



Stranded

By Angela Knight
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Frustrated, Lt. Commander Cade Irons stared at the dimensional gate hanging twenty feet over his head. Too far to jump, particularly from the rocking rubber bottom of his Zodiac raft.

Trapped. He was still trapped.

He glowered up at the shimmering oval, wavering up there like the sun seen from deep below the water -- a promise of freedom, light, hope . . . far out of reach.

He stared so hard and bitterly that he jumped when the white, man shaped object plummeted out of the oval and hit the water ten feet away with a tremendous splash. For a single frozen instant, Cade stared blankly at the patch of ocean still throwing up a plume of water from the impact.

Then he dove in.

He swam frantically, down, down toward the white fabric sinking below him, toward the arms waving desperately. Reaching down past flailing limbs, he grabbed hold of a fistful of white, then began to kick upwards with all his strength. Cade broke the surface in an explosion of spray, pulled in a hard breath, and hauled the drowning man up with him. Apparently the guy'd had the wit to see he was about to hit the water and had held his breath; Cade heard a sputter, then a desperate, sucking gasp.

"You hurt?" he demanded, turning to face the other.

"No, just scared to ... Commander!"

Cade found himself staring into a pair of wide green eyes and a soft pink mouth that

definitely did not belong to a man of any sort. "Lieutenant Hayes?"

"Commander Irons!" She grabbed his bare, slick shoulders. "We been looking for you for hours!"

He stared at her. "Hours?" According to his count, he'd been missing for two years. "Get in the boat, Lieutenant. You can tell me about it later."

Grace Hayes hooked the rubber side of the Zodiac with a slim, muscled arm and hoisted herself inside, then steadied the craft as he climbed in himself.

"Where've you been, Commander? We . . ." She stopped dead. Her full mouth fell open in an unabashed gape. Cade turned to see what she was staring at with such shocked attention.

Low in the sky, three times the size of a harvest moon, the ringed planet hung, looking faint and ghostly in the daylight. At night it would be bright enough to read by.

"Where the hell are we?"

Cade sighed. "No place like home. Grab an oar, Lieutenant. I'll show you where I'm hanging my hat. If I had a hat."

Grace stroked hard with her oar, watching Commander Irons as he did the same. His blond hair hung like a curtain of gold between powerful shoulders, muscles rippling with every stroke. But as tempting as his back was, what really held her attention was that long, flowing hair. Because the last time she'd seen Irons, his hair had been buzzed to a short, thick pelt.

She'd last seen him twenty-four hours ago.

There was no way in hell the commander's hair could have grown fourteen inches in twenty-four hours.

And why were they paddling, anyway? The Zodiac was supposed to have an outboard motor, though it was nowhere to be seen now.

Another thing: his uniform, or lack of it. Irons was wearing some kind of skins wrapped around his hips like Tarzan. He'd left the aircraft carrier John F. Kennedy the day before in a wet suit. When had he had time to stalk, kill something, and cure its hide? And why take the trouble?

Unless more time had passed for him than had back on Earth. Because it was damn sure they were no longer on the mother planet; the alien world she could see overhead made that plain.

"How long have you been stranded here, Commander?" she asked.

He didn't look around. "Two years. I gather it's been considerably less time than that back on Earth."

She winced. "A bit more than twenty-four hours. What the hell's going on, sir?"

"Nearest I can determine, that oval hole you fell through is some kind of space-time doorway -- or some such Sci-Fi shit. It appears over that same area roughly once a week..."

"Once a week?" She frowned, puzzled. "Sir, why not just jump through and come home? Does it only go one way?"

"No, in the beginning I actually stuck my head through once or twice. Unfortunately, it doesn't always lead to Earth. Once I saw a blue sun through it. Needless to say, I didn't poke any body parts in that time."

Her eyes widened, sickening images spinning through her mind. "What if the doorway went somewhere like Venus, with a surface temperature that would melt lead and acid pouring from the sky?"

He shook his shaggy head, so different from his usual sleek military cut. "Actually it does, a couple of times in its cycle. Then you get vicious ripping winds and poisonous gasses pouring through the door. I'm careful to seek shelter and stay away from the thing when it first appears until I can be sure it's relatively safe. I sure as hell don't put my head through anymore."

"I don't blame you. How often does it go to Earth?"

He shrugged. "It seems to follow a six month cycle, hitting the same worlds in succession. It's been to Earth four times thus far. Unfortunately, once it formed underwater on the other side, so I couldn't get through because there were several tons of ocean rushing this way. Another time it popped in back home several hundred feet up, making for a damn long fall if I'd been stupid enough to jump. Which I wasn't, thank you. And sometimes it forms here where I simply can't get to it, this last time being an example."

She listened uneasily. "So basically, we're stuck here for at least another six months, possibly more."

He turned to look over his shoulder at her. "That's about the size of it."

She fell into an appalled silence.

They landed the raft on a section of smooth, white beach. Grace eyed her surroundings cautiously, but they actually appeared no different from Earth; green foliage, blue sky, white sand. Looking at one particular tree, she frowned. "Isn't that a palm?"

"Yeah, we have a lot of those. This planet is so similar to Earth, anything that comes through that doorway has a good chance of making it. As a result, we've got a sizable population of earth birds, fish, animals, and vegetation from airborne seeds. Which is a damn good thing. Otherwise I'd have starved long ago." He gestured with a broad, powerful hand. "There are some other life forms here too, but I wouldn't recommend eating them; none of the earth predators do, which means they're probably poisonous to us. Though the fur and horns and teeth can be usable Let's pull the raft up where the tide won't get it."

She helped him drag the heavy raft away from the ocean and lash it to a tree. "Think any other humans have come through?"

He hesitated a long moment. "I have found remains. Single skeletons. Apparently one person would sometimes get stranded here and never find his way back. I'll admit, I've wondered if I'd end up the same way."

Grace shuddered. "Ugly way to die. Nobody to even bury you."

He didn't answer, but his expression was so grim she knew that had been a very real fear of his.

Irons had made his camp in a cave set in the side of a cliff. They had a hike to get there, followed by a rock climb that was less than enjoyable in Grace's slick, wet leather shoes. Finally she clawed her way over a lip of the cliff face to stare into the cave's black opening. Irons scrambled past her and immediately began striking a flint to light one of the lamps hanging from the cave ceiling. Following, Grace saw they were made from

hollow gourds.

"What kind of oil is that?"

"Fish." Catching up a short stick, he began to light the other lamps from the flame in the first.

Looking around, Grace saw that he'd been busy in the last couple of years. Along with the gourd lamps, there were several large woven baskets, clay jars, spears, bows and arrows. A big pallet took up a sizable section of floor space.

Irons noticed her looking at it. "It's a pile of furs covered with a tarp from the boat," he explained. "In the jars I've got dried fruit and meats. Back through there," he nodded at a dark rear opening in the cave, "is a spring I use for water and bathing."

She looked up hopefully. "Spring? Bathing?" Her white uniform was drying, sticky with sea water. Grace badly wanted a bath.

He grinned. "I'll light a lamp for you. You can bathe and wash your uniform while I try to find you something dry to wear."

Preferably a something that had an actual top to it, she thought, following his massive bare back into the next chamber of the cave.

The spring he'd spoken of, Grace saw when he'd lit the lamp, was a wide, dark pool. "It's pretty deep on the other side," he told her, "but I think you can stand on this end without being underwater."

"Sounds good." She waded in while Irons turned and went back into the main chamber. Watching his tight, muscled behind as he walked away, Grace thought there were definitely worse people to be stranded with for six months -- if he was interested in her. Irons had always seemed a little hostile back on the Kennedy, though he'd been pretty civil here.

Then again, considering that he'd been stranded for two years, he was probably starved for human companionship.

Not to mention sex, said a sly voice in the back of her mind.

It was, Grace admitted silently as she stripped off her uniform, an intriguing thought. She'd had more than one erotic fantasy about Commander Irons, SEAL and old-school Navy man who saw no place for women on an aircraft carrier. True, he'd been a real sonofabitch to her on more than one occasion, but there was something about him that appealed to her darker side. Maybe it was the diameter of his biceps. Or maybe it was the size of the bulge she'd seen in his trunks at the base swimming pool

Grace shook her head hard. Entertaining thoughts like that was NOT a good idea until she knew how Irons saw the situation.

Sighing, she took her uniform and waded deeper into the pool. It actually felt pretty good, not as icy as she'd expected. After stripping, she set to work rinsing out her clothing, swirling them through the water to wash away the salt. That done, she wrung out the excess and draped them across a rock to dry, then turned to stroke into deeper water. The feeling of the cool currents slipping around her was so delicious she closed her eyes in bliss.

Behind her lids, an image of Cade appeared, his body rippling with the hard muscle built by the SEALs' demanding training. She smiled.

When Grace opened them again, Irons was standing on the edge of the pool. His stare was hot with erotic interest, and locked directly on her cold-beaded nipples, thrusting

upward as she floated on her back.

She jumped, instinctively folding her arms across her breasts. "Commander!"

It took a moment, but finally he dragged his eyes away from her body and threw down a bundle of skins on the rock next to her uniform. Without another word, he turned and left the chamber.

Well, Grace thought drily, so much for the question of whether Irons wanted sex.

Quickly, she waded out of the pool and dried herself with the thin, broad leaves he'd provided, then tried to figure out how to drape herself in the skins. Finally she knotted one around her hips, the other around her bust. Feeling like something out of a bad jungle movie, she made her way into the main chamber.

Irons was seated cross legged on his pallet, a pile of fruit in front of him. He'd arranged a second pallet some distance from his own. Grace eyed it, brows lifted, then let her gaze slide back to him. He returned her stare, his expression coolly professional, then tossed her a banana. Catching it out of the air, she wondered if she'd imagined the blatantly sexual evaluation in the pool chamber.

"I'm going to have to instruct you in survival skills here," Irons said. "Though the alien life forms won't eat us, they're quite capable of killing us anyway. It's a hostile planet, and staying alive is hard work. Which means when I give you an order, I expect you to obey it instantly, without question."

Peeling the banana, Grace looked at him, wondering what was going on behind that hard, handsome face. "Commander, even back on Earth I wasn't in the habit of questioning a superior officer's orders."

"I'm aware of that." He leaned back, stretching out his muscled legs in front of him and crossing them at the ankles. "However, Earth is a very long way off -- and so is the United States Navy. The usual regulations no longer apply."

"Including the ones about sexual fraternization?" The words were out before she had time to bite them off. She lifted her chin and stared at him, determined to brazen it out. "Excuse me for being so blunt, but it seems to me that it's unrealistic to expect there to be no . . . sexual . . . contact between us. Particularly considering the length of time we may be stranded."

Dark satisfaction flared in his eyes. She wondered if that conclusion was what Irons had been leading up to all along. "That's the way I see it. I'm relieved you're as realistic. Unfortunately, there's more to it than that."

Grace lowered the uneaten banana to her lap, her mouth suddenly dry.

"We have no access to birth control," he told her bluntly. "If you and I start having sex, you're going to get pregnant. Frankly, I don't think that's a good idea. Considering the primitive conditions, it would be too easy for you to get an infection and die, or for there to be other fatal complications."

Damn. She hadn't thought of that. "You could ... uh... pull out." Her face flamed in a blush.

Irons locked her in a level stare. "Yes, but that's not a very good method. Women have been known to get pregnant from pre-ejaculate, not to mention a simple loss of control. We're going to have to try alternate methods."

Grace couldn't believe she was having this conversation with Lt. Commander Cade Irons. "I assume you're referring to," she paused and swallowed, eyeing the size of the

bulge in his skimpy loincloth, "giving head."

"Yes." His eyes were steely. "And sodomy."

She felt her jaw drop. "I beg your pardon?"

"Sodomy," Irons repeated, his stare hot, hard and totally merciless. "Anal sex."

"Anal sex?" Grace repeated stupidly, unable to believe this cool, controlled man had made such a suggestion.

"As in my penetration of your ass with my cock." He used the crude words coldly, watching her expression with narrowed eyes.

Grace gaped at him. Weakly she said, "I've never done that."

If anything, his expression took on an even more predatory edge. "Don't worry, Grace. I've initiated several virgins." The faint undertone of menace in his voice was backed up by his sheer size and muscularity. Like most sailors, Grace'd had some hand-to-hand training, but she was well aware it would do her no good against a SEAL if he decided to force her. He was too strong, too skilled . . .

For a dazing moment Grace imagined it; Irons' big, hot body descending on hers, his powerful hands flipping her over, spreading her cheeks wide. The helpless wait as he studied her virgin orifice, anticipating the pleasures to come. The invasion of his long, thick fingers as he greased her for his rod. Then, finally, the rape of her anus -- feeling it open under the powerful pressure of his massive cock, the pain and pleasure of his deep, grinding thrusts.

Staring at him, she shuddered, though whether in fear or revulsion or anticipation she couldn't say.

"Isn't that against Navy regs?" Grace said, then winced at the banality of the question.

"That's never stopped me before." Irons' tone was totally flat, matter-of-fact. "And it's certainly not going to stop me God knows how many light years from Earth." Looking intently into her face, Irons added, "I'm a sexual dominant, Grace. There's very little I love more than a tight female asshole. Particularly if my victim's bound and gagged."

It was a good thing she was sitting down; she could feel her knees going weak. "Are you saying you'd take me by force?"

"Do I need to?" he asked silkily.

Grace swallowed. "What if I refuse?"

Irons smiled in a slow, white revelation of teeth. "I'd say 'It will be my pleasure.'"

"You're trying to take advantage of this situation to coerce me into something I wouldn't normally do," she protested, feeling anger begin to push through her shock.

He gave her a hooded look. "Wouldn't you?"

"What do you mean?" She shifted, instantly defensive.

"I saw you in that adult bookstore in San Diego the week before I went through the doorway. You weren't buying Little Women."

Grace felt her face go cold with shock as the blood left her head. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

"I saw the titles, Grace. Bound for Shame, Captive's Rapture, Punished for Pleasure ... Pretty hard core stuff."

Her mouth was completely dry, but she tried to brazen it out anyway. "So?"

"So I think underneath all that cool Navy professionalism you're a submissive. A virgin submissive, maybe; I don't think you've found a top. But I know you've been

looking. Very discretely, very carefully. And very unsuccessfully."

Her skin felt hot now, burning. He knew it all. Feeling dazed, she said, "I tried to blow it off, but . . . I couldn't stop thinking about it."

"I know." Irons lowered his lids to a bedroom half-mast. "I was going to approach you the next time we were in port."

Grace stared at him. "What?"

"I have always found you ... enticing, though I never said anything because of Navy regs, and because I didn't think I could settle for tame, vanilla sex with you. When I realized you were a bottom, the attraction only increased. I was still trying to work out the logistics when I fell through the doorway."

She caught her breath. "But now ..."

Irons' eyes gleamed. "Now we have a delightful way to make the best of a bad situation."

This entire conversation struck her as dreamlike, as something from her darker fantasies. "You really want me to become your submissive?"

"What I want," Irons told her in a rough, purring growl, "is to introduce you to the feeling of a hard male hand giving you a relentless spanking. I want to tie you up and torment your delicious tits. I want to make you moan in pain, scream in pleasure, and come over and over again. I want to watch my hard cock slide between those pink lips of yours, and I want to fuck your virgin ass."

She blinked at him, dazed. "Are you giving me a choice?"

Irons smiled slowly. "No."

Helplessly, Grace stared at him, taking in the width of his naked, muscular shoulders, the size of his hands, the blatant strength in his big body. And his eyes, eyes that promised every dark, secret act she'd ever dreamed of in her darkest, most secret dreams.

"Strip, Lieutenant," he said.

Slowly, as if hypnotized, she stood and reached for the knotted end of the piece of leather that covered her breasts. Her fingers fumbled with the hard knot, but finally it gave. Dragged downward by its own weight, the skin unwrapped and fell away, revealing the white thrust of her breasts, the nipples long, hard and pink. She ran a tongue across her dry lips and reached for the piece that hid her hips. That, too, dropped to the sand, the leather whispering as it fell to land with a soft thump.

He stared at her for a long time, his expression a heated blend of triumph and anticipation. "Across my lap, Grace. Now."

"Now?" she squeaked.

"Now." Expressionless, he explained, "I want to see how much stretching your asshole will need before I can use it."

Acutely aware of her nakedness, she walked over to him. Slowly Grace knelt. His eyes met hers, and she swallowed at the erotic menace she saw in them. Then, carefully, she draped herself across his lap. His erection dug into her belly as she sank onto him.

For a long moment, Grace lay there waiting, feeling herself creaming helplessly. She'd never been so aroused in her life.

Finally he moved. His big, warm hands descended on her, testing the firm muscle of her round cheeks. Gently, he squeezed. "Spread your legs, Grace."

Closing her eyes, she obeyed.

A blunt, hot finger traced the split between her cheeks, slid down it to her labia, parted her gently, and sank easily into her wet pussy. She gasped at the sensation of being filled by him for the first time. It was exactly what she needed.

"Were you on the Pill?"

She swallowed. "Yes."

"Good. We can fuck more conventionally tonight. As tight and creamy as you are, it would be a shame to waste it."

A second finger joined the one exploring her cunt. Grace whimpered. His thumb began to strum her aching clit, and she stiffened as pleasure seared her nerve endings.

For several moments, Irons was content to stroke in and out of her wet, desperate sex, making her hotter and hungrier with every penetration. Just as her muscles began to clench in preparation for climax, he said, "Now, let's see about that asshole..."

Pulling his fingers out of her cunt, he transferred them to her anus and began, ruthlessly, to press. She gasped out a shocked cry, arching her back as he forced the budded opening.

"Oh, yeah," he purred, his fingers digging in, impaling her slowly. "That's just the way I like my virgins -- tiny and tight. Just begging to be reamed by something much, much too big for them"

Unable to stop herself, Grace writhed under the pressure of his invading digits. "It hurts, Cade!"

"I'm not surprised, as small as you are." He twisted his hand, corkscrewing the rosy opening. "Ah, darlin' -- it's a good thing for you you're not some tasty sub I picked up on leave. I'd be tempted to tie you up and rape this little hole right now while you begged for mercy. I'd make you'd love it before I finished, but you'd suffer in the meantime."

She groaned. "You sound like you've . . . uh! . . . done that before."

"Once or twice." She could hear the dark satisfaction in his voice. "But only with submissives. You'd be surprised how quickly a sub can learn to love having her asshole forced." He rotated his fingers deliberately, and she whimpered. "However, the situation's a little different with you. I intend to make you my anal slave, so I'm going to have to teach you to want to get it as much as I want to give it to you."

Grace whimpered at the burning ache of his assault on her bottom. "Teach me how?"

For a long moment he didn't answer, engrossed in the sight of her anus struggling to take his fingers. "I'll have to take my time, I think, break you in slowly," he said at last. "Combine back door penetration with clit stimulation, until you come to crave feeling my cock here."

She shuddered. She couldn't imagine wanting this -- but she knew if anyone could make her do it, he could.

Suddenly he took his hand away. "I'd better stop. Rectal rape is beginning to sound a little too tempting." His voice grated with lust, rough and hot.

Grace's eyes snapped open. She was suddenly, uncomfortably aware that she was thoroughly at his mercy. Only Irons' self-control, his plans for her erotic training, stood between her virgin asshole and the brutal penetration of his massive cock. There was no one else to protect her, not the government, not the Navy. She was his to do with as he would.

She was a little shocked at the cream that flooded her cunt at that thought.

"I'll just have to advance your training in another direction," he said. "Ever had a spanking, Grace?"

Cade Irons beating her ass. Another secret fantasy. She closed her eyes and whispered, "As a child."

"Doesn't count. The kind of spanking a top gives a pretty bottom before he fucks her is a whole different proposition --- as you're about to find out." His voice was rich with anticipation. Her eyes popped open, and she saw him lift a muscled arm. "Let's see how well you can take it, Lieutenant . . ."

Grace held her breath, tried to brace herself for the impact.

It didn't work.

Irons' broad palm descended on her ass with merciless strength. She managed to suppress a yelp of pain, but couldn't contain the leap of her rump. Another stinging slap, landing on her cheeks with a sharp crack. Fire radiated from the impact. She clenched her teeth and dug her fingers hard into the sand in front of her, determined not to cry out.

"Self control," he said, sounding pleased. "I like that. Let's see if you can keep it up."

Irons began to test her willpower with a rain of burning smacks that made her writhe. Yet even as she twisted against his thick, hard cock, she somehow fought back any sound beyond short gasps.

"Very nice," he purred, pausing at last to trace his rough fingers over her stinging rump. "You do know how to take a spanking. Minimum of noise, but lots of delicious squirming of those pretty pinkening cheeks." Suddenly he dipped a finger down between her thighs, slipped into her cunt. "Why, Lieutenant -- I think it made you even hotter."

He pushed a hand under her torso and found one of her pointed nipples. Delicately he squeezed it, rolling it between his finger pads as his other hand lifted for another assault on her burning butt.

Even through the pain, she could feel the hungry thrust of his cock under her belly. She shut her eyes, concentrating on that hardness, trying to ignore the measured cracking impacts of his hand on her rump, the searing burn. Grinding her breast into his fingers, she felt him squeeze it even harder. Her helpless writhing pressed her clit against his muscled thigh, and pleasure began to ribbon through the pain of the spanking. She pictured what he must see as she lay across his lap -- her reddening ass cheeks squirming seductively, jiggling with each impact as she ground against his hard-on. How hot it must make him, having her so totally at his mercy, his to punish and fuck however he wanted. Her mouth, her cunt, her ass, all his. His bottom, his submissive.

His slave.

"Cade!" she screamed, unable to hold back the cry.

His hand halted in mid-air. "Ready to fuck, Grace?"

She twisted her head around, looked up to see him staring possessively down at her. Something wild rose in her, and she pulled herself off his lap, backed away to crouch like a cat. Her eyes narrowed. "No."

His eyebrows shot upward. "No?"

"I'm not going to let you, Commander Irons. You want me, you're gonna have to take me -- by force."

A grin spread across his face, dark and menacing. "If that's what you want." Slowly,

he rose to his feet.

She jumped up and danced backward. "Are you going to rape me, Cade?"

His eyes flicked over her, dwelling briefly on her stiff nipples, on the soft nest matted with her cream. "Oh, yeah." Moving slowly, he began to circle to one side, his powerfully muscled arms held ready.

Her nipples were so hard they ached almost as much as her well-paddled ass. "Bastard," she hissed. "You love this, don't you? Knowing there's nobody to stop you from doing whatever you want with me."

"Yes, I love it," he growled, his eyes as intent as a tiger's. "I can explore every black fantasy I've ever had with you."

"Like hell!"

"I'm going to make you my little anal slave," he continued, stalking her. "The minute you see me get a hard-on, you'll bend over and spread your cheeks."

"You're not man enough," she taunted, though her cunt was flooding.

He lunged. Grace tried to dart aside, but one big hand locked around her wrist as he thrust a foot between her ankles. His massive body bulled into hers, carrying them down to the hard packed sand. He rolled, taking the brunt of the impact, then twisted around and laid her out.

And Grace was on her back, Irons looming over her, pressing her hard into the ground. She balled her fist and swung at him, but he caught it easily and pinned it with the one he still held captive over her head.

"Looks like you're helpless, Lieutenant." Irons grinned, displaying his teeth. Levering back and off her, he reached down to the piece of leather he wore around his hips. A tug and it snapped free, revealing the thick, aggressive length of his cock, purpled with lust. He shoved his knees between her legs and forced them wide.

Grace squirmed, cursing him, but as she'd expected it did her no good. Cade just watched, obviously enjoying her lush body's powerless struggles against his overwhelming strength. "You do make a tempting victim, Lieutenant. Ready to be raped?"

Wordlessly she strained upward, arching her back and her breasts. Irons took it for the invitation it was and dropped his blond head to capture a hot, red nipple in his mouth. Ruthlessly, he began to suck as she pulled at her pinioned hands. His fingers surrounded them in a stone-strong grip she couldn't begin to break. Still Grace fought, knowing her struggles added to his enjoyment, though the hot suction of his mouth was rapidly eroding any interest she had in resistance.

Finally he lifted his head and reached down between their bodies to take his big dick in hand. He aimed it at her creamy pussy. "Now for the moment we've all been waiting for . . ."

With a single hard thrust, he rammed the massive organ into her. She threw back her head and screamed at the raw pleasure of his width and length filling her.

"Mmmm," he purred, staring down at her stunned face with satisfaction. "Such a sweet, wet little victim."

With that Cade began to lunge, driving in and out as mercilessly as the rapist he was pretending to be. Grace thrashed in helpless lust, dimly aware that he still held her down as though she might somehow attempt to escape. Dipping his head, he attacked each of

her nipples in turn, biting and sucking fiercely as he gored her cunt with long, punishing thrusts.

Soon Grace's thighs were jerking with the raw sexual pleasure, and she threw her legs up to wrap them around his working ass, opening herself even more for his use. He took advantage of that pose, driving ever deeper until it felt as though he was torturing her very womb. She screamed, feeling for a wild moment that the sheer erotic force of it was going to rip her mind in two.

"That's it, Grace," he grunted, pounding into her so hard that their bodies slapped rhythmically together. "Come for me. Come just the way you're going to come when I give you your first rectum reaming."

"Yes! God, Cade, yes!"

"You were born to be a slave, you hot little bitch." His sweat splattered her face as he dug into her. "Born for bondage and the whip and a big, hard cock ramming up your little asshole. And I was born to do it to you."

"Cade!"

"Master, bitch," he ground between clenched teeth. "Call me master."

"Master!" She rolled her head from side to side, maddened by the orgasm she could feel building with each driving thrust.

"Say 'I'll be your asshole slave, master!'"

"I'll ... UH! ... be your ...UH!... asshole slave ... master!"

"And I'll ... split it ... WIDE, slave!" He threw back his head and slammed as deep as he could.

She screamed, going over the edge and plunging into fire. As her vagina contracted, Cade began to pump jet after jet of sperm into her burning pussy.

Afterward, when he regained his strength, Cade drew her limp, sexually drained body against his own. Minutes later, she was asleep -- but he remained awake, planning about his next step in the subjugation of Grace.

Cade looped the tough vine rope around Grace's delicate ankle, binding it to the crossbar. Finished, he looked down at her. She lay naked on her back, her legs, raised and spread wide, lashed to the bamboo frame. The long nipples of her tautly rounded breasts were stiff and darkly flushed, and her little pink tongue licked at her lips in a gesture of nervousness that brought a predatory smile to his face.

He crouched to study her sex, furred in fine blonde hair that was already damp with arousal despite the anxiety he could feel radiating from her. She had reason to be afraid; extending down from the frame was a pole with a long, thin dildo mounted on the end. The wooden shaft gleamed under a thick coat of animal grease, ready to be implanted in her unplumbed ass.

"Nervous, Grace?" he asked mockingly.

"Yes." Her voice squeaked.

He gave her a grin that was nothing less than sadistic. "Good. A little fear makes it even hotter. Ready for your first taste of backdoor impalement?"

"Would it stop you if I said no?"

"Not a chance." Reaching out, Cade grabbed her narrow hips and tugged her toward

him until the dildo was poised a fraction from her pink, tightly clenched anal bud. "Take a deep breath, Grace," he purred, and slowly dragged her onto the fake cock.

She caught her breath, her lovely green eyes flying wide as she felt the smooth wooden head enter her. She squirmed helplessly, pretty breasts bouncing. Cade grinned and tightened his grip, dragging her closer, watching as the shaft sank slowly between her cheeks.

"It hurts!" she gasped.

"I know. That's the point of this exercise, darlin' -- to learn how to take it and like it. Even the pain." Relentlessly he forced her lower on to the dildo. "Because I'm much thicker than this little rod, Grace. And you're going to have to take every inch of me."

She moaned in a combination of arousal and suffering that made his cock, long and crowbar-hard, twitch in sadistic anticipation.

If he had to be stranded on this rock, he was damn glad he had Grace and her virgin ass to entertain him.

The rod was all the way in now, distending her tight opening -- though not as much as he would. "Now," Cade said, "fuck the dildo, Grace."

She stared at him, her mouth forming a soft, delicious O.

"Now!" he growled.

White teeth sinking into her lip, Grace gingerly began to work her thighs, pulling off the thin shaft. She whimpered.

"Very good. Now back down. Take it deep."

"But . . ."

"Or maybe," he said menacingly, "you'd rather dispense with the dildo and take my cock instead."

Green eyes widened and flicked to the big bulge in his loincloth. She hesitated, visibly torn between fear and fascination, then slowly began to force herself back onto the rod.

Cade watched in feral interest as the dildo sank slowly into Grace's ass, stretching the little round hole. She was biting her lip now, obviously fighting back a moan of pain as she gamely worked up and down on the fake cock.

Not that any of that practice would help her when it came time for the real thing. There was a big difference between the diameter of the dildo and the width of Cade's massive erection, a difference that would translate into erotic suffering. Just as he'd intended; he knew that his conquest of Grace's asshole would be a taste of subjugation she would never forget. The sessions with the dildo were designed to make her yearn for the pain and pleasure of sodomy without blunting that first experience under his own male weapon.

Now, as Cade watched, Grace rippled her hips, forcing the dildo deep into her clutching back door. Seeing that puckered mouth work around the thin shaft, he imagined how much wider it would have to strain for the huge cock he could feel throbbing with each heartbeat.

"Time for pleasure, darlin'," he rumbled. "Finger yourself."

Her eyes flew open. "What?"

"Masturbate for me, Grace. I want to watch you get yourself off while you screw your own back door."

She hesitated.

"Now!" he snapped.

Reluctantly, Grace reached down one long hand and sought between the delicate pink lips of her cunt. Her fingers found her long, stiff clit and began gingerly circling it.

"Not good enough, slave."

Reaching into the corner behind him, Cade pulled out a short wooden butt with a length of vine attached. He got to his feet and moved around to her side as her wide eyes tracked him. Quickly, he snapped his hand forward. The vine lash snaked out, popped against one of his slave's long, pink nipples. She yelped.

"Rub your pussy, Grace," he growled. "And while you're at it, fuck that little dildo. You're going to learn to associate pleasure with the pain of feeling your rectum stretch around something hard."

Ruthlessly, he snapped the vine whip against each of her nipples in turn, watching her breasts jiggle and redden. She whimpered and picked up the pace. "You're ... a real bastard, Cade ..."

He grinned and gave her two hard pops. "I'm a dominant male, Grace. Of course I'm a bastard. Besides . . ." Pop pop POP ". . . Alan Alda would bore you."

She cried out, her eyes shuttered, her fingers stroking her clit hard. Just as he'd intended, his dominate pose had turned her on.

Carrying the whip, Cade moved around between her legs. In her arousal, she'd unconsciously begun to hump the dildo, deepening her thrusts. They were still a bit reluctant, but she was coming along.

"Good girl, Grace." Dropping the whip, he knelt. "In fact, you're such a good girl, you deserve a reward."

Grace's eyes popped open. He grinned wickedly at her and lowered his head. She moved her hand out of his way. His first lick made her gasp with pleasure. Stiffening his tongue, he pushed it across her clit, but didn't do anything else. She'd have to provide the motion if she wanted to come.

Grace was a smart woman; she got the idea quickly and began to hunch against his face so that his tongue stroked her clit. But as she did so, the dildo ground in and out even harder.

"You're ... diabolical, Cade!" she gasped. "God, it hurts!"

He grinned and reached both hands up to tease her nipples.

Despite the pain of the dildo's ravishment, Grace continued to work against his mouth. She was moaning constantly now, writhing as his hands tormented her soft breasts and the fake cock tortured her anus.

"It's beginning to ... it's beginning to feel ... good!" she gasped, discovering, as he'd known she would, the masochistic pleasure of having her rectum stretched and filled.

Sooner or later, all his subs did.

Inhaling the scent of her arousal, Cade ground his hard-on against the pallet and imagined it was inside her, ramming her, causing her this painful delight.

Grace screamed, her voice rising, then strangling on the raw surge of her climax. He drew back and watched possessively as she arched her back, instinctively jamming the dildo to its full length up her ass.

Which was when he realized he couldn't take it anymore.

Cade lunged to his feet and strode to her head, then knelt astride her face. Before she

quite knew what he was doing, he plunged his ferociously aching cock between her soft lips. Like the sweet submissive she was, Grace instantly began to suck.

"That's it, you delicious bitch," he growled, watching greedily as her mouth formed a snug O around his shaft. "Suck it hard and well, or I'm going to give you something else to take up the ass."

She whimpered, but her eyes were bright with lust.

"You liked it, didn't you? It hurt like a son of a bitch, and you loved it anyway." Bracing his hand beside her blonde hair, fisting a spill of it in his fingers, he stroked ruthlessly, loving the feel of her hot, sucking mouth. "Just imagine how it's going to be, Grace. As big as my cock is, you're going to think it's splitting you wide open. You'll whimper and you'll beg, but it won't do you any good. Because your little ass will feel so tight and so hot that I won't be in the mood for mercy."

As Grace moaned in submission, Cade felt the detonation in his balls, blowing hard and hot up his shaft. He threw back his head and roared, rocketing his cum down his slave's helpless throat.

The sun was deliciously warm on Grace's shoulders as she walked onto the beach, but the breeze from the sea was cooling, stiffening her nipples to full erection. She sighed in pleasure and threw her head back, enjoying the sensations playing over her naked body. It was too bad Cade wasn't here with her; making love on the beach would be wonderful. But since he was off hunting, as he usually was at this time of day, she'd just have to make the best of it.

Grace chose a spot on the sand just above the reach of the waves and spread out the long piece of tanned animal skin she carried. Planting her bare bottom on the skin, she uncapped a small clay jar she'd brought with her. It was one of Cade's concoctions -- a mixture of oil and some kind of plant juice he sometimes used as a makeshift sun screen. She poured out a handful of the rich, fragrant oil and slowly spread it over her skin. When she reached her breasts, she couldn't resist the impulse to twist her nipples between her oiled fingers, shivering at the lush sensations. It reminded her of the way Cade had fucked her tits the night before -- after making her walk around all evening with a butt plug buried between her cheeks.

Grace sighed, remembering the hot, wicked pleasure, then went on rubbing down the rest of her body. When she reached her bottom, she twisted around to inspect her cheeks. Not a mark on them. She'd half expected to see fading streaks from the vine whip he'd welded so ruthlessly before bringing her to climax.

Cade was a very demanding master -- not to mention diabolically clever. He had a keen knowledge of the female body he exploited skillfully, combining pleasure and pain so deftly it became almost impossible to tell where one left off and the other began.

He'd even taught her to crave the moment when he finally took her ass. Over the past few days, she'd learned to love anal stimulation as much as she did the vaginal kind. In some ways, more. There was something so deliciously submissive about it -- and there was something so ruthlessly predatory about Cade when he forced it on her. It wasn't just sex to him; it was an act of conquest, and he approached it like some ancient warrior extracting tribute.

And soon -- tonight, unless she missed her guess -- he'd extract it from her. He'd bend

her over and force her asshole with his cock, savoring her moans of pleasure and pain as he ground in and out.

Thinking about it, Grace felt her mouth go dry. Her eyes drifted closed, and she rolled over on her stomach. Dreamily, she reached back and spread her cheeks with one hand, then slipped the oiled fingers of the other into her back door. Cade had ordered her to finger her anus whenever she masturbated, and she'd found the feeling of fullness it gave her heightened her enjoyment.

Now she imagined Cade was watching her while she oiled herself for his use. She caught her breath, picturing the look on his face, the hot, predatory anticipation, the size of his cock as it swelled to full, hungry erection.

Adding a second finger to the one plundering her tight hole, Grace plunged them deep and moaned helplessly.

"Well, what have we here?" said a deep, threatening male voice.

Before she could turn, he pounced, his body crushing down on hers. His thickly muscled arm, clad in black neoprene, encircled her throat from behind. She screamed.

A knife glittered in the big fist inches from her face.

"Here I was, reconnoitering the area, and what do I find but a beautiful woman greasing her own asshole," Cade rumbled in her ear. "Getting ready for your lover, darlin'? Where is he?" She didn't answer, trying to recover from her scare. "Where is he?"

A game. He was playing a game. "There is no lover," she gasped. "I was just masturbating."

"Ah. You must have a taste for sodomy. What a coincidence." He rolled his hips, damp in his wetsuit, against her bare ass. "So do I."

"No!" she squeaked. "I'm a virgin!"

"But you don't want to be, do you?" he purred. "Why don't I help you with that? I just love a tight, virgin asshole."

"No!" Grace whimpered in mock fear.

"Yeessss!" Again he rolled his hips, letting her feel his size.

Getting into her role, Grace began to struggle. He put a stop to that, grabbing both her wrists and pulling them to the small of her back, then trapping them there in one big fist. The next moment, he looped a length of thin rope around them and tied her tightly.

Straightening off her, Cade flipped her over on her back. Grace stared breathlessly up at him. He looked like a stranger in the black wetsuit that hugged his muscled body, his familiar long hair concealed by the tight rubber hood. His face mask rode the top of his head, and he wore a cruel, expectant smile. "Since I'm going to take your anal virginity, I suppose the least I can do is provide a little foreplay first."

Cade grabbed the mask and pulled it off, then crouched over her once more. His dark clad head lowered, his lips parting to close over his target: one stiff, rosy nipple. She gasped out a strangled scream as he bit delicately.

He lifted his head at her cry, and gave her a hard, nasty stare. "Bad girl. No noise." Looking around, he grabbed the edge of the skin she lay on and quickly began to saw at it with his wickedly sharp knife until he had a long, wide strip.

"What are you doing?" Grace demanded nervously.

"Can't have you screaming for help," he growled, still playing his role. Before she could protest, he forced the strip of leather between her jaws and tied it around the back

of her head.

Rocking back on his heels straddling her, Cade eyed Grace with possessive lust. "My favorite fantasy: a beautiful woman naked, bound and gagged -- with a well-greased virgin asshole. And nobody around to come to her rescue. The possibilities are endless."

Grace felt her cunt flood.

"I think I'm going to make this a long, long fuck," he said thoughtfully, reaching down to toy with her pebbled nipples. "It's not every day a man gets a chance to rape such a luscious piece of ass. Thing is," Cade drew the fingers of his free hand up the length of the long, hard bulge in the neoprene. "I'm pretty hot right now. Maybe I'd better take the edge off before we start." Grabbing the zipper of his wetsuit, he pulled it down, opening an arrow of tanned, muscled chest, abs and belly until his long cock leaped from the opening like a hungry animal. "You're gagged, so I can't make you suck me, and your hands are tied ... Guess it's a tit fuck."

Taking the jar of oil she'd left lying in the sand, Cade drizzled it slowly over her breasts. Laying his thick rod in her cleavage, he took the sun-warmed mounds in each strong hand and pulled them together so his shaft was surrounded by soft, female flesh. Gently, slowly, ruthlessly, he began to stroke. "Watch closely now, darlin'. See the width of my shaft stroking between your pretty tits. See how broad it is?"

Grace swallowed, knowing exactly what he meant. She could easily visualize what her own asshole would look like stretching around that thick, cruel shaft. She could remember how she'd had to open her mouth wide to take him when he'd fucked her mouth; his was no ordinary cock. And in a few minutes, when he flipped her over . . .

"I'll bet you're probably hoping for rescue right now," Cade told her softly, still playing his role. His thumbs flicked her nipples. She could feel his velvet shaft stroking her breasts. "Maybe you're hoping the rest of my SEAL team will happen along and save you. And I'm sure if they did, I'd have quite a fight on my hands. But I assure you, rescue would not be on their minds. No, I'd be fighting to be the first in line to pop your anal cherry."

He lengthened his strokes, simultaneously twisting her nipples with delightful strength. She moaned behind her gag. "I'm afraid you're just not the kind of woman that moves a man to rescue," he told her, his blue eyes hot on her face. "You're a little too lushly helpless, with your big tits and your long legs and your huge eyes. When a man looks at you, he doesn't want to be your hero -- he wants to be your villain." His grip had tightened on her flesh. He was sawing back and forth now, hard, and his handsome lips were pulled into an animal grimace of pleasure and lust. "You've certainly put me in a black-hearted mood."

Swallowing behind her gag, Grace watched as Cade threw up his head, still hunching hard between her breasts, his rough fingers tormenting her eager nipples. His powerful body arched -- and something white and wet hit her chin, her cheeks, the soft flesh of her throat.

Feeling the hot drops of his cum roll across her skin, Grace saw him finally slump, drained at last.

Temporarily, at least.

He straddled her for a moment, slumped, before he stirred. "Well, that was a nice appetizer," he purred. Looking down at himself, Cade grinned. "But I'm still hard." He

shot her a taunting stare. "Fraid that doesn't bode well for the future condition of your ass. Speaking of which . . ." Lifting off her, he grabbed her by one shoulder and flipped her over. ". . . Let's see how good a job you did with that oil."

Shivering in a combination of fear and anticipation, Grace felt him take her cheeks in hand and present a big forefinger to her back door. She caught her breath as it began to enter. "Hmm. Not quite slick enough."

Cade picked up the jar of oil again as he caught the flesh around her anus and pulled, stretching her open. Slowly, he drizzled the oil into the tight orifice. Grace could feel the slick, warm liquid pooling between her cheeks, dripping down the hole. She quivered in pleasure.

Cade watched with possessive lust as the oil rolled into Grace's sphincter, held ruthlessly wide by his fingers. More than one sub had had her first taste of sodomy from his cock, but he'd never felt such hot, eager lust, such need to feel his victim stretch around him, such dark anticipation of soft moans of pleasure and surrender and pain. But then, Cade had dreamed of taking Grace since his days on the Kennedy, even back when he'd thought she was some vanilla virgin who'd be outraged at what he wanted to do to her.

Instead she was every heated midnight slave fantasy he'd ever had. And he was finally going to ream her virgin asshole.

Catching her roughly by the hips, he pulled her up on her knees. With her arms lashed behind her, Grace was left with face pillowed on the skin and her ass in the air. She made a soft, anxious sound. Cade grinned. Kneeling behind her, he caught her cheeks again and pulled them wide to reveal his tightly clenched target. He grabbed his hungry cock, aimed it and pressed it to her hole. And watched her yield as its flushed red head began to nose into her rectum.

Grace made a strangled sound.

He ignored the helpless protest and pressed harder. She wasn't fighting him, but she was so sweetly tight that getting into her wasn't an easy task. Cade tightened his grip on her hips and pulled her backward as he drove forward, forcing his crowbar-hard length deeper and deeper yet into her well-oiled, deliciously snug passage. Every inch forced her anus wider as it neared the thick base of his shaft. She was gasping and moaning now, strangled sounds of pain and submission that arrowed straight to his balls.

Finally Cade was in as far as he could get, and her asshole was stretched around him like a helplessly wide-open mouth. He shuttered his lids in pleasure and stayed where he was, relishing the moment of conquest -- the raw pleasure of her oiled grip, the feeling of her smooth, rounded ass pressing against his hips, her muffled gasps of surrender.

"Very good, darlin'," he told her, "Now, you just concentrate on getting used to it. This isn't going to be over any time soon."

Reaching down, he found her clit and circled it with his oiled fingers as he slowly drew himself out of her almost to the head of his cock, then reversed his stroke and pushed deep again. And so, savoring each dark moment, he set about enjoying Grace's virgin asshole.

At first Cade felt like a column of red-hot steel inside her, but gradually, as his ruthless strokes continued to the circling of his fingers on her clit, she discovered the pleasure of sodomy. She had never experienced anything so intense, had never felt herself so overwhelmed by a man, so invaded, so conquered. And the only way she could find

pleasure in the pain was by surrendering to it -- giving herself to him totally to use as he wished.

Now Grace crouched with her face pressed against the leather and concentrated on opening herself to the rapacious prick burrowing in and out. Each stroke seemed to have two edges -- the inward thrust was painful, but the withdrawal was exquisite, until she swung back and forth between agony and delight like a pendulum bound to his will.

Now he began to pick up his tempo, increasing the power and violence of his movements until she was screaming behind her gag, unable to bear the raw, hot sensations, the pleasure and pain merging into one blazing continuum. Her legs went out from under her from the strength of his driving strokes. He just followed her down until his big, hard body covered hers.

The new position allowed him to plumb her even deeper and faster than before. Cade shortened his strokes until he was grinding, reaming her as she yowled in rhythm, maddened by the brutal pleasure.

Her orgasm felt like a bomb going off in her belly. "Caaaaaaaaaaddddde!"

Despite the muffling gag, he heard her scream his name just before her rectum began to pulse around him. She stiffened, unconsciously clamping down on his cock with her powerful anal muscles. Then Grace went completely limp, panting and moaning.

Cade grinned viciously and forgot his last scruples to screw her asshole without mercy. Finally his big cock shot spurt after spurt of hot cum deep into her ravaged ass.

He collapsed over her, his big body covering hers. She made a muffled sound, and he pulled off her gag.

"Oh, God, Master," she whimpered. "I've never felt anything like that."

Cade grinned. That "Master" had sounded instinctual, not just something she called him as part of a game. And he knew he'd finally accomplished his goal.

No matter how long it took them to find the right doorway back to earth, Lt. Commander Cade Irons had made Lt. Grace Hayes his asshole slave.

And as she'd soon discover, her training had just begun.

THE END