



Twenty-One - Lilac Wine

Dhare stood in the stream of water letting rivulets of blood run down his body and into the drain of the shower.

It was not a satisfying shower. The cleansing space was built for humans, so he had to crouch under the head. The water pressure was too tight for Dhare's taste. Most of the knots in his muscles hadn't been beaten out like he wanted but it would have to do.

After turning off the primitive shower, he towelled o, using the very small so-cloth to dry his body. Meanwhile, he thought about Ashaki and how detectable she looked in that sparking dress when he arrived to rescue her from two assailing men. A primal part of him wanted to rip it to her curvy little body, but he suppressed his urges...at the time.

Donning just his loincloth, he le the too-small room to locate the woman of his thoughts. He found her in the living room curled up on the couch.

The air was thick with her sour mood. He practically smelled it as he padded across the large, open communal room and sat opposite of her on the large sectional. Gently, he didn't want to break it with his heavy weight. Ashaki scooted closer; she was quick to snuggle into his side. He was relieved she was safe and beside him, unharmed. He sank into the couch; the long contours of its design made it easier to lounge then to sit.

Her lack of words was concerning. His human was typically chatty, her words both exciting him and frustrating him. However, this odd quiet from her made sense. She had been through a harrowing experience. He was lucky to arrive at her side when he did. Who knows what would've happened if he hadn't.

"They were bounty hunters. I was their target..." she whispered, twisting her body to burrow closer, one of her legs crossing his lap.

This was atypical as well. They had spent four days apart, and while recently, Ashaki had appeared interested in seducing him, aggressively so, there was a moment before landing on this planet, where she had cooled her attention. Dhare thought she had lost interest, but this action of a action...it gave him some fresh hope.

He had enjoyed her little games of testing his control. The amount of times he spent meditating away a hard-on, standing in the hallway a er a quick exit, was di-rcute.

But now, here she was, wrapping herself around him like a delicate vine crawling a trellis. Perhaps she was interested in starting another game.

A so-purr le him as he boldly pulled Ashaki against his hip like when two Yautja on a hunt need to quietly scheme with the other. His clawed-hand lay over the curve of her waist, which may not be the normal procedure for a discussion, but he wanted to comfort her, to convince her she was not alone, and that all was well. He would renege it if she asked, but instead she made a small noise settling against his chest. They tolde together and for a moment, his mind blanked in peace.

He realized he had taken too long to respond, too lost in his meandering thoughts.

"Whoever they are, they will not take you from me. That other puny male is lucky I spared his life." He so ly reassured Ashaki.

Within his hold he realized she had washed the blood from her arms, his hand only finding smooth so- skin. He could feel her terrible mood settle to one of relaxation.

It satisfied him to know that she would find comfort in him.

"I should've been bothered by Carlos dying...but I wasn't. Just like with that guy I killed a few days ago. Shouldn't I at least feel guilt?" she asked, tipping her head back to look at his face. Her small hands flattened on his abdomen.

By human sensibilities, of course she'd feel guilt. Killing another was frowned upon in her species. To the Yautja, that male's death was retribution, the result of attacking a defenseless person. She had no weapon or fighting capability—not one that he had seen anyways.

"Mo" he explored her new hairstyle, intrigued by the highly wound coils. "He and his accomplice threatened you. One attacked you upon my arrival. Death was his reward."

She nodded, her lips scrunching up. "Did you finish your work? You've been MIA the last few days." A finger stroked up and down his skin, a steady tempo as her eyes flicked up to his from under her thick lashes.

He tensed as his heart skipped a beat. There was vulnerability in her golden-brown eyes that beckoned those flutterings of weakness in his stomach.

"Sei" but the Bad Blood had accomplices."

Ashaki's eyes squinted a little. "Why? What happened?"

He absentlymindedly clicked his tusks together as he remembered the details. Just thinking about it again threatened to reignite his anger over the criminal's escalation of crimes.

"He was selling Yautja technology to the highest bidder. The humans he worked with were tra-icking other humans. I have been cleaning up their operation. When you pinged, I had just finished the last location." He forced himself to calm down and focused on the warmth of Ashaki's body against his.

She had a noncommittal noise. "At least there are less assholes around."

He chuckled, "I seem to remember you calling 'mean asshole'"

Their eyes met as she giggled. "I did, but you're my favorite asshole. Fuck the other ones."

Pleased purrs vibrated through his chest. He liked her bold admission. That familiar feeling within his stomach made itself known again.

"I missed you..." Ashaki whispered, walking her fingers up his abdomen and slowly his chest.

Her featherlight touches sent bolts of electricity through his body and straight to his groin. He tightened his mandibles over his inner mouth in an added e-ort to suppress the- want that warmed his body.

Awareness tapped its fingers delicately down his spine. Heat pooled in his groin, increasingly intense as he registered her plush nude thighs on his own. The little dress she wore allowed him to feel her core against his own. The so- glide of fabric was all that prevented him from feeling her naked skin.

He wrestled between desire and reluctance.

"Y-you did?" Dhare managed to choke out.

She looked at him with that look of such-warmth and... desire. The scent of sage permeated the air. It slowly ate away at his tight restraint.

The animal within clawed and growled to be released.

"Yes, I did," she admitted, her voice so- and velvety.

That was it for him. That was all it took for him to separate from her on the couch and try to escape the situation.

He didn't know how to deal with these...emotions.

Their dep-rt was alarming.

Dhare didn't make it far before something hit him from behind. He spun on his heel in surprise, his eyes falling to see a fallen pillow at his feet before sliding up to see Ashaki standing with another clutched in her hand. Annoyance was plastered on her face, her body poised to launch another pillow.

"Not this time, mister. You're not getting away." She pointed a finger at him as she rounded the couch, stalking Dhare.

The sight of her was breathtaking. Her outrage was warranted but he couldn't help being extremely turned on her by her "attack".

"Ashaki, I—"

"No excuses! I will not play this game with you any longer."

"What game, Ashaki?"

Hurt was evident in her eyes as she straightened her stance. "You know what game, Dhare! It's obvious there's a mutual urge to fuck each other. I wanna fuck you and you wanna fuck me." Confusion melted the hurt in a matter of seconds as he absorbed her admission.

"What's the hold up?"

"I feel...strongly for you." He breathed, taking a step closer. "Ashaki, you are my weakness and the emotions I feel for you are...new."

"Your weakness?" Her voice so ened.

"Sei" My weakness." Dhare explained, "I...feel content around you. Whole."

Ashaki's face flitted through several emotions at once: water swelled in her eyes. "That...sounds an awful lot like you like me..."

His chest burned as she put his feelings accurately into words. Dhare was coming to terms with his emotions. He finally understood what his sire Blagge felt. To be attracted to a human, of all allies, was a surprise. He took to pick up the pillow, turning it over in his hands. It was so- to the knelt like how he felt inside. He held it gently.

Ashaki and he had come so far in their time together. Their dynamic had shi- ed from enemies to a reluctant friendship that was now at the precipice of changing again, forever. He knew things would change and so did she.

The little woman who had captured his heart in her tiny hands looked stunning, in that dress she wore, in anything she wore really. The backdrop of the neon city painted various colors over the fabric. Standing before him was no handmaiden of Kayana.

No.

She was the goddess herself. She filled him with passion and song, his heart dancing to the rhythm she demanded of it. Her so- curvy body drew him in. Stole his breath and control. If she commanded it, he would fall to his knees and worship her. This human was an enigma who had long haunted him over the decades and now?

No...he was completely smitten with her.

"You...like me? Really like me?" she asked in a so- whisper.

Her voice cracked as she wiped tears from her eyes. Black leaked down her face leaving streaks in its wake. He recognized it as makeup.

Dhare released a breath he had been holding in, "Sei?"

It mattered not what her feelings were about him. He would take anything she said and he—

"I feel the same..." she cleared her throat and took a small step forward, meeting his eyes head on. "I...like you too, Dhare..."

The very air shi- ed around them as they gazed at one another. It was thick with her admissions of weakness for one another. Dhare's senses were overloaded as he let her words sink in.

As he stood there, he sized her up with the slow drag of his golden eyes, making it obvious he was inspecting her. She blushed at his gaze and immediately the strong scent of her mating kyes washed over him. He so ly clicked his tusks together as he eyed her like she was the finest delicacy in the universe. A meal, a bu- et, he wanted to revisit again and again for eternity. The need to rip her clothing o arose once more.

"Kiki," Dhare growled huskily.

She froze, her eyes widening at the use of the nickname. His body tensed as arousal washed away all inhibition.

Nothing was holding him back now.

"Yes?" she hesitantly asked.

"I suggest you remove your clothing if you want it in one piece."

Her cooing smell grew stronger; his cock hardened as a result. Animalistic satisfaction filled him as her eyes dropped to his erection that tented his loincloth. She slid her pink tongue across her lips as her eyes slid back to his face.

"D-Do you remember what I once told you?" She asked playfully, a smirk dimpling her cheek. The pillow she clutched was raised higher in snark defense.

He was too aroused to remember what exactly she had said to him. Ashaki had told him many things. What was the importance of—?

With a giggle, she took o- towards the kitchen.

It was then he remembered...

Dhare snarled playfully and low in his throat, taking o- in pursuit of his newest prey.

She wouldn't be taken without a fight.

Ashaki used her short burst of renewed energy to sprint to the kitchen. She heard Dhare growl behind her as she leapt across the tile floor.

Her heart pounded with excitement and the thrill of the chase.

Dhare liked her. He shared her feelings...and admitted them! She wanted to do a victory dance and scream joyously from her balcony, but the huge, eight-foot alien she loved was in hot pursuit. The giant male was fast!

Heaving for air, she rounded the island, clutching her pillow tightly in her hands. It was a shitty weapon, but an easy projectile. The damn thing had been the only thing she had around to catch his attention when he tried to leave...again!

Speak of the Devil!

Her Yautja slid into the kitchen and vaulted onto the island.

"Holy shit..." she gasped as he rose from his landing couch.

"Impressed?" A cocky smirk spread his mandibles apart.

It was the hottest thing she had ever seen! Jumping onto a counter like that wasn't a typically attractive action, yes, but god did she find it sexy! The sheer agility!

"Very..." Ashaki squeaked.

His guttural growls squeaked around her pussy like a whirling finger and her arousal deepened. She harkened it to Dhare being so animal-like... beastly even.

She threw the pillow at him and bolted again. She wove a running path through the living room despite her aching bare feet. Distantly, she was aware that as soon as she stopped running or Dhare stopped humoring her, he would no doubt fuck the shit out of her. R'Shasti had told her that Dhare was known across many clans for his prowess in the "nest". Pretty soon she'd find out for herself. She headed for the bedroom feeling hopeful.

No sooner had she entered before she was yanked o- her feet with an excited squeal. Dhare threw her over his shoulder with a savage growl and charged straight for the bed, dumping her unceremoniously on it.

Her pulse spilled and she swallowed hard... as she took in the sight of Dhare breathing fire and showing her. He panted, his mandibles flexed, lightly with each expanding breath. His wide, muscled body blocked out the overhead lights and little rays of light poked through his long black locks. The jewelry glowed liquid in the darkness. Those yellow eyes that burned gold caught Ashaki like a spell. His predatory gaze burned into her.

She couldn't believe how attractive she found him. The Yautja was a frightening, towering force, coiled to hunt and strike any attacking foe, but Dhare had a way about him. His charisma, his intelligence, and his sometimes laughable, blockheadedness combined to make him so fucking sexy.

The bed groaned as he shi- ed closer.

"You know how to keep things interesting," he purred.

"Interesting is my middle name," she crawled backwards, watching him stealthily advance up the bed.

Ashaki's breath caught when he trapped her beneath him. His long locks fell around her in a curtain of black tendrils. The intensity of his gaze made her shiver in anticipation.

"Since you no longer care for this dress..." Dhare nodded if remove it at the apex of her deep cleavage, "then you will not mind I find you myself."

Lightly, his claw tore through the dress, straight down the middle, until it fell o- to her sides. Warmth pooled in her cheeks as his smoldering eyes trailed down her body. Her bra was the next slip of fabric to go. As he tugged the remains of it and her deep away, her breasts bounced free leaving her in only a pink thong. Dress purrs rolled in his chest as he trailed a claw gently down her exposed chest.

She lay still and let him explore. His calloused fingers sti- ened her nipples into peaks as he circled her areolae.

Bolts of lightning shot to her core as the veigged and rose beneath his gentle ministrations. His eyes watched her reaction as he cupped and kneaded her pillowy breasts, feeling their he- t. When he pulled away she gave him a glare that he responded with a smirk. He spread his mandibles wide and leaned forward, his hot breath fanning across her heated skin. Keeping his eyes on her, he licked one of the sti- peaks.

She so ly moaned as his reward while he feasted on one nipple before moving onto the next. Gently, he grazed his sharp teeth along her sensitive skin, eliciting whimpers from Ashaki.

Her hands blindly grabbed his loes and tugged, arching her back to press her breasts into his face more. She threw her head back as he trailed a big hand over her fleshy middle until he cupped her clothed sex. A claw shredded the material so he could expose her dark petals, his finger dragging against her clitoris curiously.

She squeered his loes, her hips bucking into his hand. He gave a fast flick the dovet as she earned a startling snarl from Dhare. He hand Ashaki one more long, slow lick before leaning back to spread her legs further apart with his free hand.

"So. So so..." he whispered, more to himself than Ashaki. His hand trailed up and down her thighs, tracing the pale stretch-marks that decorated her rich brown skin.

Dhare li- ed her bottom half o- the bed to shove a pillow under her ass to better explore Ashaki's alien sex. Her feminine petals glistened with moisture. Tiny curls dusted her mound, the man so- beneath his touch. It was the first time he had seen human female genitalia and couldn't help but be intrigued and slightly nervous. He wanted to be exemplary. He wanted to please Ashaki so much that he would be the first of many ruttings with her.

Carefully, he spread her so- lips apart with the pads of his fingers so he could delve into the delicate folds of her pussy. Unlike a Yautja female's, Ashaki's most intimate area was velvety to the touch. His exploration, trailing his fingers over a curious little feature, evoked so moans and pants from her. She tried to squeeze her thighs shut with a so- whimper when he rubbed the swollen button-like flesh with more force.

Dhare was fascinated, watching her dark inner flesh turn a deeper shade of purple—almost wine-like in color, due to its touching her.

"What is this?" He stroked the swollen button to make clear what he meant.

She hooked her legs over his shoulders and eyed him. "It's called a clito—ahhh—is..." she gasped when he rubbed a slick nuckled against it.

The Yautja grunted, his eyes watching her as she squirmed and issued breathy moans. He inserted a thick finger deep into her, being careful of his sharp claws.

The new pressure wetted her further. She was in constant danger of his great hands, but the knowledge that any sudden move on her part could bring great harm both worried and excited her. When he added a second, furry finger, she stretched wider with a sharp gasp. She wasn't sure she could take another, but a er seeing his meaty cock just days ago...she knew he would have to prepare her quite well. She'd had to be wet enough to take him.

Was o- his volcanic breath fanned out over her mound as he pumped his fingers, tantalizingly slow.

Ashaki wiggled against him, bucking and needy. It was too slow! She wanted more, so much more, but Dhare wouldn't increase his speed. He held her hips down as she worked to raise them and continued his slow assault on her hole making her wetter and noisier.

Her hands fisted in the sheets as he teasingly brought her closer to orgasm. His eyes stayed glued to her face, observing.

She was right there, on the edge of ecstasy, desperate to tumble over the edge...

But Dhare retreated, clicking his mandibles like she was a child asking for a sweet before dinner when she groaned in frustration.

"Come onnn..."

His upper mandibles drew back in a devious smirk as he pushed her legs o- his shoulders.

"So impatient," he chattered in amusement, his hands skating lightly up her torso.

"You're damn right!" Ashaki hu- ed impatiently.

The Yautja chattered gently, his golden eyes bright with passion.

Slowly, his hands ghosted over her breasts before he flattened them on the bed and rubbed his forehead against hers, purring so ly. The heat of his body against hers made her feel light and euphoric, enjoying the calm momentary pause. She wrapped her legs around his wide body and squeaked.

"Ashaki..." he withdrew once again to meet her eyes, "are you sure you want to do this?"

What? Wasn't it a little late to be asking that? she thought.

"Yeah...do you?"

"Sei" I have been looking forward to it," he said with heavily lidded eyes.

Ashaki shined a dazzling, giddy smile at him before throwing her arms around his neck. She guided him down and gave him a darling quick kiss between his eyes.

"Better get on with it then," she cooed.

The large male chuckled and leaned upright to shed his loincloth. In the dimness of the room, his large, verdant dick bobbed his concealed pride. Ashaki was surprised to find it looked similar to a human's but only a little ridges surrounded its girth and it had a narrower tip. He maneuvered himself higher over her, his hand going to grip his hard cock.

God he's huge!

He angled his hips down slowly inserting his tip inside of her. There was a minor breath-illence between them. Anticipation dripped. Then he plowed into her and met some resistance. It would take work to make it fit.

She gasped, not truly anticipating how full she'd be with alien dick. She struggled to relax her muscles to allow him to burd more of his cock inside of her. The ridges...and bumps she missed on the underside, rubbed deliciously against her inner walls. Finally, a er several beats of pumping, their hips met with one another. Flush together, the heat of his body rushed over her.

They both lay panting as they savored the cataclysmic moment of joining. This sweet, inevitable moment that brewed like a storm in the background for months was finally breaking on them hot as lightning, forceful as nature. Still in the middle right before completion, they breathed together, united, in required attraction.

Ashaki dug her nails into Dhare's thick arms as she squirmed against him. She struggled to draw in full breaths, but only managed short ones that made her face hot and her body shudder. She had to resist becoming undone too quickly. There was so much le- she wanted to experience.

"Breathe, mi'esu!" Dhare whispered. His smooth, paced breath brushed across her hair. "Just breathe..."

Her passage was stretched so much around his girth that he worried she was in pain, but she listened and her breathing slowed. As she worked to calm herself her muscles relaxed open. It hardly mattered. When he thrust back in, her body tensed.

"Fuck, Dhare...you're so big!"

Dhare snarled, prompted by her body clenching on his dick. He groaned and began a slow, steady rhythm, both of them momentarily lost in the explosion of electricity shooting through their bodies. Her gasps and moans urged him on. The feeling of her tight, wet warmth felt delicious as it hugged his cock.

"You indulge my ego, Kiki," Dhare said, drawing one of his hands down her body to tease Ashaki's nipples.

But this time her responding moan punctured what little control he had. The animalistic urges, those primal Yautja urges rustled to his cortex and drove away all reason.

He had to be deeper. He wanted to pounce until she couldn't walk. He wanted to memorize her warm, wet, heat. His desires outweighed his sensibilities.

Dhare pulled his cock free with a wet pop and flipped the woman onto her front to get on all fours. In this position, her pussy was presented proudly for him to plow. He could grip her tight, feel the flesh over her curvaceous hips, and the bouncing cushion of her ample ass. She was fantastically wet too. Before there was slight resistance to his pounding but now her channel was slippery. The tightness of it was mind-wiping.

She cried out with the force of his breach, her hands clawing at the sheets as he rutted into her. A hiss le- her mouth when he took hold of her hips and dug his claws into her so- brown flesh.

The room was filled with panting, growling, moaning, and the wet clapping of Dhare's hips meeting her plush rear. Their bodies collided, both of them desperate to reach that sweet peak.

It wasn't long until Ashaki reached her first orgasm. She howled Dhare's name, her body clenching his cock tightly. He was forced to wait impatiently until her body loosened again for him to pick up his rhythm, chasing his own orgasm.

Feeling her feminine juices coating his cock and pelvis excited him. Her scent hung in the air, a heady aroma that was mixed with his own natural n'du! Sei He loved watching the so- supple flesh of her ass and thighs wobble with every powerful thrust of his hips. She loudly vocalized that she was enjoying this as much as he was. Their bond sealed together in the carnal dance of the flesh.

He removed his claws from her hips, barely cognizant that he had hurt her, and in one fluid motion, leaned over her to grip the sheets. Growling and grunting, he continued to beat into her tight human cunt.

The emotions he felt for her was strong, overwhelmingly so. His never burned with the intensity of a supernova, and at his center, her small hands gripped his heart in a tight embrace. The emotions that flowed through him were all encompassing. It made him feel complete in a way he never considered. He was drowning in the shared intimacy between Ashaki and him. This was more than a typical rut.

It was pure, base weakness for another.

Through the haze of emotions and charged electricity coursing through his body, he came completely undone when Ashaki slipped her fingers through the vees of his. Her light squeeze was his undoing.

He was only able to muster a deep, satisfied groan as his cock pulsed with his release. Gradually he slackened his pace while he thrust through his orgasm and his completion brought on Ashaki's second. She flexed tightly and purred outward, her body quaking beneath him.

It wasn't until he was fully depleted that he was able to stop grinding against her. He heaved an enormous sigh of relief, and a loud creak being freed from his bottle, he pulled his free with a sloppy, wet pop. His gaze narrowed on her swollen pussy as he watched his white seed spill freely down her thighs and onto the sheets.

Seeing her so full of his seed, fulfilled his instincts to ensure a successful copulation. It made him pu- up his chest with pride, but he was coming back to himself. Those thoughts began to dissipate as he wrapped his arms around Ashaki's trembling form and settled next to her.

He rolled onto his side where he curled his body around hers, surrounding her with his warmth. She shivered in his arms while she came down from her own release. So purrs rumbled through her back as he nuzzled her with his mandibles, the gravelly sound stuttering as he licked her neck, tasting their combined scents on his tongue. His little mate mewled as he nuzzled and rubbed his face through her hair a ecstatically like a giant feline.

Instead of protesting she simply curled into his arms, eliciting so kitten-like murmurs of contentment. Her fingers clutched his locks that had slipped over his wide shoulder, her touch jumping starting a new erection.

Dhare ignored the urge to go another round. Her body was likely sore from his size and instead, out of respect, lay there with her resting. He relaxed when she fell asleep, so ly snoring in her slumber. Having her in his arms was gratifying and something he would want to do for as long as he lived. There was no doubt that he would gladly, and ocially, claim her as his mate.

With Ashaki by his side, he finally found that missing puzzle piece in his life. He would gladly kill for her if she would ask, as much as she wanted.

But first, he needed to find out who was a er her and why. They wouldn't be given another chance to steal her away into the night. Humans didn't know how fiercely protective Yautja were with their mates.

A er that was taken care of?

Tell her the truth of their real first meeting and how he saved her life.

A/N:
Rip Leslie Jordan. A gay icon.

Sorry for the late update again. Yay for still not having internet! The title is named a er Nina Simone's "Lilac Wine". I highly suggest giving it a listen! I found it when looking up music for my playlist for Star Child. Anyways, I hope you like it!

Dictionary:
N'du! - Yautja musk
M'esu! - mate
Pauk! - fuck

Continue reading next part