

CM Doporto
The Eslites, The Arrival

“Yes, thank you. It’s nice to be out of the scrubs.” For whatever reason, I grinned when our eyes met. I’d never paid much attention to Dimas’ features, but the more I stared at him, I noticed how young he looked. If not for the slight five o’clock shadow, I’d have to say he wasn’t older than twenty. I wasn’t sure, though, because all the Eslites had flawless skin.

“You are quite beautiful.” He arched a brow and sipped his water.

“Thanks.” No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t tear my gaze from his. It was as though he had me in a trance. I noticed everything about him. From his debonair smile, to his square jaw, and his perfectly sculpted body that belonged in a Calvin Klein underwear ad. The guy was hot. What the heck was wrong with me?

That freakin’ alien might rape me.

I had to be losing it. He was pure evil. Wasn’t he?

I dug my fingernails into my palm, and the pain broke our connection.

“Consider them an early birthday gift.”

What? How did he know my birthdate? Oh, wait, they’d poked and prodded every hole in my body, of course he would know my birthday. But why would he observe an earthly custom? For half a minute I didn’t say anything, just kept staring at the shaggy, black rug beneath my feet. Hoping and praying he would let me leave as soon as possible, virginity intact.

I managed to squeak out another, “Thank you.”

“I also have another gift for you. I thought it would be better if I told you in person.”

I immediately glanced at him but didn’t meet his gaze, directly.

Please don’t rape me.

Please don’t rape me.

“What’s that?” I asked, feigning courage, even though my entire body shivered. I tapped my

CM Doporto
The Eslites, The Arrival

feet repeatedly, and I leaned forward, ready to make a run for it. Every muscle in my gut clenched, my thighs tensed, and I pressed my knees shut.

“I thought—”

“No matter what you do to me, I’m not going to copulate with you,” I blurted. “At least, not willingly.”

For several seconds, Dimas said nothing. Then, he did something I hadn’t expected. He laughed. “Well, that’s fine, because I didn’t invite you here to have sex with me.”

“Oh.” I felt the color drain from my face as I almost died of embarrassment.

“I’m allowing you to go home for a few weeks, unless you would rather stay here and have sex with me.” His playful tone was disarming and unnerving, at once.

“What?” Excited and relieved, I did the unthinkable. I started to consider his offer.

With a chuckle, he glanced at the glass in his hand. Slowly, in small movements, he swirled the water, the way my dad did a fine wine, and for some strange reason I focused on it. The urge to flee subsided, and I relaxed, as the tension in my shoulders seemed to evaporate. Gradually, my heart rate slowed, my ears no longer rang, and my mouth was no longer dry. I imagined brushing my fingers through his soft, sandy blonde hair. Allowing the warmth of his breath to tickle the curve of my neck as he pressed his full lips to my skin. Feel his strong arms wrapped around me as my body melted into his. When Dimas set the glass on a nearby table, I snapped to attention.

What the heck just happened?

How did I let my mind go there? I couldn’t possibly have the hot’s for the guy. Yet, I was crushing on him, I knew it, and I hated myself for it.

“You are scheduled to depart Nidas on Sunday afternoon.” He smiled, and my stomach flip-

CM Doporto
The Eslites, The Arrival

flopped. “I’m sure your family will be happy to see you. Besides, I think you need a little break.”

Through some invisible haze his words came to me, and I blinked a few times to make sure I was still in his living room. Then my mind processed what he had said, and though I should have panicked, I remained eerily calm. Was the warden really offering me a prison break?

Crap. Did he know about my plans for escape?

Was it some sort of trap? Were there conditions tied to his surprise?

“That’s—um, great. Thanks. When can I leave?” I tried my best to act cool. I started to stand, but he stayed me with an upraised hand, so I sat on the couch, clutching the edge.

“You will return to your quarters in a few minutes, but I want to set a few ground rules,” he said, as he rose from his chair.

Although I tried not to study him, I couldn’t stop admiring the ripples of muscles beneath his tight fitting shirt, not to mention the spandex-type pants that outlined every curve from the waist down. And I mean every curve. When he paused before an unlit fireplace, I glanced at my glass of water and noticed silver speckles floating on the surface.

Had he given me something?

Had I been drugged?

Because no matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t fight an uncontrollable desire to watch him. The lights dimmed and the fire ignited behind him, bathing the room in a fiery orange glow, but the air remained bitterly cold. A frightening chill shivered over my arms and legs.

Was I hallucinating?

“Okay, sure.” I set the glass on the coffee table and rested my arms on my knees. Clasping my hands, I prayed for strength.