

TAMED BY THE BEAST

INTERSTELLAR BRIDES® PROGRAM:
BOOK 7

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

GRACE
GOODWIN

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CONTENTS

[Get A Free Book!](#)

[Find YOUR Interstellar Match!](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

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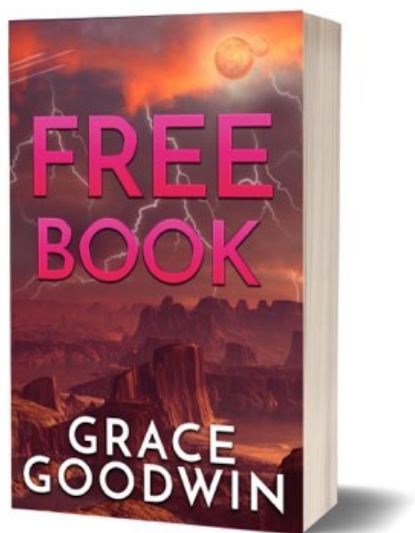
[Also by Grace Goodwin](#)

[About Grace](#)

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*T*iffani Wilson, *Interstellar Bride Processing Center,*
Earth

HE LIFTED me and my full breasts pressed into the smooth, cold surface of the wall as his cock entered me from behind. I could feel his chest looming over my back, which was a shock to my system. I was tall, just over six foot, and not one lover I'd ever had, even when I was thin, had ever been able to dominate me, manhandle me, make me feel... small. Never. Not like this.

He was massive, his presence behind me like a giant. I glanced at the huge arm that held my wrists trapped to the wall above my head. The biceps on that arm were easily the size of my thigh, and rock hard. Just like the cock stretching me open, filling me up to the brink of pain.

"Mine." The word was a barely recognizable growl but it made my pussy clamp down around him in answer. There was no doubt in his claim, only raw need, lust.

Lust? No one ever lusted for me; I was too tall, too big, too much for a man to handle. But this? *Him?*

He pushed up with a fast stroke of his hips, his hard body slamming into mine like a conqueror. Again and again. My whole body shook with the impact, my fingers trying to gain purchase on the wall, but failing. Only his hands on my wrists, his cock deep inside me, held me up. And I loved every minute, my mind in a haze of pleasure and need, of surrender. I would give over to him. He would not relent until I did so.

Yes. I was his. I knew it somehow, knew he was mine. I had yet to see what he looked like, and I didn't care, not with his hands on my body and his hard length between my legs.

"Stay." The order was a deep rumble of sound and I looked up as he released his hold on my wrists. How had I missed him placing strange metallic bands about each of them? They were about four inches wide and carved in a beautiful pattern of gold, silver and platinum I could not focus on. His cock was clearing all thought from my mind.

With each thrust of his hips, I gasped, as if his hard length actually forced the air from my lungs.

I tried to lift my wrists, to adjust my position, but they held tight, secured by a ring embedded in the wall. Aware that it was fruitless, I tugged again and the knowledge that I couldn't move made me hotter. A sound I did not recognize as my own escaped my lips. My mate seemed to like the evidence of my submission for he growled in response and lowered his lips to the back of my neck and

shoulder as he continued to pump in and out of me just fast enough to drive me wild but deny me release.

"Please." Was that me begging? God, it *was*, and I wanted to chant the word until he gave me what I craved.

In response, the man at my back, my mate, wrapped his hands around my thighs and spread me open wider, lifting me until I braced my forehead against the wall as he fucked me with a hard, pounding rhythm that drove me higher and higher, closer and closer to the edge.

The wet sound of fucking, of flesh hitting flesh filled my ears as his ragged struggle for air came from behind me.

I'd never been held like this, my legs forced apart, my pussy open and on display and completely at his mercy. The knowledge that I could do nothing but submit, nothing but accept what he gave me made me hot, so fucking hot, I'd begged him. To touch me. Bite me. Anything. Anything to push me over, to let me come.

I did not know where I was or who he truly was, but I didn't care. He was mine. My body knew that fact, accepted it, and as he lifted a hand to knead my full breast, I couldn't argue. Didn't want to.

"More." I-she-this body begged him to go harder and faster. What I really wanted, truly needed, was a hint of *more*, of pain, of intensity to break me and make me come all over his cock. It was a dark desire, one I had not yet shared aloud with anyone, but somehow he knew.

"No." His deep voice sounded more animal than man and if I knew, if I turned to look, I would not see a human behind me, but something else, something... more. The thought made me shiver with heat as I made fists and tried

to use the wall as leverage to push down onto his cock, to force him to fuck me even harder. I wanted more. I wanted it all.

“More. Please.” I didn’t recognize my voice, but I didn’t care. I sounded desperate and needy, exactly the way I felt.

He thrust hard and deep then, striking my womb and a hint of pain shot through me. With a shudder, I threw my head back onto his shoulder and wrapped my lower legs around his thighs the best I could to hold him deep, where I needed him.

With my legs around his, he let go of my thighs to lift my breasts. With each move of his hips he shifted a nearly imperceptible amount, but the slight change of angle made his cock hit me deep over and over. He forced me to hold still, to ride him as he pinched and pulled on my nipples, tugging them to hard points until I whimpered. My pussy clenched and released his thick length and I tried to wiggle, to make him move faster.

“Mine.”

Holy shit. Did he have a one-track mind! Did he need me to repeat it? Confirm it?

“Mine.” Why did he keep saying that?

This body seemed to know, to understand exactly what he wanted. “Yes. Yes. Yes.”

With each word he fucked me harder, as if my assent made him lose a little more control.

When he dropped one hand to rest over my clit I nearly cried with relief, but he simply held me there, no stroking, no rubbing.

The cuffs around my wrist jangled as I struggled to lift myself with my arms, to shift my hips forward and force him to touch me the way I needed.

His chuckle was so deep, that I knew, that I *felt* something so big and strong, so massive that I was truly small in comparison. And I knew he was teasing me, making me continue to beg.

“Please.”

He kept one hand over my clit, the other moved up to my hair where his large hand tangled and pulled my head back until my neck arched in a delicious offering. “Mate.”

His lips grazed my ear and I shuddered at the carnal promise in that one word. Yes. I wanted him. He was mine. Forever. I licked my lips, finally ready to speak the words I knew would break his iron control. “Fuck me, mate. Make me yours.”

A shudder moved through his chest and arms. I felt his whole body shake as his control shattered. He held my hair, his fierce thrusts breaking my hold on his legs as he drove in and out of me like a machine, hard, fast, unrelenting.

Pulling nearly all the way out, he used gravity to bring me back down as the weight of my own body impaled me on his cock over and over in a rapid claiming that forced a whimper from my throat.

That one sound of surrender must have been what he was waiting for as he rubbed my clit then, just a little rough, exactly the way I liked.

Head held back, I spiraled into oblivion, riding sensation after sensation as he fucked me like I was the only one for

him, as if he would never get enough. As if he'd die if he didn't fill me with his seed and make me his forever.

I felt feminine and powerful. Beautiful. And I never felt beautiful. The thought distracted me until he released my hair and used his free hand to land a stinging slap on the side of my naked bottom.

I startled, my inner walls contracting around his cock. I moaned. He groaned.

He struck again, somehow knowing I loved it rough, loved the sharp tang of pain.

Smack!

Thrust. Withdraw.

Smack!

Smack!

He spanked my bottom until the heat spread like wildfire through my body, burning me up from the inside out.

When I couldn't think, could barely breathe, he stopped. Slowly, so slowly that every movement felt as if it took an eternity, he withdrew from my swollen pussy, then pushed his cock inside me once more. Fully seated, he covered my back with his sweat-slick body, caged me in, both arms wrapped around my hips, his hands eager to play with my pussy.

"Come now."

Lightly, he moved his fingers up and down above my clit, each soft strike a blast to my nerves as he spread my pussy lips open wide with two fingers of each hand and held me open to rub and flick my clit with the others. He'd been so

rough and now was gentle. He could be both. He could be *everything*.

I lost hold of reality as my orgasm roared through me. In the distance, I heard a woman scream, knew it was me, but I was floating in a storm of sensation held together by my mate. I knew he had me, kept me from falling, kept me safe as I took and took and took.

My body pulsed with pleasure and I felt dizzy, disoriented for a moment. I closed my eyes and drew a shuddering breath as the spasms finally faded, as my tensed muscles relaxed. And suddenly, I felt cold, missed the heat of my mate at my back.

Panicked and unsure, I opened my eyes and blinked against the bright lights of a clinical setting. A concerned woman watched me closely from where she stood next to the strange bed on which I lay. I tried to lift my arm to rub my face, my eyes, but found I could not, my wrists cuffed to what looked like an oversized dentist's chair.

One look down at my body and reality came flooding back. A gray, hospital-style gown covered me, but was open in the back. I was naked beneath, the slide of my now wet ass and thighs testament to my body's state of arousal. I was in Miami, at the alien bride center. I'd flown here yesterday after telling my boss at the restaurant in Milwaukee to go fuck himself and walking out in the middle of my shift. That had felt fucking great.

The damn plane ticket had cost every last dime I had in the bank, but I didn't care. I needed a change. A massive change. And I wasn't going back.

"Are you all right, Miss Wilson?" The woman before me wore a dark gray uniform with a strange burgundy insignia above her left breast. I remembered her now, Warden Egara. She'd been nice enough, and completely professional, which I appreciated. Most of the time people freaked out over my size, even at the doctor's office.

The warden was trim and beautiful, and everything I'd never been. She probably had men lining up to ask her out, to get her naked and make her come all over their cocks.

Me? Men asked me to dog-sit and go get coffee. The orgasm I'd just had? Yeah, it was the first given to me by someone else since I was barely out of high school. My lovers had been few and far between, and not one of them strong enough to lift me up and fill me from behind. Or to know exactly how to touch me, how to push me to the brink, taunt me, then take me over.

I knew my eyes were glazing over, but I couldn't help relishing the memory, the feeling of that huge cock filling me up and making me a touch sore, of those huge hands making me feel beautiful and small... making me feel like... her. The other me, the me that didn't really exist, that was pure fantasy in my mind. Just like *him*.

"Miss Wilson?" The warden tilted her head down and studied me more closely, something I definitely did not need at the moment, not while my bare bottom was sliding all over the chair, wet with my own arousal.

"I'm fine." I tried to lift my hands, to adjust the hospital gown where it had inched up just past mid-thigh, but the cuffs stopped me cold. Damn.

"Are you sure? The matching process can be... intense."

So, was that what they were calling mind-numbing orgasms these days? Intense? Hell, yes, that had been intense. I'd like more then, please.

She looked sympathetic, and I found I wanted to tell her everything. Hell, I wanted to ask her the one burning question I'd been too afraid to ask. But I couldn't find the courage. I was terrified of the answer. Instead, I pasted a smile on my lips. "Yes. I'm fine."

"Excellent." She smiled and nodded, apparently convinced by my halfhearted attempt at a smile of my own that I wasn't about to go into shock or have a mental breakdown. Obviously, she'd never had to wait tables for a busy dinner shift with puking kids and drunken idiots surrounding her in equal numbers. I could handle a whole lot more stress than this. And orgasm stress? Yeah, that wasn't stress at all. It was... overwhelming.

I tried to relax, leaned back into the chair and focused on counting as I pulled air into my lungs. Four in, four out. That's how I did things.

The room was pale and white, clinical, and I felt like I was in an emergency room, not a bride processing center, but when you were about to commit to life as an alien's bride, I guess they did things a bit differently.

Her fingers moved over a small tablet too fast for me to track, and frankly, I didn't care what she was doing, as long as the stupid matching thing worked. Which, I realized, I had no idea if it had.

"Did it work? Do I have a match?" I swear my heart stopped beating as I waited for her answer.

"Oh, yes. Of course you do."

I shuddered, my sigh loud, even to my own ears, and she lifted a hand to my shoulder in a sympathetic gesture. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize you were worried about that. You've been matched to Atlan."

I didn't know a thing about Atlan, but that didn't stop hope spreading in my chest like wildfire. I'd been matched. Holy crap. "And this matching thing... you're sure that the alien will want me to be his mate? You're sure the matching works?"

"Absolutely." She patted my shoulder one more time and returned her attention to the table.

"Even for girls like me?" Shit. My deepest fear slipped past my lips before I could stop it. I bit down and hoped nothing else slipped out.

That stopped her cold and she lifted her gaze to mine. "What do you mean, girls like you? Are you married? Because that was one question you were required to answer under oath. If you lied, I can't process you."

Married? As if.

I sighed. Jeeez. Did I have to spell it out for her? With her size-eight body and C-cup breasts, she had probably never worried about being wanted. I studied her concerned gray eyes and decided that, yes, I did have to spell it out for her. Damn it. I took a deep breath and gathered my courage, spitting out the words as fast as I could. "Girls like me. Big girls."

She raised her brows, as if surprised, her gaze raking up and down my very plus-sized body in a quick survey before returning her attention to my face. Her grin was one of the best things I'd ever seen. "Don't worry about being too

small for an Atlan, dear. I know that to an Atlan warlord, you'll seem a bit undersized, but you're his matched mate. You'll be perfect for each other."

"Too small?" Was she freaking kidding me? I hadn't been able to shop off the rack since tenth grade.

"Atlan females are at least a foot taller than the average woman on Earth, and the Atlans need their females to be strong enough to tame them."

"What do you mean, tame them?"

"They are not human, Tiffani. Atlan warriors have a beast that lives within them. When they are in battle, or want to fuck, the beast comes out. Think of it as an entire planet of males like The Incredible Hulk. You might be a bit smaller than they're used to, but strength is mental as well as physical. You'll be perfect for him."

My mind wandered to the giant hand that had gripped my wrists, the huge cock stretching me open, the massive chest pressed to my back...

I shuddered in anticipation. Yes. I wanted that again. If that was what an Atlan male was like, I was game. Absolutely. "Okay. I'm ready."

She chuckled then. "Not so fast. First we have to go through some standard protocols. For the record, please state your name."

"Tiffani Wilson."

She nodded. "Are you currently, or have you ever been married?"

"No."

"Have you produced any biological offspring?"

"No."

Her fingers moved swiftly as she continued, her voice monotone and robotic, as if she'd recited the exact same words hundreds of times. "As a bride, you will never return to Earth as you've been matched to Atlan, as all travel will be determined and controlled by your new planet's laws and customs. You will surrender your citizenship of Earth and become an official citizen of your new world."

Holy crap. Her words hit me like a blast of cold air, and the enormity of my decision struck home. No longer a citizen of Earth? How was that even possible?

I felt cold, hard panic creep up my spine with icy fingers as the wall to my left shifted, opening to reveal a small enclosure lit with bright blue light.

"Um..."

"Your bride fee will be donated to the Wisconsin Humane Society Milwaukee, is that correct?" she asked, as if she could not sense my growing concern. No longer a citizen of Earth? I wanted a mate, but maybe I'd gone too far.

"Miss Wilson?"

"Yes, donate the fee." I didn't need the money since I would *no longer be a citizen of Earth*, and I had no one I cared about to give it to. I lost my fifteen-year-old calico, Sofie, last year to leukemia. My parents were both dead, my cousins lived across the country in California and we were far from close. I was alone in the world with nothing to lose.

My chair slid sideways and a large, metallic arm came toward me from where it was anchored in the wall with

what looked like a giant needle on its end. I leaned sideways, trying to avoid it.

"Don't worry, Tiffani. That's just going to install your NPU."

"What the hell is that?" I eyed the needle with a very large sense of trepidation.

"Neural Processing Unit. It will help you learn and understand the Atlan language."

Okay. I held still and clenched my hands so tightly my knuckles turned white. So, a *Star Trek*-style universal translator thing? Whatever.

The needle punctured my skin, just behind my temple and I bit down, trying to ignore the pain as the device swiftly withdrew, rotated to my left, and repeated the process on the other side.

When it moved back to its place, nestled in the wall, my chair lurched and I began to sink into a warm pool of clear, blue water.

"Your processing will begin in three, two..."

I closed my eyes. Adrenaline made my heart pound as I waited for her to say, "one." Waited, and waited.

She sighed. "Not again."

My chair stopped moving and I opened my eyes to see her frowning. She hurried to a panel on the wall in the exam room as I watched.

My eyes widened in fear and confusion. "What's wrong?"

She glanced at me quickly, then away, not making eye contact. "There's a problem at the Atlan transport center. I'm sorry. This has only happened once before."

Great. They didn't want me. I knew it, could feel it deep down. My heart imploded in my chest, all the hope I'd just given free rein, hope that I'd finally find a man who actually *wanted* me, who thought me beautiful and sexy and desirable? Gone, and the remnants were sharp blades in my gut, made worse because I'd dared to hope for something different. "Fine. Get me out of this chair so I can go home."

She shook her head, ignoring me as she spoke to someone on the screen, someone I couldn't see. I could hear the voice coming through. It was a woman's voice, but I couldn't make out her words, only the warden's.

"What's going on, Sarah?" She paused, listened. "What? But that's impossible." Another pause. "I see. So, what does Warlord Dax want me to do about it?" I heard the growing agitation in her voice. "No, he has a mate, and she's human. She's strapped to the chair right now, ready for processing." A long delay. "I can't. The transport permissions have been automatically deactivated by the system. I'll need new ones." She sighed. "Okay. Give me five minutes."

The warden said goodbye and walked toward me with her brows drawn together, her lips in a thin line. Her shoulders were tight and her steps were short and clipped, as if her muscles were so tense she could barely move.

"What's wrong? Tell me what's happening." I strained against the cuffs as the warden raised her hand in a motion meant to pacify me.

"Your mate, Commander Deek, has been lost to mating fever."