

TAKEN BY THE ALIEN WARRIOR

BONUS CHAPTER

HOPE HART

E llie

“Ow, jeez, what are you doing?”

Vivian pokes something into my head, and I flinch.

“Stay still, you big baby. Beauty is pain.”

With a mantra like that, it’s no wonder she’s so snarly.

I force myself to sit on my hands until finally, *finally* she’s finished.

“Okay,” she says, stepping away. “Turn around and let me see.”

I get to my feet, turning so she can check her work.

“Looks great.”

I reach up to touch my hair, and she slaps my hand away.

“No touching.”

“I wish I could see it.”

“Yeah, well maybe we should’ve waited to be found by a

slightly less barbaric tribe, and maybe they would've had a mirror."

I burst out laughing, and Vivian grins at me.

"You're lucky you're no longer puking. We've got no makeup to cover you up if you were still walking around all pale and sweaty."

Truthfully, my stomach is a little queasy today, but that could definitely just be nerves. As long as no one cooks meat near me, or brings it within my sight, I no longer feel the need to spend most of my time curled into a ball and groaning.

Morning sickness is no joke.

Terex has been wonderful. At least, now that he's stopped calling for Moni every time I lose my stomach.

Truthfully, I'm more than a little worried about labor on this planet. I'm only five feet two, and the thought of birthing a huge Braxian baby without an epidural?

Let's just say I'm avoiding any thoughts of the actual labor process right now.

Terex's mom has taken care of everything for our mating ceremony. She's been amazing over the last few weeks, and I know she's going to be a great grandma.

Rakiz managed to get word back to Terex that he's okay. He said nothing about Nevada, which put me into a downward spiral until Terex convinced me that if she wasn't okay, Rakiz would already be back at camp.

According to Terex, Rakiz never wanted to be king. Before his father died, he was known for his fearlessness in battle and his preference for wandering far from camp. Terex says that Rakiz may just be taking some time before he comes back to rule, but his brow still creases in worry every time Rakiz's name is mentioned.

“Earth to Ellie. Wow, that saying just got a whole lot weirder.”

I blink up at Vivian, who has her hands on her hips as she takes in my form.

“That dress is amazing. I need to make friends with Terex’s mom.”

I grin. White dresses aren’t traditional for the mating ceremony here, but when I explained how weddings worked, Kara had suggested a white dress as a way to blend our two cultures.

The dress is simple, with a white overlay that moves when I walk, revealing a glistening silver material underneath. It’s cut low on the front but isn’t too revealing, and she even created matching shoes—decorating leather shoes with some of the extra material.

“Okay,” Vivian says. “I pronounce you ready to go.”

“Thank you, Viv. This means a lot.”

“Thanks for asking. I know you’d rather have Nevada or someone here, but maybe one day we can be friends.”

“We are friends,” I tell her, and just like that, cool, calm Vivian is blinking back tears.

“Wow,” she says. “It’s a good thing there’s no such thing as mascara here, huh?”

We play that game sometimes. The *if I was taken with* game. Usually, we’ll have to name three things that we wish we’d had in our pockets when we were stolen. I wish I’d had a photo of my dad, a good book, and chocolate. Last time, Vivian wished for lipstick, her favorite shampoo, and a tracking device that would connect us to the Arcav.

We walk out of the kradi, and my stomach begins to swim.

“I don’t get why I’m so nervous,” I mutter. “I know Terex loves me.”

“It’s probably all those people looking at you,” Vivian points out helpfully. “Don’t worry though. Most people know you’re pregnant, so you could totally have a nervous puke.”

I bark out a laugh, and just like that, I’m no longer as nervous. We make our way through the camp to the meadow where Terex is waiting for me.

“Wow,” I say, drinking him in before he spots me. “He looks so handsome.”

“Yup, that warrior sure cleans up well. Feel free to change your mind, by the way. I’d love to take him off your hands.”

By now, I know Vivian’s joking, but I send a glare her way anyway.

At that moment, Terex’s eyes meet mine, still crinkled at the corners from whatever his dad just said to him. Those violet eyes instantly darken as he takes me in, and he strides toward me.

“He’s a man on a mission,” Vivian says. “Good luck, and I’ll see you after the ceremony.”

I mumble something, but I can’t take my eyes off the warrior stalking my way, dirty promises in his eyes.

“My love,” he murmurs, drawing me close. “You look beautiful.”

He leans down, taking my lips, and I sigh against him, ignoring the chuckles around us. Yeah, we’re mostly attached at the lips these days, but PDA seems to be a way of life in this place.

We move toward the fire, which hasn’t yet been lit. Terex’s dad is waiting, and he grins at me as we turn, greeting the many people who have come to witness our ceremony.

I swallow around the lump in my throat, already choked

up at the number of people who have come to support us. They give us gifts and advice, ask how I'm feeling, and tell us their best tips for morning sickness. They've welcomed me like I'm one of them.

Terex leans down, murmuring into my ear. "Are you okay?"

I smile up at him, blinking back tears. "I'm great. I feel like I finally belong somewhere. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you."

"You do belong somewhere. Fate brought you to me, Ellie, and I'm never letting you go."

Someone rings a bell, and the crowd takes their seats as the murmurs quiet.

A few of the warriors have been working on the fire, and it burns bright and hot, the heat caressing my face as we move closer.

Corva takes my hand, leading me to the opposite side of the fire, and my palms begin to sweat.

"You ready?" Corva murmurs.

I lock eyes with Terex, who grins at me, and once again, my nerves disappear.

"I'm ready."

Corva helps me gather my dress, pulling it into my arms. Then he picks me up.

"Welcome to my family, daughter," he says, and I choke back a sob as he smiles down at me.

Then he moves back, and I'm flying high over the fire, my heart pounding in my chest.

It's over in moments, and I gasp as Terex's strong arms catch me. He nuzzles me, then places me on my feet as the crowd cheers.

Terex turns to me, and the crowd goes silent once more as his voice carries over the meadow.

“My tiny human. I have made these bands to represent our bond. Strong, true, and never to be broken. Will you accept them?”

I glance down at the golden bands, which will mark me as his. “I will.”

“You’re mine now, Ellie,” he says, wrapping the bands around my wrist. I watch him, admiring how they gleam against my skin, proclaiming me as his to everyone on this planet.

I wait until he’s finished and then stroke one finger over one of his bands. “And you’re mine.”

“Forever,” he promises, then he leans down, wrapping me in his arms as he takes my mouth, and our tribe erupts in applause.

If you loved *Taken by the Alien Warrior*, please consider leaving a review! I’d love to hear what you thought of Ellie and Terex’s story.

Don’t forget to come say hi on Facebook too— you can find me at Hope Hart Author.