

Excerpt from The Krinar Experiment

The smell of roses, female sensuality, and apprehension reached Drako even before the door opened. He knew who'd be walking through it, but he wasn't prepared for the sight as Ilse stepped into the room. Unlike yesterday, she wore a tight pair of pants that hugged her ass and an off-shoulder sweater that exposed one, creamy shoulder. That small part of flesh bared to him was a thousand times more sensual than the tits that had been flashed in his face.

"Ilse."

As he said her name, he ran his gaze from the top of her head all the way to her feet, taking in every inch that was hidden beneath the layers of clothes.

"Drako."

The sound of his name on her lips did things to him that weren't supposed to happen while he was chained to a wall. He wanted to feel the warmth that flooded his groin while his hands ran over her body, exploring the womanly need his touch would evoke.

"You're back," he said.

She toyed with the end of the braid that hung over her shoulder. "I brought you medicine."

Wicked images of coiling that braid around his fist while pounding into her from behind made blood rush to his cock. Only sheer willpower prevented it from rising instantly. She was here to treat him professionally, and he didn't want to scare her away with his inappropriate lust. He craved the feel of her soft hands on his body too much. Instead of moving forward and fulfilling his impatient wish, she simply stood there, looking uncertain. Maybe she wasn't as brave as she'd seemed yesterday.

Desire made his voice thick. "You better come closer."

Her lashes lifted, revealing those lovely eyes the color of her planet's sky. "Excuse me?"

Breathtaking. "If you're going to give me medicine, you better come closer."

"Oh." She sounded out of breath. "I was going to do that."

He frowned at her nervousness. "Told you already, I won't bite."

She scratched around in an oversized bag slung over her shoulder and took out two bottles. "Painkillers and antibiotics." She flashed a defiant look at the window as she said it.

"Are you going to uncuff me?"

He sure as hell hoped so. It would give him another opportunity to touch her, as warped as it may be to use the situation for his personal, physical interests.

"Yes," she replied with another look at the window.

Immediately, the door opened and a guard threw the key on the floor before shutting it again. She dropped her bag to pick up the key, her pants stretching over her ass. The sight quickened his pulse. The smell of her blood made him wild. Fresh and clean, it was stronger than any aphrodisiac. It didn't help that he was half-starved and dehydrated.

Like the day before, she climbed on top of the stretcher to reach the cuff around his right wrist. He did the rest. She ordered him to the stretcher and made him sit down.

"I'm going to clean your wounds," she said, always explaining her actions before touching him.

He couldn't get enough of watching her. While she worked, he drank in her features. Tiny like a doll, she looked breakable. He'd have to be extra careful with her if he ever got the chance of taking it beyond professional. The improbability of the notion made his chest pinch with an uncomfortable ache. He'd escape, leave this planet, and never see her again.

"Shit," she mumbled as she unwrapped the bandage on his shoulder.

He tore his gaze away from her eyes to inspect the damage that had her biting her lip so hard. As he'd suspected, the wound was infected.

She inhaled deeply. Shaking two pills from each of the bottles, she handed them to him. "Take this. I'll get you some water."

She filled a plastic cup at the basin and held it to his lips. He was so thirsty he drank all of it without taking the pills. Understanding mixed with pain in her eyes. She filled the cup twice more for him, ensuring that he'd swallowed the pills.

Gently, she pressed around the wound. "It doesn't look good."

"It's infected," he said.

She replied softly without meeting his eyes. "Yes."

"You did your best."

"You need..." She swallowed and looked away. Lowering her voice to a whisper, she continued, "You need an operation. If you survived a crash, there could be splintered bone or shrapnel lodged in the muscle tissue."

His back was turned to the window and with her positioned in front of him the camera couldn't record the movement of their lips.

He spoke softly enough for the microphone not to pick up his words. "Help me."

Her look was forlorn. "How?"

"Help me get back to my pod."

He hesitated. Could he trust her? She'd said she wasn't working with the SS, and he believed her. He'd smelled no lies on her, only pure, intoxicating woman. He made up his mind. Yes, he'd trust her.

"I can heal myself if I can get to my pod. There's an advance medicine kit onboard."

Her eyes flittered in the direction of the window. "Where's your pod?"

"On the rooftop."

"There are many guards. They're armed."

"Get me out of that door, and I'll do the rest."

"You mean kill them?"

"Not if I don't have to."

She swallowed and looked away.

The mistake he made was to grip her chin and turn her face back to him. The minute his fingers touched her skin, he was lost. He could hear the pulse of the vein throbbing in her neck and smell the enticing cocktail of her blood. Try as he might, he couldn't break that spell. He was starving, not only for food or blood, but for a hunger he'd never experienced before, something food or drink wouldn't cure. He opened his legs wider and pulled her between them, forgetting for an Earth second that there were cruel men watching from behind a window. His only awareness was this woman and how her touch burned where she gripped his shoulders for balance.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed on a panicked whisper.

“Keep still,” he growled. “I won’t hurt you.”

He cupped her face and pulled her closer, close enough to drag his nose along the arch of her neck to her exposed shoulder. “I just want to smell you.” He closed his eyes. “So good.”

“Drako,” she pushed on his shoulders. “Let me go.”

“Just a taste,” he pleaded, besides beside himself with desire.

With his nakedness, there was no hiding her effect on him. His cock turned painfully erect and his balls drew tight. He was aroused, more than he’d ever been, but so was she. He could smell her feminine heat. Combined with the lure of her blood, it was more than he could bear. Flicking out his tongue, he traced the vein in her neck. She was the most delicious thing he’d tasted in his life.

“Drako.” His name sounded like both an objection and a plea. “Don’t touch me like this.”

“Like how?”

“With your tongue.”

“I may die without ever tasting you.”

“Don’t talk like this. You’re not going to die.”

At the rate his body was deteriorating, his death was a given. She was a medical professional. She should know.

He dropped his hands from her face to her hips, holding her in place to run his tongue over her shoulder. He felt her shiver between his palms.

“You like this,” he said, triumph beating with the darkest of passions in his chest.

“Don’t.”

“Why?”

“They’re watching.”

“They can’t see. I’m blocking the view.”

“Not like this.”

“Like what?” he said against the juncture of her neck and shoulder.

“You should stop.”

When the faint smell of regret infused with her arousal, he almost did, but he was beyond reason. “I can’t. All I see when I close my eyes is that wet uniform

clinging to your body.” His eyes pierced hers. “All I smell,” he slipped his hand from her hip to cup between her legs, “is how wet you are.”

A small gasp escaped her delicate throat. Her eyes grew large as he pulled her onto his lap, making her straddle him. Agent Pete and his cronies might storm through that door any minute, but he was willing to risk his life for a kiss.

“Let me taste you,” he begged against her lips. “Just once.”

Emotions played in her eyes. The mix was so complex he could barely distinguish the smell of her guilt from her fear, but the dominant fragrance was still her desire. He brushed the thick plait of hair over her shoulder, exposing the milky flesh. Winding the braid around his hand just like he’d fantasized, he pulled it down gently to tilt up her head, holding her exactly where he wanted her.

“Open your lips for me,” he instructed.

They remained tightly shut. He didn’t miss the tremble of her mouth or the way her knees clutched him harder.

“Don’t be afraid,” he whispered.

Just one taste, and then he’d let her go. He’d escape, heal his injuries, and get a signal to Krina. She’d carry on with her noble profession and life, forgetting about the prisoner whose injuries she’d treated, but he needed to take this part of her with him, because he already knew he’d never forget her gentleness, goodness, or the way her heat surrounded him and made him dizzy.

Slowly, her body relaxed in his hold. With a small nod, she gave her consent. He didn’t wait. The gods knew he was at breaking point. He sealed his lips over hers, tracing the seam with his tongue. Her essence exploded in his senses, rendering him mindless. He was unable to think. He could only feel as heat travelled through his mouth down his spine, boiling his body from the inside out until his cock was about to blow. He delved deeper, thrusting his tongue into her mouth to be rewarded with a whimper. The sound was undiluted need. In a nanosecond, the sparks that sizzled under his skin combusted into flames. He sucked at her lips and tongue with all the hunger he felt, needing to feed on more than her desire. He wanted her very sentiments, the true ones that came from the heart. He needed to feed on her soul. He wanted to own it as much as he wanted to claim her body and keep it all to himself. The fire consumed him until

there was only passion in its crudest form. Gnawing lust compelled him to tear his lips from hers, drag them down the column of her throat and open his jaw wide.