

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Strength  
in *Numbers*

MANDY M. ROTH

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

## **Strength in Numbers**

*Mandy M. Roth*

Born into a life of sexual servitude and trained to please men, Sempia believes her fate is sealed—her virginity auctioned off to the highest bidder then life as a sex slave. She never dreamed her childhood sweetheart would resurface in her hour of need...or that he would be the winning bidder.

Now a seasoned warrior, Eterin is nothing like the boy she remembers—he's all man and wants to possess her at all costs. But much has changed in the years they've been apart. Eterin has a new man in his life—one who wants to share them both. Sempia finds herself at the mercy of two incredibly hot and horny intergalactic outlaws who are dangerously close to stealing her heart.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Strength in Numbers

ISBN 9781419926976

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Strength in Numbers Copyright © 2010 Mandy M. Roth

Edited by Sue-Ellen Gower

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication April 2010

The terms Romantica® and Quickies® are registered trademarks of Ellora's Cave Publishing.

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means, electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

# ***STRENGTH IN NUMBERS***

**Mandy M. Roth**

### *Dedication*

Dear readers, thank you for all of your support through the years. This story is a venture away from my normal, containing themes not usually found within my works. I hope you enjoy Eterin, Sempia and Pataryio as much as I have.

To Suz, for helping bring so very many of my stories to life. Thank you.

## **Chapter One**

The thunderous roars of the crowd shook the very ground she stood upon. So many had gathered to lay witness to the evening's festivities, celebrating the coming of the equinox, that it was nearly impossible to get an accurate head count. Varying moons surrounding the planet held their themed tributes for the festival. The moon she was on was for one purpose and one purpose only – sex. All Sempia was sure of was that she was the starring act on this night. It was she, a prized virgin from a line of sex slaves, who was to be auctioned off to the right bidder. Her hymen would be broken by the winning bidder and her slave note would then belong to him as well.

The entry of a sex slave onto the market and the taking of her virginity was a show many sought to see. They took great pleasure in watching the slave be serviced by many before vaginal insertion occurred by the man who would be her keeper. Much time and effort went into the preparation of the event and additional sex slaves were used to add bodies to the mix, increasing the show's appeal. They were ones who had reached a certain status among coliseum goers. In some odd way, they had become celebrities of sorts to many. She could only dream of achieving such a status. It would take her many years of sexual servitude in an arena setting to win over the crowds in such a way. The odds of the person who purchased her note allowing her to continue in such a venue were slim. Most sex slaves were purchased for personal use and to be used to service the needs of those close to the owner.

Already the act, which would highlight with the taking of her virginity, was underway. She wasn't involved in the beginning portions of it. The crowd-pleasing regulars were used to get the masses eager for more and on the edges of their seats. She had to admit, they did their duty well. From her vantage point, just off from the staging

area, the crowd appeared very pleased. They seemed taken with one of the alien species brought in to spice things up. It was hard to blame them.

Sempia tried to look away but couldn't as the Mantovian alien stood before the women in the ring. He was unlike anything she'd ever seen before. He had a row of four cocks between his legs, lined up vertically. They seemed to have a life of their own. Each one moving in a different direction, like tentacles. There was no mistaking the mushroom-shaped head on each of them. The rest of the Mantovian's body was a pale shade of blue, most likely having something to do with the fact they originated from Planet Mantovia, which was almost entirely covered in crystal-blue water.

She could barely make out the gills on the man's neck even though she was well aware the species possessed them. He resembled a humanoid and apparently had close enough DNA to get him into the event, as all attending had to be screened for compatibility. Still, she wasn't sure what he intended to do with four cocks.

The women in the ring with him dropped to their knees as he cracked the whip he held over their head. The sound of it snapping in the air made Sempia jerk. She was next. It was her destiny to please others, to offer her body for their pleasures while her master collected a hefty sum for her efforts. She had been born into sexual servitude and was now of age to accept her destiny.

The Mantovian held a woman's head with his free hand while she slid her mouth over one of his cocks. The other cocks stroked her face and she brought her hands up to grasp two more.

Another woman entered the ring and the crowd went wild with cheers. She wore a sheer white tunic and kept her head bent as she neared the Mantovian. He struck out with his whip, slashing the tunic from her but leaving her skin unmarred. The crowd gasped.

He motioned for her to come to him. She obeyed, dropping next to the other woman and taking one of his cocks into her mouth.

The women stayed in that position, sucking and humming slightly as the Mantovian tipped his head back and cried out. Blue cum jetted forth from two of his exposed cocks and it was easy to see the women's throats convulsing as they drank down his offering.

The Mantovian snapped his whip again and the women pulled back. He dropped to the ground and lay on his back. He whispered something only the women could hear and they immediately straddled him, one in front of the other. As they sank down onto his cocks, Sempia noticed that a shaft went in each of their pussies and their asses.

Her cunt began to drip, the urge great to feel what it was like to be filled completely. Her breath hitched as she traced a line down the front of her tunic. As her nipples peaked, she fought the urge to reach down and pleasure herself. Her time was soon to come. She too would know what it was like to be taken. It was a moment she had waited many years for.

The show continued, with the women riding the Mantovian. The crowd watched, as enraptured as Sempia. Her gaze flickered over the crowd long enough to see several had taken to pleasing the person next to them. Some handled their own needs while others simply stared at the show.

A large, muscular man with a tawny sheen to him walked out and into the ring. The man stepped over the Mantovian, putting his bare ass towards the first girl riding the Mantovian, and stared down at the alien.

For a moment, Sempia could scarcely believe her eyes as the man sank down to a seated position on the alien and then leaned forward, putting his cock in the Mantovian's face. The alien opened his mouth and took the man deep. The woman closest to the man inched upward and began licking the man's ass, working her long tongue for all to see her fucking his anus with it as he in turn fucked the alien's mouth.

Someone touched Sempia's shoulder, causing her to jump slightly.



"Go," a deep voice said. The very sound of it made her already wet pussy weep. She shuddered as she moved forward, the owner of the voice keeping his hand locked on her shoulder.

He ushered her out and the crowd roared. She stilled as she tried to figure out how she could possibly fit into the equation. Everyone had someone.

The man behind her seized hold of her tunic and ripped it from her body. The action was hard and hurt. Cool air struck her already swollen nipples. He took the tunic and wrapped it around her neck tight enough to act as a lead but not tight enough to harm her. He shoved and she went forward, coming to a halt at the head of the Mantovian.

"She is here," her keeper stated.

The man getting his cock sucked by the Mantovian pulled free and sat back in a seated position on the alien's chest. A sly smile spread over his face as he motioned for Sempia to sit. She went to but he held up his hand.

"No, with your back to me, *beauty*. You have been gifted to another. He will be the one to break your barrier. It will be his cock which soaks in the blood of your innocence." He licked his lips. "I shall take your virgin ass instead."

Sempia gulped, her cheeks flaring red as the crowd stood, stomping their feet and shouting for her to be claimed fully. She tried to look at the man who had hold of the tunic around her neck but he pressed on her head.

"Get down," he said, his voice full of authority.

She obeyed, averting her gaze as she sank to a seated position. Something cold traced the edges of her cunt and she realized it was the Mantovian's tongue. The man pushing on her head chuckled as she stiffened. "Be still, innocent one, he is merely preparing your pussy for me. I am not a small man and you must be ready to receive me."

The Mantovian pulled his tongue free of her cunt and slipped it into her ass before she could think too hard upon it. At first, it was strange, feeling something cool and wet

buried in her ass, but soon heat began to build and she found herself rocking on his face, careful not to put too much pressure on the alien.

The man behind her let out a soft laugh as he pulled her free of the Mantovian's tongue. Something large and round pressed against the cleft of her ass. The man before her grabbed her chin and yanked on the tunic around her neck. She kept her gaze down, as a large, ruddy cock appeared before her, she knew what was expected of her. She licked the tip of the cock before opening her mouth to take as much of him as she could.

"More," he whispered. "You can accommodate more. Relax your throat."

She did as he instructed and he slid in to the point he touched the back of her throat. Tears welled in her eyes even though she felt no pain. She bit down slightly as he began to move in and out. He hissed and for a second she assumed she'd injured him.

He yanked on the tunic once more. "Rake your teeth on my cock again, innocent one."

Sempia followed his orders. White-hot pain shot through her lower half as the man behind her shoved his cock deep into her virgin ass. The Mantovian pushed his tongue against her clit and began licking it quickly, chasing away the pain and giving way to pleasure.

She sucked harder on the cock in her mouth. As the man's balls drew up, he pulled on the tunic, forcing his cock deep in her throat. He yelled something that sounded remarkably like a battle cry as hot cum jetted into her mouth and down her throat. The man fucking her ass slammed into her, his cum releasing as well.

Sempia was on the cusp of an orgasm. A tiny whimper escaped her lips as both men withdrew their cocks.

No.

She wanted more. Needed more. The pressure inside her needed to be free.

"She is ready, my lord," the man who had claimed her ass said.

"Yes, my lord, she is most certainly ready," said the Mantovian.

"Very well." He jerked on the tunic. "You may look upon me as I claim your barrier."

She obeyed, looking up into the face of a ghost.

*Eterin?*

It couldn't be.

Eterin, the boy she had known and who held a special place in her heart as a child, was now a man. A gorgeous man. Long waves of silken black hair hung over his shoulders. Gone was the skinny boy with mischief in his eyes. Now he was toned, powerful and held a gleam of desire in his blue gaze. Long scars marred an otherwise perfect chest and Sempia couldn't help but reach out and run her fingers over one. It was clear he was a warrior. One of the elite by the looks of the markings on his inner wrists. "Who hurt you?"

His gaze flickered and he yanked on the tunic. "Lay back."

"Eter—"

He jerked once more, cutting her words off. The man who had been behind her moved off the Mantovian and Sempia lay back on the Mantovian's chest. One of the women still riding the alien reached over Sempia's head and cupped her breasts before leaning down to capture her mouth.

The woman pinched Sempia's nipples and twisted enough to send pain through Sempia. Something cool and wet slid into her ass and she knew then that the Mantovian's tongue was once again inside her. The woman continued her sensual kiss, tweaking her nipples as she went.

Eterin's heavy weight moved onto her and Sempia tried to break the kiss to look upon him but the woman refused. He pressed the head of his cock to her wet pussy and

stilled. The woman tweaking her nipples pulled away and began to ride the Mantovian once more.

Sempia glanced up and into Eterin's eyes. Something tickled the back of her mind and she blinked.

*Soon it will be just you and me, Sempia. You must not reveal you know me.*

Her eyes widened. Had Eterin truly spoke in her mind?

She gave him a questioning look.

Nodding, he bent down and kissed her full lips.

*Yes, it is me you hear, innocent one. It is not safe for me to speak aloud to you. They will steal you away should they realize who I am to you.*

The man who had claimed her ass moved in behind Eterin. Eterin's gaze darted away as the man behind him licked his fingers. The man moved his hand downward and Sempia was unable to see what he was doing. As the man aligned himself with Eterin's back, she had a fairly good idea. The man was planning on claiming Eterin's ass as well.

The man thrust into Eterin, who in turn rammed into her, breaking her virgin barrier and sending slight discomfort throughout her body. The feeling washed away quickly, making room for pleasure. His lips crashed onto hers and his tongue darted in, finding hers and mating with it as he continued to pump into her cunt. It continued for what felt like forever, Eterin in her pussy, the other man buried deep in his ass and the Mantovian tongue-fucking her anus.

The Mantovian was the first to cry out, pulling his tongue free from her. The women riding him were next. Each one sounding as if they'd found their release. The man behind Eterin followed, slamming into Eterin so hard that it felt as if she'd be ripped in two.

Eterin changed his pace, rotating his hips in a way that left her clit exposed to him. Each swipe past it left Sempia gasping for air. The moment he rooted himself within her

and let his seed spill, her orgasm struck, causing her legs to numb at first before tingling. Her pussy clenched his cock, milking it for all it was worth.

“Ah yes,” he ground out through gritted teeth.

*You are and will forever remain mine. They cannot take that from us. They will announce my ownership of you shortly. Once that is complete, we will leave this godsforsaken moon. I have waited long to have you, Sempia.*

*Own me?*

*His gaze stayed locked on hers. They intended to sell your title to another, leaving you to be a slave to a cruel master. One who would beat you as well as use you to sate his needs. He also intended to force you to work off his debts by fucking those he owed. When news of you and what they planned for you found me, I came at once.*

The man behind Eterin pulled free and stood, yanking Eterin with him. The loss of his cock in her pussy left Sempia reaching for him, needing him back where he belonged, deep within her.

The man lifted Eterin’s arm in the air and then used his free hand to point to Eterin’s cock. It was tinged with blood – her virgin blood. Sempia watched in awe as the crowd went wild and the blood seemed to soak into Eterin’s cock.

“Pataryio,” Eterin said, looking at the man holding his arm up. “I claim my prize, the female to be my personal sex slave.”

Pataryio nodded and his gaze moved to Eterin’s ass. “I told you I would one day know the feel of you as I found release within you. Did I not?”

Something dark passed over Eterin’s face. “Yes, you did. Now I wish for you to acknowledge my prize.”

“Patience, my lord.” Pataryio put his hand out to Sempia and she took it. He pulled her to her feet and cupped her chin. “I found her to be most delightful. I am not so sure we should let her go so easily. I had no idea a virgin could fuck as well as she. She was certainly trained properly.”

“Pataryio,” Eterin said, his tone warning.

Sempia stared at Eterin, her chin beginning to wobble as her chest tightened. She'd been raised with the knowledge she would do nothing more than please audiences who came to watch a sex show before going off to be a personal sex slave for someone, but the moment Eterin revealed himself to her she wanted no one other than him.

Pataryio winked as he leaned in close and pressed his mouth to her ear. "Worry not, beauty. I am merely here to assure it looks real."

The owner of the arena and the man currently in charge of her slip came forth. They talked amongst themselves, seeming to argue at first before nodding. The club owner neared the microphone. "Ownership of slave number 763-A has been transferred in accordance to policy 2190."

Eterin neared her, sweeping her up and off her feet. "Then she is mine."

"She is," the owner of the arena said, giving the man with her slip a shove. "Give him the slip."

Reluctantly, the man did.

Eterin seized hold of the slip and motioned with his head to Pataryio. "Now, we go."

"Of course, my lord." Pataryio bowed to the women and the Mantovian. "It was certainly a pleasure."

"Pataryio," Eterin scolded, whisking her out of the arena in the direction of the exit.

## **Chapter Two**

"Remain here," Eterin instructed. "Do not move. We must ensure the vessel is ready for takeoff and that we have not been discovered."

He and Pataryio ran off, leaving her in the dimly lit corner of the hall. She backed up, reaching for a piece of tapestry upon the wall. Anything she could use to cover herself. So much had happened so fast that she could scarcely wrap her mind around it. She eyed the preparation room, knowing clothing resided within. Quickly, she crossed the hall to the room and pushed the door open. Varying lengths of material of all colors were thrown about. She selected red silk and wrapped it around her body, fastening it with golden cord under her breasts and around her waist. She stepped before the mirror and did her best to tame her wild tresses.

As she turned to exit the room and return to the hall, she spotted the man who had been reluctant to hand over her note of ownership. His dark gaze locked on her. Anger flashed over his face. "What a pretty little whore," he said.

She took a tiny step back, bumping the mirror. "I should go. My master awaits me."

"Your master?" he mocked, moving toward her. His hand went to his side, just under his toga. A glint of sliver flashed and she knew he was armed. "Because he fucked you, that makes him your master?"

She pressed herself to the mirror. "Because he owns my note, sir."

He snickered, still coming toward her, crowding her space. She thought of calling out for help, but fear that something would happen to Eterin as a result of her foolishness kept her lips sealed tight. She would take whatever punishment was laid out before her if it kept Eterin safe.

The man lifted the dagger, putting it close to her face. "You were to be mine. I'd been planning for months to purchase you. What will he say to his *goods* being

damaged, huh? What will he think of his pretty little whore bearing scars upon her face?" He pressed the tip of the dagger to her cheek, his eyes holding madness. "Will he still want you then?"

"Yes," Eterin said, his voice booming through the room. "I will."

"I'd step away from her if I were you," Pataryio added, sounding almost amused with the ordeal, as if it happened on a regular basis. Perhaps it did. "I've watched the man kill for less reason than you're giving him now. Harm that beauty before you and your end will come in the form of long, drawn-out torture at the hands of a skilled warrior and assassin. Oh, and I'll lend a hand too because where is the fun in not?"

The man stayed close to her, still pressing the dagger to her face. "She was to be mine. You had no right to her."

"I am the *only* man who has rights to her," Eterin said, sounding calm yet fierce.

"She is a trained whore," the man snapped harshly, spittle flying about.

"She is my whore now," Eterin returned. The pain of his words was greater than any the man before her could inflict. Tears welled but she held tight to them, refusing to show weakness.

*Sempia*, Eterin said, his voice pushing through her mind. *On my mark, drop down and tuck into a tiny ball.*

"I will not," she stated firmly, still hurt by his proclamation.

The man before her tipped his head curiously. "You will not what, whore?"

Rage and a good deal of hurt consumed her as she stomped on the man's foot before driving her knee up and into his groin. Her years in training had taught her much more than just how to please a man. They had taught her how to cause him the greatest pain as well. He doubled over and she reached for the mirror, tugging hard upon it until it gave way and fell upon the man. He crashed with it to the floor and she stood above him, glaring down, a hand going to her hip. "Have you anything to say now, sir? Wish to call me a whore again?"



"I think I like her," Pataryio said with a snort. "A lot."

"Silence," Eterin bellowed. "Sempia, come quickly. His guards will notice his absence and seek him out."

She crossed her arms under her breasts, holding her ground. If she were going to throw caution to the wind and run off with a man from her past rather than the one who had intended to purchase her, she was going to make sure he heard her speak her mind at least once. "I will do no such thing. You are not the boy I once knew."

"You're right," he acknowledged. "I am a man."

"One I find myself not liking very much at the moment," she returned with a look of indignation.

"Sempia?" Eterin asked, appearing taken aback by her behavior. He moved forward, assuring the man and his knife were truly separated. He hoisted the man up and tossed him toward the wall as if he were no more than a sack of dry goods. When he turned his gaze upon her, it was heated. "Did I not tell you to wait in the hallway? Were my instructions not clear enough for you? Should I have used smaller words for your feeble mind to wrap around?"

Pataryio lifted a hand in an attempt to stop what was going on. "Boss, I think she wanted to get dressed."

"Where she is going she needs no garments," Eterin said sharply. "She only needs to understand how to please me. For that, she does not require clothing."

"You don't mean that," Pataryio protested, casting a sympathetic look in her direction. "You're upset with her and you were afraid *for* her when you saw him with a knife to her. Don't lash out at her because of that."

"Mind your tongue and your own affairs," Eterin returned. His expression was hard. Unreadable. "This is between me and my purchased companion."

Sempia lowered her head, the fight leaving her body. Eterin had promised long ago to come for her, to take her from a life of servitude, only to be the very man who in the

end enslaved her. She began to loosen the cords holding the cloth to her body. If he wished her to be attired in nothing then so be it.

Strong hands clamped over hers. "Leave it."

"As you wish, master," she said, refusing to look upon him.

Eterin lifted a hand and grazed a knuckle over her cheek. The act was tender, unlike his words had been. "Sempia."

She continued to stare at her feet, unwilling to face him. "Yes, master?"

"Well, you went and did it now," Pataryio offered from the sidelines. "You bitched and moaned nonstop about what she was going through, about what she'd be forced to do for her master once purchased and then you become the very thing you hated. Glad we spent all this time and money for you to be a complete and utter space cack."

"Pataryio," Eterin stated coldly. "Wait for us in the vessel."

"Or what? You'll treat me like a slave too?" Pataryio stormed past his friend and offered a hand to Sempia. "Come on, beauty. I promise to be civil to you and you have my word being with us is better than being with the other guy."

She couldn't help but glance at Eterin. "Is it?"

He tensed, his lips drawn tight.

She placed her hand in Pataryio's, allowing him to lead her from the room. He moved quickly, just shy of jogging down the long hall and past the guards stationed at the event. He thumbed backward toward Eterin when the guards raised a brow at their sudden appearance. "He carries her note."

Sempia stayed close to him, fearful the guards would somehow refuse her exit. They stepped aside, permitting passage. Pataryio kept hold of her hand as he weaved through the crowds of people on the moon's surface. The Mantovian they'd been intimate with was there, putting his mark upon people's personal handhelds. He was famous in their eyes—the star of the show. One of the people near him spotted Sempia and came toward her, halting Pataryio's progress.

"May I have your marks?" the man asked.

"We fucked her," Eterin said, his voice thundering around them. "It was not mark-worthy."

Sempia gasped and Pataryio pulled her into his embrace before moving her past the man requesting her autograph. He kept her tucked in near him until they were to the docking stations. He made his way to a vessel that was medium-sized and appeared to be in good condition. "This way, beauty."

She boarded the vessel and turned to find Eterin stepping onto the ramp.

Pataryio leaned in close to her. "We could leave him. Would serve him right and teach him one hell of a lesson."

She giggled softly, hiding it quickly before Eterin stepped into the vessel. He closed the doors behind him and stood facing her. He held his head high. "I spoke without thinking. Forgive me."

"For which time, master?" she asked, her voice like syrup. "For the bit about me being your whore, your paid companion or for the remark on how utterly unworthy fucking me was?"

He winced.

Pataryio chuckled. "I'll get us out of here. You can stay with her and try to make this right. Good luck."

Eterin grunted and the next thing Sempia knew, his mouth was over hers. His kiss was rough, demanding. She whimpered and pushed at his chest even though she didn't really want him to stop. He seemed to read her actions as such because he tugged at her hair, forcing her head back more as his tongue commanded hers. When he was done, she was limp in his arms. He held tight to her, caressing her back gently.

"I was..." he paused a moment, "concerned for your safety when you were not where I last left you, and when I found the other attempting to harm you, I lost myself."

My temper loosened my tongue and lies fell forth from it. I crossed a universe for you, Sempia, and I would gladly do so again."

She whimpered against him, their gazes colliding. "Eterin?"

He put his forehead to hers. "Forgive me for my foolishness."

"You came for me," she whispered, kissing his lips tenderly.

He kneaded her hips with his hands. "Sempia, nothing could keep me from you."

"Because I am your whore?" she asked with a teasing note in her voice.

He actually blushed slightly.

She gave him a quick peck on the lips. "Eterin, I am honored to be yours."

## **Chapter Three**

Eterin leaned against the wall of his chamber aboard his personal vessel, watching as Sempia slept. So beautiful, her long hair spread out around her and her breasts rising and falling with each breath she took. His cock vividly recalled the feel of her cunt and hardened. He slipped a hand beneath his loincloth and stroked his shaft. When she was fully rested, he would enter her again and claim each hole as his own. No man but he would ever lie with his woman again.

Pride welled.

He had done as he set out to. Months ago when word reached him of the plans set forth for Sempia upon completion of her training, he embarked on a mission to find her. The desire to do so had been present for years prior but it had taken him longer to establish a name for himself than planned. A skilled warrior, trained by the best, he'd used what he'd been taught to start his own intergalactic bodyguard agency. They protected those others wouldn't. The high-risk clients. The crew he'd put together consisted of wanted felons and ex-warriors such as himself.

Pataryio had been part of the business from the start. In all their years together, the man had had to listen to Eterin go on and on about the woman who stole his heart long ago when he was but a child. There wasn't a detail that Eterin could recall of Sempia that he'd not shared with this best friend and trusted comrade. He'd painted a vivid picture of her with words, and when the time came for him to act, Pataryio never batted an eye. He agreed to help.

Sempia turned on her side and her shift lifted high, revealing a thigh to him. He continued to stroke his cock lazily, his gaze trapped on the sight of her upper leg. Everything about the woman drove him mad with lust and need. She had the body of a

goddess sent down to tempt mortal men. He fisted his cock, working it, up and down, slow then fast. He wanted more. Needed more.

He needed her.

He moved closer. "Sempia, wake. I wish to enter you."

Her eyelids opened slowly. "Eterin?"

"Yes." He climbed onto the bed. "Are you too sore to receive me?"

Her eyes widened and she touched her backside, swallowing hard.

He grinned. "As much as I wish to know the feel of your ass, I understand you will require more time. I would very much like to enter you here," he said, his hand going to her pussy. He dipped a finger into her wet, tight core.

"You are my master," she stated. "You do not have to ask permission. I'm yours to do with as you please."

Using his free hand, he touched under her chin, forcing her gaze higher. "Sempia, because I own your slip does not mean I own you. I only took hold of the note to protect you and to ensure you were with me. By universe laws, you are not permitted to be a free woman unless you have served ten terms or are wed to a man who grants you independence." He held his tongue about his plans to marry her at the first sanctioned docking station they reached for refueling. She would be his wife—of that he had no question.

"It's been a long time," she whispered. There was something amiss with her stare. "Since we last saw one another. I know you promised back then to come back for me, but, Eterin, we were only children. I never thought you'd really come."

"I keep my promises, Sempia." He dipped his head, his lips meeting hers. His kiss was slow at first, tender, as he suspected she needed. "I will wait until you are fully ready for me." With that, he slid off the bed and her tiny hand darted out, grabbing his wrist.

"No. Stay with me, Eterin. Please." She stared up at him with desperate eyes. "I want you. I've always wanted you. I just don't understand why you would risk so much for me. That's all. You're a warrior of the first class. You can have any woman you want. Why select me? A lowly slave?"

Anger rippled through him. "You are not a lowly slave! You are Sempia. *My* Sempia. I will kill those who put such foolish thoughts in your head."

She slid her palm over his abs. "Eterin, please. Lay with me. I wish to feel your cock in me again. It gave me much pleasure before."

Sweeter words she could not have spoken.

He hooked an arm around her waist and when he rolled back onto the bed, he did so in a manner that left her pinned below him. He smiled as surprise lit her beautiful face. "Are you at least pleased to see me, Sempia?"

Her mouth formed an "O" as she cupped his face with her hands. "Words cannot even describe what it is I feel for you."

They could but Eterin knew neither was quite ready to say them just yet. When he'd been but a boy he'd told her often of his love for her. It was innocent then, as were they. When he'd left and took up arms as a warrior for the Intergalactic Federation of Planets, or IFP for short, he'd worried he'd lost his ability to feel any emotion beyond rage. He'd lived for the next thrill, the next kill, the next danger. His sword had become his most trusted companion and he'd lost himself in the lifestyle. All the while thoughts of Sempia lay just below the surface, forever there to keep him going.

Now, here she was, with him, as it should be.

A knock sounded at his chamber door. He didn't move. "What?"

"It is I," Pataryio called.

Eterin relaxed somewhat. "You may enter."

He made no move to roll off Sempia. When her legs seemed to ease automatically around his waist, he grinned.

Pataryio entered. "Ah, busy already, I see."

"What do you want?" Eterin asked, glancing over his shoulder at his long-time friend.

"I was curious as to how our woman was doing."

*Our woman?*

Eterin growled and rolled off Sempia, suddenly toe-to-toe with Pataryio. "She is mine. I was clear on as much prior to the mission. Yes?"

Pataryio's smile was cocky to say the least. "Eterin, we've spent how long on back-to-back missions, with no chance for release? While you may enjoy living the lifestyle of a monk, I do not."

Eterin recalled all too well what it was like to have Pataryio's cock in his ass. While Pataryio was open and vocal about his preferences including both sexes, Eterin had preferred only women. He'd needed Pataryio's assistance in rescuing Sempia and agreed to the terms laid forth by the man—allow him free access to his body during the show to make it as believable as possible.

Pataryio's mood had been light, almost giddy in the weeks leading up to the rescue mission. He'd continued to give Eterin advice on receiving a man and on giving pleasure in return. He'd also gone as far as to give Eterin a butt plug so he could prepare himself accordingly. Thankfully, he'd done as much.

Pataryio entered the chamber more, his gaze going to Sempia. "You look lovely, my beauty. How are you settling in? Do you want for anything?"

She put her hand toward Eterin. "I want for him so much my body aches."

Eterin inhaled deeply, shocked and proud at her declaration. He opened his mouth to comment but Pataryio reached out, skimming his hand over his lower abs.

"I know the feeling, beauty. I am teased with glimpses of his body and often we are the only two living souls upon this vessel for months at a time," he said. "Do you know he only permitted me to touch him in the manner in which I wanted because of you?"



Sempia slid her legs off the bed and came directly to Eterin. She touched his chest lightly, her fingers scorching his skin. "Did you not enjoy what transpired?"

A knot formed in his throat. He considered lying but held back. "I enjoyed it."

"More than he cares to admit, I think," Pataryio added. He stepped back. "I shall go and leave the happy couple be."

Sempia grabbed for his arm. "Pataryio, thank you for assisting him in coming for me. And do not think I'm too blind to see your feelings for him are much like my own. You love him too, don't you?"

*Love?*

Eterin remained still, unsure what to say or do.

Pataryio bent his head. "Yes, but his heart is yours and yours alone, my lady. I can see why. You are a great beauty, and from what I have seen of you thus far, your inside is as warm as your out."

Sempia took hold of Eterin's hand and placed it upon Pataryio's forearm. She looked between the men and then tugged at Eterin's shoulder, encouraging him to bend to meet her mouth. He did and the kiss was explosive. Hands were suddenly everywhere and it took him a second to realize more than just Sempia's hands were upon his body.

He tensed and Sempia increased her kiss, forcing him to relax.

Someone rubbed his chest, following the ridges of each muscle. The action made his cock lengthen. Soft, tender hands encased his shaft as best they could and he knew those belonged to Sempia.

Eterin caressed her body with one hand, his other roaming to Pataryio. He hated admitting to himself that he got pleasure out of touching his friend, but he did. Pataryio took hold of his hand, guiding it down his washboard abs to his loincloth. He pushed the cloth aside as if daring Eterin to go further.

He did.

He took hold of Pataryio's cock and stroked it while spearing Sempia's pussy with his other hand. She whimpered in his mouth and clung to him. Pataryio's cock leaked in his hand and the added juice provided lubrication for Eterin to continue to stroke the man. Eterin tugged on Pataryio's cock gently, pulling him closer. He turned his head with the intent to look his friend in the eye. When Pataryio's lips found his, Eterin tensed.

Sempia caressed his chest, kissing it, nibbling on it.

He opened his mouth to Pataryio and surrendered to the kiss. He fingered Sempia more, wanting to sink his cock into her, needing release and soon. Pataryio's kiss was teasing in nature and brought a smile to his friend's face.

"May I sample her?" Pataryio asked, glancing towards Sempia's cunt.

"No," he responded gruffly. "She is mine."

A lazy grin happened upon her as she stared up at him. "Do you not share your toys, master?"

His pulse raced. A part of him did enjoy watching as Pataryio had fucked Sempia's ass. He hated admitting as much out loud. For so long he'd envisioned them together—just the two of them. Pataryio had not been part of his plan but the idea of sending the man away caused a feeling of unease to spread through Eterin.

Sempia leaned up, kissing his scars. "Master, let us love you."

"No," he said sharply, catching her wrists. "I am not your master."

"Eterin," Pataryio whispered. "She plays an erotic game with you. No more. No less. Give her this. I believe you want to." He kissed Eterin's shoulder. "It is simply a game. One we will all enjoy. Will you play?"

"Will you touch her?" he asked, his voice deep.

"It would appear not," Pataryio said. "Though I greatly wish to know what it feels like to be in a woman with such love in her heart as to agree to share her man with another."

Eterin looked down at Sempia. She truly loved him still after all this time?

The answer was there upon her face.

Yes. She did.

"Would it please you to receive him?" he asked.

She blushed and nodded. "I would like for him to enter me and for you to enter him. I think he would like it as well."

"He would," Pataryio replied with a grin. "Very much so."

A moment of protest danced upon the tip of Eterin's tongue. He swallowed it away as he stared at his friend, noting every ripple of muscle, remembering what it was like to have him buried deep within his ass. He cock twitched and he exhaled slowly. "Do not lay your seed in her, Pataryio. That is for me to do and me alone. Are we clear?"

"We are," his friend said, easing between Sempia and him.

Eterin stepped back, permitting the man to touch his woman. Pataryio eased Sempia onto the bed. Eterin almost stopped everything as jealousy threatened him but he maintained control, shifting his focus to Pataryio's back. Eterin ran his fingers over it, gliding them down, to the top of his ass.

Pataryio crawled over Sempia on the bed, dipping his head low, burying his face between Sempia's legs. He reached back with one hand, stroking Eterin's cock. He moaned into her pussy and then lifted his head. "She tastes of the gods."

"Soon enough, I will know," Eterin stated evenly.

Pataryio glanced down the length of him, to his cock. "Use the lubrication in the side drawer and then you may do with me as you wish, *Master*."

Sempia giggled before Pataryio returned to his task at hand—his face in her cunt. Doing as instructed, Eterin retrieved the lubrication and spread it liberally upon his cock. With a force that surprised him, he ripped Pataryio's loincloth from his body before doing the same to his own. Sempia cried out, her legs wrapping around

Pataryio's head. He chuckled into her pussy as Eterin eased up behind him, aligning his cock head just right with his ass.

He pushed in gently at first, the feel so tight he nearly came. Animal instinct seemed to overtake him and he thrust in deep. Pataryio came up fast, panting, moving his body against Eterin's before sliding up and over Sempia. Pataryio then shoved into Sempia, causing her to moan sweetly. It took a moment but their thrusts fell into rhythm, each pumping at the same time. Grunts and groans filled the room as did the heady smell of sex. Satisfaction coursed through his veins, igniting his thrusts. With a roar, Eterin slammed into Pataryio, his cock jerking with release.

Pataryio panted and pushed back, shaking his head. "Let me up. Quickly!"

Eterin did, just as Pataryio splashed seed upon Sempia's stomach. The look of rapture on her face said she too had found bliss in it all. She reached up, first touching Pataryio's lips and then Eterin's. "Can we do that again, very soon, but switch?"

Laughter erupted from the men.

"Your wench is saucy and demanding," Pataryio said, tracing a finger through his cum upon her stomach.

"That she is," Eterin admitted, nodding his head toward the bathing chambers aboard the vessel. "Let us clean ourselves."

Sempia pulled a cloth toward her and used it to wipe her stomach clean. "Yes, but can we first lie together and hold one another?"

Eterin and Pataryio groaned.

She huffed. "Men."

Shrugging, Eterin nodded. He took one side of her and Pataryio took the other. They embraced her, sandwiching her in. "There. Better?"

"Much," she said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sempia put her hands out to the men as they stood in the oversized particle shower, awaiting her. She'd heard talk of showers that didn't use actual water but rather had simulated water that adhered to tiny cleansing beads. Eterin and Pataryio glanced at one another before Pataryio tipped his head. "I'm not sure she's actually going to get in. You better just grab her."

Her eyes widened as Eterin did just that. He lifted her, chuckling as he set her between him and Pataryio. "There. Much better."

She touched each of their chests. "Will it hurt?"

"Will what hurt, beauty?" Pataryio asked.

"The particle stream," she supplied.

They shared yet another look and she blushed, feeling very sheltered in comparison to them. They'd no doubt seen the universe. She'd seen her home planet and then the moon on which she'd trained to be a sexual servant. Nothing more.

Eterin put a finger under her chin and tilted her head upward. "It will feel no different from the showers or baths you are accustomed to. You have my word."

Relief moved over her and she nodded, still embarrassed at her reaction to something new and different.

Pataryio put his chin to her shoulder. "Beauty, the first time I saw an actual body of water on a planet, I ran the other way, convinced some giant sea beast was going to come lurching out of it and eat me alive. There was much about the various planets that amazed me. I'd been born aboard a space station and had lived there until I was in my early teens. So you see, I very much understand what it feels like to be out of your element."

She relaxed, a smile touching her lips.

Eterin seemed pleased with his friend as well. He nodded and then set his sights upon her. He pushed several buttons within the shower and water that was the perfect

temperature shot out of various sprayers, soaking them all. She squealed and moved against Eterin's chest as one nozzle sprayed directly in her face.

Eterin grunted and adjusted it quickly, moving it lower for her. "Sorry. You are smaller than we are."

Pataryio chuckled, sliding up against her back. "Now, let us clean our woman. Erm, I mean..."

"Yes, let's clean her," Eterin said.

Sempia was surprised an argument didn't break out.

Pataryio began caressing her back, gathering a good lather with soap from the dispenser. Eterin followed his lead, doing the same to her, washing her front gently. They took their time with her, rubbing her body tenderly as they inched their way down it and back up again. Pataryio reached around and tweaked her soapy nipples while Eterin dipped a finger in her wet cunt.

She moaned and tipped her head back. Eterin kissed her neck and Pataryio did the same to her temple. It was as if hands were everywhere on her body, all at once. Pleasure rippled through her and she closed her eyes, losing herself in the moment. She squirmed on Eterin's finger, her pulse racing.

Pataryio pinched her nipples, tugging lightly on them. Each pull caused her lower abdomen to spasm with need. Her body should have been sated for weeks. Somehow, they made her want more.

"Mmm, how does it feel, beauty?"

"Good," she murmured. "So good."

He chuckled deeply in her ear.

Eterin rubbed her clit with his thumb as he continued to thrust a finger in and out of her. She rode it slowly, wringing pleasure from the act. Neither man seemed to tire of tending to her. She felt pampered like a princess rather than the slave she was born to be.

Eterin eased closer to her, his warm breath skating over her neck and cheek. "Sempia."

"Yes?"

"Scream for me," he said, increasing the speed in which he finger-fucked her.

Panting, she arched her back to him, her hands roaming over his chest. She reached back, grabbing for Pataryio but couldn't quite reach.

He laughed softly. "No, beauty. This is for you. This is our thank-you for allowing us the pleasures of your body. Let us care for you."

Tears came to her eyes but she held them in. No one had tended to her or cared for her in her life. To have two men show up and give her freedom and affection was somewhat overwhelming.

Eterin took hold of the back of her head and jerked her to him, his mouth covering hers. His kiss was so sweet, so thoughtful and tender that she lost her battle with her tears. He rubbed her clit more, tweaking it just so to the point she reached culmination. She cried out, gifting Eterin the scream he'd so desired. Her entire body shook and her pussy clenched around his finger. Pataryio played with her sensitive nipples, riding out the orgasm with her as Eterin's tongue laced around hers. When it was all said and done, she was left panting, held up only by them. They pushed tight against her, covering her in tiny kisses and she knew she was where she belonged.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sempia stared out at the darkened sky. It was so different seeing it from this vantage point rather than from planet-side. She leaned in the copilot's seat, swiveling to gain a longer view of gasses among space, coloring it brilliantly.

Eterin glanced over at her, appearing amused. "You enjoy this?"

"Greatly. It is beautiful."

"Yet it does not compare to you," he said, piloting the vessel.

"Where shall we go?" she questioned. "Will this vessel be our home?"

"Would it be so bad?"

She stared at him. "No. It's a fine vessel, Eterin. Very fine indeed. Though, the only other I've ever been aboard was the one that took me from our home planet when I was but a child. I was afforded no view of the stars, only metal walls."

"I hate that I couldn't protect you then," he said calmly, facing forward.

She remained in her seat, bringing her knees to her chest. "You were but a child yourself. If we are going to go down this path, let me say that you suffered greatly as well. You can try to tell me otherwise but the proof of my statement is upon your chest."

His gaze flickered to his scars and then back out into space once more. "The pain was fleeting. I am above it now."

"Eterin, what became of you?" she asked in earnest. "I noticed you wear the marks of the elite warriors. Were you among them?"

"I was."

She sighed. "You wish to speak of this no more with me?"

He eased his grip on the steering column. "In truth, I know not how to speak of this to you. How does one tell another of times so dark, so indescribably horrid that simply thinking on them can bring the nightmares to life?"

She hugged her legs tighter. "One does not speak of them."

"One should to the one they love, yes?"

She stilled, her gaze frozen upon him. "Eterin?"

"Yes?"

"Nothing," she said, turning her chair in the other direction, too much a coward to ask him if he loved her.

*I do*, his voice came in her head.

She jerked around, her eyes wide. "How is it you do such a thing?"



He laughed. "You are more concerned with the ability to speak telepathically than you are with the fact I love you?"

She snapped her mouth shut, her eyes wide.

He laughed more.

Pataryio entered the bridge. "What is so funny?"

"He loves me," she blurted.

He too laughed. "And this, my beauty, you are surprised by? I have known him many years and you are all he speaks of. You should know he has great plans for your life together."

"Pataryio," Eterin said sternly.

Sempia noticed the sadness hiding in the depths of Pataryio's gaze. She exhaled slowly. "And what of you, Pataryio? What of your future with us?"

Both men eyed her.

She shrugged. "It was a good question. I can see there is something between the two of you. I would never ask you to forgo your feelings for each other on my account."

"My beauty, your heart is big but others would not understand. Their views are not as open as yours."

She jutted out her chin. "Not true. Many, many different types of lovers passed through my training facility. Some were made up of only women, others only men and some varying numbers of each."

"Warriors take a wife," Eterin said as if that was the final say on the matter.

"Says the very body of leaders you will speak not of?" she questioned, knowing she was overstepping her bounds.

Pataryio flashed a smile. "She has a point."

"And what would be your answer to this, Pataryio?" Eterin demanded. "Would you have us live as three? Would you ask me to share my wife?"

"Wife?" Sempia asked.

"You will wed me," he stated, his patience short as he glanced to his friend. "Would you ask that of me?"

"No," Pataryio said, lowering his gaze.

"Why not?" Eterin questioned, as if he were angered by the response he'd received.

Sempia hid her smile. Such proud men. How long would it take them to realize love sparked between them and that, with time, she too could grow to love Pataryio as Eterin did.

Eterin's head whipped around and he stared at her with shock upon his face. "Sempia?"

"What?"

Pataryio leaned close to her. "One of the gifts the IFP forced upon him was the gift of telepathy. My guess, he just read your mind."

She gasped. "Eterin!"

"How else am I to know what you are thinking?" he said, trying to appear innocent. "It is not as if you openly tell me these things."

"What things?" Pataryio asked.

"She seems to think..."

Sempia looked between the men. "I think you are both stubborn fools who clearly love one another. I think we can make it work, that we can be as one unit even if we are three people."

## **Epilogue**

Sempia laughed as Pataryio dove onto the bed with her. He grabbed her around the waist, tugging her against him, his lips finding her neck. He tickled her ribs as he nipped at her tender flesh, making her giggle more. She ran her hands through his hair, savoring the feel of his touch. It had been two years since he had arrived to save her from a life of sexual servitude. She had been right. In that time, she'd grown to love him as she did Eterin. Even Eterin had seen the light in regards to the three of them remaining together as a unit. The men rarely spoke of love to one another but she knew it to be true and they were never hesitant to stress how very much they loved her.

Pataryio slid his naked form over hers. "Beauty, you will be good and fucked for teasing me so."

"Will I?" she asked, smiling up at him. He'd been in charge of dinner duty and had lost track of time, setting it ablaze. She'd grabbed the fire foam and doused the flames, but not before they both found themselves covered in bits of foam. She'd mocked him and he'd responded by laughing and then tearing the clothing from her body before chasing her through their home to the bedroom.

Eterin burst into the room. "What in stars name happened in the kitchen?"

Sempia laughed harder. "He tried to cook."

"Oh, Pataryio, I thought we agreed you'd avoid doing so again after the last fiasco," Eterin huffed, his gaze skimming over them both.

Pataryio snorted as he pinned her wrists over her head. "I'm just about to punish her for finding such humor in it. Care to join me? She's been a very naughty girl on this day, Eterin."

A wicked smile spread over Eterin's face. "Just how naughty?"

Pataryio thrust into her, making her cry out. He held firm, his breathing heavy. "Very, very naughty."

Eterin stripped free of his loincloth, a hungry look in his eyes. "Then we must teach her a lesson, no?"

She bit her lower lip, wanting everything they were willing to offer.

Eterin slid onto the oversized bed they all shared nightly and he leaned in, kissing Pataryio first before bending to kiss her. "Wife, I missed you."

While she and Eterin were technically man and wife, they thought of Pataryio as a second husband even if the union wasn't recognized by the federation. They were happy together and that was all that mattered.

Pataryio slid from her cunt and rolled onto his back, taking her with him. He handed her off to Eterin who devoured her mouth. Stars, how she had missed this man while he was away. She'd counted the hours he was gone, hoping his return would be speedy. Pataryio was good about trying to keep her mind from wandering and worrying about Eterin, but in the end she always held concern for him. In truth, she worried about each of them when they were on a job.

Eterin feathered his tongue into her mouth, tugging on her as he lay down on the bed, facing upward. He adjusted her so she was astride him. He thrust upwards and she cried out. He felt so good. So right. "Ride me, wife."

She obeyed, easing onto his cock as Pataryio slid up behind her. He reached to the side drawer and coated his cock in lubricant before pressing it against her ass. He put his lips to her ear. "Beauty, you should really learn to obey."

She leaned back, kissing his cheek as best she could. "What would be the fun in that?"

He pushed into her, her body eager for his. She gasped, full with the cocks of the men she loved. They had perfected the art of moving as one and had no problem finding a groove that worked for them. She kissed Eterin's chest and grunted between their thrusts.

Pleasure built deep within her and she swiveled as best she could, causing the men to groan and lose their rhythm.

“Beauty,” Pataryio said. “Do that again and I will fill you so full of my cum you’ll have problems standing.”

She smiled and kissed him before turning her head to kiss Eterin as well. He bit at her lower lip. “Mmm, wife, I agree. Do that again and you shall be well and fully filled.”

“In that case,” she said, swiveling her hips in the same manner again.

The men went wild, pumping in and out of her. Pataryio was first to thrust up and release within her ass at the very moment the pleasure burst free inside her. She cried out, her body shaking as Eterin was next to push deep, root and then jet seed within her cunt. They remained inside her.

“Welcome home,” she said to Eterin.

Pataryio looked over her shoulder. “The emperor’s nephew is safe and well I assume.”

“Yes, the pampered young man is tucked safely away at university.”

The men had begun trading off on jobs their bodyguard firm would take, assuring one of them was always home with her. Eterin had been away for three days time and he was greatly missed. She kissed him again, enjoying his lips.

He smiled against hers. “Ah, I missed you too, wife.”

Pataryio slapped her thigh lightly.

She squealed, trapped between the men. “What in the universe was that for?”

“I promised to punish you,” he said with a wink.

She looked between the men and exhaled slowly. “I love you both.”

Their response came in the form of them beginning to ease in and out of her again. She moaned, dipping her head, her body already tingling from her orgasm. Before they’d come for her, she’d never dreamed she’d be so happy – so loved. Now, picturing

life without them wasn't an option. They were her world and together, the three of them had become a family.

## About Mandy M. Roth

Mandy M. Roth grew up fascinated by creatures that go bump in the night. From the very beginning, she showed signs of creativity. At age five, she had her first piece of artwork published. Writing came into play early in her life as well. Over the years, the two mediums merged and led her to work in marketing. Combining her creativity with her passion for horror has left her banging on the keyboard into the wee hours of the night. Mandy lives with her husband and three children on the shores of Lake Erie, where she is currently starting work on her Master's Degree.

Mandy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

### *Tell Us What You Think*

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at [Comments@EllorasCave.com](mailto:Comments@EllorasCave.com).

Also by **Mandy M. Roth**

Ambient Light

Demonic Desires

Denial of Service

Ellora's Cavemen: Legendary Tails IV *anthology*

Gypsy Nights

Planetary Pleasures: Pisces Phenomenon

Prepared to Please

Solo Tu

Somber Resplendence

Trust in the Season

By **Mandy M. Roth** and **Michelle M. Pillow**

Date with Destiny

Pleasure Cruise

Pleasure Island

Red Light Specialists

Stop Dragon My Heart Around *anthology*





Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer e-books or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com) for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)