



MASTERED BY HER MATES

INTERSTELLAR BRIDES® PROGRAM:
BOOK 6

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

GRACE GOODWIN

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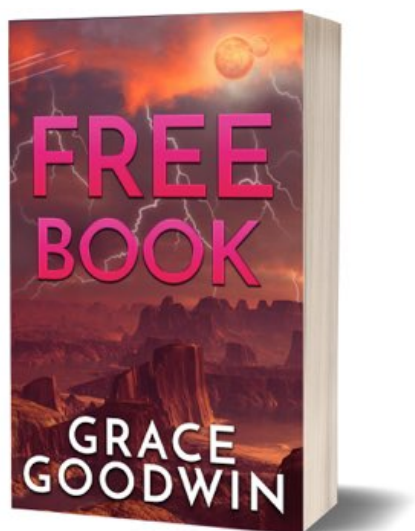
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*A*manda Bryant, *Interstellar Bride Processing Center,*
Earth

THIS COULDN'T BE REAL. But it *felt* real. The warm air on my sweaty skin. The redolent scent of fucking. The soft sheets beneath my knees. The hard body at my back. I was blindfolded, the silk making everything as black as night. But I didn't need sight to know a cock was buried deep in my pussy. A big, thick cock.

It was real. *It was real!*

I was kneeling on a bed, the man behind me, fucking me. His hips shifted, rocking his cock over every delicious nerve ending, my inner walls rippling around him. His hard thighs were beneath me, an arm wrapped about my waist and cupping my breast, anchoring me in place so I couldn't move. I could only take it as he bottomed out deep inside me. I could go nowhere—not that I wished to. Why would I

want to leave? It felt *so* good. *His cock* felt so good stretching me open, filling me.

It wasn't just the man behind me making me lose my mind. A second man—yes, I was with two men!—kissed his way down my belly. Hot licks of his tongue in my navel, then lower and lower...

How long could he take for his lips to finish their journey to my clit?

That little nub pulsed and throbbed in eagerness. Hurry, tongue, hurry!

How could this be real? How could two men be touching me, licking me, fucking me? They were. Because the man at my back wrapped his strong hands around my inner thighs and opened me even wider for the other to explore me with his hands and tongue...and found my clit.

Finally! I rocked my hips forward, wanting more.

"Hold still, mate. We know you want to come, but you will wait." The deep voice at my ear breathed the heated words against the side of my neck, even as he shifted his hips, spreading me open with his giant cock.

Wait? I couldn't wait! Every time the cock plunged deep, the tongue on my clit flicked, then licked. No woman could survive a cock plus a flick and lick.

I moaned. Whimpered, tried to circle my hips into the pleasure. I loved it. I wanted them both inside me. Was desperate for them to claim me, to make me theirs forever.

For a split second my mind rebelled, as I had no mates. I hadn't taken a lover in over a year. I'd never taken two men at once. Never considered wanting both of my holes filled. Who were these men? Why was I—

The tongue was gone from my clit and I cried out. "No!"

Soon, that mouth was on my nipple, and I felt the man before me smile against my tender skin. He tugged and suckled me until I whimpered, begging for more. I rode the razor's edge, my body on the brink of orgasm. The cock filling me was incredible, but it wasn't enough.

I needed.

"More."

The plea left my lips before I could regain control and a dark part of me thrilled at the punishment I knew the demand would bring. How did I know that? I was so confused, but didn't want to take any time to think, just enjoy.

Immediately, a strong hand wrapped in my hair, tugging my head back with a painful sting as the man behind me twisted my head to his, teasing my lips with his own.

"You do not make demands, mate. You submit." He kissed me, his tongue a hard, dominant intrusion in my mouth. He thrust as he fucked me, his tongue and his cock invading my body as one before withdrawing to the edge and plunging within once more.

My other mate—wait, mate?—used his fingers to spread my pussy lips even wider. He licked my clit, then blew on it gently as the cock fucking me slammed deep, then pulled nearly free. Lick. Blow. Lick. Blow. I was near tears, my arousal too intense to be contained.

"Please, please. *Please.*"

A single tear fell and escaped the edges of my blindfold, wetting the skin where my cheek and my mates touched. He broke the kiss instantly, his warm tongue tracing the

path with a loud rumble. "Ah begging. We love our mate to beg. That means you are ready."

The one I imagined must be on his knees before me, the one torturing me with his mouth, spoke to me then.

"Do you accept my claim, mate? Do you give yourself to me and my second freely, or do you wish to choose another primary male?"

"I accept your claim, warriors." My vow spoken, my mates growled, their control pushed to its limit.

"Then we claim you in the rite of naming. You belong to us and we shall kill any other warrior who dares to touch you."

"May the gods witness and protect you." The chorus of voices sounded around us and I gasped as the man on his knees before me nipped at my inner thighs with his teeth in a dark promise of more pleasure.

"Come for us now, mate. Show them all how your mates bring you pleasure." The mate at my back issued the order just before his mouth crushed my lips in a searing kiss.

Wait, what others?—Before I could finish the thought the other man's mouth clamped down, hard on my clit, sucking and flicking his tongue, pushing me over the edge.

I screamed, but the sound was lost to me as waves of ecstasy crashed through me. My body became taut like a bow, only my pussy walls rippled and clenched the cock that continued to fuck me. Hard, so hard and yet the tongue that continued to flick my clit was so soft and gentle.

Heat bloomed on my skin, bright white flickered behind my eyelids, my fingers tingled. Hell, my entire body tingled.

But my mates weren't finished with me, they did not allow me to catch my breath before I was lifted off the large cock and turned around. I heard the rustle of sheets, felt the bed shift, then I was lifted on top of him. With hands on my hips, I was lowered back onto his cock. In seconds, he had filled me again, pumping up into me as my other mate reached around between us and fingered my clit. I was so primed, so sensitive, that I was instantly on edge.

Desire spiraled within, and I tensed, holding my breath as fire rushed through me. I was going to come again. They worked me so simply, yet they knew my body, knew how to touch me, how to lick and suck me. How to fuck me so perfectly that all I could do was come. Again and again. "Yes. Yes. Yes!"

"No."

The command was like a leash and my orgasm came to heel, waiting. A firm hand spanked my bare bottom. The sound of it was a loud crack, the feel of it a bright flash of pain. Three times. Four. When he stopped, the prickly heat of it spread through me. I *should* have hated it. He'd spanked me! But no. My traitorous body *liked* it, for the extra sensation went straight to my breasts, my clit. My whole body felt like it was on fire and I wanted more. I wanted their commands. I wanted their control. I wanted it all. I *needed* both of my mates to fill me, to fuck me, to claim me. I wanted to be theirs forever.

Firm hands locked onto my ass, pulling my cheeks open for the mate behind me. Even as the one lying beneath me held me open, he ground his pelvis, fucking me with small strokes into a blissful euphoria. My pussy was stuffed so

full, how could my other mate fit in my ass? How could the two of them claim me properly without causing me pain? Somehow I knew that I would like it. Memories of a large plug filling me, spreading me open, getting me ready for this, reassured me. I'd liked the plug filling me as they fucked me, so I would surely die of pleasure when I had two cocks in me.

The need wasn't just to fuck both of my mates at once. It was to stake my claim and make these men mine forever. Only their double penetration would do it. I *loved* these men. I wanted them. I wanted them both.

My mate's finger explored my tight ass, a virgin to a cock, but I knew he would fit. Both men were powerful and dominant, and yet gentle. The mating oil he used to work one finger inside, then another, was a welcome heat in my body. I panted as the warmth of his fingers slowly spread me open, ensuring I was truly ready to be claimed.

Arms wrapped around my back and the mate beneath me pulled me down so I rested on his broad chest. His hand stroked up and down the length of my spine.

"Arch your back. Yes, like that." The fingers slipped from my ass and while I felt open and ready, I felt empty. I *needed* more. The mate behind me continued. "When I get my cock into this snug little ass, you will be ours forever. You are the link, connecting us as one."

The blunt head of his cock pressed forward, slowly, filling me until I thought I would die from pleasure. The pre-cum on the tip of his cock slipped inside me and made fire spread through my nerve endings, like a jolt of electricity that went straight to my clit.

I tried to hold on, I tried to behave, to deny the pleasure spiraling through me, to wait for permission, but I could not.

I came with a scream, my pussy convulsing so hard I nearly forced the second cock from my body with the force of the muscle spasms. I couldn't think, couldn't breathe, and each thrust of my mates' cocks pushed me higher, until I came again—

“Yes!”

“Miss Bryant.”

The woman's voice seemed to appear out of thin air, filling my mind with the cold chill of reality. I ignored it, reaching for the ecstasy I'd just experienced, but the more I tried to focus on my mates, the harder it became to feel them. Their scent was gone. Their heat, gone. Their cocks, gone. I cried out a denial as hard, cold fingers wrapped around my shoulder, shaking me.

“Miss Bryant!”

No one touched me like that. No one.

Years of martial arts training kicked in and I tried to swing my arm to block the assault on my shoulder. I did not want those cold hands touching me. I didn't want anyone touching me, anyone but my mates. Those strong hands that were so gentle.

The sharp pain of restraints cutting into my wrists brought me back to reality. I couldn't knock the hand away, I couldn't punch her. I was trapped. Restrained. Cuffed to some kind of chair. Defenseless.

Blinking, I looked around, trying to regain my bearings. God, my pussy was pulsing with desire and my breathing

was ragged. I was naked beneath some type of hospital gown, cuffed to an exam table that looked more like a dentist's chair than a hospital bed. Air whooshed in and out of my lungs in rapid panting sounds as I tried to calm my racing heart. My engorged clit throbbed. I wanted to touch it with my fingers, to finish what the men had started, but that was impossible. In the restraints, all I could do was grip my hands into fists.

I'd had an orgasm, right here in this damn chair, pinned and naked like a freak. I was a five-year intelligence operative. I'd been assigned this mission because my country was trusting me to maintain control, to do what needed to be done out there in space. Not fall apart and beg for orgasms from the first alien whose hard cock made me so hot I forgot my own name.

I recognized the signs and knew my face was turning a dark shade of pink at the thought of not just *one* dominant, commanding alpha male making my pussy weep, making me beg. One lover? A hint of normalcy? No. Not me. I had to make things interesting and imagine fucking two of them at the same time. God, my mother would be rolling over in her grave right now.

"Miss Bryant?" There was that voice again.

"Yes." Resigned, I turned my head to find a group of seven women watching me with obvious curiosity. They all wore dark gray uniforms with a strange burgundy insignia over their left breasts. I'd seen that symbol often enough the last two months, it was the mark of the Interstellar Coalition, indicating they were all employees of the Interstellar Bride Program's testing center, Wardens, they

were called, as if signing with the Coalition were a jail sentence. The women were a cross-section of races, black, white, Asian, Hispanic. They represented all the races of Earth. How fucking perfect. A pale-skinned woman with dark brown hair and sympathetic gray eyes was the one speaking to me. I knew her name, but she didn't know that. I knew a lot of things I wasn't supposed to know.

I licked my lips, swallowed. "I'm awake."

My voice was scratchy as if I'd been crying out. Oh God. Had I really screamed when I came? Had I begged and moaned as these stoic women bore witness?

"Excellent." The Warden looked like she was in her late twenties, perhaps a year or two younger than me. "I am Warden Egara, and I am in charge of the Interstellar Bride Program here on Earth. The processing program indicates a successful match has been made for you, but since you are the first volunteer bride that's been matched using the Interstellar Bride protocols, we will need to ask you a few additional questions."

"Okay." I took a deep breath, let it out. The desire was slowly seeping away, the sweat on my skin gone. Goose bumps rose on my flesh in the cool, air-conditioned room that worked so hard to stave off the heat of Miami in August. The hard chair felt sticky and the gown scratchy against my sensitive skin. Leaning my head back, I waited.

According to the aliens promising to "protect" the Earth from an alleged threat known as the Hive, these human women who stood before me had been mated to alien warriors in the past, and were now widows who had volunteered to serve the Coalition here on Earth.

Oh, and there were more than two-hundred and sixty alien races fighting in the Coalition forces, but they claimed only a fraction were compatible for mating with humans. That seemed odd. And how did they know, if a human had never been sent to space before?

The Coalition ships had shown up a couple months ago, on a Wednesday, June 4 at 6:53 p.m. Eastern Time. Yes, I remember the time exactly, like I'd forget the moment when I found out there really were others "out there". I'd been hitting the treadmill at the gym, twenty-three minutes into my ninety-minute workout when the television screens lining the walls had all gone crazy. Every channel was suddenly alien ships, alien landings all over the world, and fucking huge, seven-foot tall, yellow alien warriors in black camo armor walking off their little shuttles like they owned us already.

Whatever. They spoke our languages and claimed to have just won a battle in our solar system. Once they had a television crew in their face, they demanded a meeting with every major world leader. A few days later, at that meeting in Paris, the aliens had refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of any country and demanded Earth choose one supreme leader, a Prime, they called it. One representative for the entire world. Countries were irrelevant. Our laws? Irrelevant. We were part of their Coalition now, and must follow their laws.

That meeting had been broadcast live all over the world in every major language, not by our television stations on Earth, but by their control of our satellite network. Angry

and terrified world leaders broadcast live on international television in every country?

Let's just say, the meeting had not gone well.

My blood boiled as I watched. Riots erupted. People were scared. The President had called out the National Guard and every police force and fire department in the country had been working overtime for two weeks. That was about how long it took people to realize the aliens weren't going to just blow us up and take what they wanted.

But then...this. Brides. Soldiers. They said they didn't want our planet, claimed to be protecting us, but they wanted our soldiers to fight in their war and human women mated to their warriors. And I was the crazy bitch who'd volunteered to be the first human sacrifice.

Giant, yellow alien sex? Because that's what brides did, have sex with their mate. Yeah, it wasn't a *husband* but a *mate*. Coming right up.

Yay, me.

The sarcastic thought made me shiver and I shook my head to clear it. I was on a mission, a critical assignment. The thought of fucking one of those huge warriors with a massive chest, golden skin and dominant expression should not excite me. I didn't know who I'd get, but from all of the TV footage, they were *all* big. They were *all* dominant.

But it did excite me and I hoped that I'd find at least some pleasure in this mission. If I didn't, I would endure. But if I could ride one of their huge cocks to a mind-numbing orgasm once in a while, would that be so bad? I'd consider it a perk of the job. I was giving up my life, my

home, my whole fucking planet for the next few years. A couple of decent orgasms shouldn't be too much to ask. Right?

I'd spent years serving my country, and I was confident in my ability to handle any situation, adapt to anything. I was a survivor, and more, I wasn't buying their story, and neither had my superiors at the agency. Where was the proof? Where were these horrible Hive creatures?

The Coalition commanders showed videos to our leaders that any junior high kid with the right software could have created. No one on Earth had ever seen a Hive soldier in the flesh, and the Coalition commanders refused to give us the weapons and technology we would need to defend ourselves from such a deadly threat.

Me? I'd always been a skeptic, and extremely pragmatic. If something needed to be done to protect my country, I did it. I'd been worried about the usual. Terrorism, global warming, illegal arms dealers, drug smuggling, international hacker taking control of our energy or banking systems. And now? Aliens. I still couldn't quite wrap my head around that, despite the fact that I'd watched hours of videos and interviews with their huge, golden commanders from a planet called Prillon Prime. Seven foot of sexy on a stick.

So...one. I'd seen *one* race of aliens, out of the supposed hundreds. Even their processing center people, these Wardens, were humans they'd most likely brainwashed.

For a first contact scenario, the Prillon warriors weren't doing much convincing. One would think they would have a better propaganda strategy going. Either that, or they

didn't give a shit what we thought because they were actually telling the truth and a very aggressive, nasty race of aliens along the lines of the Borg from *Star Trek* was waiting in the wings to destroy all life on Earth.

I was going with theory number one, but we couldn't eliminate the possibility of theory number two. Earth did not want to be *assimilated*.

My job? To find out the truth. And the only way anyone was going to do that was actually to go out into space. They weren't taking soldiers yet, so lucky me, I was going the other route. The Interstellar Bride Program.

This was not how I'd envisioned my big day. No, I'd wanted the usual, a ridiculously expensive white dress, flowers, corny music played on harps and a bunch of family members in the pews I was paying a fortune to feed but that I hadn't seen in a decade.

Speaking of weddings, how the hell had the women standing before me supposedly been mated to aliens, when, until a couple of months ago, humanity hadn't even known that aliens existed?

"How do you feel?" Warden Egara asked, and I realized I'd probably been staring off into space for a few minutes as my thoughts chased each other in circles inside my head.

"Feel?" I repeated.

Really? I took a moment to take stock of my body. My pussy was dripping wet and the gown scrunched up beneath me was soaked. My clit throbbed in time with my pulse, and I'd just had two of the most incredible orgasms of my life. Good day to be a spy.

"As you're well aware, you are the first human woman to volunteer for the Interstellar Bride Program, so we're curious as to how you experienced the processing."

"I'm your guinea pig?"

They all smiled, but it seemed only Warden Egara had been elected to speak. "In a sense, yes. Please tell us how you feel after your testing."

"I feel fine."

My gaze raked over their earnest expressions, but the one woman, the one with the dark hair who'd woken me from the dream, Warden Egara, cleared her throat.

"During the, um, simulation—"

Ah, so that's what they were calling it.

"—did you experience the dream as a third-party witness? Or did it feel like you were really, you know, there?"

I sighed. What else could I do? I *felt* like I'd just had mind-blowing monkey sex with two huge alien warriors... and I'd loved it. "I was there. It was all happening to me."

"So, you felt like you were the bride? That your mate was claiming you?"

Claiming? That was way more than just claiming. That was...wow.

"Mates. And yes." Crap. Heat ran up my neck to pink my cheeks again. Mates? As in two. Now, why had I admitted to that?

The Warden Egara's shoulders relaxed. "Two mates? Correct?"

"That's what I said."

She clapped her hands together and I turned to see a look of happy relief on her face. "Excellent! You were matched to Prillon Prime, so everything appears to be working perfectly."

Big golden warrior for me, just like the ones on TV? Check. And how convenient that I wasn't matched to one of the *other* races. I truly had to wonder if the others even existed.

The Warden turned to one of the other women. "Warden Gomes, will you please inform the Coalition that the protocol has been integrated into the human population and appears to be fully functional. We should be able to process volunteer brides at all seven centers within a few weeks."

"Of course, Warden Egara. It will be my pleasure," Warden Gomes replied, her response thick with a Portuguese accent. "I am eager to return to Rio, to see my family."

Warden Egara sighed happily and walked away from me to lift a tablet monitor from the table on the edge of the room before returning to me. "All right. Since you're the first woman in the Interstellar Bride Program, I hope you'll be patient as we work through the protocols."

She smiled, and the look on her face was radiant, as if she were thrilled to be sending me off planet to be married to an alien I'd never met. Had all these women *really* been married to aliens? Why were they the ones asking questions? I wanted to know more. Up until a couple months ago, aliens were only little green men in movies, or