

Luna Ten 2: Shedir

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Prologue

Earth, 2226

Shedir loved his home, a small-scale replica of the villa on the Arabian Sea where his ancestors had lived for centuries before the Fall of the Old Civilization on Earth. His job gave him everything he'd ever dreamed of -- command of a starship to patrol the skies, protecting Earth from the Federation's off-planet enemies. On his journeys, he'd found opportunities to visit faraway places and do things most Earthlings never did. The gods of the Federation willing -- for the Allah of his forefathers was a term never spoken in the New Order -- he would soon be gifted with a son.

The only thing he wanted that he couldn't have here was a woman.

His cock and balls ached from the rough milking they'd endured an hour earlier at the hands of a sperm-collecting machine at the breeding farm. The pain reminded him pointedly of that lack, for which he was compensated in small part by a harem full of nameless, faceless, sexless drones like the two who always stood by at his bath -- and a sexbot who wasn't anywhere near as enticing as the whole, flesh-and-blood females he'd fucked in the brothels on forbidden pleasure planets like Obsidion.

Shedir, newly named leader of the Eastern Galaxy Wing of the Federation Star Command, stripped off his uniform and climbed into the bubbling marble hot tub. He lay back on the lounge, fixed his gaze on the Vid-panel on the wall large-screen monitor to watch his email, and let the built-in water jets do their thing, pummeling his backside like a thousand tiny fingers of sensation. One drone massaged his waxed skull while another knelt in the water rubbing away the soreness from feet ensconced too long in knee-high uniform boots.

Nothing but spam in the email. What the fuck did he need with another hot tub, or another sexbot? Any fool should know a man could only use one of them at the time. "Delete," he snapped for the twentieth time.

Then the face of his old squadron mate, Guy Stone, appeared onscreen. Guy's glowing electronic eyes still shocked Shedir. Otherwise, Guy looked much the same as he had before the near-fatal crash that had resulted in him becoming a cyborg. "Greetings from Luna Ten," Guy said. "I hear you'll be coming by this way on your next assignment."

"Yes." The 'bots on his starship had loaded an intriguing looking wooden bondage wheel this morning, along with various less interesting supplies bound for Guy's new home.

"I hope you'll be able to stay a few days. This is Cassie, my bonded slave." The camera panned out from Guy's face to reveal a glade lush with grass that looked soft enough to use as a bed. A woman knelt before Guy, wearing nothing but the red-gold hair currently gathered tightly in his fist. A ring and chain dangled from her clit, and a jewel-encrusted plug winked from her tempting little ass while she sucked Guy's cock.

Shedir's own cock twitched. Envy, pure and simple.

The scene shifted to another woman, a gorgeous blonde with a hungry, sex-starved look about her. He salivated at the sight of her full, ripe breasts with nipples the color of the roses in the Rulers' Garden. Although the screen cut her off at the waist, Shedir had no trouble imagining what the rest of her would look like. A satiny ivory mound, rosy clit peeking from between the damp, inviting folds of her pussy, just asking to be tongued. He pictured her in his harem, sucking his cock the way Guy's Cassie was sucking his. Shedir's sore cock turned as hard as the marble tub.

Guy's voice intruded. "And this is Cassie's sister Doreen. Doreen needs a man. She's just fucked another deluxe model sexbot to death, and Luna Ten is plain and simply out of males that haven't been neutered and aren't already mated." Guy gritted his teeth, then let out a tortured growl. "Don't stop now, baby. I'm coming."

Torture me, will you? It might have been okay to get a blowjob where Guy was, but it was against every rule on Earth and Guy damn well knew it. Why the fuck couldn't he have had a little tact? Shedir killed the picture and wrapped his fist around his hard-on, then let go and willed it to go away. When he regained a measure of control, he flipped the Vid-panel back on and dictated a terse reply.

"Expect me on Friday. I will test out the equipment I'm delivering with that piece you already have. I've a possible match in mind, but I'd test it first." One could never be sure when or if the Rulers were listening, and Shedir wasn't taking chances. He'd worked too hard, given too much to risk losing it all -- but Luna Ten should be far enough away from prying eyes for him to indulge himself with impunity.

For a moment he allowed himself to wonder why the Rulers didn't modify the New Order, let males be Masters as nature had intended, pleasure their women as Masters did on faraway planets like Luna Ten where a few rebellious Earthlings had settled to live life in the manner of their ancestors. Although he'd been taught since childhood that the Federation laws were necessary to prevent more of the genetic mutations that had nearly destroyed Earth a hundred years earlier, Shedir sometimes doubted the necessity of turning those deemed unfit for breeding into drones like the ones now standing by to serve his needs in a purely asexual way. After all, ensuring that only the pure bred children hadn't required more than a laser directed toward the right body parts, since well before the Fall.

Even the ancients had gelded their slaves without obliterating all outward signs of their personalities. They'd left them with their humanity, neutered them the way the Rulers fixed their "favored" non-breeders now. Shedir couldn't help shuddering when he imagined living out his life without the pleasure of sexual release, as a good friend and former colleague had been sentenced to do once one of his half-sisters had delivered a child possessing the mutant gene.

He rose from the tub, standing still while two drones used soft Turkish towels to blot the water from his skin. When they finished he murmured thanks and patted each featureless head. While they had no will, they'd once been human. Shedir imagined that

on some level they registered and appreciated the small acts of kindness that cost him little, considering the services they silently rendered.

Anticipating blast-off in the morning -- and forbidden pleasures soon to come -- he stretched out on his sleeping couch and dreamed of how it must have been before the Fall.

Chapter One

Luna Ten, a few days earlier

Ecstatic moans and whimpers from Luna Ten's mated couples mingled with the chirping of the birds. The wind rustled gently through the branches of fruit trees laden with ripening peaches, pears, and apples. The heady scent of purple flowering vines that bound the slaves for their Masters lent a sweet, spicy fragrance to the breeze.

What a perfect day for fucking in the glade, for savoring erotic perfection and sharing sexual pleasures without the repression of Federation laws! Doreen Kelly strolled across the soft grass carpet of the fucking glade, enjoying the gentle tug of the breeze on the gold ring that pierced her clit, the brush of her long unbound hair against her back and shoulders.

Doreen couldn't help watching Guy fuck Cassie, envying each thrust of his rock-hard cock into her cunt, each delighted exclamation that came from her sister's mouth. Her cunt clenched when she imagined a real cock was reaming her instead. Guy's cyborg eyes burned red, signaling the lust that fueled every deep, deliberate thrust, each light tug of one big hand on the chain that connected Cassie's nipples and her clit. Guy had his other hand fisted at the base of Cassie's braid, tugging it every time he pulled his glistening cock back to plumb her cunt once more. Gods but she wanted that kind of fucking, too. She wanted to feel a man spurt hot semen into her, to contract her muscles around a rock-hard, jeweled fucking tool.

Doreen inched closer, drawn inexorably by the sights and sounds of impending sexual gratification. Guy sank to his satiny smooth balls in Cassie one last time and bellowed. His powerful ass muscles contracted as he shot his load. His balls and her labia glistened with the slick juices of sex. Doreen's cunt clenched rhythmically, as

though it were trying to milk the semen Guy was spurting into Cassie's deliciously helpless body.

Good trick if you could do it, Doreen. Her nipples tingled, fiery hot with lust even though the cool breeze swirled around them. Her sister and the big, gorgeous cyborg were mated. Promised to each other and each other alone for life.

Doreen couldn't stand more watching and wanting. She looked to the other side of the glade, only to see the colony leader fucking his mate's ass with a strap-on while gently probing her cunt with his own impressive tool. What would it feel like for a Master to lick her own slick, smooth scalp the way Brad was doing to Aurora? How would it feel when her own Master rubbed his pierced tongue over the taut skin of her distended belly that would soon expel his son or daughter?

Damn it, Doreen wanted no Master, a good thing since Guy had been mistaken in his assumption there would be unattached male Earthlings on Luna Ten. Her sexbot and the twin eunuch houseboys who'd become her friends in the two months since she'd settled on Luna Ten could satisfy her. They'd better satisfy her. Now. Her nipples tingled in anticipation of Aloysius and Argus's attentive suckling. Her clit twitched, setting the small gold ring to swinging. Gods but her cunt was on fire.

By the time she sprinted the two hundred yards or so to her shelter beneath a graceful native tree much like the towering oaks on Earth, she was wet, hot, and more than ready for release. She eyed her sexbot, reclining in readiness on her sleeping couch. Good thing she didn't have to find *him*, too.

"Aloysius! Argus!" She impaled herself on the sexbot's ten inch cock and programmed it to start fucking.

"Yes, mistress?" they asked in unison, their white robes flapping and the bells on the ends of their rope belts tinkling. Before Doreen could order them to service her, they'd prostrated themselves beside the couch, the fronts of their turbans cushioning their foreheads from the hard pink tile flooring. She'd yet to figure why eunuchs -- both male and female ones -- covered their bodies from head to toe, while all the other inhabitants of Luna Ten went naked, weather permitting.

"Come on, boys. I thought we were beyond all this bowing and scraping. Busy yourselves pleasuring me," she told them with as much patience as she could muster. It felt strange but good when Aloysius knelt at one side of her and Argus at the other, each suckling on the hard nub of a nipple and kneading one of her breasts while she rode the 'bot.

The exotic, erotic smell of the purple flowers in the fucking glade lingered in her hair, still warm from the rays of the scarlet suns of Luna Ten. Something magical, highly arousing, emanated from those vines that only trapped and confined bound slaves of the Masters. Her cunt clenched around the sexbot's cock, but she wanted more.

Her swollen clit ached for attention. She shifted position slightly, brought the hard nub in contact with the 'bot. It wasn't enough. "Go faster, damn you. Fuck me harder. Now. Fuck me, sexbot. Hard and fast and deep, and don't stop until I come."

"Your... wish... is... my... command... my... mistress."

The 'bot's deliberate monotone annoyed Doreen.

The 'bot creaked a bit, slid its cock deep into her cunt with a little more force, increased the rhythm of its thrusts. Mechanically. As though it were a child's toy programmed to make one motion at one of three speeds. If it hadn't come with ten inches of thick, realistic feeling equipment between its legs, she'd have sent it back to the mail order house where she got it and commissioned Pak Song, the master robot maker on Obsidion, to make her a replacement.

"Argus. Keep sucking my nipples. I like how you do that. Aloysius, fuck my ass. Use your fingers. Gods above, I'm so hot I'm in agony, and the 'bot's just not doing the job." Doreen squirmed, trying to change angles, take the cock deeper inside her swollen cunt. "Fuck me faster, damn you!"

The 'bot sped up, slamming hard and fast into her. She met its movements, enhancing the sensation that had her ready to explode. Argus sucked first one nipple and then the other, licking and lightly biting the sensitive tips while he massaged her breasts with big, gentle hands. "Oh, yesss. That feels delicious."

Aloysius probed her anus with one finger, then two, then three, stretching the tissue there while the sexbot fucked her. Oh, yeah. It felt good. So good. "Faster. I'm almost ready. Help me, damn it."

The sexbot responded almost as though it were human, accelerating its motion way beyond its tested top speed. Doreen gasped. The pressure built inside her. She was ready... gods above, she was about to come. She loved her 'bot when it moved like this. "Don't stop. Fuck me. Harder."

"I... am... arghhh..." As the 'bot began to make ominous groaning noises, it slowed practically to a crawl.

"Fuck me, you miserable machine. If you stop now I'll toss you in the trash dump. I'll... I'll shoot you into space and watch you orbit Luna Ten."

"Mistress... I... am... burning..." Suddenly the sexbot came to a complete halt and slumped, its head half off the chaise lounge. A strange, acrid odor rose from it, permeated the air.

Aloysius paused in his sensual massage of her ass, snatched the 'bot from beneath Doreen, and slammed it to the ground. "Beg pardon, Mistress, but the sexbot is on fire."

So was Doreen. "Make me come. Both of you." Aloysius obliged, probing her ass again as deeply as he could while Argus tongued her clit. He used his fingers, too, to fuck her cunt, but she needed more. "By the gods, I knew I ought to have bought strap-ons for you two when the supply ship stopped here last week."

Her release, when it came, was a poor imitation of the ecstasy Doreen had witnessed Cassie and Aurora enjoying in the glade. To add insult to injury, she had to watch while the sexbot she'd been so proud of disintegrated on the floor in a haze of flame and black smoke. Her nostrils stung from the increasingly putrid smell, while Argus and Aloysius kept dumping pitcher after pitcher of water on it to put out the fire.

Doreen eyed the smoldering carcass of the sexbot, then glanced at her houseboys, who seemed not at all perturbed to have missed out on the casual caresses she usually bestowed after they brought her pleasure. Suddenly it hit her. Her touch meant nothing

to them, other than probably to remind them they no longer had the capacity to enjoy the sexual pleasure she took as her due. When they stimulated her, they got none of the pleasure she demanded they give her.

The strap-ons she'd threatened to buy them wouldn't do a thing toward giving Aloysius or Argus pleasure, any more than reaming her with its mechanical cock had gotten the unfortunate sexbot off before its demise.

Doreen was taking pleasure from them all, without giving any in return. And that was what kept her constantly unsatisfied, seeking...

At that moment she made her decision. Fuck independence. If she was to be completely satisfied, she needed a Master after all. By giving him pleasure, she'd find the ultimate sexual ecstasy she'd been missing for so long.

* * *

A whole man. "Don't even talk to me about a new sexbot," Doreen told Nebula and Cassie as her sisters stared at the still sizzling carnage a couple of hours later. "Not even one of Pak Song's deluxe models can do what I want."

"So you fucked your new sexbot to death." Doreen would have loved to wipe the smirk off her brother-in-law's handsome face, especially when he slid his hand down Cassie's shoulder until it covered her breast and bent his head to nip her earlobe. "Cassie, don't you feel lucky that you don't have to rely on technology?"

"Yes, Master." From the way Cassie squirmed, Doreen figured Guy was jiggling that chain that connected the rings in her nipples with the one in her clit. Seeing her sister flush with arousal was getting her hot -- again. It was purely disgusting, yet incredibly arousing, the way Cassie bent her head and lowered her gaze in a gesture of pure submission.

Doreen managed to focus on Guy's face, not what he was doing to her sister. "Technology? Just what do you think *you're* made of, Guy Stone?"

Guy laughed. "If Cassie and I weren't mated, I'd show you. Since we are, you'll have to take her word that I can't be fucked to death. What can we do to help?"

Nebula stood in her pale-blue robe, her hands folded, her veiled head held erect. Though she'd taken to wearing the garb of a eunuch since her sterilization last month, at least *she* didn't bow and scrape to any Master the way Cassie did. Unlike Doreen, she seemed serene, at peace with herself and her life here on Luna Ten. "Let me know if you need help later, cleaning up this mess. I'm going to find Argus and Aloysius and make sure they aren't hurt."

"They're okay. And they should be able to manage disposing of the body. After all, it's only one burned-out sexbot. Fortunately it didn't catch the whole house on fire." Nebula couldn't help with what Doreen needed. Guy might be able to, though. Doreen looked the big cyborg in the eye. "You -- you talked us into coming here. Now I think you owe it to me to help me find my own Master."

"But Doreen, you said you'd never be a man's slave." Cassie leaned into Guy's hand, her breathing growing ragged when he increased the tension of his thumb on the chain. "Although I can't imagine why --"

"On your knees. Now." Guy shifted his hand, caught the golden leash on Cassie's wide gold collar, and tugged it gently. Cassie knelt and began to lick the jeweled length of his cock while she raked his hard-muscle inner thighs with light touches of her pale pink nails. "More." It took nothing more than Guy's murmured command for Cassie to sink fully onto his shaft, tilting her head so she could take the thick, bulbous head of his cock down her throat and swallow.

Doreen tried not to stare. After all, on Luna Ten having sex was as natural as breathing. Guy ordering Cassie to suck his huge, satiny cock while he spoke with her sister was no breach of etiquette. Not at all. So why was Doreen's mouth watering, and why were the muscles of her pussy contracting furiously? It wasn't she who was giving head, or whose ass held a long, thick plug most of the time it wasn't being occupied by her Master's cock. A plug like the one whose ruby-headed base now glittered between Cassie's round ass cheeks.

More was the pity. "Guy, I've decided I want a man. A whole man." She wasn't about to defer to hers the way Cassie did -- except when it came to sex -- but she was

tired of getting off with a 'bot and a couple of eunuchs who didn't even care if she gave them affection in return.

She was even more tired of feeling guilty for taking pleasure she couldn't give back in kind. What she wanted was a companion who'd treat her as an equal, who'd demand as much as he was eager to give. A mate who'd make her his sex slave, force her to the limits of pleasure as she'd never had done before. A man she could bring to climax, one with whom she could share body and soul. It surprised the hell out of her because she'd always valued her independence, but she wanted more than a fucking machine.

She wanted a Master she could stand with before a celebrant. The weight of his collar when he locked it around her neck would remind her he belonged to her, as much as she belonged to him. Her butt tightened at the thought of the plug the celebrant would insert there. As she watched Cassie pleasure Guy, Doreen decided she wouldn't even mind enduring the pain of having her tongue pierced with the symbol of their mating, since his tongue would be pierced, too. Her cunt clenched when she imagined her Master's steel-studded tongue lapping her most sensitive flesh. Or making him moan with pleasure when she licked his shaft and sucked his ball sac on his command.

"Oooh, baby, that feels good." Guy groaned, shoving his hips forward to force the satiny root of his big tool hard against Cassie's open lips. When he glanced at Doreen, he wore a surprised expression. "You want a Master?"

"Well..." Doreen hated the thought of placing her entire life in the hands of somebody else, but she'd begun to see the benefits. On Luna Ten -- Earth, too, for that matter, since long before her birth -- all whole men were Masters, their mates slaves. "... yes. I do. I want a man. Or -- if you know any guys like you -- cyborgs -- one of them might work."

"I don't know -- Cassie, baby, oh gods, I'm gonna come..." Guy let out a deep sigh of satisfaction, then stood, his big body trembling while Cassie licked his cock clean. "That was good." He caught her ponytail, brought her to her feet. "Ride me."

When he had Cassie perched on his cock, her legs locked around his waist and her hands on his shoulders, he leaned against the wall. He began tweaking her nipples and tugging at the gold rings that adorned them. Giving as good as she'd just given him. Maybe better, Doreen decided when she saw Cassie's eyes glaze over, heard her whimper the way she always did when Guy made her come.

Guy paused and eyed Doreen. "I'll do my best to find you a mate. I have a buddy coming in a few days to drop off some supplies. He may know a breeder male on Earth who's run afoul of the Federation Rulers." Each word came out slowly, punctuated by a hard thrust of his hips, a downward pull on Cassie's nipples, and Cassie's breathy whimpers as her climax neared. "If you show him a good time, he might be willing to scout you out a Master. I know he's going back to Earth after he stops here."

"Master. Please, Master. Please let me come. Oh, yesss." Cassie's voice was ragged, her buttocks straining. The rubies in her butt plug and those that decorated Guy's big, satiny ball sac twinkled in a sea of glistening lubrication. Doreen's mouth went dry. Their climaxes must have come together, the way Doreen wanted her Master's orgasms to trigger her own.

It was times like these that Doreen wished Luna Ten had rules -- no fucking in plain view of non-participants. Even from her vantage spot across the room, she got a painfully arousing, envy-eliciting view of every orgasmic twitch of her sister's straining body, each hard thrust of Guy's massive cock.

"Argghhh." Guy slammed Cassie onto his cock and took her squeal of pleasure-pain in his mouth as he let go again.

The second time in what? Five minutes? Doreen knew then she'd made the right decision. She'd fucked her last sexbot to death. "You two keep on having your fun. I'm going to find Argus and Aloysius and set them to cleaning up this mess."

"Eight o'clock on Friday. Dungeon. Be there if you want to meet Shedir." Though Guy was panting so hard he could barely speak now, Doreen had no doubt he and

Cassie would be fucking and sucking again before long. If the gods were listening, they'd go home instead of staying here and setting her on fire with unrelieved lust.

More than they already had, that is.

Chapter Two

When in Rome...

In his stateroom aboard the starship, Shedir stripped off his uniform and began to oil his skin from head to toe. Good thing he'd visited the barber three days earlier, since wearing clothing on Luna Ten was apparently frowned upon as much as nudity would be back home. He ran his fingers over his scalp and groin. Good. No sign of regrowth from the waxing he'd endured. The thick titanium ring through the head of his cock caught the light, as did the matching ladder of barbells that pierced his shaft and scrotum. Signs of pride. Of graduating from Federation Flight School and being marked a breeder.

A breeder. A Master who, if he ever settled on Luna Ten, would be seeking a mate. Since he still had things to do, honors to receive on Earth, Shedir would seek pleasure only for the short time he had on this tiny planet some called Eden. Pleasure from a willing sub, not a slave. Doreen, Guy's sister-by-marriage, who apparently had recently tested the stamina of her sexbot and found it wanting. A hot beauty, if the image on the screen had done her justice.

Shrugging at his reflection, he lifted the heavy gold chain that held the insignia of a Federation star commander -- a Celtic cross sparkling with tiny diamonds and emeralds -- and laid it on his sleeping couch. A symbol of his station, one the Rulers had decreed must never leave his person. Of course they'd also forbidden him to take his pleasure with anything but the sexbot they'd issued him -- the cold machine now staring at him from its place in the corner of the stateroom. Still he hesitated to break too many rules, so he picked the chain up and hung it back around his neck.

His heartbeat quickened when he imagined taking Doreen, fastening her to the bondage wheel the starship's robots had just unloaded for Luna Ten's impressive

dungeon. Shedir anticipated bringing her to climax with his hands and mouth before claiming her cunt or ass.

Though he loved flying, loved his position in the Star Command, patrolling the skies had its downside. It had been too long... too long indeed since he'd lingered on one of the pleasure planets, slaking the lust he could relieve on Earth or his starship only with mechanical sperm-collecting sexbots. Too long since he'd indulged in pleasures so forbidden that, if they were discovered by his superiors, would cost him his cock and balls if not his life.

Picking up the bag of sensual toys he'd assembled, Shedir left the ship and strode across the landing strip to the open-air dungeon where pleasure awaited him.

His first sight when he entered the dungeon was the wheel, standing in solitary splendor across from a beautifully crafted St. Andrew's cross. His testicles drew up at the sight of Guy's mate, Cassie, buckled to the cross with wide leather restraints. Guy drew his face away from Cassie's glistening cunt long enough to call out a greeting.

Then he saw her. Doreen, Cassie's sister. From the look of her, a sub in dire need of a Dom. She stood in the center of the dungeon, bathed in starlight, beautifully naked but for a sparkling gold ring swinging from her swollen clit. Her long blonde hair hung down her back, leaving her full, ripe breasts uncloaked from his hungry gaze. Damn. Her eyes looked equally voracious. He watched her gaze shift to his swollen cock, enjoying his growing arousal when her pink tongue darted out between rosy, generous lips, inviting him...

She made him want to forget the niceties, toss her across one of the fucking benches and take her now, without preliminaries. But he wanted to please her, too. Her pink-tipped breasts invited his hands, his mouth. Her impudent little clit called louder, summoning him to explore further between her satiny cunt lips.

Unlike a proper slave, Doreen spoke first, her expression frankly appraising -- and apparently, from the way she licked her full, red lips, she liked what she saw. "You must be Shedir. What can I do to make your visit with us more pleasurable?"

You can try your best to fuck me to death, the way Guy mentioned you did to your sexbot.

Shedir gestured toward the wheel. "I'm certain we'll think of something. Come here, and I'll show you what it's like to mate with a man instead of a 'bot."

She looked at him, her gaze scorching his flesh. "Gladly." With a sassy swing of her slim hips, she closed the distance between them, following where he led. When he reached the wheel, he set his bag of playthings on a conveniently placed bench. "Back up against the wheel and raise your arms."

Carefully, he strapped the padded leather belt in the center of the wheel around her narrow waist and bound her arms to opposing spokes. When he tilted the wheel to raise her feet off the floor, she spread her legs -- before he could order her to do so. His nostrils flared at the heady scent of her -- something that reminded him of the flowers on the little planet's famous fucking vines, mingled with her own female musk.

He bound Doreen's firm, shapely legs to the wheel at ankle, knee, and thigh. Her slick, swollen cunt beckoned, spread wide open as it was to serve his pleasure. When he leaned over and licked the dew from her satiny outer lips, more blood engorged his already rock-hard cock.

"You distract me with your sweet, juicy cunt." He blew on her clit, then circled her two enticing holes as he pulled away. "I got ahead of myself. Wait. I've got just the thing to make you feel very, very full." First stroking her anus and cunt with the tip of one finger, he then reached in his bag and withdrew two sparkling acrylic dildos. "You're one hot woman. As hot as though you were waiting especially for me, not the Master you say you want me to help you find." The head of the larger dildo slid easily along her slick slit before he slid it up her hot, dripping cunt.

She wiggled her ass, as though trying to take more of the toy, and whimpered.

"Are you so happy to see me?"

"Mmmm." Doreen squirmed, lifting her hips as far off the wheel as the restraining belts allowed. Gods but she wanted the hot-blooded star commander to get

on with it, ram his huge cock in her and make her come. She wanted to milk his seed, feel him spurting inside her spasming cunt. "Fuck me. Don't make me wait."

"All in good time. *My time.*" Shedir bent over her bound body, giving her a good enough look at his glowing scalp that she could tell his hair, if he let it grow, would be black as a midnight sky, as black as his compelling eyes. Her cunt clenched when she got a whiff of the aromatic oil that burnished his swarthy, golden skin. His pecs rippled when he shifted. When he straightened, she got a good look at his magnificent cock, the shaft pale, the corona dark and thick, his scrotum round and full and darker than his shaft. The heavy, thick ring and barbells that indicated his status in the Federation looked richly elegant in their simplicity.

"Don't worry," he said, flashing brilliant white teeth when he smiled. "You'll get to pleasure me soon enough."

Now wouldn't be soon enough, but Shedir had Doreen deliciously helpless. Her cunt clenched, and her nipples hardened and tingled with anticipation when he opened a vial and coated the fingers of one hand with some slick, gel-like substance. "What..."

"To enhance your pleasure. And stretch your pretty ass to take my cock." When he worked first one finger, then two, up her rear passage, she gasped. A painful stretching sensation gave way to the burning of arousal, an arousal heightened when he withdrew his fingers and seated the smaller dildo deep into her ass. The tongue-like projection of the large dildo in her cunt put delicious pressure on her clit.

He secured the bases of the dildos to a narrow shelf he slid out from the wheel spoke beneath her ass. When it began to vibrate, the dildos mimicked the motion of the shelf, reminding her he'd stuffed all her orifices but one. A painful pressure built in her belly. Her nipples throbbed. She panted as the first waves of pleasure overtook her. Her mouth fell open as the wheel turned, around and up, positioning her upside down, her mouth level with Shedir's rock-hard cock.

Lubrication oozed around the thick ring that protruded from his slit, tempting her. He stepped closer, his hand on his shaft, positioning the thick, ruddy corona

between her waiting lips. When she tongued him, sampling the salty slick fluid, pressure began to build again. She wanted...

His cock. All of it. He fed it to her inch by inch, until she had to tilt her head backward so she could swallow its head. She'd never felt so full. So taken.

Shedir groaned, a deep, purring sound as he laid his palms on her upper thighs, adding the brushing of his thumbs on her labia to the pulsating rhythm of the dildos. Doreen wished then she could wrap her arms around him -- an emotion she'd never experienced with her 'bots or the sex slaves she'd rented on Obsidion a few months earlier. His cock throbbed, its blunt head pulsating with life in her mouth, its taste uniquely arousing.

Gods help her, she was coming. Waves of pleasure undulated through her bound body, over and over, and when he came, the staccato bursts of his hot, salty come in the back of her throat set off another, stronger orgasm that left her limp, drained.

Aftershocks of the most intense climax Doreen had ever had surged through her body, overwhelming her. She barely noticed when Shedir rotated the wheel, retrieved the dildos, and set her free.

He wasn't finished, though. Scooping her up as though she weighed no more than a small child, he laid her over his shoulder and strode out of the dungeon. "I've always wanted to try out Luna Ten's famous fucking glade, and I can't imagine finding a more delightful partner with whom to do it."

* * *

The vines let out their intoxicating fragrance, and for the first time since Doreen had been on Luna Ten they curled around her like undulating fingers, teasing her wrung-out body back to life while Shedir knelt and tongued her cunt. Incredibly, arousal curled around her, surrounded her, made her forget the satiated state of lethargy that had claimed her moments earlier.

"You're wet. Swollen. Just as I knew you'd be." Standing, he rubbed his cock along her slit, nudging her ass a bit before sliding forward and claiming her cunt from behind. "So tight. Gods but you feel good." He moved in her slowly, stretching her with

his huge, throbbing sex.

The vines twined around her breasts and back, rendering her deliciously helpless to his sensual assault. He sought and found her nipples, tugged and squeezed them as the vines tightened their hold. His hot breath singed the bare flesh at her nape, and that got her hotter -- frantic. "Fuck me harder. Gods I want to come again."

"Demanding, aren't you?"

"Please. Oh, please." Doreen was desperate now, desperate to relieve the intense pressure in her cunt, her ass, her nipples.

Shedir chuckled. "That's better, my hot little sub." Standing and bracing himself behind her, he slammed into her cunt over and over, one hand on her clit, jiggling the ring there. With his other hand he spread her ass wide, inserted first one, then two fingers into her rear passage.

He thrust harder, faster. The vines caught her nipples, twisted and tugged them as he'd done with his fingers. She gasped at the feelings that began in her cunt and spread, fiery ribbons of pleasure that came in waves... over and over, until she heard him shout out his release, felt him withdraw and spurt out his seed on the tender skin of her back.

By the time Doreen regained consciousness, Shedir had unraveled the vines and carried her to her shelter. He lay beside her, his handsome face relaxed in sleep, his magnificent cock resting now against her belly.

* * *

A day and two nights of the hottest sex he'd ever had, hours of getting to know and like Doreen's sassy mouth had spoiled him. Much longer, he imagined, and he'd be thinking about tossing away his promising future on Earth and defecting to Luna Ten, as Guy and Brad had done.

Because of Guy's illegal enhancements and Brad's imminent castration if he'd stayed on Earth, they'd had good reasons for opting to live life here. Shedir did not. No woman, not even Doreen, was worth giving up the power and prestige that awaited him back home once he'd put in his time as a star commander, performed a few more

feats of daring and valor, fought off the challenge of a few more determined sky pirates and rogues.

Shedir looked down at Doreen and watched her incredibly long eyelashes cast shadows across her skin as she slept. Damn, he hated to do what Guy had asked, take her surreptitiously to Earth and find her a likely mate -- a Federation breeder willing for whatever reason to give up his privileged life there and come settle on Luna Ten.

He knew just the man. Conan, his former captain, who'd recently run afoul of the Federation and had made up his mind to leave Earth rather than pay the price for having been caught breaking the rules.

When he imagined Conan fucking Doreen as he'd been doing, Shedir cursed softly. He ran his fingers through her golden hair, imagined her shorn, those tresses woven into a lash and offered to her Master for her discipline as Aurora's had been. If he stayed, he'd be the one doing the shearing, wielding the whip Doreen would give him to bring her pleasure. He'd find all the places on her scalp that gave him so much pleasure when she caressed his own cleanly shaven head, sharing the arousal it brought with her.

She shifted onto her side, the gentle curve of her breasts attracting his gaze. He loved sucking those rosy, responsive nipples, nipples her Master would most likely pierce as signs of his possession. Nipples he would have left as they were made, unadorned by anything but the rasp of his late-day beard, the light marks he'd make with his teeth, or the clamps he'd use on them from time to time.

Tomorrow they'd leave for Earth. No doubt he would get over this crazy infatuation that had him wishing he could take Doreen for his own. Stroking her satin skin, tracing the shadows from the starlight, he memorized the lines of her arresting face, the way her hips flared from a waist he could span with both his hands. He'd find her a Master as Guy had bade him do, probably Conan, who'd be easy to entice away from a newly unfriendly Earth. After he did, Doreen would become a pleasant memory -- a memory that would fade in time.

Chapter Three

Once he set a course for Earth, Shedir would have little to do, Doreen imagined. Unlike the passenger transporter she'd taken to Obsidion, and Guy's small sports model that had brought her to Luna Ten, this starship had every imaginable convenience. Specialized 'bots performed all the routine functions of flight, including takeoff and landing. Maybe...

"Yes, my insatiable beauty, I'll take care of you once the ship is programmed. Remove your robe and veil. I'd have you naked until we break through Earth's atmosphere." Shedir dragged his gaze to the console and punched in a series of orders. "Perhaps I will let you share me with my sexbot. I understand that in centuries past, my ancestors kept harems of women to pleasure them."

"Father taught us we must never allude to our ancestry, that the only heritage we possessed was that of the Federation."

"Your father was right. Mine, however, held a different view, that the few of us who'd survived the conflagration unscathed by that aberrant gene should pass along the histories of our past." Shedir flashed a smile, then ran a hand down the front of Doreen's now naked body. "Since I've been flagrantly -- and very pleasantly -- violating the Federation's laws about citizens enjoying sex with Earthling women, I thought I'd share another secret with you. Gods above, but I will miss this." He slipped a finger along her slit, made her gush moisture onto his hand that he brought to her lips for her to lick away. "I'll miss *you*. You would have been quite the prize in my ancestors' harems."

Doreen's heart beat faster at that admission. Damn. She didn't want the Earthling stranger Guy had sent her with Shedir to find. She wanted Shedir. Not just as a sex object but as a Master. And from the hot look in his eyes, she guessed he wanted that,

too. "Why miss me? Why not chuck all this --" she gestured at the gleaming console, the 'bots doing Shedir's bidding "-- and come be my Master on Luna Ten?"

"I cannot abandon what I've worked so hard to attain." Shedir looked away into the starry red-blue sky framed in the window of the starship. With the fingers she'd just licked clean, he lifted the jeweled insignia of the Federation Star Command that never left its place around his thick, muscular neck and stared at it, as though its glittering jewels would fortify his resolve. "We can enjoy this time together, but once we get to Earth, I will do as I promised Guy and find you a potential Master. I assure you, any unaltered male Earthling can satisfy you much the same as I do. Come now, let's enjoy the here and now, not worry about the future. My cock's already hard, ready to experience what you and my 'bot can do to ease it."

* * *

Shedir's sexbot, like his piercings, smacked of simple, basic functionality. A titanium frame visible beneath its transparent covering that felt amazingly like human skin and flesh would be damn hard to break, Doreen decided when she faced her competition for the first time. Shedir stripped efficiently and lay on his sleeping couch, and before she could bend to pay proper respect to her lover's sex, the 'bot had straddled him and taken his rigid cock into its pussy.

"Come here. The 'bot has only a single function. It's all I need to gain release, so I saw no point in paying for a more elaborate model. While it does its job, I'd show you another kind of pleasure. Come sit on my face. I wish to taste your very human delights."

Her heart beat faster, harder as she straddled him. When her clit ring brushed his lips, he caught it between his teeth, gently dragging her lower as he spread her outer lips with his fingers and closed his lips around that most sensitive flesh. He flailed her clit with his tongue until it felt as though it would burst, all the while stroking her ass, her thighs.

Then he lengthened his strokes, dipping into her swollen cunt, licking its spasming walls while he worked one finger into her ass, then two, and began to slide in

and out of her ass and stab her cunt in slow, incredibly stimulating motion. Gods in the heavens, this felt delicious, nothing like when in her own desperation, the eunuchs had serviced her to climax.

It was coming, that buildup of pressure that led to blessed release. Coming. Doreen suppressed a scream, rode the waves of delight while Shedir tended her. His hips rocked, as though he were fucking her, but he never missed a stroke until she collapsed beside him, spent yet still unsatisfied. She watched the transparent robot ride him, wishing it were her impaled on his cock, cushioning his velvety sac between her own smooth outer lips.

"Like watching? I bet you never saw that before."

No. Doreen hadn't. Though she knew how a hard cock felt inside her cunt -- she'd certainly never watched a cock in action, seen the throbbing veins, the flush of blood in the shaft, the darkening that began in Shedir's thick, rounded corona and spread downward as his climax neared. "I'd like that inside my cunt," she said, feeling ridiculously jealous of the 'bot.

"After the 'bot drains me, I'll oblige you. Arggh! I'm coming now."

Spurt after spurt of creamy come spewed from his cock, collected inside a womblike reservoir. Doreen imagined feeling that hot, slippery come spurting inside her, wished...

No, that wasn't possible. Shedir had made it clear mating with her was not in his future. He was only doing her a favor, and sharing some pleasure in the process. Her cunt twitched with the aftershocks of her orgasm, as though asking for the impossible. For the man it had chosen to be her mate.

"Lie here. I will return." When he opened a hidden flap on the robot's belly, retrieved the bladder of semen, and replaced the bladder, she remembered a story Guy had told, and then she knew. He had to deliver the requisite amount of frozen semen when he returned to Earth, or pay the consequences. This was the Federation's way, it thought, of assuring the chastity of its starship captains while they were out in the galaxy on their assigned duty.

When Shedir returned, he claimed her conventionally, the way the Old Ones spoke of making love. Mouth to mouth, breast to chest, belly to belly, legs entwined. A gentle mating, more of the minds and emotions than of the body, though his big cock filled her cunt exquisitely as they moved in slow, sensuous rhythm while the starship hurtled through space and time.

"Gods in the heavens, woman, I wish I dared come in you," he said when he pulled out and came over her belly. As though he wanted to mark her his, he rubbed his slick, hot come into her skin until it practically disappeared. "But I do not."

A bell rang, shrill and piercing in Doreen's ears. "We approach Earth now," Shedir told her. "I must see to the landing."

* * *

After experiencing the beauty and peacefulness of Luna Ten, Earth seemed to Shedir like a wasteland. Particularly this part of Earth where he'd landed to meet his former captain, Conan. "Where are we?" Doreen asked, her expression one of shock when she stepped off the starship onto burned-out land destroyed in the conflagration more than a hundred years ago. "I thought you said we were on Earth?"

"We are. The man I believe will make you an excellent mate will meet us here. I dared not bring you where the Federation Rulers might witness this meeting."

"Afraid of losing your job?" Her tone was brittle, her step tentative as she descended the stairs from the starship.

Shedir had trouble believing her naiveté. What he'd heard must have been true -- Rulers shielded their daughters from learning the extent of brutal enforcement that kept the masses under control. "I have no wish to lose my manhood, which would be the least of my punishment were I caught assisting an Earthling fugitive in his escape."

"This man you want to mate me with is a fugitive?" Doreen stopped, turned, and looked Shedir in the eye. "What are you and Guy trying to do to me?"

"Conan is a good man. He fell into disfavor with the Star Command because he helped his brother stow away on his starship. The brother had been scheduled to be imprisoned and turned into a drone."

"Where is the brother now?"

"On Obsidion. Working in one of the pleasure palaces."

Doreen's mouth dropped open. "Not the one Nebula and I visited, I hope."

"I doubt it. There must be at least a dozen places there where a woman can rent an Earthling eunuch." Shedir looked toward the sound of a mighty roar. "There. Conan should be on that transporter. Good thing this side of Earth has plenty of room to land."

"I suppose." She didn't sound convinced this was a good thing.

Shedir squeezed her hand. He'd thought their conversation on the starship had convinced her when she begged him to take her for himself that any Earthling male who hadn't been neutered could satisfy her as well as he. Though she'd pouted, she'd eventually conceded that this new man might please her -- even more than Shedir.

Her attitude now seemed to say the opposite, but she did perk up when Conan stepped into the light. His former captain was a good-looking devil, with twinkling eyes and a few days' dark growth on his head and cheeks. Though dirty and unkempt in tattered remnants of his uniform, and missing his right hand, Conan still was an impressive figure -- almost as impressive as he'd been before they'd stripped him of his insignia and drummed him out of the Star Command.

When Doreen would have gone to him, Shedir held her back, unable to fight back the jealousy that suddenly overwhelmed him. "Get back on the ship," he spat out. "He is not for you."

Confident the 'bot steward would follow his quietly transmitted order, Shedir approached Conan as the battered transporter lifted off. "Come quickly. I'll take you to Obsidion," he told the other man. "I was mistaken about having a woman for you on Luna Ten."

* * *

As soon as she stepped onto the starship, the 'bot steward grabbed Doreen. She struggled, but she was no match for it. It hefted her over its shoulder and delivered her into Shedir's sleeping couch, tying her arms with the tethers he'd used the night before.

Her robe hiked up when the 'bot jerked her legs apart and secured them to the lower supports for the mattress.

Just wait! I'll have Shedir destroy this insolent 'bot. Then Doreen began to laugh. The damn 'bots on the ship did nothing except on their master's order. The roar of the other starship's engines told her it -- and Conan -- were gone.

She wanted to shout for joy. Shedir had chosen her over his precious starship command. He'd sent Conan away. She'd have the Master she wanted -- the one she'd loved from the moment he'd secured her to the wheel and made her swallow his cock. Good. They were on their way out of this desolate place. Back to Luna Ten. The shudder and creak of the big ship's outer shell and the deafening sound of the rocket boosters were music to her ears.

When she licked her lips she could almost taste him there. The arousing smell of clean male musk clung to the bed linens, had her nipples puckering with anticipation, her cunt creaming, readying itself for a Master's invasion. She lifted her hips when she heard him coming, offering herself for his pleasure.

"I've decided to take you for my concubine. You'll travel with me when that's possible, and wait for me on Luna Ten when it is not."

His concubine? Not his mate? His slave? Doreen choked back the protest that came to her lips. She wanted Shedir any way she could get him, especially when he stood there, every inch the Master, stripping off his boots and skin-tight uniform pants, tempting her with his huge, hard sex and golden, muscular thighs. Her mouth watered, and her nipples hardened in the cool, still air of the starship. But a voice inside her head told her this was not enough, not by a long shot. "Your concubine?"

"Yes. I've set a course for Obsidion. We need to drop Conan off there. You will not talk with him. You are mine." Gloriously naked now except for that damn glittering insignia he never removed, Shedir sat on the edge of the bed, his dark eyes glowing with desire as he cupped her breasts and rubbed the thumbs over her hardening nipples. "I do not share what's mine." He slid one hand down her body and slid it over

her exposed crotch. "I will have you fitted for a chastity belt while we're there. And a collar."

"You'd deny me my eunuchs and my sexbot when you are away?"

"You fucked your sexbot to death, remember?" He slid a finger into her damp cunt and wiggled it around. "Since I understand all the eunuchs on Luna Ten have been relieved of their cocks as well as their balls, I'll have the belt designed so the eunuchs may pleasure you like this, or with their tongues. I am not a cruel man. These, though, belong to me alone." With his thumb and forefinger, he tugged on one nipple, rolling it until shivers of desire had her trembling in her bonds.

So she'd wear the symbols of concubines back on Earth -- a chastity belt and nipple shields. Her nipples hardened under Shedir's scrutiny. Her cunt grew wet and swollen. Then she remembered his sexbot and the bladders of semen he stored in the starship's freezer.

"What about *that*?" She turned her head toward the sexbot that sat, idle, in the corner of the stateroom. "Will you still give it all your seed?" The idea that some faceless breeder on Earth might even now be swelling with his child infuriated Doreen.

He grinned. "Jealous? If you wish to bear my child, I will oblige you. I imagine I'll still be able to provide the necessary proof of my chastity to the Federation officials when I go back to Earth. They expect a twice weekly deposit, and with you I know I can get it up for much, much more."

"Have you any children?"

"I don't know. Members of the Star Command are not informed whether their seed is used, the thought being that knowing one has children on Earth might deter some of us from doing our jobs with the necessary enthusiasm." He bent, took her clit ring between his teeth and tugged it lightly before looking up and meeting her gaze. "I'll buy a gold chain to hook to this, and lead you about by it."

"Meanwhile, I want to fuck you. Fill you as I did on the wheel I brought to Luna Ten." He reached in a drawer, pulled out a butt plug and a tube of lubricant, and worked it past her anal sphincter. Then he knelt between her outstretched legs and

filled her hot, wet cunt. "The plug will grow as it absorbs your body heat. Stretch you. Ready you to take me up your ass."

"Ooh." He took her mouth, his tongue rubbing the seam of her lips, demanding entrance. She couldn't resist him, couldn't deny the sensations of being filled -- completed. When she tightened her inner muscles around his cock as he pulled back, she absorbed his groan in her mouth. Though tied hand and foot, she felt a surge of feminine power. Shedir was obviously not immune to her efforts at seduction.

And she was certainly not immune to his. She raised her hips, inviting him deeper, enjoyed the slap of his testicles against her flesh, the increasing fullness as the plug expanded. Oh, if she could only wrench herself free so she might wrap her legs and arms around her lover, bind him to her as he'd bound her for his pleasure.

The waves of ecstasy that began as a small stirring in her womb and radiated to every cell in her body crippled her, left her trembling beneath Shedir while he bombarded her with a new sensation. For the first time in her life she felt a man's hot spurts of life deep within her body. And she came again, the contractions of her cunt drawing out his seed until he had no more to give.

* * *

Hours later Shedir rose and freed Doreen from her bonds, memorizing the gentle curve of her lips as she slept, the way her hand curled to support her chin and her legs bent in a graceful arc as soon as she was free. In a few short days she'd come to mean far more to him than release, even more than the exhilarating, forbidden fucks he'd sneaked in the pleasure planets of the galaxy. He enjoyed her quick wit, her frank enjoyment of his body -- neither of which he'd find in a sexbot, even a deluxe model from Obsidion's famed Pak Song. He'd never found it, either, in any of the women whose favors he'd bought.

Never before had he wanted to take a mate, share his life with another human being. Now he did. If it weren't for his plans, his dreams...

But no. Shedir had set a course, and he wasn't about to waver. Even in the face of the greatest temptation he'd ever encountered. Covering that sexy, sensual temptation

with a light blanket, he dressed and strode to the bridge. Perhaps there, surrounded by the tools of his trade, bombarded by a panoramic view of the heavens, he'd get a grip on his ambition, his goals in life. Perhaps his brain would overrule his cock -- and, he feared, his heart -- and allow him to do as he should, and let his woman go.

As though drawn by what no longer was his world, Conan emerged from his stateroom and gravitated toward the control console. Bathed and freshly shaven, he might have been a second pilot flying check on Shedir -- not a fugitive from Federation justice, stowed away on one of its starships as Shedir would claim he was, if his superiors should learn of his undocumented passenger.

"Do you miss it?" Shedir met the solemn gaze of the man who once had been his mentor.

"The ship? The feeling I'm commanding the heavens? Of course. I always will. The Rulers? No. I'm grateful to have escaped their clutches, for I did nothing any decent man would not have done to try to save his brother. Love isn't wrong. It's a necessity. Lose the ability to love, and you lose your humanity." Conan stretched his legs out before him and gazed out the window at an exceptionally brilliant sky. "I fear that loss will eventually mean the end of the Federation, though I'm certain I'd be dead now if I'd said so before my Tribunal."

Shedir had no doubt that was true. "So you made it out unscathed other than for losing your command and your right hand?"

"Hardly. If it were just this --" Conan held up his stump -- "I'd have bought an intelligent prosthesis and made do with it. I wouldn't have risked stowing away on your ship, taking a chance on getting us caught if you're boarded for inspection, not just to get Pak Song to do his illegal magic with *this*."

"Oh." Fury bubbled up from Shedir's gut, too fierce to tamp down with even the strongest of ambition. The Rulers took too much, demanded more than any man should have to pay.

"Yeah. My lawyer had to do a lot of talking to keep 'em from having me turned into a drone. Unless and until Pak Song can do even more of his magic for me than he

did for Guy, I'm useless to the woman you're so protective of. Completely useless. I'll go back into hiding now, in case the Star Command decides to place you and your ship under surveillance. Wouldn't want you to pay for helping me as I'm paying for having helped my brother. As soon as we land on Obsidion I'll change to my 'official' robe and make my way to Pak Song. Perhaps someday we'll meet again."

Official robe? Of course. The Tribunal had ordered Conan made a eunuch, which meant he must wear the white or blue robe that indicated his altered state. A chill permeated Shedir's own recently satiated cock, and it was all he could do to keep from hunching over, protecting his precious sex. As though that would matter if the Rulers caught him flaunting their orders.

Hopefully Pak Song would be able to restore Conan's manhood as handily as he'd restored Guy's sight and hearing... as easily as he created bionic limbs to replace those lost or made useless in battle. Shedir shuddered when he imagined the processes involved -- the mental and physical agony of losing part of oneself, the undoubtedly painful process of having the doctors and Pak Song replace the missing parts with robotics. Looking at Guy, knowing his eyes and ears were not his own but electronic substitutes, realizing he moved with ease only because of Pak Song's electronic genius, still gave Shedir pause, for he had been the one to bring in Guy's broken body.

A bell rang, signaling their approach to Obsidion. Needing distraction, Shedir took the controls from the pilot 'bot and guided the starship into the planet's atmosphere, downward onto its assigned pad. While there, he'd see to purchasing the trappings of concubinage for Doreen, for he'd never willingly let her go.

* * *

"Why did your friend not join us?" Doreen asked later as they walked along Obsidion's famed strip.

"It would be dangerous for me to be seen with Conan. If any of the other starship captains docked here see you, they'll think I've rented myself a woman. An unusually beautiful, desirable one who must be robed and veiled lest she inspire the lust of those who have not paid." Shedir paused, slipped his hand between the folds of her veil and

stroked the satin column of her throat. "Since most of them do the same when business brings them here, they'll not report me. They would, however, if they saw I'd transported a fugitive off Earth."

"Oh." Her eyes widened. "After going naked for so long, it feels strange to be swathed from head to foot like this. Must I always wear the veil?"

"Only when I take you with me, away from Luna Ten. And only then, where other men may see you. I find myself not that much different from my ancestors in that I want you for myself alone. I want to hide you from other men's lascivious gazes." In the window of a fine jeweler, Shedir spied the collar he wanted to clasp around Doreen's neck. "Come."

"I wish to see the collar in the window, sir," he told the old man who hobbled to greet them.

"Yes, sir." When he looked at Doreen, the man flashed a yellow-toothed grin before scurrying to the display window, keycard in hand. Even robed and veiled with only her compelling dark eyes visible, it seemed to Shedir that Doreen drew broad smiles from every man they passed. In the case of the wizened shop owner, however, he allowed that perhaps the Martian's happiness emanated from the prospect of starting his day off with a large, profitable sale.

Shedir watched, impatient, while the man made a show of laying a deep-green velvet cloth on the counter, then arranging the beautifully crafted collar on it so each of the tiny diamonds and emeralds embedded in the smooth, gold finish caught the light just so. "You have good taste, Captain," he said as though he found it common for star commanders who passed through his shop to have concubines in tow. "This collar comes with other accouterments," he said, shooting Shedir a sly glance.

Moments later they headed to Leander's grooming salon, Shedir's bank balance considerably shrunk. Justifiably so, he decided when he pictured Doreen adorned only with the collar, matching wrist and ankle cuffs, and the glittering diamond studs he'd impulsively bought for her ears and nostril. Marks of his possession. His dominance.

At the old-fashioned barber pole above Leander's shop, Doreen paused. Shedir turned. Her eyes focused on the image in the window, of a Master shearing away the flogger fashioned from his slave's hair. "I'd give you that," she said, her voice small as though it pained her to speak.

"By the time I come to you to stay, the handle of your flogger will have grown to an impressive length. And the rest of your hair will have grown enough to lengthen the flogger to a full-size whip. I have no desire to hurt you, only to enhance your pleasure with pain."

"Yes, Master." Eyes downcast, Doreen fell in step behind him as they entered Leander's shop, but it was clear she wanted to flaunt the symbols of submission. Of being his loving and beloved slave.

Shedir couldn't tell her no. By her every act of submission she commanded him to do her bidding. To please her as much as she pleased him. No harm would come from allowing her what, to her, must seem the ultimate symbol of commitment. "I'd have you weld the collar and cuffs on my submissive, and prepare her for a ritual mating," he told the pretty young attendant. "You may also pierce her ears and nostril to accommodate my other gifts. Meanwhile, I will let Leander tend to my grooming."

Chapter Four

Two hours later, Doreen stood before Shedir in the starship, now set on a straight course for Luna Ten. Her gaze locked with his, she shed her robe and veil. Her skin glowed like his own from the head-to-toe waxing Leander had administered, making Shedir's fingers itch to stroke every satiny surface of her body.

"I like that our jewelry matches," she said, her gaze on the insignia he wore on a chain around his neck.

"So do I." His collar and cuffs sparkled around her throat, her wrists, and her slender ankles, their clasps welded shut, marking her as his concubine. Her skull, pale, ivory, and bare like his, but for the flogger at her crown, beckoned his fingers, his tongue. At their mating he'd take that, too. If there were going to be a mating, which there was not. Trying to put all this into perspective, Shedir opened his fly and released his sex. "Kneel, woman," he told Doreen, "and pay me homage."

When she began to stroke his cock and balls with gentle fingers, he fastened the three diamond studs into her ears and nostril. "Suck me," he ordered softly, pleased when she immediately took the head of his cock in her mouth and ran her slick, velvety tongue along the sensitive tip, catching the ring and rotating it through his flesh. If they'd mated, her tongue would have felt like velvet and steel, its round metal stud pressing into his flesh, tugging at his cock jewelry and enhancing his pleasure. His tongue would have been studded, too, to bring her greater pleasure when he licked her nipples, her cunt. He knew now that he wanted, or needed, that. He longed to possess her fully and know she possessed him, too.

He pictured them kneeling in the glade on Luna Ten, repeating the ritual of centuries long past, pledging themselves to each other and each other alone, Master and slave. He'd take his razor-sharp scimitar and detach the flogger that now bobbed atop

her shining head, accept her gift and make it his own. At that thought, his balls tightened painfully beneath her seeking fingers.

Shedir closed his fist around the flogger and raised Doreen's shapely head. "Rise. If you pay me much more homage, I'll spill my seed where it cannot take root." The slight risk of being detected by his superiors seemed less important than wasting his seed. Though he wasn't ready yet to say the words, he doubted he'd ever be able to leave Doreen long enough to continue his ascendancy with the Star Command.

Seeing Conan, knowing they'd mutilated him in spite of his years of faithful service to the Federation, had Shedir reassessing his goals. Though he'd thought fleetingly before of injustices he witnessed every day on Earth, he now found himself questioning the rules, believing many of them were born more of cruelty than the need to preserve humankind as the Rulers insisted.

"Do you not enjoy me, Master?"

He'd have time for solitary consideration later, after he left her to patrol the Eastern District. Shedir let go the braided topknot of Doreen's hair. He pressed his fingers against her satiny scalp, finding and caressing the zones he found erotic on his own head, along her delicate occipital bone and on the seams where the plates of her skull had grown together. Her sighs of pleasure and the increased vigor with which she caressed him told him she too found his touch on her shaven scalp arousing. "I loved your long hair, but I love you more without it."

"I'm glad. Please, tie me up and fuck me. Fuck me hard. Take the flogger and use it to stripe my ass."

"All in good time." Shedir caught her wrists, hooked a chain through the loops on each one, dragged them toward the floor, and secured them to a sturdy hook on the lower console -- a hook meant for hanging navigational aids but perfectly positioned for his purposes. "Kneel and present your pretty ass for my pleasure." Taking up a long, slender cord, he looped it through the hasp of one ankle bracelet, threaded it through her collar and around to the other ankle, tethering her to her own collar.

“Don’t move. I’d not hurt your pretty throat.” Shedir knelt between Doreen’s widespread legs, bending to run his tongue over her incredibly silky buttocks. Her little whimpers told him she liked that. A lot. Pausing, he raised his head. Gods but she had him hard as steel. He rubbed his cock along her swollen, glistening slit, debating with himself for a moment whether to take her cunt or her inviting, incredibly tight ass.

She decided for him, luring his cock, sucking it in, caressing it within the slick, hot walls of her cunt. Taking him completely. He slid his hands beneath her body, finding her breasts, tugging at the hard nubs of her nipples as he bent over her, nipping and sucking her newly bared scalp, toying with the diamonds in her earlobes. Despite her bonds, she lifted her hips to his thrusts, clamping down on his cock head as her orgasm began deep within her cunt.

He held out as long as he could, fucking her hard, then gentler, rolling her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, sucking her earlobes, her scalp, biting the juncture of her head and neck, above the collar that marked her his. She’d come more times than he’d counted when he could last no more. He came in short, staccato bursts, flooding her womb with his essence, letting her milk him until she’d taken all he had to give.

There was no way in this lifetime that Shedir was going to let Doreen go.

* * *

The glade at Luna Ten was even more beautiful than she remembered. Fragrant, peaceful, and incredibly erotic. Plump peaches were starting to ripen on the trees in the adjacent orchard. Doreen stood in the glade facing Shedir, loving that he’d consented to be her mate. Loving him. Understanding she’d have to share him with the Star Command, at least for now. She smiled at Aloysius and Argus, glad she’d asked her friends to preside over the sacred mating ritual Shedir had wanted to take place now, before he left Luna Ten on a patrol that would take him temporarily back to Earth.

Her stiffened braid swung in a gentle breeze, tickling her naked back, reminding her it would soon be Shedir’s to do with as he chose. Her nipples tightened when he looked down at them, his tongue darting out from the corner of his sensual mouth as if

he could hardly wait to lick and suck her there. Gods but she hoped he'd have time before he left to fuck her properly, stroke her with steel and velvet the way she'd be stroking him.

"Are you ready, Master?" Aloysius asked, bowing before Shedir while Argus worked the ceremonial double dildo into Doreen's cunt and ass.

Shedir nodded, his gaze locked with hers. "Kneel, slave, before your Master." When she did, he also dropped to his knees. "As I will always bow to the needs of my beloved slave." He took Doreen's hands and held them, his grip strong and sure.

Doreen welcomed the sharp sting when Aloysius plunged a needle through her tongue and inserted the evidence of bonding. Shedir's hands shook, but he held on while Argus pierced him and inserted an identical titanium tongue ring. An icy-feeling spray worked wonders to ease the pain of the old-fashioned tongue piercing.

When her Master rose, Doreen took his cock in her mouth. He lifted the flogger. Cold steel grazed her scalp, its razor-sharp blade severing the symbol of her willing servitude. Slowly, as if he took one strand at a time. Gently, though his blade of choice was a wicked looking scimitar his ancestors might have used to lop the heads off those who displeased them. She licked him, memorizing his taste for the time, coming soon now, when he'd be gone. The heat of the stars bombarded skin now bared that had never been bare before. Her head suddenly felt lighter, freer, unburdened by the weight of her hair.

His hair now, with which to discipline his beloved slave. "What was yours is now mine, as you are mine. I will rule you with love. Protect you with my life. These are my promises." Simple words. Straightforward sentiments. Like Shedir.

He lifted her, draped her face down upon the mating altar, and laid a few strokes of the flogger she'd given him onto her ass cheeks, following each stroke with a soothing kiss, a tender tracing of each welt with his newly pierced tongue. Tendrils of the purple-flowered fucking vines embraced Doreen, held her, opened her for her Master's pleasure.

Colorful birds chirped in the nearby orchard, their song symbolic of this solemn bonding. Anticipation built in her when she felt the dildos being slid from her cunt and ass, leaving her open for her Master. The heat of his rigid cock seared her ass. His fullness stretched her, painfully, for she'd never taken him there before.

"Easy, relax." His tone hypnotic, masterful, Shedir coaxed her to open, accept him in this way as she had in all others. Her crisis loomed, more quickly than ever before, and when he bent over her and tongued an incredibly sensitive spot at the base of her skull, ripples of pleasure overtook her, leaving her limp and spent on the altar of submission.

She felt him withdraw, knew their houseboys cleansed him as they were cleansing her with cool water from the stream that ran through the glade. With a gentleness she hadn't realized until now that he possessed, he untangled the vines from her body, lifted her, and carried her to the shelter where several weeks ago she'd lain unsatisfied while her sexbot smoldered on the cool tile floor.

"I want you to myself, now, before I leave," he whispered, licking and nibbling her breasts as he laid her on their sleeping couch. "My lover, my mate."

Kneeling between her legs, he joined their bodies, dipping his head to suckle at her breasts before bracing his weight on his elbows and tangling their tongues. It was a slow, thorough fuck, a hello and farewell, a promise of forever that Doreen embraced as her climax neared. Like a well-orchestrated ballet, they moved together, every motion a pledge of love, of possession and being possessed. When they came together, it seemed the stars sparkled more brightly in the sky, lighting the universe in celebration.

An hour later, Shedir was gone, off to do the bidding of his Earthly masters. Doreen stood at the edge of the landing pad, watching the bright-red bursts of rocket fire as his starship rose into the heavens. Her clit ring tinkled against the bright gold of his chastity belt, and a warm wind swirled about her, enveloping her in a sensation of loss while the twinkling stars offered silent assurance that her Master would soon return.

Soon, she prayed to every deity she'd ever believed in... every one she'd heard spoken of by the Old Ones on Earth, the pleasure seekers on Obsidion. Soon Shedir would come home to stay.

* * *

Though his mate had never been here in the villa he'd called home for many years, the place felt cold and empty without Doreen. The promise of prestige and power that had driven Shedir so long loomed a lot less important in his mind than the prospect of a simple life with his loving slave on Luna Ten.

How could it be that the way of life he'd taken for granted for so long was suddenly coming across as unnecessarily regimented? Downright cruel? He pictured Conan, mutilated for having rescued his blood brother before the Rulers made him into a drone. Hell, any decent man would have done what Conan had.

Two drones stood, watching Shedir, mindlessly waiting for him to voice the smallest command. Just looking at them made him feel guilty, as much as if he'd been the one to order the obliteration of their humanity. Had these creatures been transformed as children, before they'd known more than the need for food and rest?

The wholesale mutilations made no sense. Mutant gene or not, its victims could have been sterilized and left to experience the joy and pain of living. The Rulers hadn't needed to steal their minds and hearts. If they'd wanted to destroy the males' ability to dominate and master their female counterparts, they could simply have made them eunuchs but let them retain their humanity. Ironically, Shedir's own ancestors had been shunned as barbarians for using castrated male slaves to guard their harems.

The Rulers had nothing against sterilizing females to use for their own pleasure. Not long ago Shedir had looked forward to the day he'd be granted his own harem full of concubines modified to give only pleasure to their Master. Now, all he wanted was to escape, return to Luna Ten, find each erogenous spot on Doreen's velvety, sensitive skull while she knelt and sucked his cock. He'd fuck her tight little ass, then free her creamy cunt from his jeweled chastity belt and fill her with his hot seed while suckling her firm, pink nipples.

By now her nipples would be swollen in preparation for nourishing their child. A child who'd grow up whole... free from the constant threat of mutilation or destruction. Damn it. Shedir didn't want to visit the breeding pens as he'd been ordered to do. He lusted only for Doreen, had longed to hear her little whimpers of pleasure for months now while he'd patrolled the galaxy, fought sky pirates. He'd barely been able to focus on business this morning while he'd given the requisite report of his exploits to his superior officer.

He'd come here thinking of Earth as home. It wasn't. No longer. Home was with Doreen. Stripping off his uniform, he stood naked before the drones. In slow motion he lifted the heavy pendant of the sky command over his head and set it down. No more. Wrapping his naked body in the robe of a Federation sperm donor, he strode from the villa, past the breeding pens he'd been ordered to visit.

Nodding to the occasional passer-by, Shedir made his way to the landing pads, sparing a fleeting glance at the starship he'd commanded for so long. As he fired up the engines in a small transporter he'd bought for off-duty play, he realized he no longer needed the pride, the ambition that a Federation starship had always represented.

Shedir was going home. Home to Luna Ten, this time to stay.

Epilogue

One fine day six months after Shedir's departure, Doreen held a ladder in the orchard while Nebula picked sweet, succulent grapes to make Luna Ten's ceremonial wine. They'd need more for the celebration Doreen planned for her Master's triumphant return.

Her cunt ached with anticipation, for it had been six months since he'd mated with her and gone away. Only his son, kicking merrily in her belly, had kept her from going mad with loneliness, need.

"Do you hear that?" Nebula asked.

"What?" Then Doreen heard it, the roar of a ship breaking into the atmosphere of Luna Ten. "Shedir!" she yelled, dropping her basket of grapes and sprinting to the landing pad. "My Master is home. That's him climbing out of the blue transporter."

Sprinting from the small, sporty space vehicle, Shedir scooped Doreen up, laying sweet, gentle kisses over her swollen breasts and belly as he strode with her to the fucking glade. "By the god of my forefathers, how I've missed this. Missed you." Once inside, he laid her on the velvety grass beneath the magic vines and lifted a thin gold chain from around his neck. A chain that held the key to the chastity belt and nipple shields.

His clean male musk and the fragrance of the purple flowers above them swirled around her. Her clit swelled, and her cunt creamed with anticipation when he unlocked her jeweled restraints and swept them away.

"I have missed you, too, Master." Greedy for the feel of his hands, his mouth, his hot cock, she spread her legs. "Will you take your pleasure now?"

With both hands, he cupped her swollen belly. "I'd not hurt you or our child."

"You will not. I beg you, Master, take me."

Very gently, her Master lay between her legs, using his pierced tongue to trace a heated path along her wet slit. "I love your cream," he said, laying his cheek briefly against the mound that was their child before resuming his sensual assault on her swollen sex. "I love you."

When he plucked and twisted her distended nipples, she whimpered with pleasure. It had been so long. Too long. She welcomed the rasp of his facial hair against the tender skin of her cunt. She stroked his gleaming skull, remembering when he let out a groan of pure ecstasy how good it felt when he fondled the erogenous areas on her own cleanly shaven head.

For hours he petted her, giving of himself with hands and tongue while taking little in return. She'd come until she thought she could take no more when finally he shifted, positioned his throbbing cock, and filled her as she'd longed to be filled for six long, lonely months. "Oh, yesss. Master, you feel so good. So hot. Fuck me hard."

Doreen had never felt so wanted. So cherished. So complete when he sank into her so deeply that his heavy testicles slapped against her ass. Braced as he was on his forearms, sparing her his weight, he gave her an incredibly erotic view of each careful thrust. She loved his power, so obvious in the hard bulge of his biceps, the rippling motion of his sculpted abdominal muscles.

It was the soft look in Shedir's dark eyes, though, that warmed Doreen's heart, told her she was more than a warm body to provide his pleasure. And the gentleness of his full, soft lips, still glistening with her juices when he bent to take her mouth. She grew impossibly wetter, more swollen... wanting... "Please, Master, may I come?"

"Come. Come with me. Oh gods, I can't hold out much longer." He threw back his head, came in her in hot, staccato bursts that triggered feelings so intense she trembled beneath him. Bursts of sensation lifted her onto another plane where there was no thought -- just the sensation of his seed searing her cunt, her inner muscles gripping him as though she could hold him inside her forever.

When Doreen began to recover, she felt his large hands cupping her head, saw him leaning over her, a look of wonder on his handsome face. "I'm home to stay," he murmured, punctuating each word with kisses along her temples.

Doreen could hardly believe her ears. Her Master was giving up the power and prestige on Earth that meant everything to him. Giving it up for her -- for the sake of freedom on Luna Ten. "You mean it?"

His dark gaze met hers, and he smiled. Then he bent over her belly and lapped her distended navel. "What can I give you for giving me this child?"

Doreen met his soft, loving gaze. "I want you to help me find a mate for Nebula."

"Anything." Shedir gathered her in his arms, dropping kisses on her head, her throat, her swollen, aching breasts. "My precious slave, your wish is my command."

The End -- for now.

Stay tuned for Luna Ten 3: Nebula

Coming Soon...

Ann Jacobs



Ann Jacobs is the award-winning author of twenty-five erotic romances. Two Eppies finalists, a Golden Quill finalist, a More Than Magic finalist, and two Lories winners number among her 2003 releases. Ann also has written under the pen names of Sara Jarrod, Ann Josephson, and Shana Nichols.

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