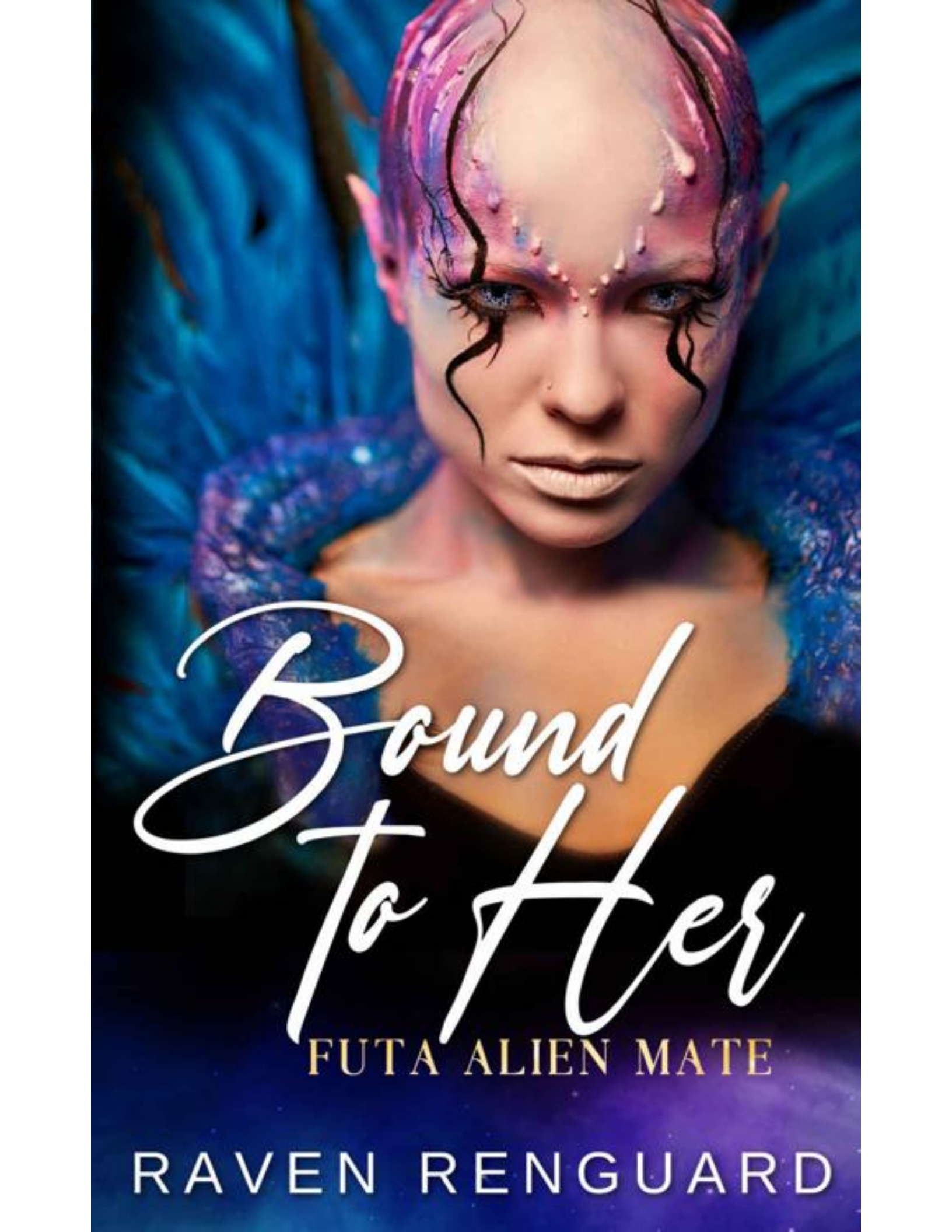




Bound To Her

FUTA ALIEN MATE

RAVEN RENGUARD

Bound to Her – Futa Alien Mate

Raven Renguard

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BOUND TO HER – FUTA ALIEN MATE

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Written by Raven Renguard.

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On a dark and icy planet, a man meets a towering alien woman with pale skin and a powerful body. She promises to keep him warm for the night, but human Rexford fears what temptations she holds, as the alien woman entices him beyond anything he's experienced before. Will he give in to her alien desires?

Bound to Her – Futa Alien Mate has themes of gentle femdom, alien loving, praise, and a sweet, HFN ending.

I PRESSED MY SHOULDER into the heavy door, the weight of it trying desperately to keep me outside in the icy, unforgiving landscape of the Trylex planet. I pushed again, this time with both hands. The thick leather coverings on my hands seemed to weld fast to the door as it finally gave way and I stumbled into the only place open this late at night.

A few of the patrons turned their eyes my way, more disturbed by the gust of wind and snow that I brought in than by my actual arrival. But I could tell by the look of the Xandreen in the corner, that it wouldn't be a quiet night at a quiet bar.

I'd been here for a week. Seven Earth days and who knows how many Trylex days. I hadn't seen the sun since I arrived, and I didn't expect to see it until I left. I'd hoped to find the remaining parts for my fucked up thermal valve, but the inhabitants of the planet were either tight-lipped or plain inhospitable. If I didn't get the parts, I wouldn't be leaving the planet. And since I already couldn't feel my feet or my fingers, I was anxious to get off this block of ice.

"Fuck me," I grumbled. I took a seat at the high bar top. The creature serving drinks wasn't a species I was familiar with, but his multiple arms and large and flapping ears seemed to suit him for the hurried serving on this blistering night. "Something hot," I grumbled when he turned his deep, coal-black eyes my way. I set a handful of Trylexian coins on the countertop and hoped he'd keep me filled up for a while.

Within a moment, he set a steaming cup in front of me. The metal of the cup seemed to ripple, and when I peered into the top, the liquid bubbled slowly, and then popped, reminiscent of the tar pits I'd seen swallow entire species on a small planet I'd visited once in the Subbramar galaxy. Nothing but bones and boulders, mostly.

"Wouldn't touch that if I were you." The voice was soft yet deep, like the musical rumble of a Garnash in heat. I tipped my head upward, half expecting to see one of the giant, elephant-like beasts standing next to me.

My eyes twitched in confusion. They were stuck by the speckled blue eyes of the alien-woman staring down at me. I startled backward, almost spilling the cup of bubbling liquid set before me.

The woman towered over me, and at first, I thought it was due to her tall, platform boots, but when she sat down next to me, I still needed to raise my head to connect with her eyes.

She reached across me, grabbed my cup, and poured the liquid out, slowly, drop by drop onto the bar. Her thick coat crinkled as she moved, the soft smell of her skin seeming to float up to my nose even beyond the sizzling smoke that my spilled drink made against the bar top. My eyes opened in horror at the drink I'd been offered. As the smoke continued to rise, the barkeeper turned his black eyes toward the woman, intent on chastising her, but when he caught sight of the large woman, he cowered from her gaze.

"Something a bit more appropriate," she told the creature. "One for me, and one for my new friend."

The bartender nodded his head, his ears bobbling up and down with the effort. Quickly he tossed the smoldering drink out with one hand, while the other hands poured two drinks from a kettle that he took from the open brick fire.

He moved to take more of my Trylexian coins, but the woman's gaze stopped him. "Aww—on my house," he stuttered in poorly translated English.

The woman seemed to purr in satisfaction, and only after she brought her pale, full lips to the cup and sipped some of the hot drink, did I reach for my drink. The heat slid across my lips and down my throat, the warmth continuing into my gut, and warmed me straight back out my nostrils. I opened my mouth, trying to expel some of the overwhelming warmth. I sputtered, and the woman next to me laughed a hearty rumble of pleasure. She didn't seem affected at all by the drink's warmth, and she hungrily took another gulp.

"Are you from here?" I asked when the fire left my lips.

The woman looked lazily around the bar, at the odd creatures and huddled, homely Trylexians.

"No," I said aloud, "I suppose not."

I tentatively took another sip, this time opening my mouth after I swallowed, allowing the swirling heat to exit my lips before it swirled into my guts.

"It's good," I decided. The woman didn't speak, so after a moment of silence, I tried again. "Thank you for that. The Trylexians aren't exactly a very welcoming people." I kept my voice low, but as the man closest to us looked over in disgust at my assessment, his eyes went wide when he saw the woman sitting next to me. Since she was to my side, I didn't get as good of a view as I'd liked, and when she turned her head toward the next person who pressed open the door, letting snow flurries and cold wind inside, I turned my eyes fully to her.

She was tall, even excluding her tall platform boots. At five-foot-ten I wasn't usually the shortest guy in the room, but she probably towered over me, even in her bare feet. My eyes trailed down her legs, over the thick boots, wondering what exactly the feet of a woman like her looked like. Her skin was pale, almost white like the surrounding landscape, but within it swirled unnatural colors—

blues and lavenders that gave her the appearance of being painted upon. My fingers reached upward as if to discover if it was the colorings of her true skin or if she wore some sort of warrior's paint, but when she turned back to me, my hand dropped back down at my side.

Her eyes were penetrating, the black marks transecting her eyes doing nothing to ease the fierce glare her large eyes gave off.

"Are you not cold?" I asked. A stupid question. One I'd wished my mouth had just kept to itself. But as I eyed the petite ridges running down the front of her forehead, and the soft, bald skin on her head, I wondered how this woman survived on such an icy planet without more coverings. Not that I minded her tight pants or tall boots or the way her coat cut in at her small waist and accentuated her large breasts, but I couldn't help but wonder if a man such as myself barely survived here, how she did with minimal effort.

"It's cold where I'm from," she said. Her smooth, sultry voice brought my eyes up from the swell of her breasts to the pale skin of her chest. I couldn't help by wonder if she was blue and lavender in other places too. I shook my head, bringing my attention back to my drink, and away from the strange woman seated next to me. I'd been to too many planets to not understand that not everyone was who they seemed. *Like the six-armed asshole serving drinks in front of me who'd just tried to boil me from the inside.* Or like the scaly red woman on Zerday who'd tried to feed me to her pet tarantula. I shuttered at the thought. The four-foot bugger had almost pierced my neck before I'd awoken and skedaddled my naked and frightened ass out of there.

"That's a lot of thoughts for one man," she said. The words came out so smooth, so soft, at first, I didn't register what she'd said.

I turned to her then, my mouth opening and closing in wordless shock. I blinked stupidly, hoping that somehow, she was just teasing me. She wrapped her hands around her warm drink, staring sightlessly across the bar. "Do you see the way they look at me?" She asked me this question without turning to me, but I knew her words were meant just for my ears. With a heavy push, I maneuvered myself and my thick clothes around, staring out at the other patrons. Those that acknowledged us stared in fear, some in anger, and a few, when they noticed the big woman I sat next to, they downed their drinks in one gulp and pressed back out into the icy cold.

"Ah," I said, turning back to her. "The life of the party."

The woman chuckled, her voice deep and hearty and adding an extra warmth to the icy bar.

She smiled down at me and I felt a heat slice through my body.

"Can you change my thoughts?" I asked.

Her lip curled, the idea seeming to bring joy to her face, but then, she shook her head.

I tapped the side of my skull, my finger stabbing into the thick hat I wore on my head. "So you just hear what's going on in here?"

She nodded slightly, her eyes swinging nervously around the room.

"I suppose most folks don't like that," I said, but I didn't expect an answer. While she was strong and confident, I saw how on edge she was, and how alert for danger. Perhaps I was too naïve. That's why I always found myself in such unfortunate predicaments.

The woman nodded and I sighed. "Heard that, didn't ya?"

She shrugged, her thick coat creaking in response.

"And yes," she said, "I have my colors elsewhere too."

I could feel the heat rush into my cheeks, and as I flitted my eyes up to her face, I suddenly knew, even without my ability to read her mind, that I'd be going home with her tonight. I'd be warm and safe at least for one night on this unforgiving planet.

“WHAT’S YOUR NAME?” I asked.

She stepped toward me, her large frame blocking the icy wind from my body. Her warmth seemed to jump from her skin and onto my own. I stared up at her in rapt attention. I could see nothing past her. She blocked off the rest of the world as her body pressed into mine in the small alcove outside the dome building that she currently called home. A gust of wind swirled around us, bringing soft, powdery snow down across her naked head and inside the collar of my heavy coat.

“Does it matter?” she asked. Her breasts practically touched my chin. I tried desperately to keep my eyes on hers, to not think, to stop thinking of the full, pale curves just below my vision. Her lip curled into a wicked smile, and I knew she heard my thoughts, my yearning for the pale, milky mounds hidden just out of view.

“Yes!” I exclaimed, startling her.

“What?” she asked, confusedly. She blinked, her long, black lashes fluttering over her pale eyes, the soft snowflakes catching in the delicate hairs.

“It matters,” I said. I was nervous about catching her off guard. We stood alone in a desperate, empty landscape. We’d traveled on her floater bike to get to her dome, and in the darkness on an unfamiliar planet, I no longer knew which way returned me to my broken ship. My nerves seemed to flutter up the sides of my neck, heating my skin and I found myself tugging off my heavy hat in the icy wind. “It matters,” I stuttered again. “I want to know your name.” *And I did. I really did.*

The tall, alien-woman stared down at me, her eyes harsh until suddenly they lit in amusement. “It’s Dayleena. You can call me Dayleena.”

I bit my lip, staring upward at the tall, sexy woman who towered over me. “It’s nice to meet you, Dayleena,” I said. I shoved my gloved hand between our bodies. My bumbling movements caused my hand to graze against her breasts as I clasped her hand in mine. “I’m Rexford.”

“Rex for short,” she said without thinking.

I blinked, my mind trying to grasp that my thoughts seemed to reach the alien woman before they reached my own mind. “Uh, yeah,” I said. “Rex for short.”

“You’re a kind man, aren’t you, Rex?”

She leaned into me, and I tipped my head upward, my mind desperate to stay away from the breasts I knew I could reach out and taste if I so chose. “I—I like to think so,” I said.

“You want to spend the night with me?”

“I do.”

“You want me to keep you warm?”

I thought about the cold, metal of my broken ship. And the many nights I’d spent shivering in a cold, lonely bed. I nodded vigorously.

SOMETHING CHANGED IN her as soon as we walked into Dayleena's accommodations. The air was cool, crisp, but so unlike the bitter cold of the outdoors. She carefully pressed the door closed behind us. And when she turned to me, I saw a hunger in her eyes. My heart pattered in my chest. *Had I done the thing I usually do and trust someone that I shouldn't?* I forced my thoughts away from this, and my eyes trailed over her breasts. Better for her to sense me lusting after her than fearing what she may do to me.

"So..." I said, suddenly stalling as I walked farther into the dome. "You didn't tell me what planet you were from."

She raised an eyebrow at me, seeming to wonder where this mundane small talk was coming from. "Does it matter?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said, shrugging. "Maybe."

"You're worried that you've never come across my species before."

I wished that she'd asked this as a question, but from the slack look on her face, I knew she'd sensed this from me. I knew nothing of what she was, what she was capable of. For all I knew, she had a pet tarantula under the bed, just waiting to suck me dry.

"I don't like spiders," she said in response to my thoughts. "But the sucking part..."

She let the words linger and as my eyes widened and my cock tingled, she stepped toward me. She pushed me backward, and I landed heavily upon her makeshift bed. I landed with a grunt, the hard backing catching me just below the thin mattress.

She started tugging at my wet boots; the ice had already melted in a puddle at my feet. "Oh, I'm—"

She managed to pull one off before I flipped over and started to skitter away from her. I wasn't used to women being so forward, at least not the ones who weren't trying to eat me.

I clawed forward on my stomach, her tugging at my boot before my body flopped across the bed, and she finally pulled my boot free.

"By the Gods of Transdoor," I grumbled as she freed me from my wool socks. I flipped over in time to see her wrinkle her nose at the scratchy fabric before tossing them aside onto the floor.

"I have much nicer things for you to wear than this," she said in disdain.

She appeared so tall, so large in the room that I was surprised she didn't hit her head on the sides of the sloped, dome roof. She engulfed the space, and as she undid her thick coat, I marveled at the set of full breasts that spilled out from within its confines. They were just as pale as her face, almost white like the snow. The thin, sleeveless top she wore underneath barely contained them as she tossed her coat aside. Part of me thought to run, to not discover what it was that her species did during breeding, but the other part of me, the part that throbbed with desire, was desperate for her to remove her tall, platform boots and join me on the bed.

"Do you not like them?" she asked.

"Oh, no," I said, nodding my head furiously. "It's nice. They're nice. I'd like to see more."

"Are you sure?" She pouted, her pale lip pushing out. "I hear all the noise in your head."

"I wish you wouldn't do that," I said.

I was beginning to get hot in all my layers, and I tugged at the collar of my coat, desperate to relieve some of the heat.

"You don't like me in your head?" Now she crossed her arms over her chest, her full breasts resting upon her muscled arms.

My eyes widened at her response. "No," I said, shaking my head. "I'm not sure about your species, but I can speak for humans. We do not like having people read our thoughts. They're private. Personal."

"But you wish to see me naked," she said, confusedly.

"Uhh—well, yeah."

"How is that not more personal?"

My brow wrinkled, my mind trying to tangle with which one I thought was more private.

"Now you've decided that you no longer want to be mine?"

"Oh—wow, *umm...*"

I stood hurriedly from the bed, uncertain where all this was going. As I stepped forward, Dayleena stepped toward me. Her full breasts rested on the tip of my chin. I opened my mouth to speak, but I could feel their full softness against my skin. All I could think about was sucking one of her full nipples between my lips. *But I was having some sort of argument, wasn't I? Or a disagreement? Perhaps just a passing thought of discomfort?*

But, *fuck*, I could smell her desire. The heat she gave off was a comfort I hadn't experienced since I'd landed on this planet. The way she looked at me like she wanted to devour me. It was tempting to just let all my thoughts go.

“Lay down,” she commanded of me.

I opened my mouth, quite uncertain that we’d resolved whatever disagreement we were having. But I stepped back, laying down on the bed. I was still bundled up, save for my boots and sock, but Dayleena made short order of that. Tugging me free of my pants, and then rolling me around until she’d dislodged my heavy coat from my body.

“Hmm,” she murmured in satisfaction. I still had on my long underwear, and a long-sleeved shirt. But even despite my best distracting thoughts, my cock stood out full and hard from my body. Certainly I didn’t like her manhandling me to remove me of my clothes, but as her hands tugged at my remaining layers, and her breasts swung down over top my body, I couldn’t help but give in to the throbbing desire coursing through my body.

“Your turn,” I told her as she stood over me, still fully clothed.

Her shirt was so thin, I could see the outline of her nipples. They stood full and pert in the cool air of the room, and as she pulled her shirt free from her body, my eyes widened in wonder. They were so big and perfect, round and full and dappled in the soft blue and lavender colorings that were present on the rest of her skin. Her nipples practically begged me to suck on them, and as I had that thought, she stepped forward, pulling me to my knees and all but shoveling one of those gorgeous tits between my lips. Her strong hands dug into my arms, and it took me a moment of suckling greedily upon her delicious breasts to realize that she held me up and that my body bore no weight upon my knees. I expected to be put off by her power, to feel less than the man I was as I dangled before her, slurping and sucking and licking and teasing her nipples between my lips. But as my cock dangled out from my body, hard and throbbing, I knew that no thoughts overruled the sensation of her nipples in my mouth.

She pulled me back, popping my lips free from the swollen buds of her nipples. I hung there, dangling from her powerful arms, my lips pursed in an O as I stared up at her brilliant eyes. They appeared to swirl with magnetic colors, her chest heaving as if her desire was palpable. This giant, incredible being wanted me. *Me*. So badly that she hurried from her tall, heavy boots. My body dropped back onto the bed, my naked skin shivering with our disconnection. After removing her boots, she stared into my eyes, her connection so great that I wondered if she not only read my current thoughts but also read every thought I’d ever had in my entire life. I blinked, trying to pull her out of my brain. But then, when she leaned forward, the skin on her head appearing to glimmer as she hummed lightly, she wrapped her large hand around my cock, her fingers engulfing me, her grip seeming gentle yet powerful at the same time. It was as if all thoughts I’d ever had left my body.

I knew what she meant by saying I wanted to her hers. I was hers already. The way she tenderly slid my cock between her lips, the way her powerful fingers kneaded relentlessly into my thigh, I couldn't imagine another person ever touching my dick again. I panted. I trembled. My body vibrated with overwhelming sensations. I wanted her all, but as she sunk my cock deep into her throat, and then it kept going, I lost all resolve. I thrust into her mouth, past those delicious, full lips, across the warmth of her tongue. She towered over me, her body not only consuming me but consuming the space. I reached down, desperate to remove her pants which were the only things in the way of our full connection. I tried desperately to reach their buckle, my fingers slipping across her nipples, her heavy breasts dancing across my arms as she bobbed her head up and down on my cock.

I groaned, trying to make intelligible words form on my lips. I wanted to tell her to stop. To tell her to *never* stop. All my thoughts swirled together in one jumbled mess of unintelligible bits. Instead of removing her pants, I found myself stroking her breasts. The weight of them pressed into my thighs, her skin seeming cold and warm at the same time. I caught one of her nipples between my fingers and I twisted, desperately reveling in the sensation of the hard buds. She gasped and my cock fell from her mouth and bounced against her lips. "Good boy," she soothed as her tongue darted out, lapping up the salty warmth leaking from my cock.

Good boy? No, I thought, I should be the one praising her. She was sucking my cock like it was the sustenance her body required. I opened my mouth to tell her as such, but she shoved one of her big fingers between my lips, effectively silencing me. I didn't know what to do with her finger in my mouth, but as she started sucking my cock again, I lapped at her finger, swirling it over my tongue. She moaned, the sensation vibrating off my cock and forcing me to suck even more vigorously against her finger. I didn't know what I was doing.

What was happening? I've done this thing before. This thing I thought we were doing. But somehow it was so very different.

Dayleena's body consumed my own. When I looked down, I saw no sign of my cock. She had it so deep in her throat that her lips pressed into my hips. It was terrifying and arousing all at once. The thought of what she could do to my cock almost put me over the edge. I didn't know if I should fear her or ask her if she could go any deeper. And then she did. Her hand slid from my lips and she jammed both of her hands under my ass, lifting me by my hips and sinking my cock so deep into her mouth that I could feel its head tap off the back of her throat. She started humming, and the sensation rippled down from the head of my cock across the swollen phallus and deep into my abdomen.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Oh! I—"

I bucked and twisted and flopped around on the bed like a fish trying to gain a breath on land. My entire body tingled, and my cock pulsated so hard it felt near explosion.

"Oh!" I exclaimed again, my voice coming out weird and high-pitched as these new sensations entered my body. My fingers dug into the smooth skin of her head, desperate to grab fast. The rumbling in her throat increased, as her strong hands pushed against my hips, driving the tender head of my cock into the soft center of her throat.

"I'm gonna—" I bucked wildly, my lips no longer able to form words. "*Fuh—uhh-uhh...*" I vibrated just like the sensation Dayleena sent through my cock. I could feel the orgasm bubbling up within me. I wanted to warn her that I was about to cum straight down her throat, but from the way she opened her mouth and pressed the cheeks of my ass beneath her palms, she desperately wanted to taste my juices.

With one last violent buck of my hips, I let loose a violent stream of cum. My vision blackened, the sounds leaving my lips sounding high-pitched and girlish to my ears. Pulse after pulse of cum spewed from my cock, and Dayleena hungrily lapped the warm liquid as it engulfed her tongue.

"Ooh," she said, licking her lips and staring straight into the depths of my soul. "You did well. You were such a good boy, Rexford."

The way she said my name, not Rex, but *Rexford*. For some reason, it sent shivers straight down my spine. It was like she was inside me, inside my brain, patting me, petting me, soothing me from beneath the surface. I wanted to please her. I wanted to pleasure her. I suddenly and inexplicably wanted to do everything she asked me. I trembled upon her thin mattress.

"Oh, no," she said, petting my heaving chest. "Are you cold, my pet?"

"I—" My words vibrated from my lips. Her words seemed to penetrate my soul. "I want to pleasure you now," I said. My words sounded desperate even to my own ears. I wanted her to run her fingers across my skin again. I wanted her to soothe my trembling body. I wanted to hear her scream my name.

"I'm sorry," she said, standing to her full height. "But you're not ready for that yet."

"I—*no*," I argued. "I am. I know how to pleasure a woman." I sat up, pulling the thin cover over my limp cock. I didn't want her to think that just because my cock was spent that I didn't know what a woman liked. *But...* my eyes trailed up her towering body. Her muscles were tight and powerful beneath her soft, pale skin. Her breasts were large, just as magnificent as I expected them to feel on my lips. But was there something about her species that she wasn't telling me?

“Teach me,” I begged of her. Pleading with her. “Tell me what I need to know. I can pleasure you. I promise.”

I had a vision of myself crawling on my knees over to her, wrapping my arms around her, and begging her to let me pleasure her. I shook my head. The way she’d sucked my cock had my brain muddled with crazy thoughts. I pictured her sitting next to me in the cockpit of my ship. Smiling at me as she marveled over my flying skills. “Stop it!” I pressed my hands into my head.

Her lip curled upward into a delicious smile.

“Is it you?” I accused. “Are you putting these thoughts in my head?”

She chuckled, the sound deep and rolling in the small room. “My people do not manipulate thoughts. We can just read them. And you, my pet, have nothing but *me* on your mind.”

I stood quickly from the bed. I didn’t trust her. She had to be controlling my thoughts, nudging me toward the overwhelming thoughts of her in my head. I quickly pulled on my long underwear and jammed my feet into my sopping-wet boots. I stalked toward the door.

“You’ll freeze out there,” she said in a sing-song voice.

“I—” *Stop it*, I chastised myself. I stomped back over to the bed, nearly tripping myself in my untied boots.

She smiled down at me, with my naked chest and my disheveled hair and wet boots. “You look absolutely adorable when you’re angry,” she said. She pushed a lock of my hair away from my face, and when her finger connected with my skin, I nearly crumpled into a pile in her arms. I wanted her to keep me warm, keep me safe, to beg me to crawl back into bed with her and never move again.

My eyes skittered downward, away from her penetrating eyes, down over her full, capturing breasts, and down to where I’d desperately tried to reach to remove her from her pants.

“You want to know,” she said to me.

“I do,” I said, even though I knew I didn’t need to respond. She picked up my hands, moving them to her waist. I trembled as I touched her skin and a soft moan left her lips.

“You’re not going anywhere tonight,” she said to me as she pressed my hands against the belt of her pants.

“No,” I said.

I slowly manipulated the buckle, releasing the stubborn metal and dropping her pants from her hips. She wore no other layers beneath this thick fabric and it took me a moment to realize what sight my eyes captured. It was thick and

pale, curled up tight against her abdomen until I fully dropped her pants down her powerful thighs. And then, as if it too read my thoughts, the strange, alien woman's cock pulsated out from her body. It unraveled slowly, like a hose filling with water. And then it reached the end, and my eyes widened in horror. The head was fat and full, a light lavender hue like the colors swirling on her head and her breasts. My cock tingled in response, and I pressed my hand against my thin pants, trying to stop the response of my body.

"Ooh—" I stammered as I got my wits about me. "I'm not—I— Ooh!" I exclaimed again as my eyes didn't seem to be able to peel away from her massive cock, the way the colors swirled over it, or the way the soft head leaked a pale blue liquid. "Is that... *ummm*... that's *ummm*...."

"Surely you've seen a cock before," Dayleena said sternly. She jammed her hands onto her hips. My eyes darted from the way her heavy breasts bounced upon her movement to the way her fat cock seemed to bob in heated desire. Desire of... *me*?

I shook my head. *No*. I'd come here to be pleased by a woman. Or at least an alien that I thought was a woman. I shook my head, uncertain. I supposed I hadn't learned my lesson yet and someday I should just ask what I was getting myself into.

"I wasn't exactly expecting a..." I couldn't help it, my eyes seemed to get stuck staring at her cock. I was jealous in a weird kind of way. It was full and round and appeared to be soft like silk.

What did I care if it was soft?

"It really is," she said to me, once again digging around in my thoughts. "Would you like to touch it?"

"I—*no*!" I exclaimed. "I most certainly don't want to touch it."

"Are you sure?" she asked with a raised brow.

"I'm...*no*," I said, dejected. I couldn't exactly lie to someone who knew what I was thinking. I'd never touched one before. I mean, besides my own that is. And it was boring. It's the same cock I'd had forever. Plus, hers looked soft and delicate, even if it appeared that it could open a door if she asked it. My cheeks blushed, knowing she'd probably heard my ridiculous thoughts.

"There's no one here to tell," she said, quelling most of my unease with just one sentence.

And, I wondered if I pleased her if she'd tell me I was a good boy again? My cock tingled, and this time I didn't bother to try to cover up its bulge with my hand. My tongue darted out of my lips, already seeming to taste the salty softness of the tip.

“Get on your knees,” she said, and for some stupid reason, I did. I dropped right down onto the floor before her. She towered over me so that when she stepped forward, her cock hung above my head. Hungrily I looked up at it, my tongue slipping from my lips, desperate to taste another part of the alluring woman before me. “Give me your tongue,” she said. I opened my mouth wide, slipping out my tongue. She held her cock in her hand, and slowly, gently, she tapped the swollen head of her cock against my tongue. A soft, delicate saltiness swirled over my taste buds.

I hungered for the alien being’s cock like I’d been starving since I landed on this unforgiving planet. She teased the fat phallus above my head, tapping it on and off my tongue, but not allowing me a full taste of the forbidden treat.

I moaned in frustration as she pulled it away from my lips, and for the millionth time today, I wondered if I’d lost my mind. I shouldn’t have been flying over this planet to begin with—certainly not with a busted thermal valve, and not on the side of the planet that was perpetually covered in frost. I was lucky I wasn’t already dead, and here I was, on my knees, desperate for some alien creature from some unknown planet to shove her massive cock into my mouth. I’d never had a cock in my mouth before, but I suddenly and explicitly knew that I wanted it there. And then, with a sly smile, Dayleena slipped her cock past my lips. She stared down at me with a knowing look, like she’d seen my thoughts and deemed me worthy of the great shaft that she plunged over my tongue and past my lips. Like it had the power of the gods, I sucked upon the silken member, allowing her to control my movements, control the way it tickled at the back of my throat.

“Do you like being my pet?” she cooed at me. With her free hand, she reached down, running her fingers through my hair, brushing the rouge wisps away from my face. I stared back up at her with my lips pressed wide and my eyes watering from the fat cock I had lodged in my throat. I wanted to tell her *no*, that I was no one’s pet, and certainly not the pet of a large alien woman with a fat cock, but as I tasted the sweet, salty sustenance of her shaft, I nodded my head vigorously. I desperately hoped that she’d allow me to keep sucking on her. That she’d continue running her fingers through my hair and across my bare shoulders. That she’d tell me I was doing good. That I was pleasuring her better than anyone else ever could.

“Do you know what I really like?” she asked.

I gripped the big alien woman’s hips, trying to shove that delicious cock deeper into my throat, but she stopped me. Tugging on the back of my hair, she slid my lips from her cock. It slipped out of my mouth with a slick *pop*, and it bobbed above my head, just out of reach.

The colors of her skin appeared to swirl against the ghostly paleness of her body, and like she was an ethereal being from a magical planet, I stared up at her in awe. I was desperate for her to tell me what to do. Because I knew I'd do it. I'd do anything she asked of me.

"I want you..." she said, letting the words linger on the cool air of the dome house.

I scrambled to my feet, unsteady as my heavy boots had cut off the blood flow to my extremities. I stumbled forward and she caught me, pulling my body against her massive breasts, smoothing my hair as the warmth of her chest and the soft cushion of her tits smothered against my face. "You are such a good boy, aren't you Rexford?"

"I am," I said, nodding against the massive pillows on her chest. "I am. Tell me what to do."

I was begging her now. Desperate to hear what else she wanted from me.

"First, I want you out of those ridiculous clothes. And then, I want you on the bed."

"Oh, yes," I said. Reluctant to pull away from her, but desperate to do as she asked of me, I pulled down my pants, struggling to pull them from my feet since I'd forgotten to remove my shoes first.

The giant alien woman laughed at my ridiculousness. And I smiled up at her, pleased that I'd released such pleasure from her lips.

I scrambled out of my boots, tossing them aside, before yanking my long underwear from my body. Fully naked, I stood before her in awe. Then blinking, my mind suddenly connecting to her previous command, I turned, throwing myself carelessly upon the hard bed. I landed with a thump. The thin mattress did nothing to protect my body, but I didn't care. I hurried forward, crawling up higher onto the bed. But, before I got too far, I felt a hand wrap around my ankle. She did not allow me any movement. Fear tickled at my spine over her massive hand and consuming strength as she held me there.

"Not so fast," she said, her voice rumbling.

My heart pounded, but then I found, so did my cock. *What did she have in store for me?* I was desperate to find out. I tried to spin around, to see what it was the alien woman was doing, but she held me fast, my body pressed face down into the mattress. Dayleena stepped forward, into the space between my outstretched legs. She spread me wider, my cheeks separating as she pressed her body into the space.

"Oh! I!" My voice chirped out in surprise, suddenly realizing that it wouldn't be me fucking her, but the other way around. I lay pinned to my front, unable to move, unable to see behind me. Surely, I couldn't give up the control. Surely, I

didn't desire this alien woman to take me from behind. But the way my cock throbbed, hard and thick, smashed between my body and the mattress, desperate for pleasure, I thought maybe my mind didn't know what it wanted.

She continued forward, spreading my legs more and more as she pressed her large body between my thighs. Her skin, oddly cool yet warm, slid against my own rough skin like soft silk. Her fat cock bounced above me, tapping off the flesh of my ass as she gripped my thighs, pulling me upward. "OOhhh!" I squealed. Now on all fours, my cock dangled before me, my ass pressed into the air.

The pleasure, the fear, the desire, the longing, it all swirled within me in a violent ball of the unknown. And then, she soothed her hand over my back, quelling my fears, sending tingling desire up my neck and a rippling chill across my skin. I wanted her. *Needed her.*

"Please," I begged. The words fell from my mouth seeming with no true thought. It wasn't something I thought, but something I felt inside me, like a pang of insatiable hunger. I had a desperate need for her to take me. For her to make me hers.

She slid her fingers across the curves of my ass, murmuring softly as she delicately touched my skin. Her fingers slipped downward, between my cheeks, down to where I had a deep ache of desire. Her fingertip flicked across my hole, and a desperate moan left my lips.

"Are you ready for me, sweet boy?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, my voice soft. I pushed my hips backward, desperate to connect with her throbbing penis. I needed to feel her. All of her.

She giggled at my desperation. She held me back, not allowing me any movement.

"How's that?" she soothed as I felt a soft, firm pressure against my core.

My mouth fell open, my body seeming to light with electricity. The head of her cock was smooth and slick, her fluids seeming to seep urgently from the swollen tip. She tapped the head of her cock against my sensitive bud, just like she'd teased it against my tongue. The slick slapping of her cock echoed through the small room. It was just us, the two of us. And she'd chosen me to pleasure her. *Me.* Of all the creatures and all the species, she'd chosen me.

My voice vibrated out a wanton tune, my cock swinging lonely and desperate beneath me.

"Arch your hips," she commanded of me.

And I did just what she asked. I stuck my ass up into the air, allowing her better access to my core. I was wet and slick, the fluids from her cock slickening my core and beginning to trickle down the insides of my legs. She

pressed against me, and I felt my center begin to stretch. Fear lit my mind, uncertain if something so large would fit inside of me.

“Do not worry, my pet.” She said this in words that I felt in my soul. They latched onto my heart, warming my chest. I presented my ass to her, hoping that soon she would allow me to pleasure her like she deserved.

I cried out, my voice high and frenzied as her cock pressed into my center. I stretched to accommodate her, and my squeal of surprise, of uncertainty, it soon turned into a desperate moan of desire. I rocked my hips backward, sinking her long, full cock deep inside of me. My body continued to stretch, to wrap tightly over her long, thick cock. It snaked through my core, filling me.

A sigh of pleasure left her lips, and I found that if I moved softly, gently over her cock, her body would hum with pleasure. I adjusted my position, sticking my ass up higher, allowing her to fill me as deep as she could go. Her hips pressed into the flesh of my ass, and as she ground into me, flashes of bright lights swirled across my vision. Like we were connected on a pure and cosmic level, I felt the way she felt. I felt the warmth of my insides against her cock, I felt the connection we held. Something new, yet something that would be unbreakable. She'd chosen me to be hers, and now, forever I would be.

I rocked forward and back, slipping along her cock. My arms strained and my knees shook, but as she moaned, and her body hummed in pleasure, I knew I would not stop pleasuring her until she made me stop. Soon her slow and gentle pleasure grew into something much more. Her big hands wrapped over my hips, seeming to consume me as she held tight. As I tried to pull away, to slide myself down the length of her cock, she held tight, sinking herself deeper, desperately deeper into my core. She seemed to slide over something terribly sensitive, for as she held me tight, I felt a powerful sensation begin to rise within me. Tighter and tighter she ground into me. Her hips ground into my flesh, the slick, swollen head of her cock teasing deep into my core.

A sound began to fill the room, a soft humming that rose in cadence until it seemed to be coming from not one source but from all around us. I brought my fingers to my lips, realizing that I too brought forth the sound, a pleasure that was not only within me but surrounding me.

A quick and sudden movement of her hands, bringing me off her cock and then quickly sliding me back down, and I was a trembling pile of vibrations within her hand. My skin quivered. My abdomen heated so warmly that I swore I could feel the heat fill the room. A high-pitched, feral sound left my lips each time she pulled me free from her, and each time she slammed me back onto her cock, her hips slamming against my body, her cock filling my very core.

Again, and again, she pulled from me and then filled me. My cock danced at my front, pounding and throbbing in a way I'd never experienced before. With a

desperate roar, she let loose a terrific sound that engulfed the room, my body, and my mind. My body arched up, my cock responding as if she held a direct connection with it. Cum spewed from my pounding cock, out away from my body, across the bed like a stream of light pulsating from within me. Dayleena throbbed desperately within me, with each pulsation of seed within my core, my body bucked again, each droplet seeming to light my orgasm anew.

The room was filled with desperation, screams and words that did not appear human. Feral, animal desire that I'd never experienced before.

After some time, the room seemed to quiet; only a soft, soothing humming remained. My body was too weak to move. I fell forward, my body sliding free from the alien woman's cock, and falling atop my spent seed. I lay, gasping for breath like I'd held all sustenance from my lungs since she first entered me.

Dayleena continued to hum in pleasure, and I sensed her circling the bed. My body was too weak to move, my head too tired to lift.

But my eyes sought her out, my alien queen, the woman I would vow to never leave.

She soothed back my hair, pulling the wet locks from my eyes. "You did so well, my pet," she said in her deep and throaty voice. "Such a good boy," she murmured as she cuddled her massive body down onto the bed next to mine.

MY EYES FLICKERED FROM the white out before us to the quick, assured movements of Dayleena next to me. We'd sold my ship for scrap, and I now sat next to my giant alien queen in her modern, shining spacecraft.

I tugged at the snug grip my new clothes had on my body, eyeing her nervously as I squirmed in my seat.

Never taking her eyes off her pre-flight checklist, her hand wrapped around my arm, stopping my nervous movements. "You look good, my pet." Her voice was gentle and soothing, her words calming the brewing storm within me. Dayleena was right, she had clothes much more suited to an icy planet than the ones I previously owned. But they were tight, suctioning fast to my body so that every curve of me was on display. Dayleena liked me that way, she said. So that others could look, but never touch me.

She was taking me back to her planet. She'd take care of me there, she said. I'd never want for anything. And deep inside, I believed her.

My heart seemed to catch in my throat as she started her engines, and her spacecraft roared with life. A powerful humming started around us, my seat vibrating and sending shockwaves through my body.

"Think you can handle this?" she asked with a wicked smile on her face.

I nodded excitedly. My hands gripped fiercely into the armrests.

"Such a good boy, Rexford," she said as her eyes drew back to the front. Wrapping her massive hands on the throttle, we suddenly pressed forward, blasting through the ice and snow, and then lifting off, away from the cold and unforgiving planet below us.

Thank you, I said in my head. *You saved me.*

Dayleena never took her eyes off the sky, but I saw her lip curl in satisfaction, and I knew she'd heard my thoughts.

I rested my head back against the headrest, anxiously awaiting the rest of our journey.

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<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09SQ7G8Q9>

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As he stares off longingly at the jock he'd always had a crush on, his friend Ashley has an idea. She knows what the big jock likes, and she's going to feminize sissy Stephen into pretty girl Stephanie, to give them both what they desperately want.

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DEMON GIRL: CORRUPTION Transformation

Angela is sweet and innocent, a trait that burns Carla to her very core. Carla will force the innocence from the girl, transforming her into something filled with darkness. But will Carla be ready for the demon that Angela will become?

Demon Girl is a transformation and corruption story from an innocent female to a sexy demon that learns to use her tail in unique ways! Explicit scenes of female solo scenes. And after transformation, there are demon-on-male and demon-on-female scenes.

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STEALING MRS. TINGLE: M2F Body Theft (Body Swap - Gender Transformation)

When two best friends witness a meteor crashing to Earth, and then the aftermath of government agents flooding their town, they know they'll need to do something drastic to hide what they know. Watching through their bedroom window to the rich widow next door, they devise a plan, a plan that will change all of them, forever.

Stealing Mrs. Tingle is a male-to-female body swap and gender transformation story. A mixture of dark and sweet, there are sci-fi themes, along with body theft and a HFN (happy for now) ending.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0B5VR3NTS>

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MIND MELD: TRANSFORMATION - Body Possession

Byron's life has always been filled with a side of weird, especially with his father being a scientist. But when he discovers that his father is testing a mind-meld experiment, he finds himself stuck right in the middle of it, when his best friend, Alison, begs him to meld his mind with hers so he can help her out on her first date with the hunky football captain. As their minds become one, Byron feels like he's losing control inside his sexy friend's body. And then with one look at the muscled, naked jock standing before them, he may never leave Alison's body again.

Mind-Meld is a body possession story with a male mind into female-body transformation. As he's mind-melded in Alison's body, there is M/F explicit play. Mature audiences only.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B09Z8J9PCS>