

Saved By Venom (Grabbed #3)

By Lolita Lopez

[Available for Pre-Order At Amazon, B&N, Kobo and Sony!](#)

On Sale November 29, 2013

Sneak Peek #3

The moment they cleared the processing station and had Dizzy's passport and documents in order, Venom grabbed her small suitcase from the luggage area and carted her to the waiting transport ship. There were already a handful of couples finding their seats in the rows lining the sides of the ship. He found a spot in the corner and lowered her to the floor. Her slight weight had been easy to bear and in truth he rather liked having her pressed so tightly to his body.

A medic hurried over with a heated blanket. Venom quickly removed the slightly damp jacket and wrapped the hot blanket around her petite body before pushing her into an empty seat. Pointing to her feet, he told the medic, "Check those. I'm worried she may have injured herself running through the snow barefoot."

Frowning with concern, the medic hastily cut off the bags and socks with trauma shears he ripped free from a loop on his pants. He scrutinized her pink feet, pushing her toes apart and pinching them to check her capillary refill. Dizzy's teeth had finally stopped chattering so she had no trouble answering the medic's questions.

Another medic brought Venom a protein bar, two bottles of water and a pair of socks. "I cannot believe how poorly prepared these women were for the Grab." The medic's disgust was evident on his taut face. "Their council should be ashamed for sending them out there like that. We're just damn lucky I was able to scrounge up enough extra socks between you men and the pilots."

"I appreciate it." Venom had the utmost respect for the medics. Though they were far from front-line combat now these men had all proven themselves in battle, often risking their own lives to reach wounded soldiers. It didn't surprise him in the least that the medics had gone through every gear bag and pocket on the ship in search of clean, dry socks for these women.

When Dizzy was given a thumbs-up, Venom pushed a bottle of water and the energy bar into her hands. He dropped his bottle of water on the seat next to her and knelt down in front of her to put the new pair of socks on her cold feet.

"I can do that."

"I'm sure you can." He pointed to the food and water. "Eat. Now."

Her pouty lips settled into an irritated line. "Are you always so bossy?"

"Yes."

Even though she narrowed her eyes at him, she couldn't stop the little smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. With a dramatic sigh of annoyance, she opened her bottle of water and took a long, slow drink. She didn't try to stop him from rolling the new socks onto her feet. He fought the urge to caress her soft skin or stroke his hands up her bare calves. This wasn't the place to explore her body—the body that now belonged to him.

Settling into the seat next to her, Venom tried to gain control over his skyrocketing lust. When she had admitted to never having a lover he had been deeply and shockingly affected. He had never been the kind of man who cared about that sort of thing. There were some men who would only accept a so-called pure wife but he wasn't one of them. It hadn't ever made sense to him that a man was expected to be skilled in the arts of lovemaking but a woman was expected to come to her husband as pure as snow.

He sneaked a glance at Dizzy. She was just so damn beautiful! Wisps of pale-blond hair curved around her jaw and neck. Warm and cozy inside the heated blanket, she'd gotten some color back into her face. The pink shade highlighted the apples of her cheeks. Those full lips and her honey-brown eyes enthralled him.

Soon, he would have her small body pinned beneath his in their bed. He'd stare down into those big brown eyes before claiming her mouth, before claiming her. Faced with the knowledge that he would be the first man to know her body, Venom would be a liar if he said he wasn't excited by the prospect of sharing something special with her.

But the fear of frightening or hurting her struck him cold.

The women from Calyx were so small compared to the women from the other planets where his people had initiated Grab schemes. On the Valiant, they had run into problems with medical care because of pharmaceutical formulations. As far as he knew, those issues had been resolved.

But their differences in size made him a little nervous. Vicious had been frank and honest when Venom had worked up the courage to inquire about how things worked behind closed doors. The general had assured him that with a little patience and a hell of a lot of foreplay things went beautifully.

Venom glanced at Dizzy again. She deserved a tender introduction to the pleasures to be found in his bed. Though he preferred to be in total control in the bedroom, he would be willing to hand her the reins for their first few weeks together. That meant keeping the door to the playroom locked. One look at the ropes and cuffs and she would probably have a panic attack. He wanted a happy wife, not one who fled every time he walked through the front door.

Her nervous gaze jumped around the ship's interior. Wanting to ease her anxiety, he reached for her hand. He had taken off his gloves and tucked them into his jacket while she was being checked by the medics. Feeling her silky skin beneath his rough fingertips made the simple action of grasping her hand feel so intimate.

"The display mounted up there tells us how long we have until liftoff." He pointed to the screen in question. "Since this is your first time flying and going into space, you'll probably want to stop drinking that water now." He eyed the half-empty bottle. "Your stomach is likely to rebel."

Her eyebrows arched. "Is ascending that rough?"

He shook his head. "Not in these transport ships but your body isn't used to the extreme forces. There will be a few minutes of discomfort as we climb higher and higher. When we bust through the upper atmosphere you'll experience ten or twenty seconds of weightlessness before the gravity boosters kick online. If you get sick grab one of these." He gestured to the puke bags tucked into the overhead compartments. "Once we're in flight our pilot Zephyr will probably open the observation window. You might like the view."

Instead of fright on her face, he saw only curiosity. "It must be amazing to see the things you've seen and to experience the things you've experienced."

He started to tell her that she wouldn't like to relive most of the awful things he had seen during his career but he stopped himself. She had probably never traveled farther than the woods where she had been Grabbed. He'd crossed the galaxy and visited dozens of different worlds, some beautifully lush and tropical and others frighteningly cold and harsh. He had seen alien life forms with his two human eyes that she likely had never even seen in books.

"Now that you're mine, you're going to experience all sorts of amazing and wild things."

A coy smile played upon her mouth. "Is that a come-on or a promise?"

He chuckled at her teasing. "Both."

The screen blinked with a one-minute warning. A member of the flight crew walked up and down the aisles checking seat belts and ensuring that anything that might go flying during weightlessness had been secured. The crewman tapped a button to alert the pilots things were a-okay and took his seat.

Beside him Dizzy gripped the arm of her chair and his hand. She put on a brave face but he sensed the prospect of rocketing off her planet's surface into the great unknown with a stranger might have finally hit her. The sounds of sniffing and muffled sobs met his ears as other women began to cry. Whether it was from the fear of flying or the stress of their new situations he couldn't say. Either way his heart ached for them.

Sure, he looked like a mean bastard but like most men of his race, he had a serious soft spot when it came to women. Harcos men tended to breed sons more than daughters, even when mixing with other human races from around the galaxy. Females were few enough that they were considered precious. From birth Harcos men were taught to respect and honor and protect them.

The screen blinked yellow and then red before turning bright green. Dizzy's fingers tightened around his. He caught her gaze and shot her a reassuring smile as the transport ship rose slowly and vertically. As it gained speed it tilted until the front of the vehicle pointed toward the sky. The ship rattled harder and harder as the vibrations from their fast ascent shuddered through it.

With her head firmly against the seatback, Dizzy clamped her eyes shut. He watched her face for any signs of trouble. When she grimaced his gut clenched with worry. She lifted a hand to her left ear and began to rub the spot.

"Swallow," he urged. "It will help your ears pop."

"It's not that." Her voice was barely audible over the rushing burn of the thrusters shoving them higher and higher into the atmosphere.

She ripped her other hand free from his and began to massage both ears. He noticed the way she swallowed rapidly, her throat moving in rhythmic bursts as she tried to lessen the pain that was surely stabbing at her brain. Feeling useless, he rubbed her thigh through the heated blanket. "It will only be a few more minutes."

When her hand moved to her throat and her eyes flew open in a panic, he reacted without hesitation. Grabbing one of the sick bags, he flicked it open and shoved it to her mouth. She wasn't the only woman making use of one. The terrible sounds of sick women filled the cabin. It wasn't the most romantic start for the new couples.

As she retched into the bag Venom glanced toward the opposite seats where one of the medics now sat. He caught the man's eye. The medic nodded and pointed to the sign. Venom read his silent message clearly. As soon as they were in space, he'd come check on Dizzy.

Eventually Dizzy pushed away the bag. He secured the top and tucked it into the refuse slot in the overhead compartment before grabbing a wet wipe. As he dabbed at her mouth she continued to rub her ears and grimace. The expression on her face told him she was in an immense amount of pain.

An uncommon amount of pain, he realized with a thud. Something wasn't quite right. Glancing at the medic, he noticed the man wore a concerned look. They both checked the screen. Any second now, they would lose gravity. It would be another minute or two before Dizzy could get any medical attention.

But when the moment of weightlessness occurred, Dizzy's eyes rolled back in her head and she went totally slack. The tight seat belt harness caught her full weight as she slumped forward.

"Dizzy!" Venom slid his arm under her sagging body and lifted her into a sitting position. Totally unconscious, she didn't respond. Panic seized him. "Dizzy!"