

*all wrapped
up 3*

Bonds of Matrimony
Lena Austin

Changeling Press

All Wrapped Up: Bonds of Matrimony

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All Wrapped Up: Bonds of Matrimony

Lena Austin

Would you give up everything -- money, power, and even your old life -- to save your marriage?

Realizing her obsession with her job is destroying her marriage -- and her life -- Million Dollar Millicent, real estate entrepreneur and all around bitch, books a fantasy vacation for herself and her husband Alex on a tropical playground planet. It's a place where your deepest desires come true -- even if you're not sure what they are.

Alex has had enough of living with a hellcat who jumps at the sound of a ringing com unit. They've become a dysfunctional pair-bond, and he'd give anything to have things the way they were when they were just poor students with no prospects. Worse, if Millicent knew his true fantasies, she'd be running, rather than trying to mend the breach between them.

But Millicent has some hidden fantasies of her own -- and she and Alex aren't as mismatched as they think.

Chapter 1

Oh, Peace, her warm, full lips felt good wrapped around his cock. Alex sighed and combed his fingers through her soft dark hair, luxuriating in his wife's excellent technique. If only she wasn't such a bitch like she was when she parked the aircar and came storming in yelling on her wristcom at one of her three assistants. Now she was trying to "make it up to him." She had a lot of making up to do, she claimed. Yeah, right.

"Million Dollar" Millicent Devereaux was a real estate entrepreneur who raided old properties, buying up the worst places and returning them to their former glory as old suburban utopias. The semi-wealthy paid handsomely for the privilege of mowing their little half-acre lawns surrounded by white picket fences and special services like a milkman bringing fresh dairy products to their doors.

Personally, Alex thought the idea of mowing the lawn a little nauseating. He preferred their small terraformed asteroid all to themselves, poised between Earth and Mars. Living within one half-acre of another human was barbaric and reminded him of the days before asteroid colonization when humans crowded together in huge buildings, inviting disease and never having a moment of peaceful contemplation. As the premier designer of art glass and stained glass in the system, he needed time to think and peace. Lots of peace.

Millicent's -- never Millie, thanks -- wristcom bleeped. Without lifting her mouth from his half-hard cock, she lifted her left hand. Then she let go of his cock with a soft pop. "Sorry, honey. I need to take this." She rose from her kneeling position between his knees and wandered off, briskly giving orders. Her naked, dark brown butt wiggled out of sight toward her office.

Alex sighed, torn between relief and frustration. The sight of his wife with her rare coffee colored skin and incredibly soft curls had once aroused him to a near frenzy. Even now, the memory of her exotic beauty made his cock twitch to life like her lovely full lips couldn't do. That had been when both of them were young, poor and ambitious students. Now look at them, a dysfunctional pair-bond on the verge of unraveling.

Millicent claimed she enjoyed her work, but her pleasure didn't make life pleasant for anyone around her. She kept her fingers in every aspect of every project, even while she preached about hiring the best and letting them do their job. If she wasn't in a safety suit physically on site, she was yelling at someone for any hitch in her plans. Alex bet the only reason contractors worked for her was the money -- she was the best game in town when it came to large projects that kept companies in business. She certainly had no compunction about taking her frustrations out on her husband, giving him the sharp edge of her tongue for every slight, real or imagined.

Fuck waiting. He slapped the edge of the long sofa where Millicent had pushed him, closed his pants, and stomped back to his studio dome to finish the interpretation of the Rose Window of the old Notre Dame Cathedral, now long since blown to dust in the Age of Terror. What was the point in waiting for his wife to return from bitching at some other hapless soul? He had work to do before he started his annual vacation.

* * *

Millicent shoved her braids out of her face and threw her wristcom on her desk. Dammit, why did her assistants have the worst timing in the known universe? She'd told them not to disturb her unless it was a strict emergency, so when the call came in she'd assumed there was an emergency, not some idiot delay in schedule easily repaired with a call to the landscape supplier.

Taking a calming breath, she held on to her stomach as her newly discovered Stress Related Digestive Disorder pinged her with pain and a need to throw up. She deserved to be in pain, and she knew it. Her doctors had warned her for years that she was cruising for SRDD, and no one was surprised when the diagnosis came in.

What had surprised her was the contractor yelling back at her today and telling her she needed to take a hard look at what she was doing to others with her bitchiness. He was right, and she'd been wrong, but breaking the habits of a decade was proving harder than Millicent had ever thought possible. Even more difficult might be saving her marriage. She had a lot of making up to do to her gentle, quiet Alex, and that meant finishing the blowjob for a starter. Then she intended to do something she hadn't done in years -- actually cook a meal for them just like she'd done when they were newlyweds. He had no idea of all her plans, and Millicent couldn't wait to surprise him.

She skidded to a halt on the tiles when she saw the sofa was empty. Her shoulders sagged. Millicent couldn't blame the poor guy. After all, for years hadn't she allowed interruptions and finally remembered her husband hours later? Shit, what a heel she was. But, Million Dollar Millicent didn't give up that easily. She'd cook that meal using a real open flame, and program the ventilation to waft the delicious scent right to his dome. Then she'd lay on him the big surprise -- the vacation plans of a lifetime.

Millicent braised, stirred and sautéed until she thought she'd die, but her scheme worked. She hid her burned right hand behind her back and grinned in triumph when Alex came sniffing like a canine through the portal. All the trouble and pain had been worth it if she could still entice him away from his muse.

Her handsome husband was a treasure worth more than the rest of their wealth combined to her. Millicent could be as poor as they were in school, and still count herself fortunate if she had Alex beside her. Long legs with just enough hair, a beautiful thick cock with a perfect bend, a slim waist tapering outward to broad shoulders, and his artistic defiance of minimalist fashion to wear shoulder-length brown hair. All that was nothing compared to his eyes. He too was a "rare" like her, with pure blue eyes the same color as Earth's blue skies. Millicent loved those expressive, marvelous eyes and what they saw of the world around him. He created new things, whereas she only imitated that which had been done before.

Alex blinked. "You cooked." His eyes studied the mess she'd made of their normally pristine and disused kitchen. "Peace take me. All of it? No nukes or caterers?"

Millicent glowed with pride. So what if her right hand was killing her, she stank like a sweaty subbie, and she was so tired she could barely stand? "Yes, I did. I promised I have a lot of making up to do, and this is just the beginning." Millicent waved toward their dining room. "Let's eat."

Frowning, Alex caught her hand and studied the burn. "Not until you've had that treated, Missy. The table will keep our food warm that long." He dragged her -- dragged her! -- to the bathroom and the med cabinet, and shoved her bodily into the diagnosis cavity.

Millicent was so shocked at the way he'd aggressively taken over the situation, her mouth hung open like an idiot. Why was she permitting this treatment, and why did her pussy turn to goo? Was she enjoying losing control of a situation? Hell, she must be. Millicent shrugged and let the diagnostic run. As long as she was enjoying herself, why not let him dominate?

The mechanical voice of Doctor crackled out of the speaker. "First diagnosis: first degree burn on right hand. Recommend antibiotic burn ointment. Programming medicine cabinet to dispense dosage. Second diagnosis: Stress Related Digestive Disorder in upper digestive system. Noted prescription already programmed from outside source. Dispensing dosage to be taken with evening meal. Recommend immediate R&R."

Alex folded his arms across his chest and looked stern. "SRDD? Previous diagnosis from an outside source?"

Whoops. She hadn't told him. Millicent swallowed and stepped out of the cavity. "No big deal, Alex. I threw up a few times, so I had the med cabinet at the office on Earth check me."

Before she could finish explaining, Alex had her enveloped in a protective hug, as if he could keep her from her own folly. "Silly clit. I'll bet you were protecting me

again. When will you learn?" He patted her ass in a mock spank that stung for just a moment and released her. "Sit down and let me put the medication on."

Chastened, Millicent sat and let him medicate her hand. She remained quiet but plastered on a smile all the way through until she served him his favorite dessert, apple pie made with real apples from Earth's famed garden district once called Virginia.

Millicent pondered her enjoyment of that light smack on her naked butt, and worried about her surprise gift for their vacation. Their vacation. Wasn't that funny? For the first time in years, their schedules didn't conflict, and they'd go to the same place as a couple. At least, she hoped Alex would agree.

Alex shoveled the first piece in, and his eyes lit up. He chewed and swallowed in a hurry. "Delicious. Now are you going to tell me why you're buttering me up? Whatever it is, you want it pretty bad." He shook his fork at her and gave her that knowing smile that said he'd already forgiven her for whatever crime she'd committed.

At first, Millicent was a little hurt. Was that what he thought all that work was for? A bribe? On second reflection, yeah, she deserved the accusation. She had lubricated the way for a few of her wants by various forms of bribery to soften his heart. She shoved her sliver of pie around without biting for a moment. "Okay, I deserve that accusation. This time, however, I think I have a good reason."

"You always say that."

Ouch. True. Millicent winced and plodded on. Swallowing her fear of rejection, she looked into those gorgeous blue eyes of his. "I want to save our marriage, Alex."

He blinked several times, completely nonplussed. The storm shutters came down over his eyes, and his face became blank and calm. Even his voice was coldly unemotional. "I didn't think you'd noticed."

Under the table, her fingers latched together in her lap. This negotiation meant more to her than everything else she'd ever done. "Yes, I did." Millicent let that sink in, but he didn't move or soften one muscle. "I've arranged my vacation to begin the day before yours."

Her husband knew her better than anyone else, and he studied her in minute detail as only an artist of his skill could. Maybe he read her sincerity, because she saw an infinitesimal relaxation in his shoulders, but not his eyes. They remained coolly assessing. "So?"

His hard, unyielding tone surprised her. Alex had always been easygoing, willing to do anything as long as it didn't interfere with his art or his strong pacifist belief systems. This new attitude was unnerving. He would not be manipulated and recognized her attempts at such. He would have to be persuaded, and with complete honesty. Millicent faltered for a moment before the words tumbled from her mouth without filtering through her brain first. "I... I... booked us both for a week at Augustine's Planet. Together."

Alex was on his feet in an instant, his face both wrathful and another emotion Millicent couldn't name. "Augustine's Planet? That hedonistic playground? Are you insane? It costs millions of credits, and that's assuming you don't want the... Oh, Peace Take Me... you took the therapy." He sat back down slowly, his face awed. "You probably wiped out most of your personal fortune."

Millicent nodded and leaned forward, trying desperately to show she didn't care. "That doesn't matter. I'll make more next cycle."

Once more his face hardened, but this time his body remained semi-relaxed, giving her hope. "You could have asked me if I was willing to go to that extent. You always were arrogant enough to assume I'd fall in line with your plans."

Millicent bit her lip, ready to get down on her knees and beg if she had to. "You're right, Alex. It was rude of me to make assumptions." She swallowed her pride, and it sat like a hard lump in her aching gut. Millicent begged her stomach not to throw up. "Please, Alex, let's try to renew our marriage on Augustine's Planet?"

He let her squirm for ten long heartbeats, and then he smiled. "Much better. Yes. I assume you've chosen the venue as well? Let's hear it all."

Millicent wanted to faint in relief, and hid her wooziness by reaching into her briefcase, hidden beneath the table. She slid two stacks of papers on the table, and a

small jeweled box. “The therapy facility is located in the tropical zone on a large island, and is supervised by Rendol Augustine himself. It all starts with filling out these sexual preference forms to identify our deepest fantasies. Oh, and we take these pills so we tell the truth. I get the impression Mr. Augustine doesn’t like lies.”

Chapter 2

Alex pretended to sleep while the transport whisked them through the final leg of their long journey to the “tropical paradise awaiting every fantasy.” The jungles outside the plasticine windows were lovely and crowded with colorfully exotic wildlife, but his guilt prevented him from enjoying it. He couldn’t even find a modicum of happiness in Millicent’s hand held tightly in his. He wondered how quickly his fraud would be exposed. He snuck a glance at his wife from under his lashes.

Millicent’s bright brown eyes glistened with childlike enthusiasm as she twisted around to see all the birds, monkeys, and bright insects. She’d giggled and blushed like a girl while they’d filled out their sexual preference forms, claiming the pill had made her giddy.

Alex inwardly winced. He’d palmed his pill and feigned the same silliness, afraid to expose his deepest fantasies to Millicent. He could imagine her demanding immediate divorce procedures if he ever revealed what turned him on. Only perverted people in need of severe rehab dreamed of such things.

So, he’d lied. He’d requested something easy to handle, quick to fulfill, and very important if he had any hope of saving his marriage. He’d asked for voyeurism, specifically to see his wife with another person or persons. He only hoped he could live with what he saw, and not revert to some monogamist Neanderthal. Monogamy in this day and age. Good grief, what a throwback he was. Maybe he did need rehab. He’d look into it after they tossed his ass out for lying on the form. Assuming they caught him.

The transport slowed and braked to a gentle stop. Alex pretended to awaken, then stretched. Despite the first-class nature of the transport, sitting for long periods was still a bit of a trial for anyone with long legs and a restless nature. He’d spent the

first leg of the journey occupying himself with sketches to remind him of new designs when he got home, until he'd realized that had been part of the pattern destroying their marriage -- always working and forgetting each other. Alex had stowed the drawings away for the rest of the journey. Such things could wait and improve in his memory instead.

Millicent waited with her "new attitude" for Alex to get up, then joined him in the queue exiting the transport. He had to admit, he enjoyed seeing her in clothing other than her classic black business jumpsuit. The bikini she wore left little to the imagination, and he'd seen many of the other passengers eyeing Millicent's dark charms. He wanted to throw some sort of a sheet over her and yell, "Mine!"

Sultry heat, the scent of vegetation, and real salty sea air washed over his senses as soon as he stepped onto a pristine white marble drive beneath a truly magnificent *port cochere*. Alex filled his lungs and waited for the rest of the passengers to disembark.

A tall male human wearing ancient livery from about eighteenth century Europe herded them all inside into a climate-controlled hall of gargantuan proportions. Alex would have killed for three minutes to study the art and architecture, but they were ushered directly into a room where another human male lounged on a Greco-Roman couch, spanking a naked female.

The female, as pale-skinned as Alex, writhed but did not appear interested in escape. Indeed, her blonde hair obscured her face, but her hands fondled her exposed breasts in sexual pleasure with every stroke of the palmetto fan paddle on her pink buttocks. Her gasps and soft cries of pleasure were clearly audible.

The male, dressed only in a pair of cream-colored loose pants, was a burly man of truly mixed heritage. His skin was a perfect dark tan, and his musculature spectacular. Like Alex, he wore his black hair shoulder length, though his was tied with a simple thong at the back.

Even Alex felt a moment of desire, and he normally was not interested in other males. His cock hardened, and Alex glanced around at their fellow guests, slightly embarrassed. He need not have worried. From the glazed looks, hardened nipples,

tented trousers, and other evidence, the sight affected all of them. Apparently, he wasn't the only deviant among the guests. Even his wife panted and squeezed his hand with every stroke of the fan.

Their shepherd stepped forward hastily, arresting the spanker's attention. "My deepest apologies, Master Augustine. They did not mean to interrupt your pleasures. Would you prefer to greet our guests later at dinner?"

Rendol Augustine surveyed them all with perfect calm before turning his attention to their guide. "No, Delos. Let them stay and watch." He smiled impartially at them all and gave the lovely lady another spank. "They are all voyeurs to a certain extent. And --" One of his fingers dipped into his victim's sex and came up glistening before he licked it off. "-- some get off on being watched."

The blonde lifted her head to reveal perfect features and blue eyes so light as to be almost colorless. A rare genotype to be sure. She smiled at them all before putting her head back down, clearly implying she did enjoy being the center of the display.

Master Augustine slapped one rosy buttock with his bare hand. "I caught Tira here playing in the dildo collection. Hardly a crime worth calling the authorities, wouldn't you say? But definitely in need of some form of punishment, so I chose to mete out justice on my own." He delivered another stinging blow to the other cheek. "Naughty girls mustn't play in the Master's toys without permission."

Tira squirmed and panted out, "Yes, Master."

Millicent leaned back against his chest, almost as if her legs would not hold her further. Her breaths were coming so hard and fast, Alex feared she'd faint.

Almost automatically, his right hand fondled his wife's soft breast through her bikini top. Alex could claim perhaps that he reacted to the scene in front of him, but deep inside he knew he wanted to mimic every action that brought the blonde to orgasm.

His fellow attendees seemed just as affected. Alex was not the only partner unabashedly fondling their mate, though he had to avert his eyes from the two females. Alex he enjoyed that display more than he cared to admit publicly.

Millicent was not so inhibited. She seemed to frankly relish every act going on around them, though her eyes repeatedly strayed back to their host and his victim. Her nipples were harder than asteroids, and her breathing matched the blonde's panting cries for orgasm.

In response to that unspoken plea, Alex rolled and pinched Millicent's nipples while his left hand crept inside her bikini pants to pinch her round bottom. The scent of female musk filled the room, fueling their passions. Alex no longer cared who saw them, and he doubted most sincerely if anyone else cared if the meet and greet with Rendol Augustine turned into an orgy.

In fact, several of the guests removed clothing, stripping without anyone else batting an eyelash. Several couples hit the floor or bent one partner over the furnishings. The two male partners made use of a delicate footstool. Alex hoped the little gold and cream thing could stand the abuse. Panting and bedroom language filled the air.

Millicent herself reached up and yanked on the string holding her bikini top around her rib cage, all the while writhing in time to every pinch he made to each buttock cheek. "Yes, Alex. More, please. More."

Happy to oblige, Alex tugged at the string holding her bikini on her dark hips, and shoved it down until it fell to her ankles. He eyed the sofa and coffee table directly in front of them. The top of the sofa was softly plump, perfect for bending his long-legged wife over. After a short debate as to whether to put his wife on her back and eat her soft flesh until she screamed or put her over the sofa for a fuck and spank, Alex decided on the latter. After all, the spanking turned her on. So why not indulge her fantasy?

Rendol Augustine's eyes seemed to glow for a moment when Alex threw his darkling wife over his cream colored sofa and imitated his every wallop on the blonde's now bright pink ass. He nodded, smiled, and slowed down to show him every choice of where to spank for maximum impact.

The rest of his fellow guests indulged their own sexual preferences shamelessly. The slap of flesh, exhortations of, "Deeper, harder, faster," and the scent of sexual indulgences filled the room. The orgy was in full swing, with even Delos having been called upon to indulge one female's preference for two males at once. Their shepherd's cock slid down her throat while her partner stuffed her pussy with his equally hard cock. Alex hoped the furnishings in the room were sturdy enough, but he need not have concerned himself. Rendol Augustine owned the entire Class M planet. He probably gave the furniture not one second of thought.

The blonde in Rendol's lap now squirmed in earnest. "Master, please! I beg forgiveness. Please, please fuck me. I beg for your cock."

Millicent squeaked with every smack on her beautiful ass, but those tiny squeaks brought back fond memories of their student days. Alex knew that sound was pleasure-based, a remnant of those days when they had to be quiet or risk discovery. Her hand reached backwards, fumbling for his cock to fondle.

Alex kept his aching rod out of reach deliberately. This was all about her, for the moment. He wanted her to beg for release, just as the blonde on Rendol Augustine's lap did. His discomfort was unimportant. Besides, he was having fun. For once, Alex was in total control, and he luxuriated in the novelty.

Millicent and the blonde Tira groaned simultaneously. The sound echoed around the room from many of the participants. The slap of flesh on flesh grew in frequency, matching the music that filtered through a hidden sound system. "Can-Can" was the name, if Alex remembered his ancient art studies. The musical beat was perfectly matched by the sexual beat.

With his free hand, Alex checked Millicent's readiness for sex and found her hot and wet, so ready in fact that she squealed when he touched her. Pleased he'd produced a new reaction from her, Alex slid his fingertip from her vagina to her clit, using her own lubrication.

Rendol snatched Tira from his lap and stood, his pants showing an impressive erection beneath the thin fabric. He put the red-cheeked blonde on the floor and permitted her to remove his trousers. "With your teeth."

"Yes, Master." Tira obeyed, clasping her hands behind her back and using tongue and teeth to perform the service.

"Please! Oh, please!" Millicent's throaty pleas had enough desperation to excite any man.

Briefly, Alex debated putting her on her knees before him, but they often did that trying to get him erect. He wanted nothing of their past to spoil the moment. These circumstances required something different. Alex bit his lip and risked a stinging slap on his wife's rear. "Quiet. Be still."

"Oh!" After one jerk, Millicent turned her head to let him see one amused brown eye. She put her head down until her braids obscured her face. Then, to his astonishment, she giggled.

"Million Dollar" Millicent Devereaux had giggled. His jaw dropped, and Alex tried to wrap his mind around the concept that she seemed to enjoy what he'd done. Alex yanked his pants down, anxious to enjoy this new development.

Rendol's lips twitched as he caught Alex's gaze. Then he winked and grabbed a handful of Tira's sunshine hair. "Assume the same position as our guests on the sofa, Tira. Both of you ladies will be fucked together."

Tira obeyed with such speed, Alex thought she'd vault over the back of the sofa. As soon as her blonde hair tumbled to grace the creamy cushions, she grabbed Millicent's hand and squeezed.

Millicent, normally not demonstrative of emotions, squeezed back and exchanged a grin with her couch companion.

Rendol kicked off his pants and sauntered over to join them, his eyes surveying the other guests with cool assessment. When he'd positioned himself behind his lovely victim, he grinned in a comradely fashion at him. "Shall we?"

Alex entered into the spirit of the orgy. "Yes, let's. The ladies have earned a little reward, haven't they?"

Two giggles erupted from their sun and shadow darlings. Both wriggled in anticipation, their sexes pinkly gleaming and ready.

Their host virtually purred. "If they haven't, they will." He looked down at Millicent. "Won't they?"

Unbelievably, Alex heard Millicent reply in a soft, feminine voice. "Yes, Master Augustine. Yes, Master Alex."

Oh, Peace. Alex was lost from the moment he heard that response. Control? He had none and didn't want any. He plunged in to his wife's slick pussy and fought to rein in his screaming orgasm. Alex wanted to come inside her so badly it was as if he fought a raging beast inside himself.

Rendol was no slouch in attacking Tira. He plunged in with equal force, eliciting a yip from the blonde.

Millicent and Tira's hands were still locked together as if they were sisters. Perhaps they were, in a way. Victims to male lust, and they loved it, or at least gave every appearance of enjoyment.

While his body took over, pillaging his wife's willing flesh like a primordial male, his mind reveled in this turn of events. Alex could not believe he had this need for dominance in him. He would squelch it and play his role of the voyeur, in the desperate hope he could save his marriage. Else, Alex feared Millicent would find someone more to her tastes. This one incident would be forgotten, but it was worth indulging now. He dug his hands into Millicent's hips and spilled his heart as well as his seed in her, knowing it might be the very last time.

Chapter 3

Alex stared through the two-way mirror, sheepish and very sorry he'd chosen voyeurism as his fake kink to replace his true fantasy. After the meet and greet orgy, all guests were shown to their suites one by one. Not sharing a suite with his beloved Millicent had come as an unpleasant shock to Alex, but Delos had been firm. Each guest's fantasy was unique and private. Even espoused couples were separated unless specific arrangements had been made and the fantasies meshed exactly. This did not often happen. Alex had spent a very lonely night alone in the luxury of a bed big enough to hold an entire entertainment troupe.

Tira smiled encouragingly and handed him his preferred drink, a simple lemonade. Her gossamer gown hid nothing of her charms. "Alex, why don't you sit in one of the chairs to watch?"

Alex nodded absently, but barely glanced at his hostess. The glory on display before him tempted Alex only slightly. She belonged to Rendol, and that was that. He'd live with his folly and put up with watching his wife's fantasies through vidcams and two-way mirrors. He resigned himself to a long week in hell.

The sound system mercilessly broadcast the sounds of Millicent taking her first flogging on a device called St. Andrew's cross, a barbaric X made of wood. She writhed, not in pain, but in pleasure. Alex knew those movements well enough to be sure his wife was ready to orgasm at any moment, possibly the next time Rendol laid the thick straps of a flogger across her flesh.

Alex thrust his hands deep in the pockets of his favorite slouchy jumpsuit. He couldn't take his eyes off the glass, and he didn't bother to hide his aching hot erection. After all, he was supposed to be a voyeur, getting off on watching his wife have sex with others. What Alex really felt was insane envy of Rendol, doing what Alex

longed to do. Alex wanted to make his wife do those things. He swallowed and forced himself to stillness. He'd done this to himself, and he deserved this misery.

"Alex?"

He jumped a foot in the air before looking at his forgotten hostess. "Yes? Sorry. I was... absorbed."

Tira frowned and folded her arms. "I'll accept that word. What you are not is a voyeur."

Caught. Less than one day, and they had him dead to rights. His mouth went dry. Would they toss him out without humiliating him? Alex hung his head. "No, I'm not."

Millicent's scream of ecstasy ripped through the speaker system. He didn't dare look further, and kept his eyes trained on the thick pile of the carpeting under his feet.

Tira's pale soft hand lifted his chin. Her crystal blue eyes were sympathetic. "What you are is a scared Dominant, aren't you?"

Alex glanced once more to the scene on the other side of the glass. Rendol gently took a very limp Millicent down from the cuffs, cuddling her like a child. "I should be in rehab, but yes. I want to be the one doing those things. She's mine." The last two words growled out of him, much to his shame.

"And Balmorans are pacifists." Tira smiled thinly at his surprised look. "Yes, we research our guests thoroughly. Would it shock you to learn you aren't the first Balmoran to be a Dominant?" She grinned openly and used her fingers still on his chin to close his open mouth. "I assume you wish to change your fantasy, Mr. Devereaux?"

Alex nodded, bemused by this turn of events. He wasn't the first Balmoran to lose his grip on peaceful ways, and somehow this amused his hostess. They wouldn't toss him out. "Where do I transfer the penalty fee?"

"No charge, Alex. Your preference sheet, full of psychological red herrings, was designed to tell us your true nature, even if you lied about your fantasy. You aren't the first to refuse to take the truth drug." Tira's hand patted his cheek. "We've known you were a Blue Dominant since the forms were analyzed."

"Blue Dominant? I'm sorry, I don't understand." He glanced once more to the glass, noting for the first time Rendol's belt was blue. "Rendol is a Blue Dominant too?"

"Yes, Master." Tira ran a finger down her gown and removed it before kneeling at his feet. "Will Master Alex sit now? This girl will be happy to explain not only what we know of you, but also give your first lessons. The rest must be learned from Master Rendol."

Alex blinked. A beautiful blonde knelt at his feet and warm pleasure suffused his whole being. He felt stronger and yet on very shaky ground mentally. Guilt ate at him for feeling pleasure at another being's submission to him. He bit his lip. "Okay. I think." An idea formed. "Can we keep this a secret from Millicent?"

At first, Tira's eyes twinkled, but then she frowned. "Not including your wife means you'll surprise her later. It also complicates the time schedule. You'll have less training time than even before, and you only had one week to begin with."

Alex glanced at the glass, finally admitting to himself not only envy but jealousy. He wanted to go rip Rendol's head off for cuddling Millicent on the floor like entwined lovers. His fists clenched. "I've got to be better than he is. I'll learn."

Hours later, Alex lugged a set of old-fashioned suitcases to his room. The blasted things were heavier than he'd imagined possible, but part of his training was to increase his strength and endurance. His arms would fall off at any moment, he was sure of it, but the door of his suite was in sight. It opened to his thumbprint, and Alex dropped the cases to the floor. Alex sagged against the wall and wondered if he'd survive the next week.

"Shower. Peace take me, I stink of sweat." Alex staggered toward the bathroom with each foot feeling like he was in a high-gravity unit. Thank goodness, it was a real water shower with steaming sprays from four jets. Alex stripped to his skin, stepped in, shut the glass door, and moaned. "I thought I was in shape!"

"You are. For a normal adult human male."

Alex leapt in the air and about fell on his ass at the first word from a masculine voice. A vague form, hazed by the steam, appeared in the mirror directly across from the shower stall. "Rendol?"

The man smiled, displaying perfect white teeth. "Yes. Forgive the intrusion, but time is limited. By the way, until you press the green button in the panel to the left of the shower doors, I can't see you. I've permitted you to see me, however. I thought we might talk while both of us have a free moment. Please continue your shower. I know you need it."

Groaning, Alex stepped back under the hot spray. "Stars above and below, you aren't kidding. Who knew swinging a lightweight flogger in a figure eight or at a mannequin could make me hurt like this?"

"Indeed. Keep up the exercise as best you can. We cannot increase your endurance in one week. That will be up to you. A mannequin will be sent to your room as soon as it is fabricated to resemble Millicent. Your next step will be to learn to hit one you love with the proper strike force to cause pleasure, not pain. You recall the practice mannequin downstairs showed zones off limits because they'd cause injury?"

Alex nodded before remembering Rendol couldn't see him. Alex continued his bath, lathering up with the soap and washing implements provided. "Yeah. Kidneys, thin flesh over bone, and things like that. Yes, I remember. "The damn mannequin downstairs had sounded a dissonant alarm every time he hit one of the forbidden zones. It had beeped a lot. Alex hated that sound now. "Will my new practice mannequin have the same alarms?"

His burly host had the temerity to laugh. "I'm afraid so. If you hate the sound like I do, you'll learn not to cause it."

"Damn right I will." Alex turned off the water and stepped out to dry off. He kicked his stinking jumpsuit into the laundry chute, since his legs hurt much less than his upper body. "Hang on a bit while I walk out into the sitting area. I assume you'll transfer your image to the vid screen in there?"

"I'll be waiting. Why don't you take a moment to dress?"

"No need, really. You've seen me and I've seen you. I don't care if you don't." Alex sauntered into the sitting area to find Rendol's visage already waiting in the large vid screen dominating one wall. "However, I will put on a lounge if I get chilled. Not likely in the tropics." He pushed the green button on the panel next to the vid screen.

Rendol assessed him calmly. "Ah, nice to see you. I assume Tira explained to you that a Blue Dominant is one who prefers bondage and discipline, with a light inclusion of dominance and submission?"

Alex plopped down on the undulating Greco-Roman couch and pressed the massage button. Immediately, the vibrations soothed and relaxed his aching muscles. "Yeah. I assume the other primary colors describe the other dominant forms. D & S would be yellow, Sado-masochism would be red."

"Very good. Yes. You're going to make an excellent Blue Dom. Tira reported your refusal to use her for sexual release. She is available for such, if you wish."

Alex shut his eyes, but his pride in his self-control made his lips twist into an ironic smile. Tira was lovely, and could tempt a man of marble to full attention. "No insult to the fair Tira, but I'm fixated on my wife."

"Quite understandable. Millicent is a beautiful female, made more so by the rare nature of her genotype. Amazing how we males still prefer the unique, isn't it?"

Alex grunted, the best response he could make instead of shouting that he had access to both of the "rare" females, but he only wanted one -- his wife. Jealousy was truly souring his stomach and compromising his inner peace. Alex loved only his wife, and if that made him a throwback freak, then so be it. He'd stated his preference and Rendol could infer the rest.

The silence grew uncomfortable, with both of them staring down one another like canines over a bone. Ironical that there were two bones, and at the moment they each had the one the other cherished. Alex opened his mouth to point out the humor, but Rendol spoke first. "Listen, Alex. Right now you and I can either seethe in jealousy or cooperate. We'll work on friendship later. We're two of a kind, with you being more

artistic than I am. I'm just a glorified entertainer with one helluva stage." Rendol leaned forward, his right hand fiddling nervously with a laser-scribing pen.

"Good point -- several, actually." Rendol was obviously in earnest, and a little concerned. Interesting. Alex understood vaguely what he was getting at. Still, he was wary. "What do you have in mind?"

"Cautious. I like that in a Dom, especially one I'm competing against in a way." Rendol put down the pen. "Nothing more than an exchange of information for now. I tell you what Tira likes, and you tell me what Millicent likes. Our subs both benefit, and we agree to allow each other to receive films of what the other Dom did for later use as new ideas." He grinned like a conspirator. "I'm sure even a new Dom can get inventive and do something I've never thought of."

"Hmm." Intrigued, Alex got up from the couch and poured himself some yellow drink from the refrigerator he'd grown fond of. "I'll have the benefit of knowing what you did to Millicent, so if she likes it I can do the same later." Alex toasted Rendol with his glass. "Consider the deal struck."

"Excellent. I'm sorry I don't have a drink to return the toast." Now Rendol looked slightly uncomfortable, but determined. "Our next bit of business is very simple. I need a favor."

Even more intriguing. Alex raised one eyebrow. "Unless I'm mistaken, you're a savvy businessman who makes enough money to buy and sell me, my wife, and our asteroid without batting an eyelash. What could I possibly do for you?"

"Let me keep your wife."

Chapter 4

“Millicent, are you trying to top from the bottom again?” Her Master’s firm and slightly annoyed tone warned her to be honest. He put his hands on his hips and awaited her response.

Millicent swallowed and plucked at the rug fibers where she knelt in the dungeon. She had come to be grateful for that rug. Her knees suffered less than when she knelt on the hard plascrete floor. “Was I, Master?” Millicent had merely asked what sort of toys he had in the cabinet. “I admit to curiosity about your toys, Master.”

“If we were playing in the old Gorean tradition, I would answer that curiosity is not becoming in a slave. But, since you are not a slave but merely a submissive, I will excuse your ignorance and show you one or two.” His smile was pure evil.

Oh, stars. She was in for trouble now. When her Master smiled, she’d screwed up and was about to pay dearly. Another lesson in bondage was in the offing, and she deserved it. Millicent gulped and gave the only answer he wanted to hear. “Yes, Master.”

Master Rendol laughed at her wince and opened the cabinet full of toys. The six feet tall and equally wide structure was chock full of items. Millicent could guess at how some were used, but for others she had no clue. The silver nipple clamps had delicate jeweled chains running for several feet down to more clamps. There were at least twenty different kinds, and they rattled together like wind chimes as he opened the doors.

Her pussy tried to retreat behind her navel. Clit clamps. That’s what they were. Millicent bit down on her jaw to keep from moaning. Was she moaning because she wanted to try them or because she was terrified? Both? Quickly, Millicent looked at everything else before he noticed where she stared.

Her Master stood with his back to her. His perfectly sculpted ass encased in the shining black material left nothing to the imagination. It fit him so tightly Millicent could count hairs on his legs. He hadn't fucked her like she thought he might, though he was not above sexually stimulating her into frenzy.

Perversely, Millicent was grateful his cock had never entered her body. She'd always wanted Alex only, and that was the way it was. Monogamous Million Dollar Millicent made for nice alliteration, but it was also the truth.

"Peek-a-boo. I see you looking at my ass." Master Rendol's eyes glittered with humor in the polished back of the cabinet. The blasted high sheen acted as a mirror. His hand rested casually on a box labeled in a language she didn't know.

No! Millicent didn't want him thinking she was interested. "It's not what you think, Master."

He pulled the blue box out of the stack and turned to caress her braids with the other hand. "I know, Millicent. You're fixated on Alex, and that's as it should be. You cry out for him while you're in subspace, not me."

"I do?" Subspace, that floating, sublime mental state achieved when a submissive is in pure ecstasy, meant the submissive -- meaning Millicent -- was unaware of anything but pleasure. Whatever was said then came out of the subconscious.

"Yes, and I don't mind. But, you're much too used to being in control of a situation. It's time you learned a little restraint." Before she could do more than gasp, Rendol removed a ball gag and slipped the yellow ball into her mouth. While he buckled it behind her head he added, "From now on you'll learn to not give your input and allow another to do their job."

Millicent squirmed for a moment in rebellion before she settled down. The ball in her mouth did not inhibit breathing if she used mostly her nose, and it tasted slightly of sterilizing solution. Millicent wrinkled her nose to convey the nasty taste.

Rendol ignored her expression. "Hold out your pretty hand, my dear."

Obedient, Millicent thrust out her right hand, palm down. Palm up might have indicated she wanted something, and this was about her learning to shut the hell up. If

she could have smiled, she would have done so. The contractor who'd reprimanded her would be so proud he'd brought her to this. Millicent vowed to hire that man and his company at every opportunity.

While she was distracted, something hard and round slapped into her palm. A red ball. Puzzled, Millicent looked up at Master Rendol.

"Do you remember safewords? I made you think of one, so that if ever I did anything you were uncomfortable with, or if there was a serious problem, you could use that word and all play would stop instantly. Remember your safeword?" He waited for her eager nod. "Good. Obviously, you can't use your safeword right now. You'll use the ball instead. If you drop the ball, all play ends and the gag is removed. If you drop it by accident, the scene still ends because you were naughty enough to not keep control of the ball. It's the only control of this scene you'll have."

Millicent clutched the ball to her chest to signify she understood. To speak without words was a challenge she'd have to rise to face. She must let control go completely and allow another to take charge with no input from her.

Something snapped inside her, like a spring wound too tightly that had finally let go. Millicent shook like a leaf, and her eyes welled up with tears. Free. She was free. A weight was gone from her shoulders and the knot in her stomach unraveled. This place and time was not her headache or responsibility. She didn't have to supervise anything, and she was powerless to do so even if she wanted to. Millicent wanted to get up and dance. The burden on her was gone.

Rendol watched her with dispassionate eyes for a few moments, but did not stop the flow of tears. "Bounce the ball on the floor and catch it if you can't breathe. It's okay. Cry." He marched over to the com system and hit a red button. "We've achieved sub breakthrough. Send dinner down to us when it's time."

Millicent started when a box of tissues dropped directly in front of her. Anxious to keep breathing, she blew her nose before looking up at her Master in thanks.

"You need a distraction. Up." His finger crooked upward, commanding her to rise from her kneeling position. Without waiting to see if Millicent obeyed, he pointed

to a wheel-like structure she'd not seen before. "Go to the Belgrade Wheel, kneel beside it, and await further instructions."

Millicent ran to follow instructions, happy tears still leaking from her eyes. She'd learned to trust Master Rendol not to cause her serious pain, or even mark her in a way that lasted more than a few hours. Whatever she learned today would be well worth her obedience.

Rendol left the room without a backward glance. She assumed even Doms drank too much coffee now and then. No matter who they were, humans had to pee.

Curious, Millicent studied the device awaiting her as she knelt on the small rug. The Belgrade Wheel looked like a silicate structure made of many moving joints, like an extremely flexible spider's web. There were no straps or other forms of restraint, only the intricate crystalline joints and cross pieces. It took no great intelligence to figure out this device was made to put the submissive in any position the Dominant wanted. Any. Position. Sexual or otherwise. Oh, stars and comets. Her pussy moistened at the thought of Alex doing just that.

His face swam before her. He'd be appalled. Cause harm to another thinking being? He'd rather die. Her vision changed with her wishes to a more forceful Alex snatching her up until her toes barely brushed the floor, taking the kiss he wanted with ruthless lips, then tossing her casually upon the wheel to be at his tender mercies.

Millicent trembled and put her face in her hands. Oh, poor Alex. How could she explain to him what she needed for fulfillment after this week ended? She could never go back to the bland and simple matrimonial state. Now her matrimonial bonds had to be ropes, cuffs, and straps, or nothing.

Millicent sobbed around the gag. How could she ever return to her bland, vanilla but beloved husband again? Alex was her inspiration and her reason for success. She'd gambled everything on this week and spent almost all her personal credits. If her marriage failed, she'd be not only poor but without the impetus that made her go out and work. She was doomed.

Master Rendol did not return until long past her pity party. Millicent had never worried. If she'd shown the least bit of physical distress, the room's sensors would have registered her accelerated heartbeat or breathing issues and the response would be immediate. Master Rendol had explained the safety measures the very first day, along with the safewords and other features of the room any responsible citizen needed to know.

After he'd satisfied himself Millicent could still breathe despite her crying jag, Master Rendol lifted her and placed her emotionally spent body on the Belgrade Wheel. Another piece of the wheel lowered from the ceiling, sandwiching her between the two flexible structures. She was caught like a fly in a web, unable to move more than an inch in any direction, because the wheel's flexible nature adjusted to any motion. Millicent supposed that, if you wished to escape the device, you could move an inch at a time toward the edge, slowly freeing yourself after many hours. Why bother? The point, as she was learning, was to give control of your body to another for a limited period of time.

Master Rendol wickedly presented a fine, carved box. When he lifted the lid, inside were jewels of a nature few of the wealthy would wish to own in their current settings. Nipple clamps with a string of rare white jewels and pearls depending between them. Huge, glittering colored gems at the hilt of anal plugs, clitoris clamps with chains leading to a collar carved of the finest crystal and platinum she'd ever seen.

Millicent swallowed fear. Shit, was this going to hurt? Up to now, her ass had been "exit only."

Her Master smiled gently and brushed a stray braid away from her neck. "I promised you a distraction, didn't I?"

* * *

Millicent limped toward the moonlit beach, praying no other guests would be around to see her. Not that she was bruised or anything that showed outwardly, but she just wanted to be alone. She had a great deal to think about.

Well, maybe she could use an ear to bend. Not one of the guests, but someone who understood submission and dominance. Yeah, that's what she needed. Someone who could relate to her. Oh, comets, she needed something she had never needed before -- a friend. "Not likely to find one, so make do as usual, Millicent. Geez, this anal plug is freaking me out."

The purple-jeweled anal plug would remain in her ass until her body needed to evacuate waste or when she next saw Master Rendol, whichever came first. The filled feeling in her ass was both uncomfortable and arousing.

Millicent plopped down on the sand just above the high water mark. She had sense enough to know you never sat too close to the water when you didn't know the denizens of that planet well. Nothing like being something's dinner to end a lovely vacation, right?

"Hello! Mind if I join you?"

Millicent squelched irritation and turned. Immediately, she relaxed. It was Tira, perhaps the only person on this planet who might understand the confusion and despair Millicent suffered.

"Come have a seat, if you don't mind sand in private places." Millicent patted the sand next to her. "What brings you out here this late?"

Tira knelt in the sand, much more graceful than Millicent was on her best day. "Probably the same thing that brings you out here. A need for solitude or a friend. Sometimes both, as long as you can sort out what the problem is."

"You sure nailed me. Can one of Rendol's infamous gadgets read minds now?" Millicent regretted the words as soon as they were out of her mouth. "Sorry, that was somewhat rude of me."

Tira laughed softly. "No, you didn't offend me. I'm sure Master would take it as a compliment, but no, he hasn't developed a telepathic device yet. Perhaps I should suggest it to R&D."

"Peace help your next set of guests after he does. There's not much he doesn't know about the guests now." Millicent shivered a little. Only a man of extreme ethics or a will of iron would be able to resist using that information for personal gain.

"You're probably right. I don't need an Ethics Committee audit to manage for Master." Tira shrugged.

Millicent studied her companion. "You seem so comfortable with your submission. How did you manage to find that much peace of mind?"

Tira shrugged. "My life isn't perfect. Don't think that it is. I'm just comfortable inside my own skin. I looked at the deviant side of me and found I liked it. I don't harm anyone, so I don't break any galactic laws." She cleared her throat. "I take it you're not so comfortable?"

"No, I'm not." Millicent studied her hands. "I love being a submissive, and that's the problem. How will I ever return to my bland, vanilla world or my bland, vanilla husband?"

A snigger -- there was no other word that described that sound -- burst from Tira. Her eyes filled with tears of laughter before a full-throated guffaw burst from her throat. "Oh, you needn't worry about Alex! He's much kinkier than you think! I'm his shepherd, you know."

A thousand possible images of Millicent's husband engaged in various wild sexual acts with this beautiful, graceful blonde swam in front of Millicent's eyes before a red haze of pure jealousy covered everything. Millicent's hands clenched and dug into the sand. It took every ounce of willpower she ever possessed to keep her voice casual. "Really? I had no idea."

"No, you wouldn't. You two should talk more." Tira's wristcom beeped. "Excuse me. Need to handle this. Nice chatting with you. Bye." She rose with the same lithe control and wandered away, talking briskly into her wristcom.

Millicent's lips twisted. She'd cut someone off when her wristcom beeped just as the conversation got interesting many times before. How ironic. She dribbled the sand

from her hands. “Yeah, you’re right, Tira. Alex and I need to talk more. A lot more. Maybe there is hope.”

Millicent stood, brushed off the sand, and strode purposefully toward her room. In three days, oh, yes, they’d have that conversation. She was sure it would be interesting to learn what Alex had been up to with Tira, and there’d be hell to pay.

Chapter 5

Alex damned every second of his Balmoran upbringing that made any sort of violence a criminal act. His fists clenched so tight, his sore muscles screamed in agony, and the phrase “red haze of anger” was no longer a fairytale device. He wanted to reach through the vid screen and rip off his host’s head, just for starters. “You want to what?”

Rendol quickly raised his hands, palm outward in a conciliatory gesture, but his eyes remained cool. “Easy there, old man. Not like you think. Not as my sub. I’d like to hire Millicent to oversee the expansion of various construction projects for my employees all over this globe.”

Alex slowly relaxed. He picked up his glass of lemonade and took a sip to assist in his cooldown. “Oh.”

Genially, Rendol grinned cheekily and winked. “Now, I admit I wouldn’t refuse if both you and Millicent ended up forming a quad partnership in our bedroom as well, but that might be a bit much to hope for.”

The lemonade splattered the vid screen, and Alex coughed violently for a few seconds. He waved off Rendol’s hand hovering over a red medical emergency button and gasped a few breaths. “I’ll be okay. Sorry, you just surprised me. I never...” His face flushed and heated, and Alex could not finish the sentence.

“I never made the offer before, either.” The com unit on Rendol’s desk beeped violently, startling them both. “Damn. It never fails. I try to enjoy a friendly conversation, and some emergency pops up.” Rendol looked at the com unit with real hatred coloring his voice.

Poor bastard. Alex shared Rendol’s dislike of com units and their annoying tendency to shrill at the worst possible moment. “Maybe it’s better if we discuss this after our week is up and we’re no longer guests but equals again?”

"There's more I want to say. Much more. You're probably right." The beeping became urgent. Rendol slammed a finger on the button and snarled into the microphone. "What now?" A second later, the screen went blank.

Alex chuckled to himself. "Why do I surround myself with busy executives who should have com units permanently implanted in their heads to save time and trouble?" He rattled the ice in his glass and sauntered back to the bar for a refill. The swishing sound of the ocean beckoned, so he threw on a robe and lounged on the generous balcony to listen to the calming sound of the ocean meeting the shore. The spectacular colors of the sun going down would be nearly impossible to duplicate, but he vowed to try.

What was it about tropical sunsets and seas? Hell if he knew, but for the first time in his existence he didn't want to go home. The satellite he loved seemed cold and sterile compared to warm breezes, sand, and surf. Alex inhaled the scent of vegetation and salt water, feeling planet created air fill his lungs. No wonder places like this had been the fantasy of choice for many centuries. Pirates, darkly tanned natives, sea creatures. Oh yes, he could see the wisdom in building a sexual resort here.

In the fading light, a familiar dark body ambled slowly toward the beach. Millicent moved with careful deliberation, her movements oddly stiff, but there were no marks of a flogging on her skin to mar its brown perfection. Alex rubbed his chin, contemplating what had happened to his wife to make her move as if she had something stuck up her... wait. She did. That had to be what caused that odd gait. A slow smile spread across his face as he contemplated the picture, and he chuckled softly to himself.

"Does it hurt just a little, darling?" Alex rattled his ice and sipped to keep from laughing aloud. "The famous Million Dollar Millicent has an anal plug in her lovely ass. How delightful. I wish I'd put it there."

If there was a flare of jealousy, it was insignificant compared to the image of planting the plug himself. Alex had one now, with a beautiful set of tiger eye topazes each dangling from their own golden chain, like a bejeweled tail. He could see those

topazes swinging back and forth in time to Millicent's movements while she barked orders into her com unit. A com unit nearly crowded out by golden cuffs only he held the keys for. Perhaps even matching golden nipple clamps with topazes to give it weight and remind his beautiful wife who owned her.

His eyes lit with inspiration. Alex needed to draw those bejeweled submission implements. A whole set in gold and topazes to adorn his wife's beauty. Collar, cuffs, nipple clamps, and anal plug. Maybe even an ankle bracelet or two. Those she could wear even when working. His fingers itched to draw them all. He laughed at himself. Had he found another art medium besides stained glass for historical structures and the wealthy? The images were so clear in his head, Alex longed for his soldering iron.

Alex might have run in to dig out his sketchpad, but the sight of Tira joining Millicent on the sands arrested him. What were they talking about? Were they sharing little submissive secrets? Comparing Doms? He had not violated Tira's body with anal plugs as of yet. Nothing had entered her, not even his aching cock. For her, he would design a silver and blue set, to match the pert nature of her moonlit skin as opposed to the golden look of his wife.

Down on the sands were the sun and moon, so to speak. Alex looked forward to the day he could return Tira to her Master's loving arms, and he would receive his Millicent back, changed into the submissive Alex longed for. He snorted. How far had he come in a few short days? Now he knew the names for his fantasies, the safety procedures to keep his subs from harm, satisfying his Balmoran upbringing. As long as his wife consented, stars, even asked for such things, Alex was on the sunny side of the laws of his people.

Alex would give her the gift of submission to ease her spirit of stress and worry. He hardened at the thought of clamping a golden collar around her dark neck, one so feminine to match her beauty. Would he rake his fingers through her incredibly soft hair to control her movements as she sucked and licked at his cock? Stars, he was rock hard at the very thought. How much more celibacy could he stand?

Alex took a deep calming breath. "You'll do what you must, twit. Until you can get your wife alone, that's..." The words died in his throat. Sometime during his fantasies, Tira had left Millicent alone, and now his wife walked slowly back to her room via the outside stairs. She entered the same floor Alex was on, and a moment later the light came on in the suite next to his. He stepped back into the shadows, unnoticed. A moment later, Millicent opened the glass doors to her balcony, but did not step outside.

Alex grinned to himself and slipped into his room. "A cool evening breeze is not all you'll get this evening, my love." Alex rummaged in his new toy case until he found the full-face silk mask, made to obscure his features into anonymity. To further hide his identity, Alex slathered on a deep brown bronzing lotion. The rest he would cover with clothing. He'd sweat like swine, but better to be wet than discovered.

Alex couldn't wait to try his new skills on Millicent, not to mention his need to bury himself inside her luscious body. Alex saw no reason to wait. They were married. They were in a place where fantasies came to life, and one known fantasy was the capture scenario. He would bind his wife like the thieves of old, have his way with her - to use the old terms -- and she would have the small thrill of a scene with an unknown Master. Chuckling triumphantly to himself, Alex dressed and chose his equipment. Then he put on his mask and waited on his balcony for her lights to go out.

Finally, they did. He tossed the carry sack's string to the other balcony so he could haul it in when he was safely in Millicent's territory. Climbing over his balcony rail, Alex made the mistake of looking down on the patio several stories below. He reminded himself it wasn't the fall that killed you, but it was the sudden stop at the bottom. Millicent was worth the effort. He jumped.

Alex moved cautiously up to the open curtains and peered carefully around them, ready at a moment's notice to hide. Millicent must not know her visiting Master was he, because they were supposed to be separated. Millicent was very careful to follow rules and laws, unlike Alex. He'd been born and raised on a planet colonized by what the rest of the known universe called "hippies" from an ancient twentieth century

term. While very peace loving, agrarian Balmorans weren't much on a rigid social structure, unlike their more urban neighbors.

Besides, some male force inside him had to prove he was a better Dom than Rendol. That competitive nature was well-known and understood on his world, where annual games kept male aggression in reasonable bounds. Alex himself had won his fair share of the marathon competitions, to the pride of his family and village.

Millicent's room was set up for a submissive, with a heavy-duty hook hanging from a center beam, a four-posted bed with eyebolts and pullies, the ubiquitous medical cabinet full of supplies, a spanking/fucking machine, and of course the Master or Mistress' throne and rug for a loving submissive. All was in its proper place, ready for use at need. Apparently, the spanking machine had not been used. Millicent's clothes were draped over it like items on display in his village's bazaar.

Alex grinned. Maybe not tonight, but sometime soon he'd use that machine on his wife for spanking when his arms were tired. He'd never use it to fuck her, not while he had the real thing erect and waiting.

Millicent appeared from the bathroom, her braids wrapped in a towel like one of the ancient Shahs. The towel was the only thing she wore, but she still walked with the odd gait signifying the plug had not yet been removed.

His cock hardened at the thought of fucking his wife while she still had her soft brown ass stuffed with a plug. Would he feel the device through the thin membranes? Probably. Did it vibrate, as some did, to cause both partners pleasure? Not likely. Not for a new, virgin ass. Alex swallowed a laugh and silently vowed to get a vibrating anal plug for them both to discover.

Millicent moved with ponderous deliberation to the bed, stroking the posts and eyebolts with dreamy eyes. Her fantasies gleamed in her tired smile, and her glance toward the wall between their suites reassured Alex her dreams included him.

Well, she'd find out soon enough her fantasies could be reality. Alex dredged up the last shreds of his patience, told his rigid cock to wait, and settled into his vigil. Millicent was a light sleeper, and he'd have to wait until the tiny kittenish snores she

emanated during REM state signaled he could make his move. If she was as tired as he was, it wouldn't be long.

The night insects' songs kept him company, and Alex leaned against the sturdy stone balcony to enjoy the concert. Sooner than he expected, the purr of his wife's snores joined the chorus. Time to give her a surprise.

He entered, closed the balcony doors against night insects joining the party, and used the moonlight to aid him in moving silently over to her bedside. His bag of tricks sagged against the nightstand, waiting for its use.

Millicent awoke as soon as he put his hand over her mouth, and reacted instinctively to fight him before she saw the mask and blue Master's belt. She stopped her attempts to free her mouth, and relaxed, her wide eyes on his mask.

Alex lowered his voice to a gruff whisper. "Will you be silent now, subbie?"

She swallowed and nodded, her eyes smiling happily. Until he gave permission, she would not utter a sound, but that didn't prevent her from expressing herself with her body. Her hips thrust upward, begging for sex. Her lips pursed for a kiss.

He removed his hand. "Do you think you'd get off so easily, my dear?" Alex looked down sternly at his eager wife. Perhaps she recognized his eyes, even in the darkness. Either that or she was an over stimulated subbie who'd beg for sex from any Master. The answer mattered very much to him. "Do you know who I am?"

Again, Millicent nodded. Her lips stretched into a wide, white smile before returning to the kiss she blew silently at him. Clearly, she didn't mind one bit to find him willing to Dominate her.

"Surprise, darling." He grabbed both her hands and locked them in the restraints depending from the headboard. Magnetic cuffs with a soft polyfilled interior for her comfort. The key wand hung from a hook just out of reach of the cuffs.

Her grin didn't waver, but her eyes glazed with lust. Her hips thrust upward, begging.

"No, not yet, my lovely." Alex grinned at her pout and pulled out a long white rope from his bag. Casually, he dropped the coil on her belly for her to anticipate and

wonder. Then, grinning beneath his mask, he slid his hand down the length of her body until he grasped an ankle. With sure fingers, he found the spreader bar hidden beneath the blanket and locked her ankles within its embrace, spreading her legs for his pleasure.

Millicent's toes curled and relaxed. The scent of her lust filled the air, and Alex yanked the sheet away to finger her sex while she whimpered. Oh, yes, she was wet and ready.

However, he wasn't. He wanted to play first. In the center of the spreader bar, he found the steel cable leading to the pulley in the canopy at the foot of the bed. With the touch of a button, Millicent's spread body lifted, the entire headboard providing the force for her upper body.

Millicent whimpered again, not a pain cry but the lusty sound she'd made when they met secretly as students to make love without disturbing others. Alex rejoiced to hear it.

He caressed her slowly, moving back up her displayed softness until he could look into her dark, mysterious eyes. "I haven't told you in a long time how much I love you and your beautiful body. So, while I put your dark loveliness on display for my personal feast, occasionally I'll tell you. Or perhaps show you."

Millicent pressed her lips together, but a moan escaped as her entire body was hoisted horizontally above the mattress. Her towel fell away, and her braids tumbled out to just brush her pillows with the tips. Little bells woven in the ends tinkled, probably the results of Rendol's orders.

Alex listened to the sound. They reminded him of the wind chimes on the porch of his Balmoran home. "I like the bells, Millicent. Keep them."

Millicent's head hung upside down, her neck unable to support the weight. Her smile was acknowledgement enough.

Still, Alex couldn't leave her there for long or she'd pass out. He went to work, trying to remember his old childhood skill of macramé, a decorative knotting and weaving system, and combined it with the ancient BDSM art of the rope dress. By

knotting the rope in strategic and decorative ways, the submissive's body was put on display and even stimulated while bound by their Dominant's hand. Alex intended to become an artist with rope dresses, if he practiced on Millicent enough. He even managed to weave a neck brace to hold her head up before he ran out of rope.

He stepped back to admire his handiwork. Her breasts stood up, their softness held in control by concentric rings and knots that left the dark rigid nipples exposed for nibbling. Every curve of her body was lovingly framed in lacework. He couldn't help himself. He needed to lick those displayed nipples with the same addiction of a small boy with treats before him.

Millicent moaned and writhed, somehow managing to lift her hips, once again begging for more than his mouth.

This time, Alex felt like indulging her, but with his own twist. His cock demanded something -- anything! Why should he be in discomfort when she begged? She'd had that anal plug in for at least an hour. Time to remove it and replace it with something a bit more flexible. He grinned and hit the button to lower her to the mattress.

Millicent sighed with relief and tried to pull her knees up in their usual first sexual position. In the moonlight, her sex glistened wetly. Clearly, she was ready.

Alex unlocked her hands and removed the cable from the spreader bar. "I'm going to put you on the rug, Millicent. Wheelbarrow."

Her wide smile and happy eyes told him all he needed to know. Alex picked her up with her back to him and nibbled on her neck before bending her forward until her hands touched the carpet. Once her balance was secure, he lifted her hips until his cock pressed against her slick pussy. Millicent wiggled once to signify her readiness to receive him.

Savoring every inch of his dominance over her, Alex entered slowly. Peace forbid he injure her, especially when they were having such a good time doing what both of them shared fantasies of doing.

Tight. He could feel the anal plug through the thin membranes separating the passages, giving him warning to be extra gentle. Perhaps it was a good thing he kept things slow. She squeezed every bit of him, heightening his pleasure. His cock and balls screamed to release, but Alex clamped down what little control he possessed, promising he'd release when he finished fucking his wife thoroughly until she cried for mercy. Mercy he may or may not give, depending on his whims, not hers.

He thrust happily, giving them both a full measure of pleasure, until he felt Millicent's arms waver in her support of her own body. She'd hit her nose if he didn't change their position.

With one hand holding her up to give her arms a break, he slid his right hand down her buttocks. Oh, yes, he was tempted to pleasure his wife in their habitual fashion, and it took every ounce of his new self-discipline to move onward without tickling her clit.

Millicent waited, ready for his commands.

Finally, he felt the ring of the anal plug. "Relax, dear. Let me have it."

Millicent's breathing slowed, and even though her arms trembled still, she did as he commanded, trusting him not to allow harm to come to her.

Slowly, Alex drew the plug out, careful not to force too precipitous an exit. He lowered Millicent carefully to her hands and knees. With every inch he withdrew both shafts, Millicent's breath hitched in tiny gasps of pleasure.

He took the plug to the bathroom and ran hot water over it while he slathered on the protective gel he found waiting in the bathroom, supplied by their hosts. He couldn't imagine the ancients using latex sleeves or worse. Poor bastards. Imagine having to use rubber and then lubricate with a separate agent. He'd put the plug in the sterilizer later.

Millicent used her elbows for support to give her hands and wrists a break. Since her smile never wavered and her eyes were bright with lust, Alex took this for a sign she was enjoying herself.

Briefly, he considered hanging her from the hook and fucking her ass that way, but he decided to be merciful on her arms. They'd work on her arm strength when they got home. Instead, he knelt behind her, and used some of the protective gel to provide just a bit of lubrication as well as to prevent any lingering infection in her ass.

Millicent wriggled and thrust into his fingers, wildly begging for the finale. Her breathing was rapid, and he could tell she was moments from full subspace.

His slow entry, well slicked with the fragrant lubricant, sent her over the edge. She softly called his name, and then writhed in a sub's full ecstasy.

Alex ignored the slight discomfort of the spreader bar on his shins. Compared to the pleasure of fucking Millicent's ass while she moaned and gave every evidence of her full orgasm, the bar was nothing. He loved being in charge. He loved Dominance. Even while he instinctively kept time with his wife's movements to avoid harming her, the realization hit him. Nothing in BDSM Blue Dominance went against his Balmoran principles. The submissive was not harmed. In fact, it was the Dominant's job to protect them and keep them from harm. Alex's heart soared and his guilt left him. He wasn't sure if his body trembled from joy or impending orgasm. He didn't want to stop, and he doubted he could have done so.

No matter how poetic or stupid it sounded, he felt his seed leave him in time with the ocean's waves crashing to the shoreline. Laughing to himself even as he cried out Millicent's name, he came with the same inexorable force as the tides of this ocean world. Her cries joined his.

He and Millicent collapsed together, spent. Both waited patiently, panting heavily, until Alex's cock softened and left her body. When Alex felt he could move again, he cuddled Millicent and fed her the chocolate of the same brand he knew she loved. Long ago as students, they could not have afforded such a luxury, but that was one thing they could keep from their old sexual practices. At least it wasn't boring.

When both of them had recovered, he left her sleeping in her bed. Reluctantly, he crossed the balcony walls separating them, wishing he didn't have to wait until they were home to hold her all night long.

Safe on his own balcony, he blew her a kiss. "Soon, darling. Soon. Our lives are changed forever, and I can't wait to explore our new marriage." If only he wasn't so terrified she'd accept Rendol's offer and be tempted by a newer, better Master.

Chapter 6

Millicent knelt before her temporary Master and grinned quietly to herself. She could barely restrain herself from wiggling with excitement and anticipation. Alex had come to her room and had dominated her so completely she'd screamed her orgasms until she was hoarse. Where had he learned... well, that was a stupid question, wasn't it? Here at the resort, of course. She could have giggled aloud. Who'd have thought they shared a similar fantasy? What were the odds?

"You certainly are pleased with yourself this morning, Millicent. Did you enjoy yourself last night?" Master Rendol sipped his wine and smiled down at her. The smile never reached his eyes, but his voice was warm with affection. Funny thing, but no emotion ever showed in his eyes.

Millicent bent her head and plucked at the carpet, picking at invisible particles on the immaculate surface, mildly embarrassed to be caught being silly. It figured he'd have a vid camera to keep an eye on her. Such responsible behavior to keep watch on a sub who was under discipline. She loved that thick white fur under her knees, and vowed to gain such softness for her knees at home now that she knew she'd be kneeling to her darling Alex. "Yes, Master. I am and I did."

"It seems both of you have found your niche and matched your fantasies without the help of my resort. I'm glad." Master Rendol stared off into space, his eyes seeing something she could not. "I've a proposition for you, but first we must leave our scene." He reached down and unbuckled her temporary collar.

"Master?" She was confused by this turn of events, and frowned. Surely he did not mean a sexual proposition. That he could have demanded of her while she wore the collar, and she would have reluctantly complied. She was happy with Alex, and Rendol knew that. Therefore, this was outside the realm of BDSM. Like it or not, she tried to

return to hard-assed Million Dollar Millicent. Darn it, she was in too good a mood to be a bitch.

Rendol watched her slip on her old persona like an ill-fitting garment she hated. “No need to lose your happiness, Millicent. In fact, I wish to discuss your keeping both your joy in your new self and your career.”

She laughed. “That would be difficult at best. What I do requires a certain amount of acidity of personality.” Damn, she didn’t want to go back to Earth. Her projects there were complete, and her scouts had not yet found another suitable site to renovate. She’d already hit all the best ones.

“True, but do you really want to go back to your old life?” Rendol leaned forward, his voice urgent.

“Not really, but I don’t have a choice.” She smiled in irony. “As you well know, I spent every last credit I had to come here.”

“Would you like a full refund?”

“Huh?” *What the hell would I have to do for such generosity?* Her mind played out a few dozen distasteful scenarios.

Rendol put down his wine on a nearby table still laden with his toys and paced back and forth in front of her. “As you well know, I have a few employees and support persons on this planet. The industries that surround this business have grown, and housing all those people has become a headache for me. I have neither the time nor knowledge to provide good homes for my employees other than the usual ugly, crowded apartment ziggurats. They deserve better than that, when this world is so easily adapted to luxurious homes for my deserving employees and their families. Would you be willing to help me provide this?”

Her eyes lit up, and she didn’t give a damn if she ruined her negotiating position. However, she knew better than to jump into anything as huge as this. “Would you be kind enough to open the access to your data systems so I can study the world and its needs? I’ll need to give this careful consideration.”

Rendol offered her a helping hand to her feet. "Of course. By the time you return to your room, the terminal will give you full access. Take the rest of the afternoon, if you like."

Hours later, she rubbed her eyes and leaned backwards, hoping to loosen the discomfort of a kink in her spine. Her back crackled like a zipper, but didn't fully release. Not even the residual pain could spoil her good mood.

Rendol had understated his situation and his need for her expertise. Apartment ziggurats were scattered like grain in the less pleasant zones of this world, and some reached deeply underground without compensation for the lack of sunlight. Amenities such as shopping, medical, childcare, and travel were inefficiently located. According to the planet's computers, he'd been losing good employees for the last decade and had been unable to replace them. Word spread too quickly in the service industry, and his reputation for inefficient management of employee perquisites had cost him dearly. To put it mildly, it was a helluva mess.

Yet it was obvious he'd tried. Everything needed plus a few luxuries were available for all employees. There was no such thing as substandard subsistence housing on his world. Everyone worked if capable, and his education programs were the best terminals possible.

Amazingly enough, his employee list was tiny compared to the amount of work accomplished at the resorts. Automated systems replaced many, but the numbers didn't add up. Entire ziggurats were empty, yet the resort guests lacked nothing. How was Rendol accomplishing so much with so little? Millicent was impressed. Rendol's genius for gadgets must compensate for the lack of employees.

Millicent got up from the hugging embrace of the terminal chair and wandered out onto her balcony. She hoped to see Alex on his, and considered trying his com link. Maybe they could have dinner together. That shouldn't violate any rules about interfering with one another's fantasies. Heck, she could repeat his trick of hopping over balcony rails and just give a quick peek to see if he was there. That was easier than trying to wheedle his com number out of Delos.

She ignored the stunning view of a late tropical sunset, kicked off her indoor shoes, and hiked up her jumpsuit legs. Climbing up her rail was easy with the help of a chair, and she leaped like a squirrel over to Alex's balcony. After only a couple of seconds of scrambling, she was over the rail and safely on Alex's balcony.

Millicent brushed down her jumpsuit legs and patted her braids back into place. She snuck up to the doors, grinning at her surprise for Alex. The curtains were wide open, but the doors shut tightly. Millicent tried the handle and found it locked. Then she peered inside, hoping Alex was within.

Alex lifted Tira up by her wrists and threw her face down on the bed. With an evil grin, he held aloft something blue and shimmering. It resembled an equine's tail -- if they ever came in the color blue.

Millicent swallowed hard. At one end of the tail was a bejeweled anal plug, lubricant glistening in the candlelight. Sheer, raw envy made Millicent clench her fists and bite her lip. Equine play. They were doing something Millicent had not yet worked up the courage to ask for. By the wavering glow of real honest to Earthside candles.

Tira's squeal of delight penetrated the glass only faintly, but enough to rip at Millicent's heart. The blonde writhed from her kneeling position with her face buried in the wildly unmade bed that looked like a small conflict had already taken place between its sheets.

Alex returned to a huge suitcase and a moment later brandished a dildo made of some pearly white material. His grin was pure Dom as he lubed it up with some purple substance. He got some on his hand and licked with relish. The taste was probably as exquisite as his victim. Submissive. And it wasn't Millicent who was happily taking both a dildo and an anal plug to play with Millicent's husband.

Candles. Domination. Equine play. Double penetration. A sob clawed its way out of Millicent's chest and ripped out of her mouth. Millicent's eyes welled up with tears, and a whimper escaped. Her fingernails dug crescent shaped wounds in her palms. She had no right to be this upset. This was Alex's fantasy, then? To play with a tiny fair-skinned blonde who made Millicent feel like a clumsy brown ox?

Millicent shut her eyes and willed her lip to quit quivering. One finger at a time, she loosened her hand until the nails stopped gouging her flesh. This was the reason the rules stated spouses were separated. It was more than an issue of privacy, but to prevent jealous rages and broken marriages. Millicent fled back over the balcony walls like an insane primate and dove into her bed to sob into her pillow.

Gradually, anger replaced sorrow. So her husband was fucking both the subs, was he? Millicent growled and turned the wet pillow over. Tira was probably enjoying watching a cock as pale as her own skin driving deep into her willing cunt. Bitch. Some friend, huh? Well, two could play at that game.

Snarling to herself, Millicent stripped and headed to the shower to primp. She was going to seduce the owner of a planet, after all. For that, she needed to resemble the Queen of Sheba, and she knew just the perfumes and cosmetics to bring her body to be a chocolate confection no male could resist.

So why was she crying as she turned on the hot spray?

* * *

Alex sighed with relief as Tira's orgasm made her claw the sheets and bury her face in the mattress. Good galaxies, the woman was insatiable for dominance. His arms ached with weariness, and he stank of sweat. All he wanted was a shower and a peaceful evening. Maybe he'd crawl over the balcony and ask Millicent if they could share a couple of beers and a large all meat pizza, just like the old days. First though, he had to make sure Tira would recover from subspace. Rules were rules. He put Tira's well-used dildo in the sanitizer for her. She'd retrieve it later before she left.

Tira lay panting and quiet on his bed. He'd forgotten to set up the spanking horse before she arrived, so he'd been forced to use the bed as a platform to get her skinny white butt high enough to insert the anal plug and dildo. Still, she was an experienced submissive. She recovered faster than Millicent, and didn't need the diligent care a new sub did. Her requirement of fruits and chocolate beverage waited nearby on the suite table. Personally, Alex found the combination revolting. Her voice was clear and calm. "I'm okay, Master Alex. Give me a few more moments, and I'll go

eat the carbohydrates to restore my electrolytes. Why don't you grab a shower? You Balmorans have a fetish for cleanliness."

Alex snorted at the jab. "Good thing Earth born humans learned to appreciate the art of bathing as not only healthy, but a worthy pastime." He studied her carefully. Yes, Tira's breathing was normal and her eyes were clear when she opened them to grin at him. He returned the smile. "Want me to remove the anal plug?"

Tira rose to a kneeling position, careful not to disturb the plug and its plume of optic fibers. "No, not necessary. I want to show it to Rendol. Did I thank you for designing such a gift for me? I can't wait to see Millicent's face when you give her gold one to her. It's stunning. You're a genius to think of using old electronic equipment parts to create these treasures. The resort jeweler is probably a very happy man tonight. He got the day off from his workshop and a solar cycle's worth of credit just to let you play with his tools and stock." She made a shooing motion with her hands. "Go on. Get clean. Then go take out your sexual frustrations on your wife. I'll probably leave while you're still bathing."

Proud of his creativity, Alex sauntered to the bathroom of his suite. As he lathered up under the spray, he reflected on the delightful afternoon spent with a fellow artist. In exchange for a list of Alex's suppliers and a lesson in stained glass art, Alex had received jeweler's training and use of the delicate tools of the trade. They'd played like a pair of boys together, giddy with the joy of a new playmate. The old jeweler and Alex had struck a deal to share the patents, selling exclusively at the resort and using Alex's name for marketing purposes. The old jeweler agreed to share a minor portion of the profits for the use of Alex's name, and would no doubt be a rich man within a solar cycle. Nebulas knew Alex didn't need the money.

Tira's wrist com shrilled, a jarring alarm sound Alex had never heard before. Alex smiled indulgently. The blonde was as busy as his wife, poor kid. She'd be out the door in seconds to handle another crisis, no doubt.

The door to the shower burst open, and Tira's blue eyes were wild and fearful. She grabbed Alex's soapy hand and dragged him out of the shower. "Come on! We've got to go save Rendol from your wife!"

Chapter 7

Alex raced behind Tira, wishing she wasn't so short-legged. He could have easily passed her had he known the way, but he didn't. Therefore, he had to let the slower blonde lead. What the hell had she meant, "save Rendol from your wife"?

Millicent wasn't violent, except when in a full rage after having allowed herself to build up a head of steamed emotions. What could possibly have set her off here on vacation in paradise?

Tira sped down a narrow corridor and waved her hand in front of a bio-access panel. She barely acknowledged the broken security bot on the other side of the door, but did turn her head to snarl at Alex. "She's going to pay for those repairs, dammit!"

Alex nodded. "If she doesn't have the cash, I do."

"Then I'll take it out of her hide. I'm still the more experienced sub, and I'll be damned if I let her get away with a lack of self-control." Tira turned and dashed down the bare industrial grade corridor with the speed of the famous lizard folk of Gnax 8. Her blue tail from her anal plug enhanced that image. Alex wondered how she could run. Naked subs running down corridors. Only on this planet would you find such things.

Alex caught up with her at the end of the corridor, where she cursed fluently in three languages Alex didn't know and tried to reassemble a tangled mass of what had been the wiring to a private door lock mechanism.

Yes, Millicent was definitely in a full rage about something. She wasn't normally that clumsy about getting where she wanted to be.

With a shower of sparks, the door slid partially up into the ceiling, leaving a three-foot gap between itself and the floor.

Tira let out a hiss of satisfaction and slid under the door. "That's the last time I give her full access to all the data. She used it to find Rendol's private area. Sneaky bitch."

Ahead, Alex could hear loud impacts of flesh on wood. The subtle hints of luxury were everywhere in the room. Real wood doors, golden metal electronic portals, and the thick carpeting were visible under the door. Vile curses in the languages of Earth peppered the air. He had to admire his wife's vocabulary.

However, there was no time to pause and reflect. Alex dropped to his knees and rolled beneath the door just in time to see Tira perform a perfect flying tackle that sent both of the women to the floor in a screaming tangle.

There was no sign of the owner of the entire planet, but a battered sliding door gave a clue to his location. The tattered remains of a thick bathrobe hung nearby. Not that Alex blamed Rendol in the slightest for hiding in the bathroom. Hell, he'd love to, but the two women on the floor were bent on killing each other if someone didn't separate them, and it looked like he was elected. Separating them was going to be a challenge.

Alex got to his feet and took a moment to, as he put it, "put on his Dominant hat." No matter how much he wanted to simply knock their heads together, he didn't want to hurt the women, either. In fact, it was somewhat entertaining since both females were naked or nearly so. His primitive self shouted "up periscope!" And his dick sat up and took notice.

On the wall in prominent display was exactly what he needed to separate and calm Tira and Millicent -- a beautiful black single tail. Alex chuckled and retrieved the supple leather whip from its hooks. He should have expected the single tail to be as perfect as the day it was made, but he did not expect it to be covered in dust. No matter. It was still useful. He prayed his practices with the mannequin in his room had been sufficient enough so he didn't lash himself, and flicked his wrist experimentally.

The single tail popped right above the clawing, scratching bundle of feminine flesh on the floor. Their surprised squeaks were even more satisfying than holding a

beautiful leather antique and using it for its intended purpose. Each had a hold of the other's hair, and they refused to let go, but two pairs of eyes focused immediately on Alex.

Alex popped the whip again, just for emphasis. "Separate... now."

Fortunately for them, the females obeyed his growling tone of displeased Dom instantly. They let go of each other and rose to their knees, side-by-side, as if they had never fought just seconds before. In unison they chorused the standard phrase, "Yes, Master."

He folded his arms and let them stew for a few moments while they contemplated their folly. Both of them were a sorry mess with their split lips, bloody noses, and disheveled hair. They looked like badly abused rag dolls.

It took less than two minutes before Tira began to squirm and look longingly at the bathroom door. Millicent wisely kept her gaze firmly focused on the fibers of the thick green carpet, sculpted to look like a forest floor.

Alex ignored Tira's glances until a tiny whimper escaped her lips. Good. She'd finally realized where her true duty lay. "Is there something you need, Tira?" It wasn't that he was indifferent to Rendol, but rather he assumed Rendol would prefer if Tira were disciplined immediately. Rendol was likely quite safe behind the door.

Tira gulped back a sob. "I need to attend to my Master. Please, may I go?"

No matter how much he was enjoying the role, Alex also had a duty to his newfound friend, Rendol. "You are excused. Attend to your true Master, if you can get the door open."

Millicent jerked an intake of breath, but did not move. However, she peaked from beneath her dark lashes up at Alex before putting her gaze back to the carpet.

Tira sped off and used her thumbprint to gain access to the bathroom. The door groaned as it opened, but did function. However, it did not close all the way.

Alex tapped his foot and returned his gaze to studying the top of Millicent's head. He could afford to wait until guilt got the better of her. He waited patiently and silently until she too squirmed. He kept his voice low and growling. "Naughty little

submissives should learn to be better guests. Wrecking other people's property when you're too poor to pay for damages goes beyond naughtiness into criminal acts. You have assaulted our host, and damaged one security bot and two doors."

Millicent winced. "Yes, Master." Her voice held just an edge of defiance. That was not allowed.

Alex frowned. "Since you cannot pay in credits, and you have the nerve to not be apologetic, I guess I'll take it out of your hide." Before she could work out what he meant, he scooped her up and threw her over a shoulder.

The breath "whoofed" out of his wife, but she didn't fight him. He was halfway disappointed in that. A good tussle might have proved who was at least physically the stronger.

He stopped by the half-shut bathroom door. All he could hear were Tira's mutters. She probably was on her knees before her Master, explaining her disheveled appearance.

Alex called out, "Rendol! I'm taking my sub down to the dungeon for her punishment. Meet you there."

No answer.

Alex couldn't blame him much if Rendol decided to shove Alex and Millicent off the planet for this wanton destruction. Alex smacked his wife's bare butt, hard. "I sincerely hope you've not ruined a perfectly good friendship because of your stinking bad temper, Missy. You're going to pay, and pay dearly, for this."

A tiny sniffle and a slightly more audible sob came from the area around the center of his back. "I love you, Alex."

"I know, but who am I right now?" He wasn't going to give an inch or fall for the sympathy/guilt routine. Alex spanked her ass again, just to help her remember.

This time, Millicent squeaked satisfactorily. "My Master! My Master!"

"And don't you forget it." Alex turned and carried his wife downstairs to her punishment. He took his time, striding past anonymous doors, the now-sparking

security bot, and down the more familiar ramp to the lower levels where the dungeon was kept in perpetual darkness for “atmosphere.”

While Rendol and Millicent had primary use of the dungeon, Alex and Tira had played with the toys on offer when the dungeon was empty. Alex now had one chance to prove he could be a better Master. Okay, he’d accept being an equal to Rendol, but dammit, he’d win Millicent’s respectful acknowledgement of who was her true Master tonight. Her unconscious slip of calling him “Alex” told him she still didn’t consider him her Master. She would, and she wouldn’t get any cock shoved in her pretty pussy until she did.

Alex chuckled to himself. The Belgrade Wheel was his favorite toy, and his deal with Rendol had meant he got films of the different uses the device could be put to. The vids had given him a few ideas of his own.

The door to the dungeon slid aside as soon as he glanced at the retinal scan. Stars, he loved efficiency. The silicate structure had last been used as a horizontal surface, judging by its position as a tabletop. That would not do for his plans. Good thing it had voice recognition. His hands would soon be very full.

Millicent’s breath whooshed from her body as he dumped her unceremoniously into the center of the Belgrade Wheel. Her eyes went wild before she shut them, but she couldn’t hide her hardening dark nipples from him. The top came down and clamped her into place. Her nipples poked through the crystalline web like candy on display, waiting to be eaten.

His mouth watered, but self-control won. “Like this idea, do you? Good.” Alex turned to address the Wheel’s complex operations panel. Using the device properly was the equivalent of playing an ancient Earth device called a pipe organ. “Belgrade, rotate to vertical. Form position St. Andrew’s Cross medium.”

Millicent muttered something that sounded like, “Oh, shit.” Her ruined braids made a graceful arc while the Wheel spun her around until her back and buttocks were presented satisfactorily to him and the black whip he still held in his hand.

Novas and nebulae! He had a hard time maintaining a stern exterior. Alex swallowed his laughter and lust. He couldn't get rid of the erection pointing like a compass needle at his wife, but he could ignore it and hope Millicent didn't notice. Blindfold. That would help. He snatched one off the toy table and quickly covered Millicent's eyes. Being snatched bodily from a shower meant no chance to create a stern impression with clothing. He'd have to fake it to make it, as his wife was fond of saying.

Alex glanced to the left and checked the contents of the toy display on a green tabletop. Stimskin, fiber optic flogger, pleather flogger, several containers of clamps, a real bamboo cane, paddle, taser, and the single tail whip made of easily cleaned and sterilized pleather awaited his use. Reluctantly, Alex laid the dusty black single tail aside on a table near the door. It was dirty, and leather did not sterilize well. That was why it had been on display, unused. He didn't dare use it on a human for fear of infection. A shame, really.

Millicent wriggled and whimpered. Not that the Wheel gave her much room, but it did allow the captive to breathe freely. However, silicate would be cool to the touch until her body heat warmed it. Were her hardened nipples and curled toes simply because she was cold?

"Chilly, my love?" Alex picked up the stimskin and made use of its soft, furry side on Millicent's flesh. No, she wasn't cold, judging by the way his nostrils filled with the scent of aroused female. He anticipated ensuring she would be red-hot before he fucked her unconscious. His cock bobbed agreement.

Her breathing panted as the stimskin caressed her buttocks. "No..."

Alex flipped the stimskin to the static electric side and slapped it across one buttock cheek. "No, what?"

"No, Master! No, Master!"

The door behind him slammed open. Rendol strode in, carrying Tira over his shoulder. "Mind if we join you?"

Alex grinned and tossed Rendol the stimskin. "Please do."

Rendol winked. "All the way, then?"

Alex knew immediately what his host meant. Decision time. Stay on this lovely planet, or merely be guests for one more night?

Chapter 8

Millicent squirmed in the silicate structure of the Wheel and bit down on a scream of frustration. She had enough pride to refuse to ask Alex if he'd fucked the lovely Tira, but they didn't act like lovers. Tira's willingness to fight a larger, stronger opponent to protect Rendol indicated that was where her affections lay. Millicent's mind swirled with too many emotions -- guilt for her tantrum, worry if she'd caused irreparable damage to her chance of working here, and most of all absolute admiration for the way Alex had taken to Domination as if born to the role. He was magnificent, and Millicent wanted to fall to her knees and beg for his cock in any orifice on her body he chose. Her dreams were coming true.

The silence that followed Rendol's offer hung in the air like smoke, demanding to be noticed. Millicent couldn't see anything, but she could almost feel Alex weighing all the factors. Habitually, she would have decided and then told Alex, but now she knew how she'd emasculated him with her arrogance. This time, she'd let him make the choice, no matter how much she wanted to scream, "We're needed here! Let's stay!"

Just when the silence became unbearable, Alex's cheerful answer came. "Let's have one good bash of a Blue Dominant's party tonight, and..." His voice changed to a sensual purr she'd never heard before. "We'll see just how compatible all four of us really are."

Tina's voice whooped, but sounded muffled and breathless.

Rendol chuckled, but it sounded like a dying lizard. "I think I'd better put Tira down. Since you have the Wheel, I will use the whipping cube."

Millicent frowned and damned the blindfold. What was wrong with Rendol's voice? She hadn't hit him. He'd heard her request -- okay, demand -- politely excused himself, and locked himself in the bathroom before she'd realized his intentions.

She felt her lips move into a pout. Not like Alex and Tira. That rumpled bed was pretty damning. What the hell was wrong with her? Jealousy? Monogamy? Talk about being a throwback to the tribal ancestors she resembled. Idiot. This was the twenty-second century for Peace's sake. Next thing she knew she'd be dressing in a leopard pelt. Ick. She shuddered at the thought of putting a real animal skin on her body. Ewww.

Alex's lips brushed hers, sending tingles down her spine. Every sense but sight was heightened by the blindfold's presence. His breath teased her cheek; warm and soft like the ocean breezes on the beach. She hated the idea of going back to their cold, sterile satellite. Dammit, she was selling that place. If she could persuade Alex, they'd find a world with beaches and tropical sunsets. And pets. A cat or dog. Maybe both.

She could hear the sounds of the manacles as Tira was locked on the whipping frame. She could imagine the petite blonde strung up between the bars of the cube structure, forming the infamous frame, where up to five subs could be accommodated at once. Four on the outside, and one suspended on their back in the sling, which lay in the center. Lucky bitch would get the sling, no doubt. Millicent would have killed for a chance for Alex to use her while she lay on her back in midair, half spread eagled with only a half meter-wide strip of material to support her back. Tira had everything Millicent ever wanted.

Alex's hand in her hair snatched Millicent's awareness back to reality. He kissed her again. "Gone wit-wandering, baby? Should I remind you where your attention should be?"

Something small and cold brushed Millicent's nipples. She gasped. Nipple clamps? She prayed they weren't the little alligators with sharp teeth. She didn't dare beg for the screw-on types. Alex was feeling evil, judging by the sensual purr in his voice. That had to be what that sound meant. He was a full Dom. She whimpered. "On you, Master. Only on you."

He laid one clamp, the V-shaped kind she loved, on her left breast. "Correct. Good girl." He screwed the clamp down until Millicent squirmed. "What can I do to you?"

So this was a test of her submissive skills. She knew the correct answer, and gave him the full and complete reaction he desired. "Within the realm of my limits list, whatever Master desires."

He placed the second clamp against her breast. "What is your safeword, my love? I forgot to ask last night in my desire for you."

Millicent's breath hitched in little pants with every tightening of the screw. "Leopard, Master. My safeword is Leopard."

"Nice choice. That won't come up in any normal conversation." Alex's voice sank a little lower, and he licked one of her nipples. His chuckle at her shudder of pure pleasure was deep and just a little terrifying. "I've a present for you. Two, actually." His warm, soft mouth moved to nibble the other nipple, his teeth clicking once against the clamp. The sensation was incredible.

The correct answer was simply, "Thank you, Master." Millicent mouthed the words breathlessly, hardly able to speak. She cried out wordlessly when his mouth left her breast. The air chilled both nipples immediately.

"Belgrade, assume horizontal whipping horse position."

The wheel obeyed Alex's bark of command instantly, bending Millicent forward until she was in the same position as if she were bent over a horse's back, or even a thick, cushy chair. Only this time, she was supported from neck to knees with no danger of falling, and no need to support herself with her hands. Her braids, still decorated with the jeweled beads she'd worn to seduce Rendol, fell forward with a cascade of clicks.

From the direction of the frame came a gentle whisking sound Millicent associated with the use of the fiber flogger. Resembling the old horsehair floggers of the twentieth century, the modern version used optic fibers for a light show as well as warming the submissive's skin without harm. No mark would remain on Tira's skin,

but it would be pink and sensitive in a matter of a few minutes. Damn her. The bitch got all the good stuff. She was even still wearing the blue tail of the anal plug from her pony play.

Alex yanked off her blindfold. Not that it mattered. She had a lovely view of his bare feet and the warm golden color of the plascrete floor. Hey, he was naked. Millicent's altercation with Rendol had interrupted his sex with Tira. Good.

Millicent stole a glance through her braids at Alex's fully erect and rock hard cock when he moved away. It was clean. No evidence of dried female natural lubricant or protective gels. Millicent grinned and put her head back down. They'd been interrupted before penetration had occurred. She could have crowed in triumph, but wisely kept silent.

Alex's hand caressed her left buttock, to bring her attention to his presence behind her. "I made some things for you, darling." He stepped into her field of vision and moved her braids away so she could see the stunning gold fibers, topaz hilt stone, and lovingly replicated anal plug shimmering in the simulated candlelight of the dungeon. The tail was twice as long as Tira's, and would brush the floor if Millicent were upright. The artistry was stunning in its attention to detail.

Millicent's eyes flew open wide. The difference between her tail and Tira's was marked. Millicent's was twice as lovely as Tira's, and obviously crafted with Millicent's love of gold and topazes firmly in mind. She grinned as Alex laid it on the small of her back to warm before insertion.

Alex laid a rectangular box at his feet. Only a few inches deep, it was the kind of white virgin paper box only the wealthiest ever saw. He opened the box slowly, revealing on the green velvet cushioning a full set of golden filigree slave cuffs, collar, and delicate display chains. The kind of woven artistry once called Celtic knots formed the weave of the gold that was the collar and cuffs. It was like lacework, only sturdy enough to look good on Millicent's large frame.

The slap of flogger strips snapped from across the room. From her position, Millicent couldn't see the action, but it took no brains to figure out Rendol was flogging Tira.

Alex tenderly lifted Millicent's head and snapped the delicate filigree collar around her neck. "It's so much like a necklace, you need never take it off if you so desire, except to bathe. Sonic showers aren't good for soft gold."

Millicent studied those gorgeous blue eyes -- so like the ocean on this planet in color -- for signs she was first in his heart. She found love and tenderness there in amounts she'd never dreamed of, not even in her gentle mate. He wasn't so gentle now, was he, she laughed to herself. Here was the man she'd married so long ago, so brave when he defied the genetics board to marry her instead of breeding with another rare blonde.

Squeals rang out from the vicinity of the frame. "Master! Master! Please fuck me! Please! I can't stand it anymore. I've been without a cock for two weeks! Please, Master! I am punished! I am punished!"

Millicent's jaw fell open. From Tira's cries it became clear she'd been on chastity punishment long before they'd arrived. She looked at Alex for an answer.

"I don't know what her crime was, but it was sexual. She told me she was not permitted sex. Not that it mattered to me. I'm fixated on you anyway. She's too little to interest me. I'd be afraid to break little porcelain dolls like her. I like my partners able to keep up when I want to get acrobatic." He winked at Millicent. "Those nipple clamps can't stay on much longer without inhibiting your circulation. Are you ready to get fucked, my strong dark beauty?"

Millicent stuck her tongue out at Alex. "Bet you can't make me come first... Master."

Alex awarded her temerity with a smack on her buttocks. "Bet accepted."

A hum sounded behind her. Millicent tried to look through the crystalline structure of the Belgrade Wheel, but all she could see was Alex's bare feet. Dread and excitement simultaneously filled her. "What's that sound, Master?"

Alex placed a vibrating sensation near her ass. "This? Oh, just your tail, my darling. Get ready. Here it comes."

Oh, Peace take it. Her new tail vibrated as well as looked pretty. She was definitely going to lose, but what a way to go.

Slowly, Alex dragged the head of the plug until it nudged at her asshole. The slight coolness of the lube was a relief from the heat the vibrations caused. She was in heaven as it slid in, quivering everything below in delightful tremors.

Alex's cock filled her achingly wet pussy. At first, there was minor pain, and not the good kind, but the delicious feeling of being completely filled replaced that minor ache. Moreover, his cock vibrated since only a thin membrane separated it from the anal plug. With infinite care, Alex began to move, inch by inch, back and forth, with a true Dom's concern for the health and safety of the sub.

She wanted to scream, "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" Millicent now considered the possibility a submissive could die from sheer pleasure. Her mind floated off on ocean waves of orgasm. The last thing she remembered was Alex starting to pump.

In the floating world of subspace, Millicent lived an eternity of orgasmic pleasure. There was no pain. Given a choice between pain and pleasure, her brain had naturally chosen the good feelings. Smart brain.

Someone called her name, insistently. They weren't going to give up until she answered.

She pouted, reluctant to turn her attention from her happy flight. A sliver of chocolate slipped between her lips, adding to the multitude of wonderful ecstasy. A few drops of warm liquid -- coffee, she thought -- followed.

There it was again. Her name. Who called her? Alex. That's who it was. Alex, her husband. Her Master. Her love. Now she smiled and went willingly back to reality, just to be in his arms.

Alex cuddled her on that wonderful furry rug. He'd put her in his lap to lounge there like an oversized purring feline while he fed her chocolate, coffee, and bits of fruit until she was fully back in the here and now.

Rendol waited, performing similar services to Tira. Like Millicent, Tira draped all over Rendol's muscular thighs, as boneless as a tiny rag doll. "Have you decided to stay with us, Alex? Millicent? It must be both of you, or no deal."

Alex caressed Millicent tenderly and fed her another piece of chocolate. "If Millicent feels she's up to the challenge of providing your world with human services, then I'll be happy to move my studio here. I've found so much inspiration just in your sunsets and flora, I'll never have to refer to a historical artwork again."

Millicent was too spent to whoop, but she could smile and cuddle against Alex's chest. "I think we could be here in a month. Maybe less. I think I'll give our asteroid to a certain contractor I know. He's going to need a bigger office." Yeah, she owed him a big favor. She wondered if he did off-world work.

* * *

Tira waved goodbye and good journey to Alex and Millicent from her balcony. Once their transport was safely out of view, she pinned up her hair and threw on her lab coat. She had much to do, including the repairs of two doorways and a security bot. A short elevator ride down, and she was in the nerve center of the entire planet.

Rendol sat in his chair in the command center booth, supervising the entire operations center below on the cavernous floor. All was going well, and the hum of the electronics and computers sang a song only she understood. Rendol swung around in his chair. "They are gone?"

Tira grinned and ruffled his thick hair. "Yes, lover mine. Are you ready?"

Rendol took her hand from his hair and kissed it. "Yes, all is in readiness. Operations going on automatic in... 3... 2... 1."

The lights on the main floor went out, and those few humanoid figures in chairs froze in place, their electronic brains on standby. All their eyes flashed yellow, indicating operational readiness when the new batch of tourists arrived in a few days. Delos was in his clear case, recharging.

"You'll have to tell them eventually." Rendol reached under the desk and handed her the thick recharging cord. "Would you mind?"

Tira gave his hair one last caress and flipped open his left ear. The plug slid into place. "That I'm the only human running this complex full of self-aware androids? I know. I'm sure once Millicent repairs my human relations screw-ups, we'll have humans on the planet again. I'm just better working with androids."

"See you in a few days, Tira. Turn me on if you need me." Rendol's eyes turned yellow, and he froze in place with his hands at the ready on the keyboard.

Tira sighed, turned off the lights, and picked up her tool case. "One security bot, two doorways, and then I can go sleep on the beach." She looked up into the sky she couldn't see this far underground. "Hurry, Alex and Millicent. I'm so lonely."

Lena Austin

Lena Austin is a “fallen” society wench with a checkered past. She’s been a licensed minister, hairdresser, realtor, radio DJ, exotic dancer, telephone service tech, live-steel medievalist swordswoman, BDSM Mistress, and investment property manager. Not necessarily in that order. She never finished that degree in archaeology, but did learn to scuba. After a life like that, gardening is pretty restful. Of herself, Lena writes, “I’m tall, presently red-haired, and I look like an unholy mating between an Amazon and a librarian.” Visit Lena’s website at <http://lena.realmsoflove.com/>