



*The Prince's*  
**GODDESS**

**LAST WARRIORS OF SAI NOVEL**  
**BY ALEXIA JACKSON**

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*To all the book babes out there that just want to see a grumpy brat beg*

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All characters and their similarities to other creations are purely coincidental. This is a work I originally made back during the pandemic when Ao3 saved me from boredom.

### WARNINGS:

This book, though it comes with a HEA, contains a lot of sexual content (like, A LOT) and mentions of trauma. Some of which includes:

Parental abandonment (off-page, mentioned)

Pegging and prostate play

Rimming

Active use of safe words and equipment (i.e. tying partners up, whips, floggers) during sessions

Collaring

Choking

Switching from Dominant to submissive in the same session

Praise kink

Dirty talk

Orgasm denial

Overstimulation kink

Tail play

Death of one's home planet/race

Use of safe words during sexual encounters

Exhibitionism and use of sexual toys in public

After care

Emotional and physical distancing/miscommunication

Kink involving paying for food, clothing, etc. for submissive

Mating kink

Bleeding/biting

Femme Domme/brat sub relationships

Anything I missed please inform me and I will be happy to add to the list.

Enjoy!

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# CHAPTER ONE

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## *Behind the Wheel - Depeche Mode*

VON FELT HIS shoulders tighten with each irritating click of the time-telling device across from him.

Beings of various shapes, sizes, and galactic origins spread thin across the most unorthodox waiting room he'd encountered on Earth. All men, though, he noted. The eleven males each looked ludicrous in such a plush space. Blood-colored furniture - couches, throw pillows, and lamps - almost blended into the equally red walls and flooring. Flowers spilled over the tops of vases, covering virtually every flat surface. Oils of Earthen Gothic landscapes littered the available wall space.

Von, himself, sat stiffly in an armchair. He felt himself sink another inch towards the floor whenever his weight shifted. From the outside, the Sai looked calm and collected. Inside, he was a raging storm of nerves, his senses taking in everything around him.

One Gaht, whose tentacles spawned from below the jaw, absentmindedly flipped through a magazine. At the same time, a Sawht, sporting three heads, hummed harmoniously to itself.

A woman, in bright blue spandex, typed away on a computer. The irritating clicking from the keyboard grated his nerves.

The smack of a whip three doors down and the hisses or moans of whatever man was on the receiving end.

*How the fuck did I get here?*

He knew exactly how that happened. It was no mystery.

First, his commander gave him mandatory leave on this blue-and-green ball. His superior officer thought this was Von's chance to settle down and 'take some time off' from the fighting. After all, the Galactic Coalition

wasn't going anywhere. Their primary threat - the Insurgence - was still pushing their invasive species on the rest of the Coalition. And, with Earth having recently joined the treaty for protection, this was the perfect place to send soldiers on leave. At a moment's notice, Von would be transported back to the command port and into battle. He was to stay within the Rocky Mountain Range of the Earth's United States for a 'break.' To work in the local economy. Living in mediocre lodgings that made him long for the technology of the Coalition.

He scoffed internally, tension rolling off of him in waves.

His forced landing on the planet wasn't what had him on edge. Given the circumstances of his home planet, Sai, the alien, was technically a foster citizen of planet Earth. It was the freaking establishment he was sitting in. Because Earthlings were recently introduced to other life forms through the treaty, most of the population isn't accustomed to seeing alien life forms walking around on the street. It makes baser needs, such as eating and working, difficult for non-humanoid creatures. Von, himself, was almost entirely human in appearance. At least, while wearing clothes and in public. Aside from the tail, he was bipedal, had tanned skin, and a muscled build. The only difference between Von and a passerby Earth male was his height, which was below average, and his hair stood on end. Even for other Sai, Von was short. But there seemed to be a variety of heights and hairstyles on this planet, so he didn't seem too different. Any other anomalies were hidden away from the public eye.

Another snap of a whip, followed by a masculine cry, sounded from down the hall.

He shivered. In anticipation or unease, Von couldn't tell.

This place is meant to be a place for Coalition immigrants and soldiers to have intercourse with Earth beings who are open to the concept. Von was not inexperienced, though his lack of satisfying sexual encounters made him wonder for years if something was wrong with him. He could surely please a female but could rarely get off himself. Maybe it was from years of treatment and trauma; it made anything remotely gentle hardly felt. But some of the topics the admissions of the command center put up for discussion and exploration sounded attractive to him. Perhaps it was new activities that needed to be explored for him. Maybe Earth could help him discover this.

But Von didn't know how to get started. He was never one to back down from a challenge, but how could he explain to someone else what he liked if he didn't know? Not to mention that the Sai, who make up 2% of the Coalition's population, are known for their incredible strength, violence, and tempers. Who'd want to partner up with a grumpy half-beast who could kill you in one go, even if they looked normal on the surface?

So here he is. At a local dungeon that felt more like an elderly female's home, aside from the scantily clad women behind the desk. He filled out as much as he could of the intake form - some people were fucking weird with what turned them on - and quietly yet impatiently waited for his name to be called.

His phone buzzed.

IDIOT: What are you doing?

V: None of your business. What do you want?

IDIOT: I found another Earth female for you! Want me to send her comm?

Von grits his teeth in embarrassment and quickly stuffed his phone in the pocket of his jeans. His dwelling partner, Rolf, was also Sai. They had grown up with him on his home planet of Sai. Just like when they were cubs, Rolf was always known for meddling where he didn't belong, Von's love life included. He wasn't interested in finding a mate anytime soon. Shit if this worked out, he probably wouldn't need to.

"Von?"

He looked at the redhead in white leather that called his name. She held a clipboard and a broad smile. His mouth thinned to a grim line as he stood and walked up to her spot at the front desk.

"You see, sir, we offer a few women. Through genetic matching to your unique species and needs, one of them may fit what you're looking for," the female explained. "Look at their profiles here and let me know once you've selected. If one doesn't work out, you can always try another."

He grunted in response, looking through the black-and-white headshots of the women before him. All were explicitly for 'baby' participants or those brand new to their service. Very few offered actual sexual release, though. The frown on Von's face grew. He turned the page and was met with a pair of brilliant eyes shining through the crappy ink of the page.



*Dr. Mae Luna. 5'5". 175 lbs. Scientist. Heiress. Soft mommy and hardcore Domme. Willing to work with different species. Consensual gratification is allowed. Will allow play outside of the premises under exceptional circumstances. Tested for Galactic Mating protocol.*

He could feel his face flushing as Von read through her list of kinks. The thought of anyone - let alone this tiny female - doing these acts to him sent an unusual shiver down his spine. His tail tightened around his waist, the hair bristling.

Before he could talk himself out of it, Von picked her photo out and gave it to the receptionist. After providing his identification and finishing some other paperwork, she finally looked at the picture. "Oh! You picked Dr. Luna! Excellent choice. You'll need to complete an additional interview with her before you set up any playtime."

His brow furrowed. "What does that entail?"

She gave a knowing smile. "General genetic matching and compatibility. Regardless of the compatibility testing, anything else is between the two of you."

The hairs on his neck stood as she led him down the hall to a broad set of double doors. The redhead pressed the intercom beside the door, "Dr. Luna, you have a new applicant."

*Buzz. Click.*

The doors barely opened, gently. The Earthling receptionist waved Von ahead with an amused grin. He gulped and walked through the doors.

VON PUSHED THROUGH the large oak doors and into the most extensive office he'd ever seen on Earth. Ceiling-high bookcases littered the wall except the back, which held two huge windows framing a fireplace. Plush cream carpeting covered the floor, smelling faintly of strawberries. In front of him sat a sitting space with two wingbacks, white love seats, and a coffee table of the same startling shade. On the other side of it was an enormous mahogany desk, hand-carved from the looks of it. Sitting behind it, he assumed to be Dr. Luna.

He didn't know what to expect from this woman. Her brilliant blue eyes looked over him curiously. Yet, the only change in her expression was a twitch of a smile. She wore a white pantsuit, the pleating clearly showing from even as far away as Von was. One well-manicured hand propped under her chin while the other subtly swirled a glass of wine. Cerulean

locks were pulled back into a tight bun against her head. Her lips were blood red.

“Have a seat,” she stated. Her voice was gentle yet commanding like she gave no room for negotiation. A soft timbre with the accent of a native Earthling, even if her unusual coloring suggested otherwise.

Von, however, remained standing, giving a curt shake of his head. His onyx eyes flickered throughout the room, taking note of all corners. His tail continued to bristle around his waist, itching to be free, but nerves kept it at bay.

A flash of some irritation shot through the female’s eyes. “Hmm.” The smile remained, if not growing slightly wider at his disobedience. She stood, sat on the edge of the desk, and kicked her legs around to the front. Immediately, Von noticed the obscenely high white heels that seemed to stretch her legs. If not for those, she’d look like one of his commanding officers. The wine in her hand remained; no drop spilled through her movements.

Graceful and powerful. Somewhere inside, the Sai found he liked that.

“We need to establish some ground rules,” she spoke briskly. “Within this room, you do as I say. I am your goddess. You will worship the ground I walk on and the shoes I wear to do it. If you have a problem with that, there’s the door. But I can guarantee that if you listen to what I say, you’ll leave feeling satisfied every time.”

A tiny smirk appeared on Von’s face briefly before he regained control. This woman thought she could control him, and a small part of him was intrigued to see if she backed her words. “I refuse to sit.”

“And why is that?”

“I only sit when I’m comfortable.”

She gave an inquisitive tilt of her head. “What makes you uncomfortable about sitting in here?”

He took stock of his surroundings, chewing over his words. “I wouldn’t want to dirty the upholstery.”

For a moment, it was quiet. Then, the female started to giggle, turning into hard laughter. “Fair enough,” the female said, standing. She sauntered over to the bookcase, her hips swaying.

A waft of her scent came across his nose, sending a shiver through him. Deep, fruity, and clean. Her natural musk was enough of a perfume. Some

kind of spice - vanilla? - came through. The combination made a warmth pool in the bottom of his belly and made his throat let out a contented growl against his will.

Von took his time noticing her ripe, peachy ass and incredibly total bust. If the suit wasn't well tailored - which he could do nothing but assume it was - she'd have popped a button by now. She was a handsome woman, and she definitely knew it. The beast within him began to stir as soon as she stated her 'ground rules' and growled its appreciation of her.

That has never happened before in the presence of a female.

Suddenly, the bookcase began to move, opening up to a small examination room. A chair sat in the center, and next to it, a stool with a small medical tray on a stand. Dr. Luna turned and gave Von a look. "Come."

"JUST TRY TO relax," the blue-haired female soothed as she typed away on the computer beside her. After much debate between himself and the woman beside him, Von sat in the examination chair and impatiently waited. A few wires had been taped to his now bare chest and were hooked to the computer. His tail hangs loose beside him, thumping absentmindedly against the chair's base.

Because he was Sai, she had said, a few tests needed to be done. Something about measuring his energy levels so he wouldn't hurt her. Von had yet to understand much of the one-sided conversation. Still, he remained enamored with this woman, giving her his full attention.

Why would a woman of her brain work in a place like this? Was it for fun? What did she have to gain from it?

He chewed these thoughts over as he watched her every movement.

Based on Von's personal research into Earthen sexual relationships, this woman wasn't intimidating in the traditional sense of being a Domme'. He knew he could snap her in half like a twig, no problem. There must be more than what others usually use - such as whips and chains, which Von didn't know how he felt about in the first place - underneath the surface.

He wasn't the standard male, either. The Sai had once inhabited a small planet that belonged to the Lemo galaxy cluster. With Earth civilian clothes on, the majority of physical differences were covered. But now, with his shirt off, noticeable black and white stripes - similar to Earth animals called 'tigers' - run across his torso and down his pant-clad legs. It was a legend

amongst his people that those of specific coloring and striping could turn into savage beasts; the most anyone had done, as far as Von was aware, was an energy increase that increased one's strength and stamina.

The well-dressed female made a slight noise akin to surprise.

"According to the blood work we've undergone, the two of us match at a 98% genetic compatibility."

Von's eyebrows lifted at that, the only showcase of his surprise. If that was the truth, and there were no flaws within the test, the woman across from him would be his mate on Sai. It would explain the attraction he has to her despite the irritation he had at her words. But how reliable would a test like this be? The Coalition may approve this facility, but the science still needs to back it up. Would the alliance send soldiers here under the guise of extended leave when their true intention was to find mated pairs?

That train of thought was interrupted when Dr. Luna spoke again.

"Alright, I need you to stand and power up for me," the doctor stated, her eyes still glued to the screen.

Shock ran across Von's features. "What?"

Her eyes landed hard on him. "Stand. Power up. Now."

His eyes asked the obvious, silent question: how did she know Sai had energy manipulation abilities? Is that what she was doing on the computer? What was this woman getting at? She remained quiet, her eyes fixed on him.

Apparently, he'd be getting no answer. Yet.

He hesitated but slowly stood and began to gradually raise his energy. The air in the room started to heat up, spinning rapidly. Papers flew all over the place.

The woman remained seated, barely noticing the shift in the room.

"Keep going," she urged. A smirk appeared on her face. "Unless you can't do any better than that."

He gave a smirk back.

Fine, she asked for it.

The air around them intensified, electric shocks spreading around them. The light bulbs popped, sending them into partial darkness. Somewhere in the building, an alarm sounded. The Sai's body began to let off a blueish glow, feet rising off the floor. Internally, Von's beast fought to break free, roaring with the surge of power he released. But he kept the beast inside.

Still, she continued to sit there, looking mildly amused.

His brow furrowed as he powered down. Von took deep breaths, looking the female over. He'd actually broken a sweat from the exertion of keeping his beast reigned in. The room was wrecked, aside from the chair in the center and the Earth female. Why hadn't she moved?

"That should be good enough, I guess," Dr. Luna drawled. "Take those electrodes off and have a seat."

Once he did as she asked, the woman gave a few more clicks on the keyboard. "Are you going to explain what that was about?" he pressed.

She gave a knowing smile, giving him a quick glance. "In due time. In the meantime, I have a few questions to ask you."

Von snarled, his patience at his limit. "Can't you just look at the imbecilic questionnaire they gave me?"

The blue-haired woman turned off the screen and faced him. "Oh, I will. But first, I need to know why you're here." They were barely a foot apart, and Von could smell her scent intensely now. Her skin lightly shone from the increase in temperature, a thin layer of sweat starting to build on her collarbone.

He had a sudden inclination to taste it.

"From what I've gathered so far, you're a prideful brat - it's an industry term, don't take it personally - who enjoys being argumentative and the upper hand. Based off of your questionnaire from earlier, the majority of your interests are very tame. Yet, I find it hard to believe that you can't find a partner outside of this establishment, Coalition or not, that can satisfy your urges. You're an attractive, well-built male, and even your lack of genuine people skills wouldn't keep you from finding a good lay occasionally." Dr. Luna's eyes bore into Von. "So, why are you here?"

He opened his mouth...then closed it. That was a good question. Von knew honesty with this woman, with any dynamic of a sexual nature, was the best policy. But a part of himself refused to submit to her infuriatingly detailed analysis of his character. How could she claim to know him so well after just a few minutes? He didn't get it.

He gave a sigh before carefully speaking his answer, "I struggle with finding a...satisfying sexual relationship."

Her eyebrows perked at that, but no other change was made to the woman's face. "Are you impotent?"

"Don't be ridiculous, woman." Von's face flushed crimson, feeling rage at the insult. Not at her directly, just the insinuation. "I didn't say I had

issues satisfying anyone."

"Hmm. But no one can get you off."

"There's no need to be so vulgar about it. But, yes."

She chuckled, gazing at the nails of her right hand for a moment before meeting his again. Her thumb absentmindedly played with the side of her index cuticle. "What would push you over the edge, then?"

"How should I know that?"

"You know your body better than anyone else. You should know."

"Isn't that your job?"

She was suddenly way too close, her face only a few inches from his. Von didn't know who had moved first, but there was barely a breath of room between them now. Her eyes shone with myriad emotions under a layer of professional curiosity. He bit his tongue; that strange desire to trace her neck with his tongue lingered on. It had grown substantially within the past few minutes.

She noticed. "Tell me what you're thinking about." Her eyes dared him to lie.

A thrill shot down to the base of his tail.

He swallowed. "Tasting you."

"If you were to, how would that make you feel?"

Confusion ran through his mind. His face must have shown his befuddlement; the blue-haired female grinned and leaned in impossibly closer until her lips were right next to his ear. "How would licking my neck and chest feel to you? Tell me how it would make your body feel."

As he thought about the notion, listening to her voice wash over him, he felt himself heating. A tingling spread across his skin, much like he imagined would happen to her if he acted impulsively. Usually, foreplay was something that was skipped over in his sexual escapades. However, he knew how to quickly make a female ready for him to claim. He'd never spent more than a few minutes with them to explore how taking his time would make them feel. Make him feel. This woman, however...

"Not...unpleasant." His tail had begun to wrap around the woman's leg without him noticing. He could hear a low growl, half registering he made the sound.

She bit her lip, tracing his jawline with the tip of her nose. The subtle scent of her arousal began to permeate the air around them, hardening his



body and tightening the grip his tail had on her leg. "But you won't let yourself...will you?"

He didn't need to answer. His knuckles had gone white from clenching his fists, urging them to stay by his sides. Von's body was trembling slightly but remained planted in one spot. Only his eyes - and his lower extremities - betrayed the growing sense of lust within himself.

"I thought not," she stated, looking him in the eye. She seemed to know enough about Sai's biology to understand the need for transparent communication, verbally and physically. The constant eye contact was a reassuring sign of that. The fact that he could smell hardly any other beings on her skin was another. She rarely came into close quarters with any other 'patients' according to her profile...why bring her walls down for him?

He processed his thoughts of potential ulterior motives as his eyes watched her movements. She moved away, picked up a round device, and handed it to him. His questioning gaze prompted her explanation.

"I'm sure you're aware of the use of collars with some couples who 'play.' Though I have no intention of collaring you to me - unless that becomes something you'd enjoy later - the point is to ensure you keep control of your electromagnetic fields. Though you hold a massive amount of control of your energy and the beast you own - yes, I know all about that -within these walls, you may find certain...activities will make you forgetful of your abilities and their limits. I don't plan on dying any time soon or burning the building down, so this will help."

While Dr. Luna spoke, her hands tidied the room from the mess that was made. Her voice was passive and informative like she was describing what she had for dinner last night and not a sex choker.

"The device will not control your will or anything similar. Wearing it will make your power levels more like a human's. Should you wish to 'play,' I expect it to be worn. It does have certain functions outside of energy dampening, such as tightening to produce a choking effect. Still, none will be used without your consent."

Von couldn't help but stare at her incredulously, his mind riffling through the possibilities of this technology. On Sai, those who go without a mate and enter their beast's fever, in which man and monster are out of control, go through isolation and death. A device of this sort, a collar so similar to that of his own race's mating rituals, would be ingenious for his people. "How did you come about this device?" he couldn't help but ask.

"I made it."

Surprise appeared across his features.

She smiled. "What kind of doctor did you think I was? I don't plan on probing you, even if you are otherworldly. I don't have the skill set, anyway. I'm a genius of the technological kind."

Was she that intelligent? This female, this stranger, has civilization-changing technology, and she's using it for recreational use? Von couldn't believe that the Coalition didn't know about this. Is that why they sent me here? To meet her?

"Why give it to me," he inquired. "If you can use this technology for more...conventional means, wouldn't that be more sufficient? I know the Coalition would pay heavily for technology such as this."

At that, the blue-haired woman stepped closer to him. "To be transparent, testing into this facility and potentially finding an alien mate came across my path unexpectedly. I've been working with my family's business for most of my life. We specialize in technological and scientific advancements to bring ease of life and continue the pursuit of knowledge. Coming up with technology, such as this collar, was a late-night escapade of mine, fueled by caffeine and a need to discover if one's natural electrical impulses could be managed regardless of their species." Those eyes pierced into him, and a softness spread across her features. "With that in mind, I like you. You're fascinating. And incredibly sexy." He felt his chest involuntarily puff up at that. She continued, "I feel like 'playing' together would be...mutually beneficial. And it seems our compatibility agrees." His tail had come up to wrap around her wrist at her words. She ran his fur through her fingers, not quite petting but not entirely pushing him away. Her eyes flickered back up to his before she whispered, "However, I am not a meek playmate. If you choose me as a mate or sexual partner, I will push your comfort zone. And...I want to see how to make a big, strong, prideful man like you beg."

The subtle friction and her bold statement made Von's body harden more. His face flushed at her words, but definitely in a good way. "You can sure try, woman."

She grinned, his words seeming to please her. "Excellent."

A buzzer sounded, and the wall between them and the office began to close. A small surge of panicked curiosity ran down Von's spine as the room

circulated, and a bedroom appeared on the opposite wall. White blanket with crimson sheets. Cream carpeting and black paint on the walls.

How big was this woman's 'dungeon'?

The female herself went over to the large bed - wide enough to fit at least four occupants, if not more - and laid down in the center. Propping herself up on her elbows, she gazed at him anxiously. "Shall we get started, then?"

Von took stock of her form before him, his hand still grasping the wide but thin metal choker. After a moment, he took a deep breath and brought it up around his neck.

*Click*

It automatically molded next to his skin, not entirely choking him but making its presence known. His beast growled at the feel of a mating-like collar around its neck.

Then he followed her over to the bed. "Yes, goddess."

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## CHAPTER TWO

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### *Whatever Lola Wants - Ella Fitzgerald*

WHEN VON FELT the back of his head hit the pillow, he sighed contentedly. His room was dark and relaxed, the breeze from outside filtering in gently through lopsided blinds. The cracks and holes in the walls didn't stick out as much tonight. His loud-as-all-hell-dwelling mates didn't quite stir up his agitation like usual.

Maybe he was spent in every way imaginable, and the exhaustion was just getting to him, like one of those moments where physical weariness overrules a busy mind and pushes its owner into a dreamless sleep.

He knew that wasn't the case, though.

It was that blue-haired female. Mae.

The things she said...

The things he did to her...

How his body had never felt like that before...

He couldn't help replaying the events of the past few hours in his mind...

HE HAD COME over to the bed as she beckoned. Von's eyes hadn't left her form since she laid herself across the sheets like an offering. The way that white suit clung to her curves. The way her creamy skin shone underneath the dimmer lighting. His fingers reached out, aching to touch her, but then she raised her hand. Her eyes were serious.

"You've never done this before, right?"

His brow furrowed, pulling his mind back from the cobwebs of his lust. "Sex?"

The woman chuckled like she was listening to a child. It made his tail bristle in agitation. "No, sweetness, BDSM."

He gave a quick shake of his head.

"Before we get started - because it will get intense, despite what a big boy like you thinks he can handle - we need a safe word. If I say something specific, it will bring you out of your head space. So, pick."

He thought through it for a moment. "Worms."

She blinked at him. "...really?"

He met her gaze, challenging. "Not good enough?"

Dr. Mae Luna shrugged. "No, works perfectly. Just surprised me, is all." The female reached out, running her fingers along his shoulder. He shuddered, tiny sparks of electricity trailing behind her touch. A low growl unleashed itself from his throat, his body hardening. Von couldn't understand why he was so sensitive but tried not to linger. "Today," she continued. "Your job is to turn me on. I'll tell you when you can do more. Understood?"

He watched the woman closely, then gave a stiff nod. Though he had no clue what to do, honestly. The limited number of intoxicated one-night stands Von had previously left much to be desired for him. Names were never remembered, let alone faces. He mostly just screwed the females, mostly Sai, to get Rolf off his back about being a prude and to not waste his money on 'good pussy'. But as he sat next to this blue-haired beauty, who obviously was in touch with her sexuality enough to know what an experienced partner was or wasn't, he drew a blank.

"Yes, what?" she pushed. Any sense of knowing Von's inner turmoil seemed to have gone over the insightful woman's head. Or she had the respect not to talk about it.

He rolled his eyes. Was this female going to keep this up the whole time? Earth females really liked this kind of talk? "Yes, goddess."

A broad smile appeared on her face. "Good boy. Now, get over here and take this off of me. And you better not rip it; it's expensive."

He fucking believed it and moved to do as he was told. His thick fingers shook as he hesitantly undid the buttons of the female's jacket - his female, if the test was to be believed - and pulled it off her shoulders. Underneath was a sleeveless vest and white shirt, which was unbuttoned enough for Von to see how barely contained her breasts were. A wave of her scent wafted to his nose, and before he realized what he was doing, Von

buried his face in her chest. The doctor gasped, and the smell of her arousal spiked the air around him. With a hurriedness that wasn't there previously, he quickly undid the buttons of the vest and shirt, desperate to reveal more of that creamy skin.

"Shh..." she soothed, her fingers flickering through his coarse hair. A purr started at the back of Von's throat at feeling her nails grazing his skin, the beast within him loving her touch. "Not so fast. Take your time. I'm not going anywhere."

He gulped back a moan. Why were those gentle words causing this ache in his chest while making him unbelievably hard at the same time? The Sai's internal monologue stopped when her shirt was finally thrown away, and he revealed what was underneath. "What is this?" Von asked, his eyes consumed with the details of an odd extra layer of fabric she had over her body.

The female stopped and looked down at her chest before looking up through long, black lashes at him. "It's a bra or a brasserie. Earth women use it for additional support for their body or decoration. I love feeling lingerie, or under clothing, like this." Her voice oozed confidence, just the sound of it making him bite back a groan.

The woman had on a lacy black bra that was borderline see-through. He could faintly make out her pebbled nipples through the thin material. Those breasts seemed to almost overflow the material, and Von knew just from looking they would do so similarly with his hands. Now that the shirt was gone, the sides of a pair of matching lower garments - panties, she called them - peaked above the waistline of her pants, adorning her hips. The belly between them was soft, with some curves, the sign of a healthy woman. She was not thin like some females he'd seen. She was about his height but broad, with a large chest and hips to match. Curvy. Soft. Thick, in the best of ways. But what did him in was the filthy look she was giving him: that blue hair had been let loose from its bun to make her curls bounce out around her face, and those eyes burned with lust while her teeth set out to nibble on her bottom ruby-red lip. A sight that made his cock ache viciously.

"Mmm, keep going," she whispered, staring at him longingly. Her arms pushed together, pushing her breasts closer to each other and up towards him. "If you keep doing such a good job, I'll let you taste my nipples."



His face flushed bright red. "Are you always going to be this...talkative?"

Dr. Luna - Mae - giggled, feigning innocence. "Most definitely. I can tell you like it, though, big boy." The toes of her right foot trailed up Von's inner thigh, and she proceeded to rub her calf against his growing erection.

He bit his tongue, halting the moan that threatened to unleash itself. Instead, he crawled himself over the woman's body and let himself finally taste her neck. His tongue darted out to rub along her skin, tracing itself down the side of her throat and along her collarbone. She let out a shiver and moan. "Mmmm, just like that." Encouraged, he let his body rest itself on top of hers - fuck, she fit perfectly against him - and started nibbling and kissing along her shoulders and the tops of her breasts. "Oh, yes," she moaned. Whenever he'd lick or kiss her skin in just the right way, her hips would subtly buck towards him. Every sound she made, along with the constant friction of her thigh against his member, sent running shocks of pleasure through Von, and an internal growl from his beast would sound.

This was so gentle, almost reverent. His body was responding like it never had before. Why had this never happened before with anyone else?

After a moment, he could feel the woman getting restless beneath him. Her breathy moans gained a whining edge to them, like what he was doing was no longer enough. He didn't like that. His fingers played with the hooks of her bra, Von's eyes finally looking up at Mae, asking for quiet permission. She smiled and arched her back up, giving him room to unclasp and pull off the decorative garment.

He couldn't help but groan when his hands finally grasped her breasts. They quickly overflowed his palms, incredibly warm and plump. Her nipples were darker than he first thought, olive-toned, and matched perfectly with her creamy skin.

First, he kissed and licked his way down the center valley of her breasts, rolling her nipples between his fingers. Von gathered it was what she wanted - the way she moaned, bucked her hips, and chattered endlessly about how good he was making her feel was plenty of indication for that - but he didn't care. He enjoyed taking his time with this woman, tasting her, and 'turning her on.' So, he trailed kisses underneath her hefty breasts and over her creamy flesh.

She whimpered as his breath brushed over her nipples. "Oh, yes. Play with them. They need your attention, too."

He chuckled. "I thought I was playing with them, goddess?"

She grinned, her eyes closed from focusing on his mouth and hands, but her mind was still aware enough to comprehend his teasing. "Mmm, but you can use your tongue too."

"But I have." He licked circles over her breasts, completely ignoring the exact spot where she wanted it. "I don't know what you mean."

Her breath hitched into a whine for a moment, her body lost in denial of the pleasure she needed. "Run the pad of that dirty tongue over my nipples," she commanded. "Now."

Von groaned, immediately leaving her chest just like she wanted. Fuck, it was hot when she talked like that. Even more so when she moaned hard, in relief and lust, at the feeling of his mouth on her. His hips ground into her thigh as he moaned around her breast in his mouth.

They spent what felt like eons like this, moaning and groaning at what the other did to their bodies. Soon, their pants were tossed across the floor. He laid with his head at her hips, her head at his knees, and gave the tiny bundle of nerves between her thighs - her clit, Mae explained breathlessly - the same treatment as her nipples. Underneath those black lace panties, her legs stretched for days, and a soft plane of blue stubble was present. It tickled against Von's face as he teased her clit with the tip of his tongue, then laved at her in quick strokes. Both hands had reached up under her legs - twisting her hips up close to his shoulders - and each teased one of her nipples. The woman moaned and screamed, a torrent of curses and groans flowing from her mouth. Her hand pumped his cock hard but slowly, squeezing and moving faster only when he licked or kissed in the right spot. It drove Von nuts with how much he loved it.

"Gods, you do such a good job licking my clit. Fucking hell, yes, right there! Shit, don't stop. Oh fuck, yeah! Right there!"

The woman screamed, her nails digging into Von's scalp as her orgasm rippled through her body. He moaned as the taste of her intensified, moving his tongue in and out of her pussy like his cock wanted to. He yearned to drink all of her up, just covering his face and chest in her juices. Mae twitched and writhed under him, her hand firmly gripping the base of his cock as she came down from her high.

"Fuck, come here," she moaned, pulling on his arm. Von followed, instantly latching his lips to the side of her neck. He growled as her hand continued her ministrations on his cock, pumping vigorously. "You were

such a good boy making me cum," she praised. Those blue eyes alternated between watching his face and cock, that tiny hand refusing to ease up its grip. "You want to cum for me?"

Von groaned, nodding his head enthusiastically. He had almost lost it when she came, and now the sound of her voice...the feel of her hand...fuck, he was so close...

"You can do it," the blue-haired vixen continued, leaving hot kisses across his forehead. Manicured nails trailed up and down his back, holding him flush against her body, and teased the base of his tail.

Von gasped, his tail coming up to wrap around her wrist. He looked up into her eyes, onyx meeting sapphire. The beast within him roared with tension, sending ripples across his skin. His resolve began to slip. "I-I'm close. H-hold it..." he whimpered.

Her hand latched around the base of his tail while simultaneously tightening around his cock and pumping unbelievably faster. "You like that? You gonna cum for me?" she teased, staring him down. "I want you to cum all over this hand. Just let your load loose. You were so good for me; you deserve it."

Von roared and clamped his teeth onto her shoulder, orgasming hard. His body shook and shivered as he got wave after wave of pleasure running down his back and tail. The woman gasped and hissed, her hand faltering for a moment, but it hardly registered as Von came down from his high. His hips twitched as her hand kept pumping his seed out onto the sheets.

VON FELT HIMSELF grow hard at the memory, slightly saddened that the woman made him leave so quickly after they were done.

True, it wasn't that quick. Dr. Luna had emphasized the need for 'aftercare,' so he laid against her chest for about a half-hour. Drowning himself in her scent. Coming down from the best orgasmic high he's probably had. Because, fuck, if just the first time was that could, how would it feel if he was actually inside of her...

She was pretty pissed, though, before he left. Something about him biting her too hard. It looked enticing to him. The indentions were already fading, and it was hardly even red. But she'd told him to return expecting a 'punishment' next time.

Von grinned. If that weak woman could actually inflict pain on him, he'd have to go back. Though he had never expected to feel anything from

someone treating him gently - shit, he never thought someone encouraging him to orgasm would ever be hot, either - so the thought of her hurting him...

A shiver ran down his spine.

Rolf and Karoh, another soldier assigned to their temporary barracks, had given him odd looks when Von first walked in the front door, most likely due to the female's scent. He ignored their questions, though, and came straight to his room.

The thought of her touching him, however, made him unbelievably hard. Von's hand was poised over himself, half tempted to handle the problem.

But then, he looked at his end table to the right. A thin silver band, the collar she gave him, sat there.

He watched his hand pick it up, study the craftsmanship, and clip it on.

*Click*

Von rolled over and let the pressure of his body against the hard mattress soften his dick. And then sleep finally found him.

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## CHAPTER THREE

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### *Guy What Takes His Time - Christina Aguilera*

THE FLAMES SEEMED to swallow the bulb as Von spun it quickly and gently. One hand grasped the rod steady, the other turned. Once the pigment had melded into the rest of the hot glass to his liking, Von brought the rod up to his lips and blew in quick, even puffs. The bubble expanded. Gold and royal blue flecks of color began to appear throughout the translucent glass. After a few more pulls and twists, he clipped the newly formed vase off the end of the rod and into Rolf's waiting hands. The long-haired Sai speedily rushed the piece into the cooler.

Now that one task was complete, Von took a moment to strip off his white gloves and run a rag across his face. This was how work typically went at Peak Glass House. Orders for intricate pieces of ridiculously fragile glass would come in - everything from drinkware to gifts - and the orders would be sent out within a few days. Commander Hollum, a long-time glass artist of exceptional fame, trained those talented enough to work under his name. In the past few months, Hollum developed a partnership with the Coalition's station on Earth to provide work for on-leave soldiers. Almost everyone on the current staff was a part of the Galactic Coalition.

Well, and those who could withstand the old geezer's disgusting humor.

Von bore it with a stern frown on most days. Today, though, the almost-thirty-year-old Sai was distracted. All of his orders consisted of some blue pigment. It brought distraction - that woman - to mind consistently.

His fingers reached to thumb the silver band that was meant to be around his throat. It was gone. Panic started to spread until he realized it

was in his locker.

It wouldn't do either of them any good if he burned his neck off while working.

Von sat by his station, waiting for Rolf to return, and took in his surroundings. Karoh, their dwelling mate and Rolf's even more idiotic brother was laying out long strings of glass with a Citri. The two joked and wasted time, merry as can be, while another two Citri blasted their pieces in quiet solitude on the opposite end of the room. Sweat seemed to hang on everyone's shoulders, even the heat-resilient Sai bred for the extreme temperatures. Hollum, a human, didn't bother suffering with the rest of them; Von could hear him and an assistant cackling to themselves up in the older man's air-conditioned office.

"Hey, Your Highness," mocked Rolf. His bulky frame and hap-hazardous hair - which stuck out of its braid in a billion directions - hung outside the locker room door." Are you down for pizza? I'm buying."

Von stood and walked away from the forge as quickly as he could without looking excited.

AFTER THE AWKWARD - at least from Von's end - chit-chat at the front desk, the black-eyed Sai returned to Dr. Luna's office. His tail twitched happily behind him despite his protests to look as calm and collected as possible. The silver band was back around his neck. As soon as work was over and he'd changed out of his burnt coveralls into his signature black tank top and jeans, it clicked back into place. It troubled him how much calmer it made him feel having it there.

At least Rolf didn't think it was more than a piece of jewelry. He'd never hear the end of it otherwise.

Once outside the door, Von raised his finger to press the intercom but stopped halfway. There was shouting from inside the room. Was the woman fighting with someone?

He perked his ears up while casually leaning against the wall, trying his best to look the least inconspicuous as possible. Thank the gods for his superior hearing...

"-saying, Mae. If you wanted to try this stuff, you could have just told me."

"Like you would've been for it in the first place!" the woman screeched. Von winced at the pitch. Whoever the guy on the other side of the wall was,



he'd invoked her wrath for some reason. He tried not to dwell on the fact that she was angry, stirring up a weird mix of arousal and intrigue in his stomach. She continued, "And anyway, it's not your business anymore. I've been matched. So, why does it matter?"

"Well," the male whined. "Why can't it be?" Von found himself sneering at the human on the other side of the door. The whine in the male's voice made him seem desperate for attention and not like a worthy mate for Dr. Mae Luna.

*Wait. Mate?*

"Oh, don't you start that crap again," the female screamed back, interrupting Von's odd train of thought. "I don't plan on fucking someone who's been inside of every wannabe baseball groupie this side of Denver."

"How is this any different? You're doing the same thing, just adding an interview' in the middle. At least I take my one-night stand out for dinner before getting laid."

"With me, you didn't even do that! So, again, why even bother, Keith?!"

"Why are you even doing this, Mae? Are you that starved for affection that you have to seek out alien sickos here to get your slutty kicks?"

He heard a loud slap and a curse. The door slammed open, narrowly missing his frame. "Get out!" the woman shrieked, shoving a scarred man with Rolf's hair out of the room. She was in a black jumpsuit today, the lace-making up her sleeves carefully cross-crossing itself to leave only the skin of her chest showing. It made a particularly hefty line of cleavage showing through. Those blazing blue eyes pinned on Von. "What the fuck do you want?"

His eyebrows perked up. The beast in him rubbed in approval at her fire. "We have an appointment?"

"Then get your ass inside," she snarled. She turned to the man who looked to be on the receiving end of that slap Von heard. "Don't come back." And with that, Dr. Luna stormed into her office, her heels clicking behind her.

Von sauntered in behind her. A shit-eating grin spread across his face. And like the gentleman he was, he closed the door behind him, leaving Keith flabbergasted in the hallway.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

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### *Uncomfortable - Halestorm*

THE CLICK OF the office door closing made the woman turn around, a fire still in her eyes. “You,” she spit at Von. “You’re in for the long haul today, so you better not have any plans.”

That smile grew more prominent on his face. “And what, pray tell, did I do to deserve such a lengthy punishment?”

Her eyes narrowed into slits. “You remember that little stunt you did with biting the shit out of my shoulder?”

Brow furrowed, Von looked where the woman had been under his teeth just a few days ago. Sure enough, he could see some bruising purple peeking through the lace. He shifted his feet, a flush of embarrassment veiling over his face. Refusing to back down, he snapped, “I thought this collar contraption was supposed to prevent that from happening.”

She stormed up to him, standing nose to nose. “My device works just fine. If anything, it kept you from ripping my shoulder off in chunks.”

His beast roared in disapproval, prowling angrily at Von’s mind. It demanded to be released, to lick the wounds and care for the female we injured. It wanted to console her like a good mate should.

*Why am I thinking of mating right now!?! That is not what I’m here for!*

Von turned up his nose, inside and out, at the confrontation. He refused to treat this female like a potential mate. That wasn’t an option for him. Ever. He was here until his mandatory leave ended, and then the Sai would return to the front lines, no matter what any compatibility test said. So, instead of an apology, he bit out, “Then what’s the problem?”

She grinned evilly. “No problem at all. You’re just going to suffer for it today. That’s all.” Before he knew it, her hand suddenly held his cock in a

wise grip through his pants. Von let out a shocked gasp, the sudden pressure on his member making him instantly light-headed.

Curse him for getting turned on from her pissy mood.

She leaned in close to his ear, whispering harshly. “Now you’re going to go in the corner, pour me a glass of wine, then fucking strip. You are not to say a word unless you’re begging or it’s ‘yes, goddess.’ Do I make myself clear?”

He gulped, his eyes threatening to roll to the back of his head from thinking about what she could do to him. “Yes, goddess.”

Her grin widened. “Good boy. Now, go.”

“WHY DON’T YOU lay down on your stomach again so I can finish?” she suggested.

He shook his head slightly, the blindfold around his eyes obstructing his view of her. “Fine.” Von did his best to calm himself, cursing the weakness of the man between his legs as he lay on the pillows again.

*I’m a warrior prince, damn it. I’m stronger than-*

Her hands touched his lower back again. Von couldn’t help but let out a contented groan. He could feel her smile as those hands, which he was beginning to think were bewitched somehow, moved over his skin. They rubbed and kneaded his lower back, making him moan. The Sai whimpered softly into the pillow when they crept down to his thighs, tracing the scars there.

When Von thought of being punished, he thought it would involve more pain. This hurt, but not in the ‘whips and chains’ way.

For the last hour, the woman had him cuffed to the bed and blindfolded. At first, he thought he could snap the chain and finish it. But his body felt heavy, like his limbs were moving through pudding. She would stand over him and trail her fingers up and down his body. Von would shiver and pull against his restraints.

The feel of something running across his hypersensitive skin...

Her breaths and taunts as her heels clicked around the room...

Her scent was permeating the air, a heady cloud of arousal clouding his mind.

Not to mention, the female refused to give him his release! Every time Von would get close, that pressure building up at the base of his enormous

cock, she would stop. He'd draw closer and closer to the edge of oblivion only to be denied at the last second.

It was pure torture.

His balls ached, and his cock throbbed. The only sounds he'd been making were pleading whimpers. He couldn't feel where Dr. Luna was, but her scent was strong. Her arousal and the feeling of dominance she held over him hung thick over him. It mingled with his sweaty smell, calming and tormenting him all at once.

Too soon, he heard her sigh, "Alright, that does it. You can leave." The sound of clunking heels sounded as she began to walk away.

He perked his head up unthinkingly, turning towards her. *Leave?* She didn't mean that, surely. Every part of him, beast and Sai, rebelled at the thought. "Mae."

She stopped, perhaps looking at the Sai. What he thought he looked like paled to how he actually appeared to her. His face flushed around the grumpy lines of his cheeks, those dark eyes covered by a black cloth but wordlessly pleading for her. Her eyes couldn't help but follow the lines of his surprisingly ripe ass and thighs, noticing the black scarring around his tail framed by two dimples on the lower back, all the way to the massive member between his legs. She could only see the base and a pair of heavy balls from here. She'd never been attracted to this view of the male form, but seeing Von on the pillows like this did something to her.

Mae was nonchalant in her approach, taking her time to come towards him. Her eyebrow lifted in a silent question.

He swallowed. "I-I...need..."

Coming up behind him but definitely not ignoring the way he pushed his hips into hers subtly, she asked, "What do you need?"

That blush darkened. A tongue flicked out to wet his lips. Those shoulders heaved slowly but harder than usual as he waited for her.

Her fingers began trailing little lines over his hips.

His breath fluttered closed for a moment.

"This?" she asked softly, teasingly.

Von swallowed again. "More..."

She moved a hand up to his lower back, massaging the area around the base of his tail experimentally. She was rewarded with a gasp and the

unconscious upward tilt of his hips towards her fingers. “This?” she repeated.

He panted, fingers clenching in the sheets. “More...m-more...”

Taking her sweet time, her hands traveled downward on those thighs. The muscles tensed and relaxed under her hands, spreading slightly. She heard the soft whimper he tried desperately hiding in the pillows this time. She noticed the very slight movement of his hips, urging her to touch him where he really needed it. From here, Mae could see the thickness of his cock grinding against the bedspread. Little beads of precum spread onto the fabric, soaking in almost immediately into little dark spots. “Mmm,” she muttered, licking her lips. Then, said softly as if to herself, he heard Mae whisper, “I’ve always wanted to do this...”

Her fingers gripped him tightly.

He gasped, a shudder running through him as a wave of arousal washed over his inner beast.

A thumb circled the dark skin surrounding his tail base, adding alternating pressure.

“Oh, fuck,” he choked out, shots of pleasure ripping through his body.

Suddenly, he felt the woman’s face bury itself between his cheeks. He stiffened, letting out a shocked groan as he felt her tongue begin to lap at the small, puckered hole there.

Von’s whole frame shook, and his arms quivered as his fingers dug holes into the mattress. The onslaught was overwhelming, sending sparks of electricity through his limbs. He could hear moans and groans loudly from far away, his head feeling like it was floating above his body.

He panted heavily as she worked him with her tongue and fingers. “M-Mae...” he groaned, his voice raising in pitch. “T-This feeling!”

Von felt her answering moan vibrate through his muscles as her hand began pumping faster. Those devilish fingers squeezed and jerked his cock roughly in quick strokes, leaving him breathless. Meanwhile, that tongue lapped at his backside heavily, taking gasping breaks to suck and bite the cheeks on either side of her face. Each puckering feeling shocked his system, making his member jump and twitch in her hands.

*Oh, Gods...*

He whimpered, fingers tearing at the bed mindlessly. Head whipping from side to side, tussling that black nest of hair as the pillow shielded the

rest of the complex from his loud moans growing into screams. Von had never been one to even masturbate, refusing to give in to the primal needs of his body. He was a honed warrior; all bowed before him. And yet, here he was at the mercy of a succubus whose face was buried in his ass, and whose hands were driving him dangerously close to the edge. The less the distance, the further his mind delved into the void.

“M-Mae...”

“Ngh...Goddess...”

“Ahh...ngh...G-Goddess...hngh...”

“Mmm,” she moaned, laving at him slowly. “Are you going to cum for me?”

That’s all it took. Suddenly, it was all too much. Von’s hips quaked furiously as her hand jerked him, his cock fucking those pretty, dainty fingers roughly. He lifted up on his forearms, the sounds of his loud moans filling the room uncaringly. As her fingers rubbed harder, circled faster, and that tongue licked roughly and quickly, the edge grew dangerously close. He whimpered, eyes finally fluttering closed. “G-Goddess...I-I...ngh...”

A dangerously sexy groan sounded from her as she broke her mouth away. Her hand on Von's cock released. He whimpered loudly. “Wh-Wha-“

Suddenly, he felt something warm and wet - oh *gods*, it's her tongue - laving at his tip. Von let out a pained moan. His hips ached to thrust into her mouth and seek sweet relief, but he'd learned over forty-five minutes ago it's better to stay still. He didn't want her to stop entirely again. ”G-goddess...” he stuttered, his voice heavy with need.

”Hmm?” she hummed around his cock. The vibrations sent jolts of pleasure up his spine, letting out the most embarrassing moans Von had ever uttered. He felt fragile, completely at this woman’s mercy. He could feel the tint of his face grow into a beet red.

“P-please...” he begged. He could feel himself getting close again, the ministrations of the doctor's tongue feeling so good on his exhausted body. He felt a finger come up to continue pushing on his tail while another rubbed circles on the entrance to his ass.

Von’s eyes rolled to the back of his skull, and he couldn’t help but thrust his hips. The underside of his cock - right *there*, right on *the fucking vein* - rubbed against her tongue. “Please, goddess, please!”



The moan that vibrated around his cock left him whimpering in frustration. Sweat covered his body in a thick sheen. His head hung against the pillow weakly as she continued the assault on his body.

The edge...it was so close yet so far away.

*I need...*

*Fuck...*

Her tongue pushed down harder on the angry, throbbing vein running the length of his shaft.

“Fuck! THERE!” he bellowed, eyes rolling back as her tongue worked him over.

Her mouth was gone. Von almost cried for its return.

Suddenly, his feet and hands were released. His blindfold was removed, and he could see the woman behind him. Her eyes were clouded with anger and lust. She laid herself right next to his body, the ugly bruising from their last session exposed. “Show me how sorry you are,” the female demanded.

In an instant, Von was on her. He cradled her neck gently in his hands and began to kiss and lick at the bruising. His pride refused to let him utter the words, but he hoped his beast and body showed how he felt.

The woman didn't seem to either notice or care. Her face was a cold, blank slate. Though he could smell her arousal dripping between her legs, she made no sign that his caresses were affecting her.

*Must do more...*

He continued to kiss and lick along her shoulders, his fingers gently kneading the knots in her back. Did she let out a contented sigh before bringing her nails up to examine them?

“Should I let you cum, Von?” she asked curiously.

He couldn't help the moan that escaped his lips. The sound of her voice saying his name...he was dangerously close to shooting his load. He gave an enthusiastic nod, purring and whimpering as he nuzzled her shoulder.

It held no visible effect on her. “Hmm. I don't think so. At least, not yet.” She stood up at that and walked away. He groaned, his body falling weakly to the mattress. “Your punishment isn't over in the slightest.”

Mae began picking up his clothes and tossing them next to his frame on the bed. An evil glint shone in her eyes.

“Get dressed. We're going shopping.”

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## CHAPTER FIVE

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### *Expensive - Todrick Hall*

“MUST WE DO this?”

Von had been sitting in Dr. Luna’s car for the past twenty minutes, his legs bouncing anxiously, borderline begging the woman to let him stay in the car. He hated public spaces in the first place. The fact that this one was a shopping center of some kind but outside didn't make it any better. But the fact that he not only had to go with the woman but have - and maintain - a raging hard-on the entire time was ludicrous.

He'd been close to coming for the past hour and a half and in zero mood for the general population. Earth may not have the most annoying common folk, but for a being as conservative as Von, being edged in public wasn't in the least bit comfortable.

Not that the female was helping, anyway. She insisted on changing into an incredibly skin-tight knee-length dress to go shopping. Von didn't think any part of her besides her natural blue locks wasn't a shade of crimson, including the beyond-sparkly high-tops on her feet. And yet, the female still looked more beautiful than any of the others walking around them. Possibly even the entire universe. Even when she looked at him in utter annoyance or ignored him entirely like she was right now.

Even though he'd complain and be uncomfortable the entire time, Von knew he'd do anything she asked. Why? He couldn't comprehend it yet or didn't want to contemplate what the answer might mean.

“Dr. Luna?” he tried again.

Nothing. Dr. Luna continued playing absentmindedly with the crap in her purse.

He gave a frustrated sigh. “Goddess.”

Those bright blue eyes finally turned to Von, making it hard to breathe momentarily. “Yes, subby?”

He ignored the tingle that went down his spine at that. “Do we have to go to the shopping center?”

She blinked. “Why would we not?”

He took a breath. What was it with being next to this female that made speaking so hard, for fuck’s sake? “I don’t do well with crowds.” That was the biggest understatement the Sai could give. Crowds reminded him of war, of strange and familiar bodies dying. Flashbacks of purposely overpacked battleships that became strangely empty on the way back from the front as all the soldiers moved from barracks to the morgue flickered through his mind. Crowds meant an enemy was close by yet hidden. That never sat well with him before. With a delicate female with him, Von’s beast raged at the thought of potential threats hiding in plain sight.

“Oh, I know. Which is why I’ve taken care of that.” She talked calmly as she reapplied her lip gloss for the third time. Von just wanted to lick the strawberry-smelling concoction off of her lips. “But, this is still your punishment. So, no getting out of it. No matter how adorably you beg.”

“Tch.” He fought the flush threatening to light up his cheeks, turning away from her.

“But...” She was suddenly right next to his ear. Von’s breath caught. His body was still. Her lips brushed against his ear lobe. “If you’re a good boy, I’ll let you cum.” He bit his lip at that, glancing at her from the corner of his eye. Dr. Mae Luna was right there, those big eyes next to his face. They were unreadable, though her tone suggested she wanted his release almost as much as he did. “You’re wearing what I gave you, correct?”

He swallowed. “Yes.”

“Good boy.”

After a tense silence, Von sighed and opened the door to get out. He needed to put some distance between them if he had any hope of surviving this.

THE WOMAN TOOK him to every store in the complex. Every once in a while, she’d stop to rub against him or casually trail her fingers down his back. If she were too far away, Von would suddenly feel his collar constrict, and his breath would catch. It’s like every passing caress brought

his hard-on back on fully. He was beyond sure it was going to pop at any second.

But then they walked into a male's clothing store.

"Why are we here?" he asked gruffly, his voice trembling slightly. As he'd carried the female's bags and been constantly teased for the last few hours, Von's vocal cords seemed to stop working occasionally. It made his voice crack embarrassingly from time to time.

The female turned to him, a joyful smirk on her face. "What kind of woman would I be not to get my subby something nice?"

His eyes widened. She wanted to buy clothes for him? A small part of his pride took a hit. "That's not necessary."

She openly looked his body up and down. "No, it's not." Yet, she continued walking through the store. The attendants followed her every word, grabbing contents from the racks and returning them to the dressing rooms. His eye caught one of the price tags, and he wanted to run away from the complex. Since coming to the planet, Von learned that a large portion of the population had to purchase food, clothing, dwellings, and recreational activities. That was quickly a month's worth of groceries for a plaid rag.

*How much money did this woman plan on spending on him?!*

Von followed grumpily. What was her game? He was already pushed to the point of pleading for release and using irritating pet names. Was it her goal to humiliate him further?

When he'd finally returned to the back of the store, he could see the woman combing through the clothes she had selected. She smiled when her head turned up and saw him standing there. "Here, I want you to try these on first."

"No."

She paused. "No?"

The Sai put the bags down - the plastic handles were starting to cut into his arms - and folded his hands over his chest. "I don't need clothes, woman. I have a job. The Coalition provides me with a stipend for other expenses. I also work, as apart of my station on this planet. If I need something, I can get it myself."

They stared at each other briefly before Mae walked up to him slowly. She placed her tiny hands on his chest, to which he stifled a groan and

looked up into his eyes. “Part of this is both of us leaving satisfied, right?” she asked.

His brow furrowed. What was she getting at?

The collar of his shirt ran between her index finger and thumb. She rubbed them together, her eyes focused on the fabric as she spoke quietly. “I promised I would take care of you. Which, for me, means in every way.”

He immediately stamped down the surge of emotion that threatened to rise out of his stomach. “Do you do this for all your ‘playthings’?” he snarled.

“No. You’re the only one.” Her eyes locked back on to his. “In both contexts.”

She didn’t do this with anyone else? Then why go to the ‘dungeon’ at all? He couldn’t understand what the woman was getting at.

She nibbled on her bottom lip. Her fingers kept toying with his shirt. “You’re my first submissive. I just started.”

Von’s eyes blinked with surprise.

She continued, “I have no desire to do this with anyone else. That wasn’t the case originally, but...my plans have changed. And, as you probably gathered from earlier today, romantic relationships aren’t my strong suit. But I wanted someone to take care of me with no strings attached. Part of my sexual satisfaction involves gift-giving and providing for my submissive. And I’d like that to be you. Which means giving you nice things.”

He ran his tongue over his teeth, processing through her words. His brain riffled through excuses to make this stop before... “Then why continue meeting there?”

“We don’t have to if you don’t want to. We can continue this privately. We are compatible, after all.”

Von didn’t know how to feel about this. Like her, romance wasn’t something he did well. Which is why the majority of his sexual relationships were quick one-night affairs. The idea of continuing something like this with someone who just wanted sexual gratification, even if he didn’t understand all of the facets of it, was...appealing.

*Yet...*

“I’m not sure that would be wise.”

A flash of surprise and sadness spread over her features. “Why not?” Her voice seemed to struggle to stay impassive.

He gulped, looking away from her. Shameful memories of himself basking in her scent, falling asleep with the stupid contraption on ran through his mind. How, even now, his beast prowled and begged to come out and claim her. There was a mating call within him, a potential fever rising since their first session. If he lost control of himself, Von didn't know what that would mean for his position in the fleet. His life. For her, he was an alien to himself. "I can feel myself becoming...attached."

Von could feel her eyes on him. He purposely avoided them. She was quiet momentarily before answering softly, "So do I."

He closed his eyes and let out a strangled breath. Throughout the conversation, he'd expected his boner to disappear. Nope. It just seemed to become even more burdensome as the idea of this woman in front of him wanted him in a pretty exclusive fashion.

*We haven't even kissed or legitimately fucked at all! How could I be so content with this?*

He didn't know the answer. But he heard himself utter, "I consent."

The smile she gave him felt like a stab in his chest, painful but in a good way. "Alright." She stepped out of the dressing room. Before the door clicked closed, he heard her say, "Keep what I gave you on."

Von took stock of the clothes lying on the bench next to him. His eyes caught himself in the mirror. He sighed, a hand running begrudgingly through his hair.

*What did I get myself into?*

VON TRIED ON every outfit the woman laid out for the next forty-five minutes. Her taste wasn't bad; she had lots of long-sleeved shirts and jeans, but in fabric that felt comfortable and breathable. He still wouldn't wear any of it to the forge, thought of the risk of ruining it. She stood against the wall outside his door, particularly ripping the clothes back off of him with her eyes. His tail twitched around his waist every time he noticed her openly staring.

The worst part was getting them all fitted. Because Von did have a tail, the woman wanted to make sure he had the option of it hanging comfortably out. Even after Von tried explaining that only weak-brained infants run around with their tails out, she wouldn't hear any of it. The shop's tailor still came and took his measurements.

As soon as he started, Von felt a strange tingling on his inner thigh. At first, he thought it might have been a muscle spasm. Then he noticed the woman was on her phone almost every time the tingling returned. Sometimes, it felt like something - or someone - was borderline caressing his thighs.

He saw her smirk and hold back a laugh when the tailor tried to grab his tail while the odd tingling was happening; Von almost ripped the poor man's arm off.

"What are you doing?" he whispered harshly, those onyx eyes boring into her.

The woman smiled and said, "Punishing you, of course."

Was it the male undergarments she forced him to wear? Von couldn't think of how she'd do it, but somehow the female had created vibrating under shorts and was fucking with him. He'd be impressed if he didn't have to fight the urge to unleash his load every time she toyed with him.

She stopped long enough to get something to eat at one of the shopping center's restaurants, though. The Rainforest Cafe was jungle-themed, down to the random spurts of mist and the poorly recorded animal noises that popped through the speakers. The woman insisted he order whatever he wanted - "I know Sai have a ridiculous metabolism, and you're starving. Just eat the damn steak!" - and he finally did. The woman attempted to make small talk, to which Von would only grunt or give small responses.

"Your food here is lucky to be edible."

"I thought you didn't want to eat in the first place?"

"Tch."

It seemed outside of a sexual relationship, they did nothing but bicker and argue. Von was hesitant to admit it was the most fun he'd had. Now that the emotional part was dealt with, it felt like everything was falling into its bizarre place.

"Uh-huh, we're not done." Von was pulled back towards the shops, the opposite direction in which he was walking.

He quickly pulled his arm from the woman's grasp. "There's more?"

The female - Mae - giggled and continued walking away.

"Can't we drop off the bags, at least?" Von called, exasperated.

"Oh! That's right." The female grasped something tiny in her hand, clicking it. Then, a large mat appeared on the floor in a puff of smoke. Von



watched, slightly slack-jawed, as she took the bags from his hands and made them disappear inside the tiny pill again.

Then she continued walking like she hadn't just played a fucking disappearing act with her clothes.

He sighed, shuffling after her, shaking his head.

*This damn woman...*

HE SHOULD'VE JUST stayed in the car. He should've refused to get out at all. Then, he wouldn't have to deal with this horrifying nightmare of a situation.

"How about this one?" the woman asked absentmindedly, waving the 10-inch dildo in her hand around casually while her eyes scanned the shelves.

"You okay, V?" Karoh asked kindly, giving his roommate a concerned look. "You look like you're going to barf."

"Just shut up, you idiot," barked the shorter Sai. His tail bristled around his waist, shoulders tense as he took in his surroundings.

Why did they have to come to a sex shop? And run into Karoh, of all people?!

"If you knew Mae, you should've told me," Karoh continued. The crazy-haired, good-natured Sai didn't even skip a beat. "I haven't seen her in forever. We could've hung out or something."

Von looked at him incredulously. "Since when do you know...her?"

He gave a toothy smile. "Oh, since we were kids! Her parents basically adopted me after my parents died. Earth was a closer port than Sai, so I just stayed here." He kept chatting away about his childhood with Mae while Von tried his damndest to tune him out and keep his eyes on the woman. She'd circled around to the anal plugs and vibrators, giving him a cheeky grin every few steps. The buffoon next to him seemed utterly oblivious to The Sai's torment.

Visions of her tongue from earlier, swirling and almost entering him, sent shivers across his crotch. His eyes threatened to close as his cock pulsed painfully. He didn't know how much longer his endurance could be tested.

Her fingers held up a particularly shiny plug - silver with a red jewel on the end. Dr. Luna - Mae - locked eyes with him as her fingers twirled it.

She certainly wasn't thinking...

His eyes widened in understanding. A shiver ran down Von's spine.  
*That would be new...*

"Karoh!" A squeal broke the Sai out of his thoughts as a brunette bounced up to Karoh. He scooped her in his arms, grinning wide and kissing her lips. Von ignored them; it wasn't any of his business.

What was, however, was the blue-haired vixen disappearing into the back of the store with an associate. When she noticed him start to follow, she held up her finger, and his collar tightened...along with his pants. "Stay," she ordered calmly, a wicked glint in her eye. Von crossed his arms and looked after her, rooting himself.

After a few minutes, she returned to the front with a black bag. "All finished," she announced proudly. "See ya, Karoh!"

The Sai perked up from his potential mate's embrace as Mae and Von passed. "See ya!"

He didn't pay too much mind to his roommate and his best friend bickering as they walked away. It wasn't any of his business, but he was glad to see somewhat of a smile on Von's face.

"YOU'RE LUCKY I have superior stamina, woman," Von griped as they moved into her room. The woman toyed with him in the car, using more of that vibrating contraption she'd told him to wear to her home. If he was human, Von felt like he'd inevitably have popped a blood vessel from how hard he was now.

He was nervous to begin with, walking into the woman's home. Incredibly modern and clean, much too rich compared to what he was used to on Earth. In general, if he was honest. But the woman's room was beyond filthy. Dirty clothes are thrown everywhere. Papers, random tablets, and clothes were strewn about. It was a stark contrast with Von's borderline-OCD environment.

"Well," she mocked as she moved about. "I'll happily take care of you in a moment, your highness." He stood awkwardly in the center of the room, watching a bouncing ball of blue fly from the shopping bags in the middle of the floor to a walk-in closet in the corner. Once they were all packed, however, Von heard a familiar buzzer sound. "Are you coming?" the woman's voice called.

Hesitantly, Von went into the closet. A set of stairs had opened up in the floor, leading into an underground room. The dark carpet he could see from

the top stretched across the ground. As he moved lower, cream-colored walls and various sets of furniture appeared. A chaise. A round bed. A pole standing in the middle of the room. A door on the wall opposite him held what looked to be a bathroom, while another was completely covered in sexual toys and devices.

The blue-haired female stood in the center with the little black bag she'd gotten earlier, a timid smile.

*Since when is she meek and timid?* This was incredibly uncomfortable territory.

Before he could think anymore, that rounded body walked up to him. Von couldn't help but groan when she put her hands on his thighs - sooo close to where he needed her to touch him but so far away - and kissed the side of his neck. His knees threatened to buckle. "W-wait," he said softly, urgently.

Those blue eyes looked up at him. Maybe Mae noticed how he had suddenly begun trembling under her hands or the desperation on his face, but the woman led him over to one of the walls. She could have led him anywhere at that point; Von was desperate for release after having been edged for the past few hours, and it was like his body knew it was almost time for relief. He was almost ashamed to admit it, but he'd do anything to finally cum.

So, when she told him to strip all the way down, he did.

When she hooked his hands up against the wall, he complied.

When that sultry voice leaned in next to his ear and told him to hold on as long as he could - "I want us both to enjoy this but don't hold back" - he knew he'd do everything he could to hold out.

Even when she got down on her knees - *fuck*, her tits looked like they were practically falling out of her dress from this angle - and licked the underside of his cock. Von couldn't help but moan, his eyes rolling back as her tongue lathered his member. The relief at feeling something so gentle felt torturous and amazing.

"G-Goddess," he whimpered, his face flushing at hearing the weakness in his voice. "I-I'm so close."

"Mmm," she purred, leaving kisses over his cock. Her fingers trail his thigh. One reached up to cup and gently squeezed his balls. The other toyed with the tip of his tail. "Tell me what you want, subby."

His eyes peeked open weakly. *Gods*, the pressure of pushing off his impending orgasm barely did a *damn* thing anymore. Von cursed and simultaneously loved her ability to multi-task.

“Tell me what you’d do to me if your hands were free.” Those eyes watched him as her lips gently caressed the sides of his cock, her tongue gently licking and teasing his skin.

Von growled, his face growing to a deeper shade of red. Though his eyes were just slits, he couldn’t pry them away from her. The eye contact seemed to make everything that much more intense. “I-I’d want to...run my hands through your hair.”

She moaned softly, her lips puckering around the head of his member in soft, gentle kisses. “Do you want to fuck my face, subby?” Her tongue swirled out.

Fuck, she was vulgar. He found himself nodding at that and giving a grunt of approval. She moaned at that. Von could see a shiver run down her body for a split second before she swallowed him whole. His head hit the back of her throat as the woman - *Mae* - quickly took him all the way down to his base. He cried out at the sudden warmth, feeling precariously close to the edge. “Fuck, I want you to keep doing that! Please!”

He swore he saw her eyes roll back when he said that. One of her hands disappeared under the hem of her dress. She shuddered.

She was touching herself. Von could smell her arousal spreading through the air, the mixture of their scents and the friction of her mouth making him groan and whine.

He tried to keep speaking, though he couldn’t help the moans pouring out. “I...ugh, want to...ram my...cock down your throat.”

She moaned around him, sending vibrations up his cock and right up his spine. Her hand on his tail grew bolder, caressing the entire length.

“Fuck, Goddess...that f-feels so good...I want to be inside of you...”

It was like the more he spoke, the more filth that spewed out of his mouth, the hungrier her mouth moved around his cock. He would have been embarrassed to admit how much he’d thought of joining their bodies, of making her moan and scream his name if it didn’t seem like she wanted the same thing. She let out a tiny whimper as her hand moved faster and her head bobbed harder. Her tongue explored every part of him, sending a never-ending barrage of electric shocks over his body.

“P-please let me cum...I n-need it...p-p-pleaseee...”

She took him out of her mouth, looking him dead in the eye. Lust and need clouded her senses. “Cum for me, subby. Shoot all of that yummy cum right down my throat.” With that, she swallowed him again, pushing the tip of her tongue on the vein under his cock.

His eyes and head rolled back. His hips bucked subconsciously, moving with her mouth. The muscles in his body tensed. His tail wrapped around her wrist, pushing her fingers up against the base of the appendage.

“Fuck, Goddess...oh shit! Fuck! Please! It’s-ahh!”

He roared loudly, his orgasm running through him like a truck. His body slacked from the restraints holding him against the wall, his thighs and chest trembling violently. It felt like every ounce of sperm his body could possibly make came shooting out right down the little Domme's throat. He heard her gag slightly at the force, but she still suckled his head as he came down from his high.

Von struggled to breathe, lost in a pleasurable daze of relief. He could hear someone saying ‘thank you’ over and over. The woman was shushing softly, cupping his face in her hands. Her skin felt so soft. She wiped something wet from his cheeks. Tears? Did he cum that hard?

That smell. It was coming from Mae's fingers. He suddenly felt them in his mouth, his tongue licking her juices off. She jumped and shushed him, scratching the base of his skull with her nails. He heard a groan and felt his body tighten slightly. Why couldn't he move or keep his eyes open?

He felt his arms release, and something caught him before his body hit the floor. Then he was on something soft, with the woman pressed against him. His nose nuzzled right against her neck, breathing in her scent deeply. His tongue and teeth nibbled and tasted her skin there gently. Her fingers kept running along his scalp, and she could feel a purr in the back of his throat.

Something warm blanketed over them. Her voice urged him gently to sleep. And Von was more than happy to give in to his Goddess' commands.

*Mae...*

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## CHAPTER SIX

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### *Not Strong Enough - Apocalyptica ft. Brent Smith*

THE FIRST THING Von noticed when his senses returned was her scent.

It was everywhere. All over the bed beneath them. All over him.

The source of it was underneath his body. The woman had pulled him onto the soft sheets and wrapped her arms around him. Her cerulean tresses fanned out over the pillow, framing her face. That skin is as smooth as silk. Those lips that usually spit fire and yanked the dirtiest thoughts from his mind and transmuted them into words were closed. Soft. Plump.

He felt a strong urge to meet them with his own. Instead, Von panicked. When those sea-like eyes opened, he was gone.

THE SAI HAD crept back to his shitty apartment across town. The quiet footsteps he took were unnecessary; the dumbass brothers were still sleeping down the hall, their echoes resonating from wall to wall. He took advantage of the quiet and stripped quickly, borderline flying into the bathroom.

His crappy flip phone was discarded. Clothes were strewn all over the floor. The silver collar, meant to be thrown away, was placed on the countertop more gently than Von desired.

He scrubbed his skin with a fury. Patches of flesh usually covered in scars now had scratched and raw segments from a balled-up washcloth and his nails. She was everywhere: under his fingernails, thighs, and hair, even in his mind. It was like Von reasoned that as more of the evidence washed

down the drain, the more his brain would stop thinking, playing film strip after film strip of how she brought him to his knees. Made him beg. Stripped him of his pride. Humiliated and teased him for hours. Gave him the best night's sleep he's ever had. And, as a woman of her word, she left him feeling beyond satisfied.

*Coward...*

By the time he had given up trying to rid himself of her scent, the water had grown cold, and only thin, pink trails of blood from his freshly cut skin were evidence of his stubbornness.

Cursing, Von stepped out of the shower and hurriedly dried himself off. Regrettably, he stole a glance in the mirror. Angry face. Abstract features. A tiny tan line was encircling his neck. Those onyx orbs averted and set to getting dressed after doing over a hundred furious push-ups - to combat the growing boner from remembering that devilish woman's tongue on him - and running to the forge.

From the bathroom counter, his phone buzzed next to that thin strand of silver missing from his neck.

WORK WAS A disaster over the next week. To everyone else, the Sai was just in a royally pissy mood, at least more than usual. Whenever Von found himself in zen, his mind finally clear and focused on working with the glass, she would return. And he'd drop whatever he was holding and curse in a mixture of his native tongue and the standard dialect around them.

But it wasn't just while he was working. It didn't matter where he was, what time it was, or who he was with. The woman would appear in his mind like a lingering sneeze.

Maybe it was because of how he left. The fact that he didn't say goodbye. He hadn't answered Mae's messages - because SOMEHOW she'd gotten his number - and left her on 'read.'

Like right now. All morning Von had been debating with himself, struggling to focus on getting this fucking order done. True, it didn't help that the old perv had given him an order for a selection of god-damn glass dildos to do. Every time he'd start to spin a piece, Von's mind would instantly think of the look on the female's face in that shop. How she twirled that plug - which he officially hated now - and looked at him with the filthiest smile.

*What in the hell was wrong with him? Is it weird to want to use that on her? Have her use it on him?* Then, he woke again in her arms, drenched in their sweat, with his tail wrapped around her leg...

He'd never felt so weak. And, fuck, he hated it.

*Smash*

"GODS DAMN IT!"

"SO, SINCE WHEN do you go to sex shops?"

Von looked up from staring at the broken glass at his feet in surprise. Rolf stood before him, leaning on a wide-brimmed broom, a smug smile from the waves of unruly hair smothering his face. It'd been at least an hour since everyone else had left. Though there were no windows, the sun had long gone down, and the city sparkled with busied crowds and neon lights about this time. It seemed otherworldly when you were inside the forge, though.

He snatched the broom, making Rolf stumble, and began to sweep. "I have no clue what you're talking about."

"Sure you do. My brother hadn't stopped talking about how he ran into you on a date when he went to pick up Amelia the other day."

The cracks in the concrete floor seem fascinating today. "I wasn't on a date."

"Oh, you were there just buying toys with a random chick?"

"Why do you care?" Von grunted, dodging the question.

Rolf's smile faltered. "I figure that's the reason you've been a royal pain in the ass lately. At least more than usual. And here I thought you'd given up on mating." He stood in silence for a moment, hands inside the oversized pockets of his coveralls, watching Von sweep up the glass on the floor and cart it to the bin. The gigantic Sai seemed to watch him more closely than usual. Finally, after a moment, he said gruffly, "Well, whoever she is, if she can put up with your ass, then don't let her go. Maybe it'll put a smile on that ugly mug of yours." And with that, he sauntered casually away.

Von sat for a long time, his tail twitching around his waist, his fingers idly spinning the broom in his hand. He wasn't a male of words when it came to his emotions. Hell, he wasn't a male of words in general. The female brought a number of them to mind. She seemed to break many rules and predispositions he'd encountered in his lifetime.



These emotions running through him were wildly uncomfortable. And maybe he was playing himself into thinking Mae felt just as odd in this dynamic they'd created. Von despised how, in these days, since he'd left her beautiful, resting form, he'd longed to see her again. Not just to feel her body but to see her laugh again. And smile. And snarl. And tease him...

He gave a sigh before running his hands, frustrated through his hair. An idea had come to mind. It might be stupid. It damn sure was cheesy and monumentally un-Sai.

*Fuck it.*

He picked up a rod and set to work. His tail twitched happily as the energy within him began to fold and mold the molten material.

VON DIDN'T KNOW what time it was when he was done with his intuitive - and probably idiotic - gift. All he knew was he'd been standing outside the woman's home for a cowardly time. He clutched the glass piece in his hands, eyes shut tight, listening intently by the front door.

That man was there. The weakling who's gotten his ass handed to him last week. They were laughing. Von could hear a male voice, but he didn't care. All he could focus on was her laugh. What her face must look like. And the myriad of questions running through his mind, all of which circulated around why he was there.

*This is what happens when you fuck up.*

He sighed, frustrated, doing his best not to grind the fragile material in his hands to dust.

*You have no right to be upset. You both said you weren't into relationships, right? Maybe-*

"Hello?" a chirping voice asked.

Von snapped to the right and saw a short, blonde-haired female. Her bright blue eyes peered at him from the moonlit garden next to him. He didn't register anything else she spoke as he placed the glass on the porch and booked it down the street. He allowed the natural energy flow within his body to boost speed until he was safely at his apartment.

He flew into the bathroom, barely registering the surprised remarks from the brothers in the living room.

The door slammed.

*coward...*

Tears threatened to spill over, stopped by an angry palm rubbing his face.

*Coward...*

He collapsed on the toilet seat, struggling to breathe.

*Fucking COWARD...*

His fingers frantically grabbed his forgotten phone and typed out a message. Eyes too watery to see the words, muscles working purely from memory for key placement.

At that exact moment, Adeline Luna realized the young man on her porch had left a gift for someone, though she suspected she knew who. As she stepped into the house, the bouquet of glass lotus flowers as blue as her daughter's eyes in her hands, Von hit send on the message he'd been frantically typing:

**I'm sorry.**

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

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### *Type - Todrick Hall*

VON WOKE UP that morning to the same routine that had been plaguing him all week: wake up from blue-filled dreams, work religiously on the floor of his room to rid himself of unwanted boners, shower, eat out of obligation to his body, work before that hot-as-hell forge all day, then pass out at home. If his eyes threatened to spill over in tears, he'd shake his head angrily and change his thought.

As opposed to before, he'd been stupid enough to make that foolish gift for the woman; everyone noticed how quieter the Sai was. No waves of anger came off of him. Just...numbness.

"Aww, V, don't be so down." Karoh tried appeasing his roommate. Though the man knew Von couldn't stand him, the surge of concern and friendship he'd felt for him never stopped. He always thought that the shorter Sai cared somewhere behind that wall. "Keith and Mae have been on and off since they were teenagers. I'm sure she'll come around."

The Sai in question flushed pink. "Just shut up." At least his voice had a little more fire today; almost a hint of annoyance came through his monotone timbre.

"What I still don't get is how you got a chick to want to be around you for more than five minutes in the first place," Rolf ranted, shoveling more coal into the forge.

His brother rubbed the back of his neck characteristically, giving a sheepish smile. "Well, you wouldn't be saying that if you knew Mae. Her and Von are the same in a lot of ways."

Rolf laughed as Von banged the glass down into its correct form, despising the amount of detail he had to put into making realistic glass

penises for Roshi. “You mean she’s a raging bitch, then?”

*Well, I wouldn’t put it like that...*

Was that why he was so obsessed with the female? Von, like other Sai, enjoyed a challenge. Hence why, even with a sunny disposition, Karoh had a woman who screeched and fought with the best of humans.

But Mae...she was fragile. She specifically made the silver collar to keep herself safe. Just the gentlest of his touches drove her nuts.

*I doubt she’d be able to handle all of me without getting hurt...*

Von shook his head, ignoring the double entendre of his words, and clipped the finished instrument into Karoh’s waiting gloved hands. He turned to Rolf. “Just shut up and get me some more glass.” The larger male shrugged and headed towards the stockroom, grinning like a jackass eating strawberries.

Von tugged at the collar of his coveralls. He chose a sleeveless one today to get more air circulation in this oven-of-a-warehouse. But the collar was too high and loose for his liking, stopping right underneath his chin. Maybe if it was skin-tight, it’d feel better. At least he could wear that stupid jewelry discreetly - the only thing he had of the female’s since he left the clothes she’d gotten him at her home.

As soon as Rolf had made it back with a few handfuls of pigment, an infernal screech echoed through the concrete building. “Where is that asshole?!” a feminine wail sounded.

“What the fuck...” Rolf wondered, his attention on the locker room door.

Roshi and Narok peeked their heads out of the open office door, shock on his face. With a smile of realization and a cackle only the dirtiest of old men could muster, the old man scurried down the stairs and into the locker room. All of the Sai, who consequently were the only ones working today, could hear a resounding slap as the woman demanded Roshi ‘bring that jackass here right now.’

“Who’s the banshee?” Narok asked, calmly making his way down the stairs.

“Who knows! She just came in here and started scr- hey, Von, you ok?”

Rolf looked slightly concerned at Von, whose face had gone beet red. The collar around his neck had constricted the moment he heard the woman’s voice, sending a shiver up his spine and down the length of his

tail. His hands shook so hard that the rod he'd prepped for blowing more glass had fallen to the floor.

*She's here...*

And there she was. Her body bounded around the corner, eyes blazing with conflicting emotions. Her dress, which was white and knee-length but cut away at the chest, revealing her ample cleavage, hugged her frame evilly. Her curls were held back by a headband that, wait, had one of Von's flowers in it?

His eyes widened.

"You," she spit, those eyes boring into him. She stormed over and slapped him hard enough to throw Von's head to the side. He gasped, eyes widening further. He reached up a hand to the corner of his mouth and wiped. *Was he bleeding?*

Now, if he weren't wearing the collar, most likely, her hand would have been broken. But, because it diminished his energy - and Von had been caught completely off guard - to the other Sai in the room, it looked as if this blue-haired Earthling was strong enough to hurt Von. None of them said a damn word, though their minds were running a million miles a minute. Except Karoh; he had a smile a mile wide on his face.

"How dare you?" she accused.

Von's brow furrowed. "What?" he squeaked out before clearing his throat. A wave of lust had drawn over him at the woman's slap. His inner beast roared to answer her challenge.

Since when was he hard?! Stop it!!

"You dare to ghost me for a fucking week, leave a beautiful present at the door - that my MOM had to give to me - because you were too much of a wimp to give it to me yourself, send a cryptic ass message, and then refuse to answer your phone? How dense can you be?!"

Some of the fire came back in his eyes at that. "If you didn't want it, you didn't have to accept it."

"Why wouldn't I? It was fucking gorgeous! But, the point is, I had to track you down even to say 'thank you' and best your ass in person. You didn't even have the common decency to knock on the door."

"You seemed a little busy with that weakling of an ex-mate of yours."

Her eyes widened in surprise and amusement. "Keith?"

"I don't care what his name is."

"Well, how rude of you to assume we were together again."

Surprise flickered across his features but was quickly snuffed out with an irate glare. “What the hell else was I supposed to think, woman? Especially after...”

After they’d talked about being together...

After the moment they’d shared while she was torturing every drop of his seed out of his body...

He wasn’t going to finish that. Von became incredibly aware that they weren’t alone, even if she didn’t realize it herself. With a huff, he nodded towards the locker room. “Come on.”

For a moment, he was surprised to hear her heels clicking behind her. Though he knew the Sai would still be able to hear, it was the principle of the matter. So, he stood by his locker, riffling through the contents, until the woman had filed in behind him.

They stood in silence, not sure where to begin. Von could feel those big eyes on him the whole time, absorbing his every movement.

“Why did you find me?” He started, his eyes pinned to the empty inside door of his locker.

The female stood there a moment, mulling over the question before answering. “I...I missed you.”

*She’s lying...*

Von closed his eyes. His fingers tightened on the door as he fought to silence his mind.

“Hey,” she whispered, suddenly sounding much closer than before. When the Sai opened his eyes, those blue orbs met him. That shade of azure haunting him since the day they met seemed to consume him.

Her fingers reached up to trace his jawline. When they touched his skin, a wave of peace washed over Von. He suddenly felt so tired. A sigh escaped him as he nuzzled her palm.

“Look at me,” she pleaded. Their eyes met. Von could see tears threatening to slip over her high cheekbones. It took a moment for her to find her voice, but each word came out carefully and precisely when she did. “I think we both feel more than we want to.”

He grunted in agreement, his tail wrapped around her waist as he listened.

“I think...” Her teeth nibbled on her bottom lip, sending a jolt through him as she thought over her following statement. “...we should give whatever this is a chance. When Keith had come over, it was to finally

settle things for good. I'm not going to force myself to be with someone I've known for years but have less actual chemistry with than someone I've known for a few weeks." She gave a dazzling smile, her eyes shining.

He couldn't put into words what he was feeling. Von felt a war inside of him that had been raging with his pride and sense of eternal solitude for weeks, stirring.

Her thumb rubbed gently against his cheek. "You don't have to say anything. Words, obviously, aren't the best way to communicate. But I'd like to continue where we left off...if you still want to."

After a moment, Von gave a curt nod. They stayed there, looking into each other's eyes momentarily. No words were exchanged. Just each finding comfort in the other's presence. Then, without a word, Mae led him outside by the hand.

CRICKETS WERE CHIRPING smartly a few feet from the bed. Von opened his eyes to a dark room and the woman out of bed.

Her scent had started to fade - she'd been gone for at least an hour - from the sheets next to him. As soon as they'd left Hollum's forge, they headed back to her home. Nothing happened, at least not sexually. They lay on her bed and held each other as the TV played subtly in the background. At some point, Von had drifted to sleep; the bed was huge and a hell of a lot softer than the dingy spring mattress on the floor of his apartment.

The Sai sat up and stretched, his shoulders and back popping with released tension. There was a note on the nightstand and a glass of water...

*Feel free to shower. Your new clothes are in the closet. I'm out on the lawn whenever you're ready to come out. - M*

Something warm flourished in his chest at reading her words, though his pride took the act of kindness as a hit. Being unused to people who want to care for others, Von felt immensely awkward in the orderly room. Clearly, it was a guest bedroom in the gigantic and oddly shaped house the female had brought him to. Though some of him wanted to take advantage of such generous hospitality, another felt it was begging for a handout.

It was an uncomfortable notion.

His hands moved the curtains back; it was still dark. The moon filtering through the window shone on a clock reading 5 a.m. At least he didn't sleep so late as to miss work, even if some of him already knew he'd be missing today.

Once Von had used the cleaning facilities - who needs a blissfully hot rainfall shower head, let alone two?! He exited the balcony and dressed in a simple black sweater and jeans. He was on the second floor and, from the smell of it, right next to the woman's bedroom. In the distance, he could see a few of the planet's more giant creatures moving through a garden on the complex. In another domed building across the large green field before him, he could see and hear morning chatter from a few men in lab coats with key badges.

What a strange home she has.

He sipped the water from the nightstand and mulled over the past few weeks' events. In the first place, it was a massive leap for Von to even attempt to visit a dungeon. He wasn't sure how he quickly got into this current situation or why he was so content to remain despite the alarm bells ringing in his mind.

When the Sai first integrated into Earth's population, it was out of necessity. The few who'd survived the destruction of Sai - including himself - crash-landed in pods and caused immediate panic. He'd heard stories after his own arrival a few years ago of a Dr. Luna who'd assisted the government in housing the naturally militaristic race and assimilating them into society. Those who'd arrived here didn't have to face the perils of space like him. Then, after spending his prepubescent years as a part of the Coalition, they sent him back to Earth for leave.

He supposed his life on this pathetic marble had become something comfortable. Though his foggy mind recalled living more prosperous than he currently was, Von at least felt he was a step up from his years as a mercenary.

But after meeting her...

Spending time with her...

His finger toyed with the silver band around his throat. He could feel himself falling into a trap quickly. The woman was clearly intelligent and came from money, hence the elaborate home he found himself in. It was a step up from what he'd become accustomed to with Karoh and Rolf.

For a moment, he thought if he could spot the woman, he could just jump down and not run the risk of running into others in the home. His eyes flickered through the greenery until he spotted a familiar shade of blue under a tree.



Mae was clad in a crop top and black yoga pants, barefoot, and spinning in the grass. From where he stood, Von heard the soft lilt of violins playing as she twirled on her toes and stretched her leg toward the sky. In her hands were two thin pieces of metal attached to long colored ribbons. As she moved, they flared and made patterned shapes that quickly disappeared as the line ran out. Her face was flushed, her chest slightly heaving while covered in a thin layer of sweat. Her curled hair, pulled back from her face with a headband, bounced and furled about her head. Her limbs stretched and twisted flexibly, contorting with unknown strength and grace.

He didn't realize how captivated he'd been until Mae flipped into a standing position and flicked her wrist. The ribbon let out a surprisingly loud crack. A leaf fell from the branch above her.

*Crack.* Another leaf fell gently to the ground.

Flip. Twirl. *Crack.* Another leaf flitted down.

Von watched with surprised awe at the blue-haired female's skill and precision as the tips of the ribbon wands whipped individual leaves from the branches. Such a woman to move from oozing complete dominance to flirtatious banter, and now this... Each with a grace that was so surreal to the Sai. His tail swung in time with her movements as the sun rose over the distant mountains.

The sky had become kissed with a sherbet haze when those endless blue eyes noticed her audience of one from the balcony. "Come downstairs," she called. The smile that adorned her cheeks seemed to light up the sky more than the measly planet's star did.

He was glad she was so far away that the slight blush washed over him went unseen. Never so much in his life had Von blushed. The power this deal creature seemed to hold over his physical, emotional, and mental faculties was terrifying and thrilling all at once — such an effect she had on him.

Yet, he somehow didn't care. The vulnerability that seemed to surge from him when he was in her presence was uncomfortable...but not in a negative way.

Von listened and made his way down the narrow hall, littered with what he assumed to be family photos, and descended the stairs...right into a familiar blonde.

“Oh!” she squeaked in surprise. The tray in her hands bounced and, had Von not reflexively reached out to right it, would have fallen. “Excuse me, sweetie, I didn't see you!” Her eyes suddenly widened with recognition. “Oh, you must be that adorable and talented hunk that left those absolutely gorgeous flowers for my Mae! What a gentleman you are! Oh, if only I was a few years younger...”

Von stood frozen, his mouth gapped in horror as the woman babbled away.

“Mom, aren't you taking the tray up to Dad?”

Mae came around the corner from where Von assumed the front door was, a towel in her hand. She patted her body, wiping the sweat from her spinning session on the grass.

“Oh! Aren't you right, dear? You two kids have fun. Don't do anything I wouldn't do!” The bouncy woman with the peculiar accent winked and sauntered away, humming to herself.

Mae chuckled at Sai's obvious discomfort. “Don't mind her. She's like this with everyone.” She walked back around the corner, beckoning Von to follow. They'd entered a spacious kitchen with a breakfast nook. The woman continued walking to the fridge, pulling it over. “Hungry?”

He grunted in response, crossing his arms over his chest and absorbing the new surroundings. Mae didn't say much more as she flitted about the kitchen, pressing several selections on a wall keypad. At the same time, her other hand juggled two glasses of orange juice. As she handed one to Von, three small robots materialized from the countertop and began moving swiftly about the kitchen. He watched in amazement as they deftly cracked eggs, fried bacon, and mixed several concoctions in bowls.

“Aren't they handy?” she asked casually, leaning against the counter and watching the spectacle. “It saves time in the mornings.”

“What can you not create, woman?” Von looked at her, his appreciation of her intelligence outshining every other emotion on his face.

Mae gave a humble smile. “Nothing.” She set the glass on the countertop and walked up to the Sai. Her arms wrapped themselves around his shoulders. His tail, in response, coiled itself around her waist, pulling her closer. Those blue eyes gazed innocently up at him. “What do you want to do today?”

Von smirked as a wave of lust washed over him. “Anything.”

“Really?” she grinned, nibbling on her bottom lip. Her eyes blatantly looked up and down his form before she spoke again. “Why don't we first have breakfast. And then I want you to do something.”

Yes, goddess...

“And what would that be?”

She leaned in close, her lips almost brushing against his. A shiver ran across his skin. “Make me a mess...”

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

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### *Closer - In This Moment*

AT FIRST, THE Sai didn't know what to make of her request. 'Make me a mess' implied so much out of four simple words. But it became evident as they maneuvered their way through a heated breakfast, and he was led down into the woman's playroom again what those words implied.

"You've been so good letting me play with you," those succulent lips whispered as her tongue traced his jawline. "But now I want you to claim me like the beast we both know you are."

Those eyes pinned him to the spot. Von gulped, his mind already overloading itself with the possibilities. Yet, he kept his face as impassive as possible. "Any limitations?"

"I'm not big on pain. Please try not to break me."

"Anything you...want me to do?" He licked his suddenly too-dry lips, searching her face.

She gave a smile that oozed confidence. Her face leaned in, quickly stopping a whisper away from Von's ear at their matching heights. A hand crept up his spine and dug itself into his hair. Another cupped the side of his neck, a curious thumb gently brushing his jawbone. "Everything..."

His breath caught. Fuck, he was unbelievably hard already. With a shaky timbre, Von whispered back, "Safe word?"

"Strawberries. And I want to warn you..." Her nose traced slowly along his jaw, her breath hot against his skin. "It'll be effortless to make me weak. Depending on what you do, I might be unable to move or speak well." Morning skies met midnight as their eyes locked on to each other. "Is that alright?"

He gave a single nod, a slight pink lighting his cheeks. The tail behind him flicked eagerly from side to side. The Sai suddenly wanted to know every part of this woman's body until she was weeping. And that's precisely what he intended to do.

*But first...*

Von cupped her face gently in his large hands. Those lips, full and ripe, were like a siren's call to his very core. He'd had minimal experience kissing but had never wanted the act more so than he did now. His eyes flicked to hers, asking for silent permission.

She smiled, her cheeks flushed. A quiet vocal confirmation was given.

So, he leaned in and met the softness of her mouth with his lips.

A flurry of fiery butterflies materialized in his stomach. Mae gasped and wrapped her arms around his neck. They kissed slowly, each peck heated and only growing in intensity as time passed. First, it was light and teasing, their lips learning the geography of the other. Then her teeth nibbled on his bottom lip. A shiver. His tongue licked, begging for entrance. She gave it.

Suddenly, gentle kisses were no longer enough. Both males and females were gasping and releasing quiet moans in the tension-filled room. They clung to each other as their lips and tongues battled for dominance. She tasted like summer intoxication, a deadly combination of citrus and berries that could easily lure him to a state of drunkenness just from a single kiss. Feeling a building need to taste more of her, Von's tongue became more demanding as it explored her mouth. The woman moaned - he vaguely registered her eyes rolling back in pleasure through the skits of his eyelids - and quivered in his arms.

*More...*

He scooped her light frame in his arms and laid her across the crimson sheets. She seemed to relax further, her moans growing as his weight sunk into hers. His hands roamed under her shirt, fingertips tickling the skin of her back. Her chest arched up with a moan. He heard a heated whisper - "Rip it..." - before the sound of tearing fabric resonated through the room. Soon, they were utterly bare against each other, hardly coming up for air from a never-ending heated kiss. The place was saturated in combined scents of their growing arousal. It drove Von mad.

*Need more...*

His lips broke away from hers, leaving long licks and kisses down the side of her neck. She moaned under him, fingers digging through his hair, her legs opening wider. With every lick, Von noticed the female's body grow slacker, though her limbs twitched and her hips bucked. Soft whimpers escaped her throat.

Testing, he continued trailing his tongue over every part of her skin. Across her collarbone. Down her arms, kissing each finger. Along the underside of her breasts. On the sides of her stomach and the bones of her pelvis. Up her back. Into the dimples of her lower back. Along that ripe backside, that may have also been given a nibble or two. Over the inside and outside of her thighs...

Each caress of his tongue had Mae shivering and melting into the mattress. Her moans grew deeper in sound until they were barely audible. Her face flushed red. Her chest heaved heavy pants. The slick between her legs soaked through to the sheets. Her eyes were hooded but could continuously be seen rolling back towards the ceiling as he tasted her skin.

*So, that's what she meant by weak...*

Von wasn't used to this kind of power, the feeling of having someone entirely at his mercy like this, but he loved it. A shiver of excitement ran through him as his mind raced with everything he wanted to do to this woman.

He leaned in close, kissing and nibbling on her neck. "Are you alright?"

She moaned in response, her body arching up towards him.

"Are you sure you're okay with this? If I start, I don't plan on stopping for anything."

"V-Von..."

His eyes locked with hers. Mae swallowed, fighting to gain some movement back in her limbs. Her eyes were heavy with lust, pleading. "I-I n-need you...I n-need to f-feel you...pl-please..."

That was all he needed. Von's mouth explored the rest of her body thoroughly. When he came to her nipples, his tongue pulled moans and giggles from her lips while his fingers inspired whimpers. When his tongue flicked across her core and along her clit, Mae shuddered and gasped with delight. His fingers dug into her hips as he sucked and licked her pussy, drinking her essence and smothering his face in her scent. As she came hard with a loud moan and her fingers digging into her scalp, Von moaned in response and nibbled along her thighs.

The Sai came up for a heated kiss, gripping her to him in an almost painful embrace that took Mae's breath away. Suddenly, he felt her hand squeezing his member. He shuddered and bit back a groan as the blue-haired vixen moaned playfully, "Let me taste you..."

His teeth nipped her bottom lip before flipping her on her side and positioning himself behind her. "You want me to make you a mess. We're doing it my way," Von growled low and placed himself at her entrance. Fuck, she was dripping. He pushed slowly inside of her.

He hissed. She gave a low moan.

Heavily breathing, he moved with as much control and gentleness as he could muster until he was entirely sheathed inside of her body.

*So warm...and tight...and wet...*

*Fuck, I'm not going to last long.*

"Holy shit," Mae moaned, her eyes wide. Her hands had reached up to grip the edge of the mattress, those blue locks resting against his shoulder. "I knew you were hung like a horse, but fuck..."

Von chuckled. Then, with a crooked smirk, he started pounding his cock inside of her. Moans quickly gave away to screams as Von pulled her leg up high and gripped her breasts tightly. He almost lost it when he felt the woman clench even tighter around him, growling softly into her ear. But instead, the Sai stopped moving, and before a protest was ever uttered, he rubbed her clit in quick circles. Mae screamed, her legs quivering as her orgasm rolled through her. Only then did he continue pistoning his member in and out of her core, fast and hard.

They continued this dance for what felt like years. Every time Mae would get close, and her walls would clench down around him, Von would stop and rub her clit hard until she fell apart around him. He loved the way she squeezed down tightly around him, the way her nails and teeth dug into his skin like she was desperate never to let him go. Sometimes, he'd make her scream an extra octave higher by letting his tongue drive her into her next orgasm.

She wanted him to make her a mess. And, so he did. No breaks between earth-shattering orgasms. Just more, back-to-back. And he could tell she loved every second of it. Even, like right now, as tears streamed down her cheeks as she screamed from his fingers pumping her soaking wet pussy hard, his teeth and lips leaving happy, little love bites along her neck and

collarbone. His cock was dripping with precum, begging for release, but he wanted her to finish first. Again.

“Fuck, let me breathe, please,” she begged as her body moved to sit up.

But when he pushed her back down on the bed, his hand around her throat - not enough to stop her breathing but to just plant her in place, and her eyes rolled back as his tongue wrenched another orgasm from between her legs, Mae gave in.

She gave in when Von fucked her so hard that their bodies started to fall off the bed. Instead of stopping to readjust, he held her shoulders and rammed her G-spot hard with his cock at the new angle.

She gave in when his arms scooped her up. He thrust his hips up into hers, gravity making her slide in cock in more profound than ever before with every bounce, and drove her made from standing in the center of the room.

She gave in when he pinned her form against the wall, hiked up her ankles to his shoulders, and drilled her with reckless abandon.

“Fuck, you’re going to split me in half,” she whimpered.

And gave in ultimately.

Von could feel himself losing it, though. No matter how hard he tried to hold off his impending orgasm, his body couldn’t stop shivering. So when Mae pushed him down on the bed, planted her feet at his sides, and bounced up and down on his cock, he started letting go. The control began to slip as his moans grew, his hips frantically ramming up into hers, her screams like a siren’s call.

“Oh, cum for me,” she moaned. Her fingertips dug into Von's abdominals as her walls quivered.

He growled and flipped them quickly, landing Mae on her back. His muscles ached, and his cock screamed as his head rammed into her over and over. The rhythm started faltering as he felt her teeth clamp down on his neck, and her fingers brush his tail. “Fuck, Mae...” The collar tightened. And this time, when she came hard, screaming and crying out in pleasure, Von was pulled over the edge with her.

Flashes of stars sparked behind his eyelids. He clung to her body as his hips kept moving, though steadily slowing down. The woman moaned, low and satisfied, as she felt his seed fill her and drip down her thighs. He caught his breath, feeling exhausted physically but very much awake in his mind.



They lay in silence for a while, holding each other, their breaths and heartbeats synchronizing. After some time, Von gathered Mae up in his arms. He slipped out; they both moaned at the loss. On shaky legs, he carried her up the stairs, through her closet, and into the large bathroom adjoining her room. He held her tightly as the massive tub filled under a set of bay windows. Soon, they were enveloped in warmth, their muscles relaxing. A soft song - a lullaby? - flickered through Von's mind as he gently washed her creamy skin, unknowingly humming the tune softly into Mae's ear.

They both smiled to themselves, basking in a much-satisfied afterglow.

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## CHAPTER NINE

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### *Sexual Hallcination - In This Moment ft. Brent Smith*

“HOW’D YOU GET all of these scars?” Mae asked, tracing her fingers over the Sai’s chest.

She was half expected to be alone again when she woke up. Yet when she felt a muscled arm around her waist tighten gently, a furred-tailed coil further around her thigh, and a warm face nuzzle into the back of her neck, Mae found herself pleasantly surprised. And smiling. Even after he’d awoken, those normally steeled eyes sleepy and content, he didn’t let go.

At first, he said he should leave. And she waited, holding her breath, for his body heat to part from hers.

That was three hours ago.

“It’s a long story.”

“Well,” she wondered quietly. “If you’re up for telling it, I’ll listen. Only if you want to, though.”

The stern-faced Sai, sporting as close of a genuine smile as she’d ever seen when she’d known him, sighed. His arm tightened around her. She could feel his lips against her shoulder move as he spoke. “The Sai, my race, originally came from the Planet Sai. We were a proud warrior species that ruled across the galaxy. However, the population dwindled after some run-ins with the Insurgence. Don’t ask; we’ll be here all day if I have to explain that. We didn’t have the technology to keep up with the rest of the galaxy and our threat. So, in pathetic desperation, the ruler of Sai, King Vonsei, sent what cubs were on the planet here. He also sent an escort, of which was his advisor, with a diplomatic message for whoever ruled this

planet to take on the children for political asylum.” He paused, catching his breath. His fingers toyed with the fabric of the sheets beneath them.

Mae bit her lip before asking, “How old were you?”

“In Earth years? About six.”

“And I imagine he was-“

“My father? Correct.”

She waited a moment, digesting what he had said. Mae knew of the Sai refugees that had come to her planet since she was a little girl. Her father had been one of the few to advocate for their stay, especially since they were children with nowhere else to go. The older Luna had described the day they landed like a second coming: white pods filled with babies wearing tails fell from the sky. Hundreds of ships crashed into the Earth’s crust, buildings, and anything that stood in their way. She heard of the single ‘ambassador’ who had arrived, a bald man with a video recording of his king begging the children to remain safely on the planet. It had been an ongoing debate for four years, leaving the abandoned little ones in various orphanages and foster care systems until they were granted asylum.

She didn’t realize the man lying beside her - a prince, from the information bomb he just dropped on her - was among them.

“Do you know what happened to them,” she asked quietly. “Have you heard from him?”

Von was quiet momentarily before replying, “Narok reported that Sai was destroyed shortly after our departure. The two hundred pods that had landed here on Earth were the only ones that had survived the blast.”

“How many had been sent?”

“...over three thousand.”

Tears fell on the pillow, silently flowing from Mae’s eyes. She tried to face him, to kiss the Sai holding on to her like a silent lifeline, but received a growl in response.

“Don’t.” He gruffed. His lips kissed and nipped at her neck, sending shivers. The tears stopped flowing and were replaced by quiet moans as his mouth and fingers began to explore her body. His question was easy enough to understand, and his wants were easy to hear through the motions of his body.

At that, Mae finally twisted her face enough and found his lips against hers. She kissed him hungrily before positioning herself on the head of his cock.

They moaned as their hips moved in sync. Hands holding a little tighter. Kisses and moans and whines were a little more desperate as they drowned out the harsh memories with pleasure.

THE LOCKER ROOM door banged as Von heard a heavy fist thud and tried the locked handle again. He growled before shouting, “You can wait for five minutes!”

“Aww, come on, Von! I really have to go!” Karoh’s unwelcome whine filtered through the underside of the steel door.

“Then go somewhere else, you idiot!”

“Now, subby,” Mae chastised, her tongue pausing its ministrations on his exposed cock. The collar around his throat tightened slightly. “That’s no way to talk to my friend.”

He let out a hiss, his fingers tangled in that nest of blue curls as the woman sucked and licked the sides of his member. The woman had utterly blindsided him, pinning him against the lockers and ripping his jumpsuit half off. Not that he complained in the slightest. Von’s eyes combed over the deliciously sinful way her dress had been pulled down to expose her full breasts. “Your friend is interrupting.”

She chuckled. The scent of her arousal nearly drove him mad as she brushed her lips along his skin. “Oh, really? Should I stop?” Those ruby-red lips sucked his head slow and hard before letting go with a pop.

He bit back a whimper, though he couldn’t help the almost desperate way his fingers held her hair tighter, and his hips arched to follow Mae’s evasive mouth. A flame-haired head shook enthusiastically. She giggled before swallowing him whole, his head hitting the back of her throat.

*Oh fuck...*

His eyes rolled back.

Another pounding fist on the door. “Come on, Von,” a deeper-voiced Narok shouted. “You can’t hog an entire locker room.”

Mae’s hands reached up to squeeze his ass hard. Von jumped, his face flushing further and his eyes shooting open. “What are you-gah!” He shouted as the woman yanked his hips closer to her, her lips wrapped around his base. Those curls began bobbing as she took him in and out of her mouth quickly, sucking hard. A shiver ran through his body, and Von moaned.

A small part of him felt immobile, inexplicably pinned against the lockers as the tiny woman licked and sucked his cock. He loved it.

*Oh, fuck...so clooose...*

“If you don’t fuck off, I-I’ll blast a hole through the damn door!” he yelled.

Mae moaned and moved faster. Her tongue lapped at his head every time she moved.

“Fuck, goddess, I’m so close,” he whispered hastily.

“Mmm,” she moaned. Her hands squeezed tighter. “Just shoot that yummy cum down my throat.” Mae’s tongue dragged along the tip of his cock, teasing the hole.

Von groaned low, doing his damndest to be quiet, but it was too much. His resolve was slipping with every lick and teasing kiss she made.

The door pounded again.

*Ffffuck, it felt too good...*

He brought his hands up to grasp the side of the locker, his fingers denting the metal. His arms trembled as he ached to control his strength as his body felt it was flung into the abyss.

“Shit, don’t stop,” he begged under his breath.

The collar tightened.

Von saw stars.

The door banged again.

*Oh, shit, I’m-*

“SO, YOU’RE MAE?” Rolf crosses his arms, looking the more petite woman up and down. She was about the Prince’s height but sported bright blue hair and eyes. Odd coloring for an Earthling. He couldn’t deny she had a body, though. Her red dress clung to every curve flawlessly, her legs stretching for days in matching pumps. It’s not really barbecue attire. A yellow scarf wrapped around her throat, hiding a lingering collection of bites and hickies his roommate had left there. Not that Rolf knew that, of course.

“Damn right,” she answered, a mischievous twinkle sparkling in her eyes.

Everyone had collected at Amelia’s house for the day. The party enough was a surprise since the stern-faced woman rarely went anywhere or invited anyone over. But when Karoh lifted her into the air with a boisterous laugh,

her left arm extended to reveal a sparkling ring attached, and everything rose to another level.

Mae was incredibly happy for her friend. Von, who surprisingly agreed to come as her date, just muttered he was glad ‘the idiot was finally moving out’ before going back to pigging out on the ribs.

Rolf shook his hair out, leveling her with a questioning gaze. “I don’t get it.”

“What?”

“Why you?”

Shock filtered through Mae’s face as she digested Rolf’s words. Then she smiled before snipping back, “I wouldn’t expect a lowly worm like you to understand how a real Sai wins the richest, most beautiful woman on the planet.” Then, with a hair flip, she sauntered away from his surprised face.

Mae returned to her seat at the picnic table next to Von and sat down prettily. Everyone chatted to themselves, hardly noticing what had just transpired. At least, that’s what she thought until the stern-faced Sai next to her leaned in close and whispered heatedly, “I can’t tell you how much I want to pin you to this table and claim you right now. You have never been more Sai, woman.”

She peeked a look at him out of the corner of her eye. Von gave her a smolder, like his gaze was melting her clothes off her body. A grin spread across her face. “How about we see who can eat that platter of wings faster, and then you can show me exactly how you would claim me?” she flirted.

His eyes widened. A crooked smirk appeared. “You dare challenge me, woman?”

Mae leaned in until they were a breath apart with a smirk to equal his. “You’re damn right, I do.”

“OH, FUCK,” SHE moaned as Von pinned her face against the cold, glass window. Thank the gods, she locked the conference room door after the board members left. From twenty floors up, the people and cars looked tiny. It was a bright and sunny day, not a cloud in the sky. All of that mattered very little to Mae, though, as the Sai behind her pressed his hips against her ass.

*Mmm, he was hard...solid as a rock...*

“You still want me to claim you, woman?” he growled huskily into her ear, sparking a pool of arousal to spread through her panties.

She nodded, a dirty look in her eyes as she leaned back on his shoulder. Her neck was completely exposed to him. "Like the beast you are."

The heat in his eyes intensified as his fingers toyed with the strap of her dress. She wore just a spaghetti-strapped black body-con for some Nexus meetings today, with a pinstripe jacket to make it more professional. But that had been discarded long before they reached the window.

He pinned her arms behind her back while another hand hiked up the dress and shed the black lace thong she'd been wearing.

Mae moaned, her cheeks flushing. "At this rate, I might start calling you 'daddy' when you're like this."

An evil smirk answered her. "You'll only say my name or 'prince.' Understood?"

"Mmm, yes, my prince."

She felt him shudder against her. "Now," he continued gruffly. "Since you like exposing your body, which we both know really belongs to me, to the world..." Mae gasped at the sudden cold against her chest. Von had quickly pulled down the top of her dress, causing her breasts to bounce out and press against the glass.

"Oh, fuck," she muttered, eyes widening as her brain registered what was happening. Then, suddenly, Von slipped his cock inside of her dripping sheath. Mae moaned, "Oh, fuck..."

He drove his cock inside of her roughly and without a care.

Fingertip-shaped bruises were left on her hips.

Wet bites and kisses were slathered all over their lips, cheeks, and necks.

Von grunted in her ear, "Who's body is this?"

Mae moans, the friction from his cock inside of her and the glass rubbing against her nipples, bringing her close to the edge. "Yours."

He moaned low, nuzzling his nose into her neck. His tail pulled her thighs apart further, leaving room for his fingers to make quick circles around her clit. "I can't hear you, woman..."

She shuddered and screamed. "Fuck, Von, yours! It's all yours!"

"Are you going to cum on my cock, woman?"

"Yes! Gods damn it, just ram that thick, juicy cock in me and make me cum!"

He shivered and groaned. "Oh, Mae..."

"Fuck...please-"

“WE’RE GOING TO ease you into it, okay?”

Von grunted in response, staring at the wall instead of meeting Mae’s eyes. It wasn’t like he wasn’t excited. Ever since she’d toyed with that ruby plug on his forced shopping trip, he would quietly ponder what it’d be like to use it.

True, he didn’t think it would be used on him.

She had laid everything he picked out on the bed, a towel underneath it. A few bottles of lube, said ruby-pieced plug, and a pretty sizable dildo. It didn’t look like any specific male genitalia, just a rod about three-quarters of a foot long. About his size, the woman had said. Baby wipes nearby.

He swallowed, his tail twitching nervously.

*We’ll see how this goes...*

He looked incredibly nervous despite being the one to suggest interest in this in the first place. Mae nibbled on her lip anxiously before sliding her naked body against his. “Hey,” she whispered, kissing the back of his neck.

Those onyx eyes locked with hers.

“We don’t have to if you’ve changed your mind.”

He scowled. “I’m no coward.”

“I know. But you don’t have to feel forced.”

“I’m not. Just...apprehensive.”

“Okay.” Her fingers trailed along his collarbone. “Safe word?”

“Still ‘worms’.”

“Okay. Keep talking to me, alright? We’re going to take this slow. For both of our sakes,” she smiled at him, cupping his cheek.

Von gave her a long before leaning in for a kiss. It was gentle, slow. Gradually building up in heat as the lovers teased and played with each other.

She gave a low hum. “Lay back and put your feet on the mattress,” she said quietly, gently pushing him to lay back. He complied, wrapping his arms around Mae to pull her with him. The kiss didn’t stop, her tongue playfully rubbing against his. She felt him moan and squeeze her a little tighter, so Mae flicked her tongue again a little further into the back of his mouth. He shuddered, going a little slack. “That’s new,” she teased before bubbling down the side of his neck.

He groaned. “Fuck, what you do to me, woman.”



She smiled at that before biting down a little harder. The Sai quivered, his breath hitching with every indent her teeth made in his skin. “Do you like this?”

Von moaned, shuddering. “You have no idea.”

“Really?” she pried.

“It’s, ngh, a Sai thing.”

Now, her interest has peaked. “Really? How so?”

He rolled his eyes impatiently. “Is now really the time for ‘Mating the Sai Way 101’?”

Mae couldn’t help but giggle at that. “Your sarcasm is adorable. But, fine.” She bit down on his neck a little harder than before.

He clutched her head, letting out a surprised moan in response.

Her teeth and lips made their way down his body like this, nibbling and licking until he was shivering all over. When she got to his cock, heavily dripping with precum, Mae gave him a long lick from head to base. His fingers twisted the sheets, his heavily hooded eyes watching her every move lazily.

She steeled her resolve, butterflies spurring in her stomach.

*Here we go...*

As her tongue licked his head, Mae grabbed one of the bottles of lube. The cool stickiness spread over her fingers as he moaned.

When she touched him, Von tensed a little. Sensing his nervousness, Mae flicked her tongue over his head.

A shudder.

His tail came up to wrap around her forearm. He relaxed a little.

When her finger finally found where to push and moved slowly inside of him, he hissed.

His tail tightened.

“Are you okay?”

He gave an affirmative grunt.

She continued licking his cock, sucking him further into her mouth.

His muscles relaxed, letting her finger slide in more.

For a moment, she worked him open. Moving slow. Adding more lube every other time she pulled out. When another finger was added, Von shuddered but stayed relaxed. He watched Mae move her mouth and hand in sync, gently and lazily touching his body.

“Are you alright?”

“I can handle the next one.”

“Are you sure?”

“Go on, woman.”

After cleaning her fingers with the wipes, Mae did the same treatment with the plug. It was only a few inches, silver, with a red jewel on the end. The metal would slide in smoothly, but she still lathered it up first.

Before pushing it in, Mae resumed licking his cock. Surprisingly, it stayed hard the entire time. She slowly started easing the plug in when she felt his body relax enough.

He hissed.

She eased it in and out, slowly letting his body take more and more...until it slid all the way inside.

Von's eyes sprung open, and he gasped.

Mae's eyes went wide. “Are you okay?”

He gulped. The only affirmative noise he could make was a small whimper.

“Do I need to take it out?”

He shook his head furiously. A tongue wet his lips as he breathed heavily. “Something...is...pushing against it.”

Her brow furrowed. “What?”

“It's good...just...surprised me.”

OH. Mae smiled, “Sai have prostates, right?”

“Huh?”

“Earth males have a gland back there that can be pleasurable when pressed. I'm pretty sure Sai do, too. That's what's being pushed.”

Von continued breathing heavily, his eyes in thin slits. His tail tightened in pulses around Mae's forearm.

“How does it feel?” she tried.

“Like...I'm so very close.”

“Hmm...” Mae pondered, looking down at Von's member. He was completely hard, no question about that.

She gave his head a tentative lick.

He cried out, arching his back. “Fuck, goddess!”

Her lips wrapped around his cock and took him further into her moan. She received a throaty groan in return, his legs shaking. For a while, Mae kept him whimpering on the edge.

She would suck and lick; he would whimper and beg for release.

“Fuck, more! Please, I need more.”

“Do you want the dildo now?”

“Shit, woman, just do it!”

She giggled before easing the plug back out. If anything, teasing him with the plug made it that much easier to put the device in.

The steps were repeated: endless amounts of lube, stretching, slowly easing it in, then pushing inside of him. Only this time, Mae angles it so it hits right where Von wants it.

She knew when it was there; he gasped and let out a loud groan. His fingers dug deep holes through the sheets and into the mattress. His breath was short, a thin layer of sweat covering his muscled chest.

When Mae swallowed him back in her mouth and matched the pace of her hand pushing the dildo in and out, Von only grew louder.

“Oh, shit...oh, fuck...”

She moaned around his cock, moving a touch faster. The sounds he was making, the feeling of witnessing him like this, made her extraordinarily wet.

His muscles were tensing. The vein on his cock throbbed under her tongue.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck-“

Von shouted, cum spurting down the back of Mae’s throat in hot streaks. She kept moving, swallowing, sucking every drop he spilled down as he groaned and shuddered underneath her.

When he finally stilled, she slowly removed the dildo.

It popped out.

He groaned.

After wiping off the toys and moving them off the bed, Mae gathered the weak Sai in her arms. His breathing was heavy. The silver band around his throat stood out against his skin's sweaty, dark contrast. She ran her fingers through his hair. “Are you alright?” she whispered softly.

He moaned. “What...the fuck...”

She giggled. “In a good or bad way?”

“Good. So good.”

A smile spread wider on her face. “Good.”

They lay in silence for a moment. Von would gently lick and nibble on her neck as Mae scratched the base of his neck. “Need...to help you...finish...”

She shushed him before planting a kiss on his forehead. “Later. First, you sleep for me.”

He nuzzled his face into her shoulder, exhausted. Those onyx eyes closed before drifting to sleep. “Yes, goddess...”

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## CHAPTER TEN

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### *Pain - Three Days Grace*

“WHAT’S THIS?” MAE asked, carefully opening the purple gift bag. Von said nothing, just standing with his arms crossed and gazing out her balcony window.

Sorry, *their* balcony window.

The odd relationship dynamic they had fallen into over the past few months became something neither had expected. Slowly, he started spending more time at her home. His clothes always stayed in the closet. With Rolf’s still apparent disapproval of their relationship - for reasons unbeknownst to Mae - the Sai never saw his roommate anymore.

So, when she’d brought up that he never had to leave if he didn’t want to, Von just grunted. And, kind of, stayed.

The unofficial permanence of his body in bed beside hers made the woman smile whenever she stepped through the door. But she had no clue what surprises the usually stoic Sai had left her.

“Just open it and find out,” he grunted. Mae swore she could see a faint blush rose on his cheeks.

A wave of nervousness and an odd sensation of amusement washed over Mae when the bag was overturned, and out fell three toys. The whip was braided with a thick but flexible cord, the tail ending in vertical slits. A paddle, with dime-sized holes spread throughout the dark wood, shone in the lamplight beside it. The prettiest of them all, with a matching glass handle that swirled with red and blue throughout the inside, was a nine-tailed flogger.

Her fingers rain through the tails gently. Though her instincts wanted to sweet talk to him about this, to express his adorable request. But she knew

the Sai Prince in front of her wouldn't take it well. So, instead, she stated the obvious. "You made these."

He grunted approval without facing her.

"I will need to test these before I feel comfortable using them on you."

"I understand that."

Mae smiled, carefully gathering the toys in her hands before standing. But as she started to walk towards the 'playroom' to put them away, she stopped. Von hadn't relaxed, still stiff with nervous energy by the window. She placed the gift gently on the bed and walked up behind the Sai. Before wrapping her arms around his waist and resting her head on his shoulder blades, she asked, "Is there more you want to say?"

He paused, those eyes searching outside the window at seemingly nothing. "I'm trying to figure out how to word it."

She rested her cheek against the muscles there, kissing the bones and ligaments gently as she waited. Giving him time.

When he finally spoke, it was soft. Controlled. "Can...this be permanent?"

Her brow furrowed. "Our relationship?"

"The collar." His fingers toyed with the thin metal as he thought through his following words. Now that Mae thought about it, she rarely saw him take it off anymore. "In my culture, we have an urge to find mates. Someone to watch our back, produce strong offspring and spend the rest of our lives with, only to separate should battle or old age takes us. Earth weddings don't hold nearly as much meaning for me, and I feel they do not hold the same commitment equivalent to mating. But this..." His thumb brushed along the collar again. "It seems to symbolize trust. Belonging. And the idea that you own every part of me, and I own every part of you. I'd like that."

She could feel the tears coming but nuzzled her face into his shoulder to stop the flow. "So, in a sense, you're asking me to marry you? The Sai way?"

She heard him gulp, feeling the muscles tense through his body. "And claim me as yours through this or another collar. If you'll have me." He took a breath, seeming to stumble. "That's the only reason I made those. I've always thought I would enjoy using...pain-related tools. You're the only being I'd trust to handle them in the universe."

This was almost too much.

They stood silently for a moment, each filled with emotion in their own way. Mae bit her lip, the sudden nervousness of her actions and the question behind them flowing through her rapidly. With a trembling hand, she reached out to cup his jaw. “Hey,” she whispered. “Look at me.”

He quarter-turned, those blackened eyes locking with hers. Cheeks were flushed. Brow furrowed in worry. He swallowed again.

She searched his face before carefully uttering. “Do you love me?”

He licked his lips carefully, eyes never leaving hers. “...yes.”

That did it. Tears began to roll down Mae’s cheeks as she touched her forehead to his. With a smile that could be mistaken for the stars surrounding Sai, she said, “I love you back.”

A shaky breath moved through his chest. His arms wrapped around her frame tightly. Those eyes didn’t look away for a moment, though, unblinkingly staring into her. “Will you have me...please?”

She didn’t think her smile could get any bigger. As she wrapped her arms around his neck, one hand cupping and gently stroking his cheekbone with the pad of her thumb, the words Von most wanted to hear were uttered: “Of course I will. I’d love to be your mate.”

SHE SLOWLY PULLED the flogger from the box, carefully feeling the satin tips between her thumb and index finger.

Smooth. Square-tipped. It’s similar to her ribbon wand.

Her eyes flickered to the dark-haired Sai before her, pinned against the wall like a delicious dessert tray. She was ready to savor him almost as much as he wanted her to. But first...

*Snap.*

Her wrist flickered in figure-eight patterns, testing the weight.

*Snap.*

The braided handle was easy to grasp, molding to her hand as the tips hit the bedpost.

*Snap.*

A grin unconsciously spread across her face as Mae rested the strength. Hard. Slow. Quick. Light.

*Snap.*

On to the next test.

*Snap.*

The sting of the fabric hit her inner thigh. It's not too bad, considering the spot.

*Snap.*

Inside of the elbow stung a touch more, she noted inquisitively.

*Snap.*

The upper back was beautiful, sweet, and meaty.

*Snap.*

Her ass was tainted red, the flogger kissing her skin ever so lightly no matter how hard her wrist lashed out.

*Interesting...*

Her eyes met his. That bronze chest was heaving, those onyx eyes following every one of her movements.

She couldn't contain the sadistic giggle that escaped her throat.

*This is going to be fun...*

VON GASPED AND moaned, a shiver running through him as the ribbons snapped his skin. The woman's touch was light and stinging as she flicked the flogger against his body. It was as if everything was vibrating.

"Tell me how good it feels, subby," she commanded in her sultry voice.

A soft moan echoed through the room between loud cracks of the ribbons against his flesh. "It feels...so good, goddess..."

"Good. Now moan louder."

*Snap.*

His thighs...

His buttocks...

His pectorals...

His biceps...

Such delicious stinging left tiny red trails that mingled with his many scars. The contrast of the pain and the occasional kiss and lick from Mae's lips drove him mad, his cock dripping with precum.

Only his woman would hit him, sting him, and then try to kiss it better.

*His woman.*

*His soon-to-be mate.*

His moans turned to shouts as he called out for his goddess. For more. To thank her for the pleasure she gave and praise her beauty and touch.

Von went flying over the edge when she snapped the flogger against his inner thigh and kissed the base of his tail.



He moaned and twisted as his orgasm ripped through him. All the while, his mind thought about how he couldn't wait to do it again.

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

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### *Killing Me Slowly - Bad Wolves*

*CRACK.*

“AND YOU’RE sure you want to do this?” Narok asked tentatively through the static of Von’s phone speaker. The stupid flip phone was archaic but held up quickly over the years. But after being chucked across the room, run over, and drowned accidentally on multiple occasions, it seemed to finally be dying.

Von sighed, the hand not holding the phone up to his ear gripping the balcony banister. Mae - his Mae - twirled and flipped in the grass below. Instead of the ribbon wand in her hand, those devilish fingers grasped the whip he made her.

*Crack.*

Those harsh, worried lines etched into his forehead softened. “My decision is final,” he uttered.

He heard paper rustling from the other side of his earpiece. “Well, it’s not like I didn’t see this coming. You care more about the blowing competitions than actually working for Hollum. You have my blessing as long as it works out for you.”

“Hmph.”

They sat in silence for a moment. The sun began to paint the clouds above in a wispy sherbet, a mingling of oranges and pinks delectable to the eyes.

Narok continued. “How’s it going with the woman?”

A brief smile flickered across Von’s features. “Well.”

Gentle, throaty laughter came from Narok’s throat. “I’m glad. When will it be official?”

“...Two days.” Those thick fingers tightened around the railing slightly.  
Just two more days...

“Should I call her ‘princess’ from now on?”

Von scoffed, never taking his eyes from the woman moving gracefully below. ‘Princess’ as a word made a strange knot curl in his chest. And, although it would be correct, he had a feeling the woman would let it go to her head. “We shall see.”

*Crack*

The whip thundered through the air as Mae spun and flexed her body. Von found himself hardening in anticipation as he leaned against the railing to watch her intently. His tail swished casually and contented.

VON SLAPPED HER, not hard enough to break skin or bone, but the sting didn’t know the difference.

She gasped, taking in some oxygen before that thick hand was suddenly wrapped around her throat.

Mae’s eyes rolled back.

Her arms went weak, though her fingers clung to his wrist, begging him to stay.

His hips relentlessly drove that rock-hard shaft deep inside of her, over and over. Every thrust, every sting, making Mae soak the sheets even further.

A finger brushed her lips.

She moaned, sucking it in her mouth. Her tongue flicked over his thumb.

He grunted, breathing heavily.

Little beads of sweat and water dripped down his chest, his hair hanging flat against the sides of his face from his recent shower.

She saw stars as her brain went cloudy.

“Take it, woman. Just like that.” He groaned, pumping his hips faster.

Mae loved it when he lost control. That chiseled body began to tremble from the crescendo at the pit of his stomach.

And she did. She took everything he demanded of her.

*Just. Like. That.*

VON HUNG FROM the ceiling, his mind in a fog.

*Crack*

The whip’s braided cord struck hard against his back.

“Tell me how much you love it, subby.”

A moan breezed through his open lips, his jaw slack. Those onyx eyes had rolled back towards the ceiling as he felt the sting of that braid over and over.

He could hear the woman, that seductive goddess who was clad in just a jumpsuit with those full breasts practically spilling out, say something. Just what, he couldn't comprehend.

All he could think of was 'more.'

*Crack*

“Fuck, yes moooore...”

*Crack*

A shiver and groan.

*Crack*

His cock was so hard, so hot, it ached in the sweetest of places.

*Crack*

“Yes, goddess, moooooore...”

Von was floating, falling. His body was in complete, numb ecstasy. He didn't know how long he sailed, but he felt the twinges of a smile on his face appear.

He welcomed the next sting of the whip.

...

*Where was it?*

...

*Goddess?*

...

He was falling. Floating. Numb.

“Strawberries!”

HE PACED THE room, anger rolling off of him in waves. Arms crossed against his chest. A threatening, consistent growl emitting from the back of his throat.

Mae sat on the bed, rolling up the whip slowly. The glass was still cool in her hand despite having been used. Blood dripped down the tight braid...and from the cuts in Von's back.

A tear trail still stained her cheeks.

A small puddle of saline collected on the floor beneath her.

It felt as if miles were between them and not five feet.

“You’re bleeding,” she whispered.

A growl was her response.

A defense wave of anger rose from her. “You didn’t respond! I had to stop!”

“I was fine, you idiotic woman!”

“Then say something!”

“I did!”

“No, you didn’t! You were completely quiet! And you scared the ever-loving crap out of me, Von!”

A deep breath of oxygen made his shoulders rise and fall slowly. “I know,” he muttered. “I don’t know what came over me.”

More tears began to fall. “I hurt you...” A broken sob spilled from her ruby lips.

“I wanted you to.”

“But...I didn’t mean to make you bleed!”

“I’m fine, woman. You’re exaggerating.”

She shook her head furiously. “No. I need more practice.”

“No. I want to finish.”

“I...” Pearl white teeth came out to bite her bottom lip. “I can’t do that.”

Frustration flashed through his eyes as he spit a leer at Mae’s tiny frame. And with that, Von stormed out of their room.

Her body shook hard as tears began to fall harder and faster.

HE CAME BACK that night but said nothing. Just climbed into bed, pulled the covers over himself, and fell asleep.

Mae lay awake, waiting for him to move.

The moonlight streamed through the curtains, moving slowly across the carpet and cream-colored walls as the hours passed.

Every once in a while, she’d flip her pillow over to a drier side.

Still, Von’s body didn’t move. His shoulders gently moved as his breaths evened.

Tears dried plastered to Mae’s face as sleep finally came.

*Please still love me...*

WHEN HIS EYES opened, the sun began peering into the room. Birds chirped merrily outside.

A black collar sat on his end table, similar to his own but thicker and broader. His brow furrowed; that wasn’t there when he left.

Von peeked over his shoulder.

The woman lay there, curled on her side. She looked so small. So fragile.

And yet, she cared more about hurting him than anything else.

A tired hand reached up to rub the sleep out of his eyes. He sighed, thinking the events of the past day through.

Silence.

His tail reached out to curl around her thigh.

The woman shuddered, a tiny whimper escaping her lips. Those shoulders relaxed slightly.

Instinctively, he took in her scent. She still smelt like summer wine, strawberries, and cream.

Von's arms reached for her. He wrapped Mae up in a tight embrace, nuzzling his face into her neck. Tiny kisses were placed there, each one relaxing her slowly.

Her body shuddered. A quiet snuffle was heard.

He held her tighter.

“Do you still trust me?” she whispered, her voice heavy with emotion.

He breathed deeply. Mae's skin felt so smooth in his hands, washing away his doubt and hurt. “Always.”

They lay there, quiet and healing, until the sun went down.

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

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### *Shallow - Lady Gaga & Bradley Cooper*

VON SAT ON their bed, picking at the collar around his neck, nervousness emanating from every pore.

It was the day. They agreed on Saturday. He did as the woman - his woman - asked and bathed beforehand. The unnecessarily silky boxer shorts on the bed were all the Sai wore.

Now, he just waited for her.

The clouds of steam wafted underneath the bathroom door as she cleaned herself for him. He could hear her faint humming, a familiar tune, from the blue-haired female on the other side.

A set of perfectly straight teeth nibbled on Von's bottom lip. The dim light of the fake fire video she'd put on the television across from the bed lit the room, casting shaky shadows about the space.

He reached out, listening intently. The water had turned off, and movement could be heard inside the bathroom. Not another soul was on the Nexus grounds. Just him and the woman.

*His Mae.*

*His mate...*

The door opened, and a wave of her scent - that summer intoxication - ran over him. The vast majority of Von's anxiety faded as those blue eyes locked with his. Her hair fell in gentle ringlets, parted almost exclusively to one side. A nightgown in the same scarlet silk as his boxer shorts draped across that creamy, ivory skin, her large bust barely covered by the fabric as two thin straps held tight to her shoulders.

Her frame shivered as she took in Von with a pair of heated eyes.

“Hmm?”

Her tongue flicked out, wetting her lips. Those feet, tipped in gold, carried her closer to him. “You look delicious, subby.”

Von did nothing to contain the trembling he felt through his limbs at her statement. His tail hung loosely, swinging in the light evening air. A soft growl vibrated from him.

Her hands touched his shoulders, rubbing gently. A shock of electric fire ran across his skin. “You said it’s rough, right?”

He gave a curt nod, not peeling his eyes from her frame.

She traced his scars gently, her lips following tender suit. “And you’re sure you want me to?”

A blush spread across his cheeks. “I think it’d be better to, first. It wasn’t...unbearable the first time. Unless you feel it doesn’t fit.”

In return, he received a small smile, one of those slender palms coming up to cup his cheek. “I think it’s perfect.” There was a tenderness in her gaze that made him feel more fragile than he physically was. And, for once, he was okay with feeling that way.

A glint of silver shone to his left.

A new choker - thicker, more sturdy - was held up for his taking.

He gulped. Instead, Von nuzzled his face into the side of her neck in submission.

His nose memorized her scent as he felt the old collar unlatch and the new one takes place.

A slight tightening.

*Click.*

It was on.

Onyx met cerulean. Her eyes shone with love and unshed tears.

“Now, you’re mine,” she whispered.

Von groaned and locked Mae in a consuming kiss. Heat coursed through them, the lip lock only breaking for tiny gasps of air followed by soft moans and growls.

His fingers tangled themselves in her hair.

Her nails dug into his shoulder blades.

They fell together onto the sheets as the full moon blazed the night sky.

VON TREMBLED, HAVING trouble holding himself up on his hands and knees from the shaking his limbs were doing.



The woman was behind him, wearing that belt, using her hips to move the dildo in and out of him. The angle kept hitting him right where it felt so good the last time, sending intense waves of heat through him. She moved slowly but hard, grasping onto his shoulders, her breath hot on the back of his neck.

“Good?” She asked in between grunts, unconsciously making an incredibly sexy noise with every thrust of her hips.

He nodded enthusiastically, breathing heavily. “G-getting close, g-goddess...”

Her hand latched around his cock, feeling like the sweetest salve, and began pumping in rhythm with her movements.

He gasped.

She licked and nibbled his shoulder, sending shock waves through his nerve endings.

His tail wound tight around her thigh, bristling from the intensity.

“B-bite...n-now...” he whimpered, feeling himself soaring over the edge.

And he did. When Mae’s teeth clamped down on his shoulder hard, Von roared. A serenade of pleasure and pain ran through his body. He could feel something wet and warm trickle down his arm and drip onto the mattress as he came down from his high. His body collapsed.

Somewhere, he heard Mae coo and whisper gently in his ear. The words weren’t registered, but Von smiled anyway.

MAE MOANED, THOSE manicured nails digging into the mattress as Von slid into her from behind.

“Fuuuck, you feel so good...” she moaned.

He shushed her, bringing up a hand to cup her face as his hips started driving his cock in and out of her body. “Don’t talk. Just feel.”

She moaned loudly and moved her hips in sync with his, opening her legs wider.

The Sai pistoned himself inside Mae with a ferocity she hadn’t seen. His dick, which was definitely more prominent than the average human male’s, would already bring her over the edge after a few strokes quickly.

But with the force, he took her body...

The way those growls built and reverberated in the back of his throat as he claimed her...

How those canines sunk deep into the side of her neck, making her scream in shock as her orgasm took over her...

When she felt his body quake over her, hearing him roar as his own orgasm started and his seed seared the inside of her uterus with fertile heat...

The way he gathered her in his arms afterward, licking the fresh wound on his neck with gentle purrs and nuzzling his head into her shoulder...

Mae had never felt more connected with anyone before.

He was here, with her.

Forever.

*Her mate...*

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## ENJOY THIS SPOTIFY PLAY LIST

Each chapter was inspired by these songs (*meaning I played the song on repeat, like the ADD gremlin I am, while writing said chapter*)!



### SONG LIST:

Behind the Wheel - Depeche Mode  
Whatever Lola Wants - Ella Fitzgerald  
Guy What Takes His Time - Christina Aguilera  
Uncomfortable - Halestorm  
Expensive - Todrick Hall  
Not Strong Enough - Apocalyptica ft. Brent Smith  
Type - Todrick Hall  
Closer - In This Moment

Sexual Hallucination - In This Moment feat. Brent Smith  
Pain - Three Days Grace  
Killing Me Slowly - Bad Wolves  
Shallow - Lady Gaga & Bradley Cooper

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