

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Bride's  
Holiday Gift

*Solange Ayre*

Naughty  
Nooners

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Bride's Holiday Gift

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# *BRIDE'S HOLIDAY GIFT*

Solange Ayre

## *Dedication*

To the memory of William Sydney Porter (O. Henry), whose short stories have given me so much enjoyment.

## **Chapter One**

"It's extremely important to practice safe sex," Secondus Delos said. His audience leaned forward, intent on the doctor's words. The Terilian males knelt on stools with their Earthian wives seated beside them, separated from Delos and his wife by a transparent wall.

Entranced, Janis watched her husband's shoulder-length hair float around his face like a dark halo. She reached out to capture one of the soft strands. Delos paused in his lecture to smile at her.

Although Jan had lived on the Terilian spaceship for six months, this was the first time she'd been weightless. Only her magnetic shoes kept her anchored to the floor of the zero-gravity chamber. The usual awareness of her head, arms and legs, pulled down by gravity, had disappeared. She was left with a strange feeling of giddiness and excitement—although some of that was the prospect of imminent sex with her alien husband.

"I've treated many injuries that resulted from couples being careless," Delos went on. His earnest tone seemed incongruous with his large, throbbing erection.

Jan looked down at his penis, then out at the audience with a lift of her brows, letting them in on her amusement. "Delos," she said, "show, don't tell."

Her husband answered by pulling her into his arms and giving her a kiss so deeply passionate that her breasts tingled and her pussy pulsed with anticipation. She could hardly wait until his hard cock was inside her, thrilling her with deep, satisfying thrusts.

He lifted her tunic over her head, revealing her naked body. Somewhere in the audience, a male growled with appreciation. The Terilians loved full-figured women. All the Earth women they'd taken onto the spaceship were Jan's size or larger.

She wondered where her younger self had gone, the woman who'd been embarrassed to wear a bathing suit in public. Delos' wholehearted admiration of her well-padded breasts, hips and derriere had changed her attitude. She couldn't think of herself as undesirable when the most fleeting look or touch brought him swiftly to her side, eager to mate.

His gaze moved over her breasts and down to the trimmed black curls at the apex of her thighs. "Beautiful one," he murmured in her ear, "I can't wait to taste your sweet cream."

She trembled in response, eager to begin the demonstration.

When their wives died from a virus en route to their new planet, the Terilian colonists had stopped at Earth and kidnapped a thousand carefully chosen women to be their new Brides. At first the women had been terrified at the abrupt removal from everything they knew on Earth.

But it hadn't taken long for Jan and the others to adjust. The Terilians, despite their catlike ears and retractable claws, looked like handsome, muscular men. And all of them were excellent lovers, since a Terilian's climax was sparked by his wife's powerful orgasm.

Jan looked down, noticing a wonderful effect of zero-gravity—her full breasts were as perky as a teenager's. Delos ran his palms down her arms, making her shiver with arousal. His hands ended on her breasts, rubbing and stroking.

"Now pay attention," Delos instructed the audience—as if they weren't already enthralled by the sight of his skillful fingers teasing her nipples until they peaked.

"I already know how to do that," Secundus Varin said with a smirk, illustrating his words by cupping his wife's breast. Mara shifted on her stool and whispered something to him that stamped pleasure on his face.

"But if you've never mated in zero-gravity, you need to observe the technique," Delos said.

With a happy sigh Jan put her arms around him and caressed his taut buttocks. His firm cock pressed into her stomach. Although they made love almost every day, she never tired of running her palms over his muscular chest or licking his brown nipples.

"You smell so good today," she murmured, nibbling the sensitive spot between his neck and collarbone.

"I can't talk when you're distracting me," he whispered back.

"That's the idea." She ran her finger teasingly around the head of his cock, pleased when he groaned.

The males gazed at Jan, their wives at Delos. Their different scent-threads intensified, revealing their arousal.

Terilians enjoyed exhibiting their sexual techniques to their friends and considered it no more unusual than a game of checkers would have been on Earth. When Delos had suggested this demonstration, Jan surprised herself by agreeing. Now she was startled to find that the audience's presence was heightening her readiness for mating.

On the other side of the transparent wall, her friend Snow said, "I can't keep watching. I'm too horny."

"Patience." Snow's husband patted her thigh. "Let's enjoy this."

Delos was paying no attention to the audience as he gazed into Jan's eyes. The eagerly lustful expression on his beloved face thrilled her. "Ready?" he asked, cupping her cheek tenderly.

Didn't he smell the sweet, thick aroma of her arousal? "I'm always ready for you."

Smiling at her answer, he took her arm. They walked to the bed, their steps slowed by their magnetic shoes. Delos lay down and anchored himself to the bed with a strap around his waist, then kicked off his shoes.

Clasping his hand, she removed her shoes. Unrestrained by gravity or magnetism she floated into the air, tethered only by his grip. She turned toward his cock. His big hands clasped her hips, bringing her down to straddle his face.

Her stomach fluttered with anticipation. Many things on the ship delighted her but having her husband tease and lick her pussy surpassed almost everything else.

“Positions like these are much easier in null gravity.” Delos turned his head toward the audience, apparently still determined to lecture. “But it’s essential that the spouse who is anchored keep a firm grip on the one who is free.”

Was he drawing this out on purpose? She was so wet, so ready to begin.

His hand moved enticingly over her buttocks and paused briefly to tease her anus. She couldn’t forego a whimper of impatience.

“Why don’t you give her what she wants, Del?” Varin called out.

Undeterred by the interruption, Delos continued, “If Janis forgets to hold onto me while in the throes of orgasm, she might go sailing off and strike her head against the ceiling. The anchored partner is responsible—oohhh!” His speech ended abruptly as Jan fastened her lips around the head of his cock and sucked hard.

She loved everything about her alien husband’s penis—the cylindrical shape of its head, its dark flush when erect, the smooth beauty of its length and thickness. Her tongue teased the slit until his entire cock twitched in her grasp.

She engulfed his cock in her mouth, stroking the underside with her tongue. He responded with a long, satisfying lick of her labia, ending with a slow swirl to her clit. Exciting waves of sensation washed through her.

This position had never been so easy before. She’d always been aware of the pressure on her knees. Now all discomfort was gone, allowing her to concentrate on the mind-numbing pleasure of his soft tongue probing her wet channel.

Intent on pleasing him in return, she cradled his testicles in her palm as her lips stroked up and down his cock. He groaned deep in his throat.

A quick glance from the corner of her eye showed the audience’s reaction. Snow straddled her husband’s lap, stroking his cock while she watched the demonstration. Varin had pulled down his wife’s tunic and was sucking her flushed, peaking nipples.



Delos' thrusting tongue stimulated her as successfully as his cock. She shuddered in ecstasy as her climax built. She lifted her head, compelled to release a powerful cry of longing and passion.

In the back of the audience, one of the women had spread her legs wide. Her husband knelt in front of her, licking her pussy with evident enjoyment. She shrieked with pleasure, echoing Jan.

Delos' tongue rippled against Jan's clit. She couldn't stop moaning. He pulled her down closer against his face. She was almost swooning in delight but she didn't forget to keep her hand moving up and down his beautiful, glistening penis.

"Janis," he gasped, "remember, we promised to mate."

She'd almost forgotten. Carefully she turned until she faced him. Her channel pulsed, aching for his cock.

Gripping his hands, she rose up and positioned herself, then eased onto his penis. She closed her eyes, reveling in the wonderful penetration. She was so wet, it was easy to take him inside. The audience murmured their appreciation as she lowered herself until Delos' cock was fully seated in her eager channel.

She couldn't get enough of that wonderful thickness inside her, caressing every nerve as she thrust herself up and down. He clutched her hips, helping her move. She wanted more...more...and he encouraged her by thrusting his pelvis upward.

"Come for me," Delos growled. "I want to feel you come."

Her orgasm struck her like a bolt of lightning. Her pussy spasmed around his cock while hot waves of sensation rippled uncontrollably through her body.

She let her head fall back, panting, her eyes welling with tears.

She'd never had sex like this on Earth. Perhaps because she'd never felt so intensely about any human man.

Delos climaxed with a shout, his hands squeezing her hips as he exploded inside her.

The wives clapped. After a moment the husbands joined in enthusiastically – the custom of applause was gaining favor among the Terilians.

Delos gazed up at her. The adoration in his eyes blinded her to everything but him. She wanted to stay like this forever, reveling in his love and returning it wordlessly while their bodies were still joined.

“Wonderful,” he sighed. “Are you sure you’ve never done that before?”

“You just took my zero-gravity virginity,” she said, bending to give him a kiss.

“Hey, you two!” Snow called to them. “How about an encore?”

“I’m willing,” Jan said. The idea of mating while she took a turn bound to the table was strangely tempting.

Impatience flashed through her when Delos asked the ship’s computer, “Belmarra, what time is it?”

“0870 hours,” the computer replied. “The fast commences in two minutes.”

“The demonstration is over,” Delos announced. Earthians and Terilians alike wore disappointed expressions as they filed out of the room.

This was the first Jan had heard about a fast. First Meal, a cup of spicy *fligga*, had been an hour ago. Her stomach was growling for solid food.

Gently Delos raised her off his chest. “Hungry?” He unbuckled his waist-strap. “I’m ready for Second Meal.”

Now she was confused. “What did Belmarra mean about a fast?”

“It’s a sexual fast. Ten centuries ago the Great Fur-Mother arrived on Teril. In two days we commemorate her landing.” With a regretful look he added, “We must refrain from mating until 0900 hours on the holiday.”

No sex for two whole days? Fifty hours...and Terilian hours were seventy-two minutes long. Jan groaned. This was worse than not eating. “I thought you didn’t believe in the Old Religion,” she said indignantly.

"I don't." The corner of his mouth quirked up. "But that doesn't mean I'm willing to insult the Great One by ignoring her canons."

As they walked to the dining hall for Second Meal, Delos told her more about the upcoming holiday. "Believers say the Fur-Mother brought the concept of marriage to Teril," he said. "So husbands and wives celebrate Her day by giving each other gifts."

Worry tumbled through Jan. She owned nothing except her clothing and the purse she'd had with her when she'd been abducted from Earth.

"How can I buy you a gift? You know there isn't a single *delikin* in my account." She still didn't understand the Terilian economic system. Most people on the ship had tasks to perform but no one seemed to get paid.

"Don't worry," Delos said, stopping and looking into her face. "The Council passes out compensation and awards on the holiday. I'm sure you'll be given something for your work as the Brides' liaison."

But how could she buy him something in one of the ship's stores if she wouldn't have money until the holiday itself? She couldn't very well borrow from him to buy his gift.

He must have noticed her dismay because he rested his palms gently on her shoulders. "We'll celebrate with gifts next year. You'll like the rest of the holiday. The husbands are planning a special feast for Fourth Meal, with music afterward."

She managed not to shudder. The Terilian version of music was privately called "yowling" by the Earthians.

A grin lurked on his face. "There are other aspects you'll appreciate."

"Tell me."

"Let me surprise you, beautiful one. You'll enjoy yourself." Leaning forward, he kissed her tenderly. "I'll make sure of it."

His heartfelt words made her ache with love for him. And made her more determined than ever to buy him a suitable gift.

\* \* \* \* \*

Frustrated, Jan gazed at the contents of her purse, spread across the bed in her cabin. A wallet filled with credit cards. Coins amounting to one dollar and eighty-seven cents. A chocolate bar, her last bit of candy from Earth, that she was rationing to one bite per week. An MP3 player, now useless because she'd kept its headphones at work. Keys to a house and car that she'd never see again.

She began scooping the items away as nostalgia for Earth flooded her.

Delos was her world now.

Spotting a small perfume vial, she smiled. A few months ago, she'd dabbed on the fragrance. Delos had become so aroused by her strange new scent that his erection had lasted fourteen hours, no matter how diligently they tried to satisfy him.

Carefully she tucked the tiny vial into an inner pocket of her purse.

Picking up her MP3 player, she turned it on long enough to go through her playlist. Her favorite music was all there—light opera, musicals, film scores. But without headphones or a docking station, the melodies were as inaccessible as though they'd been locked in a bank vault.

Among the Terilians, music was participatory only. While they liked singing in groups, they didn't understand the concept of solitary listening. And even if they'd had headphones or earbuds, their equipment wouldn't have fitted Earth women. The Terilians' ears rose from the top of their heads, furry and pointed.

She stared down at the MP3 player, her most precious reminder of life on Earth. She'd always been hopeful that someday one of the ship's engineers would rig up a pair of headphones, perhaps copying the set that another Bride, Cheryl Barstow, owned.

Her fingers clenched around the small electronic player. Could she bear to give it up?

\* \* \* \* \*

Jan found Beth, the Bride of Primus Taddus, in Taddus' elegant cabin. Three times the size of her own cabin, the room's furniture was real wood – rare on the spaceship – while the elegant walls projected moving pictures of Teril's jungles.

"I don't know." Beth grimaced at the playlist. "I wish you had some country rock."

"You'll learn to like this music," Jan said firmly. "Just think, you'll own something unique and valuable. Something very few women have."

"I'm not sure..."

Jan gave her friend a shrewd look. Copper bracelets, gifts from Beth's wealthy husband, hung from both arms while her red hair was held back with a broad copper band. She was always decked in black or gray, colors that only Primus-level males and their wives were allowed to wear.

"You'll be the only Council member's wife with an MP3 player," Jan said.

"But you don't even have the headphones."

"You have *delikins* in your account, right?"

Beth raised her chin. "Taddus is one of the wealthiest males on the ship. He gives me *delikins* whenever I ask."

"Then buy the player from me and purchase the headphones from Cheryl Barstow."

The cabin door slid open. Primus Taddus stepped inside, glowering when he spotted Jan. Six months ago he'd wanted to marry her. He'd never forgiven Delos or Jan for falling in love with each other.

"Look, honeybun!" Beth showed Taddus the MP3 player. "Jan wants me to buy this for three hundred *delikins*. Do you think it's worth it?"

Taddus slipped his arm around her waist. "My dear, you needn't bargain like an Orthian in the markets of Jahariz." Raising his voice, he addressed the ship's computer. "Belmarra! Transfer *five hundred delikins* from my account to Janis Stone's."

After a moment, the computer's dulcet voice answered, "It's done, Primus Taddus."

Squealing with delight, Beth embraced her husband. Taddus gave Jan a look that said, *See how well I treat my wife? You could have had this position.*

Coolly, Janis thanked them both.

"I suppose you want to buy yourself some black tunics, now that Delos has gained Primus status," Taddus said.

Jan gasped. "When did that happen?"

"The Council voted a few hours ago." His expression darkened. "Naturally I was against it. Del is too young for such an honor."

"Every Terilian on this ship owes his life to my husband," Jan retorted. "He was the doctor who realized you had to find mates or die."

Taddus stroked the glittering upper-arm band he always wore, looking as though he were trying to come up with a snappy reply. With a brief farewell, Jan left to find her husband.

Of the thousand males aboard the ship, only fifty held Primus status. Was Delos happy about this elevation to the upper echelon? Or would he feel bowed down by his increased responsibilities?

Although the loss of her MP3 player was still painful, she was doubly glad that she'd be able to buy a gift for her husband. Now they'd have his new rank to celebrate as well as the holiday.

She hurried to his cabin. When the door slid open, she found Delos watching a computer-generated image of himself clad in a gray tunic. Around the image's upper arm was a thick copper band set with a black stone. Jan halted, struck by how handsome he appeared in Primus garb.

Delos rose, quickly shutting the image down.

"I have incredible news." He took her into an exuberant embrace. "You'll never guess."

Jan decided not to spoil his surprise. "You're aroused and want to mate immediately?"

Rubbing his cheek affectionately against hers, he shot back, "That would hardly be news." He drew away, looking into her face. "The Council voted this morning." His voice shook, which let her know how much this news meant to him. "They made me a Primus!"

"That's wonderful!"

"I never expected it to happen on this ship. I thought maybe on the new planet—after many years of service—can you believe it?"

Jan smiled, listening to her usually calm husband babble on about new clothing and how they'd be allowed to wear jewelry now. Pleased to see him so happy, she asked, "Is this something you've wanted for a long time?"

"Always," he said. "My family has long held Secundus status but eighty years ago my grandfather saved a Council member from assassination and was awarded a Primus spot. One male in each generation is chosen for the rank." His expression turned somber. "At one point I thought my father might award it to me...but I was wrong."

"Why did you expect it?" Jan knew he wasn't the oldest son.

"I was the first in my family to withstand the Twelve Educational Ordeals and become a doctor. My father was so pleased and proud...but my brother Jaheel was a son of his favorite wife, so he received the Primus rank."

"I would have given it to *you*," she said. His expression brightened. Hugging him, she added, "You deserve to be a Primus. I'm so glad for you."

"For *us*," he emphasized. "The wife takes the husband's status. Thank the Mother, I'll no longer have to watch the Primus wives lord it over you."

Some of the women put on airs but they'd always amused rather than hurt Jan. As a former American and a believer in equality, Jan had a hard time taking the Terilian

rankings as seriously as the natural-born Terilians did. Now that she was a Primus wife herself, she resolved to be gracious to the Secundus wives.

Releasing her, Delos went to one of the drawers set into the cabin's wall and pulled out the copper upper-arm band she'd seen on the computer-image. "Someday I'll be able to wear this," he said, handing it to her.

She weighed the attractive bracelet in her palm, admiring the sparkling depths of its dark stone. Yet something was missing. The bracelet was only a half-circle.

"Where's the other half?" she asked. "You can't wear it like this."

He took it back, holding it against his muscular arm. "I bought it years ago but a Secundus is not permitted to purchase a complete band."

"Can you buy the other half now?"

"I don't need it right away. There are so many things I want to buy for *you*, beautiful one."

Warmth centered around her heart. Delos always put himself last, whether it concerned his patients or his wife. Impossible as it seemed, she loved him a little more each day.

"But you've given me all kinds of things," she protested. He was always surprising her with little gifts—pretty tunics in interesting colors, decorations for her long hair, odd delicacies unavailable at regular mealtimes. "You should get the other half for yourself."

"Oh, I don't need it right away."

An odd note sounded in his voice. After a moment she realized it was hurt pride. He must have depleted his account buying her those presents.

As he placed the bracelet in the drawer, she asked, "How much does the other half cost?"

"At least four hundred *delikins*. Don't worry. I'll start saving for it."



Jan hid her satisfaction. Thank goodness, now she knew what to buy him for the holiday.

Taking her in his arms again, he nuzzled her neck. Heat filled her pussy at his sensual touch. "I've always wanted to see you in black," he said. "My sole regret about marrying you was that I couldn't give you the status you deserved. Now you'll have it."

"I'd have married you even if you were only a Quartus," she replied and was rewarded with his brilliant smile.

She longed for him to touch her breasts. Her nipples tingled in anticipation.

"We should celebrate," she suggested.

He caught her meaning immediately. "You know we're fasting."

She attempted to appeal to his healing instincts. "Isn't there some kind of exemption available? I *need* to mate, Delos. Deprivation is making me ill."

Even after six months of marriage, he didn't always know when she was teasing. "Do you really feel sick?" Concern filled his voice.

"I think you should examine my breasts, doctor." To speed things along, she sat on his bed and lifted off her tunic. "They hurt."

His gaze riveted to her rosy nipples. "They look fine to me," he said hoarsely. "Very...healthy."

"This one is sore." Determined to inflame his desire, she cupped her right breast, lifting it toward him.

His eyes widened. "Perhaps you bumped it when we mated in zero-gravity." Turning away hastily, he hurried into the bathroom.

Jan murmured instructions to the computer-controlled bed, which obeyed her and repositioned itself. By the time Delos reappeared, she was reclining languorously against the raised back, her hands behind her head. The position displayed her breasts prominently.

He paused in the doorway for a long moment, his chest rising and falling quickly as he stared at her. Then he looked down. It seemed to take an inordinately long time to uncap the vial of lotion.

She waited for him to come closer, knowing that scent was even more important than sight when seducing her husband. Happiness filled her when he joined her on the bed.

"Tell me exactly where it hurts," he said in the steady, professional tone of a physician.

While she appreciated his medical skills, she valued his sexual prowess even more. How could she switch him to lover mode?

She gave a sensual wriggle, causing her breasts to bounce. His chest heaved.

"My nipples are sore," she claimed. "Both of them."

"Both?" He squeezed the spicy-smelling orange lotion onto each nipple. She sucked in her breath as delicious heat tingled along her sensitive skin. "Perhaps we should avoid the zero-gravity chamber in the future." He was working hard to stay detached but he didn't fool her—he couldn't take his gaze off her breasts.

"Oh no, I'd like to try mating there again," she said.

"Let's not talk about it tonight." He clamped his mouth shut.

"Next time I'll be the one tied down." She lowered her voice. "Won't that be interesting? I'll lie there...helpless...waiting for you to take your—"

"Rub that lotion into your breasts," he commanded. He brushed a hand across the sweat glistening on his forehead.

She gazed innocently at him. "It'll feel so much better if you do it."

He returned a skeptical look but complied. She gasped with delight as he rubbed both nipples with his fingers, massaging the lotion into the flushed areolas and the peaking tips.

"Mmmm." She couldn't help the long murmur of pleasure that escaped her lips. His touch was intoxicating. "How about another hour of that?"

His fingers moved in circles, his gentle yet firm caresses heightening her arousal. "The lotion works in five minutes," he said. "A full hour is not necessary."

"Mating every day is not necessary," she retorted, "but you seem to enjoy it."

"Science has proved that frequent mating increases bonding between a married couple." His hands slowed, trembling with the effort to retain control. He dropped the pompous tone to murmur, "Your skin is softer than *cizelia* petals."

Now they were getting somewhere. Her pussy clenched. She needed the fast plunges of his hard cock. Deliberately she parted her thighs, releasing the distinct scent of arousal into the small cabin. Delos' nostrils flared.

She waited hopefully, expecting him to discard his clothing and mount her. Surely he wasn't serious about a sexual fast. Hadn't he said repeatedly that he was a skeptic of the Old Religion?

"Feeling better now?" he asked. To her vast disappointment, he withdrew his hands.

"I'm sore here too." Raising her knees, she reached down to touch her labia. "Look—right here. See? Isn't it swollen?"

His breathing quickened, a familiar sign that told her he wanted to mate as badly as she did. "Your vagina looks the same as always—as beautiful as the rest of you."

"I need more lotion. I think you were too vigorous when we mated."

His brows rose. "But Janis—*you* were on top."

"Don't you know better than to argue with your wife?"

"Don't you know better than to fib to your doctor?" Nevertheless he dripped lotion onto his palm then began smoothing the creamy substance onto her labia.

As always, she trembled under his skillful touch. The warm lotion heated her pussy. When he slipped two fingers between her damp folds, she moaned, frantic with desire.

"You're making this very difficult for me," he growled.

"Oh? You mean I'm making this *hard* for you?" Reaching out, she traced the outline of his erect penis through his tights.

He jerked back. "We're fasting," he said in the tone she'd learned was final.

"*You're* fasting." Putting her palm over her mound, she stroked herself.

"You're disobeying the Great Fur-Mother's canons," he said.

"Is watching prohibited?"

"I have no idea."

"Let's consult a religious scholar," she said. "*After* I climax."

He moved closer, eyes intent as her fingers brushed swiftly over her clitoris. "Are you determined to torture me?"

"Leave the room if you can't take it," she said, knowing full well that he wasn't going anywhere.

"Janis, it's my cabin!"

"Then you're welcome to stay." She slid a finger inside her vagina, gasping at the tingling pleasure. "This always feels nice," she murmured, "but I prefer your hand."

"You've never shown me how you pleasure yourself." His voice lowered. "I find it...very exciting."

She'd never displayed herself like this for any Earth lover—never even dreamed of such a thing. But with Delos there was no need for restraint. She could reveal the wanton side of her nature and he wouldn't judge her.

Maybe he'd love her even more. From the fascinated look on his face, he was enjoying this as much as she was.

Her left hand played with her nipple, teasing the flushed pebble in the center. He reached out involuntarily, then set his mouth and moved his hand away.

Parting her thighs farther, she let the heel of her hand vibrate swiftly against her clit. Demanding need pulsed through her. Should she delay? Make him watch until he couldn't bear it, until he thrust his cock inside her again and again and she shrieked with the overwhelming sensations?

But she couldn't stop. She was nearly there. She drew in her breath, holding it while pleasure expanded inside her. She was so close...so close...

Lowering his head to her breast, Delos drew her nipple into his hot mouth and sucked. A bolt of ecstasy shot through her. She cried out, lifting her hips as she climaxed.

"My beautiful one." Delos gathered her into his arms, holding her as she reveled in the last, delicious pulses of her orgasm. His voice dropped to a sexy murmur as he spoke into her ear. "I'll make you pay for this on the holiday."

She rubbed her cheek against his. "Promise?"

She couldn't wait.

## Chapter Two

The shops on Third Level were crowded the next day. Jan spent hours searching for just the right piece to complete the arm-band, finally settling on a copper half-band studded with tiny black stones. When she returned to her cabin she wrapped the present in blue paper that had once packaged an assortment of delicious *tregarth* shoots.

They'd agreed to spend the night in Delos' cabin. She took the present with her and hid it in one of the drawers built into the wall.

Usually she stayed up until her husband finished his work-shift. This evening, exhausted from shopping, she went to bed. She barely woke when Delos stretched out against her back. She snuggled against him, utterly content.

"I love you," he whispered, putting an arm around her waist.

"I love you too." The words had barely left her lips when she fell back asleep.

The next morning she was awake early, trying to remember why she was alight with anticipation. Something wonderful was about to happen. Then she remembered — it was the Great Fur-Mother's holiday.

Beside her, Delos leaned close. "Blessings in Threes, Janis." He kissed her tenderly.

"What does that mean?" Was she supposed to respond?

His smile broadened into a grin. "It means it's time to break our fast. I must pleasure you with my hands, mouth and penis before we exit this room."

A flash of arousal went through her. "I hope the bathroom doesn't count as leaving the cabin." Sitting up, she found her wrist was bound by a cord fastened to an eye-bolt in the wall. "What *is* this?"

"The holiday binding, traditionally not unfastened until we've mated." He sat back, looking at her with the hungry gaze of a panther stalking its prey, then released the cord. "Go ahead. I'll give you five seconds."

In the bathroom, she hurried through her morning routine while excitement chased along her nerves. Although this was a Terilian day, it reminded her of holiday gift-giving on Earth. As a child she'd anticipated receiving toys. Now all she could think about was the lovely gift she'd bought for Delos. How fine it would be to see him wearing the arm-band of a Primus. He'd be shocked and thrilled with the expensive present.

Taking the clasp from her long black hair, she brushed it out around her shoulders. She was almost finished when Delos strode up behind her.

"Enough delay." He bit her shoulder lightly, causing her to tremble. "Come back to bed."

"Make me," she challenged him, eager to see what he'd do.

Without a word he scooped her up in his arms, then gave her a deep, plundering kiss. She adored her husband in this mood—determined, demanding and dominant. His tongue stroked hers until she quivered, overtaken by ragged jolts of arousal.

He released her mouth and moved to her ear. His rough tongue explored the whorl. When he nipped her earlobe, moisture flooded her pussy.

"You're wet for me," he said in a tone of smug satisfaction.

"You think so?"

"I *know* so." He carried her to the bed and laid her down. Fastening the cord around her wrists, he pulled it taut so that her arms were pulled back behind her head.

She was helpless.

He was her husband...she trusted him... Still, the thought of being displayed for him like this, her breasts and pussy exposed so wantonly to his view, sent a frisson of apprehension along her nerves.

"Delos? What are you going to do?"

He didn't answer. Reaching out, he brushed a lock of hair off her face, tucking it behind her ear. The tender gesture both reassured her and made her more eager than ever to mate.

Using his hands to part her thighs, he knelt between them, eyes wide as his gaze devoured her. An indrawn breath made the taut muscles of his stomach and chest ripple.

"What about oral sex?" she suggested.

"Quiet." He laid a finger across her mouth. "I'll make the decisions here."

She didn't care what he did, as long as it was soon. He was hard, his cock pointing toward her. She wanted him inside her. The orgasm she'd given herself yesterday hadn't truly satisfied. She needed to feel him thrusting inside her, his long length stroking the walls of her channel until she came in a furious rush.

Leaning forward he kissed her mound. So he *was* going to start with oral sex. A happy glow went through her. He always gave her a strong climax that way...and he always wanted to mate immediately afterward. She loved it when he sank his cock deep inside her while she was soaked from his tongue and her own juices—and still in the throes of orgasm.

He got up from the bed.

Dismayed, she asked, "What are you doing?"

"I forgot something." He patted her hip. "Don't go anywhere."

"Very funny." She watched him open a drawer and look through it.

"Here it is," he said, returning to the bed holding a silver cylinder about the size of a pencil. He held it over her breasts and pressed the end of the cylinder. A thin stream of liquid shot out, landing on her right nipple. Briefly cold, the liquid dissipated in a few seconds.

"What does that do?" she asked as he sprayed her left nipple.



He aimed the cylinder lower. She lifted her hips, startled as the icy spray teased the entrance to her vagina. "You'll see."

So he wasn't going to tell her. Well, she wouldn't give him the satisfaction of asking again.

He stretched out on the bed beside her. "What did you do yesterday?" he said in a conversational tone.

"Nothing much." *Aside from shopping for your magnificent present.* "What about you?" A strange tingling surrounded her nipples, a feeling of heat and longing.

"I saw a few patients," he said.

Her nipples demanded to be touched, to be squeezed and sucked and licked. The same intense need invaded her vagina. She shifted her hips restlessly.

"I thought this holiday was all about mating," she complained.

"We'll get to it. Don't be so impatient."

*Impatient?* Why didn't he touch her? She wanted his hands on her breasts. She looked down. Her nipples protruded, rosy and flushed.

She'd never experienced such furious longing. If her hands hadn't been bound, she'd have rubbed her nipples while thrusting her fingers inside her pussy. Why didn't he mount her?

"That spray was an aphrodisiac!" she said.

He merely smiled and turned on his elbow. "How do you feel right now?"

"If you don't touch me this instant, I'm going to scream!"

"Are you sorry you tortured me yesterday?"

"Yes," she gasped. She'd say anything if only he would touch her. Lick her. Fuck her.

"*Truly* sorry?"

"Delos!" The longing was driving her mad.

Finally, when she thought she couldn't take it one more second, he knelt between her thighs and put his palms over her breasts, rubbing hard. She sighed with the pure delight of his hands.

She needed more. "Harder," she begged. "Squeeze my nipples."

He rolled them between his fingers and thumbs, pressing and twisting. She moaned, back arching, while the insatiable demand in her vagina grew stronger. His rough handling of her nipples sent waves of arousal directly to her pussy.

He'd been erect for ages. Why didn't he thrust inside her?

He positioned his long, hard cock at her entrance. She lifted her hips, trying to rub against the large head.

"Please!" The hunger was overwhelming. She'd die if he didn't fuck her soon.

With a long, soul-satisfying slide of his cock, he filled her. Blessed relief overwhelmed her.

It had cost him something to hold back. She could tell by the way he took her with animalistic ferocity, plunging in again and again with deep, fast thrusts. Her gasps of pleasure quickly turned to shrill cries. Her pussy thrilled with delight each time he plunged forward and clutched his cock, reluctant to release him every time he pulled back.

Her orgasm built and peaked swiftly, overwhelming her with crashing waves of sensation. She screamed, head thrown back, fingers digging into his buttocks. He moved faster...faster...pushing her orgasm higher.

Finally he stilled, climaxing with a wordless shout.

Afterward he released the cord, rubbing her arms to soothe the slight numbness. She nestled against his chest, drinking in his words as he whispered how much he loved her, how he couldn't wait to mate again.

He kissed her neck and shoulders while she sighed and moaned. Through the sensual afterglow, she thought about the gift. The glittering copper would look

wonderful against his pale-brown skin. How proud she'd be, admiring her Primus husband.

"Janis?"

"Hmmm?"

"Close your eyes," he said.

"Why?"

"Why do you always argue?" he said impatiently. "Just close them."

She obeyed, feeling the mattress shift as he left the bed. Her ears told her he was opening a drawer. When he returned, he commanded the bed to form a sitting angle.

She yawned and sat up. He laid something in her lap.

"I bought you a present for the holiday," he told her. Opening her eyes, she blinked down at a plastic and metal object. About the size of a clock radio, it had a speaker on each end.

An Earth-made docking station for an MP3 player.

"Where did you find this?" she asked in wonder, cradling it in her hands.

"I bought it from one of the Brides." He beamed at her. "Now we'll be able to listen to your strange Earthian music." Grabbing her hand, he squeezed. "Let's go to your cabin and try it."

Pain rippled through her. She hated to quench his delight. "I-I sold my music player," she confessed.

"You *sold* it?" He stared at her, eyes wide in disbelief. "Why would you sell your most precious possession?"

"I needed *delikins*."

"For what?"

Jumping out of bed, she hurried to the drawer and found his present. Bringing it to him, she said, "I wanted to give you something for the holiday."

"You bought me a present!" His voice shook. He looked down at the package, turning it over in his hands. "What is it?"

"Open it and see!"

"But why is there paper all around it?"

"That's what we do on Earth. We *wrap* presents."

"How odd." Carefully he removed the paper, revealing the copper half-band. Instead of exclaiming with surprise and pleasure, he stared down at it, dumbfounded.

"It's the other piece for your arm-band," she said, excitement rising within her. "Go get it. I want to see how it looks on you."

Instead of obeying, Delos looked over at her and smiled. "Janis," he said, "we'd better put the presents away for awhile. I sold my band to get the money to buy your music station."

She sank down on the bed, utterly deflated. "Oh no!" Tears welled in her eyes. "I can't believe you sold your Primus arm-band."

Reaching out, he gathered her into his arms and held her close. "Beautiful one," he said softly, "when I first saw you, I loved you. I told myself that if I could have you for my own, I would ask for nothing else in this life."

She gazed up at him through her tears. How strange that she finally had what she'd always wanted but never found on Earth...a husband who loved her as much as she loved him.

"You're my wife—the best gift I could ever receive." Tenderly he caressed her cheek. "Now lie back and open those lovely thighs. I believe I have another present for you."

## About the Author

Solange Ayre, galaxy-hopping investigative journalist, also serves as a policy advisor to the United Conglomeration of Planetary Jurisdictions. She makes her home on Ayriana, her private island-republic in the West Caribbean region of Earth.

After a whirlwind childhood living in the capitals of Europe, Solange married St. Georges Ayre, one of the wealthiest men in the world. The crystal palace he bought her on Ayriana is the primary tourist attraction in the area – at least, for those who can find it. St. George's mysterious assassination is still mourned by his grieving widow.

Directly descended from King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, Solange graciously supports the democratic government of France and relinquishes her claim to the throne. Under no circumstances will she answer to the title "Your Highness."

In her spare time, Solange enjoys breeding and showing her prize-winning miniature dragons as well as researching and writing erotic romance.

Solange 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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