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**An Excerpt From: DANGEROUSLY FOREVER**

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Ally kept a wary eye on the sleeping male. *Sleeping* may be too generous a word. *Drugged* would probably be a better description. As soon as he’d passed out, she sat him up so he could breathe easier, with his back resting against the headboard. He was slumped in an uncomfortable position, his head hanging in front of him and his chin resting on his chest.

His wonderful and perfect chest.

His dark nipples were tantalizing, to say the least. The bruise covering his right one was from her. Evidence of how delectable she found them. Even now her mouth watered with just the thought of licking them again.

His chest was dotted with hair that she had caressed while he’d pumped into her. Her fingertips had traced fine lines through it, following the path that his hairs made down his abdomen. The blanket pooled around his waist, just above where his hairs led to a mass of curls around his cock.

Her breath caught.

She had run her fingers through those hairs as well, while she had his thickened cock in her mouth.

Her mouth overflowed with saliva. She swallowed hard.

*Maybe I can have one more taste?*

*No.*

No time for tasting. If she played her cards right, she wouldn’t have to go through this ever again. She would be free from this life—from being a whore and a slave—and the male lying in the bed was a means to that end.

*Stop ogling him and finish what you started.*

*Right.*

She jumped off the bed and went to the small chest that held many of the sex toys. It didn’t take her long to locate the gag and rope that Yoshi had said she’d put in there. Retrieving them, she went back to the alien who was going to help her, Max and Yoshi escape. He hadn’t moved an inch. His steady breathing was deep and hard, giving her the comfort she needed to pick up each muscular arm and bind it. It took all of her strength to hold up the dead weight of his arm with one hand and secure it with the other. By the time she finished the second arm, sweat dripped from her scalp and face.

She pulled back to view her work. He looked so peaceful. She lightly touched the bridge of his nose and made a path to his plump lips.

*Soft as pillows.*

She picked up the gag but instead of stuffing it in his mouth immediately, she clutched it in her hand and hesitated.

Why did this feel so wrong? This alien was like any other. She didn’t owe him anything. After he left the brothel, he would go back to his life of luxury while she continued to whore for her and Max’s safety. And now that Alharad knew about her interest in Yoshi, she would probably have to do worse things.

What could be worse than whoring?

She didn’t want to find out.

That train of thought was just what she needed to finish the task. She straddled his legs, sat back on his thighs and lifted his head.

His gaze settled on hers.

She froze and stared deep into his lavender-colored eyes framed in thick black lashes. He flicked his gaze from hers to the gag in her hand.

“What are you planning to do with that?” he asked, slurring his words.

She let go of his head and tightened her hold on the gag. She didn’t owe him an explanation. She tried to put the gag over his mouth. He moved his head from side-to-side, pulling on his bound arms.

“Stay still.” She tried again and he thrashed his head more.

“What is your plan?” His voice didn’t slur as much as it had before.

*Shit. He must have the metabolism of a horse.*

“You’re going to help me escape.”

“Really?” His mouth curled into a half smile.

She raked her gaze over him. “Don’t try anything funny. I need your transporter.”

He raised a brow.

“Just relax. This will all be over soon.”

“It’s hard to relax when you’ve got me tied to my bed.”

“You have no choice. You can relax on your own or I can help you relax,” she nodded toward the knife sitting on the table, “permanently.”

“I thought you said you need me?”

“I do. I need for you to give me the launch sequence code for your transporter. It would be easier to have you cooperate with me in the matter. But if I have to kill you and figure it out myself, I will.” She shrugged.

If she killed him, she would definitely have to escape. Alharad had threatened to kill *her* if she harmed this one, and he didn’t make threats lightly. If he said he was going to kill her, he would. It seemed like a lifetime had passed since the days she would’ve tested Alharad and hoped for death, but that was impossible now. Max and Yoshi depended on her.

“Now,” she continued. “Be a good boy and let me put this gag in your mouth while I complete the finishing touches on my escape plan.”

“You don’t need to gag me. I promise I won’t scream.”

He didn’t sound mad at all. If she didn’t know any better she would’ve thought he was…amused.

“Yeah, right.” She tried to put the gag over his mouth again and again, but he continued to thrash his head back and forth. She couldn’t get a grip on him.

“As enjoyable as I find this, I can assure you that as a warrior of my caliber, I do *not* want to alert anyone that I allowed a female to get the best of me. I’ll be quiet while you…escape, was it?”

She chewed on her bottom lip. She didn’t have time to keep fighting with him. Yoshi would be coming soon. “The first call for help will be your last. I’ll slit your throat without a second thought,” she threatened.

“I believe you.”

She eyed him suspiciously. “You don’t even know me.”

“I know *of* you,” he said. “You’re the only female here who has killed customers and lived to tell about it.”

“If you knew, why did you still request me?”

“Because I’m a warrior. I don’t want anyone meek and mild.”

She snorted. “I haven’t been that in a long time.”

He shook his head. “You don’t have a meek bone in your body.”

She looked at him, but really *past* him. On Earth, before Jim had died, she would’ve never thought to lift a hand to someone. She’d never been the strong one. “I did a long time ago.”

“Would you like to talk about it?”

She snapped back to reality. “Pft. This isn’t a therapy session and you are *not* my confidant.”

He lifted his hips. His hard cock thrust against her ass.

“Hey,” she said, rolling off him.

“What?”

“You know what.” She pointed to his dick. “There will be no more of that—ever.” She rose from the bed and steadied herself.

“*Ever*?”

“No. The only thing I need from you is your transporter. You’re going to make me a free woman and I won’t have to do *that* anymore unless I want too—and believe me, I’ve had my fill of sex.”

“Are you saying you didn’t enjoy yourself with me?”

She rolled her eyes. “I’ve been doing this for a very long time. It’s called acting.”

His gaze turned dark. “I would have to dispute your claim.”

She turned away before he could see the lie in her eyes.

“Where are you planning to go?” he asked.

“As if I would tell you.”

“You’ll have to tell me eventually.”

She snorted. “I don’t have to tell you because I don’t need *you*. I need your transporter.”

“You need *me* whether you want to admit it or not.”

She turned with a smart retort on his lips. But instead of telling him off she stared at his glorious body and cock.

Her knees weakened. *I can’t think with him naked like that.*

She grabbed his clothes from the chair and began putting his pants on him. The sooner she covered up his jutting cock, the better. The more she looked at it, the more confused she became.

And he just kept talking. Sheesh. If he would shut up, she could think.

“You *do* know that the moment you try to leave here Alharad will have vessels on you. Do you really think you can outmaneuver them? Are you a skilled pilot?”

She pulled her brows together. She hadn’t thought about that. “I-I’ll make it.”

“It seems to me that you didn’t think any of this through.”

She threw his shoes down. They hit the floor with a loud thump. “Holy shit! Will you shut. The. Fuck. Up!? I ought to just kill you right now and leave on foot. At least then I wouldn’t have to hear the constant chattering.”

“And you think Alharad won’t find you if you stay on this planet?” he asked.

She turned her back on him and thought about it. As long as they escaped from the compound, the rest could be figured out later.

“Do you know *anything* about the planet you’re on? Even if you escaped, he’d find you. He owns this city. And the cities surrounding this one are no place for a solitary female. If the locals don’t catch you and send you back here, you’ll end up being someone else’s personal slave. It won’t matter. As long as you stay on Yinnis, you really won’t gain escape.”

“I didn’t ask for your advice, Captain Know-It-All.”

“You didn’t ask, but it’s obvious that you need it.”

She reached out and placed a steadying hand on the back of a chair and closed her eyes. She needed to think and she couldn’t do it with all his talking. Every word he said made her doubt her getaway plan would even work.

*I should’ve gagged him.*