

## Slaves to Passion

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## Slaves to Passion

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### Summary

When Captain Cris Rios and Dr. Agnes Jurati find themselves on the Orion homeworld, they end up the guests of a group curious about human intimacy and sexuality. The Orions force an encounter that leads Cris and Agnes to rediscover their intimate connection.

### Notes

This was written for an Aliens Made Them Do It Kinktober prompt. It was originally also meant to be forced pregnancy, but I just couldn't do it.

Agnes Jurati stared at her reflection in the mirror, eyeing her clothing cautiously, as Raffaella Musiker stood behind her giving gentle instructions. Raffi had been pulled from her position at Starfleet Academy to help with a new mission on Orion. Agnes fidgeted while Raffi fingered several racks of clothes.

“So,” Raffi began, a teasing laugh already in her voice, “working alongside the Stargazer, huh...? That’s gotta be... weird for you.” Agnes glanced away. She knew what Raffi was implying by that statement. It had been a little over two years since they’d returned from the dystopian future and the war was over now. She was keenly aware that her ex, Captain Cristobal Rios, had recently resumed his command of the USS Stargazer, and had been called in to investigate possible new synthetic life on Orion. That was why she had been asked to go with him. She was still the world’s leading expert on synthetic life, following her successful tour with Dr. Soji Asha, a Soongian-type android who had been led to believe she was fully human.

“I’m not going to jump Cris’ bones the first time I see him. You worry too much.”

“You say that, but I hear you’re going into Orion territory. You might want to ask him what that entails.”

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“Pardon my French, Admiral, but you’re sending me to the fucking Orions? Isn’t that too risky right now?”, came the voice on the other end of the transmission. Jean-Luc bit back a laugh, thankful that Rios had sealed his ready room so that he couldn’t be heard.

“Yes, Captain. It fits with your mission and Dr. Jurati has a curiosity about their technological advancements recently. The Orions aren’t as—fraught with Starfleet as they used to be, but I’d still advise extreme caution.” He saw Rios sit back and put his head in his hands. He had never dealt with the Orions before, but he had heard all about their manipulation. They would need to be cautious. Upsetting the Orions would be tantamount to causing a potential war.

“All right then, we’ll set a course for Orion.” Rios had no idea what was waiting for them when they arrived. The moment that they landed, they were greeted by a woman who introduced herself as Desivaa. Rios put his arm on Agnes’ shoulder, and guided her past the woman, trying not to make eye contact.

Desivaa put herself between Rios and Agnes, trying to capture their attentions. She had been warned that a visit was coming, and to make the visitors as comfortable as possible. If she didn’t do her job, there would be dire consequences.

“We’ve been waiting for you, Captain.”, she singsonged, paying no attention to the woman with him. He ignored it for the moment, taking Agnes’ hand. Perhaps the display would put Desivaa off whatever she was trying to do. Desivaa led them into a dimly lit room. She smiled kindly. Agnes tried not to pull away; the last thing she wanted was to appear rude, but after her manipulation at the hands of the Romulans, she had always been a bit jumpy.

"I'll get something to drink for you and your companion, Captain." Rios scratched his beard thoughtfully and looked at Agnes with a light smile. Things had gone well so far, but the Orions were up to something.

"Cris, what's going on here?"

"I don't know, Agnes, but you need to stay alert. The Orions want something from us, and we need to find out what it is. Be careful with the drinks. Orion delaq is a monster." Agnes didn't want to know how he knew that, or what kind of monster it could be, but she kept an eye on him as she sipped her own drink. He was clearly trying to do the same for him.

"What do you mean, 'a monster'?"

"Heard it makes you see things. No telling what else it can make us do if they slip us something else in it. I wouldn't be surprised if they did." Rios wondered why the Orions were being so polite. Did they want something from them? Desivaa returned and insisted that they each take another drink.

*This is strange; she's supposed to be taking us to meet with her superiors.* But Desivaa was nowhere to be seen.

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The moment Desivaa was out of earshot of the humans, the earpiece hidden beneath her hair crackled to life. She smiled at the sound of the voice on the other end. Jakkun was the leader of her tribe. She knew that he was curious about human interaction and that he would be well pleased with her for bringing him a pair of lovely humans whose pheromones she could already smell.

***"What have you learned about them? Will we need to intoxicate them to watch them mate?"***

***"The female is clumsy, but the human male has stars in his eyes when she is close. He would not be likely to even glance twice at one of our women in her presence. He practically pretended I did not exist to speak to her. I suspect she may already be his mate."***

***"What do they smell like?"***

***"The scent of human desire is overwhelming. . . I think they'll be perfect for what you wanted."*** Desivaa wrinkled her nose. Human smells were bad enough in general, but the human scent of lust seemed to permeate the air between these two. After all the time she spent studying them, she still could not identify it, nor understand the fascination Jakkun held with their mating ritual.

The male was handsome enough that she knew many women who would jump at the chance to have him in their beds, though she could readily admit he was not her type. She knew Jakkun was sitting somewhere in his lair, planning the perfect way to bring these humans together so that they could learn more about their fascinating physiology. Their mating rituals would be interesting to see, at least.

*This is going to be a long evening. Perhaps if I can get them to imagine themselves in a different place, they'll feel more relaxed. Or, there may be another way.*

"Captain, could I interest you and your lovely companion in an opportunity to see what true Orion hospitality looks like? We planned accommodations for you and Dr. Jurati as a thank you for your assistance. Perhaps after a rest, I can have my people's leader show the doctor how our synthetic experimentation has progressed." Cris didn't know what to say; whatever was going on, they were trying too hard. Still, he knew it was dangerous to offend them, so he squeezed Agnes' hand and flashed them a dazzling smile.

"We'd love to." Despite his senses being on high alert, Cris followed their host. To refuse would be to risk an intergalactic incident. Diplomacy mattered here. He had trouble believing that his ex had so readily agreed to go with him, but now he was grateful to have Agnes at his side. He could sense her worry as they made their way into the encampment. For reasons he couldn't understand, the sight of scantily clad Orion women dancing for their leader's return made him nervous. Desivaa seemed to take it all in stride, offering them yet another glass.

Agnes shot Cris a look; this time they didn't know what was in the glasses, and they were already beginning to feel the effects of the earlier drinks. Desivaa promised to leave them to rest.

"Alone at last.", Agnes huffed. The journey had left her exhausted, and while she was fascinated by what she saw, there had to be at least a moment's respite for the two. They'd learned to work together during a brief sojourn on Earth, where they'd decided the nature of their relationship was far too complicated. And yet. . .

She looked stunning. Cris couldn't help staring at her. The Orion girls didn't interest him, though he noticed he seemed to have the opposite effect on them. Agnes giggled. She shouldn't feel so light, and yet. . .

"You're giving these women plenty to stare at, Captain."

"No one here to stare at us right now.", he whispered, the heat prickling along the back of his neck. Agnes let out a sigh that made Rios shiver. He'd seen her passionate, but never like this.

"We shouldn't. We don't know if they drugged us or what they want from us. One of us has to stay alert and sober here."

"There's something attractive about the idea of you giving me orders like that, *cariña*." Neither noticed the Orions approaching as they pulled one another closer. The resulting kiss was warm and inviting, and Agnes didn't want it to end.

They did not realize that the tent was opened and the leader of the tribe was observing them.

"Rios, we shouldn't." But even as the words left her lips, Agnes knew that she wanted to. She had hoped that they'd find their way back to each other. For all of their fighting, no one had ever given her the peace she had when she was in his arms.

“You haven’t kissed me like that since *La Sirena*. I have to admit, I was confused when you agreed to come with me, but. . .”

“I think there was something in those drinks, Cris. I started feeling hot at the first sip . . . and now all I want is. . .”, Agnes whispered, her fingers tracing his skin as she pulled at his uniform.

“Tell me you don’t want it, and I’ll stop. I know they’re making us do this, but. . . I’d be lying if I said I didn’t want it even before the. . . Por favor, Agnes. Don’t make me beg.” Agnes’ cheeks burned. She had never wanted him more. There had been a part of her that knew this was wrong, that they were probably being observed, but she no longer cared.

Fevered kisses peppered across her skin, and Agnes wrapped her arms around him in a desperate attempt to keep herself anchored. Leaving him was one of her biggest mistakes, and now, she never wanted to leave him again. Being so close to him made her feel like she had been reunited with a piece of herself that was missing.

Cris was hovering now, not quite ready to let her go. To let their guard down like this was risky, but right now, all he needed was her. If they gave the Orions a show, even better. When he looked at her again, her eyes were clear. She nodded, giving him the permission he needed to attach his lips to her skin.

“*More. Please.*” He had never heard that kind of desperate whimper from her before. Her kisses came faster, and before she had the chance to beg again, he pulled her to meet him. He barely heard the gasps of their audience when he moaned in relief.

“You feel amazing, *corazón*.” In that moment there was nothing there for them but each other. The Orions might have caused it, but they were along for the ride. Pressure settled in Agnes’ core as she and Rios moved in tandem, friction giving way to heat, heat giving way to desire. All she wanted now was for him to empty himself into her. If their hosts wanted a display of human passion, she was happy to give it, and she knew Cris wouldn’t complain.

As though he knew what she was thinking, he pulled her flush against his skin. Her nails dug into his shoulder, making him curse sharply. For a moment, Agnes froze, wondering if she had done too much. But then he met her with another thrust, so sharp that it was difficult for her to hang on to him.

Satisfied, the few Orions that had stayed to watch slowly departed. Then, Rios came back to himself, smiling up at Agnes as he firmly held her hips in place to keep her from falling. What exactly had just happened?

“Agnes, I. . . I’m sorry. I. . . Must have let passion get the better of me.”

“You’re still as good as ever, Cris. You have nothing to apologize for— that was intense. And I think we gave our hosts quite the show.” Cris peppered her with kisses, then searched for a way to clean up. This was a story that no one who knew them would believe. He could almost hear Raffi and Seven laughing, saying it had been destined to happen, that he and Agnes still had chemistry, that they belonged with one another. But maybe, just maybe, it was a sign that they had given up on one another too soon. Cris would have to find some way to thank the Orions for helping them come to terms with the fact that their hearts were still one, even if he didn’t agree with their methods.

They’d talk about it when they got back to Earth and see where it led. If nothing else, it had given them one hell of a story to tell anyone who listened.

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