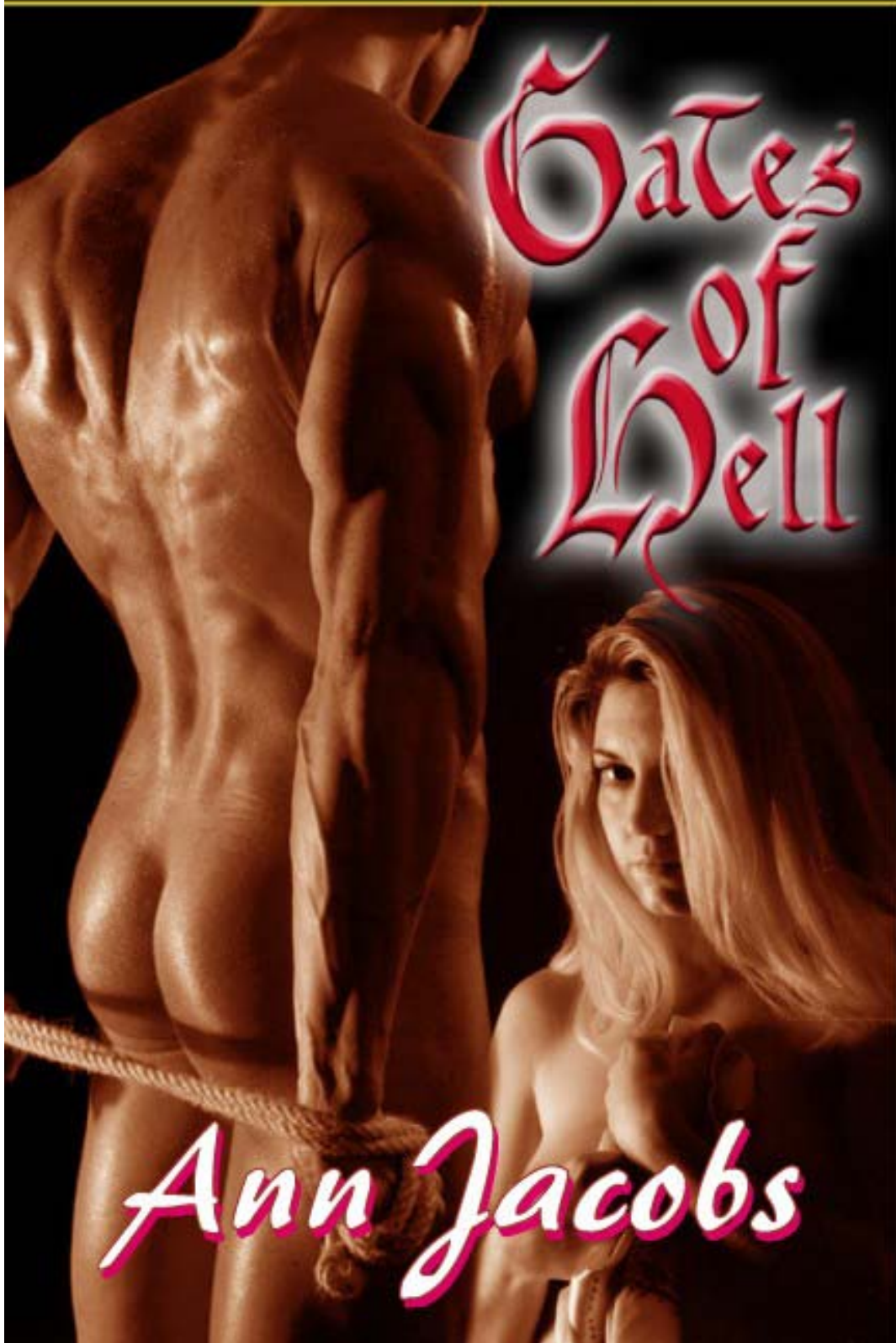


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

# Gates of Hell

Ann Jacobs



GATES OF HELL

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Cover art by SCOTT CARPENTER.

# **GATES OF HELL**

**By Ann Jacobs**

## **Dedication**

To Pat Haley, Mama Z-

Here's to you, Mama. For your encouragement, your support, your love for Ellora's Cave romantica in general and my stories in particular (even though they usually are contemporary, not your favorite genre). This one's my first-ever futuristic. This one's for you, with thanks for everything.

Ann Jacobs

## **Chapter One**

*Utopia, United Federation of Earth, September 15, 2225*

Though it was only a blinking light on the communication screen in her quarters, Aurora d'Alessandro cringed. Printed in plain black font in the left corner of the screen, the return address might as well have been a coiled viper poised to strike. *Department of Human Resources*. They hadn't forgotten her after all. With trembling hands, she picked up the remote control device from the table by her bed and clicked the "read" button.

Your status has been changed from potential breeder to drone. You are hereby ordered to present yourself at Clinic Alpha on October 1, 2225, at 0700 hours for the necessary alterations.

Two weeks. Two stinking weeks were all she had left as a woman. Fourteen lousy days and she'd be turned into a drone. A worker devoid of...everything.

She punched in some numbers, and the wall opened. Her government-issued room that had seemed so cozy this morning had all the warmth of a prison cell tonight. R-4, the sexbot she'd chosen to keep her company and fulfill the needs no whole woman could suppress, stood silent in the corner by her cot. Turning him on, whether for sex or companionship, held no appeal.

Aurora wanted a man. A real man. And she wanted him while she could still experience the mysteries the Old Ones used to speak of. Mysteries spoken of in hushed tones even before the Rulers had ordered all conversations monitored a few years ago, following a massive insurrection that had left Utopia's stockades full.

At the time, Aurora had paid little attention to the hubbub. After all, she'd been one of the Chosen. Or she'd thought she was. She'd pitied the unnamed protestors who'd been less fortunate than herself, and gone on with her business, smug and unafraid.

She wasn't smug any more. If history hadn't proven protest ineffectual, she might have joined such a protest now, herself.

She recalled how the stockades had emptied quickly, for after the protestors had been neutered, they had no purpose left, no cause around which to rally. Drones now—as they had been ordered to become before their futile protest, they went about their assigned tasks with docile resignation.

What if she ignored the order?

They'd find her. And when they did—which wouldn't take too long since all they'd have to do was zero in on the microchip implanted in her neck when she was named a potential breeder—they'd take her to the stockades and brand her a criminal. Not that it would matter. She'd still be turned into a sexless creature programmed to serve the Rulers in whatever manner they might choose. A living robot. Only with the mark of a felon tattooed on her forehead for all to see.

She'd wear the mark of shame gladly if by doing so she could avoid the inevitable. But she could not.

Aurora shuddered at the thought of what they'd do to her. What she'd once seen done on a Federation-sponsored educational show, "The Making of a Drone." Like the surgeons had demonstrated on the young woman in the film, they'd lay her naked beneath hot lights on a clear plastic table that looked a whole lot like the ones where she and her coworkers ate their communal meals. Her wrists, forearms, ankles and thighs stung when she thought how the securing clamps soon would bite into them, rendering her immobile for the surgeons' laser knives.

First they'd cut away her breasts, then open her belly and strip out all her woman's parts. Aurora remembered watching tears stream down the girl's face while the surgeons had wielded their laser scalpels. She'd known what they were doing. Grieved at her loss. Just as Aurora would grieve. Was grieving now.

The grief wouldn't last long. Aurora recalled how the woman's tears had stopped as soon as another team of surgeons had dissected her brain tissue until all expression had left her face.

Ten minutes. That had been all the time it took to turn a living, caring woman into a drone. A hairless, featureless creature with no mind of her own, programmed to do the Rulers' bidding.

Aurora had striven to be the best of the best, dreamed of making the cut and becoming one of the breeders. Of nurturing new life in her womb and having a child to love until the day, at age five, that child would be taken into the Rulers' school stockades. She'd even fantasized that a child of her body might rise and herself someday become a Ruler.

Breeder women were sterilized once they produced the requisite number of children, but they were spared becoming drones. Some of the lucky ones, like she'd dreamed she'd be, became consorts for highly placed breeder males, all of whom were members of the Ruling Class.

Damn it, she'd come close. For twenty-two of her twenty-seven years she'd remained under consideration. Until today she'd hoped to be one of the chosen few. But now it was over.

Aurora recalled her friend Zoe. Bright, funny Zoe with sparkling blue eyes and an auburn cap of riotous curls. Many a day after work, they'd sauntered past the open pens in the Ruler's court where the breeder males came each week to drain their seed. Zoe's full breasts and rounded hips had drawn whistles and suggestive comments—a lot of them. Though all potential breeder females had to pass by the pens on their way to the breeding minister's clinic for mandatory

monthly checkups, some enjoyed watching the men more than others. Zoe had enjoyed it greatly.

Now Zoe was a drone. She no longer sparkled and she no longer smiled. She just was. An extension of a computer keyboard from nine to nine, and one of thousands of drones just like her during the other twelve hours she spent sleeping, bathing, taking care of bodily functions, and ingesting nutrients according to a schedule ordered by the Rulers. A sexless, mindless automaton programmed to do the Rulers' bidding.

Aurora patted her own straight blond hair, touched a hand to her small round breasts that they would cut away along with her hair and the less visible but more vital parts that made her female.

She understood why, two generations ago, the Rulers who'd emerged unscathed had made the rules. After all, a bloody conflagration a hundred and fifty years earlier had left the Federation full of tainted, mutated humanoids who couldn't be readily distinguished from real humans. Mutant people who'd risen up and nearly taken over the Federation ten or fifteen years before her birth.

The mutants had destroyed all but a handful of the unmutated males. The few who were left had been forced to establish rules for procreation. No chances could be taken that the mutant genes might be carried to future generations. Hence, the selective breeding of Ruler males with females who were proven free of flaws the forced inbreeding might exacerbate.

Aurora knew why those who carried mutated genes could not be allowed to breed. She even accepted that some of her fellow humans might pose risks to others if not modified before mutated genes overtook the good ones. But the Rulers didn't need to do this to her. Or to the other carefully screened men and women like Zoe who'd been screened and found free of the evil DNA.

This — this arbitrary destruction of human lives — was control gone awry in a world where only the Rulers — male ones at that — were allowed the pleasures



that used to be accorded to every human being. Tears streaming from her eyes, Aurora stabbed the remote control, darkening the communication screen and fixed her gaze on her silver but otherwise lifelike-looking robot. The one she wouldn't need after the Rulers' order was carried out.

"I want to experience sex. With a man, R-4. Not you. No insult intended." With a nod to her robot who stood silently by her bed, Aurora switched the communication screen back on and searched through the government-approved channels. Surely there was some mindless entertainment that might distract her. But no. She'd had to get the damn notification today, a Tuesday when the programming sucked. Finally. A tabloid channel. She lay back, watching mindlessly until a small advertisement caught her attention.

*Take a trip back in time. Experience real men, not robots. Gates of Hell, planet Obsidion. Home of the finest Masters and Mistresses in the galaxy.*

Before, seeing a powerful-looking male, naked but for the strange leather and metal device that didn't quite cover his massive, pulsating phallus, would have put Aurora off. After all, she'd been taught from childhood that males were for harvesting seed and sexbots were for sexual pleasure. She'd never even considered what a human cock might look like, if it weren't partially concealed within the tubes of a suctioning machine. Never realized its head would be shaped and colored like a juicy plum or that glistening fluid would seep enticingly around the metal ring that protruded from a dimpled slit in its tip. She'd never imagined a seed sac could look so full, so tight, as though it were about to burst out of its velvety, rose-colored skin as well as the leather ring that constrained it.

Looking at it now created delicious, unfamiliar sensations that began between her legs and spread, concentrating in her nipples and clit-and the tattoo on her belly that proclaimed her an almost-breeder. Her inner thighs grew wet, hot. She wanted to experience a cock like this one pulsating inside her, shooting

her cunt full of hot, life-giving sperm, not a sexbot's lukewarm fluid. To feel the weight of a man's body on hers, the flexing of hard muscle and sinew not even the finest sexbot boasted.

She had no time to lose. Her gaze fixed on the man filling the communicator screen, Aurora picked up the phone and made her reservation.

Perhaps she'd cash in her return ticket, remain on Obsidion and hope the Rulers' sphere of influence didn't extend that far toward the outer edge of the galaxy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Obsidion. A fit name for a planet at the far edge of the galaxy. A place where all that mattered was pleasure—and pain. Brad Gilbreath grimaced at the bite of the ten metal Gates of Hell on his swollen cock. His balls ached from where Mistress Mara had dug her blood-red talons into the tender flesh of his scrotum. She'd pulled them hard, stretched the flesh to accommodate the thick leather stretcher now buckled beneath the largest of the ten silver rings. His cockhead throbbed around the large-gauge silver ring she'd inserted moments earlier in place of a smaller, lighter one he'd worn in his cock since his youth in Utopia.

Of course it didn't help that she'd fastened a heavy chain onto the new ring and used it to tether him to the floor, bent and spread-eagled for her pleasure. Or that she'd secured the cock ring to a brand-new eyelet she'd pierced into his flesh behind his throbbing balls. His asshole clenched, as though that might prevent the Obsidion dominatrix from reaming him with the huge dildo she'd strapped on earlier before his disbelieving eyes.

The punishment he'd escaped by fleeing Utopia—castration and a lifetime of backbreaking drudgery in the mines—couldn't have been a whole lot worse than this. Brad shifted, letting more weight from his straining arms rest on his spread

legs, suffering a painful pull on his tethered cock that made him cry out in agony.

“Silence, slave.” Strange, how a woman without a shred of feminine submissiveness could speak in low, gentle tones as she prepared to violate him. Her long nails dug into his ass cheeks, spreading them. His anal sphincter tightened at the touch of the cold, hard dildo against its opening where nothing had ever touched, except the slender prostate probes used in the breeding pens on Earth. “The ultimate humiliation for a man, is it not, my sweet giant?”

“Yes, Mistress.” The words, the only ones the sadistic bitch allowed her captives to utter, rankled. Brad rued the day his sleek little spaceship had malfunctioned and brought him to land here instead of on Luna Ten, the tiny planet he’d bought at auction as an investment long before he’d dreamed he might need it as a place of exile. He clamped down the muscles of his ass against the invasion of Mara’s dildo.

Despite his resistance, the head of the dildo slipped beyond his anal sphincter. He tensed more, anticipating pain worse than any he’d ever known. The agonizing sensation of flesh being split apart. The torture of arousal within the cock restraint. Arousal he knew from experience he wouldn’t be able to control when the dildo stabbed his prostate.

Suddenly she stopped, laughed. The chilling sound conjured visions of incredible torture and mutilation like he’d watched her mete out to another of her hapless slaves earlier. She withdrew the dildo, then moved to face him. At the touch of her hands on his wrists, his heart pounded in his chest.

“Rise. I believe I’ve found a better use for you as a Master...a Master for my women guests whose taste runs to human males with all their parts functioning. I need one now that Master A no longer meets that standard. No matter how I attempt to train you, you make an unconvincing sub.”

Damn. He might yet survive the machinations of this insane bitch. Brad rose and met Mistress Mara's fiery gaze. "I'm an Earthling, Mistress. A breeder, as you can plainly see by the presence of my balls. Though I'm willing to oblige you, you must know I've never fucked a woman. Only government issued sexbots."

*"That lack will be remedied soon enough. Come, let us enter the dungeon's toy room. I will teach you all you need to know." With that she untethered his cock, handed him the chain, and met his defiant gaze. "Perhaps if you please me, my fine human specimen, I shall even let you fuck with me. I seldom grant that privilege to a fellow dom."*

Brad woke, his cock heavy within its leather cage, sweat bathing him as it had that day nearly a month ago when he'd become Master B—Master, not slave. A sex machine decked out in leather and chains, charged with forcing submission from each new female guest who wanted her satisfaction served up by a human, with a heavy dose of pain and humiliation.

It beat being Mistress Mara's sex slave. Some might say he had the ideal job. But what Brad wanted was to escape. To found his own new world on Luna Ten. A world peopled with Earthlings like himself...Earthlings who would live in much the same manner his ancestors had lived three hundred years earlier, taking their subsistence from the land, their pleasures in each other. Earthlings free of the Rulers who now dictated life in the United Federation of Earth. Rulers like he'd been until he realized the extent of his kinsmen's cruelty and decided he wanted something different. Kinder. Better. A life such as all Earthlings enjoyed before the uprising that had killed nearly every untainted human and brought his family to power. Power to pursue their single-minded goal of perfection.

Quietly he left his bed, bathed, and depilated his body from head to toe. As he did each day, he loosened the captive bead in his cock ring, working the thick metal around and out. That done, he donned the torturous ten-ring cock restraint

aptly named the Gates of Hell, wincing at the bite of the largest, sensor-equipped ring into his balls as he worked them through it. Once all ten rings were in place, he reinserted the cock ring, passing it through the infibulation ring before securing it with the captive bead. The sensor buzzed almost imperceptibly against his hairless scrotum, just enough to remind him he was free only to move within an unspecified distance from the resort's main building.

He'd tested that distance, so far not triggering the shock Mistress Mara had assured him would come if he overstepped his boundaries. Fortunately his malfunctioning transporter lay within them. Hidden in a copse of trees, beyond the resort's courtyard with its concrete satyrs, the little ship was outside the Obsidions' limited range of vision. Brad headed there now, determined to complete the repairs as soon as possible.

With any kind of luck he'd make the ship space-worthy very soon, and escape before he met the same fate that had befallen Master A, now a eunuch sub charged with licking a dominatrix's well-used cunt.

Until then he'd let Mistress Mara believe he enjoyed his position here. He'd use it to find some willing women who'd follow him to his own New Utopia. Who'd help him found the New Order of his dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*

Like the ancient jet-propelled transporter she'd taken on a junket to Las Vegas for last year's vacation, the spaceship where Aurora settled into a crowded stateroom two days after reading the ad had seen better days. For a moment she considered debarking, spending her last days as a female fucking with R-4 and pretending he was the real man she was taking this treacherous journey to find.

Too late now. The acrid smell from the ventilation systems, successive explosions that rocked the old spaceship and sent it hurtling out of Earth's

atmosphere, and creaking titanium-alloy walls told Aurora she'd begun her journey. A journey to the far-out planet of Obsidion...and the Gates of Hell.

According to the information a sleazy-looking travel agent had beamed to her along with the receipt for her nonrefundable roundtrip ticket, the resort had been named for dungeons that had existed during the dark ages of the early twenty-first century. Places where it was said men and women explored the farthest extremes of pleasure and pain. The type of erection restraint for which the resort had been named was said to have heightened men's ardor even as it tortured their cocks and balls.

Aurora inserted the copy she'd made of the communication into a small computer mounted on her cabin wall, leaning back against the wall behind her bunk to watch it yet again.

Welcome to the Gates of Hell. All who pass through my doors will submit to my will. To gain the heights of ecstasy you will willingly endure the sexual tortures of the damned. Mistress Mara. Even the name of the proprietress of the off-planet pleasure palace, and the photo of her with her voluptuous body clad head to toe in shiny black leather, made Aurora shiver. The chilling yet titillating note of welcome went on to explain how Mistress Mara took her pleasure by making all who came submit, by whatever means it took to rob them of their bodies and souls.

Aurora hoped the proprietress confined her personal attention to her male guests—guests like the two buff, naked men pictured kneeling and licking her leather-clad crotch. It was a man Aurora wanted. A big, muscular specimen like the giant depicted in the tabloid ad she'd seen.

A man with not only a cock and tongue and a hard body that felt like satin over steel, but also a heart that beat faster when she touched him...eyes that lit up with pleasure at the sight of her nude form. She wanted to elicit emotions no

one had ever learned how to program into a sexbot. Aurora lay back on her narrow bunk and allowed her fantasies full range.

Idly she stroked her clit, loving the tingling sensation that went along with the swelling and hardening of that sensitive nub. Her cunt leaked its slick lubrication as though it wept for more...for the man of her dreams. He'd coax out that moisture and more with his hands...his tongue...his big, throbbing cock.

Gods, but she wanted more. Now. Her belly tightened with pent-up need. She couldn't wait to reach Obsidion and the living, breathing man who'd fed her wildest fantasies. Damn it, she had to get some relief now!

Desperate, Aurora got up and rifled through her overnight case. There. She knew she'd tossed it in, along with clean undies and PJ's and the rabbit fur flogger she hoped to entice her real live lover into using on her back and ass. When she finally grasped the Ultra High-Tech Stimulator she could almost feel it rotating in her pussy while its hummingbird stimulator aroused her clit.

She'd ordered it with the idea that she'd modify R-4, whose plain-vanilla five-inch cock had begun to seem so-what. The package came the day after the notification of her impending modification, a cruel irony. Good thing the Ultra-Vibe was made to work either with or without a sexbot.

Aurora had never fucked herself. At least not exactly. When she'd needed fucking, she turned R-4 on and selected one of his four predefined modes: missionary, owner-on-top, oral, or doggy style. She guessed some would say programming the sexbot to fuck her was in effect fucking herself, although he very mechanically took over when she hit his go-button and fucked her until she came. He even turned himself off and returned to his place in the corner after she was done.

No matter. Lying back on the bunk, she spread her legs, turned the stimulator on, and pressed the small, vibrating beak to the sensitive flesh she'd been playing with.

Yesss. It felt so good. So arousing. Almost enough to make her come.

But she wanted more. She slid the cock-like head of the stimulator past her pussy lips and increased the speed of the vibrator. The cock-shaped device was long and thick enough to stretch her swollen tissues, as big as she hoped her real live man would be. The walls of her vagina clamped down on it, so tight it almost hurt when the rotating head slid deeper and the nine beads embedded in its shaft moved arousingly within her body.

Aurora's nipples beaded against the stretchy top she wore, and she stroked them through the cloth before sliding her hand down to finger the moonstone in her navel. The badge of her genetic purity, her fitness to be considered as a breeder, a symbol now as worthless as the trident tattoo that surrounded it, its empty section a permanent testament that she'd been considered—and that she'd ultimately failed the final test. She slid the Ultra-Vibe in deeper, an inch at a time, until the little beak reached and fluttered open and closed against her clit.

Oh gods, that felt incredible. The beak nipping her love button. A thousand shards of sensation priming her pussy, drawing out its slick cream to ease the way. Whoever invented the Ultra-Vibe had known exactly what she was doing!

She pinched one aching nipple and slid the rotating vibe in so deep it nudged her womb, then withdrew it just enough that its rotating head could find the G-spot R-4 had rarely managed to locate. The clit stimulator flicked her again and again, slid over her slick, swollen slit the way she imagined a real man's tongue might do.

Her whole pussy swelled, tingled, built toward a climax. The sensations were almost more than she could endure. But Aurora wanted even more. Turning up the speed two notches, she shivered at the incredible pleasure—pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. Sweat rolled from her forehead. Her muscles clenched.



Oooh. Yesss. When the vibe massaged her G-spot, she came in long, breathtaking waves that went on and on and on. If a live man's cock made her come better than this, she'd be fucked to death long before her week was up.

But what a way to go!

Drained, Aurora slid the Ultra-Vibe out and lay there in the dark, savoring the delicious after-bursts that had her whole body tingling. She was still trembling moments later when she heard a knock on the stateroom door.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We arrive on the planet Obsidion in less than an hour. This is your dinner."

"Thank you. Come in and put it on the table."

An elderly drone shuffled through the door with a tray and a look of weary indifference to the sight of Aurora's naked body. "Here is your meal, Miss. You must buckle yourself in and prepare for landing as soon as you eat it." It turned, its pale, hairless body distinguishable from that of the young drone Aurora would soon become only by its loose, sagging flesh and the distinctive scarring that proved it had once been a male.

Why had she been rejected as a breeder? What flaw had the Rulers found that condemned her to a life like this pathetic creature's? Aurora looked without interest at her food tray, mentally tracing the path a single tear was making down her left cheek. Gods help her, she didn't want to live out her life without joy. Without pleasure or emotion of any kind.

Shoving the horrors her future had in store resolutely from her mind, Aurora munched the tasteless dehydrated turkey sandwich and a cellophane-wrapped brownie, and washed both down with the bottled water that came with it. By the gods and all their fat little cherubs, she was going to have a good time, an unforgettable week she'd remember forever. Even after she became a sexless, docile creature like the drone who'd just served her.

An hour later Aurora disembarked from the spaceship, slid into the passenger compartment of an ancient, jet-black limousine, and leaned back against its plush leather seat. Warm dry air swirled around her, its musky fragrance exotic, erotic. As the uniformed robot drove along a narrow road, she stared out at a forest of gnarled, leafless trees that shone eerily gold and silver against a ruddy sky. A discreet sign proclaimed they were entering the Gates of Hell Resort.

When she stepped inside ornately carved wooden doors, Aurora shuddered at the ominous sound of steel bars clanking behind her. "You are now our prisoner. A prisoner of passion and desire. I am Mistress Mara. Come, I will ready you for your Master. Unless you prefer to serve me."

Aurora glanced toward the purring female voice. Her voice, though soft, sent shivers of foreboding down Aurora's spine. The tall, striking woman—well past the age when Earth women, even breeders, had been sterilized and assigned to monotonous mundane chores, except for the few lucky enough to have been chosen as companions to Ruler men whose Breeding days were over—stepped out from behind the registration desk. The woman's piercing, blood-red eyes matched the body hugging, fire-engine red catsuit she wore.

"N-no." Mistress Mara's aura was one of power. Power far more evil than what emanated from the Rulers back home.

"Very well. Follow me." Mistress Mara turned back to the broken-looking husk of a man who leaned heavily on the counter. "This one is for Master B."

They wound through a hallway whose exposed stone walls glowed eerily. The famed orange sunstone of Obsidion, Aurora assumed. Mistress Mara said nothing until she opened a thick, barred door and stood back for Aurora to enter. A bed dominated the large, stone-walled room. A bed with a flocked velvet coverlet the same scarlet color as Mara's catsuit. Matching drapes shaded the room's only window. In plain sight were a tub, toilet, and grooming accessories.

When she looked closer at the items on the vanity, she noticed a folded black rubber garment she assumed she was to wear.

"Remove your clothes and get onto the table. An attendant will be in soon to ready you."

"Ready me?" Aurora had no money for extras. The trip had nearly impoverished her. Surely she could manage to take care of her personal needs. After all, she'd been doing it she was four years old. Concerned, she met Mistress Mara's fiery gaze. "I do not need help. And I have no funds to pay for it."

"The choice is not yours, my pet. You relinquished control the moment you stepped through yonder door. But there is no additional charge. We at Gates of Hell pride ourselves on providing the best of service." Cackling evilly, Mistress Mara left her.

Assured she'd not be embarrassed by lack of funds, Aurora acquiesced, and moments after she lay down on the padded table another fiery-eyed Obsidian woman came in to ready her for her adventure. This one's skintight red garment left nothing but her face bare.

The attendant stripped off the bath sheet Aurora had covered herself with and proceeded to denude her of all her body hair.

"I know not why Earthlings allow this unkempt growth on their bodies," she muttered as she spread the waxy pink cream over Aurora's skin. Its warmth and tingling felt strange, yet not unpleasant. The faintly musky, citrusy scent tickled her nose. She had to fight to keep from sneezing. "Lift your head."

When Aurora did, the attendant caught up a patch of hair at the top of her head and began to weave it into a tight, skinny braid she then wrapped in something stiff. "What are you doing?"

"Preparing a flogger for you to give your Master. Or use on your submissive's flesh if that's your choice. Be still."

"I wish to submit to a Master's control." Sexbots were about as submissive as anything could be. Aurora hadn't come all this way to enjoy more of the same.

Working quickly, the attendant cut Aurora's remaining hair off. Painstakingly, she wove the severed strands into the braid, lengthening it more and more. Finally she draped the creation over Aurora's shoulder and stretched it out. Its loose tail brushed against her thigh as the woman wove thin strands of fragrant smelling leather into the braid itself. Then she ordered Aurora to sit up and looped the end of the braid over a hook that hung from the ceiling. "Do not move. This braid is to be your gift to your Master. I'd not loosen it and spoil the pleasure it will give him to remove it."

The attendant spread more of the waxy substance that coated Aurora's body over her head, taking care not to get it onto the base of the braid. Aurora opened her mouth, then closed it. Protest would be futile. Besides, the heat and tingling on her scalp felt good. Arousing. What did it matter if this woman had denuded her? They'd take all her hair soon enough when she returned to Earth. That and much more. She wouldn't think about it now.

She'd concentrate on the erotic feelings she got when she brushed her fingertips across her silky mound, the slick wet warmth of her own cream that lubricated her swollen clit, her ass, her thighs. A slight breeze played gently across her brow, and when it kissed the freshly depilated hollow at the base of her skull, her cunt clenched with sudden, intense need.

Afterward the woman bathed her, dried her, and poured her into the skin-tight black rubber catsuit, working the braid through a hole in the tight rubber helmet that apparently had been made to accommodate the strange coiffure. "There, you are done. Get up and look. You are a fit gift for a Master now."

Aurora gasped when she stood before the silvered glass and looked at herself. She'd never before worn such a provocative garment. Never become so aroused as she was as she experienced the sensation of the shiny black rubber

gripping almost every square inch of her hairless body and scalp. Its cutout crotch exposed her smooth, hairless pussy, and strategically placed holes left her nipples jutting through them, pebbling in the cool air. Her braid stood straight up within its four-inch long, leather handle, then flowed down her back. Black leather thongs hung beside the braid. Silver metal beads jiggled at the ends, lightly slapping her rubber-clad ass.

Her attendant raked her from head to toe with a discerning gaze, nodded with apparent satisfaction, and locked a sturdy leather collar about Aurora's neck. She checked to be certain the collar fit snugly, then snapped on a matching leash.

"Since you are an Earthling, Mistress Mara is giving you to Master B. He also hails from the United Federation. Never fear. He is a skilled Master, trained by my Mistress herself. Come. I will take you to him now." With that, she marched to the door, obviously expecting Aurora to follow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Master B's obsidian eyes burned into Aurora like hot coals, scalding her to her core. Vibrations strummed through her clit, her cunt, her nipples, set off at the mere sight of the fearsome looking man in leather and chains...and a fitted lace-up hood that obscured the rest of his face and head. The man she was to call Master.

Gates of Hell. A fitting name for this last bastion of the archaic world where mating still happened between man and woman, not human and robot. When she knelt before the dungeon-master as the robot had instructed, cool air sought out the strategically-placed openings in her skin-tight rubber jumpsuit to tickle her most vulnerable places. Her nipples puckered, tingled, grew longer and harder under his visual scrutiny. Her pussy twitched, its honey chilling in the air as soon as it gushed out.

Gods in the universe, the smell of leather...of a real human male...aroused Aurora as nothing ever had before. The sounds of his breathing and her own reverberating off those glowing stone walls, the texture of the rough-soft carpet under her hands where she knelt. Even the feel of her rubber suit molding every inch of skin it covered enhanced the aura of sensual intensity. A dark, insistent desire like none she'd ever experienced.

Terror practically overwhelmed her incredible arousal at this scene where everything and everyone was focused on sex. Forbidden sex between two humans, male and female. Sex without emotion. Without the thing called love she'd heard the Ancients mention with such nostalgia. Sex between herself and this fearsome, dominant stranger hidden behind a mask but for those incredible, inscrutable eyes. Dark eyes in a dark, terrifying world light-years away from anything she'd ever known. Mesmerizing eyes that compelled her to shed her inhibitions, partake of every erotic act she'd ever dreamed of—and more. Much more.

What had she gotten herself into? Aurora tried to still the trembling in her knees. But she could not. Breathing deeply, she tried to persuade herself her trembling was the result of kneeling on the cold, hard floor as much as a product of fear at the prospect of submitting sexually to this fearsome, human stranger.

Still something compelled her to find out firsthand. An inner voice whispered that she must submit to this Master, experience all the forbidden pain and pleasures promised in his hungry gaze. The touch of a real man. Her cunt creamed at the thought of taking his long, thick cock into her body. Feeling the hot jets bombard her womb when he came. Aurora was certain not even the finest sexbot or Ultra-Vibe could induce as exhilarating sensation as that pulsating, living flesh.

This was her last chance. Her last ten days unless...

No, she wouldn't waste time daydreaming about escape. Not now. She'd make the most of her remaining days as a woman, here where civilized modern behavior had no place. No place at all. Futile daydreams had no place here. Now was not the time to dwell on her plight. This was her time, her escape to a world of sensuality. A world where erotic pleasures were her only concern.

Master B was massive, over six-and-a-half feet and she imagined well over two hundred-fifty pounds. Not an ounce of fat marred the display of rippling muscles that showed around his black leather chaps and the crisscrossed strips of leather and dangling chains that adorned his powerful, otherwise naked torso.

"Rise." The hood that covered his face and head but for small holes for his eyes, nostrils, and mouth muffled his voice. The word sounded deep and soft yet sinister. It compelled her obedience.

Aurora nearly stumbled but caught herself in time. Damn these spike-heeled pumps she'd been given to wear.

The bulging leather jockstrap barely contained her Master's sex. She recalled the gentle way R-4 fucked her. The only sexual experience she'd ever had if she didn't count the session with the Ultra-Vibe during her trip here. Gods help her, nothing in her memory bank had prepared her for fucking with him. This man's batteries wouldn't malfunction and require a trip to the repair shop. The thought filled her with equal parts fear and lust, and her body quaked on the tall heels, despite her attempts to control it.

"Yes, Master?" she mumbled, recalling how she had been instructed to respond.

"What is your fantasy, slave?"

You. "Serving you, Master. Sir," she added, hoping he'd take it as a sign of respect. She just wanted him to come closer.

Thank all the gods, he obliged, taking a step toward her to tilt her head back. His big, gloved hand felt warm against her cheek. As he touched her, her gaze

locked on his face. What did he look like? Maybe, if she looked hard enough, she might guess his features beneath the fitted mask. She imagined a strong chin, a patrician nose. A well-shaped skull with small, closely set ears. Hoped his lips would be full, soft, kissable. Not a fleshly repeat of the narrow slit in the leather that distorted his speech.

Was he handsome or ugly? Young or growing old? She longed to see whether his skin was smooth or pockmarked, rough with beard stubble or as smoothly depilated as her exposed cunt. She itched for him to strip away the mask, let her stroke his naked flesh. Despite his almost total concealment behind the mask, Aurora felt as though he were familiar in some way...so familiar that her pussy wept with the need for him to touch her. Touch not only her body but her soul.

"Come." He yanked on her leash, then tugged at it until she followed him into a small square cell. Holes had been cut into each of the four walls, too small from which to escape but large enough to provide a good view to any who might wish to observe.

A heavy iron door closed behind them with a deep, final sounding thud. If Aurora hadn't been at this giant's mercy before, she certainly was now. Another tug on her leash brought her to her knees again, forcing her down until she sat on her heels between his widespread leather-clad legs—legs that reminded her of tree trunks.

"Please," she whimpered. Why had no one warned her there was a macabre kinship between fear and desire?

He sat on a stool, his metal-studded jockstrap level with her eyes. "You're Aurora d'Alessandro." His hoarse whisper was hardly audible, muffled as it was by the hood he wore. He cupped her chin in his hand, forcing her to meet his dark, glittering gaze. "You should not have come here."

"Y-you know me?"



“You are a fool. If I hadn’t seen you coming and chosen you for myself, you would by now be feeling Mistress Mara’s whip on your back—or worse.”

“Who are you?”

## **Chapter Two**

"Speak quietly, or someone may hear. I'm Brad Gilbreath."

The sweet-faced giant of a man—a Ruler so far beyond her he'd never figured even in her wildest fantasies—who until three months ago had run the office where she worked? He'd been kind, understanding, methodically assigning work to her and others. As she recalled, his special skill involved calculating metal stress levels for spacecraft, but she wasn't certain. He'd had her compiling raw statistics, a fairly routine job that could have been done as easily by a drone.

"No." This fearsome dungeon-master and mild-mannered Brad Gilbreath could not have been one and the same. He seemed too at home in this square chamber with glowing stone walls, its only windows high up along one side. She had no trouble imagining him taking her on the rough wooden table in the center of the room, or securing her to the large iron cross in the corner by the wealth of leather straps that hung from its four legs. His leather gear fit him too well—not only his rippling muscles but his authoritative stance, the fierce expression in his eyes.

"My time as a breeder was coming to an end, and I was not in high enough favor with the Ruling Council to be exempted from the law. I had no desire to be gelded, so I chose exile. I was en route to a small planet I purchased some years ago when I crashed here."

"I've been picked to become a drone. Before it's too late, I want to experience—"

"The ultimate in pain and pleasure?" He spoke softly, his deep voice hinting at sensations she'd only imagined.

Aurora rested a hand on the exposed skin of his inner thigh. "Yes."

As if her touch unnerved him, he grabbed her hand and moved it, sandwiching it between his own hot, callused palms. "You know we're going to..."

"Fuck? Yes. That's why I came here." How could she not have noticed Brad's perfect physique before? Or the way he must have filled out the nondescript khaki uniform pants he used to wear to work? "Would you prefer mating with a stranger?" She hoped not, because she could hardly wait to learn how lovemaking with a real man would feel. An Earth man. A man of her world, all hard flesh and sinew—yet perfectly attuned to this fearsome yet arousing place.

"No, Aurora. I'll be pleased to show you the pleasure you seek." His voice was low, seductive, a deep rumble from within the leather mask. "Do you wish to know why I am here?"

"Y-yes." She wanted to know everything about him.

"I landed here because of a malfunction on my transporter. I've stayed because I, too, wanted to experience the ultimate in pleasure and pain, Aurora. To fuck with real women. Fall in love and form a lifelong relationship with one, even though she'd never bear my child. I wanted the sort of life the Ancients spoke about so fervently.

"Not the milking machines that took my sperm or the government-issue sexbot I was allowed before the breeding sessions for only as long as it took to prime my cock. I'm a sexual dominant. It's not easy to coax submission from a machine."

"No." It wasn't easy to pretend submission to one, either. Aurora had tried to often enough, every time she'd had sex with R-4.

"Why here? As a male of the ruling class, you'd only have been gelded. You'd have been able to choose a mate, live as you wished. You'd not ever have been made a drone." Resentment built, shoved Aurora's sexual arousal to the background.

"The mate I'd chosen for myself was made a drone. My esteemed uncle deemed her not good enough to be my consort once they took my balls. I disagreed. Ultimately I chose permanent exile rather than bowing to his will. And sexual freedom, with my sex intact."

"Freedom such as you have here at the Gates of Hell?" Aurora heard a faint noise at the window slits above them, noticed Brad shake his head so slightly she almost missed the signal. She clamped her mouth closed, for she sensed danger...a danger that had nothing to do with sex, everything to do with this fearsome place.

Part of her wished she'd never come. Another part...well, she understood why men and women alike fell victim to its lure. Especially when their senses, like hers, were soon to be sacrificed forever.

"Let's see what you can handle, Aurora. I like my sex wild, hot. And I like it with a real, live woman. I get off, seeing my partner's eyes grow wild with passion." Suddenly he began to speak louder. "Or terror. Afraid, little one?" he asked as though he wanted others to hear him. "Are you woman enough to satisfy me?"

"Yes, Master." Aurora hadn't known Brad well, but she didn't know this mesmerizing stranger at all. Her instinct told her to do as he said, grant him her full cooperation. "What do you wish for me to do?" Her words practically caught behind the huge lump in her throat.

"You will do all I ask of you."

"Yes, Master."

He opened a drawer, drew out a thin, curved blade. "Do you have a gift for me?"

As the attendant had bade her do, Aurora bent her head, giving him easy access to her last remaining hair. "This, Master. Take it. Use it as you will."

"Be still. I'd not cut your tender skin." The touch of his huge hand on the rubber hood warmed her. Gently, almost reverently he coaxed her to cease her trembling.

She trembled not with fear but anticipation. Desire. Need to surrender, to give this gift of herself...to him. Her Master. The first and probably the only human male she'd ever know. The last creature, born or manufactured, who would bring her to a woman's pleasure. When he bent her head until her chin rested on her chest, she tensed.

"Easy. I take only what you offer willingly." Cold steel made contact with the small patch of exposed skin. Her cunt clenched like a fist, and her honey flowed. Slowly, deliberately, he moved the blade. Gods help her, but with every hair that he released, her excitement grew. The faint rasp of the blade, the sound of her own raw breathing and his, the sudden chill of the dungeon's air where it met slick, hairless skin—all contributed to the surrealistic, incredibly erotic ritual of surrender.

She gave him something of herself. Something with which he could arouse her—or cause her pain. Her nipples puckered when he severed her braid—no, not hers anymore but his—and scraped its brushlike end against first one and then the other distended nub.

With a quickness she wouldn't have believed possible in such a huge man, he rose and dragged her to her feet, lifting her as if she weighed less than a feather, onto the table in the center of the room. Before she realized what he was doing, he had her hands chained above her head, her neck collar fixed securely

to the table. He raised her legs, spread them wide, and locked them into cold, hard metal shackles suspended from the ceiling.

Aurora had never felt so vulnerable in her life, yet she creamed herself at the thought of this man's huge cock violating all her secret places, as yet untouched by a living being. Filling and stretching her, forcing her surrender.

She watched his massive chest expand when he took in a long breath. His eyes glittered as he glanced at the hard beads of her nipples, turning hotter when he shifted his gaze to her wet, slick pussy. Her honey flowed slick and hot, dripping down into the cleft of her ass cheeks.

Bending at the waist, he worked his tongue through the slit in his mask and touched its very tip to her aching clit. Hot, wet, and velvety smooth, the swipe of his tongue on that sensitive tissue gave her a rush of indescribable pleasure. Pleasure she hated relinquishing when he straightened and met her gaze.

"The thought of fucking with me excites you. You taste as sweet as I thought you would." With the flogger he'd cut from her, he traced along her slit, and the feel of its leather-wrapped handle in her cunt when he penetrated her there sent blasts of hot sensation to her womb, her breasts. Gods but he was so much more than a sexbot. More, she imagined, than most breeder Earthling men. More of her juices seeped around the rigid flogger handle when he dragged its braided shaft across her swollen clit.

He groaned, a deep, penetrating sound that made her cunt clench, her nipples tingle. "I like it that you're wet for me. Incredibly wet. Incredibly responsive."

She'd never felt such a connection, so much intimacy as he promised with each stroke of braided hair and metal-tipped leather along her wet, swollen slit. Her cunt contracted, reminding her it wanted filling. Badly. "P-please."

He paid her no heed, merely unbuckled the strap that held his leather jockstrap on. "Look," he ordered harshly, apparently feeling no need now to lower his voice. "I am no impotent sexbot you can program to do your will."

Raising her head in his large, rough palms, he forced her to look at him, huge and hard and bulging against the five leather rings that encircled his cock. A wide leather strap clenched and surrounded his scrotum, pushing his heavy testicles away from his body. Did he intend to put all that leather as well as the large, thick metal ring that protruded from the tip of his cock inside her? A gust of air chilled her despite the fiery heat he'd awakened in her cunt.

"You—you're huge." She couldn't draw her gaze away from the pearly drop of moisture gleaming against the silver ring that protruded from his straining cock. "Will you..."

"Call me Master." He spoke softly, then peeled away the lower part of his mask, revealing a strong, clean-shaven chin and shapely lips. His lips appeared fuller, more sensual than she recalled of her nondescript former boss.

When he flicked her nipples briefly with his warm, smooth tongue, her mouth went dry. "Oh, yes, Master. Yesss."

"Others sometimes watch," he whispered, the sound still muffled by the leather mask bunched tight against his upper lip when he placed his mouth against her ear. "And others may join us. Do you find the prospect exciting?"

"Oh, yesss. Master. Will you please fuck me now —"

His rumbling laughter cut off Aurora's question. He dipped his head, nipped at her exposed nipples. Cold and hot, slick and pebbled, sensations mingled. His tongue felt like fire against flesh chilled by exposure to the air, and when he raised his head again, she saw why. Two shiny metal balls that adorned his tongue were smooth, full of his body heat. They vibrated, bringing bursts of longing that began wherever he licked her. Bursts that shot deep into her core. She strained at her bonds, eager not to get away, but to get closer.

"Be still." He stood, rolled her nipples between callused thumbs and forefingers, first gently, then hard enough to send shards of pleasure-pain to the nerve centers in her brain and belly. "I will fuck every tight little hole you've got, gorge myself on your sweet honey. I'll shoot you full of my come until you can't take any more. Then I'll start all over again." He nipped the sensitive hollow of her throat, then moved down her body, biting and licking.

His teeth felt smooth, hard, exciting as he tasted her. With every bite her cunt and ass clenched harder, wanting more. Wanting him to fill her with his huge, beautiful cock. "I cannot help myself, Master. Cannot keep from moving, offering myself for your pleasure." Without success, she struggled to break the shackles that bound her to the scarred wood surface. Was his satiny, hairless olive skin as soft as it looked? Were the bulging muscles beneath it as rock-hard as she imagined? She had to touch him, learn him...love him.

As though he recognized the heat coursing through her body, he curled his lips into a sardonic half-smile. One by one, he unbuckled the metal-studded leather rings that encircled his cock. She imagined they must have been hurting him, the way they bit against his straining erection.

He moved slowly. So slowly. Deliberately. He taunted her. Never breaking eye contact, he freed first his long, thick cock, then his heavy testicles. His smoothly shaven sex, satin-smooth and glistening golden against the backdrop of black leather chaps, jutted proudly forward, huge, rosy red and rock-hard, adorned only by its own blue, distended veins and the silver ring through its thick, glistening tip. He moved to stand between her shackled legs.

"You have but two choices, slave," he rasped, his hand busy now, rubbing his cock against her warm, wet cunt. Tantalizing her. Taunting the empty cavern that even now cried to be stretched and filled by the awesome strength of him. "How will you use this ring?"



"Use it, Master?" She was in no position to do anything save what he gave her leave to do. Her helpless state excited her, made her want more. Pain or pleasure, she cared not. Her inner muscles clenched involuntarily when he stepped back, moved back toward her head.

"Behold." As he stood beside her head, his huge penis standing at attention, she noticed a second smaller ring that barely showed from its hiding place behind his large, full scrotum.

He met her gaze. "You may hook the rings together to restrain me, become my Mistress instead of my slave. If that is your desire. Or you may continue as my slave and use the rings to enhance my pleasure." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "And your own. 'Tis Mistress Mara's way of ensuring her customers have their choice of roles."

"And if I wished to become your Mistress?"

"So be it." From a drawer in the side of the table he withdrew a small, yet sturdy-looking silver padlock, complete with an elaborate key. "Like the sexbot you no doubt keep to see to your pleasure, I will be yours to command. You must but say the word and I will free you."

Aurora shuddered, then shook her head. "No. I don't want another robot. I would have you unrestrained. I want to follow your commands. Want to submit to your desires. Your will."

His shoulders moved, and she thought she saw the muscles around his full lips slacken. His relief was evident.

Then he spoke, his huge cock on a level with her face as his deep voice reverberated from the metal walls of the torture chamber. "As you wish. Turn your head toward me. Take my cock in your mouth and show me what a good slave you can be."

That shining ring brushed against her cheek when she turned her head his way, tantalizing and teasing her, making her wonder at the fortitude this man

must have to have endured the placing of that piece of heavy metal through his most sensitive flesh. The ring slid into her mouth easily, tempted her to catch it on her tongue and use it to draw the velvety tip of his cockhead between her lips. The clean, musky smell of him made the void inside her weep for him to fill it. She'd gladly bear any discomfort the ring might cause.

She heard the drawer open again. His fingers spread her and probed, and then something cold and rigid slipped inside her. A dildo? Involuntarily she thrust her hips forward as she took him deeper in her mouth and swirled her own unadorned tongue over satin flesh and steel warmed by the body it inhabited.

"A good slave could take all of me," he rasped as the dildo cooled her hot, wet cunt, filling her the way she imagined his huge cock would. Stepping back, he made her gasp at the feel of her suddenly empty lips. "You do use a sexbot, do you not?" he asked, his gaze settling on her straining hips and his own dark finger that moved over her clitoris in a slow circular motion.

"Yes. You will be my first man," she said, wishing he would release her bonds so that she could reach out and see if his golden skin felt as silky as it looked.

His lips curved into a smile that looked almost sweet, not masterful at all. "I know." Before she had time to savor that thought, he pinched her clit hard between his thumb and forefinger, disabusing her of any notion that he was anything but the dominant he claimed to be.

Scalding shards of sensation coursed through her, making her cunt clench around the dildo. "Please, Master, I want your cock inside me now."

"Should I deny you? Make you beg?" He stood just outside her reach, slapped a whip of braided black leather against his hand. Its knotted ends played along the tender skin of her inner thigh. She gasped at the unfamiliar sensation,

whether in fear or anticipation of a blow she could not say. “Should I flay you until the blood seeps from your lovely body?”

“Whatever gives you pleasure, Master.”

He smiled and set the whip aside, choosing a buffed suede flogger instead. “I’d give you pleasure, too. But as Mistress Mara has taught me, sometimes there is pleasure in pain.” When he brushed the tendrils of the flogger over the hard nubs of her nipples, she writhed—not because it hurt but because it felt so deliciously decadent.

Aurora’s skin prickled, swelled against the confines of the rubber suit. Her cunt gushed its cream around the thick, rigid dildo. Gods but she wished Master B—she couldn’t think of him as mild-mannered, gentle Brad—would get on with it and ram his huge, delicious cock up her cunt until she screamed for mercy.

He stepped to the end of the table, between her outstretched legs, and removed the dildo.

## **Chapter Three**

Master B ran his finger around the dripping, puckered rosebud opening to her ass. The drawer creaked again, its eerie sound making her tremble with fear and anticipation as he brushed a cool, well-lubricated object around her asshole.

"I want you full for me. Full of me. Relax and this will hurt less." Very slowly he applied pressure, coaxing her to relax for him with gentle words.

"Oh, yesss Master." At first the invasion felt delicious. Incredibly arousing. A thousand pinpoints of pleasure-pain burst inside her. The intensity increased once he'd seated the blunt end of the plug firmly in her ass. A little at the time, he increased the pressure, nudging the sphincter muscle until it gave way. Her cunt contracted, wanting more. She wanted it full, as full as her ass. Full of his beautiful, throbbing cock.

Then the pressure turned to pain when he worked the plug in further, popping another larger bump past the resisting muscle. Then another. Her ass throbbed, and her butt cheeks were held open by the base of the plug, now resting flush against her asshole.

"Soon I'll fuck you here, once I've trained your ass to take my cock." He bent and bathed the crack of her ass with his tongue. "You've got a beautiful ass, Aurora. My ass. My cunt. Say it, little one."

"This cunt and ass are yours, Master. All yours." She looked up, met his glittering gaze. "Please, take me now."

Arms bulging when he leaned over her, her Master sucked one nipple and then the other, nipping each one gently between his teeth. The rasping pressure,

the suckling of velvety lips, and the heat of his damp breath on her puckered flesh felt so good. So human. Unlike the nipple clips she'd occasionally used for self-stimulation. "These breasts are mine, to do with as I will."

"Yesss." Gods but what he did to her felt good. So good. At home she lived at the whim of the Rulers, her only pleasure in what she could give herself with toys and sexbots. In their control lay no joy, only her eventual destruction. Here, with the Master she'd freely chosen, she found incredible pleasure in serving his desires. "Oh please fuck my cunt. It weeps for your cock."

"Soon, little one. " He suckled her once more, then stood and replaced the dildo in her swollen cunt. "First I'd have you suck my cock. Pay it homage."

With one hand he moved the dildo in and out, slowly. So slowly she wanted to scream at the incredible sensation of being stretched...filled...fulfilled. His throbbing cock bruised her lips, stuffed her mouth to bursting, brought a taste of his nectar, slightly salty, slick on her tongue. She wanted more. Wanted to suck the come out of his body, swallow it. Swallow him.

Her pussy contracted around the hot, rigid dildo, her ass around the plug. Through the thin wall of tissue separating the two holes, the motion carried, setting up delightful contractions that sent shards of pleasure shooting straight through her. Her lips clamped down harder on his silky smooth shaft, and she lapped the slick, salty pre-come as it oozed from around the rigid metal ring. She was desperate to consume him, suck him dry the way she'd never done with R-4, couldn't have done with even the finest of sexbots. While her cunt and ass contracted with the rhythm of his hand's rocking motion, while her clit brushed against his callused palm, she'd take his essence and make it her own.

He could tell she was close. The musky smell of her, her heat, the way she swallowed against his cockhead as though she'd consume it fed his own fierce need. His balls tightened, the sensation urgent, familiar. His heart beat hard and fast. His legs began to tremble, so much he doubted they'd hold him up much

longer. With his free hand he stroked her sopping slit, found and circled her throbbing little clit as he kept up the rocking motion on the plugs that filled her cunt and ass. Once, twice...the third push set her to shaking, whimpering against his aching cock. Straining against her bonds as though she wanted to hold him, take him even as he was taking her.

He forced her to take more as he held back and savored her orgasm, until he could wait no longer. The first scalding burst of come staggered him, and her swallowing motions against his cockhead coaxed out jet after jet of the life-giving fluid. Fluid she sucked down greedily as though it was the first she'd ever tasted.

Maybe it was. Make that undoubtedly, since her only experiences with sex had been in Utopia, with a sexbot who didn't come, only fucked on command. Power. Omnipotence. He understood now the Ancients who'd boasted of the high that came from deflowering virgins.

"Yes. Gods yes." It felt so fucking good, having her warm, wet mouth sucking and swallowing his cock, its velvety soft walls so different from the plastic-lined metal milking machines that had taken his offerings back home. Different from the dozens of women he'd fucked here at Gates of Hell. Warm and giving and human, like the mate he'd hoped to take on Earth as his companion, once his breeding days were done.

Still rock-hard when he withdrew, he bent and kissed her. The taste of his come on her lips made him crazy to fuck her again, plant his seed in her belly where it might take root.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wet. Slick. Her clit distended and swollen, she lay confined, her legs spread wide for his pleasure, trembling, begging him to fuck her now. Instead he bent and nibbled the quivering bundle of nerves as he worked the butt plug carefully

from her ass. The dildo followed, leaving her creamy cunt vulnerable to his tongue.

For the first time since leaving the Federation, he wanted his partner naked so he could feel her warm skin against his own. Groping he found the zipper at the throat of the rubber catsuit and slid it down past her abdomen, over the...smooth stone in her navel? Surprised, he lifted his head, stared at the stone and the distinctive mark that surrounded it.

The gods be praised, he'd been sent his mate. An Earthling woman to claim and use to found a new world. He'd hoped yet never dared to dream he'd come upon one such as her. Yet here she was, a mate free from the mutant gene that had decimated Earth's population and nearly destroyed the Federation. The presence of the milky moonstone in her navel signaled her genetic purity. And the distinctive tattoo on her belly told him she'd passed all but the final test. The test of perfection decreed by the Ruling Council as necessary in order for a woman to become a breeder.

With reverence, Brad stroked her concave belly, tracing the moonstone that filled her navel and the curved metal that lay beneath her satiny skin, along the deep blue line that bisected the distinctive tattoo. When he twisted the small gold ball that secured the moonstone and found it welded shut, he bent and laved her there with his tongue. She tasted so good... so sweet... so perfectly imperfect for an exiled Ruler.

Yes, Aurora was a female worthy to take and nurture his seed. Worthy to pass her genes as well as his to the next generation. Though they'd worked together, Brad would never have known so much about her if they'd stayed on Earth, even if she'd been Chosen and impregnated with his own stored semen. Then she'd have disappeared from her job, gone with the other pregnant breeder women, never to be free until she left the breeding commune, no longer fertile, to become a Ruler's bed companion.

He had to taste her, drink the honey that flowed from her cunt. His cunt now. He knelt between her legs, burying his face against her velvet-soft pussy, forgetting for the moment his intent to strip off the rubber suit that still hugged her firm, quivering thighs.

He'd found a mate to bear his children. A mate with more than the requisite genetic purity so necessary to help ensure there would never be another conflagration like his ancestors had endured. More important, he'd found a woman with courage. Her willingness to strike out, seek new adventures and new, forbidden sensations would make it easier for her to face the dangers ahead. Yes, Aurora would embrace his vision for a new and better world, far from the Federation and its cruel dictates. His world, on Luna Ten.

For a moment Brad forgot his role, simply savoring her distinctive musk, rubbing his cheeks on the firm rubber-clad surfaces of each inner thigh the way a friendly cat might rub up against its mistress's legs. He plunged his tongue deep in her glistening hole, loving her heat, the slickness of the tight, silky passage where he'd pour his next hot seed.

"You will be my mate," he growled against her satin-soft pussy lips. "You will take and grow my seed."

Her anguished cry unnerved him, made him look up her delectable body and look into eyes that reminded him of a stormy sky back home. "I cannot, Master. These are my last days as a woman. I beg you, make them days I'll remember joyfully the rest of my miserable time on Earth."

He stroked her slender belly, using one finger to trace the tattoo, the moonstone in her navel. "Do not go back. I'll take you for my breeder."

When she seemed unconvinced he stepped forward, positioned his cock, and plunged inside her, deliberately not donning the condom Mistress Mara provided for these primitive encounters. Aurora's cunt welcomed him, clenching and unclenching as he slid home.



Good thing he'd come in her mouth and taken the edge off his pent-up need, for he wanted to stay hard inside her hot, honeyed cavern forever. His gaze locked on her flushed face, he spread her labia with his thumbs, flicking her incredibly sensitive little clit every now and then as he withdrew, then sank home until his balls nestled within the slick wet lips of her pussy.

Gods. This was how they meant fucking to be. The hot, wet velvet of her cunt gripped his cock. Like a fist, yet the sensations were indescribably better. Her cunt juices bathed his shaft, gushed onto his rapidly tightening balls. Every time she clamped down on him as he slid out, each time her cunt subtly opened to him when he sank back in, the sensation got better. So good that at that moment she could easily have made him her slave. He'd never fucked without a condom before, but by all he held sacred he'd never put one on again. He'd never deny himself the ecstasy of fucking cock to cunt with no barrier in between. Not with Aurora.

Her inner muscles contracted, fed his need. Her quick shallow breathing and flushed cheeks, the way she strained to raise her hips and take his every inward thrust...even the white knuckles that proved she fought the wrist manacles said more eloquently than words that she liked this. Liked the feel of his hard, thick cock reaming her slick, tight cunt. Stretching her.

"Oh gods yesss. It feels so—" She screamed, a breathy sound...the sound of a woman caught up in the pure animal pleasure of being invaded. Mastered. Fucked with nothing between them, the way the gods certainly had intended.

Yeah, she liked this primitive mating ritual between male and female. Liked it a lot. Sliding his hands up her slender body despite her whimpers, he pistoned into her cunt, harder and faster. He clasped her pert breasts in his hands and squeezed them through the rubber, watched the exposed nipples bead and harden further. Her cunt clamped down on his cock, contracting wildly. Hot. Wet. Slick. Incredible sensation that had him straining to delay the explosion

churning in his balls, demanding release. When he flicked his thumbs gently across her nipples, she bucked beneath him.

“Yesss, Master. Oh gods, I die.”

Her climax went on and on, milking him wildly. Fuck, he couldn’t hold it any longer or his balls would burst. Every muscle in his body tensed. Her slick hot flesh gripped him, stole the last of his restraint. He bent, bit first one nipple then the other, as he rammed into her spasming cunt one last time. The pressure behind his balls was killing him. “Oh, yeah, squeeze me. Like that. Ahhhhh. I’m coming in you now.” The unbearable pressure began to give way as his cock began to spurt in breathtaking waves. Over and over, it spewed jets of scalding come until he collapsed, spent, his head resting between the twin mounds of her heaving breasts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aurora woke in her room, with Obsidion’s twin suns blaring their eerie orange and green morning light into her blinking eyes. But it was her back, not her front that felt unusually warm. She was not alone. A sense of security poured over her when she realized it was Master B’s hard body cocooning hers, his soft damp breath tickling the nape of her neck while his smooth warm skin caressed hers.

She slid her hand down her body, discovered he—or someone—had removed her rubber catsuit, leaving her nude. She guessed he was naked, too, because if he hadn’t been, the chains and rigid leather of his garments would have abraded her tender skin.

“Good morning.” His deep, husky voice made her nipples harden, her cunt tingle with anticipation. His erection pulsed between her legs, made her want to shift to give him better access to her swollen, throbbing cunt.

“Good morning, Master.”

"None of that. Not yet. I want to take you outside first, show you the grounds." He lowered his voice to a deep, rumbling growl. "I need to take you where we may talk freely."

She wanted his big cock, not a tour, but his tone brooked no disobedience. She rolled off the bed and reached for the rubber garment that was all she'd been provided.

As quietly as the jungle cats of ancient legend, he came and stood behind her, stripped the suit from her hands. "There is no need for clothes. I wish to enjoy your delectable body to the fullest."

"But..."

"Did you not know Obsidions can see through walls...through any garments you might put on to shield yourself from their view?"

"N-no." She'd wondered, though, the moment she'd arrived at Gates of Hell. Mistress Mara had seemed to stare right through her. The attendant who'd readied her for her Master had known before she saw for herself that she'd have the chore of removing the pubic hair that apparently was odious to the Obsidion sensibility. "Master. Why, then, did she not leave me nude?"

"To enhance my pleasure and concentrate yours in the most erogenous zones of your lush body. For the same reasons, I wear the leather Gates of Hell, the mask and other trappings in the dungeon." He cupped a breast with one hand, fondled her clit with the other. "I like that you are wet for me. Fear not, there will be much time for satisfying carnal urges too long left unattended."

"When we are alone you may call me Brad. Come. Let us bathe and ready ourselves. I have things to say, wonders to show you."

The shower was large, with multiple heads he adjusted to bombard them with a series of soft, warm sprays. Soaps, a handful of wrapped condoms, and another jar of the waxy depilatory like the attendant had used on her yesterday filled a hollow in the tiled shower wall.

Warm water sluiced over her sensitized, hairless skin. The erotic fragrance of the soap-like substance they rubbed into each other's bodies surrounded them. She loved the satiny texture of his beautifully shaped head beneath her hands...imagined how different it would have felt to tangle her fingers in the shiny dark hair she remembered flowing loose to his shoulders, the mark of an Earth-breeder. His cock rose when she massaged the depilatory into the hollow at the base of his skull where his hairline would have been if he hadn't been completely depilated. Sleekly, sexily bare for her tactile pleasure—and obviously for his arousal. Still rubbing that sensitive hollow in a circular motion that mirrored what he was doing to the corresponding spot on the back of her neck, she moved closer and brushed her belly provocatively against his rapidly hardening shaft.

Water sluiced over them, warm and slick. Each soft little needle bombarded her, reminded her of her nakedness. Of the flogger he'd taken from the circular spot where he now concentrated his efforts with the pungent cream.

"I thank you for your gift, little one. And I see how you grow hot thinking of it. Are you imagining me using my flogger to stroke you here?" He moved his hands lower, cupping her breasts and pulling lightly on her puckered nipples before sliding his palms along her slick, wet flesh to knead her buttocks. "Or would you rather I strike you with it here?"

Everywhere she stroked him, he felt like velvet over steel. Rippling muscle, soft, soft skin. When she cupped his heavy scrotum in both hands, he reached between her legs and stroked her swollen labia.

Her cunt clenched when he delved between the folds and found her anus. "So soft. So hot. By all the gods, I want to fuck you here. Now. I need to feel your incredibly tight ass milking my cock."

"I am yours to do with as you will, Master."

He slipped that finger past her anal sphincter, slid it in and out, moaned as though in pain. Then he withdrew it, turned her, donned a condom, and positioned his huge cock at her pulsating rear entrance. "Bend over. Spread your legs and grasp your ankles. I cannot wait to have you."

Needles of water pelted Aurora's exposed flesh when she did as her Master bid her. He pushed forward slowly, stretching her unbearably as his thick ringed cockhead battered away the barrier, lodged itself firmly in her ass. "Ohhhh," she said, for she'd never before felt such fullness... such pain that brought rich promise of erotic pleasure.

He used both hands to steady her, hold her for his penetration. The tips of his fingers grazed her mound, and his big balls slapped against her cunt and clit when he began to move. "Breathe deeply. I'm going to fuck you now. You can take me, little one. By the gods, you're tight. I love how you tremble in my hands."

With each stroke he filled her deeper, fuller. Pain gave way to a feeling of fullness, congestion... need. Hot slick juice gushed from her cunt, wetting her folds for his seeking fingers. As though he knew she wept to be filled, he inserted two fingers into her cunt, pumping her there as he pumped into her ass with his massive cock.

The feeling of his dual penetration was indescribable. Exquisitely filling. She trembled, would have collapsed if he hadn't held her upright. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her body as water sluiced over her bare skin and her Master shot his scalding semen deep into her rear passage. "Oh, yes," she hissed. "I'm coming."

"Don't fight the feelings. Let them take you where they will. Come with me." His shout of triumph filled the steamy shower room. Then he gathered her in his arms and held her. Naked skin to naked skin, nothing between them but the tiny rivers of water that slithered over their scalps and made their way slowly,

sensuously between the hollows of her breasts, between his belly and her ass cheeks. Like tiny tongues, the droplets bathed his shaft, gathered where his cockhead stretched her ass, and finally made their way down her silken thighs to the shower floor. One by one they disappeared down the drain.

Very gently he withdrew, then soothed the distended flesh around her puckered asshole with a soapy finger. "Some day, when I've time to stretch you and make you ready, I'm going to make you take my whole cock up your ass. I won't stop halfway again. Are you all right?"

"Yes, Master." When he resumed rubbing the depilatory into her satiny skin, she sighed with apparent pleasure.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few minutes later, they silently toweled each other dry. Aurora wondered when he pulled away and removed the ring from the end of his huge, swollen cock, but said nothing. Instead she watched him slide his balls through the largest of ten shining metal rings before working the others into place along his cock shaft, imprisoning it fully when he worked the thick silver ring back into the slit in his cockhead and out on the underside of his corona, in front of the smallest of the silver rings. Before closing the cock ring he threaded it through the ring embedded behind his scrotum, then closed it with its captive bead. When she'd have asked why he tortured himself this way, he shook his head as though warning her to silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is Mistress Mara's way of reminding me that though I am a Master, so I am her slave," he said once they were strolling in a verdant courtyard far removed from the resort's main building. "She's informed whenever I remove it, and then I am watched."

"You wore a different one last night."

"The leather Gates of Hell is for show. To turn on my lover. This one means business. No way can I fuck a woman when I'm wearing it. Getting an erection's excruciating. Besides, it has sensors embedded in it. When I have it on, she can trace my movements, which negates the need for her people to keep a close eye on me." He squeezed her hand, looked toward a surprisingly Earthlike stand of trees and shrubs. "Look out there. What do you see?"

"A...a space transporter?"

"Yes. It's my transporter. The ship that will take us from this prison of pleasure to a new world. My world."

Aurora looked up at him, her expression incredulous. "I don't understand. Does Mistress Mara not object to you parking a spacecraft on the grounds of her resort?"

"She would if she knew. While Obsidions can see through walls and clothing, they cannot see far, and they dare not step outside in the daytime or their suns will consume them. The transporter lies outside her range of vision, a fact I learned when she inquired as to how I got here. By the gods, you are perfection."

He liked the way her cheeks pinkened. When the Gates of Hell clamped down on his swelling cock, he shifted his gaze, tried to concentrate on the morning's warmth...an exotic flower native only to Obsidion...the transporter in the distance reflecting the macabre light of the planet's twin suns. Anything but Aurora's tempting flesh he dared not touch now since he couldn't fuck her with the cock restraint in place and he dared not remove it. Doing so would draw Mistress Mara's attention, perhaps even cause her to send one of her robots to discover what had brought him outside.

That, he would not allow to happen, for he must keep his means of escape a secret. If discovered, he'd certainly be mutilated...or killed.

“Tell me about this new world of yours.”

“Luna Ten. A small, uninhabited planet I bought years ago at auction. There’s said to be water aplenty, clean air to breathe, and warmth enough to sustain man and beast. The schematic shows a rough landing pod just big enough to handle a small transporter like that one. Think, Aurora. Luna Ten represents freedom. Freedom unknown in the United Federation for a hundred and fifty years or more, since the rebellion that nearly destroyed the planet and brought the Rulers to power. Freedom that isn’t even a word in the vocabulary of the Obsidions. Will you go with me?”

From her expression he deduced that she wanted to. After all, who would not when the choice lay between an unfulfilled promise fraught with peril and the certainty of living death—of becoming a sexless, featureless nonentity existing only to serve the Rulers?

Brad had to suppress the irrational desire for her to be willing to take the risk for him, not just for herself. They hadn’t known one another long enough, but already he wanted some indication that she felt something for him beyond the temporary bonds formed by her first true sexual experience with a man. He’d experienced sex with real women, and he now knew he only wanted her. His realization had begun the moment she offered him her submission. It blossomed now beneath the eerie light from strange Obsidion suns.

“Will you?” he prompted.

“Why are you here if this new Utopia calls you so clearly?”

Brad took Aurora’s hand. “Circumstances forced me to flee the Federation before all my plans could be implemented. The date for my castration was moved up by months when I attacked one of the Ruling Council for having destroyed my intended life-mate. The moment I heard this from one of his sons who’d grown up with me and apparently had mixed feelings about the order



he'd delivered, I boarded the transporter and took off without the breeder-woman I'd intended to take."

"Did you love her?"

The sharp question pleased Brad, for it told more than words that he'd engaged her emotions as well as her libido. "No. I didn't know her at all. I'd intended to sneak into the breeding clinic and snatch the first woman who crossed my path."

Aurora smiled. "Oh. Go on, tell me what brought you here."

"I took off without making the thorough check of all the ship's electronic systems. When the attitude-control systems began to malfunction within a few thousand miles of Obsidion, I decided to land here, repair the ship, and attempt to find an Earth-woman to bear my sons and daughters."

"You knew not about the Gates of Hell Resort?"

"I knew. My mother came here years ago when I was still a boy, wanting to taste of ecstasy before submitting to the Rulers' order. When she returned to Earth, they took her, turned her into a sexless, mindless blob of protoplasm interested only in doing the Rulers' bidding. An automaton." He tried to control his emotions but could not. Tears threatened, and he blinked to clear his eyes. His voice broke as it had not done since that day ten years ago. "Afterward I went to her. She didn't even recognize me. Didn't remember she had a son. All she knew was how to operate the computer that controlled Utopia's light-grid."

Aurora shuddered. "That's the world order, Master. The order we all must live within. Nearly all women of the Federation must resign themselves to becoming drones. Your mother, being a breeder, had more time than most. Do you not think I want —"

"Don't you realize you have a choice? That you may break away, become my consort in a world where none are subservient to the will of others except for purposes of pleasure? Aurora, come with me. Bear my children, nurture them

and watch them become strong. Do not let them destroy you. Remain the vibrant, erotic creature you are."

"I cannot. If I don't return, they'll chase me down and mark me as a felon." Almost as if by habit, she placed her hand over the spot on her neck where the micro-chip of would-be breeders was implanted.

"If you stay here, they'll never find you. You're far outside the range of the Federation's sensors. Luna Ten's even farther still."

He watched a tear slide down her cheek and caught it with his finger. She turned, kissed his hand, then met his gaze. "That may be so, but I am no breeder. I failed the last fitness test."

"How?" Gods help him, he wanted her, even if it turned out she bore one of the dreaded mutant genes.

"I don't know. I'd been in the program twenty-two years, since I was five years old. It must have been something they found in that last testing..."

Not a gene. They'd have found that immediately, with the DNA testing they did on every prospective breeder. He'd gone through it before reaching his teens. Brad sighed with relief. Any other flaw she might have had wouldn't bring disaster on their children and all the future generations.

Once Brad had wanted to mate only with a breeder. A woman deemed perfect in every way. Conditioning, he supposed, from childhood. Now he looked for that slight flaw that had sealed Aurora's fate. If he'd been able to ferret it out, he'd have welcomed it, for without that imperfection she'd have never been knocked out of the selective program. She'd never have come here—to him.

"I don't care. I want you for my mate. Want to breed human and therefore imperfect children on you."

She looked up at him, her expression incredibly sad. "You are perfect. You deserve a perfect mate."

“That may be so, but the gods brought me you, and you satisfy my every desire. Come. See the transporter. It’s almost finished, nearly ready to blast us off this den of pleasure and pain.”

## **Chapter Four**

Unlike the rustbucket of a commercial spaceship she'd arrived on, Brad's transporter looked sleek, powerful...beyond the means of any but the most affluent Earthlings. Its elegant design and top-drawer accoutrements told Aurora her Master had been an important man in the Federation. Not just an ordinary breeder. Unless, of course, he'd stolen his escape vehicle.

Then she saw it, and fear gripped her, along with sudden comprehension. In the cabin's bright white light, with his clean-shaven head bent to make some adjustment on the control panel, she saw it. The faint marking near the hairline in back where it appeared a tattoo had been removed.

It couldn't be. She looked closer. Oh, gods, but it was. The remnants of a tattoo in the shape of a crown. One allowed only to the most important members of the Federation's Ruling Class.

"Brad? Master?"

"Hmmm? I'll be finished here in a moment."

"I see your tattoo," she blurted out. "The one that marks you as one of the Elite. A potential member of the Ruling Council." Scion of one of the elitist families on whose whims ordinary people's lives depended...whose power knew no bounds. "Who are you? What do you want of me?"

He straightened, then sat in the soft leather pilot's seat and drew her onto his lap. "The tattoo was erased years ago, after I sealed my fate by protesting my mother's punishment to my uncle, who was and still is Prime Minister. I felt she deserved forgiveness, not eternal damnation for having sought pleasure with an

Obsidion male here at the Gates of Hell. I am who you see: Brad Gilbreath, Earthling of but not part of the Ruling Class. Former breeder and future founder of a kinder gentler world on Luna Ten. Our world. Come, we must return to the building. We've been away too long. By staying we risk discovery."

Was Brad not a Master? Was she not a guest at Gates of Hell? Confusion warred with the desire to go with him, be his mate. As they made their way through the courtyard to the main dungeon, Aurora tried to sort out her feelings. Fear...lust...affection for the man who made her body sing, her heart melt with unfamiliar emotion.

Might her feelings be the same for any man who'd been her first human lover? She couldn't help feeling he'd chosen her because she was here—and human. Aurora dared not trust his feelings. Or her own emotions that made her want to follow him to the ends of the universe if that was what it took to be his lover.

His woman.

Inside, as though he sensed her hesitation to do his bidding, he took her hand as soon as he had donned a Master's garments. Taking a different route than the attendant had used to bring her to him the night before, he led her through an unfamiliar labyrinth of hallways until they reached the dungeon. "I want to show you I'm worthy of your trust. That though I may bind you and even stripe ribbons onto your fair skin, I do it for your pleasure, not to cause you pain." He moved behind her. Behind the strange cross-like device with the leather straps that hung from it like the hair of the legendary Medusas. "Back up against St. Andrew's Cross. It's time for your next lesson in submission."

With what seemed to be exacting care, he fastened the leather straps about her wrists, arms, neck, waist, thighs, and ankles. Every time his fingers touched her, she felt her exposed genitals swell, her cunt creaming with anticipation. Deliberately he moved aside once he'd tightened all her bonds and turned the

wooden hand-crank. She hung suspended, helpless, her bare feet suspended above the ground.

“Open your mouth for me,” he said, his voice gravelly through the leather hood.

Eager to taste his cock again, she complied, only to feel his tongue invade her mouth, then trace sensually over the edges of her open lips. The warmth and wetness contrasted with the cool air of the dungeon, the rasp of her Master’s callused fingers brushing her scalp as he positioned the straps that held her head securely to the cross. She’d never felt so helpless—yet so certain he’d bring her exquisite pleasure in her surrender.

“Feel your gift.” Slowly, he traced a tantalizing pattern over her nipples and cunt. Soft strands of her own hair, butter-soft strips of leather tipped with cold metal beads played on her swollen flesh, made her clit swell and harden with anticipation. When the soft strokes became gentle lashes, her excitement grew.

Her Master bent, sucked her clit between his teeth, bit gently. Waves of pleasure radiated, made her strain against her bonds. She wanted more. Wanted all of him. She did not speak, and thought of nothing but the delicious feel of his lips on her, his tongue bathing her cunt, the sensation of him sucking her. Consuming her wet, swollen flesh.

Then she saw them. Two small blue creatures, dancing with glee around them, tapping her Master’s buff, exposed butt cheeks until he turned on them, apparently furious at the interruption of his meal.

“Master B, Mistress Mara wishes a few moments of your time.” The little blue men’s faces contorted into identically sinister smiles, smiles that chilled Aurora to the bone.

Apparently Brad didn’t feel the evil, for he held onto the flogger he’d just picked up again but stroked Aurora’s cunt with his hand, instead. “Anticipate my return, my beautiful slave,” he said, and then he was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Leave it. I wish to know where you have been this day."

Brad looked up from his task of removing the leather Gates of Hell. Mistress Mara's blood-red mouth was set in a tight line. Fuck, he'd chanced too much, counted on wearing the ten-ring metal cock restraint to keep himself on the sensors and avoid being missed.

"Our newest guest wished to stroll in the courtyard, indulge in some torture of her own." Pray to all the gods that Mara would buy that story, as farfetched as it was for a submissive woman suddenly to get the urge to control her Master instead of being controlled. "My cock aches from her continual teasing."

"I see you've confined her on St. Andrew's Cross. Punishment for what she put you through?"

Maybe he'd lucked out after all. "You might say that."

"I think you enjoy the Earthling a bit too much." Her smile chilled him though he'd never admit it to a soul, let alone the dominatrix who thought nothing of inflicting torture, even death to those who dared defy her.

Brad brandished the flogger fashioned from Aurora's hair. Light compared with the whips hanging along the wall in the dungeon, he'd chosen it precisely to give Aurora more pleasure than pain. And to remind her, if she needed reminding, that she'd given herself to him. "I have the strength of two of you, love. I need not use electro-prods or cats o'nine tails to put my mark on a women's tender flesh."

Mara shot a dubious glance at the flogger. "Not even you can mark her with that puny thing. Give it over."

"If I were you, I'd not test my strength against anyone as large and strong as me." He handed it over, praying Mara would accept his warning, leave him and his precious slave to explore the joys of pain at their own pace.

"You, Master B," she said, her tone mocking, "have much to learn of pain. Of enduring as well as inflicting it. Beware, lest you suffer the fate that befell my last would-be dom."

Castration and servitude. Eventual death, he was certain. The time was near when he'd have to make his move, escape the Gates of Hell. Take a chance on living in a new world where he and his chosen woman might forge a kingdom of their own.

A woman from his own land, not a fire-eyed Obsidion female like Mara or her handmaidens who worked here. A true sub, willing to trust him with her happiness...her very life.

Aurora. Though part of her seemed resolved to returning to the Federation, letting the Rulers take away her womanhood so she might spend the rest of her life in unfeeling drudgery, he sensed a deep-down rebel, a woman ready to take a chance at happiness, even death if it came down to that.

"Mara, I'd take my leave now. My client has come here to experience male dominance, and I do not intend to shortchange her in any way. Trust me. She's strung naked on St. Andrew's Cross, and before this day is done, she'll have felt the sting of a dozen whips."

She slapped the flogger back into his open palm. "You'd best not lie. Madame Guillotine awaits my slaves who fail to do my bidding."

When he turned to stride away, he grunted at the painful bite of leather on his trussed-up cock and balls. "Don't worry about me. Once I rid myself of this torture device, I intend to show her how a Master disciplines a slave who tries to turn the tables."



The evil sound of Mara's cackling chilled Brad to the bone. "Not wishing the Earthling woman to think my hospitality lacking, I instructed the mutant Martian twins to entertain her while you were gone. They do so love to take out their aggressions on hapless females."

When Mistress Mara clapped her dainty hands, Andre, formerly Master A, scurried to her on hands and knees and groveled at her feet. The ring that had once graced Andre's cock now pierced his nasal septum, a reminder to Brad and the few other whole men at the resort what happened to males foolish enough to defy the dominatrix. "Go, before I decide to question the veracity of your words and turn you into a groveling eunuch slave like A."

Brad didn't need to be told twice. Heedless of the chafing of the leather on the skin of his cock and balls, he practically yanked off the restraint and hurried back to the dungeon. The gods only knew what torture the demented mutants would have meted out to Aurora in the short time they'd been unleashed.

He had to get them out of here. Soon, before Mistress Mara reduced him to a bootlicking lackey...an impotent slave...before his dream for a new Utopia lay in tatters, beyond repair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where was her Master? Aurora looked past the cavorting pair of identical blue-skinned satyrs. The flickering light of a hundred slender candles in elaborate sconces along the dungeon walls lent atmosphere. They didn't make seeing easy. Add that her range of vision was limited by her position on the cross, and she could barely make out her torturers, much less see across the wide expanse of nothingness. When she tried to swallow around the ball gag one of them had shoved into her mouth, she nearly choked.

To no avail, she strained against the leather ties Brad had used to secure her to the cross. Her nipples throbbed painfully from screw-on clamps the two satyrs

had tightened little by little until she thought certainly the next twist of the screws would draw her blood. The little blue men crowed with their own cleverness when they slipped a slender piece of smooth black wood between her legs and impaled her cunt and ass on the immense twin dildos affixed to it. Once they forced the rigid plugs into her until the wood rested between her labia, they apparently attached it to a slot on the cross. She hung, helpless and impaled, her arms and legs and body securely bound.

Terrified as she'd not been with Master B, Aurora tried to fight the sensations of arousal brought on by the dildos...the nearly excruciating pain in her nipples. Against her will, juices flowed from her stretched cunt despite the pain there. Perhaps because of it.

The satyrs danced around her, stroking her flesh with fluffy ostrich feathers, then striking the soles of her feet with metal-tipped cats o' nine tails. They tickled her sopping slit with old-fashioned quill feathers, nipped at her pubic mound with teeth more reptilian than humanoid. Their forked tongues snaked out, encircled her clit, flailed it and abraded it with the sandpapery surfaces. She wanted to scream through the ball gag, needed to howl out in pain and outrage that their vicious torture could arouse her so. She wanted to come, but the pain overwhelmed the pleasure, kept her suspended on the ragged edge of fulfillment.

The gag prevented her from crying out with joy when she finally saw Brad. Gods be praised, she'd never been so happy to see anyone as she was that masterful, hot, human male. She met his gaze, tears streaming down her face.

Like a sleek, furious panther, he pounced, dragging the little blue men off her and scooping them up by their scrawny necks. As he held one in each powerful hand, they sputtered and gasped for breath, begging for mercy between fits of coughing. Mercy her Master seemed disinclined to grant.

Abruptly, he tossed them to the floor, where they cowered in a quivering blue heap. "Get out," he said, his expression deadly calm, his voice ringing with the authority of a true Master. Authority Aurora doubted the little men would dare challenge.

Once they were gone, he took the gag from her mouth and kissed her, smoothing the stretched-out tissue with his tongue. Then he bent, tonguing her tortured nipples, soothing them. Slowly, very gently, he released the screws and tossed the wicked devices after her fleeing tormentors. Aurora's pussy clenched around the rigid dildo. Her nipples burned, more now than when the clamps were biting them so cruelly. She cried out, as much from the unexpected burst of arousal as from the sharp, intense pain that radiated from where the clamps had been.

"I'd not have let them hurt you," he murmured before going back to soothing the distended nubs with his lips and tongue. The warmth of his mouth, the brush of his breath made her wish he'd sink his teeth in. As the agonizing pain receded, her arousal intensified.

She squirmed, and the cold damp air in the dungeon brought goose-bumps up on her sweat-sheened skin. When he bent and blew on her jeweled navel, she shivered.

Brad's heart went out to her when she looked up at him, her china blue eyes filled with tears...and something else. Wanting? Devotion?

He stepped between the arms on one side of the cross, so that his cock lined up with her mouth. "Open for me. Suck my cock." When she'd have spoken, he moved closer, filling her mouth with his straining flesh. She felt good, warm and wet and welcoming as she turned her head against her bonds to reach him, taking him deeper into the only available orifice she had, since her cunt and ass were filled. Stretched with the toys he might have chosen himself to pleasure her.

And to stretch her ass so she might take all of him there without pain despite his size.

The rasp of her tongue on his cock made him swell to full erection. She licked the underside of the shaft, as far as she could reach, never stopping the sucking motion of her cheeks, the convulsive swallowing against his cockhead. The hot, wet sensations had him ready to explode. It felt good. Too good. He had to gather his control or this would be over much too soon.

He pulled back, feasting his eyes on her tightly restrained body, feeding on the hungry, submissive look on her beautiful face when she stared at his throbbing cock and licked her lips. No sexbot, and no femdom bitch playing at submission, could eat cock as sweetly as this innocent Earthling who'd been condemned by Rulers—his kin, more was the pity—to become a sexless drone.

He stepped closer, let her suck his cockhead between her lips again, swirl her tongue over it. Gods, he wanted to ram his aching cock in her tight cunt, her tighter ass.

He tasted good. Slightly salty. The taut skin that covered his swollen phallus felt smooth, hot—almost like satin beneath her tongue. Though her jaw ached from having been forced open by the ball gag, she loved having his hot flesh filling her. Her nipples stung where he'd removed the clamps, where he now pinched them lightly between his thumbs and forefingers.

Aurora opened her eyes, her head moving so furiously on his cock that she couldn't focus completely on their surroundings. She saw, though, that they weren't alone. Humiliation washed over her, but her Master wouldn't let her pull away. He clamped his hand down on her scalp, keeping him in her mouth when she'd have let him go. She had no choice but to keep servicing him as she stared at half a dozen guests and resort workers who'd suddenly come in and crowded

around the cross. A dozen eyes focused on her naked, impaled body, seeing the glistening cream that wet her slit, the impaling board between her thighs.

Sweat beaded on her upper lip and brow as wave after wave of embarrassment washed over her. *What a picture of total humiliation I must make.* She imagined how she must look spread-eagled on the cross, while her Master stroked her tormented flesh, arousing her to a fever pitch despite her efforts to maintain a shred of dignity, before a growing crowd of penis-whacking onlookers in the small, crowded dungeon.

She whimpered when he stepped back, took away his huge, throbbing cock.

"Say nothing. Pretend we are alone." His whispered warning came, punctuated by a tongue-thrusting kiss, before he adjusted the angle of the cross to raise her ass and freed her from the twin dildos. His cockhead lodged in her creamy slit, its velvety surface hot, throbbing. Exciting and arousing her. Why was he not embarrassed, standing there naked in plain view of them all, with his cock swollen and throbbing at the entrance to her core?

As though they were alone, he squeezed her breasts, kneaded them. She moaned. Knowing they were watched humiliated her. At the same time it added an exciting dimension—that of experiencing the forbidden—to her submission, his mastery over her sexual responses.

"So wet...so hot. Whimpering and moaning for all to see. It excites me, knowing others watch. I see it arouses you as well. I'm going to fuck you, and you're going to come until you can't come anymore. You're going to scream your pleasure so everyone can hear."

His whispered words set her cheeks afire even as they fueled her desire. Oooh. When he thrust into her cunt hard, deep, at the same time taking her mouth and fucking it with his agile tongue, every cell in her body felt as if it would explode with the pleasure.

As desire bubbled up in her, she lost her consciousness of those around them. Though bound and helpless, Aurora was free. Free of embarrassment, of the inhibitions every Earth woman must have been born with. Her cunt opened, took his huge cock, squeezed and caressed it as the pressure built. Her abused nipples throbbed, more now with renewed sexual excitement than from pain. Gasping for breath when he released her mouth, she fought to hold back, prolong all the delicious sensations. The contact with her Master's hard, fit body.

Gods forgive her, but she wanted to hold him, wrap her arms and legs around his huge, muscular body. All she could do was hang there, his big cock pulsing inside her, his hips advancing and retreating, his cock stretching her, his heavy scrotum sopping with her cream when he sank all the way to her womb. His pubic bone pounded her clit with every stroke as onlookers whimpered and moaned and used their own hands to bring their own gratification.

The leather straps bit into her flesh, but the sensation paled compared with the delicious feelings in her swollen cunt, the compulsion she felt to come, draw out her Master's seed...experience again the ultimate in pleasure. The decadent joy of mating, man and woman, flesh to flesh, as their ancestors must have done in centuries past.

Harder, faster, he pumped her, his cock throbbing, his balls pressing tighter against the entrance to her cunt with each rhythmic stroke. Her cunt contracted around him, desperate for his hot come to meld with hers, trigger...

Oh gods be praised, it was happening again. That wild buildup of sensation. The incredible, erotic feeling of fullness...heat. Lightning striking, creating brilliant colors in the darkened room...in her head.

Aurora gripped the smooth, rigid boards of the iron cross, thrust her hips forward, whimpered and moaned and panted as her Master's scalding seed burst forth in electrifying spurts. Filling her. Making her whole.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lying here with Aurora felt good. Right. Her soft even breaths tickled his chest as she slept peacefully on his embrace. She'd begged him to stay again, and though he'd known he had another assignment tonight—a young couple who'd just arrived from Earth today and required tutelage in mastery and submission—he hadn't been able to resist her plea.

They'd come get him when they needed him. Meanwhile he'd enjoy this. He stroked Aurora's silky scalp, remembering how she'd looked on Earth with short curly hair about the shade of brown his own had been. Gods help him, he liked her better now, totally naked. Completely vulnerable. Incredibly sensitive to his slightest touch. The Obsidions, though perverted, had apparently made a valuable discovery: that of the sensual pleasures to be found in naked skin.

And in maintaining it, smooth as satin, warm and supple. Brad recalled the shower they'd shared this morning, the feel and taste of the pungent, waxy depilatory on his fingers. The purring sounds Aurora had made when he found and massaged the erogenous spots on her scalp, spots he'd never known about until one of Mistress Mara's attendants had shown him when she'd denuded his own body for the first time.

He brushed his fingers over her sides and back, wincing at the small raised welts he found there, everywhere but the narrow strips where the crossbars had protected her. Damn the mutant Martians. If he weren't more concerned with escaping this place than with vengeance, he'd flay them both until they bled out every drop of whatever passed for blood from their scrawny, gnarled bodies. When Aurora shifted and made a little whimper, he drew her on top of him and cradled her head in both his hands. His cock stirred when she opened her legs and caught it between her silky thighs.

"Easy, little one. I won't let them hurt you again."

"I know."

Her trust humbled him. He had to get that transporter going, get them away from this place before it was too late. "Sleep. You need your rest."

She sighed, a sound he felt against his chest more than he heard, it was so quiet, so content sounding. Brad closed his eyes, enjoying the closeness he'd never allowed himself to feel before. Closeness forbidden them both in the structured world from which they'd escaped.

A knock at the door drew him back to the present, to duties he dared not shirk lest he raise more suspicion than he already had.

"Master B. Your new clients await you." A's voice, no longer as deep and resounding as it had been when Brad had arrived here, was barely audible through the closed door to Aurora's room. "Mistress Mara says they are not to be kept waiting."

Gently Brad rolled Aurora onto her side, rubbing his cheek against her silky head. With grim resolve, he got up and shrugged into the crisscrossed metal-studded leather strips that passed for a shirt. He buckled on his chaps and the leather Gates of Hell, and laced on the mask that obscured his features. "I'm coming," he muttered, casting one last look at his sleeping lover.

When he opened the door, Mara stood there with A. "Who gave you leave to sleep with our guest when you have other duties this night?" she spat out through clenched scarlet lips.

"Your Martian mutants. Apparently they've not been taught the proper use of the cat o'nine. Had I not returned when I did, they'd have split her asunder. As it was, they bruised her badly. I merely brought her to her quarters once I'd given her the pleasure you promise all your guests."

"And you lay with her."

"Yes. After the mutants had their fun, she needed a bit of soothing, some special care. I don't want her to return to Earth with complaints of how she was treated here. I'm sure you don't, either."



Mara scowled. "Of course not. Come. The young Earthlings who arrived this afternoon await your instruction. He'd become her Master, or so he says."

"Never fear. I'll master them both, as I've mastered the Earthling woman who sleeps so soundly from the thorough fucking I've given her. A fucking like the one I'll give you later, if that's your pleasure." Quietly, Brad closed the door and strode purposefully toward the dungeon. He hoped to hell the eunuch slave had attended his mistress well, and that he'd not be forced to shove his cock into her well-used cunt and ass. Not tonight.

Not ever again.

## **Chapter Five**

Low voices penetrated Aurora's brain, made her come wide-awake though it had been mere hours since her Master had lifted her from St. Andrew's cross and carried her here to her sleeping quarters. The skin prickled on the back of her neck when she heard him boast of how he'd tamed her to the sinister woman who was her hostess.

She'd thought she was more than a job to him, but it sounded as though she was wrong. Suddenly chilled, Aurora rolled over on the bed, onto the spot still warm from his body heat. If she was no more than one of his assignments for the week, he was giving a stellar performance. She'd try to sleep, try not to care that he was now off to wield his magnificent cock on some other needy Earthlings.

Then Mistress Mara's obscene cackle caught her attention. The Obsidion woman must still have been outside her door. And she had company now. Aurora would have recognized the tittering voices of the evil mutant twins—those blue demons who'd sought to bring her only pain, not pleasure—anywhere. It would take her eons to forget the fear they'd evoked.

Quietly she tiptoed to the door and laid her ear against the keyhole.

"He plans his escape, Mistress Mara," said one of her tormentors.

"Never. Whether as a Master or a slave, he is mine. You will watch him well. It's not my wish to break him as I did Andre. I need a dom for our female guests, and you two certainly don't fit the bill." The woman's laugh chilled Aurora, made her shiver. "If I must destroy him, however, I will. I suppose the two of you might suffice as one of him, once he's been gelded and broken."

Gelded? Broken? Aurora crept back to bed, trembling with fear. This place was malignant, its owner consummate evil despite her smiles and welcoming demeanor toward her guests. More evil than the Ruling Council back on Earth, because at least they had the goal of saving the Federation as excuse for even the most heinous of their cruel dictates. Mistress Mara's motivation apparently was no more than the pleasure she received by seeing others suffering.

*I have to find my Master, warn him.* But how? If she walked out the door, they'd know she heard them.

The window? A gnarled tree stood by the balcony, illuminated by those eerie moons. She could climb down...return to the dungeon where he'd said he must break in the new guests—a couple of Earthlings who'd arrived today. A young man and woman seeking excitement, she guessed...for they obviously had found each other to fuck before arriving at the Gates of Hell.

Silence. No one must hear her. She donned the rubber bodysuit and lifted the latch on the door. Expecting cool air, she had to suppress a scream of pain at the heat emanating from the balcony rails. Careful not to touch her exposed pussy to the wrought iron metal, she climbed over, gripped a sturdy-looking branch of the leafless tree, and began to inch her way to the ground.

Twice she lost her way. Three times she had to dodge members of the staff as she made her way to the main dungeon. Her heart beat fast, part fear and part excitement, as she opened the thick iron door and stepped inside.

Watched. Her Master instructed the young, blond man in the use of the various floggers while the woman lay panting on the same table where Aurora had lain the night before. Clamps adorned both of her exposed nipples, and dildos protruded from her cunt and ass.

Aurora's nipples throbbed, still sore from the cruel screws. Her cunt clenched with need when she focused on Brad's bulging jockstrap, imagining it

gone. Seeing its glistening, ringed tip, feeling it invade her mouth, her cunt, her ass.

Had she looked as helpless as the young woman chained to the wooden table? She remembered the feel of her Master's velvety soft lips on her nipples, her clit. Gods help her, her cream began to flow, wetting the rubber that covered her inner thighs. "Master?" she whispered when he looked her way, as though they shared some unspoken bond.

He laid down the flogger and spoke a few words to the man. Then he strode to her, his expression troubled. "What are you doing here?"

Quickly she told him what she'd overheard. "You must go now, Master," she concluded, breathless.

He touched her cheek, so gently the contact brought tears to her eyes. "You want me whole, do you, love?"

"Y-yes. I cannot bear thinking of you broken and empty."

"You know I need a woman. Will you go with me now?" He spoke softly, but the intensity of his gaze scorched her soul. "Be my consort, my breeder...my lover?"

She could not refuse him. Didn't want to. Who would choose life in the Federation as a drone over the prospect of even a few more days of mating with this Master...this exiled Federation Ruler? "I will go with you."

"Then we must hurry."

"Master B. If you leave this place, we'd go with you," said the young man he'd been tutoring. "Please. We have no future here, or back in the Federation." When Brad moved closer, they whispered back and forth for a few moments while he began freeing the woman from her bonds.

"Here. Finish loosening the restraints." Brad turned back to Aurora, ripping off his black mask and tossing it to the stone dungeon floor. "These two are

Earthlings, too, here for the same reason that you came. We will need more than ourselves to build a new order on Luna Ten. They have nothing to lose, for they both have been marked as drones, just as you have. Come. This way.”

Down an unfamiliar hallway where a sulfur smell permeated the dank walls, through a narrow passage, and finally out into the Obsidion moonlight to a dismal-looking area nothing like the gardens where they’d walked earlier, Aurora and the young couple followed Brad’s sure footsteps. Though she heard nothing, she expected at any minute a hand would reach out, snatch them back into Mistress Mara’s clutches.

When they emerged in a corner of the garden and she saw the transporter gleaming in the distance, Aurora allowed herself a bit of hope. If anyone could get them through, it would be her Master. Her lover. Her mate for a lifetime that would be all too short unless they made it out of the Gates of Hell.

Inside, she watched him with pride as he prepared to lift off, took pleasure in the admiration she saw for him in the young man’s eyes, the respect and adoration that was plain on the other Earthling woman’s face. The trust. How could Aurora grant Brad less?

Though she feared the uncertainties that lay ahead, every cell in her body rejoiced that Brad had chosen her. Full of lust and love for him, she accepted as they prepared to hurtle through space to an unknown fate that he’d always be her Master.

\* \* \* \* \*

The transporter had been built for speed, not payload—and that was before it had lost one of its three nuclear-powered engines. Brad fired up the remaining engines, listening for the ominous cracking sound that had forced him to land here on Obsidion. Perhaps...if he could get the ship to break out of the evil planet’s atmosphere, they could limp the relatively short distance to Luna Ten. If

he could not, then not only he but Aurora and his two young Earthling friends would suffer—for he had witnessed Mistress Mara’s vengeance.

Angry Obsidion-language curses flowed through the transporter’s titanium skin, reverberated off its inner walls. Damn it, they’d been found out much sooner than he’d hoped. “Brace yourselves. We’re taking off.”

The little ship shuddered when he slammed the throttle to full power and called for maximum thrust. Brad held his breath for the split second it took for the thrusters to respond and blast them off the ground. None too soon, because the roar of Mistress Mara’s ground transporter, the scream of sirens told him they’d made it just in time.

If they made it at all. The gauges showed him they were barely moving...caught in the heavy atmosphere of Obsidion. “Damn it, move.” Desperate, Brad lit the afterburners, archaic toys he’d had installed more for the adrenaline burst he got from the sudden G-force than for any real function. The ship shook with the increased pressure, but burst through the gaseous clouds into a starry sky. He sat back, calculated the fuel requirements, then set a straight course for Luna Ten.

Sitting beside him, Aurora looked pale as death in the black rubber suit she’d not had time to change. When he glanced in the mirror he saw the two young lovers—hardly more than children themselves—had loosened their harnesses and were clutching each other as though resigned to dying now. Dying free.

“We’ve made it off Obsidion,” he said, reaching over and grasping Aurora’s clammy hand. No need to warn them of the dangers that still lay ahead—or to tell them their odds of reaching their destination were no better than fifty-fifty. Of course, they’d know soon enough if Mistress Mara were in pursuit. His transporter was fast, but no match in speed for even the most archaic of full-blown spaceships. Obsidion was home to at least two such ships—and as the

planet's most successful business venturer, Mara could no doubt command one of them for whatever purpose she chose.

"What can you tell us about Luna Ten?"

Brad put the ship on autopilot. He turned to—by the gods, he didn't even know these children's names. "What do I call you?"

"Enoch. This is Enola."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir. Are we out of danger now?"

"For the moment. Luna Ten is a small, habitable planet I bought at auction years ago. There is water, and some plant life..." He'd done it now. In the Federation, eighteen-year-olds were barely past childhood, just beginning to experiment with the sexbots they'd have been issued once they'd turned sixteen. These were precocious young Earthlings, to have sought out a place like the Gates of Hell. "Let us concern ourselves now with getting there. There will be time later to discuss the details of our new home. Go to the cabin. Get some rest. We may have need of extra hands later on the journey."

"Master..." Aurora's tone was hesitant, as though she feared his rebuke.

"Yes, little one?" Turning back to the controls, he checked the scanners for any sign they were being pursued. Nothing. Yet.

"You need not hide the truth from me. Unlike Enoch and Enola, I am no child to be protected. You expect Mistress Mara to come after us, do you not?" She accompanied the question with a shiver that started in her shoulders and made its way down her body, ending in her small, bare feet.

"It wouldn't surprise me if she does. So far, though, it seems she has not. Come here."

Confusion plain in her expression, she complied, standing before him as though she could barely keep her feet on the floor of the transporter. "I am here, Master."

"Call me Brad. And come here. Straddle my lap. I'd seal the bond between us. And love away your fear." Reaching down, he released the leather buckles and removed the restraint that bit into his cock. "Ride me."

She started to obey, then hung there in mid-air. "Can you—I mean, don't you need to pilot the transporter?"

"Our course is set. I need not alter it for a little while. Besides, I can still see the gauges and reach the controls to make any small adjustment that may be required. Our future is in the hands of the gods. I see your arousal, smell your cream. I'd mingle mine with yours, bring you pleasure to drive away the pain I see on your face." Grasping her at her waist—so slender his fingers nearly touched—he brought her down on him, impaled her on his eager cock. "There. I love that you stay wet and hot for me. Move. Coax out my seed and take it into your womb. Let us begin new life this day as we flee to protect our own."

Brad had fucked the breeder machines for posterity, and he'd fucked scores of women and female aliens because it was the job he'd been assigned by Mara. He'd even fucked for pleasure. But this time he fucked for something more. Not the first of many children he'd sire to build a new dynasty built on the ashes of the past, though that was part of it. Not to give and take the rush of climaxing, though no doubt that would happen, too. For the first time in his life Brad had his cock buried in his woman...his life and his love.

At all costs he'd protect her...shield her from pain too great for her to bear. He'd give his life if necessary to save hers. Lose his freedom if it meant saving hers.

She moved on him, almost weightless in spite of the new technology that produced minimal gravity in the transporter. The belts that held him in the



command seat pressed against his belly and chest. As they hurtled through the blackness of space toward the world they'd build, he held his lover close, lost himself in the erotic sensation of low-gravity, the slow immersion and slower withdrawal of his cock within her tight, hot sheath. Sensuous, erotic motion, filling him with lust—a slow-burning desire unlike the wildfires she'd ignited the times they'd touched before when he'd been doing his job—initiating her to pleasure and pain and all their nuances.

Her wet, swollen cunt clenched his cock like a glove, squeezed and let go. Each rippling muscle caressed him, a warm, slick fist kneading his flesh, bathing his balls with slick, fragrant juices. Smooth, hairless flesh on flesh, nothing between them. No impediment to pleasure.

He glanced at the read-outs. No pursuers yet. Good.

Her reddened, puckered nipples poked impudently through the holes in her body suit, commanded his attention, drew his hands...his mouth. Recalling the torture the Martian mutant twins had inflicted on the precious nubs, he soothed first one and then the other with his tongue. The little shudder that went through her and the whimpers of pleasure that came from deep in her chest told him she liked it.

Liked him. Gods be praised, she'd liked him enough to have warned him of Mistress Mara's plans. She cared enough to join him in this precipitous escape. Emotions flooded him as erotic sensations flowed through his body from his cock and balls, his hands, his mouth. From every place where his bare skin met hers.

Love. That was the word the ancients had used to describe what he was feeling. Empowering, all-encompassing emotion the Rulers—his family—had bred out of Earthlings, leaving them nothing but raw sex with robots...children reared in compounds by mindless drones.

Thank the gods he'd seen the Federation for the evil empire it was...and that he'd managed his escape. Brad said another silent thanks to those who'd sent him and his woman both to the Gates of Hell Resort. Neither would ever have ventured there had it not been for separate twists of fate.

Her pussy clenched his cock, hot and tight and loving. Yes, loving. Her little moans and whimpers fed his need, made his cock swell more inside her, his balls tighten as they prepared to release his seed. Her nipples poked at his hands and tongue. Even the slick sensation of her rubber suit on the palms of his hands made him hot...desperate to find release.

He wanted to prolong their loving. Stay in her forever. But when her sweet cunt convulsed around him and she let out a little scream, he gave up and came, not in staccato spurts but in what seemed a steady stream of hot, life-giving semen. Semen that as it left his body, seemed to be sucked up in hers.

"I love you," he whispered as he held her to him, his spent cock still pulsating in her sopping, spasming sheath. Now more than ever, Brad was desperate to get to Luna Ten, create a new world for himself and his beautiful, sensual slave.

\* \* \* \* \*

More than ever, Aurora wanted to live. Love. Serve her Master in this beautiful new land of hope and promise. Luna Ten shone brightly in the sky as the transporter slowed in preparation for landing. Aurora had to blink when she saw a bright green forest beyond the grassy landing strip. What looked like the peach and apple trees she'd loved on Earth were in full blossom now. It was springtime here, when a week ago her last view of Earth had been of nothing but the stark brown tones of winter.

The natural beauty of the setting took her breath away. “Eden,” she murmured, remembering the verdant garden of biblical legend so many Earthlings still accepted as explanation of creation.

Once he pulled the spacecraft to a halt, Brad reached over, took her hand. “I thought so when I bid for it. Come, let us rid ourselves of the trappings of Mistress Mara’s dungeon, and see what amenities the former owner left behind.”

Enoch and Enola deplaned first, holding hands. Their flushed faces hinted how they’d spent the trip...exploring, petting, fucking each other the way they undoubtedly had fucked with their respective sexbots in that small community in the outback of the Federation where they’d told Aurora they’d both grown up. Aurora looked up at Brad, seeking the emotional connection that flowed so smoothly between the younger couple.

“Either or both of them could be mine,” he said, pain evident in his expression as he took Aurora’s hand. “They started milking my seed when I was barely fifteen years old.”

A telling comment, for only the Elite—the best of the best—were chosen to breed at such an early age. Like the luxurious transporter, another sign that her Master was no ordinary breeder...not even the spawn of some insignificant member of the Ruling Class. Aurora had to know how high she’d reached...and what specific act had precipitated his downfall.

It was as though he read her mind—perhaps he did. She’d heard some of the Rulers had that capability. Thinking back to the prickling premonition she’d experienced at the sound of Mistress Mara’s cackling voice, she thought perhaps some of his ability might have worn off on her.

As they strolled naked through the fragrant orchard, he spoke in hushed, almost reverent tones. “The story about my mother—that was true. She was the Prime Minister’s sister. His sister, damn it, and he had her neutered when she sought some pleasure beyond what a sexbot could provide. What he had done to

her was not, however, what precipitated my fall from grace, because I hadn't the balls to complain. Instead of tossing me out, my uncle took me under his wing, saw to my education, my commission in the Galaxy Force. He even arranged my entertainment.

"Don't look so surprised, love. Rules don't apply the same to Rulers. I had a pretty Nubian mistress to prime me for the breeding pens, not a robot. Unfortunately for Leanne, I enjoyed fucking her too much one day six months ago and came in her – not for the first time.

"It was the only time, though, that she ever drained me to the degree that I couldn't produce my quota for the sperm banks. Thinking she'd enslaved me with her pussy, my loving uncle ordered her turned into a drone. He did this while I was off-planet on an errand he'd trumped up. He guessed, rightly, that I'd not quietly accept this treatment of my mistress."

"I'm sorry." Tears streamed from Aurora's eyes, making her vision blurry before streaming down her cheeks. "Do you know how many children you've fathered?"

"No, to my shame. For nearly eighteen years I went to the breeding pens to make my weekly deposits, as all breeders in the Federation must do or face severe punishment. It was because I refused to continue going after my uncle destroyed Leanne that I faced exile—or castration and a life sentence in the titanium mines."

Aurora glanced back at the sleek transporter. "Your uncle must have cared for you, or he'd never have let you leave with that."

"Perhaps. Possibly he even regretted having destroyed my mother. I'll never know, for I never intend to return to the Federation, except perhaps to liberate a few dozen Breeders so we may properly populate our new home. Someday our descendants will put an end to the Federation's evils.

"Now, let us explore further. I'd find a place...a place for us to celebrate two escapes from hell."

"Look!" Aurora exclaimed. "A glade."

"A glade with supple flowering vines that follow a Master's command, or so the former owner told me. Shall we go and see if he spoke the truth?"

A gentle breeze blew over Aurora's bare body, making her long for her Master's touch. "Let's," she said, clutching his hand and leading the way.

## **Chapter Six**

Lush foliage shielded a glade filled with fragrant, brilliantly colored blossoms. Vines curled around Aurora, confining her as neatly as she'd been lashed to St. Andrew's Cross, securing her belly over a moss-covered stump. They twined about her hands and feet, leaving her ass up and open, vulnerable...excitingly so. More of the velvety textured tendrils wrapped themselves about her breasts and nipples, nipping and releasing them rhythmically, tugging the nubs until they elongated and burned for the sting from the clamps she knew her Master carried within the black leather pouch slung over his broad, muscular shoulder.

Though he made no move to touch her, she felt his heat—recalled the erotic sensations when he used his straight, white teeth on both of her tender nipples. The pervasive power of him surrounded her, wrapping her in a white-hot cloak of her own desire. Her nipples hardened painfully, as though the confining vines and his lips and teeth commanded their surrender.

Shards of tingling, heated pleasure began there and spread from nerve to nerve, until her entire body burned for his touch. She wanted all of him: his slick, pierced tongue, his hands...his throbbing, swollen cock. Wanted to feel him invading her. Everywhere. In her mouth, her cunt, her ass. In every orifice of her body—his body—as he'd promised that first night to fuck until she begged for mercy. Every square inch of her denuded skin demanded the touch of his callused hands, his velvety lips.

Her cunt creamed for him, the juices running slick and hot over her swollen clit, her satiny mound. Her belly. A drop made its way up her body, around her

pierced navel, into the hollow between her breasts. Incredibly erotic, the smell of sex mingled with the flowers' sweet perfume.

Gods how she wanted him. Wanted him to take her. Steal her power to resist. But she was helpless, unable to do anything. Nothing except whimper and moan and hope he'd come to her, conquer her in this beautiful land of sun and rain and magical exotic vines.

As naked as his lover, Brad stood in the glade, watching the furry vines do his bidding, bending Aurora over that mossy stump and binding her for his pleasure. Her pale, plump ass cheeks gleamed in the sunlight, beckoned him to taste her slick swollen slit. His cock twitched, as if it felt her heat, her wetness and was eager to be buried in her sweet flesh. His nostrils flared as he inhaled the heady scent of woman and the cascading blooms that ringed the clearing.

Brilliantly colored butterflies flitted around him, around her, darting out from their feasting on the blossom's heady nectar to explore them—intruders to their tranquil world. His tongue darted out, wet his lips. Then he heard her whimper his name. He'd wait no longer to take his mate for life, following the ritual of the ancients—a ritual he'd read about in the forbidden tomes his uncle had kept from the people of the Federation.

Reaching into his bag, he drew out the flogger she'd given him, tested its sting on his thigh. If anything, the sharp pain enhanced his lust, drove him to move behind Aurora, stroke the tails over her alabaster flesh.

"Oh, yesss, Master. I die with wanting you."

"In good time. First I'd warm your pretty ass, show you how a little pain can make the pleasure more intense." He brought the supple leather and braided strand of her own hair down once, twice, three times, then followed up by spanking her lightly with his open hand. Her tender flesh bore his imprint—his mark of possession.

"More. Oh gods, do not stop." She squirmed, but the vines held her captive. Her cunt gushed its slick, hot honey. Honey he caught in one hand and spread along her slit, around her puckered asshole and up, spanking it lightly into the twin moons of her rosy ass. "Fuck me, Master. Please, I die."

He spanked her twice more, savoring the reddening handprints marking her as his own. The heat of his palm, warmed by contact with her skin, aroused him almost as much as the sight of her bound and open for his pleasure. Because he had to, he traced his handprint on her satiny skin. Then, for he could wait no longer, he used her own sweet juices to lubricate her, then worked one finger past her anal sphincter and finger fucked her tight, tender ass.

"Oh yesss. More."

Another finger. "I'd not hurt you, love." She'd been so tight before when he'd sunk the tip of his cock in her virgin ass, he dared not fuck her ass the way he longed to. Not without preparing her. "We'll take this slow." Gently he splayed his two fingers inside her, coaxing her muscles to relax and let him in.

She gasped when he inserted a third finger and began to slide them deeper up her rear passage. "Fuck me. Please. I have to have your big, hard cock inside me now."

His cock felt as if it would detonate any minute when he rubbed it along her slit, bathing it in her sweet, slick cream. "I'm going to fuck you in the ass. For once more in my life I'm going to come to give pleasure, not life. The safe word is Luna. Say it and I'll stop, for I'm not certain your ass can take all of my cock. Will you beg off if the pain outweighs the pleasure?"

"Yesss. Please. Fuck me now." She strained against the vines, to no avail, for they held her firmly as he eased the head of his cock slowly into her ass. "Oh, yesss. I've never felt so full."



So tight. The walls of her anus throbbed around his cock. Such intense pressure. His cockhead throbbed with pain—exquisite pain that promised more exquisite pleasure.

“Easy,” he murmured, more to himself than to her. He had to stay still or he’d shoot his load before getting fully inside her sweet rear passage. “Relax. Let me in.” Inch by inch he took her ass, encouraged by her impassioned whimpers and moans.

“More. Oh, gods be praised, I’m coming. Yesss,” she hissed when he sank three fingers into her cunt, splaying them to increase the tension. Through the thin wall that separated the two passages, he felt every movement. Felt her contracting around him, milking his fingers and his cock.

He had to feel her slick heat on his balls. Shoot his come as deep in her body as he could go. Breathing deeply, forcing control that was almost beyond him now, he sank in her ass to his balls and let loose. Gods in heaven it felt good. Coming, just this once more, not to create life but for the sheer joy of feeling the heat of his woman, the joyous sensation of release.

When he’d given her the last of his come, he collapsed over her bowed back, his cock still throbbing gently in her hot little ass.

\* \* \* \* \*

When she woke, Aurora found herself alone on a bed of soft, gray-green moss, her body blanketed with sweet-smelling pink blossoms from the surrounding trees. Where was Brad?

She sat up, taking care not to crush any of the flowers that had kept her warm. Flowers her Master must have strewn over her spent body after the last tender loving—a loving when he’d touched her as though she were a precious jewel, gently, with love she hadn’t been able to deny that she returned.

Yes, she was truly his woman. His helpless slave, craving him, wanting his protection and his control.

Suddenly a chill came over her. The prickling feeling she'd felt for the first time back at the Gates of Hell, when she overheard those miserable blue midgets and Mistress Mara, was back again. A premonition of impending danger, a feeling their Eden was being violated.

Something was wrong. Terribly wrong. Evil had invaded Luna Ten, turned the balmy tropical breeze to a wintry chill. If it had not, her Master surely would not have left her here alone. Rising, no longer heeding the beauty of the glade, she strained her ears, desperate to catch a sound—any sound that would lead her to the threat. The threat she sensed would take her love away, plummet them all into an existence of degradation and pain.

Pain without pleasure.

A bird called to its mate...or was it not a bird at all but a sign of warning? Of a malevolent invader bound on wreaking havoc in Eden, wrecking her newly found happiness?

With as much stealth as she could manage, Aurora slipped between the blossoming fruit trees, moving steadily in the direction from which she'd heard the bird-call. There it was again. Mournful sounding, as though a portent of danger...of consummate evil.

Shouts. The clash of blade on blade and whining of a spacecraft's thruster-engines recharging. Aurora gasped at the sound of crunching bone, a man's high-pitched, agonized scream. Brad? Her breath caught in her throat, but she kept moving toward the sound of battle.

She'd gained too much to lose it without a fight. Not caring now whether she was heard, she began to run. Gasping for breath by the time she entered the clearing where the transporter had docked, she shrank back at the sight of Brad lying naked in the grass, blood streaming from a deep cut on his brow.

Mistress Mara stood over him, a triumphant look in her blood-red eyes. Her two mutant lackeys danced attendance on both sides of her while A knelt beside Brad, at his evil Mistress's feet. Then Aurora saw it.

A knife. Curved like the scimitars once used in ancient times on Earth, its polished metal glinted in the sun as Mara brandished it over Brad's unprotected crotch.

"You could have had it all. Me. All the women a human stud could possibly need. Power and wealth the likes of which you'll never see here on this puny planet. Wake up, Master B, for I want you awake." Mara cackled, sending a chill down Aurora's spine. "You'll not cheat me of watching you grovel, listening to you beg me to spare your manhood. Your Earthling woman's life."

Fear galvanized Aurora to action. She'd not allow Brad to die or be turned into a creature like the whining eunuch groveling at Mara's feet. She'd not meekly succumb to the fate in store for her, either. Not now, when they'd finally found their Eden.

She had to get that knife away from the Obsidion bitch before she used it. But how? Aurora was under no illusion that either A or the evil blue midgets would come to her aid. Could she overpower them all, save the man she loved?

Of course she couldn't. Then she thought of the young ones Brad had saved...Enoch and Enola. Perhaps...

But she had no idea how to find them. But it seemed she had a little time, for Mara seemed intent at the moment on coaxing Brad back to consciousness. Drawing out the torture as only someone of her evil nature would do.

No choice. She had to risk going for help.

Darting among the flowering fruit trees in an effort not to be seen, she sprinted for the transporter. Found Enoch and Enola locked heads to genitals in a carnal embrace that days ago would have shocked her. "Come. You must help

me. Mistress Mara has captured Master B and even now threatens him with emasculation—or death.”

Scrambling apart, Enoch began searching the supply chamber for weapons, coming up with a taser gun and several wicked-looking pistols, and checking them for ammunition. “These should work.”

“Show me how to shoot this,” Aurora demanded, lifting the lethal taser and studying its firing mechanism. Damn the Rulers for not having taught women the arts of war. Even the most rudimentary knowledge of weaponry would have come in handy.

“Point it, aim for the largest part of your enemy’s body, and pull this lever. If you hit anywhere near your target, your victim will die.” Enoch shrugged, as though he dealt with such weapons on a daily basis.

Aurora set the weapon down, picking up one of the pistols instead. “I’d not dare to use that with Master B so close to our enemies. Come. Bring your weapons. A frontal assault may be our only chance.”

“We will help. These pistols are the latest and best. Three weapons in one: the penetrating laser, a deadly toxin...and if I’m not mistaken, the ultimate toy in the Federation’s arsenal. It’s said to turn alien bodies to liquid. Dissolve their flesh before your eyes. You need not be afraid.”

Aurora forced a smile, for the two youngsters made up for their lack of years with pure bravado. If only...

But no. Her Master and protector lay helpless under a mad dominatrix’s knife, saved for this long, only because Mistress Mara wanted to commit her atrocities when he was awake and cognizant of what she was doing to him. Perhaps she wanted to torment him with the threat of the knife awhile before cutting him, or take him back to Obsidion where she could provide sufficient medical care to see that he did not die from his wound. It was up to Aurora and these two foolhardy youths to do something—to save his life and his dream.

\* \* \* \* \*

Like an avenging angel she swooped down, a laser pistol held steady in her hand. But she was not alone. Did his eyes deceive him?

Brad lay, still as death, certain his fate would not be sealed until Mara realized he'd regained consciousness. Slitting one eye barely enough to get a glimpse of his captors, he squelched the urge to shout for Aurora to go...to save herself since he could no longer count on being able to protect her.

Such an order would have been futile, for he was certain she'd not have obeyed. Her natural bravery and her love for him would overwhelm her desire to follow his commands. Helpless, he watched as she came nearer, the young couple they'd brought along marching bravely at her back.

Would they know how to defeat the enemy? Had Enoch's training in warfare, of which he'd bragged so loudly the day he and Enola had arrived in Mistress Mara's dungeon, included lessons in what weapons worked for which aliens? Did Enoch know the laser would destroy Andre, who was human? Or that it would take the deadly toxin distilled from desert scorpions to finish off the mutant Martians? Brad seriously doubted Enoch had progressed in his studies so quickly as to have been taught more than the rudiments of using the weapons in the Federation's vast arsenal.

Aurora turned and said something to her young companions, then charged ahead, the laser pistol charged and ready. Brad braced himself for another vicious blow from Mara, but it never came. Instead her blade lodged in Andre's lifeless body as he fell backward over Brad. Brad cringed, for if Mara's weapon had hit its intended mark, it clearly would have chopped cleanly through his cock and balls. The time for waiting had ended.

With speed and agility bred and honed by years of training, Brad rolled to the side as Andre's corpse took another hit from Mara's scimitar. The pistols

blazed, their phosphorescent light passing through the bodies of Mara and her Plutonian minions, with no effect except that with every hit, Mara's fiery eyes blazed brighter. She swung the wicked blade faster, so fast he was barely able to duck away.

The lasers were useless against the enemy now, and so far Aurora hadn't shot off the poison, but the mutants had no shield against Mistress Mara's blade. As he impaled one of the blue twins onto the dominatrix's blade, Brad grunted with grim satisfaction. By the time Mara had jerked the scimitar out of the Martian's belly, Brad was able to move out of the blade's lethal range.

But not out of danger. The dead alien's twin leapt on Brad's back, slowing him, clawing with amazing strength at his eyes and throat.

Brad's head spun from the blow he'd taken earlier. His vision blurred. If they were to survive, they'd have to end this quickly. Marshaling his strength, he grabbed his attacker by the blue hair on his pointed head and tossed him to the ground. "The toxin. Shoot him now," he rasped out, praying to every gods he'd ever worshiped that Enoch knew more about the high-tech pistol than was likely.

Mara swung wildly with the scimitar, slicing deep into Brad's unprotected arm. He danced back, daring her to follow, deliberately infuriating her to keep her attention from Aurora and the Earthling teens.

The next shots from the three pistols glowed an eerie green. Two of them hit the remaining Martian, while the other rocked Mara on her heels and turned her face into a crimson mask. Brad stumbled, then righted himself. He had to hold out, ensure the safety of his woman, his wards. The Martian didn't move—one less enemy to cause concern.

"Get down, Master."

Aurora's voice rang out loudly in the clearing, drew Mara's hate-filled gaze. Brad dived for the ground...grabbed Mara's legs, tackled her as he went down.

Lousy move. She sliced again in his general direction, as though she could not see.

Again she cut him, this time on his thigh, inches from the cock and balls he had no desire to lose. Curling forward, he assumed a defensive position, for he'd lost too much blood to take the fight to her.

The blows came down, hard and fast but missing vital parts so far. Then, suddenly, they stopped. Brad lifted his face, turned in time to see Mara's flesh falling away from her bones...dissolving before his eyes. Once the flesh was gone, her bones turned liquid, then disappeared.

Aurora gasped when she saw him, covered with his own blood and Andre's. The last thing Brad felt before losing consciousness was her satiny skin when she gathered him in her arms and held him, her petite body wracked with tears.

## **Chapter Seven**

For days it had been touch and go. Eden had no fine medical facilities, no learned medicine men to heal Brad's wounds. Aurora stayed with him, held him, wiped his feverish body with cool water Enoch carried to the glade from mineral springs on the far side of Luna Ten.

Today, thank the gods, Aurora sensed he'd turned a corner—that he'd recover from the grievous wounds inflicted by Mistress Mara before the triumvirate pistol's last load had succeeded in destroying her evil once and for all. Recalling how the dominatrix had dissolved before their eyes, Aurora shuddered, snuggling closer to her convalescing Master beneath a blanket of trumpet-shaped blossoms.

Incredibly fragrant blossoms. Blooms that brought memories of that first idyllic afternoon she and Brad had shared—the vines that had taken her, confined her for her lover's pleasure. The incredible feeling of fullness when he'd fucked her ass with his monster cock.

As she had so often in the days since he was wounded, she stroked the length of his powerful body, happy now that his slightly scratchy skin felt cool and dry, not feverish as it had felt for six long days. She liked feeling the stubble that had begun to grow on his body, hoped he'd let it grow. He woke, smiled up at her, then reached out and dragged her mouth to his. Nibbled her tongue and lips as though he'd devour her.

"It's too soon. Your fever broke less than a day ago," she said, but her protest came out halfhearted. She loved her man, craved his touch, prayed he would



soon be whole and strong again. From the way his cock hardened and pressed against her thigh, she doubted his recovery would take much longer.

He lifted his massive shoulders off their mossy bed, propping himself up on his uninjured arm. "I'd fuck you now, my love."

His love. Ten days ago Aurora's world had come apart, her future had become bleak. Brad had changed all that. She loved him for it...adored him...lusted after his body and his protective, inherently decent soul. "Soon, when you're healed."

"Now. I'll be careful of your handiwork," he said, giving the stitches she'd put in his injured arm a cursory glance. "Where are our young friends?"

"Planting a garden on the other side of the transporter landing dock."

He laughed. "More like, he's planting his seed in her garden. Come here and help me plant our garden. You may start by sucking my cock. He's missed you terribly these past few days."

"I've missed him, too. Lie back, my precious Master, and I'll bring you pleasure."

Softly, gently, Aurora took him in her mouth, being careful to avoid contact with the sutured cut on his thigh that ended less than two inches from the base of his beautiful cock. Closer to the twin orbs that now had drawn up with lust—lust for her. To the accompaniment of his delighted moans, she licked and sucked and swallowed his straining flesh, swirling her tongue into the distended slit where the thick cock ring was lodged.

Her cunt contracted, its cream wetting her slit, thighs no longer encased in rubber. Strange, for he hadn't even touched her there. Instead he cupped her head in his big hands, tunneling his fingers into the blonde stubble that now almost hid her scalp. Paradoxically the simple massage both soothed and aroused her as she took as much of his cock as would fit and wrapped her hands around the thick, satiny base of his shaft.

He tasted delicious, sweet yet slightly salty. As clean as the spring water she'd used to bathe him earlier. His ragged breathing reminded her of his close brush with death. She reveled in his fiery lust, lust not even debilitating injuries could abate.

Her nipples tightened. Her clit twitched. Still she gave him head, getting hotter every time he pleaded for more...for her dripping cunt, her tight, sexy ass. He uttered a vicious curse—or was it a prayer? “Come up here, love. Ride me. Let me spill my semen where it may take root.”

Carefully so as not to open his thigh wound, she lowered herself onto his huge, throbbing cock. Her cunt contracted around him, drew him in, began at once to spasm as though it had been months not mere days since he'd fucked her. Gods be praised! He'd been lucky to live through Mistress Mara's vicious attack. Thankful he was alive, Aurora moved on him slowly, sensually, savoring the erotic sensations of his cock stroking her cunt as it might never have done again if Mara had had her way.

His stomach muscles grew tense beneath her fingertips, and his shallow, rapid breathing drew her attention. When he arched up to meet her downward thrust, he held her. Took her mouth while he molded her breasts with callused fingers. Loved her as she'd never dreamed of until the day her world nearly ended. Until they met at the Gates of Hell.

His cock swelled perceptibly inside her. Her vaginal walls began to spasm around him. He groaned, his belly tensed even more, and as a warm, rosy glow streaked through her body, he shot his come deep into her body in long, sustained bursts that fueled her flame and left her in a brilliant haze of satisfaction.

“I pray we've made a son or daughter for Eden,” he told her later as she lay cradled against his uninjured side.

Aurora smiled. When could be a better time than now for her to tell him? “I have the feeling you’ve done that already, Master mine. Unless our excitement has disturbed my cycle of life. Yes,” she assured him when he touched her flat belly with something akin to wonder. “It took you no time at all to start populating our brave new world.”

“And for that I owe you my eternal gratitude.”

“That may be, Master B, but what I want from you is love.”

He took her hands, seemed dazed when he looked at her and smiled. “You have that, my darling slave. Always.”

## **About the author:**

Whether she's writing as Ann Jacobs, Sara Jarrod, or herself, Ann Josephson loves sexy, Alpha heroes and heroines who are every bit their matches. A transplanted midwesterner, she has lived in Florida practically all her adult life. She spent several years as a health care financial manager before becoming a full-time author in 1996, shortly before the release of her first book, *Heaven Above*, a Berkley contemporary ghost romance. Her highly acclaimed books have been translated into at least six languages. One was optioned for a movie, and three will be reissued this year in hardcover editions.

A member of Romance Writers of America, TARA chapter and Kiss of Death chapter, Ann also belongs to the Authors' Guild and is the treasurer-elect of Novelists, Inc. A regular speaker at local and regional writer events, she was part of a workshop panel at RWA's national conference in July 2002.

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