

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

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USA Today Bestselling Author

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

*Never A
Slave*

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Never a Slave

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NEVER A SLAVE

Jaid Black

Chapter One

*The jungle outside Valor City
6049 Y.Y. (Yessat Years)*

Jesus Christ – what a bloody week!

It was bad enough that he was the only paying customer at The Smiling Faces and Peaceful Hearts retreat who had managed to flunk out, having failed to find his wretched peace. It was bad enough to learn upon his return to England that Letty, his wife of five years, had decided she was a lesbian and left him for a barmaid who was nicknamed “The Tongue”. It was worse still to discover that Letty’d not only taken his pride with her, but his dog Max as well. Of the two, he’d have picked Max as a companion any day of the week – at least the dog was loyal.

But this...

Lord Julian Jameson scowled at nothing in particular as he dashed through the maroon jungle of...wherever in the hell he was. His sweat-slicked muscles bulging, his bronzed, naked torso glistening, he decided that nothing, but nothing could be worse than *this*.

He had no notion as to where he was and even less of a clue as to how he’d gotten here. He was fairly certain he was not – unfathomable as it sounded – still on Earth. If the five moons hovering atop the skyline hadn’t given that fact away, then the technologically advanced weaponry he’d seen the females here sporting would have.

For seven solid days and nights Julian had been on the run from women. Women he was fairly certain wanted to make him into some manner of sex slave. As incredulous as it sounded even to himself – namely that any female should want to engage in intercourse with him at all let alone make sex-giving his sole purpose in life – it had taken but an hour’s worth of eavesdropping in the last tiny village he’d holed up

in to ascertain that, indeed, sex and servitude appeared to be all that men were good for around this place. The irony, of course, was not lost on him.

Julian's sex life up until this point could best be described as nonexistent. He was a handsome man with his golden good looks and tall, muscular physique, he supposed. Blond hair and brown eyes, dimples that defined his cheeks on the rare occasions he smiled—he'd been described more than once as a visual study in contrasts. Such mattered very little when you were wed to a woman who wanted nothing to do with you.

Once upon a time, he had thought that Letty would make the perfect wife. She was beautiful, learned and had pretended to be head over heels in love with him. He had wasted no time in setting his sights on marrying her, deciding she would make not only an ideal viscountess his parents could approve of, but an ideal lover as well. Julian had, he now realized, been mistaken on all accounts.

He had courted Letty for over a year before they'd married. During that year he had wanted so very much to bed her, to know what it felt like to sink into her exquisite flesh and pump away like a mad jackrabbit. He had thought Letty wanted the same thing. But as "The Tongue" could surely attest, that was never the case.

Having been raised by extremely conservative and devoutly religious parents who'd forced him into attending boys' schools his entire life, Julian had been a virgin on his wedding night. Waiting had been more difficult than words could express, for he thought about sex day and night. But, conversely, he had shared his parents' religious views back then and had wanted to wait because he felt it was the morally proper thing to do. And so he'd waited for Letty, taking solace in the knowledge that once he married her he would be given free reign to go wild on her body, to make love to his wife at whim.

That, unfortunately, was not to be.

Julian knew that people often wondered why it is that he never smiled. But then those very people weren't aware of the fact that, a wedding ceremony and five years

worth of marriage later, Lord Julian Jameson was still a virgin. A thirty-year-old, hornier-than-all-bloody-hell virgin who, as idiotic as it sounded, remained faithful to a wife who refused his touch.

He frowned, wondering for the first time in seven days if he should just end the wretched chase, let himself get caught by the huntresses and be done with it all—his virginity included. But then, engaging in a bout of sex and suffering the indignity of sexual slavery were two entirely different things.

And so here he was, dashing as fast as his bare feet could carry him, doing his damndest to avoid being captured like some manner of undignified prey. The soles of his feet were callused, his feet scratched up and a bit bloody from running, but it didn't matter. He had no intention of stopping—not now or ever—for he had no notion as to what these huntresses wanted with him. Sex, or so he assumed, but beyond that...

Julian had tried his hand at eavesdropping on the females who were hunting him the last time they had stopped and made camp. Thinking to find out why precisely it was that they wanted to capture him to begin with, he had realized inside of five seconds that no answers would be soon in coming.

Unfortunately, Julian thought as he made a sharp left turn and ran toward a dense patch of maroon shrubbery to use as camouflage, they didn't speak any of the three languages he'd been schooled in. But then he didn't need to understand what the women were saying to comprehend the fact that these particular females were pack-hunters. Pack-hunters who hunted men.

"My'at fena, mala ra!" a female voice called out.

The sound chilled him as it reached his ears, the shout sounding almost victorious. Which could only mean that...

Oh no.

Julian grunted as a strong pulse of energy hit him full force in the back. He bellowed as he stumbled to the ground and rolled, maroon mud staining his chest and face a dark red as he tumbled down the side of a hillock.

Damn! He needed to get up and run, but he had been rendered immobile by whatever it was that had hit him. *I've got to get out of here...*

It was the last thought he was to entertain as a free man.

Julian bellowed a final cry of anger before landing face-first in a black puddle. The cold feel of a handcuff-like mechanism was clasped unforgivingly around either wrist as he lay there in the sludge unable to move, a strange fatigue overwhelming him.

It was over, he knew, his heart rate thumping like a rock in his chest courtesy of whatever type of energy beam they'd managed to fell him with. His body automatically tensed up as he felt the hand of a huntress glide over his muscled buttocks.

Julian closed his eyes, giving in to the fatigue, realizing that escape would have to be put on hold until he woke up.

Chapter Two

He slowly awoke to the feel of several female hands touching him intimately. On his chest, on his abs, on his cock...

Shit, Julian thought as his stomach muscles clenched and he expelled a breath of air on a hiss. Someone was even cupping his tight balls and massaging them.

He fought within himself, his traitorous body loving the long-denied sensations being evoked by exploratory female hands whilst his mind abhorred the idea that he should want this. He halfheartedly tried to break away from their touches, only to realize he was, although standing upright, chained against a soft but unyielding disk-like structure. It rotated occasionally, making him aware of its roundness. He tried to open his eyes, but a blindfold prevented him from doing so.

“‘Tis a wicked big cock this creature possesses,” boomed an authoritative female voice. “Feel free to inspect it before the auction begins, but no fucking it. The right to deflower the innocent creature belongs to whichever of you will leave here his Mistress.”

Julian’s nostrils flared at the rather delicate description. His anger was so acute that he’d almost neglected to notice that he was somehow able to understand what was being said about him. He would have thought more on the subject, but another female voice broke his train of thought.

“Aye, ‘tis true,” she said breathlessly. “His manpart is nigh unto as big as the rest of him.”

Julian’s jaw clenched. Against his volition, said manpart swelled even further. And then further still when his body’s reaction met with a bunch of oing and ahing from his enraptured audience.

He gritted his teeth. Bloody hell. This was just too much. If it wasn't for the fact he was fairly confident he was headed for a life in chains, this scenario would have been like some depraved fantasy come true. The sort he'd entertained whilst having sex for one all these lonely years.

A small, wet mouth began to nibble on the head of his cock. He sucked in his breath, for some reason not having expected that. The mouth toyed with him a bit before it opened up wide, inviting him all the way in to the back of her talented throat.

A second mouth latched onto one of his balls, forcing a stifled moan from him. The mouth played with him in such a way that brought to mind bobbing for apples. A third mouth latched onto his other testicle, sucking it like candy whilst the first mouth greedily suckled his rigid shaft. A fourth and fifth mouth found either of his nipples.

He groaned, unable to suppress the sound.

"The creature responds well to stimulation," a spectator mused. "Mayhap I shall taste his man juice after Her Worthiness drinks of it. If she finishes before the auction."

"His scent is very virginal," a second woman murmured. "Mmm. I so want his cock for mine own."

"'Tis a healthy man sac he possesses," another voice chimed in. "Leastways, 'tis a certainty his cock can make plenty of juice for all of us."

Julian's penis swelled impossibly further. It was almost too much to believe that any woman should want to do this to him, let alone all of these women. His only experience with a female, however, had been with a wife who refused to have anything to do with him.

He shouldn't want this, his mind screamed, but his body refused to listen. His cock was being pleased for the first time in his life by someone other than himself. And greedily at that. And his balls, and his nipples...

Bloody, bloody, *bloody* hell.

The mouth working his shaft slowed. He expelled a breath of air, not wanting to admit he wished she'd go faster.

The talented mouth took her time, furthering her intimate knowledge of him with heady, leisurely sucks. This went on for what felt like hours – too slow for release, too damn good to ignore. Before long he was unconsciously trying to buck his tethered hips toward the mouth, his body aching to be finished off.

Julian groaned when the talented mouth working up and down his shaft took him in so far he swore he could feel her tonsils. He gritted his teeth when she picked up the pace. He could imagine in his mind's eye the image of her face bobbing feverishly back and forth whilst she sucked on his cock.

I'm coming, he thought, unable to suppress it even though his mind didn't want to give his captors what it was they were wishing to extract from him. *Oh – God –*

The mouth sucked him frenziedly, making him moan loud and long. The other mouths worked him just as greedily, but it was the woman commanding his shaft that held him spellbound.

"He's going to spurt," a spectator mused.

"Aye. And greedy Klykka will drain his nectar dry."

Julian groaned, his body tensing up as it prepared to climax. Perspiration dotted his brow. His heart rate was over the top. The mouth worked faster, and although he was blindfolded, he could still sense from the brisk movements bodily jarring him that her head was bobbing up and down.

"Oh shit," he breathed out in a language the women couldn't understand. "Oh God."

He came loud and hard, his entire body convulsing as his cock spurted what felt to be an endless stream of seed into the awaiting, hungry mouth. He gritted his teeth when he heard her make an appreciative *mmm* sound as she drank of him, then groaned when she sucked briskly from the tiny hole in his cock's head to make sure she hadn't missed a single drop.

“‘Tis time for the auction,” an authoritative voice boomed out. He scarcely heard it, his mind and body reeling. “Klykka, you must step away from the creature anon. Bid upon him if you so desire.”

“I want my turn,” he heard another female voice call out. “You can’t expect me to bid upon a creature I don’t know the taste of!”

Depraved fantasies, he thought, half delirious. His lips pinched together as he glowered. Perhaps he’d gone mad during his last masturbation session and his mind was making this all up.

“There is no more time,” the auctioneer said in an unbending tone. “The auction must begin anon. You can see for yourself how big and brawny he is. I have testified as to his cunning and thinking abilities. He would breed worthy daughters for any High Mystik.”

Julian stilled as he came down from the realm of climax and crash-landed into the realm of reality. He was wanted as...*a breeder?* Like a bloody *horse?*

His nostrils flared. An action that didn’t go unnoticed by the woman named Klykka who had been suckling his shaft. Her soft laughter reached his ears.

“Fear not, lusty one,” a dark, smoky voice said into the whorl of his ear. He found himself wondering what she looked like, then discarded the question altogether. It hardly mattered. He would run at first opportunity no matter what she looked like. “You will come to love me. ‘Tis a vow I give unto you.”

And then she was walking away, leaving him blindfolded and tethered to the strange disk-like structure that held him captive and suspended from the ground. He sighed as the disk began to move, wondering how in the hell he had gotten into this mess and, more importantly, how in the hell he would get out of it.

Depraved fantasies, he supposed, were best left to one’s imagination.

Chapter Three

Klykka Gy'at Li, High Mystik to the sector that bore her surname, watched through shrewd violet eyes as seven creatures were transported to the center stage within the black crystal coliseum. She had trekked to Valor City with the intention of buying a slave or two to add to her harem, having grown bored as of late with the males she already owned.

She had never thought in her wildest dreams that she would end up attending a breeder auction instead of a slave auction—mating with a male was something she had never before considered. But this humanoid man...

She had known the minute she'd spotted him, his sleeping body being loaded onto a *kazza* disk, that the pack-hunters would not be sending this prime specimen to the slave block. He was too fine of form, face and cock—too perfect in his maleness. When legends of his prowess, namely the fact that he had outwitted a team of talented pack-hunters for seven days, reached her ears, Klykka knew for a certainty that such a cunning male was mating material. He would go for a high sum on the breeding block—not a lower sum like the slaves commanded.

She could scarce believe she was standing here, bidding against other High Mystiks for the right to own one of the seven males hoisted up onto the platform, and yet here she was. Wenches of lesser rank than hers would probably bid on him too, though 'twas doubtful any less than a High Mystik possessed the credits it would take to barter for him.

That was just fine by her, she thought through narrowed eyes as the High Mystik of the Quanti sector placed a bid on a male Klykka held no interest in. It helped to eliminate some of the competition.

Klykka's gaze strayed back toward the creature—*her* creature. Leastways, she would own him this moon-rising without a doubt. None present could afford to outbid her. 'Twas now just a question of how many credits she'd be set back before the male belonged to her.

A strange sense of impending fate had swamped her senses the very first time she'd laid eyes on him. Prior to the actual auction, during the time when potential bidders were permitted to freely inspect the chattel, she had wanted none but herself to drink of his essence. An odd feeling, that. Especially for a wench possessing a large harem who was long accustomed to sharing her chattel with others. But this chattel...

Was hers.

She didn't wish to share him. Ever. Not even with her beloved sisters. He had a commanding presence about him even whilst in chains...so different from the weak-willed freemen of Galis who were prone toward excessive emotion and trying to get their way with their mates through tears and sexual manipulation.

"The next creature up for bid is this six-and-a-quarter-footer," the auctioneer boomed out, gaining Klykka's undivided attention. She watched as her future mate's cock was pumped back and forth, swelling it mightily until it rested long and thick against his navel. He groaned, causing her to frown. She disliked watching him being wench-handled by others.

"See you for yourselves the pleasure this chattel can give unto you. But this creature, fair wench, is possessed of more than a wicked big manpart. He is also possessed of superior cunning and intellect..."

Klykka took a deep breath and blew it out, listening as Gar'az listed all the chattel's attributes. Quick. Strong. Cunning. Physically well-honed. Feisty. Virginal. In a few words, a perfect breeder. Any daughters he put in Klykka's belly would be strong and keen warrior women.

His blindfold was removed a moment later, revealing his handsome visage up close and awake for the first time. She bit her lip, her hearts rate thumping pleurably in her chest.

Her nipples hardened just looking upon him. She could scarcely wait to claim him. She knew that the auctioneer wasn't lying and that he was indeed a virgin, for she hadn't smelled the scent of another female upon him whilst she'd drunk of his essence. Only she would couple with him – only her.

"These are rare attributes amongst males of any species, so he won't be sold for cheap. Come now! Do I hear an opening bid of ten thousand credits?"

Klykka raised her arm high and held up a fist—the means of declaring oneself in auctions on Galis. "I bid unto you ten thousand, Mistress."

"Do I hear ten thousand and five?"

"Ten thousand and five, Mistress!" the High Mystik from Lo'am shouted out.

Klykka frowned. As if a wench from Lo'am, High Mystik or no, could afford to outbid her. "Eleven."

"Twelve."

"Thirteen."

This went on until the sum reached into the twenties, whereupon the competition folded, just as Klykka had known it would. She smiled a predator's satisfaction at a prey well and truly caught, her gaze locking with the male whom she now owned.

He was curious about her and about his fate—she could see it in his dark eyes. But there was more emotion there than mere curiosity.

He was angry, she could tell. Angry and feisty. Mayhap he even thought he could find a way to escape her. That would, of course, never happen.

"Your Worthiness," the auctioneer called out to Klykka, "your creature awaits you. Pay for him and he shall be released unto you."

Lust knotted Klykka's belly. Her gaze strayed to her new mate.

One dark, imperious eyebrow rose in response to the chattel who dared look upon his Mistress in ire. Oh aye, he was angry. Well and truly feisty.

A small smile tugged at the corners of her lips. Good.

'Twas turning out to be the most interesting moon-rising of her forty-one Yessat Years.

* * * * *

Julian's eyes narrowed at the two warrior women who were escorting him from the platform. He was completely naked, wearing nothing but a slave's torque and chains. The warriors paid his anger no heed whatsoever, their attention instead focused on keeping him manacled. The female who had purchased him apparently thought herself above the arduous task of restraining him, for she was walking several feet ahead of the group, her body language arrogant and self-assured.

She was a woman used to commanding others. A woman long accustomed to having her every wish granted.

A woman who would soon rue the day she had enslaved him.

Upon purchasing him, Julian's captor had boldly strutted up to where he was hoisted above the swell of the crowd, placed some bizarre-looking device that made a whirring sound on his penis, detonated it then walked away with nary a word. She'd paid him no further attention, leaving him to hiss in pain as the warriors who now stood at either side of him cut him down from the harness.

He had paid attention during the auction and so realized that his captor's name was Klykka. She was a beautiful woman, he loathed to admit. Stunning, in fact. He had no trouble ascertaining as much, for the dress of the women in this world was all but non-existent. Shimmering G-strings of assorted colors, sandals with straps that criss-crossed all the way up to the knee—and that was it. Otherwise their bodies were bared, their breasts and derrières exposed for all to see.

He smiled grimly. Depraved fantasies indeed.

The body of his captor was long and athletic, her skin colored a sleek bronze with a hint of gold. The brief glimpse he'd gotten of her from the front had revealed an exotically pretty face with luminescent violet eyes that glowed just a bit, framed by a mane of dark hair that swept down to just above her buttocks in a cascade of ebony ringlets. Her breasts were full and large, the perky pink nipples a sharp contrast against bronze skin.

Her backside, unfortunately, was just as provocative as the front. Her buttocks were athletically sculpted, yet still plush and round with soft feminine curves. A dimple above either buttock accented them, drawing his gaze again and again.

Julian frowned. He was growing erect just looking at her and he hated himself for it. He would do well to remember that this woman thought to enslave him.

The warrior women who held his chains came to a halt, forcing him to stop as well. He watched Klykka disappear into a tent-like structure, the odd material constructed from what looked to be silk scarves of a color he had no word for in English.

The warrior to his left spoke. "We enter the portal that will take us to the Gy'at Li sector, unworthy one." He raised an eyebrow at the name she'd called him by, but as usual his reaction was given no attention. "You are to do what you are told, when you are told and how you are told. If you are defiant, I will take great joy in whipping you, aye?"

His nostrils flared. "Let me go," he hissed.

"If you've half a brain," the second warrior instructed, "you will seek to pleasure Her Worthiness in all things." She smiled at him, her kindness surprising after the insulting way in which the first warrior had spoken to him. "'Tis an honor you have been granted, serving our Lady and her cunt in all things. Remember that and act accordingly lest you be sent to the gulch pits of Tryston for treason against your Mistress."

Julian frowned. Beyond the word cunt, he had no idea what most of what she'd just said meant, but he wisely held his tongue. If he could get the warrior on his right alone

later, he would put questions to her. For now, his instincts told him, he would do well to remain silent in front of the warrior to his left.

Julian said nothing as he was led into the portal. He glanced around curiously as they entered the silk tent, surprised to find that there was nothing inside it. One moment the landscape had been a flat, placid purple and a blink later they were spit out onto mountainous obsidian terrain.

A vast village constructed of shimmering white crystal curled around the base of a gigantic black mountain. The layout was vast—as big as any modern English city. He couldn't help but to stare a bit wide-eyed, for he'd never seen a sight quite so spectacular. Or peculiar.

From the position where they stood far above the city centre, he could make out that the people of this place moved about not by planes, trains and automobiles, but by large birds. He forgot himself for a moment, forgot too that he had been brought here as a slave, and allowed himself to stare like an open-mouthed simpleton.

He had to be dreaming. Those birds brought to mind old science fiction novels he'd read as a young lad.

A large, winged creature transporting three riders loomed near, giving him his first close-up view. The nearer the beast drew to where he stood, the easier it was to see that what had looked like a bird from a distance was physically more like a winged monkey in its appearance.

Brilliant. He'd gone from science fiction to Oz in the matter of a few moments. He shook his head and sighed as he glanced away. Nothing made sense here.

A huge palace constructed of what looked to be purple crystal sat atop the peak of the tallest black mountain on the horizon. He focused his attention on it. And where it sat in relation to the portal they'd just passed through. It didn't take a genius to figure out, after all, that the palace belonged to Klykka—and that this was where he would be taken.

“Come, foul creature,” the warrior to his left spat as she tugged at the chain fastened to the torque about his neck. He grunted, the look he threw her in reaction letting her know that her loathing of him was mutual. She ignored it. “We will take the tunnels to the harem chamber and then, thank the goddess, my duty with you is done.”

Harem chamber, Julian thought, his lips twisting into a cruel smile. Well, Klykka was certainly wasting no time in making a pet out of him. Bloody fucking hell.

The warriors led him toward a large boulder that was currently being guarded by twelve more warrior women. The guards waved their party through, allowing them passage into the tunnels that lay in wait on the other side of the huge rock.

Julian missed nothing as they continued on, his mind noting every curve and pathway they took for future reference. He would escape, he silently vowed to himself.

It didn't matter that his captor was more beautiful than any woman he could have invented in his wickedest, most fevered dreams. He would be no woman's slave.

Not now. Not ever.

Chapter Four

Julian spent the next two hours being bathed, groomed, perfumed and then, finally, oiled down. He sighed, wondering how his life had gone from one extreme to the other in a blink of an eye. One minute he'd been on a men's retreat in the woods getting in touch with his inner animal and a tumble down a hillside later he'd become that animal as he'd ran like marked prey from a hunting party.

And now here he lay, still in chains, watching as four women warriors oiled up his naked body like some exotic pet. That he'd masturbated whilst envisioning scenarios such as this one didn't signify. It was degrading in the extreme when happening in reality.

"He's ready," one of the warriors mused. She ran a finger down his shaft. "His cock is stiff and glistening. The head looks ripe for the plucking."

"Aye," a second warrior confirmed. "Her Worthiness will be pleased with her chattel on this the moon-rising of their wedding."

Julian's breathing stilled. Their...*what?*

"He didn't know," the first warrior speculated. Her forehead wrinkled as she regarded her comrade. As usual, they paid him no attention, treating him as though he was below their notice, even though they had to have been paying him some amount of attention if they were aware of the fact he hadn't realized he'd been forcibly wed to his captor. "What manner of creature is he that he did not know why he was purchased?"

Her comrade waved that away. "All males are slow-witted of the mind. It matters not their species." She sighed like a martyr, causing Julian to frown. "'Tis a boggle why the goddess decreed that we must mate with them in order to birth females. A foul lot, that."

“Now wait a bloody moment!” Julian gritted out. “I am not slow-witted nor will I ever—”

“Think you such a creature as this can please Her Worthiness indefinitely?” a third warrior inquired. She shivered. “I daresay he’ll be gulch beast food outside of a fortnight. The poor, pathetic thing. I nigh unto feel sorry for him.”

Julian glared at the one lamenting his alleged fate.

“Aye,” another one conjectured. “Males are too slow of the head to hold a High Mystik’s attention o’er long. He would have been better off as marriage chattel to a lesser female than the Gy’at Li. Soon Her Worthiness will regret what she has done and seek to sever the ties that bind them.”

“Through death,” the warrior oiling up his chest intoned in a disinterested voice. “‘Tis the only way to rid herself of one so unworthy.”

Julian frowned. He didn’t like the sound of that. Worse yet, if what they were saying was true, he doubted any of them would help him to escape. They were discussing his impending execution as calmly as the weather. Apparently it held no greater import either.

“Our work is done here, warriors.” They stood in unison. “Let us deposit the creature in Her Worthiness’ chamber and call it an eve.”

Julian offered them no resistance as they pulled at his chains to get him to stand. His mind was elsewhere, his every thought on how he might escape.

In the matter of a few minutes he had gone from thinking he was a slave to discovering he had been made into some odd manner of husband to realizing his fate would have been more secure as a slave. Or, at least, he would have had more time to concoct an escape as a slave without the threat of impending death hanging over his head like the blade of a guillotine.

His eyes narrowed in concentration as he was led from the harem chamber. He had kept his gaze alert during the trek to the palace and already knew which route he would take to flee on foot. Now it was merely a question of when.

Chapter Five

Julian was led into a decadent bedchamber big enough to fit a house in. The posh black crystal room was regally decorated with extravagant-looking silk scarves reminiscent of how a sultan's boudoir back on Earth no doubt looked.

A woman—Klykka—was seated on the far side of the room on a throne of sorts, her body discarded of all clothing, even the flimsy G-string she'd once worn. Her legs were spread wide open, glistening pink flesh exposed for all to see, her mons shaved of its black curls. An erect male servant stood stoically to either side of her, staring straight ahead, both of them holding trays of foodstuffs she appeared to be sampling of.

Julian's gaze strayed toward her pussy. It was ripe and lovely, the pinkish-red flesh framed by a caramel-colored body. He shifted uncomfortably on his feet, glancing away as his penis began to stiffen.

"Greet your Lady properly," one of the warriors whispered to him. "Do not play coy as so many Galian husbands would. 'Tis not a worthy attribute to the Gy'at Li."

Julian blinked. He had no idea as to what she was talking about. "I beg your pardon?"

"Go on, virgin," the warrior whispered again, "Greet her rather than wait for her summons. 'Tis a way to start off on her good side." She nodded, her expression serious. "Leastways, I do not believe all males are weak of the mind as many warriors believe them to be. Do not prove me wrong, creature. Greet your Lady."

He frowned. He had no intention of being cooperative but curiosity overwhelmed him. "How precisely does she want to be greeted?"

When the warrior stared at him as though he was an idiot, he decided she'd probably already grouped him in with the rest of the males who were "weak of the

mind". So be it. Let her believe that. If everyone thought him a fool, escape would be that much easier.

The warrior huffed, her demeanor impatient. "Get on your knees before the Gy'at Li and pay homage to her cunt."

Julian's body stilled. Depraved, depraved, *bloody* depraved fantasies.

He could only stare at her, his face devoid of all expression. "What am I to do whilst there?"

What a brilliant question! You needn't make yourself appear that stupid.

His face colored when the warrior stared at him as though he had manure for brains. He was beginning to think that wasn't far off from the truth. "What I mean," he gritted out, "is—am I to use my, uh..." He coughed. "Or my, uh..."

The warrior rolled her eyes. "Press your lips to her clit, virgin. 'Tis for a certainty I hope you can do it right. Remember the gulch pits, creature, and suck her cunt as though your pitiful life depends on it. Leastways, it just might."

Julian frowned down at her. "One can only hope that during times of war the job of boosting the morale of the troops doesn't fall to you."

"Eh?"

"Never mind."

He mentally waved away their conversation, his mind focusing on how best to proceed. The defiant part of him wished to stand here and do nothing, to wait until he was forced into "greeting" Klykka. But the practical side of him scoffed at that, for he knew it made more sense to ingratiate himself to his alleged wife until he had time to devise an escape.

His first wife had never allowed him to touch her. This wife apparently wanted him to do nothing but.

Julian's gaze slowly flicked toward the High Mystik, zeroing in on her pussy.

He wished she were ugly. It would have been easier to fool himself into believing that he didn't want to know what she tasted like if her face was riddled with hairy warts and her mouth overrun by rotted teeth. It would have been easier to force himself into believing that what he was contemplating doing was born of sheer force and no will.

Bloody, bloody, *bloody* hell.

Every cell of Julian's humanity played tug-o-war within him. The hungry virgin screamed to be let loose, whilst the refined viscount raged against his sexual side, demanding dignity and freedom in a world that gave men neither. In the end, he did what he knew he had to do.

Julian walked up to Klykka and went to his knees before her. He could smell the sweet, pungent scent of her arousal and damn if it didn't make his cock swell even more. Her pussy was gorgeous. Plump, pink lips, intoxicating scent.

His defenses were crumbling. What was happening to him?

Bloody hell.

He slowly pressed his lips to her engorged cunt. Her breath caught in the back of her throat. Emboldened, Julian's tongue darted out and snaked around her clit, drawing it into the heat of his mouth. She moaned in response, the sound heady. He began to gently suckle her, his lips and tongue tugging at her clit.

"Mmmmm," Klykka purred. "That feels wondrous."

Julian brought his hands up to her pussy and used his fingers to spread the lips apart. The warrior women in attendance gasped in unison, letting him know that he wasn't supposed to touch her. Too bad.

"What are you doing, chattel?" Klykka warned. "Do not think to touch me until I permit—*ooohhhhhh!*"

Spreading her cunt wide open with his hands, Julian dove between her legs and worshipped her clit in long, hard sucks. She moaned, her hips bucking up. He teased

her with his tongue, flicking the bud several times in rapid succession before enveloping it in his mouth and suckling again.

“Oh my goddess!” Klykka wailed, her breathing coming in short gasps. “Harder! More!”

Julian nuzzled her cunt like a dog would a bone. He could tell that she was about to burst. Indeed, strange as it was, he could feel her impending orgasm as though it were his own. His eyes widened as he sucked on her clit. He didn’t know how it was possible, but knew with all certainty that when she came, he would too.

“Aye,” she gasped. “Oh—*mmmm*.”

Klykka came on a loud groan, her hips bucking up, her legs wrapping around his head. Julian moaned into her cunt as a violent orgasm ripped through him, cum erupting out of his cock and spilling on the ground. Klykka continued to groan, using her sculpted legs to pull his face tighter against her pussy, her entire body shaking until she was replete.

He waited to move until her legs fell from off of him, limp. Assured that she had been completely satisfied, he took to his feet and towered over her. Heart pounding and breathing heavy, he let his gaze wander over the length of her body, noting how hard and erect her pink nipples were.

It was difficult to believe, but he had totally satisfied a woman on the first try. Bloody hell. He should be thankful for porn videos and sex books. Perhaps being a connoisseur of them back home would finally pay off and keep him well away from the death sentence for a while.

Their gazes clashed and the strangest sense of completion stole over Julian. It was an unexpected and, to be sure, unwanted, feeling. The sensation told him that they were meant to be together, that the gods had created Klykka for Julian and Julian for Klykka.

No.

That could never be, would never be. A man couldn’t find happiness with a woman who insisted he was chattel.

“Let me go,” Julian ground out, his gaze searing. “I want to leave. Now.”

He could scarcely credit the notion, but the woman had the temerity to look hurt. What was worse, he could feel her hurt as though it was his own. His heart ached as he stared at her, not understanding the first bit of what was happening to him.

“‘Tis not possible,” Klykka said, standing up. “You’re mine, creature, regardless of whether or not you wish to be.”

Her words were biting, but her tone was sad. “Leave us alone, guards.” She waved a regal hand. “Away with you the soonest.”

Chapter Six

Klykka had never expected to feel anything beyond lust for her chosen husband. She had heard stories of what 'twas like when a wench found her true mate, but none could have prepared her for the depth of those emotions. She had yet to bed him, to bond her to him, and already her body was tense with foreign sentiments.

Love. Need. Completion. Elation. Happiness. Sorrow should she and the creature be parted...

Rarely did a wench, let alone a High Mystik, find her true mate. She wasn't certain if her discovery was a blessing or a curse.

"I cannot say I understand what it is you do to me, creature," Klykka lectured, pacing back and forth naked. "But I will not tolerate it. Nay, I cannot. One such as myself has no time for idle emotions and vacuous sentiments."

"Firstly," he ground out, "my name is Julian. Not 'creature', not 'chattel', nor any other horrid term you devise."

She stopped pacing and stared open-mouthed at him. Nobody talked to her like that. Ever.

"Secondly, *I* am the injured party here!" His chin thrust up with righteous indignation. "I am the one who was kidnapped, chained, woman-handled, married against my will, then brought here to live an utterly meaningless existence as some manner of hired stud!"

"You were bought, not hired."

"Arrrrrrrg!"

The longer she watched him, the more riveting she found him. Other than the male warriors of Trek Mi Q'an, she'd never heard tell of such demanding and commanding

creatures as this one. The males of Galis were a sensitive, emotional lot. They cried easily and nigh unto feared their own shadows. They were, in a word, dull.

"I demand to be let go," Julian announced. He nodded, emphasizing his bizarre order. "I wish to return to Earth and carry on with my life." His glower was severe. "My world may be lonely and boring and monotonous and lacking in all ways important, but at least it is, in fact, *mine*."

So he was from Earth. That tiny little backwater planet in the first dimension? At last it all made sense. The man was but a primitive. Leastways, he was from a time and place where men ruled instead of wenches. 'Twas why he behaved the way he did. Goddess, she had herself a much-coveted and rarely captured primitive! Her wedding day kept getting better and better.

Klykka waved a hand. "Go then."

He stilled.

"Go on. Leave me. I set you free – Julian."

"You, uh...you do?"

"Aye."

Why not? Let him learn the hard way what it meant to be mated. 'Twas, mayhap, the only way a thick-skulled primitive could learn.

"Well," he sniffed. "I thank you for being reasonable. I shall take my leave."

"Go then."

Julian frowned and turned to walk away. Klykka stilled, wondering if true mates behaved the way they were supposed to when one of the mates in question was naught but a primitive.

"Oh my God!" Julian bellowed. His nostrils flared as he turned around to face her. "You've put some manner of spell on me, haven't you? You're letting me leave because you know I can't, aren't you?" He clapped both hands to his forehead. "I'm doomed. Doooooomed!"

Klykka sighed, but had to crack a smile. "I've done nothing of the sort, feisty one. 'Tis just the way of the goddess. 'Tis life when you find your true mate."

"What in the bloody hell does that mean?" he gritted out.

"It means that we are mated for life. It means that should you run from me, your world will become black and your existence meaningless." She walked slowly toward him, then reached out and ran a hand over his chest. "Without me, you are nothing."

His back went rigid. "I suppose I'll just have to take my chances."

"Fine. But remember that you can never know the bed-furs of any wench but I." She shrugged. "Your cock will explode does it taste of another."

He gasped.

"Now that part *is* a spell. And a bedamned good one, I might add."

"You are evil." He pushed her hand away and turned to walk away again. "Horribly, insufferably evil."

Julian made it to the bedchamber door before he let out a guttural cry and began to pant. Clearly he thought to rage against the emotions that had enveloped him.

"Julian?" Klykka said softly. "Are you all right?"

He said nothing.

She moved closer, laying a gentle hand to his back. "All will be well."

"I feel like I'd rather jump off a cliff than be parted from you," Julian said, his voice defeated. "I don't comprehend this, nor do I want it."

Her pride smarted despite herself. "I told you that without me you would be nothing." She could feel his back muscles tense beneath her palm. "'Tis the way of the goddess."

"Well I don't like it."

"After all that you've said to deter me, I can't say that I do either at this moment."

"Then release me from your spell."

Her sigh was soft. "'Tis not a spell, handsome one. 'Tis the way of true mates in this dimension of time and space."

He snorted at that. "So I am nothing without you."

"Nay, you are not." She closed her eyes. "But then neither am I anything without you."

He stilled. She opened her eyes.

Julian slowly turned around and stared down at her. "You feel as badly as I do when I walk away?"

"Aye."

"Like you want to die?"

"Aye."

"Like you'd rather chew broken glass than not have me in your sight?"

"Aye."

"Like you'd rather eat feces and—"

"*Julian.*" She nodded, conceding to whatever horrid mental picture he had almost completed. "Aye."

He tested her words. Julian took three large steps backward. Klykka's violet eyes instantly dimmed, her face a mask of pain. He took a step toward her and watched her eyes begin to glow, their sparkle further illuminating the closer he got.

Finally, at long last convinced, Julian stood over Klykka and sighed. "What do we do now? Because I feel even wretchedly worse than you do when I walk away."

Her smile came slowly. "We just do what the goddess intended for us to do."

"And that would be?"

"Love each other."

Julian didn't know what to think or how to feel. He'd never been so emotionally overwrought and overwhelmed in his entire life. Nothing made sense here. None of the rules were the same.

It wasn't normal to feel such all-consuming terror and loneliness when separated from a woman you had known for all of a day. Or, at least, it wasn't normal where he came from.

And what of his parents? What would they think when he failed to show for the holidays? They'd grieve for his absence, fearing he'd died. Of course, were he to return, they would but continue to chastise him for his perceived failings as a man, for not taking Letty in hand rather than quietly withdrawing from the situation and permitting her to find her happiness with "The Tongue".

The one unmistakable good that would come from Julian's absence on Earth would be that his younger brother, Colin, would be named the new Viscount Jameson. With all of Colin's passionate political leanings, the legacy of the Jameson name was best served in his sibling's hands.

Bloody hell. As if returning to Earth was even an option. He couldn't take three steps away from Klykka without wanting to slit his own throat.

Women. Maddening on Earth, insufferably maddening on...well, wherever in the hell he was.

"Galis," Klykka provided. "We live on the matriarchal planet of Galis in the Trek Mi Q'an galaxy."

Julian's jaw dropped. "You can read my mind?" *Bloody hell!*

"Nay. Just your emotions." She hesitated. "Did I read them wrong?"

"Nay – No."

Julian stared at Klykka – his *wife!* – as he ran a beleaguered hand over his jaw. She *was* beautiful, incredibly so. And she wasn't turning out to be as terrifically

misogynist—or whatever the female version of that term was—as he'd originally thought. He began to pace.

He'd never been so confused, unable to figure out up from down, left from right. He didn't want to stay. He couldn't leave. He couldn't be separated from Klykka, yet he couldn't live happily in a world where men were of no value beyond breeding.

"We will make up our own rules as we go."

He stopped pacing. He glanced around the chamber they were sequestered in. The harem room. Sweet lord, he could never stomach being part of a harem.

"True mates can lay with none but their other half. I shall never know another male."

Julian's face colored. "Stop reading my wretched mind!"

"Emotions," she corrected.

"Semantics," he muttered. "It amounts to the same bloody thing."

Klykka strode over to where he stood and looked up to him with gentle eyes. "I cannot fathom that which you must be going through, handsome one. And yet can I promise to make you happy in all things, to love you with all of my hearts."

He did a double take at her use of the pluralized word *hearts*. Bloody hell, she was possessed of more than one!

"That's just more hearts to love you with."

"You're doing it again," he ground out.

"'Tis sorry I am." Her chuckle was soft and beautiful. He wished he didn't like the sound of it.

"Do not concern yourself with what cannot be changed," Klykka whispered. She reached out a hand and began stroking his penis. "Concern yourself with the here and now."

Julian's breath caught in the back of his throat as she cupped his scrotum and gently kneaded. The massage was incredible. His cock thrust upward, rock-hard in the

space of a second. His mind felt a jumble, the desire to mate with her momentarily overwhelming the desire to run away from a situation and place he didn't understand.

"Come," she murmured, holding onto his penis as she guided him toward the bed. "Do not deny your Mistress the right to deflower what belongs to her."

He frowned at the delicate description of his virginity, but followed nonetheless. He was but a man, after all. A hungry virgin who finally had a wife who wanted him.

Julian snatched Klykka up into his arms, sweeping her from the ground. She gasped. He smiled.

"Oh my, feisty one." Her violet eyes glowed with love and arousal. It was all so strange and yet his heart thumped pleurably. "Remind me to say a prayer of thanks to the goddess for bringing you to me after we've finished."

His heartbeat accelerated to a wicked pace as he laid her onto the palatial bed. She forced him to wonder if this was what he'd wanted all along, a love that grew stronger every moment, a love that would never stale or die.

Bloody hell. Now his thinking was becoming as flowery as her descriptions of him.

"Cease the emotional prattle," Klykka sighed dreamily. "Bind me to you."

Having never been this close to a naked, compliant woman, Julian had to sit back on his knees and stare at her gorgeous pussy and tits. He massaged them as he stared, unable to keep his ravenous hands off her. She was beyond anything, better than any airbrushed centerfold could ever hope to look.

"Julian..."

He came down on top of her, palming her breasts and sucking her nipples. She moaned in response, her hips bucking up, letting him know she wanted filled. But he wasn't done exploring.

Julian tasted her everywhere—her nipples, her cunt, her navel, her arse—everywhere his tongue could find warm flesh. The more he licked, the more bonded to her he felt.

“Julian.”

His breathing heavy, Julian settled his cock at the entrance to her pussy and palmed her breasts. His thumbs massaged her nipples as he stared down into her violet eyes.

“Now,” she breathed out. *“Please.”*

He entered Klykka’s cunt on a loud groan, her exquisitely tight flesh accepting him inside. He buried himself to the hilt in one thrust, every muscle in his body tense with need.

He rode her hard, glutting himself on her pussy, penetrating harder and deeper with every thrust. Perspiration-soaked skin slapped perspiration-soaked skin. His teeth gritted with pleasure as he fucked her harder and harder and harder.

“Julian!”

The glow of her violet eyes waxed, their light increasing tenfold. He could tell she was about to come—that he was about to come—and wanted to stave off their climax for as long as possible. She felt so good. Incredibly, sinfully, wickedly good.

He growled like an animal, greedily fucking her pussy, wanting to indulge in the carnal pleasure forever. “You’re so tight,” Julian ground out, impaling her over and over, again and again and again. His muscles bulged with the strain of trying to hold his cum back. “So damn tight.”

Klykka gasped and he knew her orgasm was imminent. He could feel it as though it were his own, magnifying his own impending climax.

“Julian—oh my—Juliaaaaaaaaaan!”

She wailed out her pleasure as a violent orgasm tore through them both. He bellowed from the pleasure, wave after wave of ecstasy engulfing him, the sensations so erotic they were almost painful.

“Klykka.”

Julian came again on a thunderous roar as he fucked her pussy faster than a jackhammer. He took her harder and hungrily, greedily fucking her as they both

screamed and rode out each delicious wave. They came for what seemed like forever, both of them avariciously accepting all that the other had to give.

When the tide was over, slowly washing away, Julian rolled off Klykka and fell down beside her, panting for air. She snuggled up against him, purring as he put one strong arm around her and held her tightly.

“‘Twas wondrous,” Klykka whispered.

“Yes, it was,” Julian murmured.

He needed to be near her, as close as humanly possible. He didn’t comprehend what was happening to him and doubted any of it would make a lick of sense for some time to come.

I love you, Julian.

She didn’t say the words aloud, but he could hear them as though she had. They resonated inside of him, warming his cold soul. How could anyone love another in the space of a breath? But she did love him—with more depth and truth than a human could comprehend. And, what’s worse, his heart tugged with the same esoteric emotion, unable to stop it any more than he could understand it.

“‘Twill be all right,” Klykka promised, running a soothing hand over his chest. “These feelings are as new to me as they are to you.”

That made him feel somewhat better. Just a little, but it was a start. “Truly?”

“Aye.” She smiled. “Leastways, we’ll figure them out. Together.”

Julian returned her smile. He rarely made the gesture, so he supposed it appeared somewhat awkward.

A vision of things to come stole over him, swamping his senses. He didn’t know if Klykka had sent him the visual picture or not, but it was reassuring. Just as she’d promised, they would figure it all out together. He wasn’t a slave, would never be a slave. He’d give as good as he got and she’d enjoy every moment of it.

Deep in his heart, crazy as it sounded, he knew that everything would work out just fine. Lord Julian Jameson had once been but a lonely virgin, searching the world of Earth over to find meaning in his life. He'd never found it because it hadn't been there to discover. It had been waiting on him here, galaxies away, in the form of a tiny, beautiful, violet-eyed woman.

"Get some sleep," Klykka grinned. "You'll need it."

Julian's smile came slowly. "Bloody hell. I was hoping you'd say that."

Epilogue

“Why do you raise your voice to me?” His bottom lip trembled, threatening another bout of tears. “Have I displeased you, my love?”

“Nay,” she said with infinite patience. She smiled as she stroked his face, consoling him. “I could never be displeased with you, little one.”

Julian frowned as he watched the incorrigible display from across the dining table. Klykka had invited her sister, Dorra, and Dorra’s mate, Vrek, to dine with them. The food was excellent, beyond reproach. But never had a meal dragged out longer.

“Good,” Vrek sniffed. “I’m not the kind of boy who should wish to displease his Mistress.”

Julian rolled his eyes and looked at a bemused Klykka. If *this* was the typical male on Galis, it was no wonder that the women here thought males inferior to them. Vrek cried at the drop of a hat. Klykka had warned Julian prior to the meal that Vrek’s feelings had become extraordinarily hormonal ever since Dorra had become pregnant. Bloody hell. Men here were strange.

Julian sought out his wife’s hand and held it. They shared a smile.

Other than meals like this one, the last fortnight with Klykka had been wonderful. Words couldn’t begin to describe just how well the two of them fit together. They made sense in a world that made very little, at least to Julian.

A warrior entered the dining hall, clearing her throat. “I fear I must interrupt, Your Worthiness. My apologies.”

Klykka glanced up and used her free hand to wave her permission. “Speak freely, Ginion.”

The warrior nodded. “The empress requests permission to land on Galis, Mistress.”

“The empress?” Klykka’s eyebrows shot up. “As in the High Queen of Tryston?”

“Aye.”

“Is she alone?”

“Nay. She is accompanied by three Trystoni females and three Wani warriors.”

Klykka sat back in her chair, seemingly intrigued. “They no doubt came in search of Dari and Kari who left here some time ago. But *alone*? ‘Tis unlikely the emperor would allow his wife to travel without his escort. Surely ‘tis not the empress, but a lowly imposter.”

“We scanned the aircraft they hover above Galis in, Your Worthiness. ‘Tis the empress for a certainty. May we open the planet’s shield for them and allow them entrance?”

Klykka sat silent, lost in her thoughts. A sense of foreboding settled over Julian, a feeling he realized came straight from his wife’s emotions. He held her hand tighter, wondering what had her so concerned.

“Mistress?” Ginion asked. “Do you grant your permission?”

“Aye,” Klykka murmured. “Of course.”

About the Author

USA Today bestselling author Jaid Black is the owner and founder of Ellora's Cave Publishing. Recognizing and legitimizing female sexuality as an entity unique from male sexuality is her passion. Jaid has been featured in every available media, from major newspapers like the Cleveland Plain Dealer, to various radio programs, to an appearance on the Montel Williams Show. Her books have received numerous distinctions, including a nomination for Nerve magazine's Henry Miller award for the best literary sex scene published in the English language.

Jaid loves to hear from her fans. You can visit her on the web at www.jaidblack.com.

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