

THE ARAGNOKAN MATES
BOOK ONE

THE
MONSTER

IN MY

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M. L. SMITH

THE MONSTER IN MY BED

M. L. Smith

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Delilah woke from a dreamless sleep, her face twisting in discomfort. Her stomach ached and a small cramp had Delilah clutching at her lower abdomen, willing away the spasm. God, was she starting her period early? It wasn't due for another two weeks at least.

Cracking her eyes open, Delilah stared ahead groggily, her brow furrowing in confusion.

Why the hell was it so dark in her bedroom? Usually she kept the hallway light on and the door ajar before falling asleep, nervous to be alone in the pitch black of the night.

Had the light burned out?

With a groan, Delilah forced herself to move, reaching for the lamp on her nightstand. Her hand clutched at the air instead, and she searched blindly until her eyes slowly began adjusting to her surroundings.

What was that orangish glow in the distance? And where was the outline of her furniture? Delilah wiped at her eyes,

registering more details that didn't make sense, her confusion mounting.

Her mattress was hard as a damn rock, and as she searched for her comforter, all Delilah touched was the silk of her tank top. Had she slid off the bed in her sleep? She palmed the ground beneath her, ripping her hand back quickly. Why was her floor covered in dirt?

Something's not right. Her heart pounded in her chest as she lay there, too scared to move.

"Don't panic," a woman said from beside her, and Delilah did the exact opposite, screaming like a lunatic and leaping up. A soft hand clamped over her mouth and she was tackled to the ground, a startled cry leaving her as someone loomed overhead. "Shh, please be quiet," the woman whispered frantically.

Delilah's eyes adjusted further to the darkness and she could just make out the features of the woman straddled over her. Green eyes, long black hair, and a nervous expression were all Delilah could focus on. She seemed around her own age, maybe in her upper twenties? A few drops of sweat slid down the side of the woman's face, causing her hair to stick to her cheek.

What was going on?

Delilah mumbled into the woman's hand, trying to speak.

"You have to promise not to scream or make any noise, do you understand? I'll explain as much as I can, but we're not

home anymore, and this place isn't like our own."

Delilah mumbled something again, nodding her head in agreement just so the woman would back up and give her a chance to breathe. The words the stranger had spoken should have frightened Delilah, but she was oddly calm as the woman stood up, holding out a hand and pulling her to her feet.

Warm earth touched her toes, almost as warm as the woman's grip on her hand before she released it. Delilah noticed the woman was wearing a t-shirt and boxer shorts, not too dissimilar from Delilah's own silky pajama set.

"What's going on? Where am I?" Delilah asked, looking around once more. What had once been cloaked in total darkness now took on a more nuanced edge. The glow she had noticed before were plants. Trees, it seemed. The light was muted, but it was enough for Delilah to finally understand that she was standing in a wooded area of some sort. Everything looked like it was burning, part of some crazy, hellish dimension. "What kind of weird ass dream is this?" It had to be a dream, didn't it? Nothing looked like this in real life.

"I'm Cordelia. What's your name?" the woman asked quietly, drawing Delilah's attention away from the world around her.

Delilah stared at Cordelia blankly, wondering why introductions mattered in a dream. "Delilah," she eventually replied, a slight tremor betraying her voice.

Her womb spasmed again and Delilah nearly bent over to alleviate the pain. What the hell was *that*? Was it normal to

feel physical pain in dreams? She certainly hadn't before.

Cordelia let out a small breath, squaring her shoulders resolutely. "Okay, Delilah, this is going to sound a little crazy, but you're not dreaming. *We're* not dreaming."

Delilah snorted, the cramping forgotten completely as she laughed at the absurdity of it all. *Of course* she was dreaming.

"Quiet!"

Delilah's mouth snapped shut at Cordelia's panicked tone, a small fissure of fear running through her.

Cordelia bit her lower lip, looking around quickly before her gaze returned to Delilah.

"I don't have time to coddle or convince you, okay? Just listen, and please believe me, because I honestly think your life depends on it."

Delilah gulped, nodding in understanding, her hands becoming clammy.

"You've been asleep a lot longer than the rest of us, but I'm the only one who stayed behind to make sure you didn't wake up alone and frightened. It wasn't fair to leave you without any way of knowing what was happening."

Dream or not, that didn't sound good at all.

"What *is* happening?"

Cordelia threw her hands up in the air, her eyes wide as she began explaining. "There was this monster, a-an alien, here, when I woke up, and a handful of other women, though they

were aliens, too, I guess. I don't-" Cordelia paused when her voice became frantic, taking a deep breath before continuing. "The man that was here told me we were taken from Earth and are competing in some kind of game on their planet. We need to track down a key. Once we find the key, it will activate and take us back home."

Delilah's mouth dropped open and silence stretched between them as she processed what Cordelia was saying.

Suggesting they'd been abducted by alien monsters was completely fucking insane. Batshit crazy. But as Delilah took another look around her, she had to admit that everything was more vivid than she'd ever conjured up in a dream. It was terrifyingly dark, and even the air smelled different and she could see a glittering pollen floating around in the slight breeze.

Delilah swallowed, feeling a hell of a lot less calm than she had only a minute ago. "A key? Like a car key? A house key? One of those damn hotel room keys? What does it look like? Where the hell do we find one?"

"I was told that there are monsters all around these woods and we need to find one of them. Hopefully they'll have what we're looking for. We'll split up and go from there."

Delilah's mouth dropped open. "I'm sorry? Did you just say we need to find *a monster*; and then do what? Ask if it has a key? This can't be real."

There was no way Delilah *wasn't* dreaming. Or hallucinating. Maybe there was a gas leak in her apartment, or

she had inadvertently ingested some kind of drug that was making her lose her damn mind.

Oh, or a psychotic breakdown? Delilah had been a bit stressed at work, so that was plausible enough, and it made a hell of a lot more sense than alien abduction.

Cordelia grimaced. “Believe me, it’ll get crazier once you see them, and from what I was told, you won’t be able to just stroll up to one of the monsters and ask for it. You have to convince them to give it to you, and who knows if they even have it? And if you can’t convince them, then you have to steal it.” Cordelia shuddered, her body trembling as she clutched her side, wincing.

“Wait, are you getting cramps too?”

Cordelia nodded. “It’s not just cramps, Delilah. There’s a pheromone in some of the plants on this planet. It makes women aroused.”

Delilah’s head snapped back even as she felt the soft stirring of desire begin to creep in, completely unbidden, corroborating Cordelia’s story.

“How is that going to help me find a key?” Delilah hissed, feeling more and more unhinged as Cordelia spoke.

God, was she really buying into all of this? *Wake up, wake up, wake up!*

Cordelia waved away Delilah’s question. “It’s just a side effect of the plant, not something that’s intentionally done for the competition, but I’ll go into that in a minute. From what

the man told me, the lust we're experiencing is probably going to work in our favor." Cordelia swallowed thickly, rubbing away the sweat on her brow. "The monsters aren't just going to hand over a key, not unless we give them something in return."

Delilah inhaled roughly at the insinuation, sneezing as pollen flitted past her nose. Just then a spike of lust hit her womb, sharper than before, and she moaned, doubling over.

"This is insane," Delilah wheezed. "There is no way I'm having sex with a freaking *monster*. That's what you're getting at, isn't it?" Though Delilah had to admit, as another knot of lust spread through her womb and robbed her of breath, the idea wasn't as horrific as it should have been.

Stupid plant, she thought bitterly.

"Yes," Cordelia answered, her own breathing shallow. "I'll explain more about the plant in a few minutes, but we can't stay here. The other women already have the advantage on us; we need to get moving. Just know that you've been given an injection that will keep you energized and nourished for the next several days, so don't worry too much if you feel a bit different."

"Okay," Delilah replied hysterically, her voice ridiculously high as she struggled to stand up straight. "I just... I mean, you know you sound psychotic, right? None of this is real. It can't be real! I didn't just wake up on a different freaking planet, get told I need to seduce monsters and—"

Cordelia reached out, slapping Delilah hard across the face.

“Ow!” Delilah clutched her cheek, her eyes narrowing on the other woman as searing heat spread beneath her palm. “What the hell was that for?”

“Did that feel real enough, Delilah?” Cordelia grabbed her shoulders, shaking her gently. “This isn’t a joke. It isn’t a dream. This is our *life*, and if you don’t get with the program, you’re going to lose the competition and be stranded here. Possibly forever!”

Delilah’s chin wobbled, reality setting in as the sting on her cheek began to fade.

She was so screwed.



She'd been hiding for hours, waiting for the perfect time to strike.

Delilah blinked furiously, a fine sheen of sweat dotting her brow as she fought off the incessant waves of lust running rampant inside of her. She'd been horny since she'd woken up in this horrific, nightmarish wasteland and it was only getting worse.

Cordelia had explained that the world Delilah had been taken to had been declining in population for hundreds of years, leaving the males outnumbering their women seven to one, and the plants had begun to help with the population crisis, secreting pheromones into the air that caused the females to become more fertile.

Whether these plants evolved on their own or by tampering, Cordelia didn't know.

Evidently the lack of companions was a sore point for the monsters because women were kidnapped all over the

universe—something Delilah did *not* want to think about right now—and sent to this burning planet of night and terror to compete for their freedom.

Compete. Like she was at a freaking sporting event. Delilah shivered, either from lust or terror at her situation, she was unsure.

The only way to get back home was to find some sort of magical key before all the other women competing could, and Delilah had slept so long that everyone else had taken a clear lead.

There were only three keys in existence, apparently, and each one was hidden by a monster who guarded it somewhere near where she'd woken up. If Delilah wanted to find a key and escape, she had to do whatever was necessary to obtain it.

Cordelia had been rather clear on the details about how Delilah could use her wiles to find the key, and Delilah had unfortunately been much more intrigued than disgusted at the prospect of slutting it up with some insane looking monsters.

Watching her prey now, she couldn't decide if the pollen had made her vision wonky or if the monster she'd been observing was someone she was actually *interested* in.

The pollen could make her horny, sure, but could it make her crave a monster with such ferocity?

She'd been stalking this monster for half of the day now, after having spotted him prowling through the woods like he

owned them. It had been a gamble to follow him, but she had, as stealthily as she could.

She hadn't expected him to lead her to a decent-sized structure hidden amongst the rocks and plant life, but he had, and now she was peeking at him from behind two large rocks several feet away. The longer she watched him, the more her body ached with her building arousal until she was certain she'd orgasm with just a quick brush of her fingers.

Delilah still couldn't believe she was attracted to him. And it *was* a 'him' if the other monster between his legs was of any indication.

He was tall and muscular, and his skin was a smoky gray color, though it was difficult to make out all of his features in the darkness. There was a bright orangish glow that weaved along his skin, almost as if his veins were on fire or made of molten lava that could seep from the cracks, though his flesh seemed smooth enough.

His face was mostly obscured from her, but it was human-like in appearance. His eyes were the color of flames and his lips were black. A mop of short, unruly hair sat atop his head, becoming messier each time he ran his large hand through the strands, which he did regularly. His teeth looked normal enough, though the tips seemed to come up into sharp points.

Wrapped around his torso were black, corded tendrils that shifted on their own, attached from the base of his spine and up to the middle of his back. She'd been wondering what they were and what exactly they did for hours now, but he'd yet to

utilize them as he wandered around what she assumed was his territory. Maybe they were decorative; nonfunctioning.

Did all of the monsters on this planet have them?

He looked at home in the darkness, among plants and trees that all glowed a fiery orange, lighting up the world around him until Delilah could see everything clearly. Even how incredibly naked he was.

She hadn't seen anything resembling a key in his possession, but Cordelia had pointed her in this direction before going in search of her own key, wishing Delilah good luck.

Distance was hard to fathom in this strange world but this was the only monster she'd seen after traveling for what seemed like a number of miles. He must be one of the monsters she was looking for, though Delilah had no actual idea.

Her womb clenched with need once more and she winced, sucking in a sharp breath. Where the lust inside her had been a nuisance at first, now it was a dull, consistent pain, making it difficult to do anything other than sit and observe.

She was just waiting around for the big beast in front of her to fall asleep, but her body was screaming at her to find some relief, and quickly. She ignored the bitter demand rioting inside her, focusing only on stalking the monster until he inevitably turned in for the night. Then she'd snoop through his things, find the key, and go home. Hopefully...

Once she figured out how to use said key, that is. Was there a doorway or something? Did it work like a normal key back home?

Nevermind, she'd figure it out later.

Delilah settled into her little crevice in the darkness, watching the monster wander around the perimeter of his home, waiting for the perfect opportunity to take him down.



Delilah moaned pitifully as she stood to her feet hours later. Her arousal was unbearable, but at least the monster was sleeping somewhere in his house now.

Did she even call it a house? She wasn't sure. It had four walls, was made of rock, and there was a roof, though she couldn't tell if it was clay that kept it all together or something else. It certainly didn't look like wood or brick.

She cast a wary look around, making sure she didn't see any other creatures nearby—there weren't—before she proceeded with her plan. Get in, find the key, get out. Simple stuff if she just ignored the fact she was on a desolate wasteland of a planet.

Her pajama shorts and tank top chafed against her tender skin as she began walking and Delilah stifled a moan, clenching her thighs together. Of all the times to be abducted, of course it had been while she'd been sleeping.

Luckily she'd been wearing her silk pajama set as opposed to her birthday suit, but still, it was cold here, despite the fiery landscape, and she was barefoot, which just made everything worse.

She hesitated, waiting for another wave of arousal to subside before she worked her way toward the monster's home. The soles of her feet throbbed as she moved, her muscles were tender and her core ached with need, a need growing with each step she took closer to her potential freedom.

He has to have a damn key. I haven't seen anyone else.

Not for the first time she wondered if Cordelia had been full of shit, lying to her to get an edge on the game. But what would be the point in telling Delilah anything about the world at all if she only planned to betray her?

Delilah shook her head, her auburn hair shifting lifelessly around her. She needed a bath, maybe some wine, and definitely extensive therapy if she returned home.

When. Not if. Because she was going to get out of this damned place, one way or another.

Delilah was sure to keep quiet as she entered through the giant open space and into the house. There had been a door here when the monster had entered earlier. She cast a wary look around. Why was the door missing now? Delilah felt a moment of panic, wondering briefly if it had been left open intentionally.

The opening behind her hissed before a door slid out from the wall, trapping her inside the home.

Delilah jumped, turning around abruptly and touching the door as if she could reopen it. Nothing happened, and she sighed in defeat, slowly turning back around to take in her surroundings.

The monster wasn't anywhere to be seen, so she took advantage of her situation, quietly looking for anything and everything that could be a key as she wandered his home. Would it be normal looking, like the keys on Earth? Or was it something else entirely? She could be missing it completely!

She had no idea if she'd even mistaken it for something else. And the more she looked around, the more frustrated she became. What the hell was it supposed to look like?

Delilah's spine stiffened when she felt a presence creep along behind her. She dropped the knickknack she'd just picked up, barely hearing it clatter on the floor as she spun around to face the monster.

Only nothing was there. No presence, no monster, nothing but an empty room greeted her.

She clutched her abdomen, hunching over when a wave of lust slammed into her, nearly taking her down to the ground. Why wouldn't it subside now that she was indoors? Did the walls do nothing to keep out the pollen? Perhaps it took time to work through her system?

Delilah bit her lower lip to stifle a moan. The last thing she needed was to draw any more attention to herself than she might have already done.

She wiped at her forehead, taking deep, quiet breaths to steady herself before she returned to her search. A few minutes later, she was ready to admit defeat. She was either overlooking the key or it simply wasn't anywhere in here.

Think, Delilah, think.

Where would she keep a key if she didn't want anyone to find it?

She looked down the dark hallway that she assumed led to her monster, shifting nervously.

Wait. *Her* monster? No! *The* monster. Ugh, what was wrong with her?

Delilah shook her head. She needed to focus.

What if he kept the key near him?

If she'd been entered into some insane game to search for a key then surely the monster wouldn't just leave it lying around for her to find, right? Who knew? She needed to stop thinking like a human when she'd been thrust into a world full of monsters.

Stiffening her spine, Delilah took a few quick steps down the hallway before she could chicken out. Though the closer she got, the more her arousal spread, her knees nearly buckling in both dread and anticipation.

Then she was standing in a doorway at the end of the hall, watching the monster slumber, naked, on a bed made out of bone set in the far corner of the room. Some sort of fur blanket was spread out under his body, and the fire inside of him slid around his skin like molten lava. His eyes were closed, his breathing even, and Delilah nearly wept in relief.

A few light steps later and she was standing next to him, eyes wide in both fear and wonder at being so close to something so horribly beautiful.

A violent ache stabbed at her core once more and she shuddered, bending at the waist to breathe through the delicious pain. The move brought her dangerously close to his body, the heat he radiated nearly curling her toes. He even smelled hot, if that made any kind of sense, a faint hint of musk, cinnamon, and smoke that made Delilah's womb clench.

Suddenly, her entire body was chilled, desperately needing the heat he could provide her. Delilah reached up, her fingers sliding lightly over his skin. Just like she'd thought, his entire body was smooth, the contours of his honed muscles rippling just beneath the surface. Her mouth watered, the urge to lick him nearly driving her insane.

This pollen is something else, she thought hungrily as she eyed the unconscious male in front of her, studying every inch of him up close. Her eyes fixed on the heavy length between his legs, lips parting slightly at the sheer size of it. Were those ridged edges around his cock? The fire under his skin seemed

to burn just as strongly there. Delilah couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like inside—

Nope, nope, nope. Not thinking anything like that at all, she scolded herself.

The tendrils that had been tightly wrapped around his waist earlier in the day were loose now. Loose enough to bind the monster in his sleep, allowing her plenty of time to find the key and get out, even if he woke up.

She gingerly picked up one thick piece, caressing its velvety surface. Her finger slid along the small bumps intermittently marring its surface. The tip of the tendril, she noticed, was thicker than the rest, with ribbed edges, just like his cock. She cast a sideways glance to the sleeping male, wondering if her light touch had caused him to stir at all.

He looked dead to the world. Delilah moved the tendril to his wrist, wrapping it around him like a rope before slowly pulling his entire arm up to the bone headboard. She tied his wrist tightly around the bone, satisfied with her work.

The monster hadn't even stirred for a second. He must have been a heavy sleeper, which would work perfectly for the more difficult-to-reach arm. It was quick work to bind his legs in a similar fashion before she moved on to the hard part.

The other side of the bed was set flush against the rock wall, meaning Delilah either had to straddle the monster or just leave that hand free and hope he couldn't escape his bindings faster than she could escape his home if he were to awaken.

Emboldened by his lax posture, she decided to kneel on the bed, reaching across his body to grab his arm. It was difficult as he was so large, so she found herself straddling his waist before too long, stretching over his body to finish the work of tying him up.

It was all going so well for her until suddenly, all at once, it went horribly wrong.

His cock flexed and hardened between her thighs, the heat emanating from him causing a soft moan to spill free before she could stop herself. She looked down in surprise, her eyes locking on a pair of glowing, fiery orbs.

It all happened in a rush. The tendrils she'd painstakingly used as bindings unfurled as the monster snapped them around her body, trapping her above him.



It had all gone so horribly, *deliciously* wrong.

Delilah's arms were locked around her torso, trapped by the monster's tendrils, which were *definitely* used for more than decoration, she realized as she straddled his waist. As soon as she'd been encased in them, she'd nearly orgasmed. Was it the heat coming from the tendrils? Or the fact that he was hard and nudging her clit through her shorts with the head of his cock?

She didn't know, but her lust was worse than it had ever been, leaving her desperate and achy, a trembling mess as the monster dragged her body down closer to his, his cock slamming against the hood of her sex.

Delilah gave a startled shout, eyes rolling back into her head when he slammed into her again. The monster shifted below her before Delilah found herself face down on the fur blanket, a hot, naked body pressed into her back.

She shivered, more in anticipation than fear as the tendrils around her body writhed against her, softly stroking her, teasing her senses until she thought she'd die from the overstimulation.

The monster muttered guttural words above her. Delilah had no idea what he said but the tone was absolutely carnal, leaving no doubt as to the monster's intentions as the tendrils at his back slowly unfurled from her waist. Two wrapped around her arms, tugging her forward until her hands were pressed together, pinned to the headboard.

He was tying her down just like she'd done to him!

Other tendrils moved around her legs, traveling up her thighs and waist, forcing her to her knees, her ass arched high in the air. Nerves flitted through her at the position and Delilah jerked forward when he pressed his face into her pussy, inhaling deeply through her pajama bottoms. *Scenting her.*

Everything about him warmed her and Delilah rubbed herself against his face, desperate to ease the chill working through her body. Her lust was so high, she didn't care that his face was now buried between her thighs. She needed some relief.

A low hiss reverberated against her pussy and Delilah whined when his face left her, the pain in her womb returning in a blistering wave. It was so much worse than before, her pain morphing until she was writhing against her bindings, her thighs rubbing together to ease the bitter ache inside.

“It hurts,” Delilah cried, her body stiffening. She knew he didn’t understand her—there was no way, right? But she begged anyway, desperate for help. “Please, it hurts so bad. I don’t know what to do,” she pleaded, tugging at her restraints. Maybe if she whined enough, he’d just release her, let her leave. She could go back outside and relieve this incredible tension herself. But this yearning... “Plea—”

A velvety, thick tendril came out of nowhere, sliding into her mouth until she gagged around the length, her eyes watering in surprise.

Instinctively, she sucked, and the monster took a ragged breath behind her. So she did it again, sucking harder, licking at the underside, just to see if there was another reaction. The tendrils binding her tightened and his hard cock prodded her ass as he rubbed himself on her.

The tendril in her mouth moved, thrusting deep until she gagged again. The monster bellowed, his voice dark and grating, hands finding her throat and squeezing. He pumped his hips against her while his tendril fucked her mouth.

Delilah screamed around the heavy length when his cock rubbed against her in just the right spot, her eyes rolling back as pleasure exploded inside her.

Her vision clouded as she orgasmed against his cock, her throat relaxing to take the tendril deeper until it stiffened in her mouth, hot liquid spilling down her throat. Delilah jerked at the taste of salt and a tiny bit of something that resembled brimstone, unable to do anything but swallow the liquid down.

What the hell?

The monster sagged behind her, mumbling harshly before he began snapping his hips in earnest against her ass, a groan of frustration leaving him. The tendril fell from her mouth uselessly, giving her precious room to breathe as he thrust forward, the bindings holding her tightly while he pounded her from behind.

She should have been terrified of what was going down between her and the monster, but she wasn't. She was eager. Needy.

Her pussy spasmed, the ache inside her spreading until Delilah was nearly feral with the urge to come again. She had thought orgasming would ease the effect of the pollen wreaking havoc on her, but she was so wrong.

She needed more.

She began burning hotter, her body demanding she give in to temptation, so she did, anxious to rid herself of this crazy feeling—too aroused to think straight.

Maybe if the monster sated her, *and she sated him*, he'd give her the means to escape. Hadn't Cordelia told her to obtain the key by whatever means necessary? Delilah was sure this qualified, and it gave her a reason to justify the blinding lust she felt toward him. Whether or not it was caused by the pollen, she no longer cared. She wanted him nearly as much as she needed to orgasm again.

Another tendril slid up her thigh, sweeping between her legs in a sensual lick that left her reeling. The tendril worked around her pajama bottoms, finding the edge and slipping inside. The monster kept thrusting against her, snarling when the tip of his tendril found her pussy lips, nudging her folds as it crept to her entrance.

Delilah shook in anticipation, the taste of him still filling her mouth. Anxiously, she waited for him to take her.

Delilah gasped when the monster stopped thrusting abruptly, grabbing at her shorts and tugging them down to her knees until she was exposed, the cold air kissing her heated, wet cunt.

The tendril slid inside her pussy suddenly and she jerked against her bindings, a choked cry leaving her when the monster backed away. His hands found the globes of her ass and spread her wide. She felt his warm breath before he licked at the seam of her ass, teasing her hole.

Her body spasmed as the tendril pumped through her pussy mercilessly, easing the pain she felt while also making her writhe with the sweetest agony. Delilah could barely move, the bindings tight against her wrists and legs. Aside from a faint rocking of her hips, she couldn't reciprocate at all, but the monster didn't mind, his tongue plunging into her ass while his tendril fucked her senselessly.

Delilah didn't mind either, caught in the grip of an unrelenting ecstasy she never wanted to escape.

The noises that left her throat were borderline inhuman as he continued fervently, driving her higher and higher to the edge until she was toppling over it, screaming her pleasure into the dark room.

He growled behind her, giving one last lick at her back hole before he stopped. The tendril inside her stiffened, hot spurts of liquid coating her insides. When it slid out of her, a gush of their mixed juices followed.

Delilah whimpered in relief as the gnawing ache in her womb subsided again, brought on by her orgasm. Or maybe it was the monster's cum, though she didn't know how cum could possibly shoot from his tendrils.

Don't think about it, she reminded herself.

She whined pitifully when he shifted her slightly, hands finding her hips and raising her ass higher before a large, thick tip prodded at the entrance of her pussy.

Her hips shifted eagerly despite how tired she now felt, but her desire was still all-consuming and Delilah's groan mirrored his own as he slowly began to sink inside her welcoming flesh.

She was glad he was gentle as he nudged his way into her channel, each bump covering his cock ensuring her pleasure was that much more intense until he was halfway inside.

His shaft widened considerably, stretching her pussy to the point of pain, and Delilah cried out. Tendrils traveled along

her body, sliding over her clit until she relaxed a fraction, allowing him to sink all the way inside her.

The monster was massive, even bigger than she'd expected, filling her completely. She nearly wept in bliss when he thrust once, each ridge of his cock scraping along her inner walls. But it was the heat emanating from his shaft that made her shudder in delight.

The tip of a tendril teased her clit while he slowly began pumping his hips, her mouth dropping open in shock at how good it felt. Each individual bump on his cock licked at her pussy, and he was so much hotter than she expected. Her pussy clenched around his stiff length, eager for more. That was all it took to snap the monster's control.

He bellowed, snapping his hips. Delilah screamed in response, the pleasure and pain mixing together in a heady concoction. She was helpless but to drink it down. Her hips met his in a frenzied motion as Delilah fought against her bindings, needing more of his cock to fill her.

She saw it coming this time, her lips parting slightly to allow one of his thick tendrils inside her mouth. Her monster shuddered, hips pumping more ferociously until she was sure he would split her in half. She didn't care, sucking his appendage greedily, mindlessly doing whatever it took to ensure she could orgasm again.

He snarled several things until his cock and tendril slid into her at the same time, the fast rhythm undoing her. Her throat relaxed, allowing him to slide in and out of her however he

wished, using her while she let him work her pussy until she nearly blacked out.

It was too much and all at once not enough, her toes curling, pussy spasming. She was given more pleasure than she'd ever known, crying around the thick, velvet length in her mouth.

Just a few more thrusts. Oh God, fuck me harder, fuck me!

As if he heard her silent pleas, the monster picked up his already brutal pace, thrusting so deep she saw stars. Her pussy clamped around his large cock in a stranglehold, forcing a grunt from him.

His thrusts became erratic until she felt his hot release fill her up. His tendril fucked her mouth harder, faster, and she came all over his cock, screaming against his tendril until it stiffened, more of that hot, salty liquid spilling down her throat.

She collapsed onto the bed, his release seeping from her lips as he slowly pulled out. A rush of his cum spilled past her lower lips, coating her thighs and the fur blanket, but Delilah didn't care about any of that as her eyes flickered shut, body finally relaxing after hours of tortured arousal finally subsided.

The monster above her grunted once more and she cracked her eyes open, barely registering the tendrils that slid along her cunt as she noticed the fur by her mouth was coated in the dull glow of orange cum.

Delilah whined when a tendril slid effortlessly back into her pussy and the bindings on her wrists finally released. She was

flipped onto her back, the demonic man kneeling above her as he snarled something into her face.

“I don’t understand,” Delilah cried, back arching as another tendril slipped inside her.

The monster grabbed her arms, lifting her until she was straddling his waist. Her body mindlessly rocked into the tendrils, her mouth parting in shock when his hands gripped her waist, forcing her into a hard ride until she was screaming in ecstasy once more.

Delilah’s orgasm hit her unexpectedly as each tendril stiffened, shooting cum into her womb. It was hot, nearly painful, but her pussy spasmed in glee, taking everything he could give her.

Her vision dimmed, the tendrils not ceasing their relentless motion until she was coming undone again, a hoarse moan leaving her lips as more liquid spilled down her thighs, leaking onto his body while he fucked her hard.

The monster bellowed again, the tendrils throbbing inside her before slowly slipping from her aching channel. Delilah collapsed against his hot body, passing out.



The human woman had been slumbering for hours, oblivious to the danger that lurked above her. Given her carnal response to him earlier, perhaps she didn't feel threatened, which was laughable.

He was one of the most lethal of his kind, one of the most feared, and she should have felt terrified in his presence.

As a warrior breed among the Aragnok, Sahin was typically overlooked for the more regal, wealthy elite when it came to being chosen as a mate to one of the Aragnokan females.

No one wanted to mate with a male who might die defending his home planet.

But Sahin planned on changing that this year, voluntarily entering himself into The Harvest Games.

The objective was simple enough; all he had to do was subdue any offworld women he found until the timer ran out, keeping a transportation key away from them.

If he could ensure they couldn't find a way off planet before The Games were finished, Sahin would make it to the final round, where he was to fight several opponents to the death.

The survivor was then allowed to select a mate from the pool of eligible Aragnokan women graciously allowing him the opportunity to sire an offspring.

The more women Sahin captured, the better his odds of qualifying for the finals.

He almost couldn't believe his luck that one of these offworld women had been stalking him all day.

Watching him.

Waiting.

He'd intended to subdue the human when she'd been in his bed, restraining him. She'd thought him to be her hapless victim as she'd attempted to use his own body against him.

Foolish woman.

When he'd taken the advantage, ensnaring her before she had a chance to find the key, he had shoved one of his tendrils into her wet mouth on impulse, only with the intention of forcing her into submission.

But the human had sucked so hungrily, so greedily, and it had aroused him beyond reason, setting off the desire he so often kept leashed.

He'd been overcome with the insatiable need to have her, to consume her.

And when Sahin had scented her raw desire *for him*, he'd known he would make her his, if only for the night. Sahin had never felt the allure of another's attraction quite like he had with this human woman.

Carnal desire was beneath most males of his species; it was a sensation they almost never practiced or indulged in. The population was too low to mate without the sole intention of reproducing, and as most Aragnokan women were mated, his options were extremely low and his needs often left unsated.

It was part of the reason there were offworld women wandering about. He'd heard they were taken from their home worlds and dropped into his with the option to compete in The Games for a chance to go home or to remain on Aragnok and live among his kind, remaining within the capitol's harem and used by males too weak to combat their baser instincts.

Males like me, it seems.

He looked down at his little slumbering human, so unlike anything he would have imagined lusting after.

Her hair was the color of a muted fire, holding him captivated, and the bridge of her nose was covered in faded red dots that reminded him of his own flames licking along his skin. She was small and curvy, with thick thighs and a soft center, allowing him a delicious amount to wrap himself around.

Considering she was from another planet, it made sense she would be a stark contrast to the women of his own kind, but

given those differences, he hadn't expected to react so deviously to her.

But this human? With her sobs and her pleas for more? And her cunt that squeezed him like a wet fist? This human he would happily slake his lust on before finding more women to capture and turn in to the government until The Games were over.

His goal was still to obtain a mate to produce offspring, and after all, he and the human weren't compatible genetically. So he'd use her and let her use him until the final competition rolled around. Then he'd turn her in, collect his points, and win The Harvest Games.

What could go wrong?



Delilah came awake with a moan, a blistering fire burning in her core. She was still sleeping in the monster's bed and her body ached from how wanton she'd behaved the night before.

How the hell had she let a dark gray-skinned humanoid monster with tendrils fuck her? And Delilah hadn't just *let* him, she'd loved it. Every possessive touch, every slide of velvet against her skin, every sensation had been life-altering.

Delilah's mouth watered at the thought of one of those thick tendrils sliding back into her mouth and filling her with more of his cum. How could tendrils even ejaculate?

Delilah groaned. How was this her reality now?

She'd hoped, after the craziest sex of her life, that the pollen attacking her womb would subside. And it had, for what Delilah could only assume had been a few precious hours as she slept.

But now it was back and torturing her at a rapid rate.

Her pussy was soaked. Either in her own juices or the cum that her monster had provided, Delilah wasn't sure. What she *was* sure of was that she ached for more, her body already growing taut with desire and pain.

At some point her clothes had been removed, and now she was lying nude in the monster's bed. She squirmed uncomfortably on the fur blanket beneath her until a low rumble had her stilling, her eyes popping open in panic.

How had she forgotten she wasn't alone? That growl could only belong to one individual...

Her monster.

His large, hot body pressed into her back, drawing a soft whine from her throat. He hadn't forgotten about her if the erection throbbing along her ass cheek was of any indication.

Delilah stiffened, knowing she needed to leave immediately. Forget the key, forget *everything*.

She couldn't let a monster have his way with her again, no matter how much she ached for him. And God, she ached so fiercely she could barely think straight.

One insane sexual encounter should have cured Delilah's appetite for something so taboo, but if anything, she was even

more eager for her monster.

Her core throbbed and burned, reminding her just how strongly he had pleased her.

The things he'd done to her... How rough and passionate he'd been... It was all overriding her sense of self-preservation. Had she ever experienced something so wholly carnal? Not even in her wildest dreams. Pollen or not though, she should have been terrified and running for the hills.

But Delilah didn't want to run. Not in the slightest. She wanted to spread her legs and let him inside her again. Let him take away the bitter ache creeping through her womb. She needed him to stuff her full of his tendrils and then his thick cock.

What the hell?

He wasn't even the same species as her. Her lust for him was *wrong*. But the desire burning throughout her body didn't care. It needed release, it needed pleasure, and the monster lurking behind her would be able to provide. And all in the most delicious ways possible.

A hand came into view in front of her, and the smell of cooked meat filled her nose as he brought a half-eaten piece of charred food to her lips. The smell of it turned her stomach. She didn't feel hungry. Maybe the injection Cordelia had spoken of hadn't worn off yet.

Delilah quickly shook her head when he tried to feed her again, and she sighed gratefully when his hand disappeared,

the sound of chewing coming from behind her a moment later.

Her monster rumbled out something unintelligible and she shivered. Despite not understanding his words, she knew instinctively what he wanted. His tone suggested it all.

He wanted her, wanted more. Delilah responded instantly, arousal seeping through her slit and onto the blanket, coating her already damp thighs.

Hard hands tightened along her waist, turning her until she was face to face with her monster. It was still dark in the room, and Delilah wondered if maybe there were no lights in this house. Maybe this planet didn't even have artificial lighting. Not that it mattered right now with the monster so close to her.

The fire under his skin was reflected in his eyes, giving him a terrifying glow as he held himself above her. Delilah's body responded wholeheartedly despite her nervousness.

Her body knew the type of pleasure he could build inside of her and it demanded he bestow more.

"I want you," Delilah practically begged, hating that she sounded so desperate to a monster who couldn't possibly understand her, but she couldn't help herself. She reached up, her fingers trailing over his strong jaw, stroking him until he growled. "*All* of you."

Her monster leaned down and whispered in her ear again, sharp teeth finding the lobe and biting down gently.

Delilah's core spasmed, but instead of hurting, a delicious agony spread through her insides.

Two of the thick tendrils from his back that had held her down earlier slipped over her bare skin, heating her body with desire. Delilah arched into the touch. A soft sigh escaped her, and with it, whatever pretense she'd made to escape him.

The tendrils circled her breasts and her hips before settling between her thighs, sliding through the constant drip of her slick until she was shivering with need.

Whatever thoughts she'd had in her head about fleeing were shoved even further from her mind as his tendrils teased her entrance, slipping through her juices until she was moaning for more.

Begging for it.

Her monster knelt above her, unblinking as he watched her squirm and writhe into his touch. Delilah's mouth parted on a shocked cry when two tendrils intertwined and slid into her pussy simultaneously, stretching her so much she bowed off the bed.

"Oh God," Delilah wailed, each shallow pump causing her pussy to tremble. "Please don't stop!"

Her monster snatched her around the waist, pulling her against him while his ribbed appendages lay claim to her insides, filling her up until she was a panting mess, her hands clinging to his muscular shoulders for support. His skin was hot to the touch, warming her even as he ravaged her body.

Delilah threw her head back, her breasts pushing into his face while she rocked her hips against the thick tendrils inside

her, urging them deeper and deeper until her toes curled.

The monster growled, his long, black tongue slipping past his pointed teeth and licking at her skin. He nipped her plump flesh, almost hard enough to pierce her skin.

Delilah's hands wrapped around the back of his head, urging the large monster to suck on her breasts while she rode him.

"It feels so good," she cried, her voice breaking. "Fuck me harder!" He grunted when she ground down, sucking her tender nipple deep into his mouth.

More of his tendrils wrapped around her ankles, forcing her legs to stretch wide over his hips, his thick erection rubbing along the hood of her sex. Delilah's hips slowed in their rhythm and her eyes widened at the intention stamped across her monster's face.

Surely he didn't mean to—

The tendrils left her pussy and his cock slammed inside her, stretching her to the point of brilliant, ecstasy inducing pain.

Just like before, Delilah relished the feeling, her hands tightening around the back of his neck, keeping his tongue on her breasts while he grunted against her flesh.

Her legs were still spread, keeping her body pliant beneath him while he pumped his hips. He was kneeling on the furs, wildly thrusting into her, but it wasn't enough and the angle was too awkward.

As much as she loved it, she needed more. She needed him deeper; wanted nothing more than to slide her legs around his waist and ride him.

“Let me have you,” she whined, crying out when he thrust inside just a little deeper, teasing her. “Please, I can make it better for us both.” Although she wasn’t sure how true that was when he bit down on her nipple, the shock of pain intensifying every sensation.

He seemed to understand what she wanted though, if only a little, slackening the grip on one of the tendrils holding her legs and allowing her to move.

Delilah was on him in an instant, pushing him back along the furs until he was under her, like he had been earlier. Only this time? She was going to take him however she wanted. Forget her earlier thoughts of running for her life. She was too turned on to do anything but have the ride of her life.

And Delilah was determined to show this monster what he’d gotten himself into.

He was at *her* mercy.

Her legs were spread wide over his hips, her knees on the bedding while she slowly lowered herself back onto his heated cock.

He hissed, staring up at her intensely as she gave an experimental grind of her hips. She repeated the motion until he was groaning, fully seated inside her.

And then she smiled, her nails tracking down his bare chest as she began riding him. Delilah didn't want slow, she wanted rough and demanding, so she took him like she was born to fuck him. He bellowed beneath her, his tendrils wrapping around her wrists and throat, squeezing until her vision dimmed. She was so wet; the sound of their fucking heated her ears and her face flushed as she struggled to take all of him over and over again.

Her heart was beating heavily in her chest while she canted her hips, riding him with reckless abandon, uncaring when his hold on her throat tightened further.

Each time his tip hit her womb, sliding in deeper, she experienced the sweetest pain she could imagine. And he loved it, growling beneath her, his hands clasping her hips and forcing her down on him harder, deeper still.

Delilah grinded against him, another orgasm creeping up on her.

"I want more of you," she moaned. She was desperate for it, her mind blank except for the desire to chase her pleasure. "Give me more," Delilah demanded, knowing he would understand. She didn't know how but he was either oddly intuitive or knew her language, if only a little.

His eyes narrowed, a hiss escaping him before he grabbed her ass, spreading her wide until her back hole was exposed. The ridges of his tendril caressed her as it slowly worked its way inside, nestling in further until she was so full she almost couldn't handle it.

Delilah screamed in pleasure as it pulsed, thrusting shallowly. She'd never had anything in her ass before, but she was so aroused she didn't care about the biting pain or the burn as she was stretched, instead focusing on how complete she felt.

He snarled something to her and the remaining tendrils snapped around her body, pinning her in place above him and trapping her arms.

He smirked, the look positively demonic, before he began fucking her again. Her eyes rolled back at the dual sensations of being filled in both holes. She was so wet she took him more easily than she ever had.

Her pussy fluttered against his hot cock, gripping him hard, and she could have sworn stars danced across her vision. Delilah wailed as her orgasm rocketed through her, drenching his cock as she milked the hot cum from his balls.

So much cum filled her, seeping past her lower lips in a hot, fiery glow. Delilah moaned, rocking her hips as her orgasm finally began to subside. Her entire body was shaking from the pleasure, but all she wanted was more.

He roared, reaching up to shove three fingers into her mouth. His guttural words may have been in an alien language but his intentions were clear, so she sucked his fingers while he shuddered below her, fucking her slowly.

The tendril stiffened before it slipped out of her back entrance, warm liquid following suit. She was set free by the

rest of his appendages and collapsed on top of her monster, a soaked and shaky mess.

Delilah's breathing was ragged, her fingers latching onto her monster's warm body while she tried in vain to come down from her high. How could he make her feel so fantastic?

Maybe letting him have his way with her while she looked for a way to escape back to Earth wouldn't be such a bad idea. She could have all the sex she desperately wanted while searching for the key.

"Sin," he said in a gravelly voice, and she sat up, moaning at the monstrous cock still wedged inside her. Her pussy clenched as she began to slide from him, desire sparking to life once more as each delicious bump on his shaft teased her channel.

"Sin?" What she was doing was definitely sinful, but how did he know that?

"Sin," he snapped. Her confusion only seemed to piss him off. He grabbed her hips, forcing her back down on his hard length until she was riding him how he wanted, barely able to hang on as she rode each of his powerful thrusts.

If she thought she'd been fucking him hard before, she was mistaken. The pace he set was brutal, taking her higher and higher until her vision wavered and she trembled.

"Oh, fuck," Delilah wailed, another orgasm crashing through her when a tendril slid along her clit, rubbing slow circles on her bundle of nerves.

“Sin,” he bellowed, and Delilah screamed the word, her cunt so deliciously full she couldn’t think straight.

He fucked her through that orgasm and into the next, not stopping until he’d cum inside her several times and she was lying boneless in his arms.

Her thighs were covered in his fiery orange release when he pulled out and her channel spasmed uncontrollably, suddenly empty and desperately seeking his shaft.

Delilah’s eyes slowly drifted closed, lulled by an odd purring noise rising from her monster’s chest, and soon blissful sleep began to drag her under.

At this rate she’d never find that key, and at the moment, she didn’t care.



Sahin had told her his name and she hadn't understood him in the slightest. Was it possible his little human didn't have the same device implanted in her ears that he did? The one that allowed for thousands of languages to be interpreted instantly?

Were humans truly so primitive? It made sense as to why his unknowing prisoner was such a glutton for the sweet release he provided, using his body as much as he used hers. They were both now just creatures chasing their baser desires. And he fucking loved it.

He'd never encountered a being offering up such a fervent arousal in all of his existence. Her juices had been spilling down her leg for hours while she rested, and when he had pierced her with his cock later, it was as if he'd stumbled into ecstasy.

He found himself constantly reluctant to pull free of her slick warmth, and even when his cock had been too sated to continue, she'd still been ravenous. So he'd filled her with his

tendrils, anywhere and everywhere until they'd stiffened inside her, his hot cum marking her until she was covered in a fine sheen of his glowing seed.

It had only been with his cum spilling from her mouth that her desire finally eased and she had eventually fallen back to sleep beside him. Sahin wasn't sure why his seed seemed to help her rest, but he was more than fine with cumming down her tight throat.

Or anywhere else his little glutton desired.

He was worn out as well, though his kind could go days without rest and he intended to ensure he was available for any need she may require. He had even tried to feed her, knowing that it was unlikely she had feasted since coming to his lands, but she had refused, evidently not hungry.

Perhaps humans ate less than his own kind. Their bodies were far smaller and more delicate. Sahin shrugged. They probably required less nutrients than an Aragnokan, who typically ate daily.

If she did not need food to fuel her, Sahin was more than willing to fuck her cunt as often as possible instead, even if it meant starving himself just so he could stay nestled in the warm haven between her thighs.

He told himself he just wanted to keep her distracted to win The Games, but he knew his motives were far more carnal than that. He'd spent far too much time fucking her to even think of seeking out another human to capture. And while she

slept, he found himself watching her, his thoughts consumed with only her.

Sahin enjoyed the feeling of his human's body against his chest as he lifted her into his arms, gently carrying her from the safety of his home and out into the wilds of his lands. He had never held someone so close, so tenderly, besides this little human, and an unfamiliar ache formed deep in his chest.

It should not have felt so right, and yet it did.

He dwelled far from the city, preferring distance from the vast amounts of people often seeking him out for bounties when he wasn't off at war.

Sahin was a formidable Aragnokan, but even he grew weary of constantly hunting down others of his kind for profit. Sahin was paid to find criminals guilty of all manner of things, from petty theft to much darker crimes.

The air was cool, mostly because the sun had already entered its long orbit, leaving Aragnok in nearly total darkness for the next two months. Only the glowing plants provided any true light where Sahin resided in the mountains, but Aragnokans could see in the darkness just fine.

His human shifted against him, her naked body cool against his own heated flesh. He didn't experience the cold; his own fire within heating him regardless of where he was.

For the entire night Sahin relished keeping her secured to his side. It had been that singular pleasure among many that

had made him hesitant to go through with his task of using her before handing her off.

He was developing a fondness for his little human, which wasn't good if he intended to give her up in order to reproduce with one of the Aragnok females. His human would be given to another once he turned her in, used in a collective to sate the urges of as many of his kind as necessary, and then she'd forget all about him. She'd find her pleasure elsewhere. And it would be as if Sahin never even existed.

He snarled under his breath, the low noise becoming more of a gentle purr when she shifted uneasily at his harsh cadence.

She sighed in contentment at his now tender rumble, nuzzling into his chest. Sahin glared ahead, irritated with himself for his reaction. He shouldn't care that his mannerisms upset her, and yet he did, the purr continuing in his chest all the way to the cave entrance.

Hopefully she wasn't concerned with the darkness as the crystal hot springs was the only place near his home that he could clean her. His eyes adjusted naturally to the nearly pitch-black atmosphere, but he knew humans possessed inferior senses.

The scent of flowers and salts tickled his nose as he carried her further into the cave, wandering down a rock ramp until he reached the large cavern below, the steady current of the deep purple water relaxing him.

The crystals at the bottom of the pool gave off a natural glow, illuminating part of the water's surface but not much

else.

A few more steps and Sahin was sinking slowly into the pool, letting the steaming water cover his body as he slowly eased her into the pool with him.

She moaned as the water caressed her breasts, her eyes slowly opening. She stiffened in his hold, the water sloshing around her curvy frame as her fingers gripped his shoulders.

“Where are we?” Her voice was groggy with sleep even as her eyes widened in an attempt to adjust to the darkness. She looked down at the only light available to her, gasping in surprise. “I’ve never seen anything like this. It’s so beautiful.”

“We’re in a bathing pool,” he replied, and he felt disappointed when she flinched at his words. His language was a bit hostile sounding, heavy with its biting tone, so he didn’t mind her wariness, but he didn’t want to worry her either. He would need to find her an adequate translator if he expected to communicate with her at all during her stay.

“I am Sahin,” he told her, just as he had earlier, pointing at his chest. She squinted, following the movement.

“Sin?”

He grimaced at the slight mispronunciation, taking her hand and pressing it flat to his chest. “Suh-hen.”

“Your name is Sin?”

Oh, for lomta’s sake.

He nodded anyway, laying his palm on her breast, waiting for her own name. A tendril unwrapped from his torso, moving to her exposed breast and sliding across a light pink nipple. He enjoyed watching the bud pebble from his touch, even if his tendril had acted of its own volition. They were supposed to assist him in fighting only, his will equal to theirs, and yet they'd grown nearly sentient whenever his human was awake, eager to satisfy her as much as he was.

He glared at the wayward tendril even as she gasped in delight when it slid between her breasts, moving up until it curled around her neck, fluid seeping from the appendage's discreet slit and dripping down her flesh.

"I am Sahin," he said again expectantly, fingers flexing on her breast.

She turned her lust-filled gaze to him, licking her lower lip. "Delilah."

"Delilah," he repeated, tasting her name on his tongue. Her cheeks flushed, her small hands sliding along his bare chest, moving lower. "It's time to clean you, Delilah."

She sent him a questioning look, a devious smirk crossing her features that had his cock hardening immediately, anticipating her next move.

Sahin gripped her to his body tightly, walking further into the pool until she was clinging to him to keep afloat. He was tall enough that his feet touched the crystal bottom, walking forward until Delilah's back was pressed against the pool's smooth rock ledge.

The wall behind her was made of a salt rock and, when combined with water, it produced a scrub he intended to lather across her soft skin.

Fisting the rock, Sahin slid it through the water until it resembled more of a paste in his hand, softening easily under his hard grip. From there he began cleansing his little human, doing his best to ignore the way her fingers teased his erection while his hands roamed her body.

She moaned several times, spreading her legs wide in the hopes he would fill her, but Sahin kept rigid control over himself, wanting to take his time seeing to her other needs first.

Once he was satisfied that her arms and torso were cleaned, he lifted her onto the ledge to rub more scrub along her naked legs.

His little glutton took advantage of her higher position, spreading her legs until her glistening slit was exposed to him. Her lower lips were swollen with need and she moaned his name as she touched herself, her fingers dipping inside her sex while he watched.

The scrub in his hand was soon forgotten, melting away while his cock stiffened and throbbed with the need to sink inside her.

His hand caught her wrist, pulling her digits free and bringing them to his mouth, curious. She'd smelled divine, but he'd not thought of tasting her cunt until now.

Sahin stiffened when the taste of her hit his tongue. He sucked at her fingers hard, nipping the pads until she gasped, tugging her hand back.

“You taste exquisite,” he rumbled, hands grabbing her thighs and tossing them over his head as he searched for more of her decadent taste.

Delilah yelped, falling onto her back.

Sahin pressed his face into her silken pussy, inhaling the sweet scent of her desire until she squirmed against his face, her juices painting his mouth.

“Please,” she begged. “I’ll do anything if you just lick me there. Whatever you want, however you want it, Sin.”

Whatever he wanted?

He licked once at her slit, unsure of how to please her as his tongue delved between her lips. He’d never tasted the center of a woman, never been driven by the urge to fuck with his tongue, and yet he was on the verge of cumming into the bathing pool, anticipation causing his cock to pulse.

Another experimental lick and he groaned, needing more.

Her thighs gripped his head, holding him hostage against her weeping cunt.

“Whatever you want,” Delilah whined, thrusting her hips into his face, taunting him with the pussy he’d begun recognizing as *his*.

He was treading a dangerous line. He would have to give Delilah up to complete The Games, and yet he couldn't distinguish her as a separate entity from himself.

She was simply *his*.

Sahin's hands gripped her hips, keeping her pressed against him. He nuzzled her with his nose before he slid his tongue through her folds, spearing her pussy.

Delilah jerked against him, a shocked cry leaving her when he licked at her inner walls.

"It's—your tongue has—oh!" Sahin sucked at the juices spilling forth just for him, licking hungrily inside her cunt while she cried his name.

Her fingers fisted in his short hair and held him down on her. "Your tongue is ribbed too? I need more, Sin—" Delilah's voice broke off with a strangled cry, the sound spurring him on as his confidence increased.

He should have paced himself, but he didn't care, sliding his tongue along her folds until he found the small nub at the hood of her sex, sucking hard as she trembled, careful to keep his teeth from piercing her flesh.

His human seemed to like it when he teased the small nub, screaming his name until it echoed around the cave. So he did it again and again until her body shook, her thighs squeezing him almost painfully. Sahin relished her surrender when she went lax beneath him, her head rolling to the side.

He returned to her channel, thrusting his tongue inside her, and she moaned his name sweetly, the sounds falling from her lips finally breaking what little control he had over himself.

Tendrils unfurled from his body, attacking her. Two slid into her mouth, two into her pussy, and one took her back entrance while he returned to her nub, lapping at her. The remaining tendril locked around her neck, squeezing just how he'd learned she liked.

Delilah thrust against his tendrils, her screams vibrating the ones fucking her mouth.

Sahin fisted his cock, stroking himself in time with his thrusting tendrils, his entire body alive with the ecstasy she provided him.

Her screaming turned into decadent moans and her mouth sucked at him hungrily while he kept up his rigid pace, owning her body. She loved it, her pussy spasming around him, coating him in her juices when she orgasmed, an endless wave of her pleasure building again as he continued.

His body devoured hers in every way possible, wringing another orgasm from her before his spine tingled at the base of his tendrils and his cock pulsed.

He lapped at her sex savagely, grunting when he came. His tendrils followed suit, stiffening inside every hole he'd taken before his cum filled her to the brim. Delilah shuddered, swallowing as much as she could, but some still slid down her chin.

Sahin watched in fascination as his tendrils slipped uselessly from her holes, his entire body tingling from the intensity of his releases. His little human licked at her lips, the tip of her tongue scooping up the glowing cum that slid free and swallowing it with a happy hum.

His stomach clenched, cock hardening again as need surged through him once more. Delilah sat up, looking down at his hand stroking his length. Her eyes clouded over with lust as she pounced on him, her legs wrapping around his waist.

“I want you to fuck me, Sin. Take me again,” she begged.

Delilah’s wail filled the cavern as Sahin stuffed his cock into her drenched pussy, his own groan of pleasure matching hers.

How was he going to give up his little glutton?



Sin was gone when she woke. After a pitiful attempt to sit up, she realized she was tied to his bed like some sort of war prize. Delilah tugged at her bindings, indignation running through her at what he'd done followed by mortification when she found herself wishing it was his tendrils tying her to Sin's bed instead.

What was wrong with her?

Delilah groaned, exhausted but more sated than she'd ever felt in her entire life.

The pollen had eased off after her first night with Sin, the intense cramps and burning desire dissipating. And in its wake? Delilah had been overcome with the most explosive, carnal desire she'd ever experienced.

The pollen was nothing compared to how Sin had made Delilah feel over the past few days. He'd ravaged her in every way she could have ever imagined, and he had been equally as eager when she'd taken the initiative to ravage him.

God, had it actually only been a few days? Her whole body ached, mostly deep inside her core where she'd been taken so savagely.

Delilah's toes curled at the memory.

How long had Sin just left her tied down? Why did he leave? Maybe it was to find more meat so he could try to force feed her again, like he'd been doing each time she woke. He'd grown increasingly frustrated when she didn't eat, devouring the meat himself before having his way with her.

Maybe this was her chance to find that stupid key and get the hell out.

Delilah ignored the spark of anxiety at the thought of leaving him. Just because he'd given her more orgasms than she'd experienced in her entire life, it didn't mean she shouldn't go home.

Right?

Delilah didn't even *know* Sin, and he was a freaking monster alien from a completely different planet. How fucked up was she that the thought of returning to Earth and leaving him behind actually made her feel sick?

Her face flushed in aroused humiliation as she thought about Sin...about what he'd been doing to her for days now. How many days *had* it been? Delilah didn't even know anymore.

The burning in her face swept down her neck and chest as she remembered just how much she'd loved every second of

his attention, forgetting about her objective completely under the wake of his passion.

And those *things* on his back... Delilah shivered, her legs squeezing together to combat the lust flaring to life just at the mere thought of them inside her.

She would take the coward's way out and blame the pollen for making her hornier than hell, but she knew it wasn't the plant turning her on right at that moment.

Delilah was pretty confident she was growing addicted to Sin and everything he could do to her.

God, she loved how he'd taken her, how he had filled every hole until she was mindless with pleasure. She'd never experienced anything like it, never in a billion years thought she would be willing to go another ten rounds with a literal alien with gray, fiery skin and six thick, velvet appendages that sprouted from his back, but already her core tightened and her pussy spasmed at the memories of the last few days.

She licked her lips, her vision clouding as she remembered the bath he'd given her last night.

He'd eaten her out like he'd never done such a thing before, and for some reason his inexperience had been so incredibly sexy. At first he'd been unsure of himself, but as soon as he'd gotten the hang of it, he'd *really* gotten the hang of it.

And his tongue? Of course it had similar bumps like his... tendrils? Tentacles? Hell, she didn't know, but it was the greatest feeling she'd ever had when he'd licked—

Her hands tightened on her bindings, momentarily snapping her out of her daze.

No! What the hell was she doing, lusting after that guy? She had acted under the pollen's influence. *That's all*. She couldn't possibly want a sex monster. Except she was definitely clear-headed now and her body was still aching for more of him.

Speaking of the pollen, why had its influence waned? Maybe it affected her less when he wasn't present? Or had her body just adjusted to its allure? Did it even work like that?

Cordelia had told her so little about this place so Delilah had no idea, and with no way to talk to Sin, she was shit out of luck. It wouldn't matter for much longer anyway. She was going to find a way out and back home.

Struggling with the bindings holding her arms in place, Delilah gave a startled victory cry when she finally managed to pry herself free, sitting up as she rubbed her tender wrists.

She still had no idea what she was looking for, and the room was nearly pitch black, but that didn't stop her from pilfering through various items, all of which were unknown to her. Sin didn't seem like a knick-knack kind of... man? So it made sense that his room was fairly sparse.

Where the hell was the key?

Delilah stumbled across her torn night clothes when she opened a nondescript drawer, pulling them free and slapping them back on her nude body.

She didn't care that they were dirty, it beat lounging around Sin's home butt naked, especially if she was trying to keep her sanity around him until she could find the key and go home. However, Delilah had a hard time believing her scraps of nightwear would keep Sin away from her once he saw her again.

She might have thought he was finished with her since he was MIA but, considering he'd tied her down in his own home, she suspected he wanted another round.

Delilah might want another round, too, if she was being honest with herself. Or maybe she just wanted to feel Sin's body wrapped around hers after they had more crazy, amazing sex. His presence, even if they couldn't talk to each other, made her feel less alone than she had in years.

Back home, Delilah was always lonely. She had an apartment, but she lived by herself. She had a successful boutique in town, but no one to share her success with. Delilah was virtually alone if she excluded the pigeons she fed whenever she had picnics at the park.

Hell, there wasn't even anyone to miss her.

How could she have discovered more to her life on an alien planet than back on Earth?

Delilah shook her head, hoping to clear her muddled thoughts. Regardless of how she felt currently, Earth was her home, not wherever the hell she was now. And she wanted to get back. *Right?*

Delilah let out a frustrated sigh. There was nothing here. Or nothing that looked like a key anyway. She had no idea what she was looking for, not really. Maybe she'd misunderstood Cordelia's haphazard directions days ago and gone off in the wrong direction.

Maybe Sin wasn't the monster she'd been looking for.

It was possible. Delilah had been wandering aimlessly until she'd found him; what if she'd taken a wrong turn somewhere and wound up in some poor, innocent guy's house and she was just mindlessly fucking his brains out in the hopes he'd relinquish a key he didn't even have?

Sin didn't seem to mind at all that he had an unexpected guest, though, and admittedly, she didn't mind the days she'd spent with him as long as she was still able to leave.

Given how he'd strung her up to his bed though, she was going to assume he wouldn't like that idea at all.

The walls around her shook, chunks of clay breaking from the roof and landing on the bedroom floor. A fine tremor rocked the ground, and the floor began to rise as if something was moving under her feet.

The commotion stopped abruptly, leaving Delilah to grip her chest as panic filled her, the uneven floor keeping her footing unsteady.

Was that an earthquake or something? What had just happened?

Delilah slapped a hand over her mouth to keep from screaming when it occurred again, her legs wobbling when the ground rattled beneath her.

What the hell was that?

The ground warped and she leapt back as something began to protrude through the flooring, stretching higher and higher. The floor bent and cracked, followed by an ominous groaning coming from the walls.

The sound was enough to propel Delilah forward. She sprinted from the room as a deafening roar echoed behind her.

Delilah screamed in answer, fear keeping her steps lightning quick.

She was too afraid to look behind her, instead retracing her steps from days ago and throwing herself out into the surprisingly cool night air.

There was a savage roar behind her before the ground shook once more, thumping rhythmically. Delilah could barely see in front of her, her panic and the dark leaving her nearly blind, but she didn't need to look to know she was being chased by something massive.

She had no idea where she was going and her heels hurt as she flew across the rocky surface, her bare feet pounding against the ground.

Where the hell was Sin?

Delilah let out a scream when she was grabbed from behind and yanked high into the air, her legs dangling awkwardly.

She was turned around, her eyes widening as she took in the monster staring back at her. Her next scream was trapped in her throat as hot breath hit her in the face, blowing her hair back.

The monster holding her was easily fifteen feet tall, its massive, black skeletal hands gripping her tightly around the waist. It snarled in her face again, spewing words she couldn't understand.

Even if the creature had been speaking English, Delilah was one thousand percent sure fear would have prevented her from comprehending anything it shouted at her.

Everything about its form was skeletal; something like lava was dripping from its neck and sliding down its melting torso. The ground hissed when the liquid hit the earth, smoke filtering through the air around the monster's feet.

Bile rose in Delilah's throat at the sulfuric scent of burning meat, which made no sense because the monster wasn't even made of flesh and blood.

The creature bellowed in her face, its empty eye sockets staring straight into her soul. She screamed again when it roared at her in Sin's language, clearly expecting an answer she couldn't give.

Fear skated down her spine and she yelped when its fist tightened around her body, bringing her up to its widening mouth.

“Sin!” Delilah screamed. But she knew he was nowhere nearby.

She was doomed.



It had taken Sahin longer than he would have liked to venture into the city and procure a translator for his woman, but it would be worth his time. He was more than eager to speak with Delilah, to perhaps learn a bit about her before they parted ways.

For some reason, the thought of never seeing her again after The Games made him angry, and a tendril slid from around his waist to wrap around a boulder in front of him and hurl it away. It flew quickly through the air, disappearing from his line of sight in a matter of moments.

Even his tendrils were reluctant to part with his human.

It was odd to him how possessive he felt over Delilah; he actually felt the urge to provide for his little glutton while she was with him, to give her anything she may require.

He hadn't managed to purchase everything he wanted but the bag tossed over his shoulder was full of things she may

need for the time being. Things he hadn't considered or worried about only a few days ago that now seemed necessary.

He wanted Delilah comfortable and happy in his care, not just sated to the point she couldn't think, though Sahin greatly enjoyed her enthusiasm for mating.

The remaining women of Aragnok were treasured and protected as the future for his dying race, provided and cared for always. And although Delilah wasn't one of his kind and her species wasn't rare in the slightest, he still found himself wanting to treat her just as well, if not better, than the Aragnokan women.

It was foolish of him to grow so attached to the human, he knew what would need to be done in a few short weeks' time, but Sahin told himself he only wished to cater to Delilah's needs as he hadn't had the pleasure of doing so with any other woman before.

It will only be until I give her up, he reminded himself sternly.

Nothing more.

Sahin ignored the way his steps faltered at the thought of losing her, or how his tendrils tightened threateningly along his torso at his silent declaration. They wanted to keep her, to forget about The Harvest Games and the thought of having offspring.

The odds of Sahin winning were slim anyway since he'd given up whatever lead he might have had in favor of spending

all of his waking moments tending to Delilah. Why give up the first and only woman who had made him feel?

Sahin had wanted offspring since he had grown into adulthood, but he was beginning to suspect he might want the human woman with fiery hair just a bit more.

A disturbance off in the distance made him pause, his tendrils stiffening around his torso as he scented an enemy on his lands. Then Sahin heard Delilah's screams echoing into the night, the terror in her voice unmistakable. He wasn't too far away from his home yet it sounded as if she was further in the distance, outside the safety of where he'd left her.

Her scream came again, the sound causing anxiety and fear to spike through his senses, propelling him forward.

Sahin began sprinting toward her, the bag of goods thumping against his back. He was a warrior and in superior shape, so it only took seconds to cut across his lands.

The dirt beneath his feet began to buckle and loosen the closer he ran toward his home as if the ground had become hollow, until he saw the cooling drips of lava exposed in a crack of the earth. Sahin followed the trail, his worry increasing as he realized what had his woman in its clutches.

He spotted what he could only assume was an elshivka off in the distance, the unmistakable strands of Delilah's hair giving away her position in the creature's large, bony hand.

Elshivkas were giants with hulking, skeletal frames and bright orange, burning blood that dripped freely from their

skulls in a perpetual cascade. Jarring creatures, though native to the lands of Aragnok. How did it find Delilah?

When he drew closer to the giant, Sahin let out a primal roar to stake his claim on the human, his tendrils unfurling until they surrounded the air around his large frame, poised for attack. The ribbed bumps unsheathed blades he often kept concealed as the tendrils grew in size, stiffening at the ends.

The fire burning under his skin rose to the forefront, giving his body a protective shield. Smoke billowed out around his feet, the fire under his heels causing the ground to smolder and plants to wither and burn around him. Only his leathers remained intact around his waist, immune to Sahin's flames.

The creature roared in challenge, the sound so loud it shook the ground beneath Sahin's feet.

Delilah screamed again and Sahin leapt up, his bladed tendrils wrapping around the large wrist holding Delilah captive and wrenching until the elshivka screamed in pain, releasing her.

Two tendrils caught Delilah easily before she hit the earth below, the blades disappearing to prevent harming her as she was gently set on the ground behind him, the forgotten bag of goods at her feet where it had fallen.

Sahin was careful not to touch her with his body, afraid he might burn her fragile skin.

Delilah was shaking like a leaf, tears streaming down her face as he turned his focus back on the giant, his temper

flaring.

“Why have you challenged me for her?” The elshivka took a step forward as it spoke, towering over Sahin and his woman. Sahin hissed at the damned beast.

How dare it question him! Here, on his own territory!

“Challenge? You came to my lands and took her from my home. She belongs to me.” Sahin’s deep voice carried easily across to his enemy, the possession in his tone evident.

His tendrils vibrated in fury, wanting nothing more than to tear the inferior beast to pieces.

“She smells lovely and it’s been a long while since I was able to consume an earthling.” The giant shrugged, more of its burning blood oozing down its chest. “I can kill you and take her or you can step aside and let me enjoy my meal. There will be other earthlings for you, and I want this one.”

Sahin stiffened, a guttural hiss leaving his throat. “The human is *mine*.”

Delilah let out a small whimper from behind him and he could hear her feet shuffling as she took one hesitant step back and then another.

Scenting her fear was easy—it exuded from her in waves, putting him on edge. It was probably for the best that she kept her distance. The last thing Sahin wanted was for her to be caught between two ferocious creatures.

The black and red flames on Sahin’s skin began to burn hotter, preparing for an attack.

“You will not let me have her?” The giant’s question boomed loudly into the darkness.

“No,” Sahin said simply.

The giant, though powerful, was slow as he moved to swipe at Sahin with his undamaged hand. Bones reached for him, but Sahin leapt out of the way, jumping onto its forearm and propelling himself forward to his destination.

His tendrils worked as a unit, some wrapping around the creature’s upper arm and holding it back as it wrestled against him while the rest grasped at any purchase on the creature they could reach, growing taut before lifting Sahin up higher. His hands grabbed at the empty eye sockets of its face, holding tightly while his blades pushed into its mouth. Locking around its jawbone, they pulled sharply, ripping the bone clean off.

The elshivka roared in pain, breaking free of the tendrils holding its arm. It grabbed Sahin around the waist, but it was too late. His tendrils wrapped around the creature’s neck, writhing and twisting until they sawed through its spinal cord.

The burning blood, which might have killed Delilah, slid down the creature’s torso. The liquid had no effect on his tendrils though; Sahin was fueled by the fire living in his veins and it burned hotter than the elshivka, making him the more potent enemy.

The roaring from the elshivka ended abruptly, its burning blood finally ceasing to flow. The bones collapsed in on itself, and it crumbled to the ground as Sahin jerked free of the lingering grip of the giant, landing hard on the ground.

Sahin's body slowly returned to its normal appearance, the blades and flames disappearing to just below the surface of his flesh. His tendrils shrank to their normal size and curled around his torso, calm and poised once more.

Sahin's cock hardened painfully, adrenaline sparking a lust inside him he'd never quite experienced before. Perhaps it was the knowledge he'd slain an enemy in defense of his woman that had Sahin turning to where he'd left her, desperate to slake the lust that was now searing his insides.

He'd take her right there on the floor, sating himself with her welcoming body until everyone around them for dozens of miles would know she was *his*.

Only, when he looked toward the bag of her things, expecting her to be nearby, she was gone. His cock throbbed and his balls ached at the realization, and Sahin groaned in sexual frustration.

He needed his Delilah. Now.

He remembered hearing her back away during his skirmish, but to run off? Where had his little glutton fled to? And why? Did she not know that he could protect her from anything and anyone?

Sahin's lip curled, a sinister smirk darkening his features. His pulse beat a warrior's chant and his cock ached as he scented the air, filling his lungs with her decadent scent. He shuddered, turning slowly to where he knew she'd gone.

Quickly, he slid his leathers down his hips, freeing his erection. He left his clothing on the ground, not wanting anything to come between him and his little glutton when he caught her.

Anticipation churned in Sahin's gut, making his steps unintentionally quick as he followed after her. His pace became less frantic as he meandered toward her, stalking Delilah through the darkness, much as she'd stalked him that first day.

He slowed when he drew near, fisting his cock and pumping the thick length leisurely as he saw her slow down in front of him, through the trees. The glowing precum along his tip was practically a beacon in the night, and he smeared it around his cockhead with the pad of his thumb, nearly groaning at the heat of it.

Delilah's shorts bunched around the apex of her thighs and cupped her ass lovingly as she bent over, attempting to catch her breath.

The sound of her gasping reminded Sahin of how hard he'd taken her only last night and the sounds she'd made just for him as he'd fucked her through several orgasms.

The memory of her wet cunt squeezing his cock had Sahin groaning in need as he squeezed the tip of his length.

Delilah's head whipped to the side at the sound. She stood to her full height, eyes squinting into the darkness until she could see him through the dim light.

Her legs trembled as she met his burning gaze. They were only a short distance apart, and her eyes widened in surprise as she stumbled backward.

Her breaths were heavy, her breasts rising in a hypnotic pattern that had his fist tightening painfully along his ribbed shaft. She looked down, watching him stroke himself, eyes fixated on his movements. Sahin increased his pace, if only to watch the lust build in Delilah's eyes.

“You want me to claim you with my cock, don't you my little glutton? I can scent your need from here. I know if I parted your silken thighs, the sweetest nectar would drip from your cunt just for me.”

Delilah still didn't understand a word Sahin spoke, but her breathing hitched and the scent of her desire strengthened until Sahin was close to lunging for his human, ready to pin her to the forest floor and fuck her senseless.

And Delilah knew it. She may not comprehend his words but she understood his tone well enough by now to know he was ready to pump her full of his seed, even if he hadn't been taunting her with his cock while she watched.

Seconds. That's all it would take to rip her clothing from her body. To rid Sahin of the offending material that concealed her beautiful, soft curves from his wicked gaze.

Delilah licked her lower lip, biting it gently before she shook her head, looking away from his swollen cock and up his body until their eyes met. The need on her upturned face was unmistakable.

Sahin stalked her slowly, enjoying the smell of her lust as more of it spilled into the air, invading his senses. He closed his eyes, inhaling the sweet scent of her wet pussy before his eyes snapped open.

“Run, Delilah. Run for me,” he whispered carnally. And he thanked whatever deity was out there when she reacted.

His little human turned and fled, giving him the perfect opportunity to chase his prey.



A few minutes earlier...

Delilah was running for her life through the darkness of this fucked up nightmare world she'd been thrown into, uncaring of the plants she tripped over as she fled from Sin and that insane looking lava monster.

The last half hour of her life had been more chaotic and terrifying than her last few days, to say the least.

That giant, skeletal creature had been on the verge of eating her, *not in a good way*, and she'd been screaming her head off in terror as its jaws opened wide, ready to just chuck her inside like a potato chip.

And then she'd been saved by a hulking monster on fire. Which had somehow been even more terrifying, especially when the burning man had released a primal roar at the lava monster, so loud her teeth had vibrated inside her skull. He hadn't been worried about the creature in the slightest, which

only meant that the new beast was stronger and more terrifying than the first.

Delilah shivered at that thought, running faster. She hadn't even realized the burning man was Sin until one of his tendrils had kept her from falling, setting her gently on the ground behind him.

When everything had clicked, Delilah had slowly backed away while Sin was too preoccupied to notice, and then she'd bolted like, well, like a sex-crazed fire monster would be chasing her at any second.

Delilah hadn't meant to run away, not really. But her legs had urged her to move, to find safety, and after being literally plucked from Sin's front yard, she'd been more than eager to put as much distance between herself and any kind of monster that she could.

Even if it was Sin.

It had all been too much; adrenaline and fear had urged her on. Now Delilah was a mess, her legs aching from overexertion and a fine sheen of sweat causing her clothes to stick to her curves, but she kept going. She knew Sin would chase her when he realized she'd gone, and she knew he would catch her.

It was only a matter of time.

He was so much bigger, so much faster, so much deadlier. She'd witnessed that with her own eyes, watching with a mix of horror and lust when his bladed tendrils had enlarged,

cutting easily through the other monster like it was made of paper.

She'd had those things *inside* her, bringing her incredible pleasure for days on end, and they contained blades? She could have become his victim at any time! Instead, the only danger she'd experienced was passing out in exhaustion after so many orgasms.

Delilah slowed to a stop, her chest heaving from the force of her breaths, desperately needing a moment before she took off again.

Her feet were killing her. She was still barefoot, her soles blistered and stinging from sprinting through a fiery land full of rocks and plants that shouldn't even exist on a planet that seemed so inhospitable.

It also shouldn't be possible to have a plant that sprinkled horny dust on its inhabitants and yet there was, so maybe she just needed to stop questioning everything.

Suddenly the hair on the back of her neck rose. And she knew *he* was behind her.

He'd found her so quickly.

Delilah turned abruptly, peering out into the darkness until she saw his outline. Whatever fire had licked along Sin's veins was gone now, leaving a dark god standing before her instead. His eyes glowed ominously into the night, locking on her while he stroked himself, completely nude with his hard cock in his hand.

His every move was caught in a sensual rhythm Delilah couldn't help but notice, and her body responded to him eagerly.

She knew what Sin wanted from her, what he craved, and she knew if he caught her, she'd be at his mercy, his to do with as he pleased. Desire ate at her, and she shivered from more than just fear as Sin slowly approached.

Delilah took a hesitant step back, and Sin murmured darkly. Whatever he said, instinctually she knew she needed to get the hell out of there or she was going to end up pinned beneath him.

Her heart picked up a familiar, erratic rhythm as a tremor of lust slid down her spine. Maybe being pinned beneath him wouldn't be a bad thing.

No!

She'd just seen him covered in flames and killing a giant monster with ease. Delilah needed to get the hell away, to flee, to leave.

Only, as she took another step back, it wasn't fear that ruled her movements while Sin watched her retreat. Rather, it was the anticipation of being caught.

Sin stroked himself once more, whispering to her. Something she didn't understand and at the same time something she knew in all certainty. He wanted her to run. To hunt her. To catch her.

Abruptly, she turned away from the temptation of his body and fled again.

Delilah knew she wasn't going to escape and when he caught her she would be *so screwed*, but she kept running anyway.

Hunting her seemed to be another type of foreplay to him. Based on the arousal she felt slipping past the seam of her shorts and along her thighs, she was really starting to wonder if it was foreplay to her too.

She'd just made it to an area dense with trees and glowing plants when Sin caught her, his tendrils wrapping around her waist, snatching her off her feet.

Fuck, she'd barely lasted three minutes!

A scream ripped from her throat before she was tossed gently to her knees, her skin chafing along hard dirt as she caught herself with her hands.

Heated velvet wrapped around her legs and arms, trapping her in that position as Sin slowly walked around to her front, filling up her vision with his hard length and sinewy body.

Delilah trembled in his hold, flinching when she felt the tips of his tendrils moving past the edge of her shorts and sliding along her slit, teasing her. Sin brushed his cockhead against her mouth, rumbling something to her as he repeated the movement. Precum dribbled from the slit on his tip, painting her lips.

Delilah hadn't thought much about Sin's glowing cum, but now that she'd seen him on fire, she had so many questions. Was that why when he came it was so hot? She was literally being filled with some kind of fire? A part of him?

Delilah shook harder, unsure if she should be putting anything like that inside of her.

Although, hadn't she been doing it for days? Sin had filled her cunt and her belly with so much cum, surely she would have had an adverse reaction by now. She felt fine. Except for currently, where she was experiencing a disturbing mixture of horny and horrified.

“Sin, I—”

He shoved his cock inside her open mouth, his shaft so wide she could barely fit her lips around him. Delilah tried to shy back, to pull him free of her, but his tendrils tightened, another sliding around her throat in a threatening caress she couldn't help but enjoy.

Sin let out a guttural groan when she gave him an experimental suck, forcing himself deeper past her lips until she thought her jaw would break. He fisted her hair, holding her head still before he began thrusting gently into her mouth, growling her name into the night.

Tendrils lapped at her slit like a tongue, making her toes curl as she licked at the underside of his shaft, her fear morphing into something hotter and more carnal.

Delilah whimpered as he pulled out, collapsing against the bonds holding her upright while her clit was tortured by his tendrils. She didn't notice Sin move, but suddenly she felt him drop down behind her before he ripped her shorts off, grabbing her hips to nudge at her entrance.

A startled scream escaped her when he stuffed her full with his thick cock in one hard stroke.

Sin palmed her throat, yanking her back until the back of her head rested on his shoulder and her ass arched against his hips. He squeezed her neck tightly, whispering into her ear as a tendril slid up her body from where it had been teasingly wandering over her slit. The tendril slid against her mouth, urging her to open up and let it inside.

Should she just give in to him, knowing what he was capable of? Sin whispered harshly again, nipping her lobe with his sharp teeth until she whimpered in response.

All Delilah needed to do was accept her fate, accept what his deadly body could provide her, and she knew she'd receive all the pleasure she could dream of.

He'd made a wanton out of her over the past few days, made her crazy for him. Crazy enough to knowingly allow something so deadly down her throat for a chance at ecstasy. For a taste of the salty tang of his hot cum that had kept her nourished for days now.

Delilah tasted herself on the velvet tip as she opened wide, taking Sin deep into her mouth with a sigh of pleasure. She

arched her ass back against her monster in encouragement, hoping he would take the hint.

Whatever indecision she'd been warring with was completely out the window in the wake of her desire, and all Delilah felt was the untamable lust that spread between them.

The only thing Delilah was sure of was that she didn't want anything between her and her monster to end.

Sin pumped his hips and Delilah gasped when the tendril holding one of her legs slithered up, taking over from the previous one, working her clit while Sin fucked her mouth and pussy. He whispered against her neck carnally, tilting her head to the side to lick at her neck, sucking on her skin while he took ownership of her body.

She was so aroused she couldn't think clearly. She was trapped against him, forced to take what he gave her. Delilah loved the feeling of being helpless, of being used however Sin wanted, however roughly he wanted it.

She sucked at his tendril eagerly, stroking and licking with her tongue while Sin roared into her neck, fucking her harder. The tendril stiffened, sliding deeper until she gagged, her throat closing on the tip until hot liquid spurted, forcing her to swallow.

She devoured every bit of it, Delilah's desperation for more feeding into Sin's wild movements as he bucked his hips, spearing her insides.

Delilah cried out when the tendril slid free of her mouth, and she sagged against her bindings while Sin continued fucking her from behind, his sharp teeth nipping at her flesh. She shook when Sin nipped her again, harder than before, the sound of their flesh slapping together filling the darkness as he furiously pumped his hips.

“Don’t you dare stop,” she begged, meeting each fervent thrust with her own.

Delilah felt every inch of him as he claimed her, taking her more roughly than he ever had before. And she couldn’t get enough. Her freedom was supposed to be a key, but at that moment, she was sure the only freedom she needed was in the form of the aching sensual alien behind her.

Sin’s free hand ripped open her top, squeezing her breasts and then pinching her nipples while he punished her aching pussy.

“Give me more,” Delilah cried out after a particularly deep thrust. “I want more of you inside me,” she wailed, uncaring how deviant she sounded. She was all in, demanding everything he could give her in that moment.

Her orgasm crashed through her as a tendril began pumping slowly into her ass, the sensation of being too full causing her to drench Sin’s cock with her release.

He choked out a roar against her neck before he bit down hard, his sharp teeth piercing her skin.

“Ow, fuck!”

He'd just bitten her!

Sin groaned against her neck, sucking at her wound like he was a damned vampire.

She screamed from the pain but her cry soon changed into a muffled moan of delight when two tendrils took advantage of her open mouth, sinking deep inside.

Sin bit down harder and Delilah jerked, allowing every inch of him to slide deeper into her wet cunt.

She wailed against him, orgasming a second time when the biting pain quickly turned into pure ecstasy. Delilah tilted her head, giving him better access to her neck, needing Sin to take everything.

She was too full and so aroused she couldn't do anything other than let him take her higher and higher, her hips snapping against his, her pussy clenching around his cock as a third orgasm quickly chased the second. Still, she worked her hips as much as she could, desperate for the tendrils to release her limbs but just as eager to remain caught in his grip.

Sin pulled his teeth free from her neck, a bellow ripping from him that echoed for miles. His hips pumped against her ass hard until he grunted, licking at the bite mark he'd placed on her skin.

His cum filled every hole inside her before the tendrils immediately released her. Delilah collapsed, only Sin's hand collaring her throat keeping her from falling to the floor as his cum slid from different parts of her body.

Sin turned her gently, positioning her until she was straddling his waist. He sat back on his heels, his arms wrapping around her back to keep her upright.

Sin stared down at her, his fiery eyes holding hers until she felt a tenderness for her monster creep into her thoughts.

He was looking at her as if she held the answer to everything in his life, and even though they'd never spoken, emotion threatened to overwhelm her at the possessive way he held her to him.

She'd never been so cared for or held so sweetly after being sexual with anyone, and yet Sin always made it a point to hold her as if he was afraid she'd slip through his fingers and disappear. It caused a flutter in her belly and an ache in her chest, making her crave more of his affection.

Delilah was sore and achy, and she was covered in so much cum she knew she'd be a sticky mess when it dried, but she couldn't find it in herself to care, content to be cradled in his arms. Sin didn't seem to mind either as he pulled her in closer, purring gently until she was sure he was sated. He couldn't possibly want more.

Could he?

"Delilah," he murmured sweetly, leaning down until he licked at the cum dripping down her chin. She felt the claim in that carnal act, the brand he'd placed on her, and she wondered if he knew he'd even done it.

Sin licked at her cum-covered lips next, his tongue dipping into her mouth when she parted for him. Delilah had never kissed him before, but she should have known he would be dominating with that act also, just as he was with everything else.

Desire flared through her when Sin fed her the cum he'd licked off of her face, his tongue sliding against hers until she moaned in response, her trembling arms wrapping around his neck.

His arms curled tightly around Delilah, holding her hostage to his advances. He was eager and possessive as he kissed her, though Delilah couldn't help but detect a slight bit of hesitancy, almost as if Sin had never kissed someone before.

She melted into him then, her hands winding through his hair to tug on the individual strands, dragging his lips impossibly closer.

That was all the encouragement Sin needed, grabbing his hardening length and shoving it inside Delilah once more, uncaring of the mess he'd already made of her body. Her head fell back when he took her hips in his hands, forcing her to ride him.

His lips were at her throat once more, sucking on her flesh greedily as he took her again, his hunger for her not sated in the slightest.



It had been over a day straight of fucking his little human in the woods and Sahin was still hungry for more. He licked at her bruised and marked neck, a low rumble of delight passing his lips when she arched into him, her dripping cunt squeezing him hard.

He knew he'd be in a frenzy to claim Delilah after defending her from another predator and the chase that ensued. What Sahin hadn't known was how sweet her blood would taste, or how dominant he would become once he bit into her neck.

Delilah moaned pitifully when he ground his hips against her ass, his cock buried deep enough he was sure he'd rearranged her insides by now, carving a spot for him within her womb. His tendrils were relaxed at his sides, having taken her in every hole available, several times over, for hours on end.

Sahin was exhausted, but the scent of her desire drove him into a frenzy, keeping his cock hard and his appetite large.

She'd begged him for more and he'd given it to her ferociously until she was coated in his cum and her legs had been too weak to hold her up.

Delilah had even been close to unconsciousness at one point, but still she'd met each of his thrusts, giving him the most rapture he'd ever experienced in all of his existence. She never seemed to want to stop.

He lapped at the bite mark again, refusing to delve too deep into the consequences of his actions.

It was foolish of him to mark Delilah as his when she'd been brought to Aragnok for The Games, but lust, adrenaline, and the delicious scent of his woman had urged Sahin to claim her. To make Delilah *his*.

But Sahin could not complete a claim on his own.

"Up, Delilah," Sahin instructed, moving to lay on his back, tendrils fanned out around him while he pulled her over him. Her back was to him, knees shaking on either side of his hips as they took her weight while she squirmed on his cock.

Sahin's tendrils replaced his hands, binding her arms, her waist, and her neck while he watched, growling low in his throat when she began to tilt her hips slowly.

She cried out when he sank deep inside her, the sound mixed with exhaustion and lust.

"You are so eager for me, little glutton. So hungry for more of my cock. I'll give it to you. Every inch, Delilah."

Sahin's eyes were pinned to her ass as she bounced leisurely on his cock, barely paying attention to his tendrils as they wound around her body, teasing her. Sahin shuddered when one tip slid into her mouth, the feeling of her tight warmth amplifying when she closed her lips on him.

He bellowed when she sucked hungrily and sank back onto him, his cock throbbing in ecstasy at the dual sensations.

“Is my little glutton eager for more of my cum?”

She whimpered around him, swallowing his tendril until it stiffened, shooting hot liquid down her throat. His balls jerked with his pleasure and he thrust up, claiming more of her tight pussy. Her walls sucked him in greedily, fluttering against him until Sahin thought he would die from how tightly she gripped him.

He needed more, commanded it, and he would get it.

Delilah moaned wildly above him, another tendril filling her mouth to fuck her throat, just the way she liked. Sahin grasped her hips, demanding she fuck him hard, speeding up her movements until she screamed, her choked cries the sweetest sound while he kept forcing her to grind harder onto his thick length.

Sahin watched in satisfaction as her juices spilled freely down his cock while she swallowed, greedy for more of his taste. He obliged, more of his hot cum spilling into her mouth, the tip of his tendril throbbing sensitively when she gave it a tender kiss as it slid free.

What a devious little monster she was, always taking him, always ready for more.

The bindings trapping her fell away, and without the support holding her above him, Delilah collapsed, his cock popping free of her cunt.

Sahin sat up, flipping her onto her back. Her eyes were glazed with lust, mouth parted on a hard sigh as he moved down her body.

“I didn’t say it was time to stop, Delilah,” he whispered against her weeping slit, her lower lips puffy from their constant fucking. Their mixed juices were sliding freely from her, dripping onto the ground.

Sahin growled, his tongue reaching out to scoop up all of the sweet desire as it spilled from her.

She jerked away from him, a small whimper leaving her throat.

“I’m so sensitive,” Delilah whined.

“Just a taste, little glutton. Let me ease you.”

Sahin’s tendrils wrapped around her shoulders, dragging her toward him until her pussy was pressed into his face. He inhaled, a lust-filled groan leaving him before he slid his tongue through her juicy folds.

Delilah screamed his name into the night and he gripped her hips hard, holding her still for him. Slowly, he flattened his tongue against her, lapping at her pussy.

Delilah tried to push away from him, but it was useless; he'd bound her. "I can't take it like this," she cried. "You're being too gentle."

Too gentle? Clearly his woman wanted more and Sahin was just the male to give her anything she wanted.

Tendrils wrapped around her ankles, forcing her legs into the air, bending at her waist until she was strung up before him, her upper back the only part of her touching the ground.

Her pretty, soaked pussy and her puckered hole were both wide open for him, his to use and fill however he wanted.

Delilah let out a frustrated wail when he stopped teasing her sex. Anticipation burned in his gut as he spread her ass wide, watching as her juices seeped down to her back hole, lubricating it just for him.

"You better fuck me right now," she seethed, tears spilling from her eyes in desperation. "Please, Sin."

He growled at the demand, his two remaining tendrils shooting out and sinking into her holes when he eased back. He'd been preparing her for hours, knew she could take him however he wanted, and she did.

Delilah jerked against her bindings, her scream tearing through the air. Sahin blew on her nub before sucking it into his mouth, his tongue flicking the part of her that always made her scream.

He'd never thickened his tendrils for sex, but he willed them to grow now, enjoying her choked breaths as they enhanced

inside her, stuffing her while his tongue played with her and his fingers tweaked her nipples.

“Oh fuck,” she cried out, her head thrashing back and forth on the ground when his two tendrils began to pump into her again, filling her simultaneously.

Her back bowed and she creamed along their lengths, her pussy squeezing him like a vise until he shuddered, his cock throbbing as if she'd come all over it.

Sahin wrapped a hand around his aching cock, pumping furiously as she sobbed his name. He kept pace with his tendrils, sucking her nub into his mouth, strangling his cock, all the while she kept coming undone around him.

“I need you inside me, I need you,” she whimpered, her voice hoarse.

The tendril at her pussy slid out, his cum seeping from her now-gaping hole, and Sahin groaned when his tip touched the hot liquid, coating his cock as he lined himself up with her entrance.

“I won't go slow,” he warned, knowing she couldn't understand. Delilah nodded anyway, her breaths shallow when he grasped her hips.

As Sahin sank into her, he knew he wouldn't last long.

The sound of flesh slapping together pierced the night. She was tighter than she'd ever been, his thick tendril pounding into her ass while he fucked her pussy. They worked her together, building her desire ever higher.

“I love it so much,” she cried hoarsely, a whimpering mess beneath him. A thinner tendril wrapped around his shaft as he slowly pulled out, tightening around him. He hissed as it slid against his cock, the smaller tip nestling under his own, making him bigger, wider. “Don’t stop,” she begged, unaware of this new development.

Sahin was eager to see how she liked the difference.

He eased back into her wet heat, bellowing in rapture when she fit all of him inside her small body. Delilah was made for him, he was sure of it.

Sahin thrust hard, his balls drawing up tight. It was too much sensation, filling him with so much pleasure he was lost to it.

“Take every bit of cum I give you, Delilah.”

He fucked her with a renewed fervor, knowing his release was imminent.

The tendril wrapped around his cock began pumping in time with his thrusts, stroking him as he worked her pussy. Sahin shuddered, and when Delilah tightened around him, orgasming once more, he was undone.

Sahin roared, his release coating her walls, his cock pumping furiously into her wet channel. He kept rocking into her, his tendril milking his own shaft as much as her tight cunt until he was cumming again.

The bindings around her released and Sahin scooped her into his arms as she collapsed. His kisses were fervent as he

took her mouth, shallowly thrusting inside her pussy. He couldn't get enough, couldn't stop himself as he continued spilling his seed inside her.

Delilah kissed him back just as hungrily, her smooth tongue gliding around his rougher one and sucking at him savagely. Sahin grunted, the last of his cum spilling into his little glutton before the tendril pumping his cock finally stilled, allowing him to slip free of Delilah's snug heat.

Sahin ran his trembling palm down her body, fingers scooping up his cum and bringing it to her mouth. He painted her lips before kissing her and she sighed into him, her arms wrapping around his neck. He scooped up more, slipping it into her waiting mouth before kissing her again.



Delilah was a lethargic, sated pile of mush in Sin's arms as he carried her away from the insane sex den they'd created together in the forest.

The lower half of her body was covered in the evidence of their sex and her clothes were long gone, not that it mattered anymore. Nothing seemed to matter to Delilah right now as Sin carried her through the woods, holding her as if she were the most precious woman in the entire world.

Sin was making her feel all kinds of things since she'd met him, things she had never experienced before, even on Earth. At that moment, the fluttering of her heart took precedence over everything else.

She groaned when he adjusted her in his arms, bringing her closer until her mouth rested on his neck, and she gave him a little kiss. He relaxed into her, muttering something under his breath she wished she understood.

How was she supposed to find a mythical key and escape when he treated her like she was perfect? Or when he simply held her as if she was the most valuable thing on the planet? Not to mention the mind-blowing sex. Her body was pretty much limp in his arms and she was supposed to run away again, find another monster who might have the key, and then leave altogether?

Forever?

The thought of another monster touching her in any way made Delilah grimace, and she burrowed her head into Sin's shoulder.

The only reason she'd ever run again would be for a chance for Sin to repeat everything he'd done to her over the past day.

She didn't realize they'd come back toward the dead giant from before until Sin snatched a knapsack of some sort from the ground, his deep voice rumbling.

He knelt, setting her gently on her feet as he began filtering through the contents. Her curiosity peaked when he lifted two tiny objects from the bag, holding them out to her eagerly.

Delilah stared down, unsure of what she was looking at. They looked kind of like beans, but they were flesh-toned.

Sin let out a frustrated sigh, grabbing her hand and dropping them into her palm.

Delilah jerked back when thin, hair-like legs unfurled from the beans, moving instantly like tiny spiders. They crawled up her arm quickly, and she jerked back again with a terrified scream as they raced straight for her face.



Delilah thought she was going to die as she witnessed those tiny creatures roaming up her arms. She screamed, swatting at her forearms and missing the quickly moving... spiders? Monsters? What the hell were they?

Her terror mounted as they moved further up her arms and onto her shoulders, too quick for her to catch.

“Help me!” Delilah cried, only to feel a brief tickling sensation at her earlobes before something entered into her canals.

She shrieked, Sin’s hands the only thing keeping her from jumping up and ripping at her ears.

Those things had gone inside her!

Sin rasped something at her, his words urgent as she panicked, but she barely understood him, too horrified to—

Wait. She understood him?

“Calm yourself,” Sin rasped again. “It is only a translator.”

“I–” Delilah clapped a hand over her mouth, staring at him in equal parts horror and wonder.

She could communicate with him?

Her eyes softened as she looked at his concerned expression, feeling a distinct fluttering inside her that had nothing to do with her ears.

That’s where he’d gone yesterday? To find some way for them to talk?

Sin pulled her hand down from her face, his thumb caressing her wrist in comfort. Delilah was so used to his touch by now that she immediately relaxed, allowing him to pull her back into his arms as he stood to his full height.

She wrapped herself around his body until every inch of her was pressed into him, sighing into his neck. She shouldn’t be clinging to him so hard or enjoying the feel of his arms so protectively enveloped around her, but Delilah couldn’t stop the feeling of warmth that spread through her.

“What were those things?” she mumbled into his neck.

He grunted, tossing his full bag over one shoulder while he walked. “Translators. Their legs implant into your eardrums so you can understand my language.”

She grimaced at the description before telling herself that if she could take tendrils up her ass, she could probably handle a few tiny legs in her ears.

Delilah laughed into his neck at the fucked up thought, her shoulders shaking.

Oh God, how ridiculous was this entire experience?

She couldn't even remember how she'd ended up here on this planet. The pollen had made her horny. She hadn't eaten in several days but she felt nourished. She had no idea why she'd been taken. And now she was comparing alien sex to shoving things into her ears.

"I enjoy the sound of your laugh," Sin murmured into the darkness, his steps surprisingly light for such a muscled man. Delilah's heart beat hard in her chest at his confession and she cleared her throat, determined to finally get some answers.

"Why is there pollen in the air that makes the women here horny?" Probably not the best question to ask straight through the gate but she was hesitant to bring up anything about a key, knowing it would bring her one step closer to the topic of leaving.

"I'm unsure how you know of such things," Sin began, his arms tightening around her possessively. He fell silent for a moment and she glanced up at his thoughtful expression. "You're on a planet called Aragnok, and our population has been dwindling for centuries," he began. "The pollen ensures the Aragnokan females are fertile enough to successfully breed with the males so our population survives."

Aragnok? She'd never heard of it. How far from Earth was she?

Delilah worried her lower lip as she rested her head on Sin's chest. He was warm and strong, and Delilah relaxed into him with a content sigh.

“There is an essence within the pollen that makes our women more fertile. Even with the help of nature though, our population has been on the decline for centuries, but the pollen helps to provide us with at least some offspring.”

“The pollen’s been making me aroused since I got here,” Delilah told Sin, even as her brow furrowed. “I assume that’s what you mean?”

Delilah lifted her head and looked up at Sin again, recalling when she had noticed the pollen’s effects ebbing.

She’d been feeling more like herself over the past few days, definitely not influenced by anything but her own lust. Delilah had been more than willing to have sex with Sin at any moment. Did that make the pollen less effective if she was already aroused to begin with?

“It is impossible for you to be affected by the Ruftaz plant, Delilah. The pollen can only influence Aragnokan women.”

She was so mesmerized by the thick timbre of his voice as it vibrated against her chest, she nearly missed the fact he had just told her she was wrong. She raised a brow, nearly laughing at how confident he was with his information.

“Actually, Sin, I can assure you the pollen definitely works on other species of women.”

His grip tightened and he turned his head to stare down at her, their noses brushing.

“You’ve been influenced by the pollen? When?” His eyes burned into hers as he waited for her reply, and she gulped.

“I don’t know how long I’ve been here. But during the first few days with you, the pollen was extreme.”

“And it’s lessened?”

Delilah nodded, unsure of why that mattered. “Cordelia, the other human woman I woke up next to, told me to expect its effects. She explained that I was part of a game and that I needed to find a male on the planet to—” Delilah’s face flushed when Sin glared at her, the fire in his eyes daring her to continue.

“What did she tell you to do?”

His arm tightened around her possessively, one tendril unfurling from his waist to wrap around her neck and squeeze until she gasped.

Delilah should have been terrified by his intense demeanor, but her body was so used to him by now that all she felt was arousal spreading through her core. She knew instinctively that he would not harm her.

“Did she tell you to fuck the first male you came across, Delilah?”

She flinched at Sin’s harsh tone, her eyes widening as a tendril sank into her pussy unexpectedly, stretching her. Her legs clamped around his waist, but Sin was unfazed by what was happening, walking unhurriedly with her secured in his arms.

“Sin! What are you—” Her breaths were cut off when the tendril around her neck squeezed hard before easing up and

caressing her affectionately.

“Did she tell you to fuck me in exchange for a key to your freedom?” His tendril was stroking her insides, each bump along its length teasing her walls. Delilah wrapped her arms around his neck, dragging herself closer to his hot body, holding on for dear life.

“Sin, I—” Delilah moaned into his ear, another cry escaping her when his tendril slid out of her abruptly, leaving her bereft.

“Answer, little glutton, and you can have it back,” he rumbled.

“She did,” Delilah said immediately, ignoring how desperate she sounded. “She told me to do whatever I needed to find a key to win the competition. She pointed me in this direction and told me to seduce the first monster I found. I just wanted to go back home—”

Strong hands gripped her ass, spreading her cheeks before she was speared, agonized pleasure igniting her pussy and ass.

Delilah bit Sin’s neck to keep from screaming in ecstasy as tendrils pumped into her body viciously, filling her to the brim before slipping out of her just as suddenly.

She whined against his skin, biting down harder when they entered her again, with just as much force as before. Sin grunted when she tasted his blood, one hand grabbing the back of her head and holding her in place as she lapped at the wound.

Delilah didn't even question why she was licking the glowing orange blood oozing from his body, only that it felt right to do so. His fingers held her head to the wound, encouraging her to take more, and she did, the taste of him electric on her tongue.

Sin's steps didn't falter as he carried her further through the dark woods, as if he wasn't turning her into a sex addict with every pump of his tendrils.

How could he keep walking without issue while she was a writhing mess of lust in his arms?

Delilah knew he felt immense pleasure from fucking her with his tendrils, yet he seemed completely at ease, his breathing even and calm. She let out a choked cry against his neck, her body shaking from the orgasm threatening to detonate inside her.

"There is no going home for you," Sin snarled in her ear.

Delilah shivered from the possessiveness in his tone, excited at the prospect of being trapped here with her monster.

Her mouth left his skin when his hand fisted in her hair, yanking her head back until their eyes met.

Sin's tendrils fucked her faster, driving her arousal higher until she could barely understand him, translator or not, as he whispered darkly in her ear. Delilah rocked her hips against him, a soft sob leaving her lips when the tendril in her pussy sank in further, licking at her insides.

"There is no other male you will fuck, do you understand?"

No, she really didn't understand, but if he tried to explain anything to her while he was screwing her brains out, then that was his fault completely.

Delilah must have taken too long to answer, because the next thing she knew, the tendril wrapped around her neck slipped into her mouth.

It pulled free abruptly, not giving her a chance to suck the tip how she knew Sin liked. Her cheeks were flushed as she glared up at him, fingers clinging to his shoulders.

Sin let go of her, his tendrils slipping free as she fell to her knees. He was a dark god above her, his eyes burning with a lust and fury she couldn't comprehend.

Why was he mad at her?

Sin palmed her head, leading her to his hard cock.

He slid his tip along her lips, covering her in a fine sheen of precum that she licked off with a hungry hum.

How could she be starved for his seed but not for actual food? It didn't make sense, much like the last week of her life, she thought dismissively. She lapped at the head of Sin's erection, more of his taste filling her senses.

"This is the only cock you'll suck," Sin crooned, tugging Delilah's mouth open and shoving his heavy length inside.

The only..?

He wasn't mad at her, he was jealous. And possessive.

Delilah moaned, taking Sin further into her mouth. She struggled against his size, relaxing as much as possible when he began thrusting, each pump of his hips a claim she couldn't ignore.

"Delilah," Sin groaned, his fingers tightening in her hair. "This is your home now, my little glutton." Two tendrils wrapped together before wandering to her sex, teasing her entrance.

She shifted on her knees, eager for him to fit inside, her face flushing. She really was a little glutton, so dirty but so eager to do anything Sin asked as long as he fucked her.

She moaned against his cock when his tendrils finally slid home inside her pussy, agonizing pleasure coursing through her veins.

"Look at me, Delilah," Sin whispered commandingly. Her eyes shot excitedly to his as he began fucking her rhythmically, her body tightening in a renewed ecstasy. "The only pleasure you'll know is from me. The only one in your bed is me," he hissed. "You've doomed us both to this exquisite torture, and there is no going home for you now. Not ever." His fingers slid tenderly over her cheek, prying her jaw open further so he could deepen his strokes.

His thrusts increased, his cock hitting the back of her throat over and over, owning her.

And she let him, knowing absolutely that she didn't want any of this madness to end. She was his. His little glutton. For as long as they could remain together.



“**W**hat are we going to do now that your home is destroyed?”

Sahin looked down at the little human he held close to his chest as he traveled, a peculiar warmth spreading through him that had nothing to do with his internal fire and everything to do with her hands and legs wrapped around his body.

It was exciting to finally communicate with Delilah, and his woman was full of questions.

His *mate*, Sahin corrected, feeling particularly smug as he recalled the bite she'd placed on his neck, marking him for all eternity.

He hadn't been expecting Delilah's claim, and now he would need to figure out their next steps while The Harvest Games progressed. For now, Sahin would content himself with the knowledge that Delilah found him to be a worthy mate. That she wanted to speak with him and learn all that she could.

Delilah had been particularly eager to ask about the bathing salts made from the walls of the cave and the glowing crystals beneath their feet when he had taken her back to the hot spring last night.

He had cleaned her while answering various questions, their conversation light and easy despite their odd situation.

He had nearly taken her again when his hands wandered between her thighs, but Delilah had informed him that she was feeling tender everywhere, so Sahin had been content to merely hold her to him in the cave, rubbing her back soothingly until she'd fallen asleep in his embrace.

Now Delilah was blinking groggily in his arms as Sahin traveled back to the rundown shack he used for hunting trips whenever he could get away from his responsibilities as a warrior.

Although Sahin often collected bounties from the government to track down criminals, the work was tedious, and the hut on the edge of his lands allowed him to escape from his duties and the technology that might summon him back to his normal life.

“I will see for myself if the damage is as severe as you say, and we will go from there.” Sahin should have checked the damage to his hut after killing the elshivka yesterday, but he'd been too preoccupied with chasing down his mate to think with anything more than his dick.

Delilah snorted. “That creepy ass skeleton—”

“Elshivka,” Sahin corrected easily.

“—monster literally came up from under the ground like it was nothing,” Delilah continued, reiterating her story to him once more, even as her voice thickened with emotion. “I’m sorry, Sin, but I don’t think you’re going to have much left.”

Sahin shrugged. “If my home is destroyed, it does not matter. I will see what I can salvage before we move on.”

Sahin’s lands extended for countless miles, and he had more than one home in the area where he rested his head.

What was important was that Delilah had suffered no injuries at the hands of the beast. She was safe in his arms, a place where he now intended to keep her.

“Where will we go?”

Sahin shrugged evasively. He wanted to surprise her with her new home. “I will keep you safe.”

The walk back to his hut was uneventful, though he saw several lomtas lurking in packs on the edge of the woods. They were small and furry, with long, sleek bodies; wide, innocent faces; and large, expressive eyes. They could stand on their hind legs and often emitted soft noises to entice larger predators to them.

Once the predator was close enough, the lomtas attacked in droves, ripping their prey to pieces.

Sahin grimaced, remembering his last encounter with the little devils. He’d been hunting down a scrufa, a large beast with horns, meaty bones, and grizzled fur, that would have fed

him and a few of his brothers for an entire week. Sahin had nearly closed in on his target when a pack of lomtas intercepted, felling the creature and devouring it within seconds.

It had been both horrifying and exhilarating to witness, but after that encounter, Sahin was more than ready to skirt past their nest.

Delilah squinted toward the lomtas before her eyes widened. “Are those meerkats?”

“They are called lomtas.”

“Lomtas? Well, they look adorable.” She squirmed in his hold, clearly wanting to be set down, but Sahin was reluctant to part with Delilah in any capacity, especially as he did not like the way she kept her eyes trained on the small, vicious creatures. “Come on, Sin, let me down so I can get a little closer.”

“Absolutely not,” Sahin snarled, holding her more firmly to him. Delilah squirmed more vigorously, her hands finding his shoulders and pushing. “They will eat you if they notice you,” he seethed.

His shoulders sagged in relief when her struggling ceased immediately, her beautiful emerald eyes widening in fear and disbelief.

“No way. You’re lying! They’re so small!”

Sahin rolled his eyes, picking up his pace until he was at a near run, suddenly hit with the urge to get his mate far from

the danger she had been so eager to meet with.

Sometimes he forgot how little she knew of his planet.

Delilah huffed, glaring right at him. “I think rolling your eyes at me is a little rude, you know.”

Sahin was tempted to roll his eyes again, just so he could see her nose scrunch in frustration. He was silent as he traveled quickly through the night, a few tendrils wrapped around her waist while the others fanned out around him to sense danger.

“Believing I would lie to you regarding your safety is rude,” Sahin admonished.

“Well, when you put it like *that...*” Delilah trailed off, turning her head as he slowed at the front of his home. “Oh no, it really is destroyed,” Delilah said quietly, squeezing his arm in comfort.

He acknowledged her words with a low grunt, taking in the disarray his hut was in. Delilah had not been able to give him a detailed description of the mess since she had not really seen the aftermath, on account of running for her life at the time.

The roof was collapsed in some sections, the walls buckling in others. Sahin could only imagine the state within, hating the fact he would need to bring Delilah inside with him to keep her safe from his world and the hazards lurking outside.

Sahin finally set her down at the entryway, ensuring there was no debris on the floor that might harm her small feet before ushering her further inside.

“Do not leave this spot,” Sahin demanded, casting a quick look around for some items he might be able to salvage. One item in particular held interest for him, and he did not wish for his Delilah to get any ideas if she watched him tinker with the small device.

He would need to utilize it out of sight.

“I won’t,” she promised.

Sahin couldn’t resist laying a claiming kiss to Delilah’s pouty lips, his cock hardening as her naked body pressed against his. Reluctantly, Sahin pulled away from her. He had no more time to lose to the wiles of her body.

Not yet, but later...

Stepping inside the dilapidated structure, Sahin was careful to bypass the holes in the floor, making his way toward the back room where he’d been the night Delilah had tied him to his bed using his own tendrils.

There was a slight swelling of his tendrils at the memory and Sahin’s groin tightened, paining him to walk normally.

He let out a small breath of relief when he noticed the small black case tucked in the very far corner of the bedroom that had been left mostly undisturbed.

A tendril slid from his waist, extending until it reached the case resting several feet away. Bringing it back within arm’s reach, Sahin inspected it closely. Only a few dents and scrapes, which was more than he could have asked for given the

circumstances. It didn't matter. The case should have been secure enough to safely store the object within.

Sahin pressed his palm to the back of the case, lining it up with the flat screen that would scan his handprint on the other side. He heard the faint click of the locking mechanism.

With a small hiss, the top popped open, revealing a small, cylindrical shape that was rounded at the top and flared at the bottom.

Sahin's hands dwarfed the key as he pulled it free, eyeing the metal warily. His brother, Cazar, had explained how to work the device only days ago in order to keep Sahin from accidentally transporting himself to another world.

Keys like this were only able to be used once for galactic travel, but Sahin could also press a button on the side that would send a message to his brother and transport the key itself back to the capitol building where Cazar conducted his experiments.

Sahin did so without further thought, effectively backing out of The Games. The key shimmered once before it disappeared from his hand with a small, bright flash, taking his previous ambitions with it.

He might have wanted offspring initially, but finding Delilah was a blessing he refused to relinquish.

Now he would just need to hide her until The Games were over to prevent any other Aragnokan from believing she was a suitable bounty. He would also need to speak with his father

and navigate Delilah's entrance into their world, something that may not be so easy. Still, that was a problem for another day.

Right now, he had to keep his little glutton safe. And satisfied.

Sahin turned toward the direction of his mate, eager to be back at her side.



Sin purred when he was happy. At least, the deep rumble in his chest sounded like a purr, Delilah thought as she listened to it, her ear resting against the hard muscles of his torso.

They'd just finished with another sensually torturous round of mind-blowing sex, and Delilah had promptly collapsed on top of him, too tired to do more than cuddle her big alien. That was when he'd started the deep hum in his chest again.

Delilah had begun bombarding Sin with question after question since first receiving the translator last night, but now her eyes drooped as she listened to the rhythmic sound, unsure if she'd be able to stay awake and talk with him.

Of course, she was curious about this world and his life, but if she was honest with herself, mostly she just enjoyed listening to the deep sound of his voice. It was sexy when it didn't sound like he was growling chopped up gibberish at her.

After visiting what was left of his home, they'd begun traveling again, though Sin didn't tell Delilah where they were going. And when she'd kept pestering him about it?

He'd filled her mouth to distract her. The only communication they'd had since then was in the form of sexual commands.

Not that Delilah minded in the slightest. Aragnokan sex was hands down the best she'd ever had in her entire life. Humans were dull and boring in comparison, though it wasn't exactly fair for Delilah to compare Sin with anyone.

Everyone was inferior to him. With that thought, Delilah felt a trickle of unease ripple through her.

How had she grown so attached to him in just over a week? She wasn't sure when the feeling had started, but she loved waking up next to him, talking to him, just being with him.

It wasn't just the sex either, though her feelings on that were obviously clear.

What was she going to do when they parted ways? And they *had* to part ways. Right?

Delilah shivered against Sin's warm body, burrowing into him. His hands traveled along her bare back in a tender caress that had her toes curling in delight, and her eyes fluttered open to take in the night around them.

She still wasn't sure where they were, but they were camped out under a beautiful evening sky. Two bright moons emanating purple hues were the first thing Delilah noticed,

followed by glittering stars, millions of them, and what looked to be a replica of Saturn tucked away, nearly out of sight.

Maybe if Earth had a view like this without the need of a telescope, Delilah would have been much more interested in science class and space growing up. As it was, the view above her head was magical, and as they spent more of their time outdoors, Sin explaining to her the plants and animals of the area, the planet itself seemed a little less scary.

Delilah sighed against Sin, staring up at the only light above them, eyes full of wonder and a little bit of trepidation.

Usually she was afraid of the dark, but having a seven-foot-tall, sexy alien whose veins glowed kind of made that fear slip away like it was nothing. She knew without a doubt Sin wouldn't let anything hurt her.

It was crazy to think that considering they'd only just been able to start speaking to one another, but Delilah felt as if she'd known Sin forever.

“Is it always dark here?”

Sin's fingers slid up her spine, kneading her shoulder before sliding possessively over the bite mark he'd repeatedly given her. She didn't know why he enjoyed biting her in that one spot so much, but she'd been equally as guilty, biting him more than once since she discovered how much he enjoyed the feel of her blunt teeth on his skin.

“No. Our planet has shifted on its axis, and will remain that way for the next few months, preventing the sun from being

seen until it shifts back once more.”

She really loved the sound of his voice and wondered if she would ever get used to its deep timbre.

“So only this area is affected?” Sin grunted in answer. “That’s like this place on Earth. Alaska.” The darkness was even less frightening now that she had an explanation for it. Delilah took a deep breath, wetting her lips before asking her next question. “Do you know why I was brought here? Why was it me and not someone else?”

Sin flipped Delilah until she was pinned face down on the grassy earth, her ass high in the air. His tendrils held her securely, warm velvet slipping along her skin until she gasped with need.

His hot body draped over her back, and his large cock prodded her entrance.

“Do you want to ask questions, little glutton, or do you want to be reminded of where you belong now?”

Delilah bit her lip to keep her initial response from pouring out into the night. *Of course* she wanted him to own her body in every way imaginable. But did she really belong on this planet? No. And she *shouldn't* want to stay at all. So why did she?

She'd been ignoring her predicament for far too long. Not to mention that at least a week had passed since she'd arrived and she hadn't eaten anything other than Sin's cum. No food, no water, nothing.

How was she not starving? Not dying of thirst? It wasn't normal. Further proof that she wasn't meant to stay on his planet, even if her heart clenched at the thought of leaving.

And why was she brought here just to compete in order to go back home?

That didn't make any sense to her.

"Both?" Delilah asked hesitantly, a soft whine of protest leaving her when the warmth at her back disappeared. Rough hands grabbed her hips, flipping her over until she was pinned to the ground again, her nipples stiffening from the crisp breeze.

Sin loomed over her, his eyes burning in the darkness around them, pools of light drawing her in.

"I'll allow your questions," he rumbled, his carnal stare making her pussy throb in anticipation. "You may ask as many as you like and I'll answer. But at the first sweet beg from your lips, your questions will cease, Delilah."

That seemed fair enough, though she was a bit confused. Why would she be begging?

Tendrils locked around her arms and legs, spreading her limbs until she was splayed on the ground like an offering. She struggled against the bindings, trembling when Sin's mouth latched onto her clit, sucking hard.

"That's not fair," she breathed on a moan, a frustrated noise escaping her lips when a tendril pinned her down by the waist, keeping her from thrusting against Sin's mouth. A finger sank

into her pussy a moment later, teasing her with delicious promise.

Sin lapped at her clit, sliding his tongue down toward her entrance and groaning. God, she loved that he relished eating her out like she was his favorite treat and he was starving.

Delilah's hands wrapped around the tendrils clinging to her wrists, her biceps flexing as she gripped them hard.

“Why was I taken from Earth to compete for my freedom?”

Another digit sank into her pussy as Sin popped up from her thighs, his mouth and chin wet from her arousal. She nearly snapped at him to get back to work, her clit aching for attention, but she clenched her jaw.

She needed answers first, she reminded herself.

His fingers curled, slowly thrusting into her wet pussy. She felt every stroke like a brand, her hips shifting to accommodate him.

The bastard was torturing her, and Delilah couldn't help but love every moment of it.

“You and many other women like you were taken so that males like me could hunt you down,” he explained calmly, as if he wasn't on the verge of fisting her when another finger sank inside. “Your objective is to find a way home. Mine is to keep you here and turn you in for the chance at winning The Harvest Games.”

Oh God, so Sin *had* been the monster Delilah was looking for all along. Did he have the key?

Did she even want it now?

Her back bowed, a choked cry escaping her when his tongue returned to her clit just as four fingers thrust deep. He slurped greedily at the hood of her sex, the dirty sounds encouraging an orgasm she felt creeping up on her.

Delilah screamed into the night, her vision fading as a wave of ecstasy assaulted her senses.

Sin didn't let up in the slightest, his fingers pounding into her pussy, his rough tongue sliding everywhere it shouldn't but everywhere she needed it to until she was shaking with desire, another orgasm already threatening to consume her.

“What is The Harvest Games,” she practically shouted, her voice hoarse.

A sob left her when his fingers and tongue fell away from her pussy, her body aching for him to return. She felt warm liquid seep from her slit, spilling from her.

Sin crawled on top of her, his wet lips taking hers. His tongue slid easily into her awaiting mouth, teasing her while his hands stroked her breasts, coaxing her nipples into hard peaks that he pinched. Delilah sucked in a breath, breaking their heated kiss to watch his fingers play with her body as he sat back and drank her in.

She could still taste herself, licking at her lips hungrily while he pinched her nipples harder, the sting doing nothing to cool her lust.

“Males of Aragnok outnumber the females greatly,” he murmured, eyes fixated on her ample breasts. “A new tradition has formed in recent years that allows males to compete for a chance to mate with a female of my kind. This is called The Harvest Games. To win, one must turn in as many alien women as possible to our government. The most lucrative of males will go on to compete in the final rounds.”

Delilah jerked in his hold, eyes narrowing. Sin, oblivious to the danger he was now in, continued.

“Children are scarce, so a few Aragnokan females graciously allow us the chance to produce offspring with them by winning The Games.”

“Let me see if I get this straight,” Delilah snapped, fury overriding her arousal. “You’re going to turn me in just so you can fuck someone else?”

Yes, she realized that should have been the least of her concerns. What happened when she was turned in? Was she ever allowed to leave, or was something else at play? What happened to her when Sin got rid of her like yesterday’s trash?

She focused on those questions, instead of the pesky ache that was forming in her heart at the thought of him tossing her aside for another woman.

But he said he was supposed to turn in as many women as possible?

Why was she still here then? Why wasn’t he out collecting his little harem of pollen-addicted hoes to win a chance with a

woman of his own kind, who was apparently so much better than she could ever be?

He's got enough tendrils for everyone, she thought bitterly, before suddenly feeling like an idiot.

He was an alien. A *monster*, for crying out loud. She should not care. Should. Not. Care.

His head slowly lifted from her breasts at her heated tone, a smirk playing on his lips. Delilah had never seen him fully smile, but this sexual, devious smirk was something that she usually couldn't get enough of. Until she realized he was going to turn her in like a school assignment and the betrayal stung anew.

Sin tsked. "You haven't been paying attention, Delilah." His fingers slid from her breasts, working upward to cup the bite mark on her shoulder.

"I have actually," she spat, her lust taking a backseat to the anger she now felt coursing through her veins. "When you told me I wasn't going home ever, you meant because you planned to turn me in like a common criminal to your creepy government of kidnappers."

Not because he wanted her.

"No," he rumbled, the fire in his eyes glowing brighter, something she'd never seen from him before. She struggled in vain against the tendrils holding her in place, ignoring the way Sin's grip tightened on the mark at her neck until she couldn't feel anything else but the ownership in that touch.

“I told you there would be no other cock inside you but mine, which would not be the case if I allowed you to go to the capital.”

“What?”

Delilah’s mouth dried. Is that what happened to the women that were captured? Just mind-blowing sex with alien lovers all the time?

“I’ve withdrawn from The Games, and I’ll keep you safe while they continue for the following weeks.”

“Do you have a key?” Delilah asked boldly, wanting to know how close she’d come to freedom.

“There is no key for you now,” Sin all but confirmed, his eyes darkening at the question.

Sin settled between her thighs, and despite her irritation, Delilah felt her arousal spill from her, eager for him to sink inside her aching pussy once more.

“What happens to me once The Games are over?”

“The same thing that would have happened if I hadn’t been competing.” Sin’s thick length wedged inside Delilah, stretching her as he grunted. “You’ve had your fill of questions, little glutton. Now it’s time for you to take my cock.”

“But I’m not done asking quest– Oh!” Sin bit down on her mark, his teeth piercing her skin as his hips snapped against her, his cock sinking in so deep she thought she’d black out from the heady pressure. “Sin!” She screamed.

His bite was painful for a brief moment before searing heat speared through her and pleasure took hold, making her scream his name all over again.

His tongue licked at the bleeding mark, his chest rumbling as he thrust hard, laying claim to her pussy while she trembled and cried beneath him, wishing her limbs were free so she could wrap her hands around his ass and urge him forward.

He pushed up onto his forearms, his hands clasping her face while he looked into her eyes, his strokes becoming more languid, coaxing another moan from her.

“I am your Sin and you are my Delilah,” he murmured. “You are mine.” He thrust hard, his pace increasing, his eyes burning into hers. “My woman.”

His tendrils fell from her limbs, freeing her.

Sin hissed when she repositioned herself slightly, her legs locking around his waist, allowing him to sink into her further. Her hands found his hair, pulling him down roughly until their lips molded to one another, his strokes harsh as she nipped at his mouth.

“My woman,” he growled again. And Delilah felt that possessiveness everywhere, meeting his thrusts eagerly until she was gasping for breath, her body clinging to him as she cried out.

“My mate,” Sin bellowed.

Delilah orgasmed, her pussy milking his thick length until he grunted, his hot cum filling her up. Sin’s hands wrapped

around her waist, holding her steady as he pounded inside her, his cum still filling her, seeping so far inside her she was sure she could taste it in her throat.

He licked at her bite mark, his purring renewing.

His tongue slipped down her shoulder until it reached her nipple. Delilah moaned happily when he sucked the bud into his mouth, his hands kneading the other breast while she writhed beneath him, hoping a few tendrils would slip inside her pussy and have some more fun with her.

Sin groaned, releasing her nipple to leave a trail of heated kisses all over her breasts while she ran her hands up his own sinewy chest. He worked his way back up to her shoulder, kissing the bite mark tenderly.

Delilah shivered, wondering if he was going to bite her again. If he did, she was guaranteed more mind-blowing sex, and she wouldn't mind that in the slightest.

“My mate,” he rumbled again, but this time his words actually sank into her lust-clouded brain.

What did he say?

As Delilah felt the scrape of his sharp teeth over her mark, her body stiffened, and her eyes widened in shock.

“What did you mean by ‘mate’?”



Sahin's hands wandered Delilah's body possessively, though his touch was mostly innocent as she shivered beneath him. He pulled out of her, watching in satisfaction as his cum spilled from her cunt, bathing her in his glowing seed.

“Are you going to answer me or just touch me all night?” Delilah asked him, her voice drowsy yet nervous.

“I thought I told you that once you begged for my touch your questioning would be over?” His mate rolled her eyes, shoving at his shoulders teasingly.

“Technically I didn't beg,” Delilah replied smugly, her fingers roaming over his skin.

He chuffed. “The way you screamed my name says otherwise, my Delilah.”

Her face flushed, something Sahin enjoyed watching, though why his mate was shy after more than a week of their sexual experiences was beyond him. Surely it was a human

concept, one he didn't mind exploring with her just so he could watch that delicate shade of red skate across her skin.

Sahin's fingers slipped through the mess he'd made of her pussy until he had a decent amount of cum coating his digits.

His cock stirred to life as he brought his hand to her face, watching her greedily suck his fingers into her mouth, a small moan sticking in her throat.

"I admit I am confused with your question. Do humans not mate in a similar fashion as us?" How boring that must be, and unfulfilling to not claim a mate so totally.

Delilah licked his fingers once more before he pulled his hand from her lips, expecting her answer while his hands moved to her breasts, teasing her nipples. "I mean, the sex is similar, but I have got to tell you that you've done things to me I've never felt before," she answered huskily, her eyes heavy with desire.

Sahin nearly beat his chest with pride, completely out of character for the seasoned warrior he was. "I accept your compliment, my mate, but that is not what I am referring to." Sahin palmed her soft breasts, admiring the handful that spilled over his palms before he squeezed.

Delilah sat up, gripping his strong thighs. "Mating and sex are the same thing where I'm from, but you keep referring to me as 'your mate,' and I don't think you mean that I'm your friend."

Sahin scoffed at the word 'friend', grabbing her hands and placing them to his chest. "You are my mate, *my woman*. We've claimed one another in the way of Al'Shokar, for eternity."

Delilah's lips parted, an odd noise escaping before she jerked away from him, standing to her feet abruptly. Sahin leaned forward, nuzzling the slit now in his face before giving her pussy a lick, his tongue sliding through their mixed juices.

"Oh, shit," Delilah moaned, her hands gripping his hair and dragging him closer before she abruptly shoved him back, jumping several feet away. "No! You're not about to distract me with your tongue and your alien sexiness right now."

"I merely want a taste of what's mine," Sahin said darkly, standing as well. He ate up the distance between them, enjoying the quick steps she took back to avoid him.

Her breasts bounced beautifully with each move, and the scent of her lust filled the air. His little glutton enjoyed being chased and dominated by him. And who was Sahin to deny Delilah what she craved?

"How did we claim one another? I would remember doing that," she asked hysterically, her eyes widening when one of his tendrils lashed out, wrapping around her waist.

"It is custom on Aragnok to lay claim by a bite." Another tendril unfurled, sliding up to touch her neck where his teeth marks were prominently displayed. "I placed my mark on your skin while in a frenzy to take you, and by reciprocating,

you've acknowledged me as your male. We are bound, my Delilah."

Sahin hadn't been expecting her devious mark of possession, though he still remembered the first time she'd bitten him, how his body had flared with desire.

He'd held her mouth to his flesh, urging her to bite harder. To make him belong to her forever. And she'd responded eagerly, moaning into his neck while she bit and sucked at his flesh. Sahin had never assumed she'd been unaware of the mating ritual she was actively participating in.

"What?! You never told me that! I just bit you because you liked it; I didn't know it would marry us!"

His Delilah was panicked, her eyes wild even as her sweet center wept for him.

Sahin closed whatever space had been between them, a tendril sliding home inside her weeping cunt. She nearly fell backwards, but Sahin caught Delilah in his arms, holding her steady and hugging her close while his tendril enjoyed what she offered, pumping into her body. His other tendrils slid softly around her waist, caressing her.

"Oh, Sin, please, please!"

"There is your sweet begging, little glutton."

"Please, Sin! We need to talk and this— Ah!" His tendril thickened inside her, sinking deeper until it pressed against her womb. "Oh, holy—*this is not* helping me think."

“Speak, Delilah. I’m listening.” Sahin pumped into her harder, just the way she liked, and her knees buckled while his arms kept her upright. Sahin did his best to ignore the lust building inside him, knowing he was being unreasonable.

He should let her talk undistracted, but what she was suggesting made him irrationally angry. She didn’t mean to mate him? How could such a thing be done in error? It was unheard of; blasphemy. It was made even worse by the fact a mating claim was irreversible, so no matter her intentions, she *had* claimed him.

Sahin wasn’t sure if he should feel hurt by her recklessness or relieved that, no matter what, they were now tied together.

“Shouldn’t we be taking this whole mating thing slow? I’ve been under the impression I’d be going back home until yesterday– Oh, I–” Delilah screamed Sahin’s name, her pussy milking him until his tendril stiffened inside her, coating her walls with his seed.

Delilah shivered when the tendril slipped from her, only to cry out again when another entered in its place. Her juices spilled from her with each fervent thrust, the wet sounds of her pussy being taken only driving his lust higher, urging Sahin to pound into her with fervor, but he held strong, reining back his desire.

Sahin hoped she was ready for every single one of his tendrils to fill her aching cunt, taking her until he eventually stuffed her with his cock.

He didn't plan to leave her with any reservations about her choice of a mate, and if keeping her so high on her orgasms she couldn't think of anything else was the only way to achieve that, Sahin was more than happy to oblige.

"The time for taking things slow passed the moment you thought to tie me to my own bed, Delilah. The moment you spread your eager thighs and let me sink inside of you, anytime I pleased," he rumbled against her ear, licking her lobe. She cried out, her legs wrapping around his waist and grinding herself along his tendril. "Now it's too late for us to do anything but welcome the ecstasy that fate has given us."

Delilah shook in his arms when she climaxed again, wringing his seed from him. A groan slid past his lips, his resolve on the verge of crumbling when she licked the mating mark on his shoulder.

Her lips found his when another tendril began taking her in earnest. Delilah moaned into his mouth, her kiss uncoordinated but eager when he took her to the ground, grinding his length over her clit before his mouth dipped to her breasts, his teeth sinking into her delicate flesh.

"Sin!" Delilah writhed beneath him, her cunt a delicious mess when his tendril slipped out, so much cum spilling from her it dripped onto the grass beneath her body in thick waves.

"I can stop, little glutton. I can stop and take this mating slow like you want." She shook her head furiously, a whimper leaving her throat. "Or," Sahin growled against her breast, giving the fresh bite a languid lick, "you can agree that we are

one and allow me to fuck you with each tendril and then my cock to properly ensure we've mated just how your species does."

"That isn't really how it works—" Delilah moaned again when a tendril teased her ass, another slipping slowly into her pussy. She shimmied her hips, angling for more of him. "Screw it, I'll be your mate. I'll stay here with you, just please don't stop," she begged so prettily, her face flushed from her desire.

Sahin took her just as he promised, pumping her full of each of his tendrils until her holes were filled with his cum. Then he slammed his cock home, groaning at the feel of her spasming cunt as it fluttered around him.

She climaxed against him immediately, a hoarse cry escaping her throat before Sahin flipped her over, lifting her ass high. It was the perfect angle to sink each thick inch into the wet heat that gripped him.

Sahin grunted, finally allowing his rigid control to slip, the lust he'd been keeping at bay coiling around him until he was mad with it, eager to fuck her until she passed out.

Delilah's fingers fisted in the dirt as he pumped his hips, small wails falling from her lips as his cock filled her up, over and over again until she was coming undone around him.

"I can't take anymore," she cried, yet she shifted her hips further, allowing him to plunge deeper than he had before. "No, I lied. I lied! Right there," Delilah begged. "Please, Sin, ah!"

Sahin roared above her, pleasure ripping through him until his release shot from him in hot spurts, splashing her insides with one heated wave after another. His thrusts continued, pumping harshly until every bit of cum had spilled from his cock.



Delilah was reeling from Sin's admission. She was married? *Mated*? What the hell was going on in her life?

It was impossible for her to ignore the bubbling elation that welled up at the thought, so Delilah didn't bother.

Instead, she focused on feeling genuinely happy for the first time in years. It was crazy that she had been abducted by aliens, forced into a game, and then met a carnal, sex deprived alien monster, but she couldn't find it in herself to care.

She'd never felt so connected to someone before, so in tune with one another. And the fact that Sin felt the same? That his own emotions were strong enough to want to be with her forever?

Delilah didn't care that Sin was an alien, or that to him *she* was. That didn't matter, nor had it mattered between them since that first day. Sin had shown her just what she was missing back on Earth, and now she couldn't help but want it.

She wanted someone who took care of her, someone who saved her from bad guys if needed and simply held her in his arms at night when she was too tired to do anything else.

And Sin gave her all of that and more.

“We cannot spend another day under the stars, my mate,” Sin’s husky voice broke through her musings. Delilah shivered at the label, feeling way too proud of herself instead of what she should be feeling, which was horrified.

Horrified.

But what was she feeling? Giddy and ecstatic that Sin wanted to be with her for an *eternity*.

Eternity sounded way more romantic than ‘til death do us part.’

No man in her life had ever made such a bold claim before, *ever*, and now she had one ready to drop everything to be with her? Granted, he was from another planet entirely, but still...

Delilah would never return to Earth. She didn’t have anything waiting for her there anyway, though she was still so confused about everything on Aragnok.

What would she do with her days? Did Sin work? It seemed like all he did was have wild forest sex and make her insides melt, and while she loved it, surely there was more to this existence.

Sin sifted around in the large bag he’d been carting around, pulling free some fabric before handing it to her.

She stared down at the cotton clothing in her hands, her brows raising.

“What is this?”

“A dress to keep out the chill,” Sin explained, pulling on a pair of pants that looked like they were made of leather. The material covered his thighs tightly, making every inch of him look sexy as hell. Okay, all of him looked sexy as hell, without or without clothing. Delilah flushed, her stomach knotting with a familiar ache.

“You mean to tell me I’ve been running around naked for over a week when I could have had clothes on?” she asked indignantly.

Sin chuckled, dragging her to him and giving her a heated kiss, his tongue exploring her mouth, teasing her until she was ready to go another round.

“There was no point in worrying about clothing you sooner as I would have just ripped it from you. Besides, we are on my lands, and aside from the one elshivka that attacked, no one would see you for miles around.”

Delilah allowed him to slide her arms through the holes of the garment and wrap the dress around her body. There were no sleeves, and it tied together on the side, stopping at her thighs.

Sin lifted her foot up, pressing a piece of fabric to her heel that stretched and molded to her foot until it fit her like a shoe. He repeated the process with her other foot and Delilah grimaced, feeling constricted by all of the material now lining her body after spending the majority of the past week naked.

“That’s neat,” Delilah murmured, referring to her funky new shoes. The rest of what Sin had just said caught up and Delilah

huffed. “Let’s backtrack. Are you telling me now that we’re officially mated you won’t be ripping my clothes off to have your wicked way with me?”

Sin growled, leaning down and nipping her lower lip playfully.

“No, little glutton. I mean I’ve purchased you garments that are easily removable so I can take you whenever I wish without destroying your things.”

He’d bought her clothes *and* ensured that he wouldn’t ruin them when they had sex? That was oddly sweet and so beyond what she would ever have expected of her life only a week ago.

Delilah felt like she was floating on a cloud. But then she heard a distinct rumble come from her stomach.

They both looked down, him in confusion and her in shock.

“I think I’m hungry,” she said, her stomach growling again in confirmation. “Nevermind, I *know* I’m hungry.”

His head snapped up to hers, his lips pursed. “How often do humans require food?”

“Everyday, usually.”

Sin hissed, his eyes widening. “Every *day*? Delilah, you’ve not fed in a week.”

“Yes, I know that.” And it was still weird to her. But maybe Sin just had some very nutritious sperm that kept her body fueled.

Cordelia *had* told Delilah that she wouldn't need to worry about anything but finding a key since she had that nutrition shot, or whatever it was. Still, Delilah hadn't expected her to mean she didn't need food or water for an entire week.

Delilah also couldn't believe that she'd been in such a sex coma that the thought of eating, or at least drinking, hadn't even crossed her mind more than once or twice, and only whenever Sin waved food in her face.

"I have tried countless times to provide you with sustenance and you refused. I thought you did not require as much nourishment as myself," he hissed in frustration.

"I know, but the meat looked gross," she said with a shrug.

Sin rolled his eyes at her, the movement distinctly human, before he tossed Delilah over his shoulder, carting her off into the night.



Sahin was furious with himself as he sped through the night, his mate tossed over his shoulder to keep her from slowing him down as he began hunting for food through the thick wood. If there had been adequate shelter, he might have left her while he searched, but he did not trust another creature to not show up and attack his Delilah.

What could his little glutton need for nourishment? Meat? She hadn't seemed interested when he'd offered it. Marrow from the bones of a scrufa? Or perhaps she would prefer something sweet? Sweet like her own scent.

Sahin's jaw was tight, frustration and irritation keeping him from asking his mate what he should have already known about her. How could he not have asked?

Delilah needed sustenance daily, and yet she'd gone a full week without food. He knew humans were of a more delicate nature than his own kind but he would be lying if he claimed to know a great deal about them.

Sahin's own kind fed daily as well, but several other species across the galaxy could go months or more without sustenance, using the rays from a sun or moon to nourish their bodies. He'd expected something similar for Delilah's own species, especially as he hadn't heard any discomfort from her and she'd refused his previous offerings. Over time, he had just forgotten to ask.

But to know he'd been neglecting her needs until her stomach had roared at him in anger... Sahin didn't know if he could forgive himself for the mistreatment.

"I still can't believe it's taken me so long to feel hungry. I didn't notice a difference with my body at all until now," Delilah remarked easily over his shoulder.

Sahin huffed. "Perhaps you were given something while you were unconscious to help keep you nourished," he murmured hopefully, moving even faster as her stomach growled again.

"Like a booster shot? Cordelia did tell me I had been given something so I wouldn't need to worry about anything but a key, but we didn't get into all the gory details. And to be honest, I thought it would have worn off by now, so I just assumed I was fine." Delilah sighed in frustration. "I hope she's doing alright. Your planet has a lot of scary creatures roaming around."

Considering Cordelia was part of The Games, Sahin wasn't sure what fate would befall Delilah's companion. He only hoped that Cordelia managed to remain safe for her own sake.

“I’m not sure what a ‘booster shot’ is, but when Aragnokan warriors go into battle knowing resources will be scarce, we are often implanted with nutrients that keep us in good health until we return from war.”

Had she been given something like that? As a human? What if it hadn’t worked and she had never stumbled upon Sahin? His little mate could have died from hunger if she hadn’t known where to look for food.

There was so much about his world she did not know, did not understand. It was up to Sahin to protect Delilah, provide for her and teach her about Aragnok. And already he felt as if he was failing her.

“Why would you go into battle?”

“I am one of the fiercest of my kind; a warrior. Often I am called to war.”

He set Delilah down gently on her feet, his arms wrapping possessively around her waist.

“That makes sense given how you slaughtered that Elsh... that lava monster like it was the easiest thing in the world, though I don’t like the idea of you getting hurt.” Delilah shivered against him. Sahin brought her flush to his bare chest, knowing the heat from his body would warm her. She looked around them, eyes squinting through the darkness and locking on several trees. “What kind of food can we find here? Fruit?”

Sahin took her toward one of the largest trees nearby, tendrils unfurling to pull the limb down until it was even with

his head. He plucked several objects from the branch, ignoring the ones that fell around them.

The two of them were on the edge of the forest, on a dirt path that would eventually lead to his other home. More trees within the wood offered a variety of nourishment for her, but Sahin was hopeful she'd enjoy what was easily within reach, at least for the time being.

“Oh! Those look like apples.” She plucked one denji from his hand, bringing it to her lips. Delilah paused, staring down at the food and then back up at him. “This isn't poisonous, right?”

“It is, actually. I wanted to watch you perish before my very eyes,” he said calmly.

Delilah's eyes widened in shock for a moment before she glared at him, taking a healthy bite. The sight of her blunt, white teeth biting into the juicy denji made his groin tighten and his balls ache.

He'd just taken Delilah and already he wanted more of her.

Would this fierce desire ever ebb? Sahin hoped not.

“You know, it's rude to tease me like that. Plenty of things in the forest where I'm from could be poisonous,” she said once she'd swallowed. Delilah's eyes widened again and she licked her lips. “Oh, that's actually really delicious!”

Sahin nodded gravely, eyes clouding with lust when she sucked at her fingers. She moaned as she tasted more of the

denji's juice. "It truly is delicious right before the poison sets in."

Delilah suddenly jumped into his arms, giving him a sensual, lingering kiss. His hands gripped her ass, holding her firmly to him while she explored his mouth. Her tongue teased his with the sweetness from the denji before she broke away, dropping to her feet and taking another bite.

"I guess we're both doomed now," she sighed dramatically. "I really do love this denji fruit though," she murmured.

"Just denji, Delilah, though I do enjoy the words that fall from your lips."

Sahin picked up another denji from the ground, rubbing any dirt onto his pant leg before swapping it out with the core she now held in her hand. He ate the core discreetly while she chewed on her food, feeling a sense of pride at feeding his mate.

He now only needed to ensure she stayed well nourished.

Delilah hummed happily, eating yet another piece he handed her. He eagerly watched, feeling more relieved with each bite that she took that she would not perish before his eyes.

Sahin picked up the remaining denji on the ground, placing them into his bag and leading her further into his territory while she ate. He kept his eyes trained ahead, scouting for any potential threat.

Hearing her hum and moan around the fruit as she sucked at the juices that spilled from the denji, Sahin began thinking

very dangerous thoughts. Thoughts that needed to wait.

He couldn't spare another moment to take her in the woods with his tendrils. He wanted his Delilah safe and sound in his home, sleeping in a soft bed and living luxuriously.

"I can kind of see a green glow in the tree trunks here, which then mixes with the trees' fiery roots. It looks like the veins under your skin," Delilah pointed out happily as they walked along the trail.

He took the core of the denji from her hand when she was through, swallowing the large amount in one go. Her mouth popped open at the move, and Sahin smiled sheepishly in her direction.

"You're right. Our vegetation is full of life and mirrors those of my kind in some respects." He wouldn't tell her about the plant that had similar tendrils to himself, wrapping around the animals of his planet and dragging them into its deadly embrace.

It didn't seem the best talk to have while walking with his mate on the edge of the woods in the dark where she could barely see in front of her. He'd save that conversation, and others like it, for when she was safely tucked away indoors.

The road was winding, though Sahin enjoyed the walk, allowing them to learn about one another in ways other than the physical. His other home was much closer to the capitol, only a day's walk away, though he had no intention of bringing Delilah into the city. Not while The Games were active. And possibly not even after.

What would the government think if he was harboring a captive from The Games? Would they even care? Had it happened before? Sin didn't know, and he wasn't going to risk losing his little glutton to find out.

"You look lost in thought." Delilah bumped into him with her hip. Sahin sighed, running a hand down his face.

"I wonder if it's best to bring you to my other home or not."

She quirked a brow. "So you *do* have another home. I was beginning to wonder where you were taking me." Delilah bit her lip, indecision marring her features. "Why would it be wrong to bring me to your home? Do you have another mate lurking there?"

His lips twitched at the jealousy lacing her voice, a tendril wrapping around her waist and keeping her firmly at his side. If he'd had a tail, like some other warriors, it would have thumped the ground ecstatically.

"No, little glutton, I'm far too fond of you to bother with another."

"That's good because it sounds like you're stuck with me now, and I don't like to share."

He turned to her with a low growl. "You share yourself quite beautifully with all of me." The tendrils along his waist unfurled, sliding around her hips in agreement.

Delilah licked the last of the denji's juices from her lip, staring up at him hungrily. "That's different. Even when it's your tendrils, they're still a part of you."

“They should be,” he agreed, watching as one slid around her neck, holding her possessively. “But oftentimes lately I feel they have their own intentions when it comes to you. They cherish you as much as I do.”

Her eyes shined at his admission before she cleared her throat, looking shyly back toward the dirt road they were following.

“You act like your tendrils have minds of their own.” Delilah sighed when one caressed the side of her cheek before slipping back around his waist.

“They do, in a sense. My tendrils are meant for war, to slay my enemies, and yet in your presence they become something far different.”

“Have you ever used them like that before? For sex?”

“No, little glutton.” Delilah smiled at the endearment. “You’re the only one who has taken all I can give. I’ve known they could be used to stimulate pleasure, but Aragnokans aren’t the most sexually inclined. For years we practice mastery over our own body, refusing to let lust guide our actions. As a population in decline, we must think more rationally, focusing on sex for reproduction rather than pleasure. As I’m a warrior, I must remain disciplined. Stoic. It is not my place to procreate or have a mate. Not traditionally, anyway. That is why I chose to participate in The Games.”

His purpose wasn’t to breed, it was to battle, however much he wanted children.

He cast a somber look to Delilah before shaking his head to clear his thoughts. It didn't matter if he could no longer sire children, having a mate was just as if not more important to him than any offspring.

“Wow, and you just let the first human woman you saw have her way with you? That's tough, for all that practicing you did to master your desire,” she said lightly, finding his hand and sliding her fingers through his.

He looked down, unused to the sensation.

“It might have been easier to resist you if you hadn't sucked my tendril into your mouth like it was a cock you were eager to choke on,” he rumbled. “From there I was lost.”

Delilah flushed, her fingers squeezing his tenderly. Sahin looked down again, gently squeezing her fingers in return. He liked holding her in such a small way as they ventured through the night. The connection wasn't driven by lust, but it made his heart beat faster and his chest swell with pride at the small claim.

“Seems like it was very lucky for me then,” Delilah teased.

“I think the luck falls with me,” he told her seriously, hoping she could understand how grateful he was to have found her. “I know this is a lot for you to adjust to, but I am proud you are mine.”

Delilah smiled sweetly and Sahin felt that look in the darkest parts of his soul.

Feeling more content than he had in years, he returned his gaze to the path ahead.

“So what’s it like being a warrior?” Delilah asked him after a few minutes of peaceful silence between them.

“Rewarding as I am protecting my people, but often lonely. It is something I would not have chosen for myself,” he admitted.

Delilah tilted her head in confusion. “Why are you a warrior if you don’t want to be?”

“It is required of me. I was born into a warrior class among my people.” Sahin scratched the back of his head. “My father is a senator and my mother was a scientist before they mated. Neither of them were warriors, but my mother has given birth to five children, three who are warrior males.”

“What does that mean exactly?”

“When a warrior is born, they are kept with their family until they are mature enough to survive the strains of training. Then we become property of the government, training until adulthood. Once our training is complete and we are deemed fit for battle, our true life begins.”

“That sounds awful if it’s not something you want.” Delilah brought his hand to her lips, kissing his knuckles gently. Such a small gesture, but Sahin felt that brief touch vibrate through his soul. “How do you get put into a warrior class as a baby? Do they just randomly select people?”

Sahin shook his head, slowing his steps even further as they walked when he noticed Delilah struggling to match his quicker pace.

“My skin, eyes, and tendrils marked me as a warrior from birth. It is the same for all warriors as we are a bit different from other Aragnokans.”

Her eyes widened slightly, her mouth popping open to form an ‘O’ of surprise.

“I had no idea you might be different,” she told him seriously, stopping to eye him speculatively.

Sahin felt heat rush to his face the longer she stared. His guttural was probably realizing that the way he glowed was unappealing, or that there was something he lacked from others—

“Do the other Aragnokans get jealous?”

Sahin blinked. “Jealous?”

Delilah smiled, her face practically lighting up. “Yes, jealous. It’s probably irritating for them to know they’re not special like you.” His guttural thought he was special? “I mean, I’d be pissed if I knew other humans could glow and here I am, looking like a broken light bulb.”

Sahin did not know what a ‘light bulb’ was but he understood her intention. “You like my appearance?”

Delilah tugged on his hand, dragging him down until he was within easy reach for her kisses. “I love how you look,” she said softly, claiming his lips with her own. He was reeling with

tenderness as she pulled him to the ground, maneuvering them until she was straddling his waist. “Let me show you how much.”



Delilah had grown tired over an hour ago, something Sin hadn't minded after she'd ridden him like a prized stallion. He'd simply lifted her into his strong arms and carried her toward his home.

She'd been asleep until his lips had brushed her forehead tenderly and he'd murmured that they were nearing his house.

And now? Looking at the immaculate stone walls in front of her, Delilah was confused and wide awake.

What on Earth...eh, Aragnok?

She'd expected another rundown clay hut, like the one she'd stalked Sin to a week ago. But this was so much different than she had imagined.

Various flame-colored plants surrounded the stone walls, nearly covering them entirely. Vines, not unlike Sin's tendrils, climbed up to a rooftop that looked like it was made from solar panels, wrapping around the house securely from every direction she could see.

It looked sturdy. Solid. Like a giant monster wouldn't be able to rip through the floors and try to eat her.

Delilah didn't see any windows, but that didn't take away from the fact that Sin had pretty much taken her to the Aragnokan equivalent of a five-star resort after days of sleeping in the dirt.

"Is it not to your liking?" Sin asked, his gravelly voice making her shiver.

Not to my liking? Is he crazy?

"It's not that," she admitted, gently pushing away from his embrace to stand on her feet. "I just wasn't expecting so much." Which was definitely true. His home looked massive, if completely dark on the inside, but wasn't that her usual way of life now?

"Come," Sin rumbled, taking her hand in his, their fingers entwining together. "My brothers are off-world at the moment, otherwise I would have them here to greet you properly as my mate."

"You live with your brothers?"

He grunted in acknowledgement, leading her up a few flat steps. "I only reside with two of them, my fellow warriors. One other lives in the city near my father. He and my father both work for the government."

Delilah's brow furrowed when he didn't continue. "Didn't you say there were five of you?"

“There are, though my youngest brother is not spoken of,” Sin announced gruffly.

“Oh.” That sounded ominous. “Did something happen to him?” she asked softly, placing her hand on Sin’s arm in comfort as he paused in front of a stone wall.

“The only thing that happened to my youngest brother was deserved. He was once very close with my mother until she passed from this world several years ago. And then he changed. Allowed his grief to consume him. He turned his back on our people. He was greedy for power and wealth, and it cost him everything that should have mattered instead.”

Delilah’s face dropped at Sin’s devastated tone, and before she knew it, she was standing on the tips of her toes, leaning in to kiss him softly on the cheek.

Sin turned into her, nuzzling her nose with his until Delilah wrapped her arms around his lean waist. She held him to her, running her hands soothingly over the tendrils secured around his torso.

Sin stiffened for a moment. It seemed like he had never truly been comforted or nurtured before, and her heart melted. She held him tenderly, cherishing this closeness, this bond, between them. After a moment, he relaxed into her, banding strong arms around her shoulders.

“I enjoy this,” he uttered softly, a heavy purr jump-starting in his chest until it vibrated where her cheek rested against him.

“I like this too.”

And they remained that way for a few long moments before, with a heavy sigh, Sin released her. “Come. Let’s get inside before something decides it wants to eat you.”

“As long as it’s you doing it, I’m fine with being eaten,” she joked, watching Sin square his shoulders and study the wall of the house briefly.

Pressing his palm to an inconspicuous electronic pad on the side of the wall, Delilah watched in fascination as their surroundings lit up around them and the wall in front of Sin hissed, pressing in slightly before sliding to the right.

Delilah jerked back at the sound, eyes wide with wonder when the darkness inside his home was illuminated in a soft blue glow.

Her mouth dropped open in shock as Sin led her through the door. He clasped Delilah’s hand in his, leading her down a hallway to the right.

It was easy to spot a few bedrooms, each one decorated in a somewhat normal aesthetic to that on Earth. He then took her toward the back of the house, down another hallway, and into what she assumed was a perfectly functional kitchen.

She’d have to explore more later, but Sin was eager to show her his home, practically dragging her from room to room as if he was afraid she’d find it lacking in some way.

Fat chance of that happening! This was better than she could have imagined.

There was a massive living area just off the entryway that Sin brought her to next.

There were two couches made of brown leather with weird scales attached at the armrests, no doubt from some kind of creature she hadn't seen yet. Neon orange fur covered the legs of the tables and even acted as drapery for a few windows Delilah hadn't noticed from the outside. The fur definitely gave the utilitarian feel of the living room a much more psychedelic look, and for that she was kind of grateful.

An odd piece of decor somehow made it seem more homey.

“Our room is through here,” Sin stated, leading Delilah down another hallway.

Everything looked surprisingly mundane for a house on an alien planet. There was a normal amount of furniture in each room, running water—at least in the kitchen—and even trinkets and personal possessions cluttered throughout the house.

It was certainly a lot more established and lived-in than his other house, which had been sparse and fairly plain.

They passed by an open room Sin didn't bother to show her, and Delilah couldn't help but notice metal balls filling several cabinets and walls, all of various shapes and sizes. Was it some kind of game room, kind of like sports memorabilia?

She paused, curiosity getting the better of her as she began tugging Sin back with her. She entered the space, plucking one such trinket from the cabinet.

It was round, heavy, and cold in her grip with a few buttons on the side. Was it some kind of game? Her fingers tightened on the buttons, nearly pushing down to start it up, when Sin hissed, ripping the toy not so gently from her hand.

“Do you not have these on Earth?” His tone was like ice, a tendril holding the ball high above his head while Sin glared down at her from his impressive height.

Delilah blinked. “Uh. No? Did I do something wrong? It looks like a metal baseball.”

“Do you often touch objects that explode with such little care?” Sin snapped, his hands locking on her shoulders.

Delilah’s eyes widened in shock.

“These are *bombs*? Why are there bombs in your house!?”

Sin’s tendril carefully sat the ball back down where she’d grabbed it as he pulled her from the room, sealing the door shut behind him.

“This is a home for warriors, my sweet mate. Our home is full of weapons of all varieties.”

“Oh.” Delilah scratched her head, letting him lead her down a large hallway with interesting decorations lining the walls. She wasn’t sure how she felt living in the same space as weapons that freaking exploded, but if Sin wasn’t concerned, maybe she shouldn’t be either.

She’d just make it a point to avoid that room like the plague. And maybe ask him about anything else before she touched it.

Everything was so different in his world, and it was up to her to adapt. “I just assumed your tendrils *were* your weapons.”

Sin snorted, turning abruptly, his chest bumping into her. “Anything I wield is a weapon if I choose, little glutton. Would you like to see the weapon I have for you?”

Delilah’s breath caught at his sensual tone, and her core tightened with need. She didn’t care how cheesy his words were, she’d take Sin’s *weapon* more than happily.

She licked her lips, loving how his face darkened with lust as he watched her tongue peek out.

He growled, snatching her up just as a shrill noise blasted overhead.

Delilah winced, clamping a hand over her ears as it began again.

“What the hell is that?”

“Do not move from this spot,” Sin instructed with a sigh, setting her back on her feet. “I will return to you shortly.”



Sahin stomped through his home, adjusting the raging hard-on in his leathers as he ventured toward his study. The door sealed shut behind him automatically, ensuring whatever was said inside would be incapable of being monitored or overheard. A security feature in his line of work, both as a warrior and a bounty hunter.

He was only a few rooms away from Delilah, so he would hear if she required his assistance, but for now he would need to contend with whoever was reaching out.

Sahin sat in the chair behind his desk, pulling out the holopad from a drawer. The call echoed through the house again before he swiped upwards on the screen.

A 3D version of his brother Ezul's face appeared on the screen. He bore a strong resemblance to Sahin, though his hair was a bit shorter and his eyes were completely white, as were his veins. Both males acknowledged each other with a brief nod before his younger brother spoke.

“I called to ensure it was you utilizing our home and not a criminal.”

Sahin rolled his eyes, frustrated that he'd been called away from his Delilah for so simple a matter. “Of course it is me. You know I am on Aragnok.”

Ezul huffed. “I know you were staying in the hunting cabin, brother, and typically you do not trip several alarms on the property when you come home.”

Sahin winced, running a hand through his black hair. “I was preoccupied on my journey here.”

“Clearly,” Ezul said with a small huff. “I have disabled the alarms for now, but will reinstate them soon. Were there no women to hunt near the cabin? Do not tell me the first time you enter The Games you lost so easily?”

“Do not insult me with your teasing,” Sahin growled, leaning back in his chair. His heart ached to see his brother again for the first time in several months, and he wanted to tell him all about Delilah. But it would need to wait until he had publicly claimed her after The Games had concluded. “I backed out,” he admitted with a shrug. “I decided it was not for me.”

Ezul tilted his head, eyeing him curiously. “But what of your desire for offspring?”

“I have decided that there are far more important things than that.”

Like his Delilah. Sahin wouldn't give up his little glutton for anything.

Ezul squinted. “There is a gleam in your eyes, brother. I can tell you are hiding something from me.”

“I suppose you will have to come home to find out,” Sahin answered, knowing his little brother wasn't due back to Aragnok for another three months at least.

It would give him plenty of time to announce Delilah as his, secure her into her new life as a mated woman, and sate some of the neverending lust Sahin harbored for her.

“As luck would have it I intend to be back home within the month,” Ezul replied, much to Sahin's surprise. “The takeover of Genosys was fairly simple once we cut off the planet's supply of electricity. Most of their defenses fell quickly after that.”

“What of Kylok?” Sahin asked, referring to their eldest brother. He had also been present for the takeover of Genosys. He was possibly the strongest of them all and was a higher ranking warrior than both Sahin and Ezul.

Ezul shook his head. “He was tasked with keeping the peace as we begin to mine for resources on Genosys. It will only be me returning for now.”

In a month’s time. It would be a few weeks after The Games concluded, and Sahin was relieved to hear another warrior would be present to keep Delilah safe in case they ran into issues with their mating.

“I look forward to seeing you,” Sahin told him honestly.

His brother bid Sahin farewell before his likeness disappeared from the screen.



Over the course of the next week, Sin and Delilah settled into a routine of sorts.

They woke each morning, he fed her various fruits, fucked her, and then he took her to the largest bathroom she'd ever seen to clean up. Once she could find the strength to move, that is.

Like everything else in Sin's home, Delilah loved the bathroom. It was so advanced. There was a small pool in the corner that was always full of warm water, which was constantly filtered to remain clean.

Lined up on the shelves near the pool was a multitude of soaps and scrubs for her to choose from.

Not that she ever used any of it on herself.

Sin enjoyed bathing her, and she was sure it was just so he could slide his hands and tendrils all over her body. She was more than happy for him to bathe her, too, because that meant

she got to bathe *him*, and Delilah was always eager to touch every single inch of Sin.

If she wasn't in the mood for the fancy bath, there was also a small room that she could stand in that blasted her with some kind of cleansing foam. Once it was worked into her skin and hair, she would lather it up, and then it would disappear almost immediately, cleaning her off completely and leaving her entire body feeling refreshed.

But they had barely used the stalls, mostly because Sin couldn't fit into the small area with her and it made him grumpy.

From there it was usually crazy tendril sex for hours until she either passed out from exhaustion or they cuddled in bed while sharing small tidbits from their lives with one another.

And then lots of tendril fucking after.

Today was a little bit different than the past few days because they'd finally stopped ravaging each other for long enough that Delilah managed to put on clothes and had made her way into the living room.

She was impatient to explore everything, mostly the kitchen. It was all so different from Earth, and yet certain things would seem almost the same. It was mind-blowing.

As she paused in the living room to study her surroundings, she heard the slight shuffling of feet coming up behind her.

"So what do you usually do for entertainment?" Delilah asked Sin as he entered the room and sat down on the leather

sofa.

A tendril unfurled from his torso, wrapping around her wrist and pulling her to him. Delilah went happily, dropping down beside him and cuddling into his side.

“Has our mating not been entertaining enough?” Sin asked her teasingly. Delilah pinched him and he jerked, giving her a mock glare before placing his chin on her forehead and holding her tenderly. “We can view the news, though I am confident most of what we’ll observe will be The Games, and I don’t wish to bore you with it.”

“Will it show any of the women? Maybe I could find out about Cordelia,” Delilah suggested, hoping her friend was as safe as she was. “Also how do you ‘view’ the news?”

Sin shifted slightly, reaching forward and pressing something under the small coffee table set in front of them.

A large screen appeared above the tabletop, almost like a projector, except everything looked like it was 3D.

“Holy shit!” Delilah exclaimed. “You have a TV and didn’t tell me? This is awesome!”

Strange symbols slid around the bottom of the screen, probably the Aragnokan language, and a few Aragnokan men sat at a table. It was almost as if they were giving their version of a news report, their voices monotone and, frankly, super boring.

Even though it was clearly far more advanced than anything she’d ever seen on Earth, Delilah felt a brief pinch of

homesickness before she brushed the wayward feeling aside. Instead, she resolved to focus on how awesome Sin's world was, even if it had crazy monsters who were absolutely terrifying.

Delilah stood up and circled around the table, flabbergasted as the screen moved with her, allowing everything to remain in sight of its viewer. She ignored the chill creeping in as she left the heat of Sin's body.

“Does it mess with what you see when I wander around the screen like this?”

Sin shook his head, eyeing her appreciatively as she swiped her hand through the hologram. Its image didn't alter in the slightest. “The holoscreen will remain intact for anyone monitoring it, whether you move around or attack it, as you are doing now.”

Delilah dropped her hand immediately, embarrassment heating her cheeks. She probably looked like an idiot, batting at the air.

“You do not need to feel embarrassed, my Delilah. I enjoy watching you explore your new home, and I also enjoy watching you learn.” His voice grew thick as he spoke, and Sin suddenly stood to his full height, moving around the table until nothing separated them but space.

There was a carnal gleam in his eyes that Delilah would recognize anywhere, and as the news reporters droned on in the background, Delilah tuned them out, taking a step back as Sin prowled closer.

She didn't make it more than a handful of steps before Sin was on her, his hands sliding to her waist.

Then he was lifting her up by the globes of her ass, wrapping her legs around his waist before he pinned her to the wall.

"I have many things to teach you, Delilah," Sin whispered darkly, the warmth of his body easing the chill she'd felt.

"I'm always craving one of your lessons," she teased him, her eyes roaming over his delicious body as she licked her lips.

Delilah's hands traveled up his naked torso, scraping along his firm muscles until Sin let out a hiss, his glowing eyes taking on a brighter, hotter gleam.

Sin's lips took hers harshly, and Delilah moaned when she felt his erection dig into her center, rubbing her through her flimsy cotton dress.

His lips were soft against hers, the only part of him that wasn't hardened like steel beneath the surface, and Delilah opened for him eagerly, her tongue meeting his in a sexual war that left her reeling.

Sin's hips rocked against her, urging her to grind against his length while her fingers sifted through his hair, tightening their grip until he grunted.

Delilah was sure her ass was going to be bruised from the harsh thrusting against the wall, but she didn't give a damn,

throwing her head back when his lips left hers to trail along her throat, shivering when his teeth scraped along her skin.

Tendrils slid under her dress, writhing and stretching beneath the fabric until the tie on the side loosened, her breasts spilling free.

Sin didn't hesitate, his teeth nipping at her throat repeatedly only to soothe the sharp ache with a sensual slide of his tongue. Her pussy clenched, remembering the feeling of his rough tongue teasing her clit for hours.

Sin collared her throat and his mouth traveled lower until it captured a breast, his tongue laving at her nipple. She loved it when he dominated her so casually, giving her enough pleasure to leave her as putty in his hands, desperate for more of his touch.

"Don't you want to fuck me on your bed?" she asked on a cry, body writhing against his, hoping he would put her out of her misery soon.

His hand around her throat tightened, the familiar pressure making her pussy weep in delight. Sin released her nipple reluctantly, standing to his full height until his nose brushed her cheek.

"I'll take you anywhere I please, my mate. Against a wall, outside, in front of anyone who would seek to question where you belong."

Delilah shivered at his possessiveness, turning her head to nip his lower lip. She sucked it into her mouth, a small moan

leaving her when he leaned in, letting her have her fun, before she released it with a pop.

“Are you wanting to play, little glutton?” Sin asked, tendrils grabbing her wrists and trapping her arms against the wall.

“God, yes,” she murmured in answer, grinding herself along his erection.

She was probably getting his leathers wet with her arousal but she didn't care. Delilah was eager to see what he planned to do with her now that she was trapped against him. His hands slid along the inside of her thighs, the pads of his fingers teasing her slit.

“What my mate wants, she can have,” he said lovingly. And then he was stretching her lower lips wide, two tendrils sinking inside her pussy.

Delilah's mouth dropped open in surprise at the tight fit, her hips rocking against him instinctively. A tendril slid easily into her gaping mouth, exploring her while she licked the underside, shivering at the bumps she now knew were for so much more than just her pleasure.

It wasn't long until her orgasm crept up on her, her body alive with ecstasy while each tendril stroked her languidly, her pussy fluttering hard while her throat stretched to take Sin's length deeper into her mouth.

She was a sobbing, wet mess when hot, thick cum slid down her throat. She swallowed it with a happy moan as the tendril slipped free of her lips, her legs tightening around Sin's waist

as she thrust against his tendrils, her body shaking as she climaxed.

“You are always so responsive, my mate,” he murmured roughly. “Already your precious cunt drips just for me.”

Delilah was blinded with pleasure at his words, her body flushing while she fucked herself on his tendrils. Her pussy gripped all of him until she felt each individual bump brush along her insides, stroking her lovingly.

Sin grunted, hips jerking roughly, and Delilah looked down, eyes widening at the tendril circling Sin’s now exposed cock, stroking him hard. He shuddered when it pumped him rhythmically, groaning again when he noticed her watching it while she licked her lips.

Why is this so hot?

Sin’s fingers tightened on her throat, his other hand teasing her clit, partially obstructing her view of the precum spilling from his cock while he groaned.

“I’m going to let each tendril fill your holes with my cum, little glutton, while I take you with my cock. You’ll feel me deep inside you for days after.”

“Let my arms go, I want—” Delilah choked on her moan, the tendrils inside her pussy working in tandem until another orgasm swept through her, slick spilling down her thighs.

Mindlessly, she reached down when Sin freed her arms, stroking the tip of Sin’s cock until her fingers were coated in his seed. She brought her fingers to her mouth, sucking each

one greedily while Sin watched, his eyes full of lust, hips pumping against her body.

“I knew you were meant for me,” Sin snarled, his mouth latching onto her mating mark and biting until she screamed in ecstasy.

The tendrils inside her worked her body relentlessly until more of her juices spilled free, mixing with the heated cum shooting inside her as both tendrils stiffened.

“Sin.” She moaned his name like a prayer, her hands holding him to her. He licked and sucked at her skin, whispering words full of worship she didn’t understand but which made her toes curl regardless. “Fuck me, Sin. Please, I need you inside me!”

Sin growled against her flesh, pulling his tendrils free only to replace them with his cock, the other tendril still wrapped expertly around him.

Delilah screamed in rapture, her pussy welcoming the tight fit. The sensation of his tendril stroking him while he pumped his hips had Delilah coming undone, holding him firmly while her teeth sank into the mark she’d given him.

He roared into her, claiming her every bit as thoroughly as she claimed him.



Delilah was snuggled up under fur blankets, laying on Sin’s soft bed while he held her.

Delilah had never been one to enjoy aftercare, always preferring to shoo her lackluster partners away after sex. But her perception of everything was changing drastically since coming to Aragnok, mostly due to Sin and his ability to make her feel such a burning desire while caring so sweetly for her.

Sin was pressed snugly into her back, his cock nestled against the seam of her ass while he slipped chunks of a salty-sweet pastry past her lips.

His eyes were heavy with tenderness as he turned her head slightly, taking her lips in a delicate kiss that had her reeling before he fed her some more snacks, a deep purr rumbling in his chest.

“Do you wonder if you would feel such a connection with another male if you had encountered them instead of me?” Sin asked her abruptly, drawing her from her post-sex food haze.

Delilah looked back at him in confusion, licking the salty taste from her lips before responding. “Why do you ask that?”

Sin shrugged, looking away from her almost shyly before he spoke again. “Sometimes I wonder how morose my life would still be if I had not met you. I don’t like the thought.”

Delilah turned until she was facing him, tossing a leg over his hip so she could press her body against his. Sin looked down at her reluctantly, as if he was afraid to hear her answer.

“I know that I’ve dated plenty of men back home, and no one has ever made me feel as cherished or as cared for as you do.” Delilah smiled when he growled, loving how possessive

he was. “I don’t think I could have a connection like this with anyone but you, no matter if it was here or on Earth,” she admitted softly. “I haven’t thought about what would have happened if I hadn’t met you that day. I know we haven’t known each other long but it makes my heart hurt to even think about living without you.”

Even now her chest tightened, and it felt as if the breath had been ripped from her lungs at the idea of losing him.

Sin nuzzled the crown of her head, letting out a deep breath. “Then let’s not dwell on it, my Delilah. I never wish for us to part. My heart would simply cease beating without you.”

Delilah felt the same way, which was both crazy and wonderful; he made her feel more loved than she ever had before.

“I don’t want to live without you either,” she murmured softly, kissing the hard planes of his chest.

“You won’t,” Sin claimed with conviction. And Delilah felt it in the deepest part of her soul.

“I do have a question for you though,” she said softly, biting her lower lip as she leaned back to study him. She was almost afraid to voice her growing concerns but Sin had been vulnerable with her... Shouldn’t she allow herself that same opportunity?

Delilah cleared her throat. “I know you told me that you entered The Games so that you could try to have a baby with someone. I know I kind of messed that up by accidentally

mating you. If you're right and I'm not compatible with your species... Are you going to regret mating me because we can't have children together?"

Delilah braced herself, preparing for Sin's answer, however painful it might be. The thought had been gnawing at her ever since she had found out why he had joined The Games.

Who was she kidding? Of course he probably already had regrets. He hadn't even intended to fully claim her. *She'd* been the one to bite him and unintentionally finish their intimate mating.

"No," Sin said immediately. Resolutely. As if it was the easiest answer in the universe.

"No?" Delilah asked in surprise. She propped herself up on an elbow. "But you would love to have kids."

Sin shrugged before his tendrils unfurled from his torso, banding around her waist and dragging her back into him.

He kissed her tenderly, his hands roaming up her arms, her shoulders, and then cupping her face. When Delilah relaxed into him, he deepened the kiss, taking her mouth as he often did. Passionately. All consuming. Setting her body and mind on fire until she'd nearly forgotten what they were talking about.

Sin only pulled away from her when she needed to catch her breath, her head reeling and her heart pounding.

He kissed her cheek, her chin, and then leaned further down, nibbling on her mating mark until desire pulsed to life inside

her.

Without a word, Sin moved, pinning Delilah to the bed as he loomed over her. Tenderness and possession were stamped into his very features as his glowing eyes roamed her face, taking her in before he spoke, his voice full of heat and sincerity.

“I have discovered that nothing matters more to me than you. I would never have marked you if I did not want to be your mate, and you accepting my claim, accident or not, was the happiest I have ever been. Offspring would be a gift, my Delilah, but if I cannot have them with you then I do not want them.”

Delilah’s chin wobbled, emotion threatening to overwhelm her. Even her eyes watered, and when Sin’s adoration turned to confusion and then worry, she actually started to cry.

He cupped her face, wiping away her tears with his thumb. “I did not wish to upset you.”

Delilah shook her head, reaching up and grabbing his shoulders. She pulled him down until his muscular frame was pressed into her, his forehead touching hers.

“You didn’t upset me,” Delilah whispered, looking up at him and smiling softly. “You actually made me extremely happy.”

“I did?” Sin visibly relaxed, nearly collapsing his heavy weight on top of her. “Good. I only wish to make you happy. If

you are happy then you will never want to return to Earth or the pitiful males there.”

Delilah couldn't help but laugh at how ridiculous he was being. They both knew she wasn't going anywhere. She didn't want to. Not ever.



One week later...

“I’m starting to think you keep wanting to feed me in bed so I can suck on your fingers after.” Delilah laughed beneath Sahin before a moan fell from her lips.

Sahin smirked, pumping his hips gently while his hands wrapped possessively around his mate’s ass, holding her firm in his embrace. He’d found that she enjoyed the slow, easy fucking only he could give her, her cries tortured but filled with a passion he relished.

His tendrils were wrapped around his torso, allowing them to bask in a simple, intimate mating rather than being an active participant.

“Perhaps I enjoy when your mouth is full of me,” Sahin teased just to hear her laugh become a deep moan as he pumped into her snug channel. “What is wrong with wanting to provide for my mate?”

Sahin kept his thrusts languid, grinding against the hood of her sex before pulling out slowly, only to repeat the motions.

“Trust me, Sin, I feel *very* provided for,” his Delilah claimed on a gasp, sweat dotting her brow when she urged him to move faster, begging to reach her release quicker. He only smiled teasingly, keeping his pace torturously slow while she writhed beneath him.

Her small hands grabbed at his hair, pulling him down until their lips crashed together. Delilah moaned into him, and Sahin was more than willing to devour the pleased cries that escaped her mouth, his tongue claiming hers as their passion erupted around them.

His thrusts became more forceful, his cock powering into her tight pussy until she broke from their kiss, screaming beneath him.

“Sin!”

Sahin grunted when his little glutton spasmed around his length, nearly strangling his cock until he felt his balls draw up in pleasure, his cum shooting into her womb in several hot spurts until he emptied inside her sweet pussy.

Delilah was still struggling to catch her breath when he moved lower, pulling her legs apart to watch his cum pool from her entrance. Two of his tendrils unfurled from him, each one wrapping around her ankles and pulling her legs further apart.

Delilah's hand ran along his head gently, her words full of mischief when she said, "If you want *me* to provide *you* with a snack, I can think of something you might like."

She shimmied her hips in invitation, more of his seed slipping from her tight little cunt.

"I'm beginning to think you're a far more sexual creature than me," Sahin remarked, his mouth watering at the temptation in front of him.

Delilah laughed, her hand fisting in his hair. "You're only just figuring that out?"

Delilah's eyes were rapt with desire as she watched him lean in, his tongue scooping out their mixed arousal from her pussy. He groaned as their combined taste exploded in his mouth.

Sahin's hands gripped the tops of her thighs, pulling Delilah down onto his face while his tongue slid along her folds, lapping at the juices that waited just for him.

Sahin enjoyed fucking her with his mouth more than anything else, if only for the primal reason that he was able to taste the sweetest nectar as it spilled from her. It was a treat for tending to her so well, and her taste always made him *hungry*.

His appetite around his mate was never satisfied, and when he tasted her on his lips...? It was ecstasy.

Sahin groaned again, eating her pussy fervently, his tongue and teeth attacking her mercilessly as she whimpered beneath

him. Both of her hands had found their way to his head, holding him possessively against her wet cunt.

Sahin might have snarled at the dominant display from any other, but with his little glutton, the action only made his cock throb with desire.

“I love when you eat me out,” Delilah murmured desperately, throwing her head back onto the pillows when he sucked her clit, knowing it would cause her to orgasm. “Oh, God! Sin, please don’t stop. Don’t stop. Fuck! Oh! I love it, I love—” Delilah screamed his name into their room, climaxing.

Sahin nipped the tiny bundle of nerves as she writhed in his grasp before he moved lower to lap at the slick dripping from her cunt. She was shaking beneath him, her body a quivering mess. His tendrils unwrapped from her ankles, sliding over her sensually before returning to his torso, biding their time.

Only he could sate his little glutton like this. Pleasure her until she was weak for him. He felt powerful as Delilah brushed trembling fingers through his hair, her gaze loving and drowsy when he looked up at her.

Sahin slid back on top of her until his body was molded to hers, taking her mouth passionately and sharing her essence against her lips.

His little glutton enjoyed his offering, sucking on his tongue fervently before nipping at him until he pulled away.

Sahin planted his own teeth into her beautiful flesh, reinforcing the claiming mark on her shoulder before it could

begin fading again.

That was one thing of many he noticed about his human mate. Their way of claiming was vastly different. Where she'd bitten him, his mark was strong and visible. It would never fade and her claim on him would last. *Forever*.

But her mark?

It began to lighten after the first week of mating, her body healing the bite as if it had never been. Sahin didn't mind; it gave him plenty of reason to mark her again and again, sating the dominant drive inside him to own her body and soul.

Delilah sighed, the sound light and happy when he licked at the renewed mark. Sahin's claim settled around them as strong as it had ever been.

Her hands found him again, cradling his face while she kissed him tenderly, her expression full of a softness he relished seeing every day.

“Come, my mate, let me feed you.”

It was what he'd intended to do over an hour ago, coming into their room to rouse her from her slumber. She'd been sleeping more often over the past week, often waking very hungry.

Delilah had been hungry this time as well, but for something far more carnal.

She'd barely eaten what 'fruit' he'd given her while they'd been mating, but now that he had her pliant beneath him, it was time to strike.

“Mm.” Delilah kissed him heatedly, and Sahin laughed when her leg wrapped around his waist, her pussy fitting snugly against his length.

“No, little glutton, I meant sustenance. I can already hear your stomach crying out in hunger.”

She shook her head adamantly. “It’s not my stomach; it’s my pus—” Her face flushed when her stomach gurgled against them, and she sighed, falling back onto the furs. “Okay, maybe I am hungry,” she whined, pouting before she reluctantly shimmied out from beneath him.

Sahin’s lips trailed down her back in a lingering caress before he sat up, plucking his mate into his arms and carrying her toward the serving quarters she enjoyed calling a kitch-en. He’d provide her with fresh food and properly nourish her small body.



Delilah put a hand on her stomach, feeling a bit uneasy as it rumbled.

She’d already polished off her plate of denji and a few zuckas, some cucumber-looking veggie Sin had given her, but she was still starving.

Oddly, ever since Delilah had started eating food on Sin’s planet, she was always hungry.

Always.

Every waking moment she felt a little empty, like she wasn't getting any food at all, which wasn't the case. Sin had been very vocal about seeing to all of her needs once he'd learned more about her human tendencies.

Sin loved feeding her, mostly because he had this fascination with watching her lips move as she chewed, and he enjoyed seeing her swallow whatever he put in her mouth. She originally thought it was inherently sexual, but every day she began to wonder if he just liked knowing he was caring for her.

That made sense. Sin never thought he'd be mated to an Aragnokan or anyone else, especially a human. Now that he had her, he was determined to be the best mate possible, and to Delilah, he was.

He was caring, attentive, and as sweet as he was sexual, but Delilah's heart hurt whenever she thought about how they couldn't have kids together. He would have to seek out a woman of his own kind in order to have a child, which she knew he would never do while she was in his life.

Not that finding an Aragnokan woman was an easy feat, from what she had learned. Her stomach churned at the thought, guilt riding her hard for mating him, even unintentionally.

She loved being mated to Sin, and she wouldn't change anything. And yet... She'd unknowingly played a part in ending one of his dreams, crushing it under the weight of their bond.

Sin had been adamant that he didn't care, that he cherished her and wanted her, but she still felt like shit about the situation and her part to play in it, and a frown began to mar her features.

What was the point of her being influenced by that stupid sex plant if it didn't even do anything except make her irrationally horny? It wasn't even working anymore, which was a godsend, though Delilah was still just as devoted to Sin sexually as she had been when she'd been suffering the effects of the plant.

"Is everything alright? You seem discontent, my mate."

Delilah's head jerked, a small smile forming at how earnestly his eyes implored her.

"I'm okay," she answered, hoping it would be true soon enough. Sin hadn't given her any reason to doubt that he was happy, she just needed to believe that *she* was enough. "I just still feel hungry."

Her stomach rumbled when the smell of Sin's food reached her nose, agreeing with her admission. Delilah's face flushed in embarrassment, though she should have been used to the sound by now.

Delilah scooted her empty plate toward the middle of the table, adjusting her butt on the metal chair as she eyed his plate hungrily.

Sin had several packages of food within his cupboards, but Delilah had noticed over the last several days that he really

preferred hunting for his own nourishment. He said it tasted better, knowing he had provided it himself.

And with the way that his food smelled right now? She believed him.

“I’ve wondered if perhaps all of the... fruit—” Sin told her awkwardly as he adjusted to the word—“isn’t enough to nourish your body.”

She shrugged. “Humans can easily live off of fruits and vegetables where I’m from, but I do like cooked meat.”

She eyed his plate again, her mouth watering despite how grotesque the dead creature looked. Yesterday, when Sin had brought home the carcass, the sight of it had turned her stomach.

But now?

She licked her lips, the sight of Sin’s meal making her sigh with longing.

Its head was missing, which was probably a small favor for her eyes, but its skin was covered in a red, scaly hide, almost like a leathery crab. Small, weird legs protruded out of the edges of each scale, reminding her of a variety of insects.

Sin had been able to bite into the animal with no problem, holding it like one would a hamburger. His sharp teeth made the hide look as smooth as butter.

Delilah moaned. God, what she wouldn’t give for a stick of butter to slather the meat in.

He stared at her, his mouth forming into a disbelieving smirk when he noticed how focused she was on his food.

“Are you wanting to try the ratliq?”

She grimaced at the name even as her stomach answered for her.

Sin’s eyes flared with appreciation as he licked his lips. He tore off a scale, displaying cooked white meat inside of the dead creature before he handed the piece to her.

It felt like a chunk of beef jerky in her hands. She gingerly pulled at the meat until it tore free from the hide, taking a delicate sniff before she put it into her mouth.

Flavor exploded on her tongue, and she moaned happily. It had a smoky taste, but definitely crab-like. Delilah chewed, swallowed, and then hungrily reached for more. She nearly smacked Sin’s hand off his own plate, eager for another bite.

Sin watched her eat for a few minutes, lust shining in his eyes as she licked her fingers before reaching for more of the ratliq.

“Perhaps I’ll have to hunt sooner than I thought to find more food for you, Shokan.”

Her brows rose at the name as she nibbled on another bite of meat. “Shokan? What’s that?”

Sin shrugged nonchalantly, though she couldn’t help but notice the way the veins in his face grew brighter as he flushed. She loved when her big, strong alien warrior looked so vulnerable around her. It wasn’t often, and sometimes he

even seemed embarrassed about it, but Delilah cherished it all the same.

“‘Shokan’ is a term used to recognize a mate after Al’Shokar has taken place.”

Her eyes softened and Delilah’s heart absolutely melted. He had a pet name for her? She didn’t even really know what it meant but that was beside the point. He could have been calling her a little piece of baked bread and she would have loved it.

“You never really told me what Al’Shokar is,” she said nonchalantly, trying to contain her giddiness before she jumped up and down in excitement like a lunatic.

She took another bite of the ratliq to calm herself and sighed happily at the taste that filled her mouth while Sin explained.

“It is a binding ceremony between mates. Al’Shokar roughly translates to ‘the joining.’ As you and I became bound without witnesses, it was a bit more primitive than if I had claimed you in front of my kin and others of Aragnok.”

Her face flushed and an embarrassed squeak left her throat at the image of him having his way with her in front of his family. She coughed, trying desperately not to choke on the food she’d hijacked from Sin.

Sin laughed, handing her another scale from the ratliq, one side full of the tender meat she was craving. “I would not have fucked you in a public ceremony, though I may have wanted to do so in order to stake my claim. Public ceremonies are often

used in an arranged mating though. For us, it was far less planned and far more passionate, which bodes well for the blessings that could be bestowed upon us.”

Her head tilted to the side, taking in his words. “How can blessings be bestowed upon us?”

“My people believe in divine workings. Those who put forth a mating with pure intentions often find themselves reciprocated in some fashion. A mating for affection is far more powerful than one for political ties.”

Interesting.

Delilah opened her mouth to ask more questions but bile quickly rose in her throat, nausea hitting her out of nowhere.

She gagged, jumping from her seat and turning toward the very sleek trash disposal unit in his kitchen.

The contents of her stomach came up as she heaved, her lower back cramping while she vomited.

Sin was behind her instantly, pulling her hair away from her face quickly while he rubbed her back soothingly. Once she was finished, he had her up in his arms, carrying her back toward the bedroom with hurried steps.

“I think I’m getting sick,” she mumbled miserably into his chest, a shiver racking her body.

Was she getting a fever?

Ugh, she was probably catching a cold. Her sense of smell had been off all week, which explained why the food smelled

different today than it had yesterday.

“I do not know this kind of illness,” Sin told her, worry thickening his voice as he lay her down gently onto the bed. “I’m unsure how to help...” He paused, his lips shifting into a thin line.

“I doubt it’s serious,” Delilah said to reassure him, despite feeling a flutter of nerves at this sudden unknown ailment.

As Sin brought the furs up around her trembling form, she felt her uneasiness subside. “I probably just didn’t handle the ratliq very well,” she said. That made sense, didn’t it? Strange land, strange food she wasn’t accustomed to yet?

“There are healers in the capitol,” Sin told her absentmindedly. “They would know more about your physiology and what might have caused your distress.”

“I thought you didn’t want me going to the capitol or meeting your family until The Games were over?” He’d mentioned it briefly to her, and based on how serious he’d sounded, Delilah trusted that meeting anyone else right now was a bad idea.

“This is true. I do not want someone to mistake you for a participant and take you from me.” He paused, his nostrils flaring. “I am also unsure if our mating will cause problems as we were both competing against one another.”

“I’m sure it was just the meat,” she told him. “Don’t worry so much, okay?”

Delilah settled into the furs, another shiver working its way down her spine while Sin hovered over her, his face filled with concern.



Sahin was struggling to remain calm while his Delilah was clearly suffering through some sort of illness that was obviously more serious than they had originally thought.

Days had passed since her first sickness, and now she was ill almost every night, constantly hungry but unable to keep food down for any length of time.

He was apprehensive, even more so when Delilah shrugged off his concern, telling him she felt fine.

His mate was *not* fine.

“Sin, please stop worrying. It’s just a stomach bug.” Delilah grasped her belly, an odd look crossing her face.

“Why do you seem nervous then?” His voice was harsher than he intended due to the panic he couldn’t quite contain, watching her expression morph from wariness to anxiousness the longer she clutched her ailing body.

“I’m not nervous.”

Sahin's upper lip curled into a snarl at her blatant lie; he didn't understand why she would conceal portions of herself from him. "I can see your pulse flutter in your throat, Shokan. Your body betrays your words."

Delilah waved a hand at him, dismissing his concern just as she had been for days.

Sahin scoffed, tired of his mate shrugging off his concerns when it was quite obvious she needed medical help.

What if something on Aragnok was hurting her body? For all Sahin knew, the very air could harm her if she was exposed to it for long enough.

He simply didn't know, and that made his blood run cold. "If you will not take your health seriously, I see no other option than to seek out a healer in the capitol."

His Delilah perked up, a wondrous expression replacing the one of disbelief. "We can go to the capitol? You think it's safe?"

"Not 'we,' my mate. Not yet. The Games continue for another week and bringing you there would only endanger you."

He would have to leave her behind, discreetly convince a healer to vacate the capitol, and bring Delilah the assistance she clearly needed.

He hated the thought of leaving his mate alone, but what other choice did he have? Her condition could worsen. *Had*

been worsening. And Sahin had been neglecting his instincts to care for her, assuming Delilah knew best.

No longer would he stand idly by while her health was at risk, though he was a bit nervous to broach the subject of Delilah's ailments with anyone from the capitol.

Only a few humans and other non-Aragnokan women had ever gone to live there so he would need to find a healer versed in foreign anatomy. And the healer would have to be discreet and trustworthy.

Sahin hated the thought of revealing that his new mate was a human while The Games still continued, afraid it would needlessly place her in danger.

Surely he wouldn't be told to give up his woman? To turn her in to the government officials? He snarled to himself, knowing how that conversation would end.

Sahin ate up the distance between them, comforting himself when he pulled her into his arms.

Tendrils unfurled from his torso to stroke her affectionately, the cotton of her dress brushing against his bare chest. Delilah sighed happily, sinking into his hold. It was everything Sahin could do to pry himself off her after a few minutes of holding her closely. He gave her one sweet kiss before stepping away.

Even his tendrils were reluctant to part, clinging to her before he let out a commanding rumble, calling them back to wrap around his torso protectively.

“I should only be gone for a night, at most, Shokan. Soon I will return with a healer and will see you well.”

Delilah worried her lower lip, her hands fisting in the skirt of her dress while she looked up at him. “You told me that I couldn’t get pregnant because we’re not compatible. Do you know that for sure?”

Sahin’s heart stopped for a moment before he cleared his throat, nodding once. “It would be physiologically impossible as we are not of the same world,” he reminded her. “Why do you ask?”

“Human women often experience the same symptoms I’m having right now when they’re expecting, but if I definitely can’t get pregnant then I think maybe our mating has done something to me.”

He reared back as fear and shock tore through him. “You believe I’ve harmed you?”

“No!” She sighed, running a hand through her fiery hair. “No, Shokan,” she repeated the endearment to him, and immediately his fear receded. “I just mean that we are different in a lot of ways. What if ingesting your saliva, among *other things*, has had an adverse affect on me? I don’t think it would, but I don’t know for sure, and neither do you.”

“Which is why a healer is paramount in treating you.”

His Delilah sighed again, eventually nodding her head in agreement. “Okay. This home is a lot more secure than the last, right? No crazy lava monsters are going to burst through the

floor and try to eat me if you leave me here alone?” she teased weakly, though he could see the worry in her eyes when he stepped forward again, pulling her back into his arms.

“No, my mate. This home is fortified against invasion.” He shrugged. “Besides, the ‘grenade room’ has plenty of supplies if you need to utilize them.”

He’d ensured his mate was familiar with several of the objects within his armory, and more specifically, he’d told her which ones to use and which to avoid in a fight should she ever have need to defend herself, though he’d never intended for her to actually use them, always planning to keep her safe himself.

Sahin only wished he kept more than one holopad within his residence. He could have used that as a means to keep in contact with Delilah, but now he would have to hurry and trust she was safe in the meantime.

She will be safe, he assured himself. She had food, water, and his home was a fortress.

If he was still nervous when he reached the capitol, he would utilize a device there to contact her directly.

Delilah rolled her pretty green eyes, pushing him away. “Stop teasing me. You and I both know if you thought I’d need to use the grenade room you wouldn’t be leaving me.”

This was true. His home was well-equipped to handle any number of Aragnokans attempting to enter by force, no matter

their kind. As long as Delilah remained within its walls, she would be more than safe while he was away.

Sahin kissed her once more, cherishing the taste of his mate on his lips before he pulled away, allowing her to follow him to the entrance.

“No one should be near us, and there are plenty of resources within our home, so please do not go outside for any reason.”

She watched as he activated the doorway, the metal sliding open seamlessly to reveal the darkness of his world.

“Yes, Dad. I understand. You’re sure you’ll be back tomorrow?”

He didn’t understand the name she’d given him, but he answered anyway. “If not sooner, Shokan.”

Sahin turned to watch the entrance seal shut, locking his mate protectively within their home.

He didn’t waste another moment as he traveled to a nondescript building a bit further from his dwelling, placing a hand on the electronic holopad implanted in the building’s wall.

Sahin stepped back to watch a large door slide open, revealing an automated transport vehicle within.

It was made of a sleek, black material that was more durable than any typical metal found on his planet. The transport was light and fast with an autopilot feature that allowed it to hover easily a few inches from the ground as it drove him to his destination.

He stepped inside the vehicle, sliding into one of several seats before pressing the button that would activate it.

Once the transport came online, Sahin popped in a few coordinates, watching as the screen flashed a real time image of the capitol before fading. Machines whirred beneath his feet before it pulled away from the building, taking him far off into the night.



Delilah had practically chewed her lower lip raw after a few hours, barely able to do anything other than pace wearily across the living room and worry.

She wasn't feeling anything but hungry right now, but considering every time she ate, she got sick, Delilah didn't want to risk another trip to the nearest trash can.

Maybe she was finally getting over being sick. Maybe Sin hadn't needed to leave after all.

Maybe she was getting better already.

Or maybe Sin was wrong and she *could* get pregnant.

Delilah winced when her teeth ripped her lower lip, the coppery taste of blood hitting her tongue.

Surely Sin knew better than she did about being incompatible... Right? They were from two different worlds, and while anatomically they worked *very well* together, that didn't mean his sperm could actually fertilize one of her eggs.

Except, Delilah had been on Aragnok for nearly a month and she hadn't gotten her period. And all she did lately was eat, sleep, cuddle, and have sex. If it were possible for her to get pregnant then she was definitely knocked up.

Oh shit.

What would carrying an alien baby even be like? Delilah hadn't actually thought about it before, on account of the whole 'we're incompatible' nonsense Sin had been spewing, but now she couldn't help but wonder.

Would it take more after her or Sin? Would the genetics split fifty/fifty like with humans? Would she be pregnant for the same length of time or would it be different? What if the baby came out as a warrior and had some freaky power she couldn't possibly understand as a human mother?

Delilah placed a hand over her stomach, rubbing her belly soothingly, even though she had no idea if she was actually carrying Sin's baby.

Getting pregnant by her alien mate seemed like a hell of a scary ordeal.

Hell, who was she kidding? If she found out she could give Sin babies, she'd be overjoyed.

He had seemed so sure of her inability to get pregnant, but Delilah also vividly remembered Sin telling her she couldn't be aroused by the pollen in the air.

And she'd definitely been horny as hell due to the pollen. But then, after a few days, the sexual pain had miraculously

abated, leaving her with only the more familiar urges to have her way with her delicious mate all the time.

What if the reason she no longer felt the draw of the pollen was because it had done its job? And why would Cordelia have told her anything about the pollen at all when she'd first woken up on Aragnok if it hadn't been important information?

She'd briefly brought up the subject with Sin before he'd left, but given how adamant he was that she could *not* be pregnant, she knew a professional was the next course of action.

Besides, if she was pregnant, there was no way she was going to pop out an alien baby without any idea what was going on or what to expect. A doctor was needed to talk her through this, to help them both figure everything out.

Delilah worried at her lower lip again, ignoring the pain, as question after question began to filter through her mind. The possibilities were both exhilarating and daunting, and Delilah needed to drown it all out before she started to freak out.

Delilah sighed, taking a seat on the couch to do the most mundane thing a human could on this world.

She watched TV.

Well, the Aragnokan version of TV, which so far just seemed like constant news reports. She still hadn't gotten used to the lifelike holoscreen, but it was fascinating to watch other Aragnokan men conduct themselves from the safety of her own home.

Live coverage of The Harvest Games had been playing in the background for the past hour, though Delilah had been too busy stressing to pay attention to anything happening.

Now, she sat up straighter from her spot on the couch, hoping to distract herself long enough to stop thinking about babies.

At least until Sin brought the healer back.

The capitol began flashing into view, showing glimpses of women of all different species, most of them dressed in sheer silk gowns, their *assets* on full display. Were those some of the women competing? Had they been captured and turned in? They had to be.

She didn't see another human among them, and her heart sped up. Had Cordelia managed to find a key and escape?

Delilah searched the screen to be sure she wasn't overlooking her only friend. It wasn't as shocking to see other alien women from different planets on the screen; the past month had given Delilah plenty of time to adjust, but watching essentially naked women parading themselves around was definitely startling.

Delilah looked down at her own wardrobe, her brow furrowing. She'd just assumed cotton was the only available material on this planet, but they had silk?

Maybe it was a rich capitol thing. Only the finest garments for the wealthiest and all that, though sheer gowns didn't really seem like a suitable option.

Maybe her mate could only afford cotton clothing, not that it really mattered to Delilah. Hadn't Sin told her he was a warrior, which was a status deemed less important than the aristocrats of his world?

Super classist, honestly.

A feminine scream suddenly pierced the night, sounding muffled from the confines of her home. But Delilah had heard it well enough.

The scream had come from outside. And it was distinctly human.

Delilah stood up, her heart beating quickly in her chest while she strained to hear anything else.

Only the droning of the TV caught her attention, and for a moment she honestly believed she'd hallucinated the entire thing.

Another scream tore through the air, agonized and terrified.

Delilah rushed toward the front door, nervousness making her breathing shallow.

“Please! Somebody help!”

The words were just as muffled as before, and equally as frantic as the feminine screams had been. And... Had that been English?

“It's going to kill me, please!”



*C*ordelia ?

Delilah knew that voice. Instinctively, she reached out for the holoscreen, ready to open the front door before she stopped herself.

Instead, she pressed a button and the windows in the house cleared, no longer blending in with the walls. Delilah peered outside, but she didn't see anything.

It definitely didn't help that it was still completely dark, but even the areas that were illuminated by vegetation didn't provide Delilah with any kind of insight.

There was a slight rustling to the right of the window, and as Delilah squinted through the gloom, she thought she caught a flash of pale skin and black hair.

"Oh God! Stop, stop!" The terror in Cordelia's voice was unmistakable, and Delilah found herself backing away from the front door, an impromptu plan forming.

This was either going to be amazing or get her killed, but she couldn't just stand by and listen to someone getting potentially murdered outside.

Delilah rushed from the living room and into the grenade room, snatching up a tennis ball-sized bomb before running back toward the front entrance even as indecision reared its ugly head.

What the hell did Delilah think she could realistically do? She didn't even know what was out there!

Open the door, she scolded herself, fingers gently squeezing the bomb she held in her right hand.

Fear still held her in its grip, Sin's words playing on repeat in her head. She was safe if she stayed inside. She was safe. Nothing could get her.

But was she really the kind of person to listen to someone else being harmed and do nothing? Cordelia sounded terrified. Delilah couldn't leave her out there, no way.

No way!

Cordelia screamed again, and the sound was followed by a muffled grunt of pain.

Spurred into action by the sound, Delilah pressed her left palm to the holopad. As the door unlocked and slid open, dim lighting flooded from the roof of the house, illuminating more than a dozen feet in front of the property.

The faint light helped Delilah feel less afraid, and so, without further hesitation, she stepped into the night, rushing

toward her friend.

And she really wished she hadn't.

Cordelia was flat on her back less than ten feet away while what Delilah could only describe as a massive spider with *the face of a person* was standing over her. There were pincers where its mouth should be and it was completely hairy, each leg as thick as her body.

Whatever burst of heroism Delilah had foolishly believed she possessed was gone immediately as she took a few hesitant steps in their direction, her pulse beating in her throat.

The monster pivoted its head toward her, mouth opening in an inhuman roar that stopped Delilah dead in her tracks.

Cordelia screamed pitifully from beneath it, scrambling out from under its hairy legs, propelling herself forward and away while it was distracted with its new prey.

Delilah didn't think Cordelia even noticed what caught the spider's attention until Delilah shouted her name.

The other woman turned toward the house, eyes widening in surprise. She waved her hands frantically, shouting at Delilah.

"Get away! It's so fast!"

Cordelia's warning came too late. Delilah had already held the monster's interest for too long, and now it turned fully toward her, rushing forward.

If she thought a normal spider moved fast, this monster that was the size of a pickup truck was insane, its huge, hairy body

making the ground tremble as it sped in her direction.

Delilah nearly vomited right then and there, all over the ground. How the hell was she supposed to take this thing on?

Get back inside!

But there wasn't time, and as the spider reached her, its pincers opening wide in another deafening roar, Delilah activated the bomb in her hand, throwing it at the thing's mouth.

The bomb bounced off one of its pincers, dropping like a stone as the monster approached, leaving it completely unbothered.

Her eyes went wide as the monster slowed its pace, stepping over the ball as it studied her. Its nostrils flared, pincers clicking together as its eyes narrowed and its legs tensed, preparing to strike.

Delilah didn't even have a chance to duck for cover when the bomb exploded.

She threw herself to the side to avoid the debris, but the monster was so large it took the entire impact. Green slime and entrails exploded all around her, falling like rain.

Hot sludge hit her hair, sliding down to her torso, and Delilah collapsed, leaning over as she retched.

"Oh my God!" Cordelia was at her side in an instant, pulling Delilah up and away from the monster's mutilated corpse. "I didn't think I'd ever see you again, and you're out here blowing up leilings like it's nothing!"

“Leilings?”

Was a leiling some giant ass spider sent straight from hell?

Cordelia nodded, grimacing as she began to pull chunks of the leiling’s body from Delilah’s hair.

“Please don’t mention it,” Delilah said, choking on the urge to vomit again as she looked down at her green, slimy dress. “What are you even doing here? I thought you’d made it back to Earth.”

Cordelia shook her head. “I’ve been trying to find a way home for weeks, same as you.”

Delilah stiffened, coughing delicately into her non-slimy hand.

Cordelia sent her a bewildered look. “You’ve been trying to escape, right?”

“Uh... Well, not exactly. I mean, I did what you said. ‘Seduce the monster,’ and all that.”

“Okay...?” Cordelia paused, clearly waiting for Delilah to explain.

Her face heated and Delilah couldn’t help but blurt, “Well it turns out, Cordelia, the monster is also really great at seduction, okay?”

Cordelia raised a brow, her lips twitching. “Are you telling me—”

“I was helpless to resist—”

“You got dicked down by an alien, and you’re actually into him?!”

“I’m *mated* now and I don’t want to go back to Earth,” Delilah finished hotly, grateful her voice didn’t waver despite the traumatic evening this was turning into.

Cordelia’s mouth popped open in shock and she dropped her hands to her sides, eyeing Delilah like she was certifiable. “That is the most insane thing I’ve ever heard in my life, but alright. Do you know where the key is then, since you won’t be using it?”

Delilah laughed nervously, scratching the back of her slime-covered head. “You know, it really hasn’t come up in conversation, and I’ve been a bit preoccupied with adapting to this world.”

Cordelia raised a brow before laughing softly. The sound was strained, and Delilah felt a twinge of guilt that their experiences on Aragnok seemed to have gone completely different.

“‘Adapting’, huh? I haven’t been as fortunate as you to find a spouse out of all this. Not that I’d want one, I don’t think. The only aliens I’ve run into since we split up have been complete assholes.”

“Trust me, if you find the right one, you’ll definitely want to stay here.”

More slime slid down her dress and Delilah grimaced, swiping uselessly at her gown. She really needed to get back

inside and clean up.

Should she just leave the carcass on the doorstep? Sin would throw a fit when he came back home and found out she'd done some dangerous shit. But the leiling was huge. There was no way Delilah could move that.

Cordelia tilted her head, studying Delilah curiously. "Does the pollen still affect you?"

Delilah shook her head. "No, it doesn't. I was going to ask you what you knew about it."

Cordelia's brow furrowed as she thought. "I think I already told you everything the alien told me when I woke up. I mentioned how the pollen helps women become fertile, didn't I? That we'll be overcome with the urge to have sex, and how we should use that as a weapon against the monsters holding the keys to our freedom."

Delilah's throat dried.

"You mean *Aragnokan* women become fertile, right? It doesn't apply to humans."

Cordelia shook her head. "Not sure. The alien didn't specify a species. And the pollen was affecting me, and still is a little bit. But I think the less sex you have then the less symptoms you have. If you have more sex, your body craves more until you..."

Delilah wiped more slime from her hair, shooting Cordelia a frantic look. "Until what? What happens?" But she already knew. "Until we get pregnant?"

So much for Sin's theory!

Did that mean Delilah was going to be able to give him babies after all?

A small smile lit up her features, a hand wandering to her stomach despite a new flutter of nerves making her feel nauseous all over again.

"Is this your monster's home? We need to get inside," Cordelia stated, completely oblivious to Delilah's revelation as she looked around. "That leiling wasn't the only thing after me tonight."

Delilah's head snapped up. "That wasn't the *only* thing? What else was after you?"

Cordelia shook her head, eyes wandering through the darkness. "Not what; *who*. He's one of the Aragnokans competing in The Games. I found him shortly after you and I parted, and I only just now managed to escape him. But aside from that, I kind of got into it with someone else in the woods before the leiling attacked." Cordelia shivered, hands wrapping around her waist as she spoke.

What? *Just managed to escape?* And how many aliens were roaming the woods? "Is your captor why you aren't experiencing any symptoms? Have you two been...?"

Cordelia shook her head. "No. 'Seduction no matter what' only works if the alien is into you, and trust me, my jailer is not interested in anything other than winning."

“Alright, we’ll hole up here until Sin returns.” They could wait for Sin and then go about planning their next steps. Maybe he had the key after all and could give it to Cordelia so she could escape.

It’s worth a shot, right?

“I would not move if I were you,” a light, raspy voice commanded from behind Cordelia. The woman stiffened only for a moment before a net was tossed over both of them.

Delilah let loose a panicked scream, struggling in vain against the large net. But it was too heavy, and both women stumbled under the weight, falling to the ground.

Glancing up at their captor, Delilah saw an alien similar in appearance to her mate looming over them. His skin was as dark as Sin’s own complexion, but he was far more solid, and even taller than Sin’s own nearly seven-foot frame.

He looked like he could pop Cordelia and Delilah like a grape if he wanted to.

“It is no use struggling, human.” The alien shook the net and it began to shrink until Delilah and Cordelia were squished together, incapable of movement let alone escape.

“This is my jailer,” Cordelia hissed in panic, her eyes widening with fear.

The alien snorted in derision when Delilah whimpered, adjusting the net again before he was lifting them up and tossing them over his shoulder like he was some fucked up version of Krampus.

“It’s time to go to the capitol,” the alien chortled as he began running away from the safety of Sin’s home.



Sahin had done it.

Finally, after hours of pestering various officials and some discreet searching, Sahin had been able to coerce, if not technically kidnap, the healer now traveling beside him.

The gentle hum of the transport was the only sound between the two Aragnokans as the automated pilot directed them home.

Sahin could have sighed in relief if he wasn't so anxious to return to his Delilah. He had not been separated from her for any true length of time since they'd mated and the distance between them now had left him feeling altered. Disgruntled.

The healer shifted cautiously beside him, no doubt unused to being in such close proximity to a warrior of Sahin's stature. Sahin might have smiled at the other male's nervousness if he didn't feel a similar churning in his gut.

He'd left Delilah alone for more than twelve hours now, and when he'd reached out on the comms system using a device

within the capitol building, she hadn't answered.

Perhaps she was sleeping, as she'd begun to do often, but part of him was worried there was another reason she was unresponsive. Why would his mate neglect his calls? Was she even more sick? Injured? Or worse...?

She is fine, Sahin assured himself, mostly because he didn't know how he would react if anything were to happen to her. His leg bounced rhythmically, betraying the calmness he attempted to exude.

The male beside him shifted again, eyeing Sahin's tendrils warily as they pulsed and writhed against his torso. He couldn't help the movement; *all* of him was worried for Delilah, and he didn't give a fuck if his anxiety upset the smaller male.

Healers and other aristocrats located within the capitol couldn't boast of tendrils like Sahin's, or any other bodily weapons in general, and they usually tended to be unsettled in his presence.

Often the elite chose to separate themselves from the warriors, which was why his father, Jakkar, was considered an anomaly among the Aragnokans.

Jakkar was a high-ranking member of the Aragnokan senate, located within the capitol, but Jakkar had never let that sway him in the slightest when it came to his sons.

Even upon Sahin's birth, when he had been classified as a warrior and his future had been set, Jakkar had always been

present in some fashion.

He had raised Sahin from infancy until he was taken, and then kept in contact at every opportunity until Sahin had been considered fit for duty. From there it was impossible to go more than a handful of days without hearing from his father, even when he was planets away.

The Aragnokan government was convinced that lack of contact and love would make males like Sahin even more fierce, more inclined to a certain savagery that would protect their planet.

When he'd first left the safety of his family, all of his material possessions had been taken. It was to rid him of his former life so he could build himself up from scratch; training and fighting until he was a male worthy of his heritage.

But when he'd moved into his home with his brothers, Jakkar had been the first one to come by, giving Sahin back a few precious items. Like the blanket his mother had made when he was born, or the picture book of his childhood.

The thoughts of his family caused a burst of nostalgia, and Sahin found himself more than eager to visit with them again. Especially since that meant bringing Delilah to meet each one of them. His father would cherish her as a daughter, just as Sahin did as a mate.

Currently, Ezul and his other warrior brother Kylok were still gone, otherwise they would have been home to greet Delilah weeks ago.

Perhaps the two other males would need to find their own accommodations when they returned.

Sahin had grown particularly fond of fucking Delilah anywhere he pleased, but he knew his mate would take issue with being taken while any of his brothers could walk by. Sahin wasn't a shy male by any means, but he did dislike the idea of others seeing the passion on Delilah's face that was meant solely for him.

Sahin snapped his teeth together when the healer fidgeted again, drawing him from his musings. "Will you keep calm? Your fear is a stench that permeates the air."

"Apologies, Sahin. It is not often I am called away from the capitol, especially for reasons unknown."

Sahin sighed. "I have told you the reasons. My mate is unwell."

The healer shifted again, grimacing. "Yes, but you will not tell me what ails her, nor when you mated or to whom."

Sahin bit back his first retort, instead taking a calming breath before answering. He hadn't confided anything but the bare necessities to the healer yet. When the healer discovered that Delilah was human, he might report what he found to his superiors.

Sahin couldn't allow that.

There were only a few more days until The Games were over. He would simply find a reason to keep the healer within his home for the duration, if only to ensure the male did not

reveal Delilah's species to anyone else who could take her from him.

Decided, Sahin turned more fully to the healer.

“How familiar are you with humans?”

The healer sat up straighter, adjusting the neck of his robe. All healers wore a similar garb that covered their necks and trailed all the way to the floor, leaving the majority of their bodies concealed. They believed it kept them pure, giving them an advantage when healing their patients.

Sahin thought they were full of shit, but he kept his opinions to himself.

“Familiar enough to know when one is sick and how to treat the condition.” The healer studied him with interest. “How long have you been mated to your human? The Games have only been in circulation for a few years, and in that time we've only had six human women on Aragnok. Two of the six are currently competing.”

“No more than thirty days have passed since we have claimed one another through Al'Shokar.”

The healer eyed him knowingly. “I see. So you've claimed a mate intended to be used as collateral for The Games.”

“Delilah is my mate, not ‘collateral’ in anything,” Sahin hissed, his tendrils unfurling around him menacingly. If the healer kept talking, Sahin could guarantee Delilah's safety easily enough. He'd let the male help her and then he'd kill him.

The healer gulped, eyeing Sahin warily before nodding.

“I can see that. What symptoms has Delilah come down with?”

Sahin rattled off several of her ailments, eyeing the healer speculatively as his eyes lit up with understanding.

“Interesting. And just how long has she been suffering with an upset stomach?”

“Nearly six days.”

The transport stalled out near his home and Sahin looked at the holo screen at the front console, squinting to read the words that appeared.

There was an obstruction along the road? What could be blocking his way?

Sahin powered down the transport, casting a side eye to the healer.

“You’ll remain within the vehicle. Do not try to run as I will only be forced to follow and it will take precious time away from Delilah.” Sahin tilted his head. “You will also not like what happens when I do catch you.”

“I can assure you, I have no intentions of allowing your mate to go untreated,” the healer stated gravely.

Sahin stepped from the transport, the muggy night air wrapping around his taut body.

A few steps toward his home and he could easily identify what lingered on the road. More specifically, the *pieces* of

what lingered.

Blades shot from the bumps on his tendrils as they unfurled from his torso. He approached the leiling slowly, eyeing the massive creature warily.

Leilings were formidable opponents and some of the most ferocious beasts Sahin had ever encountered, though they typically kept to their caves. To find one dismembered so brutally and so close to his own home was virtually unheard of.

It had clearly been chasing something to wander so far from its den. But what would hold its interest?

He kicked the creature with his foot, eyes narrowing at the sharp piece of metal sticking from an obvious wound. He studied the object curiously for a moment before realization dawned.

Sahin hissed, head snapping toward his home.

He took off at a run, fear striking through him when he reached the front door of his home. The doorway was wide open.

His Delilah had stepped outside to fight a leiling? What would possess her to behave so foolishly?

Sahin rushed into their home, shouting Delilah's name as he searched the rooms. Had she been injured during the battle?

Leiling bites could render their prey paralyzed for several hours, allowing them plenty of time to devour their meals. Logically he knew she couldn't have been eaten by the beast.

It was clear she'd managed to kill it with one of Sahin's own weapons.

But what if it had bitten her before she could kill it? How would his mate react to a bite from such a creature? She was a human and so tiny; her body might not recover.

Surely she couldn't have gotten far.

Sahin's panic continued to grow as he searched each room desperately, his thoughts filling with dread the longer he went without hearing her sweet voice. His heart clenched painfully when the last room failed to reveal his Delilah either.

Their home was empty. His mate was *gone*. Why would his mate leave if the leiling had been killed?

She wouldn't.

Sahin returned outside, determined to spot anything that would point him in the direction she might have gone.

He was a warrior, but his training covered a range of skills including tracking, which allowed him to hunt down his targets if they escaped or were trying to avoid him. If she had wandered off for some reason, he would find her and bring her back home.

She must be terrified without him. A rumble sounded in his chest, the reverberation echoing with rage and menace.

"That's a nasty critter," the healer said, startling Sahin out of his increasingly dangerous thoughts. "Based on the coagulation, I'd say he's been here for nearly nine hours."

Nine hours...

Sahin turned toward the healer, but before he could reprimand him for leaving the transport, Sahin's eyes locked on marks in the dirt at the healer's feet.

"Don't move," Sahin muttered, taking a careful step toward the male. "Cease," he hissed again as the healer stepped back instinctively. The male paused, fear clouding his features.

"I didn't mean—"

"I don't care what you meant," Sahin grumbled, kneeling down to inspect the marks. "Do you see this?" He gently touched the ground. "These are caused by topek nets. They are made of a malleable webbing. When tossed over an object, the net snaps together at the bottom, leaving these marks behind, if the ground is forgiving enough."

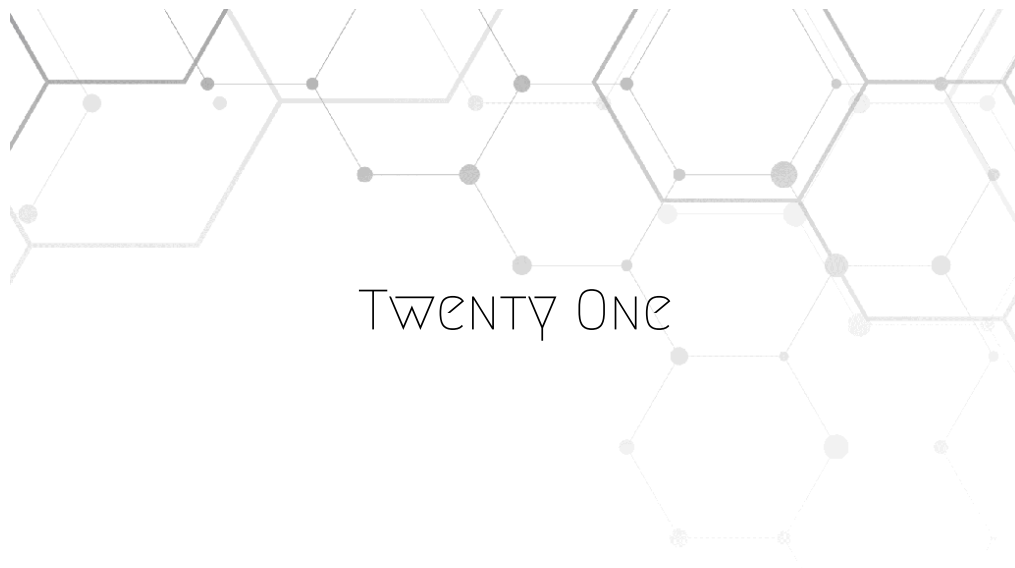
The marks were only in one spot, meaning whatever was captured had been lifted up, not dragged away.

Someone had taken his Delilah. Taken his human away. And they had a nine-hour head start...

"Get back in the transport," Sahin growled, his tendrils snapping around him furiously.

"Where are we going?"

"Back to the capitol."



Delilah was trapped in a literal nightmare, and she had been for hours.

After trying desperately to reason with the alien that had captured them, she'd come to the conclusion that he sucked and didn't give a shit that she was mated. He'd merely laughed at her before hurrying along to the capitol, eager to earn his points.

Delilah and Cordelia were now being led into a large room inside what she assumed was the capitol building she'd caught glimpses of on Sin's TV.

Everything was dark and gloomy around her, or maybe it was the separation from Sin making her feel depressed. Either way, Delilah was full of nerves as she was corralled into a room full of women.

At least, she assumed they were all women, but she genuinely had no idea. Some looked human enough, with green or blue skin, and some were very alien-like in nature,

with no discernible features that stood out as inherently feminine.

She gulped when she locked eyes with a being that resembled a two-legged version of an ant; several eyes lined its face and baby pincers opened and closed while it conversed with a woman with purple skin and small antlers atop her head.

Cordelia was stiff at Delilah's side, reaching out to hold her hand as they were ushered further into the room by a guard. They'd been handed off by their abductor upon arrival, and the male escorting Delilah to her doom ignored her pleas to be released, calmly stating she would be well cared for now that she was here.

She was already being well cared for back home by Sin. She didn't belong here; she belonged with her mate.

Delilah's breath hitched in her throat at the thought, and for a moment the walls seemed to close in around her until Cordelia's fingers squeezed hers reassuringly, letting her know she wasn't alone.

Delilah looked around the room again.

Each person there was clothed, seemingly well-fed, and no one seemed to mind their surroundings.

In fact, the conversation swirling around the room was light and full of laughter, definitely not the environment she would have pictured when she'd learned they were being turned in to essentially become sex slaves.

“Please,” Delilah begged the guard again when he turned to leave, her heart in her throat. “I belong to Sin! I shouldn’t be here. This is a mistake!”

The guard scoffed as he’d done earlier, when Delilah had first told him. “You belong to no male, especially this ‘Sin.’”

“But I *am* mated,” Delilah blurted, whipping her slime-covered hair to the side to show him her bite mark. Her hair, and the rest of her, was in complete shambles. She was stiff and dirty, and she smelled awful.

The guard rolled his eyes before indulging her, stepping close to look at her neck.

He chuckled before walking away. “A male would be proud of his brand on a mate. This looks faded and unkempt.”

Delilah bristled, hands going to her hips. “Excuse me? Sin *is* proud of me. And it’s faded because—” She sputtered, her face going red. “Because none of your business, actually.”

She wasn’t about to tell him it was because Sin was afraid having sex while she had been unwell would hurt her.

The guard snickered, disappearing through a door that clicked shut behind him.

“What was that? What did he say?” Cordelia crowded her space, eyeing the other women warily.

“You don’t know?”

“Delilah, he wasn’t speaking English. Or Italian, or French. It all sounded like angry gibberish to me.”

“Oh wow, I never considered that you wouldn’t have a translator.” Delilah tapped at her ear, explaining the whole, crazy spider-bean situation. Cordelia’s eyes widened, her mouth popping open.

“That sounds horrifying.”

Delilah waved a hand. “Not really, especially now that I can talk to Sin.” She eyed Cordelia. “How could you communicate with the alien that told you the rules weeks ago if you don’t have a translator?”

“Because he was speaking English.” Cordelia’s eyes found the antlered woman and her spine stiffened, fear reflected in her gaze.

Delilah didn’t blame her for the reaction. From the sound of things, Cordelia had been locked up for weeks before she had escaped. And even then, she’d had a run in with another alien in the woods, pissed off a leiling and almost gotten eaten before Delilah had saved her.

And now? They’d just been bartered like cheap goods so an alien could advance in The Games.

God, how barbaric.

The antlered woman, who no doubt noticed them both gawking at her, wandered over to their corner, smiling brightly. Her teeth resembled theirs; blunt and white, not sharp like Sin’s.

“How exciting for you to join us!”

“Exciting?” Delilah echoed. How the hell was this exciting?

The alien tilted her head in confusion. “Is that not the right word?”

Delilah shook her head. “I’m sorry, how is this exciting for you?”

“Oh! Well, I was selected from my home planet, along with a few others, to come here. To compete in The Games is the newest craze among many of our planets. It’s all so new and exhilarating.” The alien practically beamed. “And getting caught is half the fun.”

“Amen to that,” Delilah murmured immediately, wincing when Cordelia elbowed her, wanting to be involved in the conversation.

Delilah parroted everything to her before asking another question.

“So you weren’t kidnapped from your planet?” The alien looked baffled by Delilah’s question before shaking her head, no. “And you wanted to do this?”

She nodded happily. “Definitely! If we manage to find the key to travel home, we receive many honors. And if we are captured?” Her smile turned positively sinful. “Well, we’ve agreed to live here and offer ourselves for a year’s time before returning home.”

Okay. Seriously, what the hell? Cordelia and her were the only ones snatched up unwillingly? Why? And was Sin aware that the women were free to leave after a year? He seemed

kind of oblivious about the finer details of The Games, only certain of what *he* was supposed to do.

“You can return home even if you lose?” Cordelia perked up at Delilah’s question, her eyes alight with interest.

The woman laughed. “Of course we can. When our year is up.” She shrugged. “Though most of us choose to remain in the harem, at least so far.” She smiled again. “Why leave when we can have our every desire sated at any time by a male who’s gone too long without care? The ones who find their way here are often ravenous and fervent lovers.”

“Yes, I’m mated to one,” Delilah bragged, unable to help herself.

“You’re mated and yet you’re here?”

Delilah waved a hand dismissively, though the alien’s words really made her situation so much more real and tears pricked her eyes. “It’s a long story.”

“Well, you both seem to have stumbled into some trouble, based on the looks of you. How about I take you to the bathing pools and we can get you clean while you explain everything?”

Delilah relayed the conversation to Cordelia, hopeful the woman would agree. But at this point, Cordelia seemed more fearful of being left alone with these strange females she couldn’t understand than in following Delilah to somewhere new with this woman.



The bathing pools were sensational. The water had been warm and moisturizing, immediately soothing Delilah's aching body and breasts, which had recently become extremely sensitive to the touch.

Her hair was finally free of leiling goop particles, and Delilah felt one thousand times better. She ran her fingers through it, untangling the knots as she waited for their guide to return.

Apparently, the antlered woman knew someone who might be able to help them leave.

Even her clothing had been replaced, though she was reluctant to part with anything Sin had given her. It was weird wearing silk after so many weeks of donning her cotton dresses, and she wasn't a huge fan of how sheer the material was, basically exposing her entire body to whoever looked closely.

Sin would throw a fit when he found her.

When. She absolutely refused to believe her mate wouldn't know what happened to her or where she'd been taken.

He has to know, right?

Cordelia sat in a plush seat, pillows fanned out around her. She looked close to puking, but that had probably been Delilah's exact expression after she'd had the translator implanted inside her ears.

Alesanda, their new friend, came back into the bathing rooms, smiling at both women.

“We might be in luck to get you returned to your Sin,” Alesanda declared cheerfully. “I know one of the warriors *intimately*. He’s just returned from battle on the Gulshov planet as of yesterday and he’s reached out to me. If anyone knows your warrior, it should be him. He’ll be here soon.”

There was an ominous, deep chime that filled the air before quieting immediately. It sounded like a guttural doorbell.

“That will be him. Come!”

Cordelia jumped up, no doubt just as eager as Delilah to get the hell out of there. Delilah didn’t blame her, but she did wonder if it would be simple enough for both of them to just stroll out of the harem quarters without any issue. Especially if they were supposed to serve a year’s time.

The male that stepped through the door was nearly mauled by a handful of women, all of whom he greeted amicably but coolly.

Cordelia stiffened at her side, her face blanching, but Delilah was too taken aback by how familiar he seemed.

He was as tall as Sin, with the same deep gray skin, but instead of Sin’s comforting fiery glow, this man had bright white cracks running across his skin. From what she could see, it was like bolts of lightning streaked across his very flesh. His hair was the same shade as Sin’s too. His demeanor was very

callous, though, as if he took no joy in anything. Otherwise, the resemblance was uncanny.

If he'd had tendrils or Sin's family hadn't been off-world, she could have easily assumed he was related to her mate.

The Aragnokan pried himself free from the crowd of women, eyes wandering until he spotted Alesanda. Though he looked at her in recognition, he seemed indifferent, until he turned his attention to Delilah.

Or more specifically, Cordelia.

A low rumbling hiss escaped his mouth before he was stomping in their direction, the glow from his veins brightening.

"Oh, shit," Cordelia whispered, taking a hesitant step back.

"*You*," he seethed, passing the others by until he was in Cordelia's space and his hands were gripping her biceps.

"Hey! Let go of me!" He did just the opposite, dragging Cordelia close until he towered over her frame and her front was pressed into him.

"I should turn you over my knee and spank you until your flesh is raw," he hissed. His eyes were wild, the black encased in a glowing white.

Holy shit.

Delilah decided to intervene. "Maybe we just calm down, okay? How do you know Cordelia?"

“This *vile* woman led me into a den of leilings and left me to die!”

Cordelia scoffed, shoving at his chest. The big alien didn’t even budge. “*You* were chasing me through the woods, you psycho!” She turned toward Delilah. “I bumped into this guy after escaping the first alien, and he was worse than the last!”

The mysterious alien Cordelia had met in the woods before she’d been hunted down by that leiling?

“I was attempting to see you safely from the wilds of our planet. Are all human women as ungrateful as you, *Cordelia*?” He rasped her name in such a way that even Delilah shivered, and his attention wasn’t even focused on her. She’d never heard a man sound so possessive and borderline vicious all at once.

Even Cordelia flushed. Delilah understood completely though. The Aragnokan warriors didn’t mess around.

“Look, as much as I would love to get to the bottom of *all of this* you two have going on, we need your help.” The man turned toward her as if finally noticing her. Delilah waved. “Yes, hi. There has been a huge misunderstanding. See, I’m mated to Sin, he’s a warrior, but I was taken from him and turned in here, and I’m honestly just trying to get back home to him.”

The male looked on in confusion.

“There is no warrior among the Aragnokan who is called ‘Sin.’”

“What?” She practically screeched the question. “Listen, guy, I can assure you that’s his name. He’s tall, strong as hell, has these crazy extra—”

A roar sounded off in the distance, loud enough to startle the various women who’d been chattering aimlessly around the room as they waited for a chance to talk to the warrior.

The man cocked his head to the side, his body tensing when another roar echoed off the walls, followed by screams from the hall.

Delilah felt a spike of fear. If the Aragnokan was nervous then just what the hell was out there?

The Aragnokan grabbed Cordelia again, shoving her behind him protectively before a black mist seeped from his skin, followed by sparks of... electricity?

“Not again,” Cordelia whined, backing away. “You’re about to see why I ran the hell away from him,” she whispered fearfully.

Just then the door slammed open, another roar splitting through the growing fear and tension among the women. It was soon followed up by the sweetest sound she’d heard all day.

“Where is my Delilah?”



Sahin stormed past several guards, his tendrils lifting several males into the air easily and launching them backwards as he made his way toward the harem room.

He hoped Delilah was inside, though if she had been mistreated in any way he would be liable to kill everyone who he came into contact with.

He was liable to do so anyway.

The urge to rip apart whichever male had turned her in like she wasn't a mated woman coursed through his veins. Like she wasn't claimed and valued above all else. How could they not have seen the mating mark branded on her supple skin?

The swishing of the healer's robes was barely heard as the smaller male struggled to keep up, apologizing profusely to each guard that was launched high into the air.

Sahin snarled at the male. He didn't need some pesky, little healer apologizing on his behalf. Sahin wasn't sorry at all.

He wanted his mate. Now.

Sahin smiled cruelly as the guard blocking the door to the harem room dropped his weapon and took off in the opposite direction, clearing the path to his goal.

His hands shoved the doors open instantly, Delilah's name a roar on his lips as he demanded his mate.

Harem women screamed in panic, scattering throughout the room until they were as far from Sahin as possible as he prowled angrily through the doorway.

He paused, taken aback by the male warrior standing menacingly in the middle of the room, dark mist billowing around him.

“Ezul?” What was his brother doing here? Sahin's eyes locked on Delilah, who stood worriedly at his brother's side, her face falling in relief when she saw it was him.

“Sin!”

His Delilah shoved past Ezul, rushing forward and jumping into his arms. Sahin let out the breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding, grabbing ahold of his mate and tucking her fiercely into his embrace.

She let out a little cry, climbing up him until her lips pressed against his and her legs wrapped around his waist.

Sahin groaned, his tongue sliding past her lips and tasting her hungrily. His tendrils wrapped around her body, dragging her as close as possible while he explored her mouth, claiming her in front of whoever was watching.

A throat cleared next to them, and Sahin regretfully released Delilah's lips, relaxing when she nuzzled his throat, her arms wrapping around his neck in a tender hug.

"Brother," Ezul began, looking slightly confused as he caught sight of Sin's mating mark. "I did not realize you had claimed a mate. Congratulations!"

"Why were you standing so close to my woman?"

"She was upset by the noises in the hall."

Sahin grimaced. He never wanted to frighten his mate in any way, let alone while he attempted to rescue her.

Delilah shifted in his arms, turning to glare at Ezul. "What I'm upset about now is the fact I *told* you I was mated to Sin and you *lied* to me. You told me you had no idea who he was!"

Sahin's eyes narrowed when his brother huffed at her before sending a bewildered look his way.

"I told you I did not know him because he is not called 'Sin.' My brother's name is Sahin."

"*What?*" Delilah screeched, her head turning so quickly her nose bumped Sahin's cheek. "I've been calling you the wrong name this entire time?" Her delicate skin flushed a dull shade of red, and she buried her head into his neck.

Sahin felt tears wet his skin and he panicked, unsure of why she was so upset.

"It is nothing, Shokan," he replied soothingly. "I enjoy being your Sin, and you are my little glutton."

His brother's brows rose, and Delilah squawked against his neck. "Don't say that out loud, there are people here."

A human woman behind Delilah snorted before covering it quickly with a delicate cough.

Sahin sighed, casting a suspicious glance about the room.

Women of various races were eyeing him appreciatively until he bared his teeth, startling most of them away. He glowered at the silk around their bodies, noting his own mate was also garbed in such drab material.

"Where is your gown?" Where was the fine cotton he'd spent thousands of credits on to ensure she was in the best attire?

"I ruined it," she muttered miserably into his neck, refusing to come back out from the safety offered in his closeness. "It was covered in leiling guts."

"You and I will be having a conversation about that," Sahin rasped, the sensual threat in his voice impossible for her to ignore. "I told you to stay indoors."

Delilah sniffed, nuzzling him some more, and his ire fled as easily as it had come. "I was going to but it was Cordelia out there. I could hear her screaming. I had to help her. How was I supposed to know a massive spider was about to eat her? And I killed it, which I thought would impress you, but then some Aragnokan showed up and tossed a net over my head before bringing us here."

A snarl left Sahin's throat when he heard her retell the story, only confirming his suspicions.

“Did you tell your abductor you were mated?”

She nodded. “He said no one mates with humans. At least, that's what I thought he said. He laughed a lot.”

Ezul took a wary step back when Sahin released a hiss, his brother standing protectively over another human Sahin could only guess was Cordelia.

“I'll kill him when I find out who brought you here,” Sahin murmured threateningly.

The healer, who he'd all but forgotten, stepped toward Delilah. “I heard you've been unwell, child. How are you feeling now?”

She sniffed, lifting her head to reveal red eyes filled with tears. Sahin's heart clenched painfully at her distress. The entire ordeal must have been so traumatizing for his little mate.

“I'm just really emotional right now, but I don't need you to diagnose me.” She looked back at Sahin, sending him a wobbly smile. “I really need to speak with you. In private.”

Footsteps sounded behind Sahin, and his tendrils unfurled from Delilah, blades protruding as he turned to face whatever threat was waiting for him. She let go of Sahin's neck, taking a quick step beside him so he could face their threat head-on.

His tendrils coiled around them, poised and ready to strike at the several guards swarming the room, government officials

coming in directly behind them until Sahin and Ezul were quickly surrounded.

But Sahin hesitated when he saw who led them.

His father stood proudly at the front of the group, eyeing his sons angrily. “What is the meaning of this insolence? Sahin? Ezul?”

Delilah stiffened beside him, her brow furrowing with worry as his father approached.

“Why did I hear word that my son was assaulting members of the capitol guard over a harem of women?”

“Son?” Delilah whispered, her face paling.

Sahin growled low in his throat at his father’s disbelieving and irritable tone. “My mate was falsely sent here and I’ve come to demand she be returned.”

His father drew back in confusion, eyes trailing around Sahin until they locked on Delilah.

“A human? You’ve mated a human?”

“Yes,” the healer Sahin had forgotten about once more piped up eagerly. “And she was a success.”

Sahin turned toward the healer, a tendril snapping around the male’s neck, lifting him high in the air. “What do you mean, ‘a success?’”

Delilah gasped when several guards drew near, their weapons held at the ready. Sahin merely scoffed at the

audacity of these pathetic males, knowing he could take them all within a matter of seconds if they truly threatened him.

“Keep your weapons away from my Delilah or I will slice your heads from your bodies.”

“I apologize, my son.” His father called off the guards, looking at the two of them with excitement. “We must speak. At once.” Sahin sighed, dropping the healer to the ground.

He nodded for his sons to follow him. The guards hurried out of their way, allowing the three of them to leave, but they quickly blocked Cordelia, barring her from exiting.

His mate hesitated, reaching out for the other woman anxiously.

“It’s okay,” Cordelia told his mate, nodding stiffly. “Just get me out of here, yeah?” Delilah nodded back, eyes full of a determination that made him proud to call her his.

Ezul glared at the small human, radiating fury before he scoffed, turning to follow their father from the room.

It was short work to reach his father’s offices, Delilah tucked securely into his side.

The doors closed behind them, leaving his father to smile sheepishly at Delilah.

“I’m not one for much of Earth’s customs, but greetings to you and welcome to our family, Delilah.”

His mate waved to his father politely.

“I understand this situation is likely confusing,” Jakkar began. “But I would like to tell you a bit about The Harvest Games.”

“I know about them,” Sahin snapped impatiently. They had wasted enough time. He had to get his mate away from here.

Delilah had been through far too much already and she still wasn't well, no matter what she said.

He would hate to battle his way out of the capitol and make himself an enemy to his own people, but he would do it without a moment's hesitation if his father refused to allow his mate to leave for some damned game.

His father smiled, remaining calm and collected. “Sahin, you know nothing about what's in play here.”

Sahin shut his mouth, his confusion evident. Delilah merely squeezed his hand in reassurance, nodding her head subtly for his father to begin.

“Since their inception nearly a decade ago, our government has advertised The Harvest Games as a way for males of our population to win the opportunity to bed one of our women. To sire a child.”

“I know this,” Sahin bit out. “I was competing this year.”

“What we have kept a secret,” his father continued, “is that the true prize has never been one of our Aragnokan women. We, as a species, are dying out. Our population is dwindling. Knowing our end is near, we've begun to reach out to other planets, hopeful to find a species compatible enough with our

dominant genetics to produce our offspring. The Games have never truly been about mating with one of our women; they've been about finding a solution to save our race."

"Why lie?" Sahin asked abruptly, his head reeling from the revelation.

His father merely shrugged. "It was suggested that false hope could lead to a global depression, affecting our economy and our very way of life. Making it into a game to conceal our true motives was a better option."

"One of the harem women told me that the participants of The Games are all volunteers, but Cordelia and I didn't sign up for this at all," Delilah said, shooting Sahin an apologetic glance before she caressed his thumb with hers.

His father smiled sadly. "And for that, I apologize. Our intentions were never to harm you or any other human, but as Earth is unaware of life on other planets, we couldn't send an invitation for participants. As we are desperate to repopulate, we unfortunately had to resort to some distasteful practices to bring you to Aragnok. It's been our hope that while most women from these other planets might be incompatible, DNA in a select few could make them predisposed to bear our offspring. We could not take the chance and exclude Earth."

Sahin understood what his father was saying, but at that moment he didn't care about anything except returning Delilah to the safety of their home. He just wanted to protect her and see her well.

“Be that as it may, my mate will not be staying here. I do not care that she was turned in, Delilah and I are bound under the laws of Al’Shokar. I will not be parted from her.”

His father nodded readily. “Of course. Though the male that brought her in will be upset he has lost a point in The Games.”

“Two points,” Delilah corrected. “Cordelia didn’t ask for this either.”

His father hesitated. “Unfortunately, the other human will be required to remain with the harem. She is unmated and has several of the same genetic markers as yourself. We cannot simply send her back to Earth. Not for at least a year, as is a rule of The Games.”

“You can’t force her to have sex,” Delilah said heatedly, and Sahin agreed with her wholeheartedly. Even Ezul seemed angered by his father’s words, streaks of white glowing from his fingers.

“We won’t, of course not. She will only be required to stay here for a year in the hopes she allows potential males to court her, and then we can see about returning her to Earth.” His father turned his attention back to Sahin. “As your mate will be needing you for the foreseeable future, I hope you will be inclined to retire from your position as warrior in order to help guide our kind into a new future. You will be compensated handsomely, and as Delilah’s safety is paramount, whatever you need will be provided. She will also be required to visit a healer to check on both of their health before she can return

home with you, as the healer you were strangling before has confirmed her condition.”

“What does that mean?” Sahin asked, confused. Both of their health? Why would Delilah and Cordelia need their health monitored?

Delilah turned toward Sahin, an odd light shining in her eyes when she caught his attention. “I told you the pollen affected me, remember?” she asked him somewhat shyly.

He was silent a moment before his eyes widened, pieces of his father’s conversation finally clicking together as his wariness ebbed. Delilah stared at him knowingly. “Shokan, what are you saying?”

His father sucked in a breath at the endearment, his eyes filling with emotion. “This woman truly is your world?”

“That’s what it really means?” Delilah asked, her chin trembling.

“We’ll give you the room for a moment,” his father said. Then he ushered Ezul out, leaving the two of them alone as the door clicked shut.

“You’re with child?” Sahin asked breathlessly at the same time as Delilah sobbed, “I’m your world?”

She nodded at him happily, a long tear sliding down her face. “I’ve got all of the symptoms of a pregnancy, and now that I think about it, I haven’t started my cycle since I’ve been here.”

A child. They were to have a child together? Sahin swept Delilah into his arms as emotion threatened to overwhelm him, kissing her tenderly.

“Shokan, I wish to take you home,” he murmured against Delilah’s lips. “You do not belong here in these rags.”

She belonged home with him where he could provide for her and keep her safe. Where he could ensure their child grew healthy and strong.

Their child.

Sahin’s heart beat quickly in his chest and he wanted to roar his good fortune to the world. Instead, he contented himself with kissing Delilah again and again until he knew he’d take her in his father’s office if he didn’t stop now.

“Are you happy that I’m going to have your baby?” she asked quietly when they finally broke apart, cupping the side of his face.

“You have always made me happy,” he replied easily. “You are my heart, little glutton, even if we could never have children.”

But now that it was a possibility...

Sahin smiled down at her, keeping her held firmly to his chest as he carried her from the room.

They would see the healer. And then he was taking his mate home, where she belonged.



“O h! Sin!”

Sahin smirked into the folds of Delilah’s pussy before he slid his tongue eagerly into her wet heat. Tendrils held her legs spread before him, her body splayed in offering to his every desire.

He’d been ravaging her for several days, more than happy to use his free time now that he was no longer a warrior to worship every morsel of the woman before him.

His heart was bursting with so much tenderness for his mate, to the point Sahin knew he could never tire of her. Never want for anything else.

Delilah had given him everything he could have possibly dreamed of, and only two months had passed since he’d rescued her from the harem.

His mate’s fingers found his hair, holding him still while she rocked against his face, distracting him from his thoughts until all he could feel was Delilah.

He groaned, lapping at the sweet juices spilling from her pussy before shoving his tongue deep.

She choked on a moan while he feasted, her body shaking around him as he devoured her. Sahin took his time licking her cunt, his tongue stroking inside her while his fingers spread her ass, opening her up like a prize.

“Please, I need you,” she begged, her cry piercing the room when one tendril slid along her folds, soaking in her slick before stroking the tight hole Sahin had been neglecting.

Delilah arched off the bed when his tendril worked itself slowly into her ass, stretching her while he continued sucking and licking at her weeping pussy. He was starved for her juices, having gone without her sweet cunt for too long after just a few hours since his last ‘meal’.

Her legs trembled when Sahin’s mouth slid up, sucking on her clit while two tendrils came between them, winding together before easing into her cunt.

Only a few seconds later, Delilah was spasming around him, her sweet cries of release causing his cock to throb painfully, wishing to be ensnared by her.

Almost as if she understood him, Delilah licked her lower lip, her eyes heavy with lust. “I need more of you,” she moaned.

“Do you ache, little glutton?” She nodded readily, throwing her head back and wailing when his tendrils thrust harder, spearing her simultaneously.

All at once his tendrils left her, and Sahin used her moment of confusion to reposition her on the bed until she was on her hands and knees. He knelt before her, his cock level with her mouth.

Delilah eyed him hungrily, dropping to her forearms. Her hips flared wide at the position and he groaned when three tendrils caressed the globes of her ass.

“Does my glutton need me?”

Delilah nodded, her mouth parting slightly in invitation.

“What would you like me to do with you, sweet Delilah?”

“I want you in my mouth,” she whispered, eyes locked on the precum that glistened at the head of his cock.

“My cock or a tendril?”

“Your cock,” she answered quickly, and Sahin rewarded her answer as he guided his tip to her open mouth.

Her lips spread over his cockhead, and Sahin groaned, his fingers sliding through her fiery hair. She swiped at his tip with her tongue and he shuddered. It was all Delilah needed before she sucked his length, bobbing her head on his cock until he fisted her hair, holding her still.

Sahin’s tendrils lined up behind her in anticipation.

“Look at me, little glutton,” he murmured. She stared up at him, so pretty with her mouth full of his cock while her eyes shined with so much emotion it made his breath catch.

This was his woman. His mate. *His*.

Sahin thrust his cock down her throat as his tendrils slid into her body, and she moaned on his length, her eyes rolling to the back of her head while she let him fuck her in every hole possible.

The sensations were almost too much for Sahin as he increased his pace, his tendrils thickening inside of her while he took her mouth, the wet sounds of their pleasure causing his balls to ache with the need to release inside her.

Sahin held off, not wanting to stop until she'd come a few more times. This was about her pleasure as much as his.

He loved making her orgasm, loved the way she cried out his name when he fucked her so well she could barely move.

It was something he intended to do tonight. And for many more nights to follow.

He wanted his Delilah so sated from him that she would need to cling to him for hours, her body trembling with the aftershocks of her many orgasms.

“Such a good mate, Delilah. Taking everything I can offer you so eagerly.” She whimpered against him once more, the sound vibrating his shaft until he thrust harder, nudging the back of her throat with his tip.

She choked on his cock and he slowed down, giving her plenty of time to adjust to him, even though his tendrils fucked her harder, spearing through her tight body until he felt the first flutter of her womb. Sahin pulled his cock free right as she orgasmed, a soft wail passing her lips.

Delilah rocked her hips wantonly, fucking herself on him while he watched, stroking his cock as she worked herself toward another climax. She fell forward, another desperate cry spilling free as her pussy clamped along his tendril, forcing its release.

Sahin jerked his cock at the heady sensation, the other two tendrils spilling his seed until he knew it would be sliding from her holes in a beautiful display.

“Give it back,” she moaned, reaching for his thick length.

“Where would you like my cock, little glutton? How would you like me to take you?”

“I want to ride you,” she gasped, grabbing at his hands and yanking him toward the bed.

Sahin barely had a moment to lay back before she was on him, fire burning in her eyes.



Delilah was a mess of arousal, her core weeping for another orgasm as she straddled Sin’s thighs. She batted his hands away when he reached for his cock, instead grasping his shaft and working him inside her.

They both sighed when he slid home, and his hands reached up, cupping her breasts, his thumbs teasing her nipples.

“You are so beautiful, my Delilah,” Sin murmured, his eyes heavy with desire and love while he stared up at her.

Slowly she began rocking her hips, the previous urge to ride him like a stallion passing for a more intimate moment between them.

Sin sat up while she continued to grind herself against him, his hands dragging her down until they met in a heated kiss. His tongue teased hers until she was jerking against him, her pussy spasming.

Delilah's movements were sporadic as she rode him, coming undone at the same moment she felt the heat from his cum soak her walls.

Delilah threw her head back, an ecstatic cry leaving her lips.

Sin bellowed against her neck, his teeth sinking into her flesh as he reclaimed her. She repeated the gesture a moment later, knowing he craved the intimacy of the act as much as she did.

She knew she was never going to get enough of him, and she was overjoyed to know she'd never have to spend a day without him.

"I love you," she whispered, kissing him until he was falling back onto his furs, dragging her with him.

His hands spanned her belly, his fingers brushing against where their child grew. "You are my heart, Shokan," he rasped tenderly. "Every moment with you is a blessing."

Delilah smiled down at him, her chin wobbling with emotion.

Every moment with *him* was a blessing.



Ten months later...

“Are you sure we should be keeping this to ourselves?” Delilah asked Sahin, her voice filled with worry.

He stepped behind his mate, wrapping his arms around her shoulders and bringing her flush with his chest as they stared down at their tiny, slumbering child.

“Yes.” Sahin had been conflicted about the revelation regarding their daughter, but after a brief reflection he’d decided silence was their best course of action. “I do not wish to endanger her needlessly.”

Nor did he want her to be taken from them when she reached adolescence.

Not as he was. He never wanted that for their child.

Delilah wrung her hands together, staring down at their daughter as the crib rocked her automatically.

Kiara slept soundly, completely oblivious to her parents' growing turmoil. Her little fist was pressed against the gray skin of her cheek, her tiny brow furrowed as if she already bore the weight of the world on her shoulders.

His beautiful daughter resembled his mate in several aspects. Delilah was present in the deep emerald color of Kiara's eyes, her narrow nose, and her shock of auburn hair.

However, her other features were all Sahin. From the color of her skin, though she bore none of his fiery complexion or tendrils, to her fierce expressions, and already she was taller than most human infants, according to his mate.

Kiara was breathtaking. A little miracle. Not just to Sahin and Delilah, but to all of Aragnok.

The first known child between a human and Aragnokan had finally been born. Not only that—Kiara was the first female conceived in nearly twenty years.

The healers had been monitoring her and Delilah closely for days after the birth, studying Kiara for any anomalies while his mate recovered from the long and tedious labor. Delilah had been delighted to discover a healing bed that repaired her body within hours, taking away her pain and the injuries she'd sustained from giving birth.

While they'd been with the healers, Kiara had exhibited no tendencies that would indicate she was different from any ordinary Aragnokan in any fashion. She was healthy and lovely.

Perfect.

It wasn't until just an hour ago, when Delilah had placed Kiara into her crib, that something strange had occurred.

Her entire body had erupted into flames, just as Sahin was capable of doing. Sahin could still hear Delilah's terrified scream ringing in his ears as she'd launched herself toward their child, intent on saving her from the inferno.

She hadn't realized that Kiara *was* the inferno.

Luckily, Sahin had reached for Kiara first, plucking her from the crib, and the flames had died out instantaneously. The fire had been so intense that Kiara's clothing had been incinerated, and the crib was scorched. But thankfully, Kiara was unharmed.

Luckily they had a spare crib from a human party Cordelia had insisted on throwing, something called a 'baby shower,' which allowed people to provide their offspring with gifts before the birth. Because of this, Kiara was snuggled into a brand new crib, free of the scent of burning plastic and cloth.

"I thought all warriors looked like you?" Delilah asked him quietly, laying her hands over his while he held her to his chest protectively. "She isn't a warrior." Her breath caught on the last word, and Sahin felt his heart squeeze painfully at the fear in her voice. "My baby shouldn't be a *warrior*."

"I do not think the government would ever allow Kiara to serve as such. She is too precious," Sahin assured Delilah, resting his chin on the crown of her head. "But we will not risk

the chance. We will protect her and keep this knowledge to ourselves.”

Sahin would not gamble his daughter’s life and his mate’s wellbeing on the assumption that the Aragnokan senators valued them above all else. After all, Kiara did not physically fit the description of an Aragnokan warrior. Therefore, he would ensure her abilities remained a secret for as long as possible.

“But what if we’re out and she just explodes like that again and someone sees?” Delilah sucked in a shallow breath, trembling in his arms. “It was really terrifying, Sin. I didn’t know what was happening to her. She could have been hurt.”

“Our daughter is fine, Shokan. She is perfect, although a bit different than we anticipated.” He turned Delilah until she was facing him, cupping her face tenderly. She looked up at him with love shining in her eyes despite her worry, and the sight robbed him of breath. “I will keep her safe. Always, my Delilah. Just as I will always keep you safe.”

His mate’s eyes filled with tears before she jumped into his arms, her own wrapping around his neck and squeezing him close as he held her.

“I love you so much,” Delilah whispered in his ear, her voice thick with emotion.

“I love you with all of my being,” Sahin responded, holding her tightly to him.

He took his mate from Kiara's room and into theirs, kissing her softly after she finally managed to pry her face from his neck. Delilah returned his kiss with a fierceness he'd relished since meeting her nearly a year ago now.

"I don't know how I got so lucky to mate you," she murmured against his lips, running her fingers through his hair. Sahin breathed her in, taking comfort in Delilah's sweet scent and the softness of her body against his.

"I believe it was fate, not luck, that drew us together," Sahin stated quietly, his forehead touching hers. "You were always meant to be mine. My mate. My life. My heart. You are my world, Shokan. My family."

And Sahin would do anything to protect his family.



Wow. I can't believe I published a book! I really hope you loved it, and well... If you didn't, it's too late now because you already read this damn thing.

First, I want to say thank you to my husband for believing in my dream of becoming a writer, and telling me that in 2023 we were 'investing' in me. I don't know if I would have ever had the courage to self publish anything without your unfailing belief in me. I love you.

Next, I want to say thank you to my biggest hype woman. Gabby. My Danklin. Your support and encouragement 10000% made this possible. Any time I have doubted anything, or anyone, you've always been in my corner. Whether it's to help me with an idea, to let me know when someone is being disingenuous or to tell me I'm awesome. I love you, girly.

Obviously, shout out to my family. Especially my mom who is always interested in how 'the writing' is going. I hope you never read this smutty as fuck monster story. I love you.

Lastly, everyone I've met on inkitt has been so extremely positive and uplifting as I began my writing journey again last year! The kindness, support and love has just been everything I could have possibly needed. It's one thing to write a draft and keep it to myself. It's another thing entirely when that draft is posted online for people to read for free and provide feedback. There's always a fear that something will go wrong or be awful, but it's worth everything when you see your hard work recognized and enjoyed. I love you all so much, and thank you for giving me the strength to believe in myself.

This is just the beginning.