

# The Agreement

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The shuttle shuddered as a spaceship's tractor beam interrupted its forward momentum. Shari Beryl jerked forward and slammed back into the pilot seat.

"Stinking sulfur!" Without a second to lose, she threw off the shoulder restraints and jumped into an escape pod. If she were lucky, the tiny capsule would drop beneath the large ship undetected and she could hide in the asteroid belt.

She wasn't lucky. The pod had barely cleared the shuttle when the ship's grappling arm latched onto her. Less than ten minutes later, she stood on the loading deck of the huge freighter, a black band locked around each wrist, bicep, thigh, and ankle. Two heavily armed females gripped her elbows. Their heavy boots clomped on the metal decking as they dragged her into the vertical lift and ushered her to an interrogation room where the ship's captain met them.

Other than a slight droop to his left eye, he looked nothing like she expected. Clean-shaven, wearing a red armored chest plate, matching forearm sleeves, snug black pants that showcased his huge bulge, and knee-high battle boots, he looked more like a comic book hero than a pirate.

With an arrogant tip of his head, he inspected the strapless mini-dress she'd worn to the dinner meeting with her father as if he could see through the satiny lilac material. His lips quirked into a one-sided grin and a hungry gleam lit his silver-blue eyes.

Used to dealing with crude males on a daily basis, she let him look his fill, proud of her generous bust, slim waist, and athletic legs. She worked hard to keep her figure, not in a space station gym but at the asteroid mines her father owned.

“Your shuttle is registered to Beryl Mining.”

One of the female guards pricked her with a Human Identifier which read her DNA in seconds. “Shari Beryl,” she reported.

Their captain nodded. “You belong to the owner of Beryl Mining.”

“I belong to no one,” she spat.

“Oh yes, you do.” Clasp his hands behind his back, he walked around her. “As of now, you belong to me.” He lifted his chin at a crewman standing by a small control panel. “Hail Yuri Beryl.”

A heated blush crept up her cheeks when her father’s face appeared on a clear screen. Would he be angry or disgusted by her foolish flight from her destiny?

“This is the captain of the freighter, Onyx. How much do you value your daughter?”

Her father looked at her long and hard, and heaved a great sigh. “Name your price.”

The pirate asked for an enormous amount of quality ore, but Shari knew her father could afford it. He owned three-quarters of the asteroid belt mining operations. If it wasn’t for his greed for a share in Davide Holt’s high-grade mines, she wouldn’t be in this compromising situation.

“Don’t hurt her,” her father demanded, “but do whatever it takes to convince her to sign the agreement. Then I’ll pay what you ask.”

“Agreed.”

She stared in horror as her father’s image faded away. Then she jerked her gaze to her captor. “What do you know about the agreement?”

“The pending merger of the two mining companies is stellar news,” he said smugly. “So is the fact that you don’t wish to sign the agreement.”

"Because --" She snapped her mouth closed. Holt's demand for Shari as part of the merger was none of the captain's business.

She shivered at the thought of the cyborg, tubes protruding from his head, metal and wires fused onto his face, arms, legs, and who knew what else, bedding her at will.

No matter what this pirate did to her, she wouldn't sign. She'd die first.

"Take her to holding," her captor said in dismissal.

Despite her protests, the guards transferred her to the holding room and flung her, face first, against a metal wall. The magnetic bands on her arms and legs held her firmly in place. All struggling did was wiggle her ass.

"That's nice," the captain said from behind her.

She turned her head from side to side but she couldn't see him.

He pressed his big body close to her back and gripped her wrists. "You smell nice, too," he said softly. With surprising ease, he shifted her bent arms along the wall until they stretched out into a wide Y. Backing off, he skimmed his palms past the outer swell of her breasts and settled his hands at her waist. "Hmm. I might keep you."

"My father --"

"Your father never said he wanted you back." His palms slipped over the smooth fabric covering her ass. He gave her cheeks a hard squeeze. "Only that he wanted the agreement signed."

She gasped, momentarily stunned. "Once the agreement is signed, I'm no longer his problem. He'll send Davide Holt after you."

"I can handle him," he said with a smile in his voice. His fingers bunched up her hem until her ass lay bare to his gaze. A quick tug and her thong slipped down her legs. "As easily as I can handle you." Without warning, a hard smack resounded in the room and her left cheek burned.

She sucked in her breath as the warmth spread to her pussy. The second smack left her equally speechless, and hot. Tingly.

"Before I'm done with you, you will sign the agreement. I promise."

"No," she rasped as he slapped her again.

Each stinging hit pushed her clit against the wall. She groaned at the delicious pressure. When he stopped, she inhaled deeply, but the reprieve was short-lived. He hunkered down to spread her ankles so she hung on the wall spread eagle, then he lifted her hem once more and carried on his punishment.

Tears sprung to her eyes with each successive smack, but she refused to beg him to stop.

"Are you ready to sign?" he asked, smoothing his palm over her inflamed ass.

"No," she panted.

"I thought not." His hand slipped between her legs. A sharp intake of breath hissed through his teeth as his fingers slid through the heavy moisture gathered within her folds. "Now there's a surprise." Two fingers slid deep. "You want me."

She squeezed her eyes shut, mortified by her body's reaction to him. "No." But her inner muscles clenched his stroking fingers, countering her denial.

"Come on, baby. Just ask."

"In exchange for my signature? No!" Even in her anger, her body betrayed her by rocking against the sensuous slide of his fingers.

"No strings attached." He leaned close and kissed her shoulder. "Ask me to fuck you."

Her pulse raced with indecision. She wanted him with an explosive desire she couldn't comprehend, but instinct warned her there'd be a price to pay.

He tugged on her hair, pulling her head to the side, and latched his hot wet mouth on her neck. Sultry heat flushed through her body, weakening her resolve.

"Take me," she whispered.

"I want to watch your face when I sink into you," he ground out while slipping his fingers free of her pussy. With superhuman strength and speed, he yanked her left arm and leg free from the wall and turned her over. "I want you to see me."

A niggling suspicion danced through her brain, quickly lost as his pants dropped and the bulbous pink head of his cock slid along the edges of her gaping slit. She arched

toward it, hungry for every inch of his huge shaft, until the tip notched into her throbbing entry.

He leaned close, intertwining his fingers with hers, his chest plate pressing against her breasts. He ravaged her mouth, his breath hot and wild, while he slowly filled her, pulsing hard against her inner walls, pushing deep.

“Oh... mmm!” She contracted hard on his first stroke, soaking him.

He answered with hard fast thrusts, rendering her breathless. She closed her eyes, lost in his feral kiss, her focus shifting inward as her cunt sucked at his cock, trying to draw his entire being inside with each driving plunge.

Too soon, the cosmic kiss broke. “Stay with me,” he rasped.

She jerked against him, her ass muscles tight. “Yes,” she said, knowing there was no other choice and not caring. “Yes...” She wanted to cry out his name, but diamonds, she didn’t know what it was!

Her legs trembled on the pinnacle of orgasm and he obviously felt it. He moaned his pleasure, urging her on, pumping steadily. “Yes, yes. Come for me.”

Her heart thundered with anticipation. He drove into her with everything he had, his eyes blazing, his jaw clenched tight, his grunts bouncing off the walls.

“Oh!” The floodgates opened. She clenched her teeth to keep from screaming, jerking uncontrollably with a climax so strong, it bordered on pain.

His pelvis lifted and crashed against her, driving deep. Chest heaving, he arched his neck and roared at the ceiling, gushing hot semen into her womb.

Wound tight, she pulsed with a need to hold him forever, a part of his body and soul. “So,” she said with a content smile, her heartbeat still racing, “what’s your name, lover?”

His body shuddered and he lifted his heavy weight away from her. A satisfied grin spread across his face. “Davide Holt.”

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