

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*  
*Naughty Nuptials*

*Bride*  
*Portal*

Michele Bardsley

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Bride Portal

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# ***BRIDE PORTAL***

**Michele Bardsley**

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## Chapter One

Mary Jeanne Wolmack stared at her apartment door and wept.

These were not tears of sweet longing, harbored hope, or romantic sorrow.

Her weeping was ugly, messy and loud. Sobs of complete, utter despair racked her body until she shuddered violently, feeling like Jell-O in an earthquake.

A door opened down the hallway. "Shaddap, will ya? Jeopardy's on and I can't hear a damned thing!"

"S-s-sorry, Mr. W-W-Wiesman." Mary wiped her runny nose on the torn, muddied sleeve of her new black blazer.

The door slammed shut again.

Mary sucked in breaths, but couldn't stop blubbering. She tried to be brave. Really, she did. When she got laid off this morning, she packed up her desk, smiling until her lips ached. As she exited the cubicle she'd worked in for the last two years, she ignored the whispers, mean-spirited chuckles and dirty looks. She'd left the telemarketing firm with shoulders squared and head held high.

She didn't break down once she reached her car, either. She put her box of personal items in the trunk, slipped into the driver's seat, and put on *Abba's Greatest Hits*. Belting out the second chorus of "Waterloo", she stopped at Main and 3<sup>rd</sup> Street, waiting for the light to turn green.

A scruffy young man opened her door, pointed a gun in her face, and demanded that she get out of the car. She grabbed her purse and vacated it immediately.

She walked five blocks to the police station, waited two hours to make a report, and slogged the three-mile walk home. She attempted several times to hail a cab, but as her friend and fellow tortured dieter often commiserated, "No cabbie stops for fat chicks."

The rain started after she walked the first mile home. The mud was courtesy of a Hummer that had veered too close to the curb and spun through a large puddle—which soaked her entire self. The ripped clothing was from ramming into a chain-link fence. She'd dodged two teenage boys on bicycles who both thought playing "sidewalk chicken" with a wet, angry, thin-challenged woman was funny.

Finally, Mary had trudged inside her building, up two flights of stairs, and now stood forlornly in the hallway because...*sniffle*...because...*sniffle*...becaaaaauuse...

Her goddamned key had broken in the lock.

She wailed anew.

"Mary?"

Her open-mouthed sob turned into a horrified squeak. Oh, God. Not him. Not now. The Great and Gorgeous Matthew Adams, the demigod of lust who'd moved across the hall two weeks ago, had arrived to witness her fall from grace—admittedly, a short trip. He was really tall, at least six and half feet, and really, really buff—he reminded her of The Rock in *The Scorpion King*. He wore his black hair shoulder-length and loose. It was sexy as hell, but not exactly businesslike—unless he was a gigolo.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you. You can...uh, go." *Shoo, demigod. Go on, shoo.*

"I cannot leave you in distress."

He had such an odd, formal way of speaking. She couldn't place his accent—almost French, almost Scottish. They'd never conversed for long. He gave her such complete attention, his stare almost unblinking, that his manner both thrilled her and freaked her out.

"Please go away," she said. "I'm...I'm...thinking."

"This is how hu—er, women engage in cogitation?"

Startled by his geek-speak, she laughed. She turned and looked at him. Her face felt swollen, her eyes ached, and her body felt beaten and bruised. "What are you, a lawyer?"

"No."

"Scientist?"

"No."

"Professor?"

"No, Mary. I will tell you who I am at another time." Distress filled his gray-green eyes. "You are unwell?"

"A bad day," she admitted. "The worst day of my life, and honey, that's saying something." She clutched her purse, waved good-bye, and squelched past tall-and-yummy. She felt a light touch on her elbow. She looked at him over her shoulder. "Yes?"

"You are unable to get into your living quarters?"

"Key broke in the lock."

"I offer my abode to you. You will rest there and I will fix the door for you." He grimaced. "This lord of the land does not respond quickly to such problems."

"Lord of the land?" She grinned. The guy had a sense of humor, which was another point in his favor. Not that he needed points because she'd take him as is, right now. He, on the other hand, was a nice guy who probably had a tall, skinny blonde girlfriend who was a model or flight attendant or barista. "Yeah, the landlord is a jerk. No offense, Matthew, but I just want to get inside, take a long, hot bath, and drink a gallon of white zin."

"Please, Mary." To her utter shock, he dropped to his knees and took her dirty, scraped hand into his warm grasp. "Allow me this kindness. I have wanted to spend time with you and have been unable to gain your attention long enough to ask." He

stared at her, yearning in his gaze. “Is it too much too hope that you might find me worthy?”

Mary hit the wall of her own restraint and sanity. She had no job, no car, and no way to get into her apartment. Now, the most handsome man she’d ever met was on his knees in front of her begging to know if he was worthy of her.

She giggled. The giggles turned into guffaws. The desperate hilarity was the last straw for her abused psyche and tired body. The whole world grayed as she pitched forward...right into the arms of Matthew Adams.

\* \* \* \* \*

When she awoke, Mary found herself naked, in a warm bath filled with pink bubbles. Lit candles rimmed the large tub. The mild scent of vanilla entwined with the spice of sandalwood. Sitting up, she looked at the small table within arm’s reach of the tub. On it sat two fizzing glasses of champagne and – dear God – a twenty-piece box of Godiva’s G Collection.

“Am I dead?” she whispered.

“No,” said Matt as he hurried into the bathroom. “I’m sorry! I called in an order to Zio’s. You – you mentioned you liked Italian food.”

He looked so anxious. Why? Because he wanted to please her? Whoa. His gaze ensnared hers. “I washed you thoroughly and cleaned your clothing. I’ve been watching you, Mary. You wouldn’t have drowned.”

She smiled and nodded. Then, as calmly as she could, she asked, “What the fuck is going on?”

He looked nonplussed. “I conveyed all there is to know. Would you like me to repeat it?”

“No,” she said. Her heart thudded. Freaking Matthew was seducing her. Oh, baby! “I got the gist. I fainted, you caught me. Now I’m in a hot tub surrounded by candles and chocolates and champagne.” She looked him over. He wore nothing except a thin



gold chain around his neck. The chain attached to a gorgeous blue stone, which hovered right below his collarbone. It wasn't like any gem she'd ever seen. But jewelry was not the issue right now.

"Why are you naked?" she asked in a strangled voice.

"I would hope to please my lady by joining you."

"I knew it. I'm dead."

"Mary, you are not in Illania."

"Ill-whataya?"

"Heaven." He waved impatiently. "It is of no matter. Great Geru! I grow weary of these Earth mating rituals."

She blinked at him. "Mating rituals?"

He swallowed heavily then dropped to his knees again. His big, tanned hands grasped the edge of the tub and his eyes searched hers. "This is not my way. If we were on my planet, I would steal you away and I would kill anyone who tried to keep me from claiming you. You are my *harataya*."

"Oh. Well that explains everything, doesn't it?" Beautiful, muscled...and oh mama, what a package...but totally, completely crazy. She patted his hands and smiled brightly. "Would you get my clothes, please? I need to go home."

His roar of frustration seemed to shake the walls. He surged to his feet, plucked Mary from the tub as if she weighed no more than a feather, and slung her over his massive shoulder. Water sloshed, putting out the candles. Pink bubbles flew everywhere.

In five strides he was in the bedroom. He dumped her—naked, wet and shocked—onto the bed. "You are mine, Mary Jeanne Wolmack. I have traveled all the way from Kratania to claim you. I care not for what the Oracle says about wooing an Earth woman. I have tried the simpering ways of Earth males and they do not work. You have ignored me for two weeks."

Mary gaped at him. He stood next to the bed, hands on hips, a magnificent barbarian warrior assessing his stolen bride. "I...uh...what?"

"You are so beautiful," he said, his gaze roving her shivering form. "I have dreamed often of touching you, of taking you. I am tired of pleasuring myself and wasting my seed!"

Panic bubbled through her, but she had to admit to some serious thrillage, too. Insane or not, this hunk wanted her. "You may have noticed I'm not exactly...well, thin." Gak. Why had she felt it necessary to point that out to him? The man had eyes.

"Thank Geru! You are well-built, my *harataya*. You are very luscious." Lust darkened his gaze. "When we return to Kratania, you will make me the envy of my brothers." He leaned over the bed, once again looking anxious. "Do you refuse me?"

"Oh, honey." She rose up on her elbows. God, he was nuts. And it would be really, really wrong to take advantage of his mental state in order to have her way with his muscled bod. *Look at that cock. It's so huge.* Lust heated her belly...liquefied and flowed to her pussy. Damn, she wanted his cock inside her. Plunging. And plunging...oh merciful heavens!

"If you could prove you were an alien, I'd let you ravish me."

"That is all you require?" His brows rose in surprise.

"Sure. And those chocolates. You can't buy a girl the G Collection and not let her have it."

His lips tugged into a half-smile. "The chocolates please you? At least the Oracle was right in that regard. So, if I prove that I am from Kratania and give you the sweets, you will allow me the honor of *ghrata*?"

"What is *ghrata*?"

He frowned, as if trying to figure out how to explain the term. "Making love."

"Yep." It was a safe response because poor, sweet, deluded Matt was one taco short of a combo platter. There was no way in...uh, Illania he would really ravish her. "I would *ghrata* the night away with you, babe."

"Then it is a bargain." He crawled onto the bed and knelt between her legs. "Let me taste you, Mary. I have longed to be near you, to touch you. Enjoying you this way will not affect *ghrata* or our bargain."

Mary's heartbeat kicked into overdrive. He really wanted to go down there and...and taste her? None of her boyfriends, what few there had been, had ever offered to give her pleasure. Her sexual experiences had always been disappointing. She stared at Matt, unable to respond. The knot in her throat was so tight she could barely breathe. He looked at her, waiting patiently. Finally, she managed a weak nod.

Mary trembled as Matt's long fingers slid up her too-jiggly thighs. He treated her skin as though it was rare silk. He smiled at her, his gaze alight with lust. With his forefingers, he parted her vulva, looking at her pussy as though he were examining the dessert bar at a buffet. His breath quickened.

Matt wasn't lying to her.

He was turned on...because of her.

Leaning forward, he kissed the top of her pubic bone. Then his tongue slid across her clitoris. Pleasure erupted, sudden and intense. She held on to the covers and shuddered. Exhaling raggedly, she tried to relax and allow herself the bliss he offered.

Matt pressed his tongue into her wet flesh, licking her inner pussy lips, teasing her entrance. Then he kissed her clitoris, flicking the swollen nub.

She nearly launched off the covers.

His tongue delved between the moist folds, lapping up the beads of her desire, always returning to tease her clitoris before flitting away like a fickle butterfly.

Parting her labia, he blew hot air across her sensitized flesh then paused as the effects rippled from her cunt to the low, heavy swirl in her belly.

He waited. Seconds ticked by and she gulped in air, her body whimpering for relief. But no, Matt left her quivering and panting and wanting.

Showing no mercy, he plunged his tongue into her pussy, fucking the engorged flesh. Mary's need pulsed hot and strong. She felt wild and raw, her fingers twisting deeper into the covers. Sweat beaded her throat and trickled between her breasts.

Once again, he stopped his sensual torture, but only for a second. His mouth settled onto her clit. She felt two of his thick fingers slide into her pussy. Curling under her entrance, he pushed up and back and then he sucked hard on her clit.

Stars exploded behind her eyes. Her hips left the bed as the orgasm seized her. Pleasure undulated over and over until it was reduced to trembles and tingles.

He sipped on her juices and soothed her swollen cunt. Then he rose to his knees, wiped his chin, and grinned.

Mary didn't care if the man was from Mars or from an asylum. She was so going to do him.

But Matt removed his hot self from the bed. She had yet to regain her breath, so she watched his buttocks flex and his muscles ripple as he took a ring from his nightstand and pointed to his left.

To Mary's amazement, a swirl of green light appeared. It grew larger and larger until it was as tall and wide as Matt. The light now looked like rippling liquid—a pond turned on its side. Matt reached toward the bed and offered his hand.

"Come with me," he demanded.

"No thanks." Her heart thudded. Was that, seriously, a portal to another world?

"We made a bargain." His eyes glittered dangerously. "Is your word worth nothing?"

"I didn't pack for a guilt trip," she muttered as she scooted off the bed. She ignored his proffered hand as she rolled to her feet. Mary walked to the green mirror and peered at it. "What are you? Some kind of magician?"

"No," said Matt. "I am Crown Prince of Kratania."

"You're what?"

She felt his big hand splay on her back then he pushed her into – no, through – the crazy green glass.

Mary landed on something big and muscled and swearing. When she managed to lift her head, which ached fiercely thank you very much, she was faced with a man looking both amused and pissed off. Yikes. She struggled to a sitting position.

"It is my lucky day," he murmured. "You have very nice breasts." To her shock, he cupped her double-Ds and thumbed her nipples.

"Who the hell are you?" she blurted.

"Vrek. And you are?"

"Insane."

The man on whom she landed gladly allowed her to remain astride his supine form. He was so glad, she noticed, that his cock hardened. The only thing keeping her vagina from touching it was the towel wrapped around his waist.

She heard a thud behind her then a string of nonsensical curses.

"That's my woman!" roared Matt. He scooped her off Vrek, holding her against his chest protectively, and glared down at the grinning fool.

"Who is to say that Insane is yours? She landed on me."

"Only because you are in my bedroom." Matt frowned. "Why are you here?"

"Your bathtub is bigger than mine and it has a waterfall."

As the men continued their argument, Mary looked around in wonder. Holy shit. Matt was an alien. This was a different world. He had proven his claims...and so, unless she chickened out, she was going to make love to him. Hooray!

"How many times must I tell you to stay out of my room?" grouched Matt. "Build a waterfall in your own bathroom and leave mine alone."

At that moment, one of the massive double doors at the end of the huge room opened and two very voluptuous, very tall women entered. Both only wore seductive smiles. They sauntered toward Vrek, looking curiously at Mary and Matt.

"Is everyone here naked?" she asked crossly.

"I am not," said Vrek. He pointed at the tent in his towel and smiled broadly.

Oh, lord. She pressed her hot face into Matt's massive shoulder. Then she inhaled a breath and ventured another look. Nope. Nothing had changed.

"Leave," boomed Matt to the women. "Go to Vrek's room, if you feel the need for sport."

"We would be honored to serve you, Crown Prince Tek," said the blonde, who looked at least ten years older than the brunette. She laced her fingers through the young woman's hand and drew her forward. "Alana joined the harem today. Is it not your pleasure to welcome her?"

Mary felt a strange emotion weave through her. It took her a second to recognize the jealousy. Were those two blind? Could they not see Matt held her in his arms? So what if she'd only known him two weeks and he'd only seduced her five minutes ago? Glaring at the blonde, she wrapped her arms around her man and snuggled. The tart's eyes went molten with rage. Mary barely resisted the urge to yell *nyah, nyah!*

"Vrek," said Matt...er, Tek in a weary voice. "Did I not tell you to stop adding to the harem?"

"We have only a hundred girls," said Vrek. "And they must service all seven of us brothers. Well, six. Mek prefers men. But he has his own harem." He said this last sentence accusingly as if his sexual pick of one hundred beautiful women was a terrible burden.

Vrek looked at Mary, his expression aggrieved. "Tek keeps marrying them off."

"They deserve lives of their own," said Tek in a voice that suggested he had given the same explanation many times. "It is wrong to keep them in servitude."

"Not all of us wish to leave such service," said the blonde. "Alana is my sister. She, too, wishes to please the Crown Prince."

"Vrek, escort Rona to your room and do as you wish," said Tek. "Alana, stay here."

Grumbling good-naturedly, Vrek jumped to his feet and tugged Rona out of the room. She laughed merrily, but the sounds rang false. It was obvious to Mary that Rona wanted to stay.

"I must release you for a moment," he murmured. "I retrieved your chocolates."

He put her on her feet and guided her to the freakishly gigantic bed. As soon as she sat down, he grabbed the box from a nearby table and placed it on her lap.

"Thanks," she said. Her gaze skittered toward Alana. As curvy and tall as she was, she still only appeared to be sixteen or seventeen. "You're not gonna do anything I might have to castrate you for, are you?"

Tek blinked down at her. "Castrate?"

"If you try anything with that girl, I will cut off your balls."

He laughed heartily. "No, my beautiful Mary. This I promise you." He strode across the massive room and opened the tall, carved door on the left. He entered it briefly and when he returned, he wore a copper robe. He held two others—one that was gold silk, and the other white cotton. He laid the gold robe next to Mary, so she stood and put it on.

Tek gestured Alana forward. As the girl walked to her sovereign, she ducked her head. Her whole body trembled.

"What do you wish of me?" she asked. Apparently all her sensual bravado had gone out the door with sister. "I am versed in massage, in oral pleasure, in—"

"No," said Tek gently as he put the robe over her head. "Alana, why did you join the harem?"

"My family is too poor to pay my dowry," she admitted as she finished putting on the garment. "My fiancé would have me without it, but Father has too much pride."

They think I am visiting cousins. I lied to them so they would never know my shame." Tears slid down her cheeks. "Rona told me that if I stay in the harem, I might earn enough coins to wed. She says the all the princes are very generous."

"Rona does not send any money to your family?"

Alana shook her head.

Tek glanced at Mary, grimacing. "It is customary for adult children to send a portion of their earnings to their parents. It is a gesture of love and of thanks. We call it *matra-patra*, which means 'mother-father honor'."

Mary seriously doubted ol' Rona had any love in her heart, much less gratitude, for anyone other than herself. "C'mere, Alana," she said. "Have a chocolate."

The girl looked at Tek, who nodded his permission, and she walked to the bed and sat. Mary opened the box, took off the paper insert, and offered the girl her pick. She plucked one out and popped the whole thing into her mouth. Her eyes widened as she chewed it. After she swallowed, she exclaimed, "It is wonderful!"

"You've never had chocolate?" asked Mary.

"We do not have cacao beans on Kratania," said Tek, chuckling. "And we really have no equivalent to your truffles."

"That's...that's...horrifying!" Mary couldn't live on a planet without chocolate. Not that she was exactly considering doing so.

Tek strode to a massive dresser against the far wall. He opened a drawer and plucked a bag from inside it. Then he returned and handed the bag to Alana. She took it, opened the drawstring, and gasped. Carefully, the girl removed a blood-red stone.

"This will buy your dowry," said Tek. "And the rest should cover what Rona owes your family. Tell your father that Crown Prince Tek honors his service to his country. And promise to never lie to your mate or to your father again."

"Yes, Prince Tek," said Alana, her face bright with hope. "Thank you, milord and m'lady."



Mary smiled and once again offered the box. "Go on, take another one."

Delighted, Alana took another chocolate. Then she rose from the bed. Tek guided her to the door. "Go see my steward. Ask him to arrange transportation to your home."

Alana nodded, hesitated, and then planted a kiss on Tek's cheek. She hurried out the door.

Tek returned to the bed and smiled at Mary. "It was kind of you to share your chocolates."

"That was nothing compared to what you did for her." Mary was still wrapping her brain around the idea that her would-be lover was a crown prince. She boxed up the chocolates and returned them to the side table.

Tek sat next to her and grasped her hands. "I have kept my side of the bargain."

"It's kinda hard to believe...you're not from Earth. And this place is real. And...and you really want me."

"Yes," he murmured, "I want you very much."

Oh, what the hell. Mary fell back onto the bed and undid the sash to her luxurious robe. It fell open, allowing Tek a full view of her nudity. "All right, baby. Let's *ghrata*."

## Chapter Two

Mary waited for Tek to make his moves. Though his gaze feasted on her naked body, he didn't touch her. Instead, he sighed deeply and turned away.

Rejection cooled her lust instantly. Was she really such a fool? She had believed him. Tears pricked her eyes, but she blinked them away.

"I knew this was too good to be true," she said. Anger surged and boiled. "You are a shithead!" She leapt from the bed and tugged the robe closed. "Take me home, Matt or Tek or whatever your name is."

"Mary, please calm yourself."

"No!" She wanted to gouge out his eyes the way he had gouged out her heart. She had believed all this nonsense about making love and mating and...and...argh! He didn't really want her. She was fat and plain and pitiful. She sure as hell wasn't beautiful like Rona and Alana. What an idiot she was to believe even for a second that a gorgeous, kind-hearted man wanted her!

She stomped toward the double doors with every intention of leaving the bedroom and wandering the halls until someone opened a portal to her apartment. Before her hand touched the oversized gold handle, Tek scooped her up.

Mary bopped him on the jaw. The blow didn't faze him at all. He merely grinned at her. "You have such fire," he murmured. "I cannot wait for our *ghrata*."

"You'll have to wait until hell freezes over."

"Do not be angry with me," said Tek. "Beautiful Mary, I have not been honest with you. You do not understand our customs or traditions. I cannot take the next steps until you know — and accept — the truth."

He took her back to the bed and sat down, but he did not release her. Her ire had been doused by his sincerity, so she stared at him and waited for the information bombs to drop.

"When a crown prince turns thirty, he must wed. No king has ever chosen his own bride. We must go before the Oracle and ask her to choose for us."

"That sounds terrible. Like slavery or something."

"No," said Tek. "The Oracle is very wise. All matches between kings and their queens have borne love as well as heirs. It is said that as long as the kings follow the Oracle's advice, Kratania will remain a loving, peaceful planet. For a thousand years, it has been so."

"You mean...the Oracle sent you to me?"

"Yes. You will be my queen." He took her hands in his and kissed her fingertips. "The *ghrata* is more than making love. It is a ritual that binds us together, heart and soul, body and mind. Once it is performed, we will be together for always. We will rule Kratania as one."

"And if I don't agree to marry you?"

"My crown passes to my brother Sek and I must seek the robes of a monk."

Holy crap. Mary thought it would be a real shame for Tek to never again use his sexual talents. "What about my life on Earth?"

"If you marry me, you cannot go back." He looked uncertain. "Will you miss it so much?"

Mary wanted to laugh, but tears fell instead. She had acquaintances, not friends. She was the only child of parents who had passed on a decade ago and she had no other family. As of today, she had no job, no car, and no way into her apartment.

If she thought too long about her crappy days and her lonely nights, she would have to admit she'd lived an inferior life. She had never believed herself worthy of

reaching for something better. And yet, something better had fallen into her lap. Or rather, she had fallen into his arms.

"I accept," she said. "If you want me, Tek. You got me."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Good child-bearing hips," said the wizened old lady. She looked older than time with her gray hair, rheumy eyes, and stooped form. She wore royal blue robes and leaned on a polished staff. A blue stone gleamed from its circular top.

"Can we move on with this inspection?" Mary asked impatiently. Naked and cold, she shivered as she stood in the small chamber.

As the Oracle made her fourth circuit around Mary, she patted her ass. "Got some meat on your bones, don't you?" She cackled as she peered up at Mary. "You will give our crown prince something to hold onto when he's plowing you."

Mary stared at her, unable to believe those words had just crossed such grandmotherly lips.

The Oracle struck her staff onto the marble floor and the sound echoed throughout the circular room. "Are you worthy of our Crown Prince?" she intoned.

Mary opened her mouth, but no words came out. The woman leaned forward and whispered, "The answer is yes."

Swallowing the knot in her throat, Mary managed to squeak out, "Yes."

"Good."

Blue light issued from the staff's unusual stone and encircled Mary. She felt heated tingles zip through her body. Then an intense circle of heat fused to her skin just below her collarbone. After the light and sensations dissipated, she felt utterly at peace. She suddenly knew that she was exactly where she belonged.

"The Stone of Kratania has confirmed my vision," said the Oracle. "It has gifted you as well." She pointed at Mary's chest.

Mary lifted her fingers. Just below her collarbone, she felt the hard round edge of a jewel. "What is it?"

With a twirl of her fingers, the Oracle produced a small mirror. Mary took it and lowered until she saw the beautiful blue stone. It was lodged into her skin, but it didn't hurt or feel out of place. She touched it, wondering how the hell it had fused to her skin. "Will it stay there forever?"

"Yes." The Oracle nodded. "The Prince was given his the night he submitted to my choice for his queen."

Tek's necklace! He had probably connected the gold chain to his stone to prevent questions from Earth people. The illusion had been a good one—she hadn't noticed the gem was attached to him.

And now, she had one too.

"Come with me." The Oracle gestured at Mary to follow her. They left the little room and entered a cozy living space. In the hearth burned a lovely fire and the floor was littered with huge, fluffy pillows. On a tray positioned before the fireplace sat a tea service and tiny sandwiches.

"Here is your robe."

Mary put on the gold robe that had been taken from her when she entered the Oracle's quarters. The woman squatted onto a pillow positioned on one side of the tray. Mary took the other pillow and looked at the goodies. Her stomach growled. She hadn't had a thing to eat since lunch...which seemed like a year ago.

"Go on, my princess," said the Oracle. "Eat."

Mary didn't have to be told twice. She grabbed a couple of sandwiches and bit into the first one. It was creamy and tasted like peppered cucumber. The second one was sweet and crunchy.

"Is that all there is to this business?" Mary plucked another sandwich from the tray. "You give me permanent jewelry, pronounce me Queen, and we're done?"

"No," said the Oracle, chuckling. "Tomorrow, Prince Tek will present you to the Court and announce you as his harataya. As is our custom, any female can challenge your claim to the throne."

Mary nearly choked. "You mean I have to fight other women?"

"In my life as an Oracle, a hundred and three years now, no female has ever challenged my pick for queen. It is a mere formality."

Feeling slightly better about the situation, Mary tried a tiny square cake. It tasted like a sugared pear. Not bad. Of course, a drizzle of chocolate would certainly improve it. "What's happens after that?"

"You perform the marriage rites."

"Dare I ask what they involve?"

The Oracle chose a bright orange teacake and popped it into her mouth. After she chewed the treat, she looked at Mary. "You and Tek will bond before the King, Queen and the Royal Court. After you are pledged to each other, you must retire to Tek's chamber and perform your first sexual act as a married couple before the Guild."

"What?"

"You'll have an audience the first time you fuck the prince," the Oracle said coarsely. "The Guild is made up of five powerful psychics. They will confirm your first sexual act as a married couple and make sure that his seed has been planted in you."

"What?"

"Tek's cock must not penetrate your vagina until the night of your marriage. He's primed to get the Queen pregnant from day one and only heirs produced within the marriage are legitimate." The old woman peered at her. "It is your duty to provide your husband with plenty of sons."

"Is that all?" A note of sarcasm crept into the question.

The Oracle nodded. "Don't worry, you'll do fine."

*No, I will not do fine.* Mary was in trouble. As much as she wanted Tek, all these expectations were scary. She wasn't from this world, but she was going to rule it? And she was going have an alien's baby before she even had a chance to adjust to being the alien's wife. The delicious food soured in her stomach. She pressed a hand against her roiling tummy.

"I've never been wrong about a queen." The Oracle poured a cup of tea and handed it to Mary. "You are strong in mind, spirit and heart. You are the perfect match for our prince."

"Yeah," said Mary, clenching the teacup. "Perfect."

\* \* \* \* \*

When she returned to Tek's rooms, Mary had her speech prepared. *I'm sorry, Tek, she would say mournfully, but I can't do this. It's too complicated. I haven't thought about children or marriage. You're hot – I mean you're really hot – but I can't be your queen.*

The problem wasn't the speech—it was her reluctance to give it. What kind of idiot would give up Tek so she could go home to an empty life? So what if she had to do a little song and dance to marry the guy?

Still, fear chilled her.

What was the right decision?

"Tek?" she called as she wandered around the cavernous room. She heard the splash of water so she followed the sounds to an opened door just a few feet away from the bed. She peeked inside. "Hello?"

"Mary," said Tek. "I'm in here."

Vrek hadn't been kidding. Designed to look like a lush, tropical jungle, the bathroom was huge. The waterfall gurgled from the wall, which looked liked chunky purple rocks. It splashed into a large circular body of water—she assumed it was supposed to be the bathtub. Flowers in wild shades dotted the large, leafy plants filling nearly every nook and cranny.

Tek was on the opposite side of the tub sitting in a chair. He wore the copper robe. His legs were stretched out and crossed at the ankles.

"How went your interview with the Oracle?" His gaze fell to her neck and he grinned, obviously relieved to see the jewel.

"She says she's never been wrong about a queen and that I'm definitely your girl," she said. "And she told me we can't *ghrata* yet."

"We can do other things," he assured her.

His promise created sparks of lust and longing, but she held off her libidinous thoughts.

"Tek, what if we..." she trailed off, licking her lips. Nerves plucked at her tummy. "We could go back to Earth and live there without all these insane rules and responsibilities. You wouldn't be a monk."

"I wouldn't be a king either," he said, frowning. "I was born and bred to rule. Though it has always been my fate, I have never wanted to be anything else. I will be a good king. And a good king does not abandon his people."

"You mean duty before love?"

"No," he said softly. "Duty because of love."

Mary felt ashamed of her selfish desires. Here was man with the heart of lion and the body of a demigod. He wouldn't abandon her or ask her to do more than she was capable. And Mary was capable of being his queen. The Oracle thought so, Tek thought so, and the damned Stone of Kratania thought so. This was the kind of second chance every woman dreamed of...did she really want to throw it away? So what if it was rough going now and then? Anything worth having was worth fighting for.

"I will stay," she said. "And be your queen."

He smiled broadly. "You will be a great queen, my beautiful Mary. I am proud that you are mine."



She blushed. She had never been so complimented before and she seriously liked it. Looking at him, she pulled off her robe and sauntered toward him. "Now, about those options..."

"Your needs will be met," he promised. Instead of getting up from the chair, he clapped his hands.

Mary stared at him. What the hell did he expect her to do now?

To her surprise, two men sauntered from another corner of the bathroom. They were tall, lean but muscled, and well hung. She knew this because like all the crazy folks on this planet, they were naked. Their skin was tinted aqua and their large eyes were black.

"These are water nymphs," said Tek. "Their semen is only fertile one month out of the year when it is time for their species to procreate. Right now, they cannot impregnate you. For them, giving pleasure is receiving pleasure. They feel what you feel and so, they try very hard to make you happy."

Mary stared at the gorgeous men then at her fiancé. "And you brought them here because..."

"I want to watch them give you pleasure. They can control the water in wonderful ways."

"I thought you didn't have slaves."

"They are neither slaves nor part of any harem. They volunteered."

Mary wasn't convinced. "I'm supposed to marry you. Having sex with other men seems adulterous."

"If your husband-to-be consents to such an arrangement and it will bring him great joy to see you well-fucked, where is the issue?"

Tek had a point. Unbelievable. This morning, she had no dating prospects on the horizon. Now she was engaged to a future king who wanted her to enjoy the sexual talents of water nymphs. Where was the issue?

"Oh, all right...if it means that much to you."

His lips tugged into a grin. "Hmm. Yes, I see how hard it is for you to sacrifice on my behalf." He pointed to the tub. "Get in there, woman."

"Yes, my liege." She rolled her eyes then took the corner steps into the warm, swirling water.

The nymphs joined her. Anticipation spiked her groin as they surrounded her. They didn't touch her, but they were awfully damned close. Their proximity made gooseflesh rise. Her doubts were not assuaged. Was she really going to give in to this crazy proposition?

"They communicate telepathically," said Tek. "They rarely speak aloud. Remember, their satisfaction increases as yours does. Just let yourself be pleased, Mary."

"Okay." She tried to relax, but man, she felt nervous. The nymphs' gazes were otherworldly and now that she was closer to them, she could see the scaly texture of their skin.

The one behind her grasped her shoulders and drew her backward while the one in front took her legs and lifted them. As she floated on her back, the water took on a strange liquidity, feeling almost solid. The nymphs let her go, but she remained buoyant. Slowly, her body rose until her front was exposed to the humid air of the bathroom jungle. Her backside was cuddled by the water. She felt very safe and inch by inch, she relaxed.

The nymph standing between her spread legs gestured at the water. On either side of her chest, a curl of water rose. Each curl surrounded her breasts. It felt like tiny, heated fingers massaged her skin. As the water cupped and kneaded her breasts, her excitement built.

Two thin tendrils emitted from the larger ones and encircled her nipples. They pulled tighter and tighter until the exquisite pain stole her breath.

The nymphs moved to either side of her. They touched her, their hands amazingly soft as they stroked her skin. They trailed webbed fingers over her ribs and stomach, thighs and calves.

Every so often the water nooses squeezed her aching peaks. The burst of pleasure-pain coupled with the gentle touches of the nymphs' skilled hands was so arousing, she found herself panting and squirming.

"Give her more," demanded Tek. "But do not make her come."

Mary groaned at Tek's command. An orgasm would be really nice, but her body was starved for erotic stimulation. She wanted more. And she knew Tek would see to her pleasure through any means.

What a guy.

The nymphs continued their unhurried exploration of her body, building pyres of lust. Feeling dazed, she watched a swirl of water rise between her legs. The liquid vortex flowed into her pussy. She sucked in a breath. It felt good. Beyond good. Its vibrations and heat made her quiver inside and out.

One nymph leaned over and flicked his tongue, which was long, thin and lizard-like, across her clitoris.

Oh God.

Euphoria snaked through her. She bent her legs and lifted her hips to more fully take the vortex thrusts. Her hands clenched as the flickering tongue and plunging water dildo brought her closer and closer to the peak.

Before she could tilt over the edge, the nymph stopped licking her and the liquid cock melted back into the water.

"Damn it!" she cried. Her body hummed and quaked. "Tek!"

"Yes, my love?" He took off the robe. His magnificent body gleamed in the low lights. She wanted to lick him, especially that yummy, hard cock. Obviously he had enjoyed how the nymphs had revved her engines.

Tek jumped into the water and waded to them. "Your skin is flushed," he murmured, cupping one breast and squeezing. The water tendrils tugged one of her distended nipples. She moaned.

"Prepare her," he said to the nymphs.

She felt a swirling finger of water poke at her anus.

"Hey!" she protested.

Tek lifted her to her feet and embraced her. His hands slid down to her buttocks. Parting them allowed the water finger to deepen its anal exploration. It widened her pucker and increased to the size of two thick fingers.

Tek kissed her.

Her whole world became that luscious kiss. His tongue dipped into her mouth and danced with hers. He took her hostage with his lips, with his lust. And all the while, the nymphs stroked her back, her ass, her thighs.

Mary was awash in pure erotic elation.

The water plunging into her asshole curved into a vortex that entered her pussy. The double penetration tore a groan from her. Tek refused to free her mouth. His hands tightened on her ass and his kiss became even more desperate, even more ravenous.

She wanted relief from the sensual torment but Tek and the nymphs kept stoking the carnal fires. The flames burned away all her doubts, all her worries. She submerged herself in the moment and enjoyed being sexually worshiped by three men.

Mary was only vaguely surprised when the water parted. A huge air bubble formed around the four of them as they sank to the bottom. Her water dildos disappeared, leaving her weak-kneed and delirious with need. God! Would somebody fuck her already?

The water formed a cushion above the concrete floor. One nymph lay down on the "cushion". Tek helped her kneel over the blue, primed cock. Her entire body trembled

as she slid onto the glorious dick. Bracing her hands near the nymph's shoulders, she lifted her ass.

She knew exactly what Tek wanted to do. She was too far gone to quit now, but she'd never had anal sex. Then again, she'd never fucked three men at once, either.

"My cock emits a viscous fluid that it is much like your store-bought lubricants," said Tek.

"That's fascinating," she said. "Now shut up and fuck me."

He chuckled as he fit his cock snugly against her anus. "Push back," he said hoarsely, "as I push in."

She did as he said. Her ass burned as he worked his cock deeper and deeper inside. His huge penis was well lubed, which made the going a little easier. The sensations that radiated from her ass and pussy tormented her deliciously. Her body demanded satisfaction, relief, a mind-blowing orgasm.

She wanted to be fucked. Now!

When Tek was fully seated, she couldn't believe how stuffed she felt. No, what she couldn't believe was that she liked the double penetration. And when both men started moving...God, oh God, oh God!

The second nymph knelt in front her. He pushed his stiff cock into her mouth and gently fucked her lips as her ass and pussy took the thrusts of the other cocks.

"More," demanded Tek.

The water nooses on her nipples squeezed harder and harder. Another swirl of water dipped into the air bubble and wormed across her pussy. The liquid tendril cuffed her clitoris and began sucking on the swollen nub.

Euphoria sparked and built higher and higher. Each double thrust sent her spiraling closer. She groaned around the cock impaling her mouth. Getting three-way fucked felt better than...better than...chocolate.

Her orgasm imploded.

Unimaginable ecstasy erupted and blazed from her cunt to every nerve in her body. Rapture filled her with heat and light and savage pleasure. The bliss rolled over her again and again until she was breathless and spent.

The nymph fucking her lips stiffened. Mary clamped her lips on his thick member, licking and sucking the salty crown.

He exploded into her mouth.

His hot semen splashed down her throat and she sucked him all the way to the base. She slurped him clean, enjoyed the feel of his scaled skin against her tongue.

The nymph pumping into her pussy gurgled. His fingers clawed at her hips as his eyes rolled back into his head. As his cum filled her pussy, Tek thrust deeply into her ass and shouted, "Mary!"

Tek's come filled her ass and she clenched around his pulsing cock. The nymph occupying her mouth slipped out and backed away, watching their final act with avid eyes.

Slowly, the remaining two men released their hold on her. Her whole body felt shattered, but lord-a-mercy she felt utterly fantastic. Freed from the yummy cocks, Tek scooped her into his arms. The four of them rose to surface level and the air bubble popped. Water collapsed inward and refilled the tub.

"Thank you," she said to the nymphs. "That was...beyond words."

They both smiled then bowed to her then to their prince.

After they left, she snuggled in the strong arms of Tek. "Thank you," she murmured as she cupped his face and kissed him. "Thank you lots."

"You are most welcome." He returned her kiss. "You should know I have no intention of sharing you after we are wed."

"That's too bad," she replied.

He pinched her ass and she giggled. "Don't worry, darling. I have no intention of sharing you, either."

Tek rewarded her with another long, luscious kiss. But even as she melted into the arms of her lover and almost-husband, Mary thought about tomorrow. Would the people of Kratania accept her?

Or would someone challenge her for the heart of their king?

## Chapter Three

"I challenge Mary Jeanne Wolmack!" cried Rona. The sexy blonde rose from a front-row seat, dressed in a red gown designed to show off her big tits, and sauntered toward the dais.

*Oh shit.*

Mary, Tek and the Oracle stood on a large stage in the middle of a circular room that was half the size of a football field. In the middle of the dais were the thrones of the King and Queen, who looked like they could rule Kratania forever. They had been very nice to Mary, but she still felt intimidated by their beauty and power.

Determined now to meet her destiny head-on, Mary had gotten dressed in the royal blue robes and paraded herself on Tek's arm through the huge crowd. She'd listened to all the speeches and smiled until her lips ached. And finally, the announcement rang out in Tek's strong, deep voice, "The Chosen Crown Princess is Mary Jeanne Wolmack. She is my *harataya*!"

A loud cheer went up.

Then the Oracle — yeah, Miss-No-One-Challenges-My-Choice-For-Queen — pounded her staff onto the floor and announced, "All hail the *harataya* of Crown Prince Tek! Whosoever challenges his *harataya*, speak now or forever hold your peace!"

The Oracle hadn't expected anyone to challenge. The crowd hadn't expected it, either. Another cheer rose up along with thundering applause.

Then Rona's voice had boomed her challenge, silencing the joyful noise.

"Rona," said the King in a voice rife with censure. "You would dishonor your prince's choice as co-ruler?"



Rona bowed prettily, but her eyes flashed hatred at Mary. "She is not of our world, Your Highness. She knows nothing about our planet or our customs. It is my duty as a loyal citizen of Kratania to challenge the Earth woman."

"Loyal citizen?" snorted Mary. "You're loyal only to yourself. When's the last time you sent matra-patra tributes?"

Rona's lips tightened. "I have begged the forgiveness of my parents and made peace with them. If you knew anything about our culture, you would know that asking forgiveness negates the debt."

Mary rolled her eyes. Then she looked at the Oracle. "You said this was only a formality."

The Oracle shrugged. "I can't help the stupidity of this one." She sighed. "You must answer the challenge, Mary. Do you fight for your prince or do you relinquish your claim to Rona?"

Mary glared at Rona. "I fight for my prince."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'm going to lose," said Mary. She looked down at the tunic. It was sleeveless and very short. She wore a pair of panties that didn't even try to cover her ass. The garment offered freedom of movement and some coverage, so she wasn't going to complain about the getup.

She and Tek stood in a tent. Outside a warm breeze blew and tickled the cloth walls. In just a few moments, Mary would enter a roped-off circle and try to beat the tar out of Rona. The harem girl had fighting experience and she probably played dirty.

The only good thing about the battle was that it wasn't to the death. The first woman knocked down and pinned for ten seconds won the fight, the prince, and the right to rule Kratania.

"I want to win," she clarified, "but I've never fought anyone before."

"You will do well," assured Tek. He looked really worried.

"What if she wins?"

"I will give up my crown and move with you to Earth."

Shocked, Mary stared at him. "What about duty to your people? I know Rona's a bitch, but she's probably tolerable. You could live with her. You'll be a really good king, Tek."

"A good king needs a good queen." He hesitated. "I have realized something, Mary. I do not wish rule Kratania without you by my side. In fact, I do not wish to do anything without you."

Mary grinned, her heart alight with an emotion she dared not name. Aw, what the hell. She wrapped her arms about her prince and said, "You mean that you love me."

"Love." He nodded. "Yes, Mary. I love you."

"That's crazy," she said. "Nobody falls in love after two days and three-way sex."

He frowned. "It may not be so on Earth, but I know my own heart. I love you."

"So, if Rona wins..."

"I will win, either way," he said. "Because I will have you."

"And Kratania?"

"Sek will do right by my planet. In fact, all of my brothers are strong, valiant and noble. They are good leaders and good men."

Mary nodded, but she knew that Tek wanted to rule Kratania. He wanted to be king. Hell, he deserved to be king. And no matter what happened today, she would make sure that he stayed to rule.

\* \* \* \* \*

The second time Rona pinned her, the Oracle counted to seven before Mary managed to kick the ferocious bitch off.

As she backed away from the grinning Rona, Mary spit out dirt and blood. The harem girl enjoyed hurting Mary. She'd punched and kicked and bitten and pulled hair, screaming like a banshee every time she smacked Mary around.

Mary had gotten a few good licks in, but she was seriously out of shape and fading fast. Rona, for all her girth, didn't look tired at all.

"What's the matter?" taunted Rona. "They don't teach Earth girls how to fight?"

Unless Mary included watching *Miss Congeniality* and the infamous SING scene, then no, Mary had never learned to fight.

Rona leapt forward, but Mary whirled out of the way. The woman switched directions, and screeching with victory, attempted to grab Mary by the shoulders.

Once again, Mary slipped out of the woman's grasp. She turned to run. Maybe if she kept Rona running and leaping and jumping, the hag would pass out from sheer exhaustion.

Instead, Rona caught Mary from behind, her arms clamping tightly around Mary's waist. Mary howled with anger and despair. She didn't want to lose, damn it. Rona squeezed harder and harder, probably trying to bruise ribs and puncture lungs. Gasping for breath, the face of Sandra Bullock floated through her blurry thoughts.

Wait a minute.

SING.

"Solar plexus," cried Mary, jabbing one elbow into the gut of Rona. "Instep!" She crushed Rona's bare foot under her heel and the woman wailed.

"Nose!" Mary bashed the back of her skull into Rona's face and heard a distinct crunch. "And groin!"

Her fist went back and up straight into Rona's vagina. The woman let go and staggered away. Mary turned around and let loose with a right hook that smashed into Rona's already battered nose.

Rona toppled face-first into the dirt. Mary sat on her and smiled gleefully as the Oracle counted to ten.

\* \* \* \* \*

"By the power of the Great Geru," said the Oracle, "and the blessing of the King and Queen and people of Kratania, I pronounce you, Tek and Mary, forever bound."

Tek and Mary faced one another. Their jewels sparked, the blue lights meeting in the middle. She felt a jolt and full body tingle. Bound, heart, mind and soul. Yes, she had found her destiny. She was sure of that now. Tek was hers and together they would lead a full and happy life.

The filled-to-capacity ballroom erupted in cheers, laughs and claps. Tek cupped Mary's face and brushed his lips across hers. "I love you," he murmured.

"I love you too." Mary had never felt so happy. She kissed him again and grinned.

"It is time," said the Oracle. "Return to your chamber and enjoy this night."

"What about all these people?" asked Mary.

"Oh," said the Oracle, cackling, "we get to party until dawn. Free drinks and food courtesy of the King. Woo-hoo!"

Music blasted from the other end of the room and soon all the jostling bodies were singing and dancing. Tek led her from the dais and through the boisterous crowd. After many stops, congratulations, smooches and tributes, they finally made it into the hallway.

Tek held Mary's hand tightly as they hurried to their bedroom. Before the door closed behind them, Tek had unbuttoned the simple white wedding gown. The silky material pooled at her feet and left her quite naked. Mary was getting used to the idea of being nude all the time.

Mary fumbled with his tunic and he kicked off his boots and loose pants. Now Tek was gloriously naked. He was so yummy. *And he's all mine.*

"Crown Prince Tek," said a female voice. "We see you are ready to begin."

Mary whirled around and yelped. Three men and two women, all dressed in silver robes, stood in front of the huge bed. "What the holy hell!"

"The Guild," said Tek. "They must watch our first mating."

"Terrific." Feeling decidedly less enthusiastic, Mary marched over to the bed, dragging her beloved with her.

"Well," she said, "let's get this over with so they'll leave."

Tek laughed. "You are so romantic, my beautiful Mary."

She blushed, trying not to look at the five people watching them just a few feet away. This really sucked. She didn't want to have sex with her husband in front of those gawkers.

"I have never tried one of your chocolates," said Tek. "Perhaps your treats will make our first time as husband and wife more pleasurable."

"Everything's better with chocolate," agreed Mary.

She lay down on the bed and looked at Tek. She was not going to look at the Guild. He grabbed the box from the side table and placed it near her shoulder. He opened the box and chose one of the treats.

Tek scooted between her legs then he bent down to lick her pussy.

"Oh!" Mary closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensations of his flickering tongue. Her cunt welcomed every wet, hot stroke. Soon, she was squirming and wet.

Then she felt Tek tuck the chocolate into her pussy.

"Hey!" Her eyes popped open. "What are you doing?"

He grinned, squeezing the round sweet until it was crushed and melting in her crease. "Eating chocolate...and you."

She didn't protest again. He stretched out comfortably, as if he had all the time in the world and as if five people weren't watching them closely, and pushed apart her legs.

He parted her vulva to lick away the beads of her cream. He toyed with her clitoris too, and stroked her to her higher and higher pleasure.

Then...oh, then...he delved into her chocolate-covered opening.

He sucked and nibbled and licked. And when he had driven her mad with his lips and his tongue and wicked fingers, he crawled over her and slid his big cock inside her.

He didn't move, the rat. No, he decided to suckle her nipples, tormenting them until they ached.

Mary's hands were restless, touching every bit of his skin she could reach. And when she couldn't take any more of his lazy lovemaking, she smacked his ass.

"Fuck me," she demanded.

He kissed her, tasting of her essence and caramel-chocolate. She wrapped her legs around his waist and he thrust into her.

She met his every stroke, arching and rubbing as his cock pumped into her faster and harder. All she felt, all she knew was Tek. Sweat rolled off their bodies as they strained toward mutual peaks.

He plowed into her over and over and she felt the spark of her orgasm.

"Oh Mary," he cried, "I'm going to come!"

His declaration drove her over the edge. Together, they reached for rapture and fell into the sparkling heat of completion.

"It is done," said the same woman, speaking for the Guild.

Mary groaned and slapped a hand over her eyes. "Great," she said. "Now go the hell away."

"They're already gone," said Tek. He looked ravenous, as if he were a starving man presented with a buffet. He rolled off Mary then tucked her onto her side so that his chest pressed against her back. He fitted his half-hard cock against her swollen cunt and filled his hands with her breasts, tweaking her nipples. She moaned and wiggled against him.

"My seed is planted," he said, abandoning her breasts to stroke her stomach. "Soon, our child will grow within you."

As scary as it sounded to be a mother, Mary had to admit she loved the idea of carrying and bearing her husband's child. Maybe that's what love did you—made you all mooshy and weird and happy. And love made you reach a little higher and work a little harder.

In no time, Tek had another hard-on. She lifted her leg and guided his cock into her slick entrance. Once again, he cupped her breasts, twisting the peaks as he slid his cock in and out of her weeping pussy.

Mary panted and strained, enjoying every sensual movement. He kissed her neck, whispering sweet nothings, and she smiled.

Slowly, he pushed her onto her front, his cock still embedded. He fucked her like that—his dick squeezed between her thighs, his body pressed against hers. Mary's nipples scraped against the coverlet, her cheek pressed against the edge of a pillow. The pleasure was intense.

Yet again, her husband changed positions.

Bracing on either side of her, he lifted up. Holding onto her hips, he kept his cock buried in her pussy as he brought her up and back.

Before she knew it, she was sitting on his lap. He was kneeling and her legs butterflied on either side of his. He bucked upward, thrusting his cock so deep, she swore his crown brushed the entrance to her womb.

She moaned, holding onto his thighs as his cock plunged into her.

"Mary," he murmured. "Sweet, beautiful Mary."

Mary slid her hand down to her crotch and placed it so she could feel Tek's manhood pierce her cunt. She rubbed her clit, panting as she met Tek's every solid thrust. The orgasm welled and she increased the friction.

"Oh, Tek," she gasped. "I'm going to come on your cock, baby. Oh! Ooooh!"

The pleasure burst into a thousand hot fragments and as her pussy milked his cock, Tek cried out. He came hard, his breath harsh and his body stiffening as his cum shot hot and deep inside her.

“Well,” she said trying to catch her breath, “if I wasn’t pregnant before, I sure am now.”

Tek laughed as he helped off Mary his lap. Together they lay on the bed and looked at each other. “You are very beautiful.”

“So you’ve said.” Mary smiled as she traced the skin around Tek’s blue stone. “You’re not so bad yourself.”

He gathered her into his arms and held her tightly. Mary held him right back. Damn she was glad Tek had shoved her through that portal. They had both fought for the right to be together. And they had won. She snuggled deeper into his embrace, drowsy and jubilant.

Yeah, love definitely made you mooshy and weird and happy.

*The End*



## About the Author

Multi-published in several genres, award-winning author Michele Bardsley spends her days creating fictional worlds because, let's face it, reality sucks. A prime example is that no one has yet to figure out how to make calorie-free chocolate. What's up with THAT?

Michele lives in Oklahoma where she is held hostage by her two children, her husband, and three cats. Occasionally her family remembers to feed her, but mostly she's forced to nibble on copy paper while eking out her next story. The manacles make it difficult to type, but she manages.

Michele welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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