



A Mate for Traxx (Mated to the Grekarian #1)

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Category: Fantasy

Description: The last thing Rhea Masters expects to find when her car breaks down is a hunky alien who claims that she is his mate.

But who would want her as a mate? Shes not exactly skinny like so many other Earth women she knows. So why does he want her? What is his game?

Traxx decides its his mission to show her how much shes worth to him, but when the enemy comes prowling the mate talk gets put on hold.

Not only is he going to have to save her, he's going to have to prove that she's worth it, curves and all. Fated mate or not, Rhea is the only woman he wants in his bed.

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Chapter 1

Rhea

I pick Alaska because it's the farthest point from home I can find. I wonder if anyone notices I'm missing? Doubtful.

I need to get away from that small town life.

I want escape, adventure, something to live for other than working at the diner until I die.

The nature magazines didn't exaggerate. I've seen so much wildlife roaming around. It's picturesque and incredibly peaceful. An elk crossed the road in front of me with two calves, causing me to slow down, earlier today. And let's not talk about the caribou that came out of nowhere and tried to assault my car.

The thing I worry about most is seeing a grizzly bear. What do I do if that happens? I'd read all the travel guides and Alaska books I could get my hands on prior to the trip, but there's just so much to know.

The compound I just drove past coming down the hill looks like it came out of a book full of wizardry. Tall fences surround it, but if you look closely, the inside is a utopia. Neon colors every aspect of the facility from the glistening glass buildings to the landscape and the outlying buildings. A beautiful array of colors shimmer and dance in the sunlight.

Imagine walking through a forest where everything has a luminous glow. Fairytale sounding, right? Or something like you'd see in Avatar on the big screen?

A complete contrast to the dreary clouds and cold rainy weather I had the pleasure of driving through. Which begs the question... how is it so pretty inside the compound when they're having the same weather we are?

I wonder who lives there.

I want to check it out, but the fear of the unknown scares me, so I press the gas and keep on moving.

A few miles down the road my car starts jerking like it's running out of oxygen. No, this cannot be happening.

I had a half tank of gas last time I checked.

A sigh escapes my lips. Yep, it's definitely happening . The horror of running out of gas and being stuck in the middle of nowhere sits heavy on my mind. I look down at the odometer and realize my fuel light is on. Wonder how long it's been on? I knew I should have stopped at the last gas station.

My car comes to a stop, one final puff of life before it dies. "Shit!" I pound my hands on the steering wheel before getting out.

Nothing is familiar as I look around. Just gotta start moving somewhere, I suppose. Clearly this road is one less traveled, and it definitely looks like it hasn't seen any other people in quite some time.

I backtrack, despite my trepidation, and head toward the compound I saw earlier on my drive. It's the only thing I've driven past in miles and they're the only ones who

would be able to help. Maybe I could use their phone to call a tow truck or something? Taking one last glance at my car, I hit the lock button and continue on.

The scent of fresh pine tingles my senses as I walk past the incredibly tall trees. It's eerily quiet, not even rodents seem to be scurrying along the forest floor. A breeze passes through the ends of my hair causing a shiver to run down my spine.

With each lingering step, my heart starts to churn more and my gut flip flops. I hope whoever lives behind those silver gates is friendlier than any grizzly bear I could run into out here on my own.

I'm not prepared for this, and I berate myself for not thinking to bring more protective gear. It's entirely possible that someone will find the remnants of my body chewed up and spit out along the side of the road.

Luckily the air isn't frigid as I make my journey into the unknown; that's the good thing about deciding to come in the summer months, I suppose. At least I won't die from frostbite.

The sound of footsteps through the dense forest and crackling tree branches have me spinning to the left, looking anywhere and everywhere, hoping someone saw me and is coming to provide me help. My eyes dart over every branch and leaf looking for the killer of my peaceful silence.

Something is out there. I can feel it. An uneasy feeling spreads throughout my body and goosebumps rise on the back of my neck as if I'm being watched. The gaze of whatever is out there heats the back of my neck. My nerves bundle into the pit of my stomach. My fight or flight instincts should be kicking in... why aren't they?

My feet are planted as I stare toward the woods. One minute, two minutes, maybe a good three minutes pass before I give up searching for something that may have just

been a figment of my overly active imagination. I turn to keep onward toward my destination, but a loud rustling sounds again from deep inside the woods. Spinning in a circle, I take a quick look at my surroundings. I expect some sort of wildlife—elk, caribou, grizzly... the list goes on and on. What I see almost stops my heart mid-beat.

Not even fifty yards away stands a man, but not just any man. He's shirtless with a rugged set of green pants covering his bottom half. His skin is an iridescent blue and silver color that twinkles in the light as the sun hits it, exposing a dash of purple. He almost sparkles against the sunlight as if he possesses some type of magic.

It is a magnificent creature. Tall, gallant, and utterly beautiful. It looks masculine, leading me to believe that it's a male of whatever species lives in these woods.

Aliens....

The word drops into my brain and my thoughts spin. There's no way...

I know aliens exist outside of the sci-fi romance stories I've read for the last few years, but never had I thought I would meet one in person.

This creature is definitely not human, not with those color patterns and scales.

Perfect amethyst eyes dipped in silver rings stare back at me. I wave, but the creature only furrows his brow. Okay, so maybe they don't know what a wave means? Shit, I really hope I didn't just give him a sign that meant something different from what I think it means. I've heard stories of aliens and most of them haven't been good. Were they true or were they embellished stories about creatures we didn't truly understand? The creature keeps its eyes focused on me and fear causes my heart to beat double-time. This situation is taking me back to the stalker I'd had in my hometown. The true reason I'd left, hoping Alaska was far enough away that he couldn't find me. Or at least it'd take him a while. Steve ... the name still gives me uneasy chills.

All thoughts speed away from me as he edges closer to where I'm frozen in place. I open my mouth to scream, but nothing comes out. My breath picks up, and my heart pounds faster with each step he takes. My breathing is rapid, and I'm growing light-headed. It's the last thing I remember as everything fades to black.

I rouse with the feeling of footsteps below me. Hazy neon colors are blurry in my vision, like when you get those drops in your eyes at the eye doctor.

Am I being carried? Entirely too out of it to fight, I burrow into the rich masculine smell surrounding me. At this point, even through my haze, I instinctively know it's a male. The smell of sweet pine wraps around me tightly. No female alive can smell as good as he does.

He jostles me as he reaches his destination, and I realize I should probably wake up and figure out where I am, but I can't bring myself to do it. I'm too comfortable in his arms. If this is a dream, I want to enjoy it for just a little while longer.

I'm gently placed into something warm and cozy, soft on my fingertips, and I curl into it before falling asleep once more.

A few hours later, I blink rapidly as I try to remove the sleep dew lining my eyes. I'm disoriented, yet still fully clothed. Good. At least I didn't get picked up by a psycho. Well, I'm not sure I would rule psycho out yet.

Sitting up cautiously, I look around the room, taking in my surroundings. Not entirely sure what I'm looking for... maybe someone to jump out and tell me I'm on Candid Camera and this is all a big hoax. I'm truly just having a far-fetched dream.

The room is very tidy, yet sparse. All of the colors from the compound are brightly displayed all over the walls. Pinks, blues, greens, and turquoise make up the color pattern splayed throughout. The turquoise bed I'm currently laying on is floating

above the ground. The utopia not only exists outside, but inside as well. I wonder what else this beautiful place has to offer.

The bed feels otherworldly. It's nothing like a human bed. For one, it's huge. And I'm not talking about king size huge. An incredibly tall and broad dude probably sleeps here, and it ultimately leads me to wonder where in the heck the person who generally occupies this space is hiding.

I have a brief flashback of the creature I'd seen earlier and wonder if it's the same one who'd brought me here. I appreciate the fact that I'm still clothed. He hadn't done anything unsavory while I was unconscious. Not something I could say about the guys back home. They either ridiculed me for being overweight or tried to pressure me into things I wasn't ready to do. A shiver tears through me again, but I shake it away.

I dip my feet off the side of the bed, and they don't even touch the ground. With a hop down from the bed, I stroll to the dresser, and my gaze travels over the photos lining it covered in a smidge of dust. Some of them are of him with another type of alien, similar to him, yet different in its own way.

What I remember of him before passing out was more blue and purple, but these aliens have green scales. I get lost in snooping around his room when a loud, high pitched chirping sound garners my attention.

My feet are frozen in place as I watch the metal door slide open, grinding as if it needs a good coat of WD40. It's him - the alien from the woods. Seven-feet tall, incredibly intimidating, yet sexy as hell. My gaze scours every inch of him, and I'm sure my mouth is hanging open in shock waiting for flies to catch. He is covered in blue and purple shaded scales. He has a shock of dark hair on his head, a scruffy beard, and rippling arm muscles.

So this is who the room belongs to? Okay... I could get used to this.

My core tingles, and I'm embarrassed over this instant attraction to him. I press my legs together to help ward off the strange feelings happening and hope that he can't smell my arousal.

His gaze wandering over my body in appreciation tells me he likes what he sees, and the quirk to his lips as his nostrils flair says that my attempt to hide my arousal was futile.

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Chapter 2

Traxx

Her eyes lock on mine, and the pull is instant, a sharp tug on the string of fate drawn between us. Mate! My body yells at me. This cute little curvy human is my mate . I have searched for her for years, and now it has only taken me one walk in Alaska to find her.

She has a curvy, wild beauty to her. A head covered in long, wavy, dark hair paired with piercing, golden-caramel eyes, and a bright white smile. Her hips cascade into shapely thighs. The suggestion of nubile curves hide behind those heavy winter clothes.

“Hello, little human,” I say, trying not to scare her off with my brusque voice.

She dips her head like she’s perplexed. “You can speak English?”

“I can.” I look to the side, giving her a view of the implanted translation chip inserted behind my ear.

She nods back at me with a small smile, but she doesn’t speak. The mate bond compels me to pull her in and crush her body to mine. I’m consumed with the need to take and claim her, but I have only known her for mere seconds, and I have a feeling she would not be happy with me. Today is the first time I have been this close to a human. They are much smaller and more delicate than I believed based on the pictures the general had provided to those of us who traveled over to Earth.

“What is your name, little one?” She bites her tiny, pink bottom lip, and I ball my hands at my sides to keep myself in place.

“My name is Rhea.” She pauses, looking around. “Did you bring me here?” Her voice sends a jolt of intense electricity raging through my body. I have never heard a sweeter sounding noise.

I nod. What is she thinking? The darkening of her eyes tells me there is a hint of interest between us, and I can smell her arousal from here, yet I will not bring it up. I merely draw in deep breaths, letting her sweet scent of strawberries pour into my system. Breathing it in makes both of my cocks throb, but I resist the urge to bury myself fully within her until she screams my name.

My mating cock brushes against my outer cock, and I revel in the feeling. I have been told about the mating cock for years, but this is the first time I have felt it spring to life.

Her eyes dart around the room, and concern floods my thoughts. Is she scared of me? I would never hurt my mate. She is not and will never be in danger around me. Maybe she’s in danger of me wanting her madly, but that is all.

What she will eventually find out is that I would protect her until my very last breath. I would die trying.

Her posture seems nervous and unsure. Her arms are now crossed over her chest, accentuating those voluptuous breasts. I have done my research. No wonder human men are so attached to them.

I wet my lips and her eyes trail the motion. We stand staring at each other in complete silence for what seems like forever. Is she feeling the mate bond, too, or is it even something a human can feel?

Obviously she is attracted to me, which is a good start. I will show her what a good mate I can be. I never thought in many, many star years that I would find my fated mate. When I was offered the position at this base originally, I turned it down, and now I'm glad I didn't because I would have missed meeting her.

She opens her mouth and then shuts it again several times. I wait for the questions to come, but she remains silent.

“Well, thank you,” she says, taking one slow step toward me. “What’s your name?”

My shoulders broaden and my chest puffs out in pride. “I am Traxx, former Commander of the Flighten.”

“Interesting.” The tone of her voice is laced with what I believe to be curiosity and approval.

Leaning from foot to foot, she does an odd sort of dance, and I am reminded of the videos I used to watch of earthlings. This must be the pee dance that is so common here. Why must one dance to pee? What is the purpose? Does it help them pee better? I do not understand it. Goofy humans.

“Do you... can you... restroom?” She squeaks, quickly covering her mouth in embarrassment.

My eyes lift to the door behind her, and she follows my gaze before she scurries away, a tiny pang is left behind as she moves. I rub my hand over my chest to banish the empty feeling. A few moments later she reappears, her brow furrowed. “How do you...” She points behind her in the direction of the lavatory, eyes wide. “That... is definitely not a normal toilet.”

After giving her instruction, I move to sit on my floating bed, awaiting her return. I

know when she finishes because I can hear her pattering around on small feet. One special benefit of the Grekarians is that we have incredible hearing. Some say it rivals that of a dog or wolf.

She clears her throat as she approaches me. “So, Traxx. How did you know I was out there? Were you spying on me?”

I shake my head, denying it, even though she is very much right. “I was out for a walk around the perimeter and heard your car.”

“You heard my car? Do you have, like, super hearing or something?”

“I have optimal hearing, as presented by my excellent skills in combat. I have yet to lose a battle.”

“Okay, GI Joe.” My brows draw together in an angry frown. Is this her mate? “What’s wrong, big guy?” Her eyes are filled with curiosity.

“Is this GI Joe your mate?”

“What?” Her smile turns into a giggle. “GI Joe is an army dude. He’s not, like, an actual person. He was this toy that Hasbro brought out as a military science fiction thing.”

I have no idea what she is talking about with this military toy, but I obviously need to investigate why she would call me this man.

Her stomach growls out a low sound, and I realize she must be hungry. A blush paints her heart shaped face. “You are hungry?” I say it before walking toward the food replicator in the corner of my quarters. She watches with curiosity.

“You don’t have to go to any trouble for me,” she assures me.

“Rhea, you are my responsibility, mate. I will make sure you are always well fed and taken care of.” With the click of a few buttons, the machine lights up and gets to work.

“Mate?” she questions with a slight head tilt.

“Yes, mate.”

Luckily our technology is so advanced that we have programmed human food into our machine. Five minutes later I have a plate filled with what humans call pizza .

“Wait...” She beams up at me. “You can make pizza here?” Again, pride runs through my chest that my curvy little mate is happy with me.

I set the plate down on the table beside my floating bed, and she looks it over. “Hey, Traxx... I don’t know if I can eat all of this, even though I do appreciate you making it.” I hear the sincerity in her kind voice.

Walking back to the replicator, I request another plate and then proceed to remove some of the slices from her plate onto my own. I have not actually had the chance to eat any of this human food.

She looks up at me with a stunning smile. Without thinking, I reach out to touch her, wanting to see if her skin is as soft as it looks. I expect her to flinch, but she leans into me instead. I am glad to know she is not afraid of me.

A softness in contrast to my scaled skin. An electrified buzz drifts between us at the skin-on-skin contact, and it sizzles. It immediately sends sparks through my veins, and causes my cock to twitch with need.

I may not know much yet about this little human, but one thing is certain, I am going to do everything in my power to keep her safe and happy. I need her in my life. As we spend time together, I can only hope that her feelings toward me grow as mine have toward her in just the short time I've known her.

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Chapter 3

Rhea

I can't keep my eyes from lingering on him as we eat. He's incredibly handsome for an alien, and extremely tall. I keep waiting for the nerves to kick in. For my brain to tell me I need to run, but for some reason I feel safe and comfortable in this alien's living quarters. It's an oddly light feeling of empowerment. I can sense that he has no plans to hurt me, not if his kind gestures and careful demeanor are anything to go by.

My gaze travels across the room, taking it all in. Brightly colored, yet muted walls surround us, and everything is lit up like glow sticks. Neon hues of bright pinks, purples, blues, and greens.

His touch... I can't stop replaying that moment in my head. Some basic instinct is going off inside me, reasoning that he's special. Maybe we are meant to be... but that's just not possible, right? I will have to find my bed and breakfast sooner or later, so there is no reason to form an attachment.

He drifts closer to me as we eat. Getting into my personal bubble is normally a huge red flag, but with Traxx, I find I don't mind it so much.

He keeps looking over at me, and I finally break. "What?"

"I never thought I would meet my fated mate."

I choke on the water I was drinking. "Your... what now?"

“Rhea, you are my mate.”

“How could you possibly know that when we’ve only just met?”

Traxx sets his food down and lifts his hand, pushing a strand of misplaced hair out of my face. “Because I know what I want...” He moves in closer to me. So close I can feel his warm breath beating against my skin, creating a tingling sensation. “And I have a tendency to always get what I want, Rhea...”

Maybe he’s telling the truth. Maybe there is something more here than I want to believe. It’s in the way he looks at me like I’m truly desired. He doesn’t seem to see my extra curves or weight that I’m self conscious over. Or maybe it’s the way tingles erupt all over my skin when he touches me, or the way my breath hitches every time I catch the scent of his pine sandalwood scent. For instance, right now... I have butterflies dipping and diving inside my stomach. I’ve never felt this way towards anyone. It’s as if we’ve been together for years. I simply feel comfortable in his presence.

We resume eating in silence. I watch and try not to giggle as he gives the pizza a once over and then sniffs it cautiously as though it may sprout wings and attack him.

These aliens are the famous Grekarians we’ve heard about on the news recently. They’ve been protecting Earth from the Necorium for years now, and they’ve asked for one small favor in return: Allow their males to find mates on Earth.

It’s not like any type of bride lottery where women dread the idea of it. It’s more along the lines of a volunteer thing. I have never thought about it until now. Maybe living with these guys wouldn’t be so bad. If they’re all like Traxx, sweet and caring, what woman wouldn’t want to be treated like this all the time?

No. I shake my head. I have things to do, places to be. I don’t need to get swept up in

the idea of romance. See where my bad taste in men got me. In Alaska, away from my family and friends.

Steve creeps into my mind, and I remember the last time he cornered me in an alley. I still feel the sting of the bruises he left on my neck from the last time. A cringe shivers down my body at the memories. I won't ever be going back there. I shake myself out of the traumatic memories and get back to our conversation. My desire to learn more about him is pressing me to ask.

“So, do all of the Grekarians live here on Earth?”

He shakes his head. “No, there are still many more back on our home planet. We no longer have any females left to further our lines. No one to produce heirs.”

I nod. “Explains why you're looking for mates here on Earth. How do you know that we are even compatible with your species?”

“The leader of our planet has taken a human mate, and she is with child.”

“How long have they been together?” I couldn't help the questions pouring through my mind.

Were they happy? Did she feel the same way I am right now or did she fight it? Could this thing between us actually be real? Am I willing to give it a shot?

“Two Grykar years.”

“How long is that?”

“About two of your Earth years.”

Well, at least he didn't knock her up right away. "Is she his true mate?"

He nods.

"How do you know, though?"

"Mating marks will show up once our true mate has been found. They wrap up and circle our arms. Something similar to what humans call tattoos. We can also smell our fated mate. The scent is sweet, like strawberries in the middle of summer."

"You know what summer is?"

"Little one, we have been researching your kind for years. Did you think we would come unprepared?"

It makes sense. Why wouldn't they come completely prepared if their intent was to find human mates? A green light beeps on the side of the room, and he swears under his breath. I don't understand the words, so it's probably something in his native language, but his demeanor tells me he's not happy about it.

"What's that?" I ask nervously.

"I am needed in the command room. I will return to you."

"Wait, why can't I come with you?" Panic begins to sink in as I think about being trapped in this room, alone and forgotten.

"I do not feel comfortable with you just walking around the compound without a guide. Let me see if I can find one of the other females to accompany you."

He pulls up what looks like a watch on his arm and speaks into it. I bite my lip,

nervous that he is leaving me. I know only him in this compound and hesitate to wonder if every other male here is as gentlemanly as Traxx.

He seems to read my thoughts as he says, “You are safe here, Rhea. I will not let anything happen to you. I will return as soon as I can so we can continue to get to know one another. I am very much enjoying spending time with you.”

A knock interrupts us and he hits the button beside the door, allowing it to slide open. Beyond it stands a tiny blueish-green alien. “Commander Traxx.” He nods back at what I’m assuming is a female alien, although she does not look like one of his kind. She has three boobs, front and center, no modesty here apparently.

“Madera. Thank you for coming to escort my mate around the compound. She will need some new clothes, please see that she gets them.”

“As you wish, captain.”

Before he leaves, he pauses and turns to look at me one last time. “I promise to return. Madera has been trained in combat, so if the need arises she can also protect you as I expect she would.” He finishes, looking to her for confirmation, and she nods. One more glance at me and he turns to walk away, his shoulders stiff and commanding. My eyes are drawn back to the creature standing in front of me.

I know I should stop staring, but I can’t seem to bring myself to look away from her. She crinkles her nose in distaste as she looks over my clothes. The ones I’ve been in since Traxx found me. I totally forgot to bring clothing with me when I walked from my car. Maybe Traxx can take me back a little later to get them?

Taking a minute to study her while she does the same to me, I try to remember what species of alien she is. A Merink, I think to myself, finally remembering my classes in school. I always knew they existed, I just assumed they lived on their own planet.

Some sort of myth or legend, maybe. But these aliens are very real. This experience so far has been eye opening, and I'm kind of surprised that I'm not freaking out more.

"Let's get you something else to wear. Come with me." She scampers away in front of me, and I follow. Traxx has already left me, so I have no choice. As we leave his room, we pass other alien males in the hallway.

The compound is all brightly colored in blue and green hues matching their scales and skin tone just like his room. Metal artwork hangs from the walls as we pass. The lights above us shine brightly, lighting our pathway. Again with the neon colors.

I still can't believe I'm here. It's like something out of a movie. In the center of the compound, there sits a garden. Trees luminate the space in bright lights, almost as if they're covered in multicolored lightning bugs.

It is a lush alien world. The plants in the garden are similar to Earth plants, only they have a glimmering effect, and I wonder if they are here because of the prince's mate. I slow to look and Madera snaps at me, huffing that she is having to babysit me, I'm sure.

The males we pass in the hall look at me with curiosity, and I wonder if they are all here to find a mate. I don't even know if we are compatible, even though Traxx tries to convince me we are. Scales line their shoulders and arms in green variations. A stark difference to Traxx who has blue and purple scaled skin.

These aliens are so tall and muscular, versus my short, curvy stature. I have a little extra love in my curves. I will never be one of those skinny, model-like girls.

I've always been judged for the way I look, but here, I am not. Traxx looks at me as if I am the most gorgeous girl in the world, a treasure, and I wonder if it is because he truly believes it or if it's the mate bond he seems to think is between us.

The farther we move down the corridor, the brighter the colors become. It's distracting, and I hardly notice the alien who had to move out of my way so we didn't collide. How are these aliens so tall? I tilt my head up to see his face. Incredibly masculine and all sharp lines.

"Are you all right, human?"

I nod, because I'm not entirely sure what else to say.

The Merink moves us along down the hall, and I stay aware of who is around me to avoid another situation. We turn and walk down a second corridor that dead ends at a steel door. "These are the usual human guest quarters. They are stocked with more appropriate clothing. While you are in the compound you must dress as a Grekarian. It is customary."

My heart beats faster. What type of clothing does a Grekarian wear? I'm not skinny like other girls who look good in everything. What if I don't look good in these clothes or I don't like them? Are they revealing or flattering? Fear grips me as I fight with myself, trying to decide if staying here, even a moment longer, is worth it at all. The metal door slides open before us and I stand there, planted to the ground.

The Merink realizes I am no longer following her and turns to grab me.

What is Traxx doing right now? My mind keeps drifting off to thoughts of him. It's an odd experience. No one has completely consumed my thoughts as much as he now does in such a short time.

"Your new clothes are in the closet there." The Merink points to the doors on the left side of the room. Tentatively, I look into the closet and hope that I'll find something comfortable and flattering. Here goes nothing.

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Chapter 4

Traxx

I storm through the doors to the command center ready to rip someone's head off. The last thing I want to do is be away from my mate.

The instant I touched her, smelled her, I knew. She is mine.

Mine.

I will kill any other male who tries to take her from me.

Her voice sounds like a chorus of craderies. A similar noise to what humans call the small bird otherwise known as a canary—sweet, low, submissive. Add in her curvy hips, pert chest, and gorgeous smile, and my focus is completely clouded. I can't think of anything but her.

“What is the meaning of this?”

One of the warriors cuts his gaze in my direction. “Commander Traxx. A Necorium ship has been spotted on the outer boundaries, and has been approaching us for over a moon day. However, it seems they have stalled. I need to know how you would like for us to proceed.”

“Track their movements. I want to be notified any time they make a move. It appears their trajectory is to the compound.” I grit my teeth. Of course the Necorium would

show up now and reveal themselves when I have finally found my mate. Isn't that just the way of things? Bad luck as they call it.

I have to wonder how they detected our location. The shields on the outside of the compound should have hidden our heat signatures. I plop down in my commander's chair and stare at the screen before me, watching their lack of movement on the flight path. Why have they stalled halfway here? "Guards! We need guards everywhere around the compound. Double check everything. No one comes in or out until we can secure the base." My brothers rush around, shouting orders and calling everyone to arms.

It has been months since we've come across the Necorium. There are not many of these creatures left in existence. Not since we destroyed their corrupt planet. They were ruthless, stealing women to sell at the human market—for either pleasure, skin, or pets.

A Grekarian would never treat a female so poorly.

My female is to be treasured, and I will remind her every single day. No harm will come to her on my watch. Nothing will stand in my way to claim her. I simply have to convince her I am worthy.

When I think of Rhea, a particular kind of euphoria floods my body. The only other time I have felt this was when I was a commander in the army.

All of a sudden a nagging feeling twists my gut, and a growl escapes me. We may not be truly mated, but I can feel anxiety threading across the new beginning of our bond.

There is a need within me to go find my mate and wrap her in my arms so I can verify she is well. "Notify me if anything should happen with this ship."

I get up and head toward my quarters. This protectiveness has never reared its head, but now it roars through my veins.

My steps pound against the floor as I hurriedly make my way to my living area. The Merink should have returned her to my room by now.

The door clicks before gliding open, and my jaw drops. There, in the middle of my room, stands my mate in Grekarian garb. A stunning fluorescent colored modaga—the ancient robes of our ancestral females—covers her. My heart swells with happiness as my eyes rove over her body.

I walk over to her, wrap my arm around her waist, and pull her toward me. I attack her lips with my own before she has a chance to deny me.

Her plump lips against mine are filled with softness.

I ravish them, crushing her to me. The caress of her lips on my mouth sets my body aflame, and my cock rises below my pants. I run my tongue lightly against the seam of her lips, requesting entry. She opens lightly, and I thrust my tongue inside in an exploratory kiss.

A fiery passion ignites within me. I want to devour her more, but I don't want to scare her. Right now, she's allowing me to kiss her, and I will do nothing to interfere with it.

One of my arms rests against her waist, while the other slides down her back to her perfectly plump ass. It easily fills my hand. I squeeze, pulling her even closer, wishing that I could feel her skin against my own.

Do my scales intimidate her? Is she going to be able to take my size? Is she going to be disgusted by my having two cocks? Is she happy that I am her mate, or is she

embarrassed of me? I am a strong, capable male, and will do everything in my power to please her.

Doubt wavers inside my mind, and I have never felt so insecure before. Now I want and need her approval. I want my mate to be happy with our bond. I glance down at my arms and notice neon green lines faintly wrapping around them. My mating bonds...

Her small timid hands slide up my rough chest, and my heart pumps faster. I love the feel of her hands against me, and I almost purr in delight.

Our kiss comes to an end entirely too soon, but we stay connected tightly. "Are you going to let me go?" she asks me softly.

"Never." I say it honestly because now that I have found her, I will never let her go. Despite the fact that she thinks she'll be getting her car back and going to the bed and breakfast down the road, she is not going anywhere if I have anything to say about it.

A booming noise interrupts the silence around us and the floor rattles. Lights flash everywhere within my room, and I hear emergency alarms blaring in the hallway. I only left the command center moments ago. The Necorium hadn't moved once since I was there, so what is all the commotion about?

"Traxx, what's happening?" Fear tinges her voice, and a low growl vibrates my chest as a fierce need to protect her rushes through me. I can smell the fear pooling off of her in sheets. I want to dip into her mind and see what she's thinking, but it feels like too much an invasion of privacy.

"Do not fear, little one. I will keep you safe. Stay here. It is the safest place in the facility. I will be back as soon as I can." As the last word leaves my mouth, another explosion rattles us.

Anger floods through my system as I leave my room and head toward the command center. I was just here not even half a moon hour earlier, and it was quiet. Now, it is alive with movement. Warriors running here and there, manning the different controls.

I can see the Necorium ship on the monitor above me. It's no surprise they have caused this ruin. It is all they do - seek and destroy.

"Commander, the second impact was much worse than the initial. I'm not sure the shield will hold up for much longer."

"They were not moving. How are they here already?" I mumble under my voice.

"They must have been able to cloak the movements of their ship." A growl rises from my lips at his explanation.

"Deploy our mini runners to see if we can take them out before they get any closer. I will not let them destroy anything else."

I may not fully command the Flighten anymore, but I move into fight mode. Once a commander, always a commander.

I hope Rhea remains in my room until we can secure the compound. Heads will roll if anyone tries to lay a hand on her, let alone even think about harming a hair on her head. I will not hesitate to end them.

Shouts echo around us from the soldiers heading to their ships to hold off the Necorium. My old need to help my crew bleeds through me, but this time I can only stay behind. My mate is fragile and weak. I will not leave her to fend on her own.

Many of my brothers in the compound are worthy, but some I would not trust with

my own life, let alone hers.

Our ships clone themselves and fly out of the dock. Another boom rumbles around us. It is complete chaos everywhere I look. Aliens run amuck, scurrying here and there. I return to my post in the command center to guide them in their fight. It's the least I can do.

The Necorium haven't broken the barrier surrounding the compound yet, thankfully. With only a few more explosions, though, they'll definitely be inside.

We cannot let them win.

We will destroy them.

We have to.

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Chapter 5

Rhea

I groan. How does this always happen to me? My feet patter softly as I pace the room, waiting to hear any news. Traxx told me not to leave the room, and I'm following his guidance; at the same time, I want to know what the hell is going on outside this door.

The noise I've been hearing is not pleasant sounding. Have these Necorium broken into the compound? I have heard stories about the Necorium. They're notorious for stealing human females and selling them. Dread pools in my gut. If they find me here, will I be sold, too? But I haven't seen another human female here, so why attack now?

So many thoughts pound my head as I pace. There's no way to tell time in this room. Even if there was, I wouldn't know how to read it. They don't use Earth time in the compound.

The door opens to my room, and my heart rate spikes, thinking Traxx has come for me, but what I see throws my heart into my throat. It's not Traxx. This is another creature entirely. Small, dark brown aliens with bright yellow, reptilian eyes. They are round in stature, and smell like festering garbage.

One grabs me by the arm, and I fight with all my strength to get away, but it's no use. They overpower me, quickly pulling me from the room. My sense of comfort and security has vanished. An agonizing scream tears from my lips, and I hear a roar

behind me. I know who it is, but it's too late. I am being dragged away from the compound.

It is a beautiful surrounding in the worst kind of situation. The luminosity of the trees lining the corridor is awe-inspiring, but I don't even have a minute to enjoy it before I am ripped away from this new beginning I've been given with Traxx.

The sound of an engine grows louder the closer we get to our destination, and my heart pounds out a staccato beat to match.

I completely despise the circumstance in which I find myself. I keep searching for Traxx, hoping that he's coming for me, but I see nothing. No sign of my blue and purple alien mate. He would not fail me now, but where is he? It is strange to put so much faith into him when we've only just met, but I feel nothing except comfort around him. I crave his safety now when I am so far away from him.

I close my eyes and say a prayer. "Find me, Traxx."

A few seconds later, a new voice speaks into my mind. I am here, my love. Tell me where you are. What's surrounding you? I'm coming for you.

My heart ticks at his response. You can hear me?

Yes, now... tell me where you are.

They're taking me to their ship. I'm outside the compound, Traxx. I'm scared.

We pass under a willow tree filled with light. Tiny flying buds surround me. They land on my shoulders and brush against my face like a caress.

"Traxx!" A shove from behind forces me onto the ship against my will. I miss a step

and fall face forward, my knees scraping along the floor, leaving what I'm sure will be a lovely bruise. One of the aliens' hands wraps around my arm and pulls me back up. I wince at the pain he inflicts as he shoves me forward roughly, no doubt bruising the soft tissue.

I'm coming! He shouts to me in my mind, but I don't think he will get here in time, and that thought has me panicking and fighting to think of ways out of this, ways to fight back.

I hate the alien's grip on me. It is nothing like my tender mate's. I can easily compare this alien to a robot—cold and emotionless. Slave to the leader of this motley crew. I kick and fight, try to deadweight myself, but nothing works. The one time where being a curvy girl fails me miserably.

“Listen here, you slimy piece of dog shit. My mate is coming for you, and I promise he won't be happy when he gets here.” Having finally had it with this treatment, I use the rage and fear bubbling inside to fight back with words, since strength isn't working, and let these aliens know just who they're dealing with.

“Your mate ”—he spits the word at me like an amphibian—“will have to find you at the human market. I have several buyers who would be very interested in a little thing like you.”

“I'm not little, you fucktwat.”

The grip around my arm tightens as we walk. I must be offending them with my language. Or maybe they've never been around a female who chooses to stick up for herself instead of just bowing down.

“You will learn, little one. Eventually you will be broken enough to realize your place.”

“Try me.” I glare at him, and he has the audacity to laugh at me.

I swear to God, I am going to kill these fuckers, Traxx. I shout it into my mind.

Do not do anything. They are more powerful than you, Rhea. Believe me, love. The sound of his voice in my mind should scare me, but right now it provides much needed comfort.

The hatch on the second level of the ship is the second door-like structure I’ve walked through since stepping onto it.

The aliens rumble between themselves, speaking in their own language. I know it’s about me by the way they keep looking over at me every other word. “You know, it’s really fucking rude to talk about someone in front of them, right?”

“This one speaks too much,” one of my alien caretakers states plainly.

The leader laughs a low, dark, theatrical type of laugh that chills me to the bone.

I don’t know what’s happening until I feel a hard slap to the side of my face that knocks the wind from my lungs. Pain radiates through my cheek as I reach up to hold it. It’s then I realize that perhaps staying quiet is my best bet.

I am shoved into a chair on the outside of the room as the aliens depart from me to discuss their plans. I’m assuming it’s about what to do with me now that they’ve captured me.

What do they want with me? Am I merely something for the human market? It's not like they know the commander is my mate. How could they?

Traxx... You need to hurry.

I'm here. I scan the room, looking for any sign of him, but I don't see him. The aliens are completely oblivious to my whereabouts, so I take the chance I have and run.

I take the tunnel as fast as my chubby little legs will take me, curving around a bend before finding the large storage area I'd been dragged through just moments earlier.

My heart pounds in my chest, and I wonder if they can pick up on it. If Traxx can sense my emotions, hear my thoughts, and sense my arousal, I wonder if it is the same for the other aliens. I get just a few feet away before shouting sounds behind me, followed by heavy, angry footsteps.

Finally, I spot him, almost blended in with his surroundings. I open my mouth to speak, but he shakes his head, telling me to remain quiet and not give away his position. I've seen enough of those army tactical shows in my life to know that sign anywhere.

I slow my pace and try to catch the breath furiously leaving and entering my body. My heart is pumping wickedly as I push my body to its limits and fight to curb the fear that's taking over me, forcing it to beg for oxygen.

I nod once, telling him I understand.

I keep running, but not as fast as I was. Thinking to slow down was a dumb decision, although, I believe the aliens most likely have speed on their side. They're also very in shape for short little stocky things, whereas I've enjoyed one too many jelly donuts lately.

I'm steps away from where Traxx is hiding when a large three-fingered fist wraps around my hair and pulls me backward. Pain radiates through my skull, and I cry out in agony. This hair pulling is nothing like what I experienced as a young child from the bullies in grade school.

I reach back to stop it from pulling on my hair, or to at least make the sting less painful. My expression must be pure shock because I see the fire burning angrily in Traxx's eyes. I keep waiting for him to strike, but he hasn't yet.

What's he waiting for?

I try to spin so the alien follows me, and his grip on my hair tightens further. A whimper leaves my lips. I'm shoved only a few feet before that strong hand removes its grip from my hair. I turn to watch just as Traxx snaps the thing's neck, his teeth bared.

I can feel the anger coursing through him. "Run, Rhea! Run! Now! You do not need to see this." The engines of the ship fire up, and I worry it's too late for escape. I do what he says, though, and I run to the first level and back toward the compound, my feet illuminated with what looks like lily pads below me. Each step glows a vivid neon green, but there's no time to savor the magnificence of the moment as I run for my life.

The willow tree I walked past earlier brushes against my shoulders as I pass by. I take a brief look over my shoulder, worried for Traxx. What if something happens to him? Beside the Merink at the compound, no one knows who I am. How will I get back to my car?

So many questions bombard my brain, but I push them away. Focus, I tell myself.

I make a mental note to visit the garden out here once all of this nonsense is done. Several loud roars sound from the ship. Bone chilling, earth rattling roars. It's like nothing I've ever heard before. It's a cross between a war cry and a lion.

I hesitate briefly, turning to look at the ship. A flash of blue and purple comes flying out and lands on the ground, rocking the surface. My prey instinct kicks in and urges

me to run from him, but I know it's Traxx. He's here. I am safe. Running up to me, he grabs me by the waist and throws me over his shoulder.

"Traxx, put me down. I am too heavy to carry."

"You are but a feather, my mate. I will not allow you to insult yourself. You were made for me. This body was made specifically for me, and it is perfect. If you insult yourself, you insult me for finding you beautiful, and I do not appreciate being insulted."

My large breasts bounce painfully against his shoulder with each pounding step he takes. Before I know it, he's opening the compound door and slamming it behind us. He types in a quick code on the keyboard to the left of the door, and I hear a double click and a whooshing sound.

He walks toward the quarters where I was just stolen from minutes previously.

I am still being jostled and wondering why he's continuing to carry me if we're safe. I squirm in his arms, and he swats me on the bottom. "Behave, mate. I am on a very short string right now and I do not wish to, but I will spank you."

"Excuse me? I have done nothing deserving of being spanked."

"You have done many things, but right now I have a more pressing matter to attend to."

The haze of terror flees from me, and I realize that I'm wet between my thighs. Watching him protect me, although terrifying, was sexy as hell. I've never had anyone fight for me before, and I like the way it feels to know he cares about me. The more I think about it and look over my surroundings, the more I think that maybe staying here with someone who is willing to protect me with his life is something I've

been wanting my whole life. To feel important to someone is something I've never felt and desperately need.

Maybe being a mate isn't so bad.

Maybe my car breaking down on the side of the road outside the compound is a sign that this is where I'm supposed to be.

A low noise vibrates in his throat, something between a growl and a purr like a cat. It's doing funny things to my core. I am aroused—and he can sense it. Is this, perhaps, the pressing matter he was referring to?

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Chapter 6

Traxx

I blow out a breath, hoping to channel my anger into fulfilling my mates needs. If I could, I would go back onto that ship and kill all of them again. Well, I left one alive and tied up so a fellow crew member could jail him and interrogate him for additional information.

I have never seen red as much as I did when my mate was taken from me. We have not even truly mated yet, but the bond I feel with her is unmistakable. I would gladly give my life for hers.

I drop my mate to the floor once the door to my quarters closes. My eyes trail over her beautiful curves, her wavy dark hair, and her caramel-colored eyes. Her skin is not completely white, yet it is not extremely tan either.

She is perfection.

My perfection.

I think about her taste on my tongue.

Her puffy pink lips against mine.

Her sweet smell of Azania spun sweets that the children of Grekaria used to love to eat.

The urge to completely devour and claim her is driving me hard. I want so badly to thrust myself inside her so far that she knows exactly who she belongs to and where she should stay—here with me.

I take a chance to slow my breathing and really take her in. She is wearing a Grekarian robe in colors of blue and purple to match my own. It makes my blood pump knowing that she chose this color to match me. My heart leaps from my chest in the honor she has bestowed upon me.

I want to run my fingers through her hair, messing it up. To feel the silky strands against my skin. To smell the strawberry scent that lingers from the last time she washed herself.

Rhea takes two steps toward me and flattens her soft hands against my skin. I close my eyes and snap the feeling to memory. Her desire pulses through me, and I can smell the arousal pouring from her core. I need her desperately. I close my eyes briefly to calm myself down before speaking again. “I am ready, my mate. I can wait no longer.”

Heat flashes through her eyes, and I can see the outline of her nipples peeking through the thin fabric of the robe she’s wearing. Typical style says they do not wear any clothing beneath the robe, and I am dying to find out for myself if she followed that rule.

My cock raises at the mere thought of doing nothing but mounting my curvy little female. Her gaze drops from my eyes to my lips, and I can’t help my tongue as it slips out to wet them.

She traces the movement with her own eyes. I do not know how much longer I can survive, but I have to wait. My teasing works her up and makes her needy for me. I am the only one who can satisfy her. I am her mate.

Her warm hands trace circles on my chest, and my own nipples pebble with excitement. She slips her hands behind my neck and pulls me in closer.

My wrist com goes off loudly between us, disturbing the perfect moment we were sharing, and a low growl slips from deep within my throat.

“What?” I ask, my voice clearly irritated.

“We have the prisoner in the cells ready for you.”

“I shall be there in two moon days. I do not wish to be interrupted for the remainder of the day. I will be spending time getting to know my new mate in every conceivable way possible.” I smile down at her and love the blush that covers her cute little face.

I walk over to my floating bed and pull her into my lap as I sit down. She comes easily without any hesitation. “Let me make you feel good, my mate. I can tell you need me.”

She bites her bottom lip and nods her head, giving me permission. I am reveling in the submissiveness of this moment. She is trusting me with her body, and that step forward means everything.

“I will get us ready.” My voice takes on a deeper cadence.

Rhea squeaks out an okay. She is a little tense, this I can tell. I need her to relax. I will mate her, but I want to go slow. I want to feel every single inch of her skin, feel the need pooling between her legs, smell her juices as they run only for me.

I reach back and cup a firm cheek in the palm of my hand. I love her bottom, so round and firm. The perfect size to palm. “Relax, little one.”

I begin to rub in gentle circles, ever so lightly.

“I want to talk for a little while. Tell me about you, Rhea.”

“Wha-what do you want to know?” The tremble in the cadence of her voice tells me she is nervous about what is going to happen, which is why I’m distracting her with a discussion.

“Do you have a job, school, a family? I have researched this thing humans between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three attend; I believe you call it a college. Have you been to one of these?”

“Yes,” she murmurs. “No family, not anymore. My parents were killed just a short time ago. That’s partially why I’m here in Alaska.” She chews her bottom lip, and the nervousness that pours through her tells me it’s not the only reason. I suppose I should be sad to hear of her family passing, but in all truth, it is what brought her here, so I have to say I am happy. I wait for her to say more, but she seems guarded on the subject. I decide to ask about it later on once we have grown to know each other better.

“I am sorry to hear this, Rhea.”

She shrugs. “These things happen, right? I mean, I didn’t expect them to stay forever, but I also didn’t expect them to leave so soon.”

We sit in silence for a moment before she speaks again. “How were you able to hear me talking to you earlier? You were like... inside my brain or something.”

“It is only something true mates are able to do. Communicate without words.”

“Okay, my GI Joe, what am I thinking about right now?”

The scent of her arousal kicks up, and a smirk tilts the corners of my mouth.

“You are a needy one.”

“So... you’re pretty young still. Why aren’t you still commander of the... what was it called again?”

“The Flighten.”

“Yes, the Flighten. Why are you no longer in charge?”

I take in a deep breath. “I was released from my duties when I lost my womb mate. I had a twin who was killed in action fighting against the Necorium. I suppose that's why I have this strong desire to kill them.”

“I’m so sorry.” Her small hand rubs the side of my leg, and I close my eyes to enjoy the feel of it.

I move to stretch out on the bed, pulling Rhea with me so that we are laying side by side. I am leaning on my left side, and she is still on her stomach as I rub her bottom and lower back with my fingers. She wiggles her butt a little and a groan leaves my mouth. She will be the death of me.

This time when I run my hand over her pert ass, I creep a little lower and run my fingers against the edge of her lower lips, between her thighs. Her skin there is even smoother than that of her thighs.

A shiver traces down her spine from my touch, and I puff my chest out in satisfaction of my power over this fragile being. She writhes beneath me, and her arousal kicks up yet again. I can tell she is wet between her legs, there is no denying it.

I lift my hand a little and bring it down with a small smack against her right cheek. She squeals in shock at the sound of the crack bouncing off the walls of my room. Only a moment later, I'm rubbing over the spot I'd just spanked, soothing it.

I believe this is what humans call foreplay, and I can't say I mind at all. The sweet fragrance of my mate. My enormous hand against her sexy body. Her soft skin against the calluses on my own fingers.

I spank her a few more times before I allow my fingers free reign of her lower half. I slip underneath her and cup her mound, my smallest finger tracing over her clit—something else I studied about the human female. Her breath catches in her chest, and a slow moan creeps out.

Her body is alive beneath me, yet completely relaxed. The rigid tension leaves her body finally. I lift my hand one last time for one final spank, and she raises her ass to greet me.

Fucking.

Perfection.

She rolls onto her side to face me on the bed, and then leans in to brush her lips against mine. "I very much enjoyed that." She wiggles her eyebrows, and I can't help but chuckle at her adorable nature.

"I have so much more in store for you, little one."

I allow her to take the lead as her lips find mine once again and capture me completely. I lift my arm to wrap around her waist and pull her in closer so she can feel what she's doing to me. I am hard as a rock for her.

My mating cock is tingling within my normal cock. It's a brand new experience for me. Never once has my mating cock shown any sort of interest in a female I was bedding, so I know for a fact Rhea is special. She is the one .

She melts against me as our lips fuse together, and responds to me with a deeply rooted passion burning within her.

I want to rid her of this robe immediately, bend her over, and pound into her from behind until I fill her with all of my seed. The air around us turns electric as the need grows between us.

She takes a small hand and pushes me until I'm lying on my back. From here, she straddles my lap, and my cock jumps with excitement. I can feel the heat pouring from her core, even with layers between us. I can only imagine how it will feel when we are bare together.

Rhea trails kisses down my neck and sends chills up my spine. Leaning up, she strips herself of the robe she's wearing, and I'm left with completely bare skin. I don't know where to look first. Her curves are stunning. Her breasts are large and firm. She has extra love around her midsection, but I am not opposed to it. In fact, it only turns me on more.

She raises my hands to cup her breasts, and I run my thumbs over her peaked little buds, only making them tighter.

Rhea reaches down between us to undo my pants and free my throbbing cock. I can feel my heartbeat with each throb of blood that's pumped into it, priming me for mating.

Her small hand encloses my cock, and she starts to rub slowly up and down, feeling the dips and veins. I am huge compared to her small hand, but she works me anyhow.

The harder my cock gets, the more vibration it has. She looks up at me in shock. “Wait, your cock vibrates, too?” Her voice sounds giddy with excitement.

“Do human males cocks not vibrate?”

“No, we have vibrators, but not vibrating cocks. We usually buy vibrators at the adult store to service our needs.”

The word needs slips out of her lips before she leans down to run her tongue along the tip before sucking me in as deep as she can take me, which isn't far. But it's heaven, nonetheless. I am completely bewitched by her mouth and the way it moves over my cock.

I can't help the groans that slip from my lips with each pass. “Rhea, you have to stop. I wish to claim you today, and if you keep doing that, we won't get to the good part.”

I flip her below me and crawl down her body to the triangle between her thighs. I can smell her need, and it's a sweet, almost bitter note. My mouth waters at the scent. She will be stretching quite a bit to accommodate my large size.

I'll go slow so I don't hurt her as she adjusts. I brush my lips against her skin, wanting to see where she's most sensitive; each kiss elicits a beautiful moan. I slip a finger between her folds, feeling the dew of her desire left behind. She is tight around my finger. So very tight.

“I love the way you taste. The way you stretch around my fingers. The scent of your need for me, my sweet little one. I love the way you look naked. Every single inch of you is perfect.”

My words must make her a little self-conscious because she starts to close in on herself. “Do not hide, Rhea. Never hide from me. I want all of it. All of you .”

I go back to slipping my tongue between her folds, and she instantly relaxes. This time when I move up her body, I keep going. I don't stop at her stomach or her breasts. I don't stop at her collarbone or her chin.

"I want you, Traxx. Take me," she whispers right before falling off the ledge into oblivion. Her pussy suffocates my fingers as she bears down on them from her orgasm. She collapses back onto the bed, her breath coming heavily, her heart beating faster.

I flip us so she is straddling me again. She doesn't wait long, and she's soon pressing my tip to her core as she sinks down my cock. She stretches around me to take it all, and I pump into her lazily. I want to be certain she really is ready for me.

She starts to lift herself up and slide back down on my cock again and again, going faster each time. At the bottom, she rolls her hips, and I swear my eyes roll back into my head at the incredible feeling of being inside her, of feeling her work my cock.

We rock together, whimpers and moans filling the air. I lift a finger to her clit and circle it gently. She squeezes tighter and tighter each time she drops onto me. I love the way she holds me tightly...almost as if she will never let me go.

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We come within a few seconds of each other, our cries echoing throughout the room. Pleasure unlike anything I've ever known cocoons me in its waves.

That's when I feel it. A second, harder, cock expands within me. My eyes widen at this change. What is happening?

When it reaches its full peak, I moan in pleasure and need.

"You are mine, Rhea. Forever. I will never let you go now." He leans up to grab my lips with his own, this kiss more passionate than any others we've shared tonight.

"I don't want to go anywhere, Traxx."

As I speak, he starts to really pump into me, raising me higher and higher until I reach my peak and fall down the other side. It's a glorious, glorious thing that I get lost in. I am not aware of aliens being able to come again so soon after the first time. Certainly a human male does not have this capability, but I'm not complaining.

This second cock has a different feeling than the first one. It is firmer and more rigid. Much like the other one, this hits all the notes it needs to hit.

"Traxx..."

"Yes, mate," he responds breathlessly.

"I didn't know you could orgasm again so soon after the first time."

“It is because now you are feeling my mating cock. The cock that only you will ever have the pleasure of feeling. You will be the only woman I spill my seed in from here on out.”

I should be afraid of his words. I should be worried about getting knocked up. But everything feels perfect when he’s inside me. Life is perfect.

It will always be perfect because I have found my mate. Little old me... running from my life and into the arms of a man who will protect and cherish me forever. I can’t think of anything better. If you had asked me six months ago, I never thought I would find happiness like I have with Traxx. Here, with him, I have a permanent home. I have found my forever.

We spend the rest of the day getting to know every part of each other. Later on, we are lying in bed, me stroking the mating marks on his arm, when my stomach makes a god awful noise.

“You are hungry, little one?”

“Seems like it,” I say with a chuckle.

“I will make us food. What is something else you Earthers like to eat?”

“Well... hamburgers, hot dogs, ice cream, pizza... you name it. Unless you’d like for me to try something from your planet. I am open to anything.”

“You would willingly try food from Grekaria?”

“I would willingly do anything for you, Traxx. You should know that by now, and if you didn’t, now you do. You’re stuck with me forever.” I grin, flashing him a goofy smile as he chuckles.

“Then let’s get forever started, shall we?”

The End.... For Now.

I hope you enjoyed Traxx and Rhea’s story.