knows if it’s even going to work,” I teased.

“You have a point, sassy girl,” he replied, but his smirk was warm. When he glanced back toward the alien comm device, I saw a flicker of nervousness cross over his features. I walked over to his side and grasped his arm, pressing my body against his.

I stared at the radiant colors of the alien technology. It was mesmerizing in a way and when his arm wrapped around me, I felt a sense of hope.

“When and if they get your message, do you think they will come?” I questioned.

“I do. They spent an extraordinary amount of time and effort in my creation so that I could guard and protect the Earth from dangers they were not yet prepared to face. They will come,” he said.

I allowed myself to hold onto that hope.

Silently, I watched him stride over to the glowing box. With a quiet sense of trepidation, he placed both palms on either side of the box and the light brightened in a veritable rainbow as if it housed a star inside it. I had to look away, blinded by it.

Hector didn't and the very air around him began to vibrate with power.

I knew it was alien technology, but as it reverberated through my bones, I couldn't help but feel its ancient and terrible pull. It was dangerous. When he started to speak, I didn't recognize the words. He spoke in some alien language, a quiet rumbling roar that made my heart pound with fear and dread. Each syllable resonated through my flesh with horrible power and by the time he finished speaking, the entire room had gone cold.

I drew in a shaky breath.

When he turned back to face me, I couldn't read his expression. I approached him cautiously, wrapping my arms around his waist and glancing up to see the look in his eyes. There was concern and even the slightest bit of fear.

"Did they answer?" I asked carefully.

He sighed. "I reported everything I had, but now we have to wait," he answered.

"What if they don't answer?" I asked anxiously and he shook his head.

"I don't want you worrying about such things," he replied.

"Then I guess you better distract me," I teased him, and a dark glint glittered in his stormy gaze. His hand slid slowly down my back. I jumped when he slapped my ass hard.

"I think I can handle something like that," he rumbled, and my pussy pulsed with greedy intent. "But first, I'm going to make you something to eat. If you'd like to be able to sit when I feed you, I'd suggest you make yourself comfortable," he added.

I glanced at him, giving him the best doe eyes that I possibly could. As much as I tried to keep my face straight through, I couldn't help smirking just the slightest bit. Before I could stop myself, I replied brazenly, "Make me."

His quiet chuckle made my stomach drop. I almost stopped breathing at the warning in that sound. He didn't react right

away. Instead he drew one hand around the back of my neck and slid it beneath my chin.

He growled softly, forcing a tremor of desire to hurtle up and down my legs so quickly that I almost lost my balance. His other arm grabbed me tight, and his answering grin made my heart quake with excitement.

“Your wish is my command,” he said hoarsely. “Now strip and bend over the bed.”

I shivered hard. I questioned if I should have pushed him, but every bit of his prior concern was gone. Now he was entirely focused on me.

Even though he hadn't touched me yet, my body was firing with electric sensation. Every nerve simmered with anticipation as he released his hold on me and let me go. I hesitated and he caught it, his lips curving with amusement.

“Strip, unless you want me to tear your clothes right off of you,” he demanded, and I shivered hard. With a decisive gulp, I lifted my sweatshirt up and over my head, kicking off my boots. With as much pride as I could muster, I took off my shirt and pants. I pouted prettily as I unclasped my bra. My breasts were already heavy with desire, and I tried not to falter as my nipples pebbled right in front of him. Left in only my panties now, I crossed my arms over my chest and leveled him with a daring glare.

His gaze darkened and I had to do everything in my power not to take a step back and run. He strode toward me, not like a man on the chase, but like one that had already cornered his prey. I trembled, lifting my chin with defiance. With a quick maneuver, he grasped me around the neck and pulled me toward him roughly.

“I had planned to be gentle with you, but that's not what you need, is it?” he rumbled.

I pitched forward nervously, but he caught me in his arms. I went to take a step back and he took one with me. Slowly, he led me backwards until the backs of my thighs brushed up against the bed.

“Answer me,” he demanded.

My heart pounded in my chest. My breathing quickened. I knew that he was unequivocally right and that there was only one thing that he wanted to hear.

“Yes, sir,” I replied anxiously. When he laughed once more, it was much louder, more perilous, and practically dripping with dark intent. His pelvis pressed against me, leaving no doubt in my mind that he was already hard.

He wanted me too. Just as badly as I wanted him.

There was something about the possible end of the world that brought us together more fiercely than ever. He brought his lips down to mine and kissed me like I was the only woman in the world. It was hard and rough, and it left me far more breathless than I was before when he finally pulled back.

His eyes bored down into mine, looking so deep that I felt that they were burrowing into the pit of my soul.

“This is going to be rough, Emma,” he warned.

“I’m not afraid of you,” I countered.

I didn’t know what had gotten into me tonight, but I didn’t spend much time questioning it. I wanted Hector to leave his mark on my body. I wanted his touch to linger on my skin and I wanted his kiss fresh on my lips.

“You should be, my feisty human,” he murmured. His lips crashed into mine once more before he spun me around and bent me right over the bed.

I expected him to tear my panties down quickly, but he took his time. He slid his fingers right below the hem of my underwear, slipping them back and forth and igniting fiery tendrils of hot desire on my skin. I shuddered hard, anticipating the moment when he bared me and whining when it didn’t come right away. He drew it out even longer.

He let go of my panties and grasped my hips, pulling me hard against him. His rigid cock pushed up against my pussy. The thin fabric of my panties did nothing to hide his raging desire

and I was convinced that it probably didn't mask mine either. I could move a little and I squirmed against him.

Oh. I liked that.

Without thinking of the consequences, I started grinding myself against him. I arched my hips up and down, rubbing my clit on his cock. He pushed me roughly back down on the bed. I gasped as he grabbed my panties. With a cruel jerk, he pulled them down, not caring that he pinched my clit in the process. When I cried out, he simply held down my hips and lifted one foot and then the other as he took them off.

Naked now, I began to tremble as his fingertips traced up the backs of my legs.

"There isn't a mark left on you from your punishment anymore," he said. For a long moment, he paused, and I hummed nervously, before he began to speak again.

"I'm going to have to fix that," he growled. He grabbed my right ass cheek roughly, squeezing it hard enough to spread me apart. He groaned and I knew he'd probably seen my asshole. I shuddered with reluctant arousal.

Where would he fuck me tonight? Would he take me in the normal way? Or would he prefer to sink his cock deep in my bottom as a lesson in what happens to little girls who poked their alien beast?

"No one knows you're down here. They won't hear you beg. They won't hear you scream either. How does that make you feel, Emma?" he pushed.

My clit throbbed with desire. "I'm not afraid," I declared, and he released my ass cheek, only to slap it so hard that I yelped in surprise.

"You keep saying that, but I don't believe you," he answered. My thighs quivered and he drew back. I whined, no longer feeling his cock pressed up firmly against my pussy.

"You have seen my human form, as many people have. You have also watched me transform into a bear, but you have not witnessed my last form," he explained.

A hard slap on the left side of my ass stole my breath away. As the sting simmered through me, I rolled up on my toes and moaned through the pain only for him to catch me with a third that just caught the lips of my pussy. I keened softly and he gripped at my stinging flesh.

“Tonight, I’m going to show you, but I’m going to do so much more than that,” he declared.

“What do you mean?” I asked shakily.

“Tonight, I’m going to show you what it’s like to get fucked by an alien cock,” he warned, and a real flash of fearful arousal hurtled through me like a sudden jolt of lightning.

“Alien cock?” I asked, unable to hide my anxious anticipation.

“That’s right. I’ll show you, but I think I need to take care of something first,” he exclaimed, his voice rumbling with cruel pleasurable promise.

He pressed a single broad palm on the small of my lower back and used his own foot to force my legs apart. When my thighs were spread wide open, he groaned, and my pussy tightened viciously hard.

“Fuck, my feisty mate, you’re dripping for me,” he mumbled, and he traced his fingers along my inner thigh, sliding his finger through my arousal with ease.

I blushed, but he didn’t give me any time to think about my shame for even a second. Without warning, he slapped my pussy and a fierce volley of scalding hot fire flared to life across my soaking wet folds. I rose up on my toes as my muscles tensed, and a crying moan slipped from my lips before I could stop it.

Damn. That hurt.

Quickly, his palm grasped my ass again. I gasped and he let go. Devoid of his touch, I whined, but then his hand crashed down on the opposite side. I yelped at the sudden sting, and he really started lighting into my bare backside after that.

He smacked my ass, angling his hand upward so each cheek bounced just a little with every one. It felt different than the

other spankings had. Each smack stung fiercely at first, but the desire that followed it quickly overwhelmed the pain. My core rattled, squeezing tight and spiraling hard with every hard spank. My pussy pulsed, flooding with arousal.

I'd been wet before, but now I was even wetter. My face flushed with shameful desire, wanting more. Needing more.

As if he could read the direction of my thoughts, he paused the harsh lesson and slowly ran his fingers over my burning flesh.

"Watching my handprint rise on your skin is one of my favorite things," he purred, and my thighs instinctually pulled together. I remembered myself and pulled them back open just in time for him to slap between my legs again.

I gasped, the tidal wave of agony as sweetly delicious as it was terribly painful. It was cruel at first, but by the time the hurt crested and started to fade, I was positively breathless with insatiable need.

"Oh, God. Please," I begged.

"Not yet, little human. I want this perfect ass a whole lot redder," he said, and I arched my back in an effort to show him where I needed him the most.

He peppered my ass with hard spanks, making the initial volley seem like they'd been nothing more than a simple warmup. I gasped, crying out as the spanking got harder and began to descend down onto my thighs. He didn't miss a single spot and by the time he finally finished punishing my backside, I was left feeling scalded, needy, and only a tiny bit subdued.

I'd need a whole lot more than a spanking to satisfy me tonight.

"Look at this sweet little pussy. It's soaking wet and ready for my cock," he observed.

I shuddered hard, more than a little embarrassed that I was responding so powerfully to being taken in hand and put in my place by him in the bedroom. I whined quietly and he pulled his fingers away, leaving me to ponder just how much my backside ached.

I stepped from one foot to the other as I tried to get a hold on my passionate desire, but it didn't help. Eventually, I heard him take a step back and I groaned with disappointment.

"Face me and sit down on the bed. Keep your thighs spread for me. It's time for you to see what's going to fuck you tonight," he demanded.

I shivered needily and slowly stood up. I resisted the urge to touch my ass and comfort the burning sting still flaring across my punished flesh. Cautiously, I turned around to see the man I'd come to adore and love. With a deep breath, I lowered myself down onto the bed, sucking in a breath when my scalded backside pressed against its surface. Once I settled down though, it faded to a more manageable level.

I slowly opened my thighs for him, presenting my pussy for him because that's what he wanted. His gaze dropped, hungrily taking in the sight. Being able to see him look at me like that made me blush hard, but there was nothing that could make me turn away now.

He unbuttoned his gray and black flannel shirt first and shrugged it off. He kicked off his boots and I feasted on the perfect angles of his chest. My mouth went dry as he knelt down and pushed down his socks. He pulled each one off one at a time and stood back up.

The sight of him in nothing more than a roughed-up pair of jeans made me feel like I was about to internally combust. When I began to tremble, I lifted my chin and put on a brave face, even when he started to unbutton his jeans. My gaze dropped as he lowered his zipper.

I fidgeted on the bed and worried my bottom lip with my teeth.

Time seemed to slow as he pushed his jeans down his hips all the way to the floor. He had only a pair of dark gray boxer briefs underneath, and I ran my tongue over my lip, happily recalling the taste of him on my tongue.

Would he fuck my mouth tonight too?

I couldn't take much more of this. I wanted to see his cock and I wanted to see it now.

“Please,” I begged. I pouted prettily and he chuckled knowingly.

“What’s that, naughty girl? Are you ready to get fucked good and hard?” he asked rather cockily, and I nodded, glancing up at his growing smirk and then back down at the massive erection still hidden by his underwear.

Sensing my impatience, he stalled and stroked his hand up and down his cock. It got even bigger and even harder with every stroke.

“This isn’t the cock that’s going to fuck you tonight, Emma,” he said boldly, and I started.

Would his alien cock be that much different?

I swallowed hard and nodded with understanding. He cocked his head to the side, and I sighed happily when he finally pushed his boxer briefs down the hard muscles of his legs. Fully stripped, he stood tall and proud, but I could only stare at the enormous and very human erection that I wanted so badly.

Even though it had been inside my mouth, my pussy, and my bottom, it was still just as daunting to see as the first time. I whimpered, fighting the instinct to close my legs, and run and hide. My arousal burned hotter than all of that.

“Are you ready, my pretty human?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” I breathed, my voice so soft that it was hardly even audible.

I trembled as I pulled a shaky gulp of air into my lungs, trying to steel myself for whatever was to come. His gaze darkened and he began to change.

In his human form, he was tall at just over six feet. His alien form towered over that at eight or nine feet tall. I gasped as his already enormous muscles doubled in size and bulged with thick veins. His chest muscles sharpened more fiercely, his thighs thickened to the width of tree trunks, and his skin darkened from a golden tan to a red color until it settled on a deep dark purple.

His flesh took on a metallic sheen as if it was a solid sheet of steel. Would it feel just as hard? Would he be hot or cold to the touch? I was left with so many questions, but each and every one of them fled when I looked down at his cock.

It was a monster.

A hard bulging monstrosity with thick throbbing veins and several hundred rounded knobs that would change how sex would feel with him in every sense. I licked my lips, fidgeting as I imagined those knobs sliding in and out of my sex.

There was a larger appendage at the base of his cock, and I forgot to breathe when I realized that it would be situated directly against my clit. When I looked more closely, I jumped when I noticed the crackling of a glowing violet energy.

Holy fuck. His cock was electrified.

My gaze tore back up to his mouth and I found him smirking at me. He must have been watching me the whole time because there was a touch of satisfied glee in his gaze that only intensified once I looked back up at him.

“It’ll never fit,” I breathed nervously.

“It will, my feisty human. I assure you,” he answered.

I crawled back on the bed as he walked toward me, my instinct to flee finally getting the best of me. I shrieked as he climbed up on the bed with me. His massive form towered over me as he grabbed my wrists and pinned me down to the bed, allowing me to get a real good look at his alien face up close.

His dark purple flesh was shockingly different to the touch, but his eyes still held their warmth. The gold flecks in his irises had intensified and the shape of his pupils had turned feline. His nose was smaller and flattened, but he still had two nostrils. His lips were darker than the rest of him, but I still felt the urge to reach up and kiss him.

His hands on my skin were warm.

His beard had disappeared, only to be replaced with smooth flesh. His thick mahogany locks were gone. Now two hard

ridged horns extended on each side for a total of four. I wanted to reach up and touch them.

Even more, I wanted to hold onto them as he fucked me.

“You’re scared, but you can’t wait to feel my cock sink deep inside you,” he murmured, and I quivered beneath him. His voice had deepened. It was wilder, with savage undertones that made my pussy tremor with need.

He was using his arms to hold his massive form up. Carefully, he lowered his hips down enough so that the blazing heat of his cock just brushed against my right thigh.

“Answer me, Emma,” he demanded.

His lips traced along the lower curve of my chin, and I trembled, knowing that he was right. I did want to feel him inside me. I wanted every single inch of that thick cock to take me hard enough to make me scream.

“Yes,” I whimpered. It would hurt more than his human cock. I was sure of it.

He released one of my wrists so that he could slip fingers down the side of my waist. He shoved them in between my thighs, and I cried out as they roughly slid on top of my clit.

“Just like I thought. Even wetter than before,” he growled.

His fingers teased my clit. I writhed beneath him, bucking against his fingertips as he taunted me with pleasure that was only just out of reach. My nipples were so hard that they could probably cut glass and my core radiated with need so powerful that I feared it wouldn’t take much more at all to make me come.

“Please,” I begged.

He pulled his hand away and I trembled.

He angled his hips and the tip of his cock brushed against my entrance. I shuddered with aroused fear, not knowing if I could take what was to come and wanting it all the same. The confusing sensations spiraled through me.

Slowly, he pushed inside me, and I wailed from the start. His thick head spread my pussy wider than ever before and with that came a burning snap of pain. I couldn't have moved back if I'd wanted to, because his other arm was beside my head, blocking my shoulder and therefore stopping my retreat. He forced more of the head inside me and I suffered through it. I was so wet that nothing other than his size slowed his entry, but it still hurt. I squirmed under him as he pushed inch after girthy inch of his massive cock inside me. The knobs were harder than I thought they'd be, causing a cruel and oddly delicious sensation of friction.

That all paled to the shocking energy that pulsed through me. It all originated from his cock. Weak static electricity vibrated through my flesh, radiating with pleasure and just the slightest touch of pain.

He jerked his hips and forced another inch of his cock inside me. I wailed, reaching up and winding my arms around his neck.

“Are you ready, my perfect little human?” he asked.

We hadn't known each other long, but that wasn't important. I knew this man. I knew he would keep me safe, protect me from harm, and love me with the combined souls of three men.

Human.

Beast.

Alien.

It was more than any woman could ever wish for.

“Yes. Make me yours, sir,” I pleaded.

“You already are,” he growled, and he thrust into me with ruthless intention. His thick alien cock slammed into me, and I screamed, but my body took every last inch of him just like he'd said I would. He growled as my pain escalated, intensifying to a level that made me panic, but with his arms around me I knew I would be okay.

When the agony eventually crested, the electric shocks started to force the rest of the stinging ache away. Dizzying pleasure

followed in its wake, and my screams turned into needy moans. He stilled, and I bit my lip as the bulge at the base of his cock pressed directly against my clit. I squirmed a little and my needy bud ground against it, convincing me that I could most definitely get myself off without very much effort with that conveniently placed appendage.

My body still struggled with his size, glimmers of pain flaring now and then to remind me just how monstrous his cock was. When I whimpered impatiently, Hector grinned and pressed a kiss against the side of my head.

“Tell me what you need,” he purred, and my pussy practically convulsed around his cock. There was no way he didn’t feel it.

“I want to come,” I pleaded.

As the words fell off my lips, a strange buzzing sensation reverberated against my clit. The buzzing shocks came faster now, almost vibrating. My body twitched, unused to such a strange feeling. The static pulses picked up in intensity as well as pace, feeling like a vibrating ball of energy directly beneath my clit.

It was even more amazing than his fingers and it was that much more incredible while I was so full of his cock.

There was no pattern to it, no rhyme or reason. The constant buzz sped up and my spine arched clean off the bed.

If I had been standing, I would have fallen. My nipples brushed up against his smooth chest. My hands dug into his back, but his skin was too thick and too strong for me to scratch it even a little. He growled, and I began to writhe beneath him.

The heat between my legs escalated until it felt like I was seconds away from orgasm. The frantic sounds of my moans increased in pitch, becoming more desperate by the second. I couldn’t hold out much longer and when the speed of the buzzing static picked up once more, I screamed.

“Come for me, my human mate. Come hard,” he demanded.

My world became as bright as the stars. My release exploded with vicious intensity, ruthless and consuming. My body

tensed, electric sensation causing my nerves to misfire too quickly, too fast and I bucked beneath him. I rode that cock, grinding against the bulge at the base with greed so strong that I stopped trying to fight it.

All I could do now was survive.

I quaked through that first orgasm, my inner walls grasping at his thick alien cock like I was made for it. I closed my eyes, blinded by white-hot bliss. The static shocks forced that release up and down like waves in the ocean.

When my orgasm finally began to fade, I sucked in a massive mouthful of air before pressing my forehead against the security of his warm chest.

I'd come so hard.

I knew he knew that too.

"Good girl," he murmured, and my heart practically leapt all the way into my throat.

I smiled against his chest, awash in the warm afterglow of such a powerful orgasm.

"Now it's time for your fucking," he growled.

He jerked his hips back and slammed his long knobby length into me. I yelped at the sudden roughness, but my first orgasm had opened my body up for him and now he was going to take it as hard as he pleased.

His cock pistoned in and out of me with savage force. I shrieked. I moaned. I enjoyed every bit of it.

This fucking wasn't something a human could ever be capable of. This was a fucking that only an alien beast could give.

His thrusts were wildly cruel and deliciously incredible. There was a part of me that feared each one, but as they continued, I soon began to crave them. The electric surge of his cock pulsed through me at a steady pace, forcing my desire to orgasm to come to a head again.

My skin pulsed with static shocks. My clit throbbed even harder.

There was no possible way for me to keep still. I bucked and writhed as he used my body with that alien cock. The knobs surged in and out of me, the friction such a sweetly cruel sin that promised a quick journey to oblivion.

My hips rolled, taking him deeper as I moved in tune with his thrusts. The tip of his cock pounded against my cervix, and I cried out, but that didn't slow him down in the slightest. He claimed my pussy wildly and I lost myself in the complete and utter savagery.

I gave him control.

He took it.

My insatiable need started to rise, and I feared its inevitable destruction. I thrashed as the heat escalated, whining and crying as it came to a head.

I took that unescapable leap. I jumped off that cliff before I had time to ready myself for it.

My entire body quaked and every defense mechanism inside me crumbled into dust. Red-hot pleasure pierced through me, twisting hard like a knife and not letting go. I tried to breathe through it. I tried to balance on the edge of that blade, but I lost myself soon after that.

I screamed and my voice went hoarse.

Lightning bolts of electricity fired, sending my nerves into overdrive. My eyes rolled back in my head as his cock surged in and out of my body. My pussy spasmed around him, clenching again and again as I came harder than I'd ever come in my life.

My soul shattered and just when I thought the other side of my orgasm was in sight, his entire cock throbbed and started to grow inside me. I screamed and the first blazing hot spurt of his seed sprayed inside me.

The sizzling feeling of his cum inside me threw me into a third devastating orgasm that had me nearly speaking in tongues. I moaned, the pitch frenzied and frantic, but there was no stopping it now.

I broke.

I don't know how long that last release lasted. I don't know if it was more than one or just the raw sensations of pleasure and pain that took me captive.

By the time it was over though, my face was streaked with tears. My breathing hitched and his arms wrapped around me tight. He didn't remove his cock right away, and he held me for as long as it took to get a hold of myself.

He was Earth's guardian, but he was also my alien beast.

Together, we were perfect.

CHAPTER 12



*E*mma

It took a full twenty-four hours for the aliens that created Hector to send their reply. In that time, he'd cooked and fed me several meals. We took a shower together and I was resting in his arms in bed when the comm box finally began to send vibrating pulses through the room. It was enough to startle me out of sleep, but he pressed his lips against my forehead in a sweet kiss before he untangled his massive body from mine.

He'd stayed in his alien form for much of that time and as he walked across the room, I couldn't help but admire his naked ass. I nestled myself in under the covers and watched as he pressed his palms against the clear surface of the cube. It glowed bright and I closed my eyes, just listening to the rumbling alien language and enjoying the primal syllables as they fell of his lips.

I opened my eyes when it began to slow and bit my lip as his back muscles flexed. In the glowing light of the box, I could see darker stripes of purple that bordered on black crisscrossing his skin. When the brightness eventually faded, the striped pattern disappeared in the dark purple of his metallic alien flesh.

"What did they say?" I asked impatiently and he gazed worriedly back at me. Immediately, I sat up straighter, realizing that whatever had been exchanged was not exactly what he'd hoped to hear.

“My creators took my information and contacted the Darzoiks on Earth’s behalf. They warned them against taking action against the planet, but the Darzoiks are demanding a meeting with both myself and a representative of the human species,” he answered.

“Why you?” I pressed.

“I killed their army of Lykans. They want someone to answer for that,” he replied.

“What does that mean?”

“The meeting will take place four days from now. The Mardsians and the Darzoiks will both arrive at sunset,” he continued.

I swallowed hard, staring at him closely.

“They want vengeance,” I breathed.

He sat down beside the bed and grasped my hand within his.

“We’re not going to let them take it,” he replied.

* * *

Hector did his best to keep me relaxed in those four days as best as he could but waiting took its toll. I worried that the Darzoiks would hurt him even though he told me several times that would be nearly impossible. The Mardsians had created him to be unkillable.

We left a day ahead of schedule in order to scout out the area, as well as ensure that there were no places where they could ambush the two of us. The Mardsians had chosen a place deep in the mountains where humans hardly ever ventured so that the chances of being discovered were as slim as possible.

As we traveled, Hector had resorted to his human form in case anyone was close by. He’d said that his normal choice would be to remain a bear, but any hikers that happened to pass by us might think it weird if they saw me traveling with one.

When we arrived at the meeting point, we camped out under the stars in a shelter he built in under an hour, which was really quite extraordinary considering how it turned out. When he split wood with his bare hands, I stared with obvious aroused interest and he'd pulled my pants down, spanked me, and fucked me over a fallen tree trunk.

I went to bed sore and spent that night.

I'd slept better than I thought possible, and when the sun rose that morning Hector already had a campfire roaring. I warmed my hands by it, and he wrapped his body around me. I sighed at the warmth of his embrace.

"Hmm. That's much better than a fire," I sighed, and he chuckled softly.

"I thought you might like this," he answered, squeezing me even tighter.

Like the calm before the storm, the two of us just enjoyed each other's company until it came time for sunset. When the sun eventually sank beneath the horizon, I watched the sky closely. The brightest of the stars glimmered and as the sky darkened further, I looked for anything that might look like some kind of alien spaceship. For a while, I saw absolutely nothing at all.

When a soft humming echoed behind me, I turned my head to see a black glittering spaceship floating above us in the sky. Several figures strode down the extended ramp. I narrowed my eyes, tensing at first until I realized that they looked similar to Hector's alien form.

I'd grown comfortable with him, but the existence of alien life and witnessing it like this for the first time was still daunting enough to cause a frisson of tension to jolt through me.

They approached us confidently. There were both males and females in the group, all of them fully outfitted with thin black battle armor. It hugged their bodies like a glove, and I instinctually knew that it was technologically advanced enough to protect them from anything Earth could throw at them.

One of the females looked at me with keen interest. She was tall and slender with raven dark hair and skin a few shades lighter than Hector's. There was a distinctive feline quality to the way her golden eyes appraised me and as she moved closer, her catlike gaze flickered from me to Hector as if she was trying to figure us out. He stood protectively behind me, his hands squeezing my shoulders as if he was making a show of the fact that I belonged to him. I lifted my chin a bit higher, summoning every bit of courage within myself as I could.

I could handle anything, especially with Hector at my side.

The two of us faced her together. She approached me and looked directly at him before opening her burgundy lips. Her voice reverberated similarly to the language I'd heard before, although hers was lighter and far more melodious than Hector's was.

It was really quite extraordinary. When she reached for me, I had to look up to meet her eyes. Her fingertips lightly brushed against my forehead, causing an electric tingle to linger at the edges of my nerves. It grew stronger for several seconds before she pulled away and started to speak once more.

"You should be able to understand me now," she purred. Her voice hadn't lost its musical touch and I nodded once in wonder.

"I do," I replied.

"We have the ability to transfer nanotechnology through touch. It will allow you to understand any language spoken throughout the universe, human or alien alike," she explained.

"Thank you. Foreign languages were always my least favorite subject," I quipped and once I realized what I said, my hand rushed up to my lips in order to cover up the surprised gasp that escaped.

"Your human is amusing, Hector," she chuckled and at once I relaxed.

"Emma is quite extraordinary," he told her. She turned back to face me, her golden eyes searching mine. She cocked her head and smiled.

“My name is Calyx. I am the reigning commander of the Mardsian race and the leader of the Intergalactic Dynasty. I am also the one that created Hector,” she began.

It was intriguing and incredibly refreshing to realize that a female led her entire species. Nothing about her was combative. She radiated gentle kindness and when she reached for me once more, I didn’t pull away. Her fingers grazed along my chin, grasping my face and turning it side to side as if she was inspecting me.

“I am pleased to see that the human race appears to be making advances in the time since I last visited Earth,” she mused. She clicked her tongue and shook her head as she released me. “It is also clear to me by recent events that they are not ready to deal with the existence of life outside this beautiful planet.”

“That was my thinking as well, Commander Calyx,” Hector replied.

“We’ve been watching the two of you,” she said, and he stiffened just enough behind me for me to feel it. Neither of us said anything, waiting for her to elaborate.

“The advancement of the human race is reaching a critical point that will need an increased amount of protection. There are other planets we’ve helped protect through crucial time periods such as the one Earth is about to face, and one of the ways we’ve gone about doing that is by increasing the number of guardians placed on each of those,” she explained, looking pointedly down at me.

I started, a bit taken aback at her insinuation.

“Emma showcases all the qualities of what we would expect from a guardian. She is protective, thoughtful, and caring,” she continued.

“How could you know that?” I asked cautiously.

“The nanotech working its way through your system has given me access to the portion of your brain that controls memory. You are a prime candidate to serve as Earth’s secondary guardian alongside Hector,” she replied.

“That’s... daunting,” I whispered. It felt a little invasive, but I didn’t think there was anything to be afraid of yet.

“All I would need from you is your agreement, Emma,” she stated assertively.

“I...” I began, worried that it would be a horrendously agonizing process.

“It will not be painful. I assure you,” she answered, and I was left with a building sense of uneasiness at having her read my mind like that.

“The nanotech only transmits in close proximity. You do not need to worry,” she added.

Hector squeezed my shoulders tightly.

“If I say yes, will I be able to stay with Hector?” I asked.

“You will be immortal just like him,” she answered quickly. She started and her golden eyes glanced over my head. “We will continue this conversation shortly. The Darzoiks are approaching.”

I looked up into the sky and saw nothing until all of a sudden, a black glimmering vessel hovered several stories above us. With a deep breath, I watched as a platform lowered to the ground and several dark forms crept down it. My heart pounded in my chest as they walked into a patch of moonlight that illuminated them just enough for me to take in their full appearance.

I swallowed hard when I saw that they had what looked like five or six legs, which instantly reminded me of an entire group of hairy alien spiders slinking down a ramp. There was an even bigger group of four-legged animals that followed them. If I squinted hard enough, each one looked like a massive hairless creature that resembled a weird dog of some kind.

“Those are the Darzoiks,” Hector whispered. “The attack dogs at their sides are the Lykans. Those are what attacked about a week ago.”

I watched with wide eyes. The closer they drew, the more tense I felt. Commander Calyx moved to my side and Hector shifted into his enormous alien form. Between them, I felt so very small.

When the Darzoiks finally stopped, they were no more than ten feet away from me. My eyes widened as the moon rose a bit higher, casting them in an ethereal glow that made them quite terrifying to behold. I bit my lip and drew back. Hector placed one comforting hand at the small of my back.

“Whatever happens next, Emma, you are to stay at my side. If need be, you will retreat and let myself and the Mardsians handle this. Do you understand me?” he said hoarsely, and I nodded quickly. In this entire exchange, I was the only human.

In this, I was the ultimate underdog, and I knew it.

“I understand,” I said quickly.

The Darzoiks were terrifying. Their long legs were covered in what look like coarse black hair with dark green tips. At the end of them were scythe-like claws that dug into the rock beneath them like razor blades. Their heads were oblong, with eight different spherical gray eyes with black pupils that seemed to be looking in every direction at once. Thick, ridge-like scales covered their bodies, giving them a natural sort of armor as opposed to the Mardsians. Everything about them made the hair along my arms rise in alarm.

The largest one strode forward a few paces and appraised us with a cool look. His tongue clicked several times as a number of large ridges appeared along his back. They sharpened to pointed triangular spikes as he cocked his head to the side. His claws dug into the rock, leaving a trail of deep scars along the way.

Up close like this, there was a definitive sulfuric scent that assaulted my senses. I did my best not to crinkle my nose, but as he drew even closer it became that much more difficult. From his sounds to his offensive aroma, everything about him made my uneasiness escalate that much higher.

All eight circular eyes zeroed in on me. The sudden fear that a creature like him might want to capture me and feast on my flesh rolled through me and I took a small step back.

When he finally began to speak, every syllable made me shiver in disgust.

“Your species is the reason we’re here,” he slithered, and I swallowed hard, ignoring the screaming instinct inside me to flee. “We would have never even known this little gem of a planet existed if it wasn’t for those annoying messages that kept intercepting our system, but now that we’re here, I think that we may consider staying after all.”

“You will leave this planet at once,” Commander Calyx countered.

“No. I don’t think we will. I’m sure this miserable excuse for a species might be quite tasty, but as tempting as that may be, it’s what’s beneath the surface of Earth that really holds our interest,” the Darzoik continued. His tongue slinked forward, and I was able to catch a glimpse of his shark-like teeth. There were rows and rows of them inside his circular mouth.

“When you agreed to meet, you agreed to an armistice,” Commander Calyx replied. Her expression was strained and beneath the surface, I could sense her growing anger.

“There is no agreement when oil is on the line, especially such fresh untapped quantities. Sure, it appears the humans have found a few hotspots, but the number of pristine stores below the Earth is quite astounding. Something like that is exceptionally rare and I can’t wait to get a taste of it,” he replied brazenly. I hazarded a glance around the mountain pass, looking side to side. The Mardsians hadn’t moved, but I could tell they were preparing for a fight by the distinctive changes in their posture. They stood at the ready, several of them with their hands behind their backs. The Darzoik leader started to laugh maniacally.

An icy chill raced down my spine.

“The Earth is under my protection. I will not allow you to destroy it. I have seen what you’ve done to other planets in

your quest for oil and I won't let you do the same here," Hector roared fiercely.

I took another step back. Calyx and Hector took one toward the hostile leader.

The Darzoik looked at him with an unfazed expression. He clicked his tongue three times and the world exploded.

Behind me, the Mardsian army sprang into action. At once, Calyx pressed a button on a rectangular cartridge on her waist. A see-through shield of some kind burst out of it, expanding at a phenomenal rate to fully encapsulate the entire mountain pass, including me and the three different alien species all in a massive cube. Small laser beams the size of bullets sprayed from behind me and I dropped down to the ground. I could only guess that its purpose was to simply shield whatever happened here from human eyes.

The Lykans leapt toward us first. I shrieked as their monstrous mouths opened wide, displaying sharp teeth, swirling tongues, and a feral hunger that couldn't be handled with reason. Behind them, the Darzoiks un-holstered their own weapons, pulling them from unseen pockets behind their thick scales. For a second, I grimaced. The battlefield erupted into a full-out fight.

To my left, a Lykan jumped off the ground and soared toward a Mardsian that was busy defending himself from another. The monster of a dog widened its jaws and landed on the alien's shoulders. Its mouth surrounded the alien's head and the Lykan bit down ferociously hard. I turned away as quickly as I could, but the crunching sound that followed left no doubt in my mind as to the end result. In the terror, a droplet of something wet splashed against my face. I tried not to think about the fact that it might be drool or, even worse, blood.

The sight of the Lykan's alien face stayed with me long after I looked away. The three beady eyes to each side of its head had stared straight at me as it bit down. It was at least three times the size of me with a vicious mouthful of teeth and sharp claws that would more than easily slice through my flesh.

Beside me, Hector grabbed a Lykan as it sprang toward him. With a firm twist, he cracked its spine and threw it straight into the face of the Darzoik leader. The deranged twist of fury that painted the alien monster's face was terrifying and I looked side to side for any kind of escape route.

There was no way I'd be able to survive this level of violence. I didn't stand a chance against the Lykans or the Darzoiks. Their alien forms were physically superior, my human body frail compared to theirs.

Seeing an opening, I went to rush away from the battle, fully intending to hide behind a rock until it was over, but Calyx swept down and grasped me around the waist. I shrieked, not expecting my feet to leave the ground as her arm tightened around my stomach. She held me close against her and I stilled.

Had my gut feeling about her before been wrong? Had she decided to kill me in an effort to appease the Darzoiks and save her people from being torn apart?

"Say yes," she snarled, and I started.

"Let me go," I cried, fighting, and her arms tightened hard enough where my midsection began to ache.

"I can make you strong," she said quickly, and I tensed. A Lykan rushed at her, and she quickly wrapped the fingers of one hand around a gun at her waist while using the other to pin my body against hers. She whipped her weapon out in a rush, squeezing the trigger without hesitation. Bright purple laser bullets peppered the Lykan. One of them caught it in one of its six eyeballs. The visceral pop was enough to make me retch, but the alien dog staggered to a halt. She aimed the gun and shot it again in the exact same place. The Lykan swayed back and forth before it fell to the ground. It was a clean kill but jarring all the same.

"All you have to do is say yes, Emma," she snarled. "Agree to be Earth's guardian alongside Hector. If we had more time, I would explain the whole process to you. I don't have that kind of time."

My eyes scanned over the battlefield. The Mardsians were standing toe-to-toe against the Lykans and the Darzoiks, but it was coming at a price. Hector gave them an edge. He was strong. The clenching jaws of the Lykans didn't pierce his skin and even the Darzoiks stood no chance against his strength. He cracked an attack dog's spine in half and tore a leg off a Darzoik right before he broke its neck. At one point, an electric force burst from his eyes, cutting through several Lykans at the same time. He was a force to be reckoned with, but there were so many of them.

There would be losses on both sides.

I caught Hector's startled gaze when he saw my current position. His look of concern was immediate.

"I can make it so you can stay with him. Forever," Calyx said. Her chest was rising and falling with restraint. A Lykan growled beside her and leapt toward us. In order to protect me from its bite, she turned to the side and put herself in harm's way.

For me.

The Lykan gnashed its teeth through the flesh of her forearm and the horrible sound of its bite rocked me to the core. Hector had somehow made his way over to us and grabbed the Lykan off Calyx. With a roar, he ripped its head from its body and threw it aside like it weighed absolutely nothing at all. Blood splattered all over me.

I didn't want anyone else to get hurt.

"Yes!" I screamed. I made a gut decision and Calyx breathed an audible sigh of relief.

She reached into a holster on her belt and pulled out an injector unit full of swirling blue and purple liquid. It glowed bright in the moonlight in an unnatural alien way. She wasted no time in slamming it against my throat. The injector clicked as she pushed it down, activating the internal system.

The harsh prick of the needle was cruelly painful at first, but the stinging immediately disappeared as a wave of tingling sensation followed. It spiraled through my head before

slinking down my arms all the way down to the tips of my toes.

I gasped as my body was enveloped in an aura of glowing white light. It surrounded every inch of me, growing bright with every passing second until it illuminated the entire mountain pass as though it was the middle of the day. Power vibrated through me. I arched my back as every single cell within me went through what felt like thousands of years of evolution in a fraction of a second. I was changing on a fundamental level.

Instinctually, I knew I would be faster. My flesh would heal at an unnatural pace. A fluttering sensation exploded in my mind and the knowledge of thousands of years of advancements occurring simultaneously throughout the universe slammed into me all at once.

When I opened my eyes, I flexed my hands. I could still feel my own movements. I still felt like myself, except I knew that I was now a much more advanced version of myself.

Was this what Hector felt like every day?

In my distraction, I didn't notice a Darzoik slinking toward me until he was almost on me. When I sensed his close proximity, I crinkled my nose and lashed out at him.

My scream transformed from a human sound to something that sounded like a wildcat. I reached an arm out, staring as my fingers changed to a feline paw with sharpened claws. Sandy-colored fur sprouted all over my skin until it covered my flesh. I landed on the ground on four paws instead of two feet.

The Darzoik's eyes opened wide in surprise. He hadn't expected a fight from me.

I was going to give him one.

I snarled, catching my reflection inside his wide circular eyes.

The ferocious face of a mountain lion stared back at me. I growled, testing the vibration of the terrifying sound as it rolled off my tongue. I'd never seen one in the wild, only in the zoo once on a school field trip, but I knew enough to know that I wasn't a small one.

When I scraped my claws against the rock beneath me, I left my own scars behind.

I smirked as I came to the realization that the fight between me and the hostile alien was far more even than it had been when I was nothing more than a human. My snarl echoed through the canyon as I stepped from one paw to the other.

The Darzoik paused for a second before he foolishly rushed toward me as his face twisted with malignant intent. I reacted on instinct.

I sprang up from the ground, using my momentum to throw myself high into the air. I landed on top of his head, using my claws to dig between his thick scales. Up close, there were small gaps between each scale, and I took advantage of that. When he attempted to toss me off, I dug in deeper and roared as I sank my teeth into his neck. I snapped his spinal cord in half with nothing more than the strength of my bite.

The thick taste of sulfur filled my mouth and I hissed. I leapt off of the falling alien before he crashed into the ground, licking my paw and trying to get the awful taste off my tongue. I didn't have time to relax for very long.

Though I was a rather large mountain lion, the Lykans were still bigger than me by about one hundred pounds at least. One of them hurtled toward me, and using the power of my legs, I threw myself down on the ground and rolled.

Just as it sailed over me, I extended my claws and tore through its belly. The Lykan howled in pain, and I quickly ended its misery by ripping into its throat with my teeth.

Hector's gaze caught mine and bored into my soul.

He shifted from an alien to a bear, bounding toward me in a rush. I climbed to my feet as he approached. I slinked to him, step by step until our noses touched.

For a few moments, the violence of battle all around us faded away, leaving nothing more than the two of us. I pushed forward, sliding my cheek against his. My whiskers vibrated with electric energy and as I drew my head back, I leveled my gaze with his.

“We fight together,” he growled.

“Then keep up with me,” I dared.

His golden eyes narrowed slightly with amusement. His snout brushed against my neck and the chilling sound of his growling laughter made my stomach flip with one somersault after the next.

“Fight strong, my sweet lion. When all this is over, I will look forward to putting you fully in your place,” he growled.

“I’m not afraid of you,” I replied feistily.

“You will be when you’re screaming into the sheets with your bottom still burning,” he countered, and a harsh shiver raced down my spine.

I snarled brazenly. Before I was ready, the moment was broken by a stray Lykan jumping on Hector’s back. I jumped up on my rear paws and raked my claws down the hairless creature’s back. It turned around, fully intending on taking revenge on me for daring to attack it. I roared, distracting it until Hector threw it down on the ground and ripped into it with his teeth.

The Lykan went quiet after that.

The two of us fought side by side as though we’d been doing it for thousands of years together. Our movements became one and the same, coordinating in an effortless dance that spoke to the power of our connection.

Soon enough, the combined strength of our bond was enough to turn the tides of battle. The number of Lykans began to dwindle, leaving only the more vicious Darzoiks to contend with.

The leader bellowed from a fair distance behind the front lines, clicking and howling his orders to his mangled army. He hid behind a few of his soldiers and when Hector and I glanced from him back to one another, we knew what we had to do.

“Cover the guardians!” Calyx ordered with a yell and all at once, the Mardsians turned their attention to us. Hector and I bounded toward the leader, ignoring everything other than our central mission of ending this fight once and for all.

A Darzoik's claws just brushed me before a spiraling crackle of electricity paralyzed it in its tracks. With a single leap, I escaped and continued on. Another Lykan tried to leap into my path, but a burst of electric energy from Hector's eyes flattened it in its place. I dug into the rock with my claws, hurtling forward with a single-minded focus on the alien leader.

His beady eyes settled on the two of us and widened with annoyance. I hissed furiously as we approached, making quick work of closing the distance between us. He grasped at weapons hidden beneath his scales, pulling out several guns. His claws were tightening over the triggers just as Hector and I finally reached him.

We both roared with our fury. The Darzoik leader clicked his tongue in a panic, but it was too late for him. I threw myself up into the air, landing on top of his head and using my claws to dig into his eyes. Several of them popped loudly. I tried to ignore the disgusting feeling of its blood and gore splashing against my fur.

With a hard wrench, I forced its head back as Hector stood up on his back legs. His front paws swept forward, swiping across the Darzoik leader's throat. The scent of metal and sulfur made me gag, but I held strong as Hector made mincemeat of the deranged hostile alien. I snarled wildly and as loudly as I could so that I caught the attention of everyone that was left.

Hector roared along with me.

In a show of strength, I shifted into my third form. My legs lengthened and the fur covering my body disappeared, only to be replaced by deep purple skin that matched the Mardsians. My muscles were far more toned, and I squeezed my clawed fingers into the Darzoik leader's flesh just to test my newfound power. I pierced his flesh with incredible ease.

I could feel the radiance of the alien consciousness within me crackling with electricity. With her guidance, I released it.

I ripped my alien claws through the weak points in the leader's flesh. His body tensed, paralyzed as a shower of crackling lightning consumed him. His sounds cut off abruptly and I

chose that moment to leap off of his head to land on Hector's shoulders. My bear lowered himself to the ground and the two of us watched the bitter end of the single alien that had brought so much danger and turmoil to planet Earth.

The brightness of its circular eyes deadened to a murky gray. The gigantic alien tilted and started to fall to the ground, landing on the hard rock with a sickening crunch. He didn't get back up.

The violence of the whole thing was meant to make a statement. The few remaining Lykans yelped quietly. The Darzoiks stopped fighting immediately as they watched the downfall of their leader. They looked at one another with confusion and lowered their weapons. Their expressions of shock at their loss were vindicating in a way. I took a long moment to catch my breath, just taking in the wretched state of the battlefield.

Hector's growl cut through the silence. "If you want to live, you will get back on your ships and never return," he roared.

The vitriol in his voice would have made any man cower in fear and the Darzoiks were no different. The Lykans backed off slowly with their tails between their legs. As soon as they were able, they turned around and rushed back up the ramp from the spaceship they'd emerged from. The Darzoiks weren't as quick to follow, but when the entire Mardsian force leveled their guns on them it was enough to spur them into action.

When the battlefield was emptied of hostile enemy forces, the silence that followed was heavy. The Darzoik ship hummed with power before it flickered above us in the night sky, disappearing as they activated their stealth shields.

I swallowed hard, hoping I'd never catch the sight of them again. I jumped off of Hector's back, the two of us turning to Calyx to see what might happen next. Her golden eyes flicked from me to him, and she nodded curtly in approval.

"Thank you, Emma, Hector," she began.

She looked around at the bloody carnage all around us and pressed a button on the rectangular cartridge strapped to her waist. The shield she'd put up flashed once and collapsed in on itself, taking all evidence and wiping it from the Earth's surface entirely.

"The humans won't ever know what happened here," she said before looking directly at Hector. "Thank you for informing us of the Darzoik threat. We will keep a close eye on those remaining to ensure no further attacks are forthcoming. Additionally, we will post sentries on the perimeter of Earth's solar system as an added protective measure."

She turned her golden eyes to me.

"You took a risk by agreeing to be Earth's guardian, but I think you made the right choice," she smiled softly.

"I do too," I answered, just as Hector's giant bear form pressed against my back.

"The sun is set to rise soon. We will take our leave now," she continued.

I watched in silence as the Mardsians boarded their ship. The glittering black surface flickered several times as their shields engaged. When they disappeared, I breathed in relief.

Hector's muzzle nudged against my throat, and I leaned back against him.

I wasn't certain if it had been fate that brought us together or maybe it had been my destiny all along, but my purpose had found me.

I would see to Earth's protection at Hector's side as co-guardian.

EPILOGUE



*E*mma

After the battle, Hector and I made our way down the mountains, knowing that we needed to destroy the deep space communication device that the humans had devised.

We didn't get too far before the harsh sounds of human engineered planes soaring through the air gave us pause, causing us to stop on the mountain cliff side so that we could figure out what was going on. We were still quite a distance above both the research center and the communication device, but when I searched the ground below, there wasn't a single soul in sight.

The National Guard had disappeared. Every vehicle, tent, and soldier was long gone. The only evidence they had been there in the first place was the tire tracks left in the dirt and their trash littering the ground. I lifted my eyes to the sky, watching as planes soared overhead. Three planes flew ahead of the rest. The bottom hatches opened, and several long torpedoes sped toward the ground.

In an instant, the ground exploded into a pit of fire. Several subsequent eruptions destroyed the research facility. The ground fell inward. Dirt and rock buried the structure and when the smoke finally cleared, there was nothing left that even hinted that a building ever existed there. By the time the skies quieted, the research facility and the communication were completely obliterated.

“I suppose even the government doesn’t want to admit to what happened here,” Hector said softly.

“Enough to cover it up with a few well-placed bombs,” I replied.

“Indeed. Come now, let’s go home,” he responded.

We descended the mountains leisurely after witnessing the destruction that the planes had rendered. By the time we finally approached the cabin, the sun was beginning to dip and dusk was starting to take hold. The two of us shifted back into our human forms before we went inside.

When I walked inside, I sighed with relief.

It felt good for the danger to have moved past. Now I could simply enjoy my time with Hector until it came time to protect the Earth again.

He came up behind me and kissed the back of my head. His arms wrapped around me, holding me tight against him for a long minute before he said anything at all.

“I’m so proud of you, Emma. Watching you in battle, the absolute perfection of you as a mountain lion, was an absolute treat,” he breathed. His lips brushed my earlobe, causing a delicious shudder to race through me in anticipation of whatever was to come next now that we were alone.

“You fight pretty well too,” I said feistily, and his light chuckle was like music to my ears.

“What do you think will happen if you fight me within these four walls, my pretty little kitten?” he asked, and I struggled lightly in his arms just so show him that I would. I couldn’t stop myself from grinning as I did it.

“Oh, I don’t know...” I answered cheekily. His chuckle deepened dangerously, but I kept pushing because all I could think about were his rough hands on my skin.

“In a short while, you’re going to find out,” he threatened. He opened the hatch to the basement and indicated that I was to go down it. “Go downstairs and shower, Emma. I’ll be down

shortly. I expect to see you lying face down on the bed waiting for me.”

I chewed my bottom lip nervously at the mystery in his voice.

“Keep stalling, wildcat,” he dared me, and my bottom clenched as if it was already presented for him to punish.

“Hector,” I replied hesitantly.

He shifted into his alien form right before my eyes.

“I’d already decided you were going to find out what my belt feels like tonight. Now that pretty little bottom hole is going to be punished too,” he snarled.

I yelped anxiously and quickly made my way down the ladder. I wasted no time in scrubbing away the dirt, mud, and residual alien blood off my skin. When I was finished, I turned off the shower and toweled myself off. When I peeked into the bedroom, he wasn’t there yet so I took an extra minute to comb through the tangle of my hair.

Eventually, it was time to follow his instructions though.

I took the towel with me and hung it up on a rung by the bathroom door. As I climbed on the bed, I was suddenly very aware of my nakedness. I was still slightly damp, but as I laid my stomach down on the bed, my arousal spiked.

My ass was bare, vulnerable, and entirely exposed and when I heard the hatch open again, it took everything in me to remain on display for him like he’d asked.

I worried my lips as I heard him move around behind me until he grasped my left wrist and wound a luxuriously soft rope around it. With a gasp, I slowly realized his intentions as he tied it to the closest bedpost. I pulled at it as he continued on to bind my left and right ankles, along with my other wrist. When I was fully bound, I struggled hard against the ropes, discovering that there wasn’t any way that I could escape them. I couldn’t even use my newfound strength to break them.

I turned my head, only catching a glimpse of his deep purple flesh.

He pushed something beneath me, and it started to vibrate. I shrieked in surprise before a heady wave of pleasure followed.

“Do you remember that first night we spent together?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” I whimpered. The vibrations began to increase, and my hips rocked.

“I searched your backpack, and I came across your bullet,” he continued, and a flare of recognition burst through me. My lips opened in shocked silence. I hadn’t even opened the package yet. Back at the detention center, someone had somehow smuggled a few in and I’d gotten my hands on one mostly by accident. It was pink with a soft silicone cover, and it was operated by a remote that was connected to it by a long cord. It was powered with two AA batteries, which meant that I didn’t have to worry about charging it.

I’d taken it with me with the full intention of sneaking off into the woods to try it out. I’d never expected anyone to use it on me first. He turned the dial and the vibrations escalated. I moaned quietly, my desire to come intensifying as his hands brushed against my bottom cheeks.

I blushed heatedly when I thought about him operating the toy.

“I’m going to spank this beautiful bottom with my hand and then mark it with my belt. After that, you’re going to spread your sore red cheeks and ask me to fuck that pretty little asshole long and hard,” he threatened, and I squeaked in alarm.

“Please!” I whispered hoarsely. He slapped my right cheek firmly enough to make his point. His fingers dipped down between my legs.

“With your legs spread like this, I can see every bit of your glistening arousal, naughty girl. You can protest all you like, but you need me to put you in your place,” he countered. My thighs twitched at his sordid observation, but my pussy tightened with arousal all the same.

One of his hands squeezed my right cheek and I couldn’t stop myself from rising up into his touch. When I realized what I

had done, I hid my face in the blankets.

“Do you know what I’m thinking about right now, wildcat?” he asked tenderly. His fingers left my backside and slowly drifted up the curve of my back. When he reached the back of my head, he started petting me and I couldn’t help but moan as shivers of delight raced through me.

“I’m thinking about how happy I am that I get to spend eternity by your side,” he whispered, and my heart practically leapt into my throat.

“Hector,” I breathed.

“I love you, kitten. I’m looking forward to taming your wild spirit again and again, whether it be over my knee, at the end of my cock, or safe in my arms for the rest of forever,” he murmured and my whole world faltered at his open declaration.

“You mean that?” I whispered. I closed my eyes, enjoying the delicious tremors that were racing up and down my spine, as well as the increasing fullness entirely centered in my heart.

“I mean every single word, my little wildcat,” he replied firmly.

“I love you too,” I whispered. I adored him.

We belonged to each other now.

Forever.

The End

AFTERWORD

Stormy Night Publications would like to thank you for your interest in our books.

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BOOKS OF THE DRAGONBORNE KINGS SERIES

Dragon King

For centuries, every woman in my family has vanished on the night of her twenty-first birthday, then returned telling tales of being shamefully ravaged by a man who could turn into a dragon.

Tonight he came for me.

I fought, but he just tore off my clothes and spanked me until I was wet and ready for him.

The brute didn't take me right then and there. He made me beg for it first. But even before he marked me as his, I knew he wasn't going to send me home after he mounted and claimed me.

The dragon king is never going to let me go.

Because I'm his mate.

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Ice King

When I snuck out of the house on my twenty-first birthday, I didn't expect to be struck by a bolt of lightning... or to wake up in a strange land and be saved from freezing to death by a dragon.

Then the beast shifted before my eyes into a man more regal than any king and hotter than dragon fire. A man who didn't hesitate to bare and spank me for daring to resist his rescue.

I knew in that moment not just that I would be his one day, but that I was his already.

The way he held me in his lap and caressed my burning bottom while my arousal soaked his massive thighs told me he knew it too, and that it was all he could do not to claim me right then.

But pain has left his heart as frozen as his realm, and it will take more than pure lust to melt it.

It will take the touch of his mate.

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BOOKS OF THE ALPHA BROTHERHOOD SERIES

Savage

I thought no alpha could tame me. I was wrong.

Many men have tried to master me, but never one like Aric. He is not just an alpha, he is a fearsome beast, and he means to take for himself what warriors and kings could not conquer.

I thought I could fight him, but his mere presence forced overwhelming, unimaginable need upon me and now it is too late. I'm about to go into heat, and what comes next will be truly shameful.

He's going to ravage me, ruthlessly laying claim to every single inch of me, and it's going to hurt. But no matter how desperately I plead as he wrenches one screaming climax after another from my helplessly willing body, he will not stop until I'm sore, spent, and marked as his.

It will be nothing short of savage.

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Primal

I escaped the chains of a king. Now a far more fearsome brute has claimed me.

The Brotherhood gave him the right to breed me, but that is not why I am naked, wet, and sore.

My bottom bears the marks of his hard, punishing hand because I defied my alpha.

My body is slick with his seed and my own arousal because he took me anyway.

He didn't use me like a king enjoying a subject. He took me the way a beast claims his mate.

It was long, hard, and painfully intense, but it was much more than that.

It was primal.

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Rough

I came here as a spy. I ended up as the king's property.

I was captured and locked in a dungeon, but it was only when I saw Magnar that I felt real fear.

He is a warrior and a king, but that is not why my virgin body quivers as I stand bare before him.

He is not merely an alpha. He is my alpha.

The one who will punish and master me.

The one who will claim and ravage me.

The one who will break me, but only after he's made me beg for it.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Wild

She's going to scream for me and I don't care who hears it.

I traveled to this city to disrupt the plans of the Brotherhood's enemies, not tame a defiant omega, but the moment Revna challenged me I knew punishing her would not be enough.

Despite her blushing protests, I'm going to bare her beautiful body and mark her quivering bottom with my belt, but she won't be truly put in her place until I put her flat on her back.

I'm her alpha and I will use her as I please.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Enigma

An alpha could not tame her. Now she will kneel before a god.

For endless ages I've kept this world in balance, and over the centuries countless women have writhed and screamed and climaxed beneath me. But I've never felt the need for a mate.

Until today. Until her.

When I touch her, she trembles.

When I mark her defiant little bottom with my belt, her bare thighs glisten with helpless arousal.

When she lies next to me blushing, sore, and spent, my lust for her only grows stronger.

The world be damned. I'm going to claim her for myself.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE OMEGABORN TRILOGY

Frenzy

Inside the walls I was a respected scientist. Out here I'm vulnerable, desperate, and soon to be at the mercy of the beasts and barbarians who rule these harsh lands. But that is not the worst of it.

When the suppressants that keep my shameful secret wear off, overwhelming, unimaginable need will take hold of me completely. I'm about to go into heat, and I know what comes next...

But I'm not the only one with instincts far beyond my control. Savage men roam this wilderness, driven by their very nature to claim a female like me more fiercely than I can imagine, paying no heed to my screams as one brutal climax after another is ripped from my helplessly willing body.

It won't be long now, and when the mating starts, it will be nothing short of a frenzy.

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Frantic

Naked, bound, and helplessly on display, my arousal drips down my bare thighs and pools at my feet as the entire city watches, waiting for the inevitable. I'm going into heat, and they know it.

When the feral beasts who live outside the walls find me, they will show my virgin body no mercy. With my need growing more desperate by the second, I'm not sure I'll want them to...

By the time the brutes arrive to claim and ravage me, I'm going to be absolutely frantic.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Fever

I've led the Omegaborn for years, but the moment these brutes arrived from beyond the wall I knew everything was about to change. These beasts aren't here to take orders from me, they're here to take me the way I was meant to be taken, no matter how desperately I resist what I need.

Naked, punished, and sore, all I can do is scream out one savage, shameful climax after another as my body is claimed, used, and mastered. I'm about to learn what it means to be an omega...

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BOOKS OF THE WOLF KINGS SERIES

Alpha King

I thought I could defy the most powerful mafia boss in the city, but as Lawson Clearwater rips off my nightgown and pins me to the bed I'm certain he can smell more than just my fear.

This beast isn't just here to punish me. He's here to mount me, rut me, and mark me as his.

Forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Alpha Boss

She came here to find her sister. Her mate found her instead.

When she blew off my offer to help rescue her sister, Natalia Kotova learned the hard way that defying an alpha shifter will get you spanked until you are sobbing, then mounted and rutted.

But she's not bound to my bed with her dress and panties in shreds and every hole sore just because she needed a shameful lesson in manners from the most powerful mob boss in the city.

She's here because she's my mate.

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Alpha Brute

I knew Elijah Baumann was a brute before he ripped off my clothes and blistered my bare backside with his belt. I knew it even before he mounted and rutted me with that same belt pulled tight around my throat to hold me helplessly in place for every desperate, shattering climax.

It was the way he looked at me.

Not like he hoped he might have me one day. Like I already belonged to him.

Like I was his mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE VAKARRAN CAPTIVES SERIES

Conquered

I've lived in hiding since the Vakarrans arrived, helping my band of human survivors evade the aliens who now rule our world with an iron fist. But my luck ran out.

Captured by four of their fiercest warriors, I know what comes next. They'll make an example of me, to show how even the most defiant human can be broken, trained, and mastered.

I promise myself that I'll prove them wrong, that I'll never yield, even when I'm stripped bare, publicly shamed, and used in the most humiliating way possible.

But my body betrays me.

My will to resist falters as these brutes share me between the four of them and I can't help but wonder if soon, they will conquer my heart...

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Mastered

First the Vakarrans took my home. Then they took my sister. Now, they have taken me.

As a prisoner of four of their fiercest warriors, I know what fate awaits me. Humans who dare to fight back the way I did are not just punished, they are taught their place in ways so shameful I shudder to think about them.

The four huge, intimidating alien brutes who took me captive are going to claim me in every way possible, using me more thoroughly than I can imagine. I despise them, yet as they force one savage, shattering climax after another from my naked, quivering body, I cannot help but wonder if soon I will beg for them to master me completely.

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Ravaged

Though the aliens were the ones I always feared, it was my own kind who hurt me. Men took me captive, and it was four Vakarran warriors who saved me. But they don't plan to set me free...

I belong to them now, and they intend to make me theirs more thoroughly than I can imagine.

They are the enemy, and first I try to fight, then I try to run. But as they punish me, claim me, and share me between them, it isn't long before I am begging them to ravage me completely.

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Subdued

The resistance sent them, but that's not really why these four battle-hardened Vakarrans are here.

They came for me. To conquer me. To master me. To ravage me. To strip me bare, punish me for the slightest hint of defiance, and use my quivering virgin body in

ways far beyond anything in even the very darkest of my dreams, until I've been utterly, completely, and shamefully subdued.

I vow never to beg for mercy, but I can't help wondering how long it will be until I beg for more.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Abducted

When I left Earth behind to become a Celestial Mate, I was promised a perfect match. But four Vakarrans decided they wanted me, and Vakarrans don't ask for what they want, they take it.

These fearsome, savagely sexy alien warriors don't care what some computer program thinks would be best for me. They've claimed me as their mate, and soon they will claim my body.

I planned to resist, but after I was stripped bare and shamefully punished, they teased me until at last I pleaded for the climax I'd been so cruelly denied. When I broke, I broke completely. Now they are going to do absolutely anything they please with me, and I'm going to beg for all of it.

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SCI-FI AND PARANORMAL ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

Feral

He told me to stay away from him, that if I got too close he would not be able to stop himself. He would pin me down and take me so fiercely my throat would be sore from screaming before he finished wringing one savage, desperate climax after another from my helpless, quivering body.

Part of me was terrified, but another part needed to know if he would truly throw me to the ground, mount me, and rut me like a wild animal, longer and harder than any human ever could.

Now, as the feral beast flips me over to claim me even more shamefully when I've already been used more thoroughly than I imagined possible, I wonder if I should have listened to him...

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Inferno

I thought I knew how to handle a man like him, but there are no men like him. Though he is a billionaire, when he desired me he did not try to buy me, and when he wanted me bared and bound he didn't call his bodyguards. He did it himself, even as I fought him, because he could.

He told me soon I would beg him to ravage me... and I did. But it wasn't the pain of his belt searing my naked backside that drove me to plead with him to use me so shamefully I might never stop blushing. I begged because my body knew its master, and it didn't give me a choice.

But my body is not all he plans to claim. He wants my mind and my soul too, and he will have them. He's going to take so much of me there will be nothing left. He's going to consume me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Manhandled

Two hours ago, my ship reached the docks at Dryac.

An hour ago, a slaver tried to drag me into an alley.

Fifty-nine minutes ago, a beast of a man knocked him out cold.

Fifty-eight minutes ago, I told my rescuer to screw off, I could take care of myself.

Fifty-five minutes ago, I felt a thick leather belt on my bare backside for the first time.

Forty-five minutes ago, I started begging.

Thirty minutes ago, he bent me over a crate and claimed me in the most shameful way possible.

Twenty-nine minutes ago, I started screaming.

Twenty-five minutes ago, I climaxed with a crowd watching and my bottom sore inside and out.

Twenty-four minutes ago, I realized he was nowhere near done with me.

One minute ago, he finally decided I'd learned my lesson, for the moment at least.

As he leads me away, naked, well-punished, and very thoroughly used, he tells me I work for him now, I'll have to earn the privilege of clothing, and I'm his to enjoy as often as he pleases.

Buy on Amazon

Marked

I know how to handle men who won't take no for an answer, but Silas isn't a man. He's a beast who takes what he wants, as long and hard and savagely as he pleases, and tonight he wants me.

He's not even pretending he's going to be gentle. He's going to ravage me, and it's going to hurt.

I'll be spanked into quivering submission and used thoroughly and shamefully, but even when the endless series of helpless, screaming climaxes is finally over, I won't just be sore and spent.

I will be marked.

My body will no longer be mine. It will be his to use, his to enjoy, and his to breed, and no matter how desperate my need might grow in his absence, it will respond to his touch alone.

Forever.

Buy on Amazon

Prize

Exiled from Earth by a tyrannical government, I was meant to be sold for use on a distant world. But Vane doesn't buy things. When he wants something, he takes it, and I was no different.

This alien brute didn't just strip me, punish me, and claim me with his whole crew watching. He broke me, making me beg for mercy and then for far more shameful things. Perhaps he would've been gentle if I hadn't defied him in front of his men, but I doubt it. He's not the gentle type.

When he carried me aboard his ship naked, blushing, and sore, I thought I would be no more than a trophy to be shown off or a plaything to amuse him until he tired of me, but I was wrong.

He took me as a prize, but he's keeping me as his mate.

Buy on Amazon

Alpha

I used to believe beasts like him were nothing but legends and folklore. Then he came for me.

He is no mere alpha wolf. He is the fearsome expression of the virility of the Earth itself, come into the world for the first time in centuries to claim a human female fated to be his mate.

That human female is me.

When I ran, he caught me. When I fought him, he punished me.

I begged for mercy, but mercy isn't what he has in mind for me.

He's going to force one brutal climax after another from my naked, quivering body until my throat is sore from screaming and he's not going to stop until he is certain I know I am his.

Then he's going to breed me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Thirst

Cain came for me today. Even before he spoke his name his power all but drove me to my knees.

Power that can pin me against a wall with just a thought and hold me there as he slowly cuts my clothes from my quivering body, making sure I know he is enjoying every blushing moment.

Power that will punish me until I plead for mercy, tease and torment me until I beg for release, and then ravage me brutally over and over again until I'm utterly spent and shamefully broken.

Power that will claim me as his forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Alien Conqueror

He's going to take me the same way they took our planet. Without gentleness or remorse.

I dared to defy him, but as this alien brute rips my clothes off and mounts me with my bottom still burning from his punishing hand it is clear what is in store for me isn't mere vengeance.

It is conquest.

Soon I will know what it means to be utterly and shamefully broken, my helpless body ravaged and plundered in every way imaginable, and when he is done I won't just be sore and spent.

I will be his.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Guardian

After watching over this world for millennia, a girl wandering in the woods should have been of no interest to me. But the moment I saw her bathing in a stream, I knew Emma was mine.

I kept myself from throwing her over a fallen tree and ravaging her... but only for a few hours.

If she had been obedient, I might have held instinct at bay a little longer. It was the scent of her helpless arousal as I reddened her bare bottom that tore away the last vestiges of my self-control.

But it would have made no difference in the end.

Sooner or later, she was always going to scream my name as I mounted and rutted her.

A beast must claim his mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Dark Beast

Many a blushing lass has screamed my name in bed over the long years I've walked this land, watching over humanity even after they turned their backs on me. But I've never claimed a mate.

Until Layna.

When I first set eyes on this beautiful creature she was fighting for her life against more men than I could count, and at that very moment I vowed to protect her... and to make her mine.

That is a promise I plan to keep, even if it means stripping her bare, marking her bottom with my belt, and forcing her to one heart-stopping climax after another until she surrenders completely.

I'm not just going to keep her safe. I'm going to keep her forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Blushing Bride

No man had taken a woman as his and his alone for centuries... and he hadn't even asked.

He'd just told her she was to be his bride, watched her blush at the shameful term, then fisted her hair and pulled her in for a brutal, possessive kiss the moment she opened her mouth to protest.

A kiss that made clear this wasn't up to her, and that even if it were they both knew she would choose to wear his ring, share his bed, and one day bear his children. A kiss that said she was his already, and there was so much more to come as he taught her what that meant in every way.

She climaxed then and there as his tongue claimed her mouth.

She didn't say yes, because she didn't need to. Her body said it for her.

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BOOKS OF THE BOSTON KINGS SERIES

Take Me, Daddy

Kieran Murphy is an Irish mob boss and one of the most powerful men in Boston, and when he walks me home people step aside out of respect for him. He could have any woman he wants.

So why does he have eyes only for me?

Is it how he has to lift my chin with his fingers to keep my eyes level with his when he scolds me, and how I cover my bottom instinctively when he tells me that I've earned a spanking?

Or is it how I quiver at the thought of everything I'm too ashamed to beg him to do to me, and how hard I come for him when he does all of it and more without me even having to ask?

Maybe it's all of those, but I'm pretty sure there's something else too.

I think he loves how I blush when he makes me call him daddy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Make Me, Daddy

Caitlin McCormick is used to doing as she pleases, but that's about to change.

She's sitting on a bright red bottom because I promised her father I would look out for her, but she's in my private jet on her way back to Boston with me because she needs something more.

A daddy.

One who will spank her when she's been naughty, then pin her to the wall and take what is his.

But what really makes her blush isn't that I didn't give her a choice.

It's that we both know she didn't want one.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Break Me, Daddy

When Shane Kavanagh waltzed into the Murphy pub as if he owned the place, what set my heart racing wasn't his brash arrogance, his obnoxiously gorgeous eyes, or his scoldy yet sexy tone. It wasn't even him promising to spank me and then ravage me the way no man has ever dared.

It was how he made me feel like a naughty little girl and a blushing virgin when I'm neither.

I'm the daughter of a powerful Irish mafia family and he's the boss of a rival organization, but when he rides me with his belt tight around my throat it doesn't make me want to call a hitman.

It makes me want to call him daddy.

Buy on Amazon

BOOKS OF THE KEPT AS HIS SERIES

Mine to Keep

I can still remember the moment I first heard Cyrus Holt's deep, commanding voice.

I didn't know who he was or about the life he'd left behind. I was just a trembling orphan on the run from a monster, and he was the man offering me shelter and not giving me a choice about it.

This boss of bosses didn't assign someone else to watch over me. He slept on the floor next to my bed when I woke up scared, then spanked me like a naughty little girl when I lied to him.

He could have claimed me that night, ravaging me without mercy or remorse.

But he didn't.

He made me beg for it first.

Because he didn't just want me as his for a night. He wanted me as his to keep.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Mine to Hold

Baby girl.

The man whispering those words in my ear isn't just a powerful mob boss. He's the brute who stripped me bare, whipped me with his belt, and claimed my virgin body roughly and shamefully in front of his men as I screamed and begged and came for him until I collapsed in his arms.

I should hate it when he calls me that.

But all I do is blush as I wait for him to make me his all over again.

Because I'm his to hold.

Forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Mine to Take

After escaping both my father's plans to marry me off and the Russian mafia, I woke up this morning thinking I was a free woman... until I saw the man sipping coffee in my hotel room.

He's a billionaire as powerful as any mob boss, yet even as he spanks me into soaking wet, shameful surrender I can't help begging him to ravage my virgin body right then and there.

I can run, but I know soon I'll be kneeling at his feet, bare, blushing, and ready to be claimed.

Because I'm his to take.

Buy on Amazon

MAFIA AND BILLIONAIRE ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

Fear

She wasn't supposed to be there tonight. I took her because I had no other choice, but as I carried her from her home dripping wet and wearing nothing but a towel, I knew I would be keeping her.

I'm going to make her tell me everything I need to know. Then I'm going to make her mine.

She'll sob as my belt lashes her bottom and she'll scream as climax after savage climax is forced from her naked, quivering body, but there will be no mercy no matter how shamefully she begs.

She's not just going to learn to obey me. She's going to learn to fear me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

On Her Knees

Blaire Conrad isn't just the most popular girl at Stonewall Academy. She's a queen who reigns over her subjects with an iron fist. But she's made me an enemy, and I don't play by her rules.

I make the rules, and I punish my enemies.

She'll scream and beg as I strip her, spank her, and force one brutal climax after another from her beautiful little body, but before I'm done with her she'll beg me shamefully for so much more.

It's time for the king to teach his queen her place.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Boss

The moment Brooke Mikael's walked into my office, I knew she was mine. She needed my help and thought she could use her sweet little body to get it, but she learned a hard lesson instead.

I don't make deals with silly little girls. I spank them.

She'll get what she needs, but first she'll moan and beg and scream with each brutal climax as she takes everything I give her. She belongs to me now, and soon she'll know what that means.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

His Majesty

Maximo Giovanni Santaro is a king. A real king, like in the old days. The kind I didn't know still existed. The kind who commands obedience and punishes any hint of defiance from his subjects.

His Majesty doesn't take no for an answer, and refusing his royal command has earned me not just a spanking that will leave me sobbing, but a lesson so utterly shameful that it will serve as an example for anyone else who might dare to disobey him. I will beg and plead as one brutal, screaming climax after another ravages my quivering body, but there will be no mercy for me.

He's not going to stop until he's taught me that my rightful place is at his feet, blushing and sore.

Buy on Amazon

Pet

Even before Chloe Banks threw a drink in my face in front of a room full of powerful men who know better than to cross me, her fate was sealed. I had already decided to make her my pet.

I would have taught her to obey in the privacy of my penthouse, but her little stunt changed that.

My pet learned her place in public instead, blushing as she was bared, sobbing as she was spanked, and screaming as she was brought to one brutal, humiliating climax after another.

But she has so many more lessons to learn. Lessons more shameful than she can imagine.

She will plead for mercy as she is broken, but before long she will purr like a kitten.

Buy on Amazon

Blush for Daddy

“Please spank me, Daddy. Please make it hurt.”

Only a ruthless bastard would make an innocent virgin say those words when she came to him desperate for help, then savor every quiver of her voice as she begs for something so shameful.

I didn't even hesitate.

I made Keri Esposito's problems go away. Then I made her call me daddy.

The image of that little bottom bare over my lap was more than I could resist, and the thought of her kneeling naked at my feet to thank me properly afterwards left me as hard as I've ever been.

Maybe I'm a monster, but I saw the wet spot on her panties before I pulled them down.

She didn't come to my door just for the kind of help only a powerful billionaire could offer.

She came because she needed me to make her blush for daddy.

Buy on Amazon

Reckoning

Dean Waterhouse was supposed to be a job. Get in. Get married. Take his money and get out.

But he came after me.

Now I'm bound to his bed, about to learn what happens to naughty girls who play games.

The man who put his ring on my finger was gentle. The man who tracked me down is not.

He's going to make me blush, beg, and scream for him.

Then he's going to make me call him daddy.

Buy on Amazon

Bride

This morning I was a businesswoman with no plans to marry, but that didn't matter to him. He decided tonight was my wedding night, so it was. All he let me choose was the dress he would tear off me later.

When I told him I wanted him to be gentle, he laughed at me, then ripped off my panties.

I shouldn't have been wet. I shouldn't have moaned. But I was, and I did.

When he threw me on the bed, I told him I'd never be his no matter how he made me scream.

He just smiled. The kind of smile that said this was going to hurt and he was going to enjoy every moment of it. Then he bent down and whispered something in my ear that shook me to my core.

“You're already mine. You always have been.”

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Daddy's Property

As Cami Davis stands in front of me in her nightgown, cheeks blushing and voice quavering, I know what she's come to ask me even before she can muster the courage to speak the words.

Did I really mean what I said to her earlier tonight?

Would I really take her over my knee and spank her like a naughty little girl?

She's a nineteen-year-old orphan and I'm a billionaire with plans to run for mayor. I shouldn't even be thinking about pulling down her panties and turning that cute little bottom bright red, let alone bending her over the dining room table and claiming her roughly right then and there.

But the moment I found her squatting in my newly purchased estate I knew what I needed.

Her.

Calling me daddy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

The Count

Jasmina Harker is an innocent virgin, but it doesn't matter.

I want her.

No, I need her.

From the very first moment I laid eyes on her, I knew she was the one. I craved nothing more than to tear the clothes right off her and force one screaming climax after the next from her quivering body until she admits that she needs me too.

I may be the worst kind of monster, but she will still be mine.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Stolen Vows

The moment I saw Natasha Page standing at the altar, waiting for a fiancé whose lies had already cost him his life and put hers in danger, I knew she would be speaking her vows today after all.

To me.

I could have claimed her that night, ravaging her quivering virgin body as brutally as my lust demanded. But I made her beg before I tore off that beautiful dress and took what belongs to me.

Because I don't just want her vows. I want her heart.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE CAPTIVE BRIDES SERIES

Wedded to the Warriors

As an unauthorized third child, nineteen-year-old Aimee Harrington has spent her life avoiding discovery by government authorities, but her world comes crashing down around her after she is caught stealing a vehicle in an act of petulant rebellion. Within hours of her arrest, she is escorted onto a ship bound for a detention center in the far reaches of the solar system.

This facility is no ordinary prison, however. It is a training center for future brides, and once Aimee has been properly prepared, she will be intimately, shamefully examined and then sold to an alien male in need of a mate. Worse still, Aimee's defiant attitude quickly earns her the wrath of the strict warden, and to make an example of her, Aimee is offered as a wife not to a sophisticated gentleman but to three huge, fiercely dominant warriors of the planet Ollorin.

Though Ollorin males are considered savages on Earth, Aimee soon realizes that while her new mates will demand her obedience and will not hesitate to spank her soundly if her behavior warrants it, they will also cherish and protect her in a way she has never experienced before. But when the time comes for her men to master her completely, will she find herself begging for more as her beautiful body is claimed hard and thoroughly by all three of them at once?

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Her Alien Doctors

After nineteen-year-old Jenny Monroe is caught stealing from the home of a powerful politician, she is sent to a special prison in deep space to be trained for her future role as an alien's bride.

Despite the public bare-bottom spanking she receives upon her arrival at the detention center, Jenny remains defiant, and before long she earns herself a trip to the notorious medical wing of the facility. Once there, Jenny quickly discovers that a sore bottom will now be the least of her worries, and soon enough she is naked, restrained, and shamefully on display as three stern, handsome alien doctors examine and correct her in the most humiliating ways imaginable.

The doctors are experts in the treatment of naughty young women, and as Jenny is brought ever closer to the edge of a shattering climax only to be denied again and again, she finds herself begging to be taken in any way they please. But will her captors be content to give Jenny up once her punishment is over, or will they decide to make her their own and master her completely?

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Taming Their Pet

When the scheming of her father's political enemies makes it impossible to continue hiding the fact that she is an unauthorized third child, twenty-year-old Isabella Bedard is sent to a detainment facility in deep space where she will be prepared for her new life as an alien's bride.

Her situation is made far worse after some ill-advised mischief forces the strict warden to ensure that she is sold as quickly as possible, and before she knows it, Isabella is standing naked before two huge, roughly handsome alien men, helpless and utterly on display for their inspection. More disturbing still, the men make it clear that they are buying her not as a bride, but as a pet.

Zack and Noah have made a career of taming even the most headstrong of females, and they waste no time in teaching their new pet that her absolute obedience will be expected and even the slightest defiance will earn her a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking, along with far more humiliating punishments if her behavior makes it necessary.

Over the coming weeks, Isabella is trained as a pony and as a kitten, and she learns what it means to fully surrender her body to the bold dominance of two men who will not hesitate to claim her in any way they please. But though she cannot deny her helpless arousal at being so thoroughly mastered, can she truly allow herself to fall in love with men who keep her as a pet?

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Sold to the Beasts

As an unauthorized third child with parents who were more interested in their various criminal enterprises than they were in her, Michelle Carter is used to feeling unloved, but it still hurts when she is brought to another world as a bride for two men who turn out not to even want one.

After Roan and Dane lost the woman they loved, they swore there would never be anyone else, and when their closest friend purchases a beautiful human he hopes will become their wife, they reject the match. Though they are cursed to live as outcasts who shift into terrible beasts, they are not heartless, so they offer Michelle a place in their home alongside the other servants. She will have food, shelter, and all she needs, but discipline will be strict and their word will be law.

Michelle soon puts Roan and Dane to the test, and when she disobeys them her bottom is bared for a deeply humiliating public spanking. Despite her situation, the punishment leaves her shamefully aroused and longing for her new masters to make her theirs, and as the days pass they find that she has claimed a place in their hearts as well. But when the same enemy who took their first love threatens to tear Roan and Dane away from her, will Michele risk her life to intervene?

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Mated to the Dragons

After she uncovers evidence of a treasonous conspiracy by the most powerful man on Earth, Jada Rivers ends up framed for a terrible crime, shipped off to a detention facility in deep space, and kept in solitary confinement until she can be sold as a bride. But the men who purchase her are no ordinary aliens. They are dragons, the kings of Draegira, and she will be their shared mate.

Bruddis and Draego are captivated by Jada, but before she can become their queen the beautiful, feisty little human will need to be publicly claimed, thoroughly trained, and put to the test in the most shameful manner imaginable. If she will not yield her body and her heart to them completely, the fire in their blood will burn out of control until it destroys the brotherly bond between them, putting their entire world at risk of a cataclysmic war.

Though Jada is shocked by the demands of her dragon kings, she is left helplessly aroused by their stern dominance. With her virgin body quivering with need, she cannot bring herself to resist as they take her hard and savagely in any way they please. But can she endure the trials before her and claim her place at their side, or will her stubborn defiance bring Draegira to ruin?

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BOOKS OF THE TERRANOVUM BRIDES SERIES

A Gift for the King

For an ordinary twenty-two-year-old college student like Lana, the idea of being kidnapped from Earth by aliens would have sounded absurd... until the day it happened. As Lana quickly discovers, however, her abduction is not even the most alarming part of her situation. To her shock, she soon learns that she is to be stripped naked and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

When she resists the intimate, deeply humiliating procedures necessary to prepare her for the auction, Lana merely earns herself a long, hard, bare-bottom spanking, but her passionate defiance catches the attention of her captor and results in a change in his plans. Instead of being sold, Lana will be given as a gift to Dante, the region's powerful king.

Dante makes it abundantly clear that he will expect absolute obedience and that any misbehavior will be dealt with sternly, yet in spite of everything Lana cannot help feeling safe and cared for in the handsome ruler's arms. Even when Dante's punishments leave her with flaming cheeks and a bottom sore from more than just a spanking, it only sets her desire for him burning hotter.

But though Dante's dominant lovemaking brings her pleasure beyond anything she ever imagined, Lana fears she may never be more than a plaything to him, and her fears soon lead to rebellion. When an escape attempt goes awry and she is captured by Dante's most dangerous enemy, she is left to wonder if her master cares for her enough to come to her rescue. Will the king risk everything to reclaim what is his, and if he does bring his human girl home safe and sound, can he find a way to teach Lana once and for all that she belongs to him completely?

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A Gift for the Doctor

After allowing herself to be taken captive in order to save her friends, Morgana awakens to find herself naked, bound, and at the mercy of a handsome doctor named Kade. She cannot hide her helpless arousal as her captor takes his time thoroughly examining her bare body, but when she disobeys him she quickly discovers that defiance will earn her a sound spanking.

His stern chastisement and bold dominance awaken desires within her that she never knew existed, but Morgana is shocked when she learns the truth about Kade. As a powerful shifter and the alpha of his pack, he has been ordered by the evil lord who took Morgana prisoner to claim her and sire children with her in order to combine the strength of their two bloodlines.

Kade's true loyalties lie with the rebels seeking to overthrow the tyrant, however, and he has his own reasons for desiring Morgana as his mate. Though submitting to a dominant alpha does not come easily to a woman who was once her kingdom's most powerful sorceress, Kade's masterful lovemaking is unlike anything she has experienced before, and soon enough she is aching for his touch. But with civil war on the verge of engulfing the capital, will Morgana be torn from the arms of the man she loves or will she stand and fight at his side no matter the cost?

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A Gift for the Commander

After she is rescued from a cruel tyrant and brought to the planet Terranovum, Olivia soon discovers that she is to be auctioned to the highest bidder. But before she can be sold, she must be trained, and the man who will train her is none other than the commander of the king's army.

Wes has tamed many human females, and when Olivia resists his efforts to bathe her in preparation for her initial inspection, he strips the beautiful, feisty girl bare and spansks her soundly. His stern chastisement leaves Olivia tearful and repentant yet undeniably aroused, and after the punishment she cannot resist begging for her new master's touch.

Once she has been examined Olivia's training begins in earnest, and Wes takes her to his bed to teach her what it means to belong to a dominant man. But try as he might, he cannot bring himself to see Olivia as just another slave. She touches his heart in a way he thought nothing could, and with each passing day he grows more certain that he must claim her as his own. But with war breaking out across Terranovum, can Wes protect both his world and his woman?

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MORE STORMY NIGHT BOOKS BY SARA FIELDS

Claimed by the General

When Ayala intervenes to protect a fellow slave-girl from a cruel man's unwanted attentions, she catches the eye of the powerful general Lord Eiotan. Impressed with both her boldness and her beauty, the handsome warrior takes Ayala into his home and makes her his personal servant.

Though Eiotan promises that Ayala will be treated well, he makes it clear that he expects his orders to be followed and he warns her that any disobedience will be sternly punished. Lord Eiotan is a man of his word, and when Ayala misbehaves she quickly finds herself over his knee for a long, hard spanking on her bare bottom. Being punished in such a humiliating manner leaves her blushing, but it is her body's response to his chastisement which truly shames her.

Ayala does her best to ignore the intense desire his firm-handed dominance kindles within her, but when her new master takes her in his arms she cannot help longing for him to claim her, and when he makes her his own at last, his masterful lovemaking introduces her to heights of pleasure she never thought possible.

But as news of the arrival of an invader from across the sea reaches the city and a ruthless conqueror sets his eyes on Ayala, her entire world is thrown into turmoil. Will she be torn from Lord Eiotan's loving arms, or will the general do whatever it takes to keep her as his own?

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Kept for Christmas

After Raina LeBlanc shows up for a meeting unprepared because she was watching naughty videos late at night instead of working, she finds herself in trouble with Dr.

Eliot Knight, her stern, handsome boss. He makes it clear that she is in need of strict discipline, and soon she is lying over his knee for a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking.

Though her helpless display of arousal during the punishment fills Raina with shame, she is both excited and comforted when Eliot takes her in his arms after it is over, and when he invites her to spend the upcoming Christmas holiday with him she happily agrees. But is she prepared to offer him the complete submission he demands?

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The Warrior's Little Princess

Irena cannot remember who she is, where she came from, or how she ended up alone in a dark forest wearing only a nightgown, but none of that matters as much as the fact that the vile creatures holding her captive seem intent on having her for dinner. Fate intervenes, however, when a mysterious, handsome warrior arrives in the nick of time to save her.

Darius has always known that one day he would be forced by the power within him to claim a woman, and after he rescues the beautiful, innocent Irena he decides to make her his own. But the feisty girl will require more than just the protection Darius can offer. She will need both his gentle, loving care and his firm hand applied to her bare bottom whenever she is naughty.

Irena soon finds herself quivering with desire as Darrius masters her virgin body completely, and she delights in her new life as his little girl. But Darrius is much more than an ordinary sellsword, and being his wife will mean belonging to him utterly, to be taken hard and often in even the most shameful of ways. When the truth of her own identity is revealed at last, will she still choose to remain by his side?

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Do you want to read a FREE book?

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<https://www.sarafieldsromance.com/newsletter>

About Sara Fields

Sara is a USA Today bestselling romance author with a proclivity for dirty things, especially those centered in DARK, FANTASY, and ROMANCE. If you like science fiction, fantasy, reverse harem, menage, pet play and other kinky filthy things, all complete with happily-ever-afters, then you will enjoy her books.

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