

Encounter: Elora (Vaaden Harems 3)
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Elora

Elora watched the Vaaden warrior with uncertainty. She'd only been on Vaaden for a few days and as of yet, she hadn't been touched, not intimately. She knew what was coming though, it was inevitable. A group of warriors had captured her on Earth and brought her to their planet. She'd been kept in a cell, waiting to be taken by a warrior, claimed as nothing more than a sex slave. But no one had come to claim her. And so, after several days of waiting, she'd been sent to the harems. A fate worse than death, as far as she was concerned.

The tall, strong, silent man in front of her was to be her first customer. He was so much bigger than her, so intimidating that she was more than a little afraid. He could snap her in two with very little effort. Elora wasn't sure if he would hurt her, no one had so far, but she didn't know what to expect and that frightened her.

"You're trembling," he said in a deep, whiskey smooth voice.

"Please don't hurt me," she said softly.

He frowned and pushed his long dark hair out of his eyes, eyes the color of a stormy sea. She had to admit he was handsome, but that didn't mean he wasn't dangerous.

"I'm not here to harm you. In fact, if you'll trust me, you'll find the experience quite pleasurable. I've never had a complaint."

Pleasure? With someone she didn't know? She doubted it. Not to mention, if the bulge in his pants was anything to go by, he was huge. She wasn't sure he'd even fit. The men in her past, even if they were few, had been average, even on the small side in some cases. He was sure to split her in two. "It isn't like I have a choice. I'm a slave and must do as you wish."

“I don’t like the idea of taking an unwilling woman. But if you aren’t sharing a bed with me today, it will likely be someone else. You’re comely and will attract much attention.”

As much as she hated to admit it, she knew he was right. Well, not about the comely comment. She was ordinary and she knew it. Mouse brown hair, hazel eyes and a slightly pudgy figure, nothing spectacular, not like the beautiful women she’d seen since coming to the harem.

“Will you come with me?”

Her cheeks flushed at the double entendre, but she nodded her head. It was better to get it out of the way, and he seemed nice enough. Perhaps he would be gentle with her.

He held out his hand and she placed hers in his large palm. He guided her through the harem to a room in the back. There were alcoves around the room, curtained off for semi-privacy, but she was grateful he bypassed those for a room with a door. He ushered her inside and the door slid shut. He punched in a code on the keypad beside it and she heard a click.

“I’ve set the locks so no one will disturb us,” he said.

“Thank you.” Her hands fidgeted in front of her.

He stepped closer, reaching out to run his fingers through her long hair. He tipped her chin up so that she had no choice but to look him in the eye. He gazed down at her kindly, a small smile curving his full lips.

“There’s no need to be scared, little one. I promise not to harm you.” He reached for the edge of her tunic and slowly began lifting it, exposing her one inch at a time. Drawing it over her head, he dropped it on the floor at their feet. Bare to his gaze, she flushed with embarrassment. The lighting in the room was rather bright and unforgiving. Would he still want her when he saw her rounded tummy, her chubby thighs? Her breasts were full, but they weren’t fake by any means and were far from perky. She tried to cover herself, but he pulled her hands away from her body.

“Don’t hide from me. You’re lovely.”

“I’m fat,” she muttered.

“No, you’re perfect.”

Did he really see her that way? It gave her hope that maybe her brief time with him wouldn’t be as horrible as she’d feared.

Slowly, he began undressing. Her eyes tracked his every move and she had to admit she was impressed with him. His chest was wide and powerful, his shoulders broad and strong, his waist narrow. Her gaze dropped lower and she nearly gasped at the sight of his cock, full and erect. She’d never been with such a fine specimen before.

He lifted her into his arms and carried her to the bed against the far wall. The clean, crisp scent of the sheets wafted around her and she breathed it in. He followed her down, caging her between his powerful arms. Lowering his head, he captured her lips in a sweet, tender kiss, his mouth moving slowly against hers, as if they had all the time in the world. And perhaps they did.

His lips and tongue traced a path down the column of her throat, across her collarbone and down the slope of her breast. Her nipple peaked and his hot, wet mouth closed over the tip, drawing on it softly. His teeth gently scraped against her delicate flesh and she fought back a moan of desire. Her hands lifted of their own accord and she buried her fingers in his hair. Her nipples tingled as pleasure shot through her. Her body seemed to take control as her legs wrapped around his waist, opening herself to him.

He switched to the other breast, his tongue laving the rosy peak. She squirmed beneath him, needing more. The pleasure was incredible, but it wasn’t enough. She ached inside, felt empty and incomplete.

He pressed his lips against the fluttering pulse in her neck as his cock slowly eased into her, stretching her as he entered. She’d never felt so full in her life, there was a bit of pain with the pleasure, but she welcomed it. While he might still be a stranger, he was also well versed in how to pleasure a woman’s

body. Her body heated from the inside out and she slid her hands down to his shoulders, her fingers curling against his muscled flesh.

His hips drew back and she cried out at the loss, then he plunged forward again, filling her once more. Setting up a steady rhythm of thrust and retreat, in and out, he left her panting for more. Her legs tightened around him as she urged him on.

“Harder,” she begged.

He buried his face against her throat and nipped her gently as he drove into her harder and faster, pushing both of them toward orgasm. She felt her body tightening, her focus narrowing as she strained and reached for that illusive moment of sheer pleasure that was just out of reach. As he pounded into her, taking her to dizzying heights, she let go, crying out her release. She felt her pussy clench and release his cock as he entered her one last time, groaning as he emptied his seed inside of her.

Afterward, he rolled to his side and held her close. He smoothed her hair back from her face and pressed his lips to hers. Gazing into her eyes tenderly, he smiled.

“How is it you ended up in the harems?” he asked.

“No one wanted me,” she admitted with a bit of shame.

“I find that hard to believe.”

“Believe what you will. Warriors came and went, but no one looked at me twice. When I was the last one left in the cell, I was sent here, to live in hell.”

“What if I could change things?” he asked.

“How? What could you possibly do to change my fate?”

“I could purchase you. I don’t have a slave right now, haven’t for years. The last woman I owned betrayed me, but something tells me you won’t do that.”

She shook her head. “I’ve never cheated on anyone before.”

“So what do you say?”

“I think I’d like that,” she said shyly. “My name is Elora.”

“Elora, I’m Naveed. I have to leave you for a few moments to take care of the transaction, but I will lock you in this room to keep you safe until I return for you.”

“Hurry,” she said, her hands roaming over his chest.

With a final kiss, he drew on his clothes, flashed her a smile and ducked out of the room. She heard the lock click back into place and quickly dressed. For the first time since coming to this godforsaken planet, she had hope. Hope that things would be different, better. She had a chance at happiness. It was all she could’ve asked for.

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