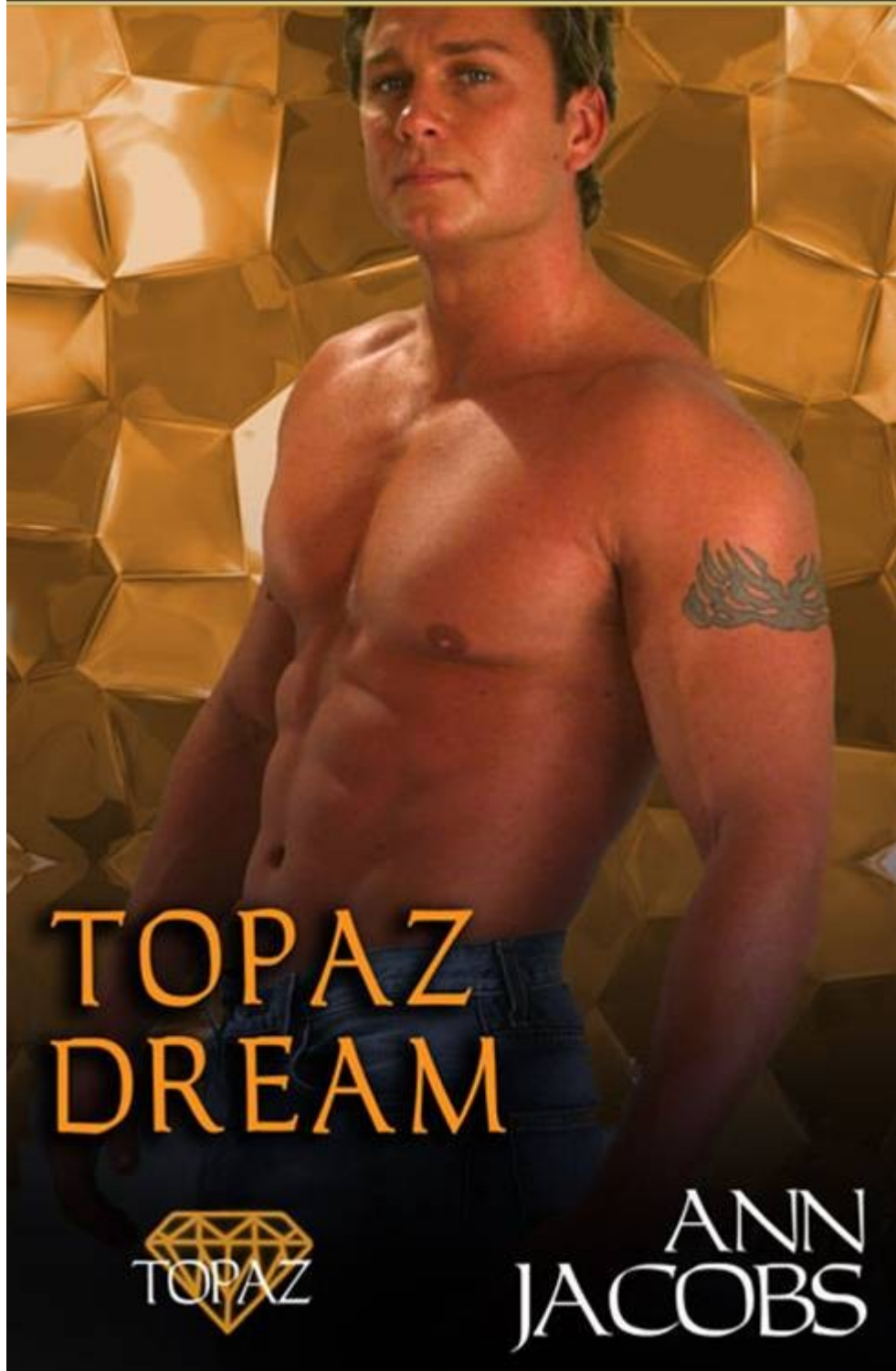


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



# TOPAZ DREAM



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JACOBS

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Topaz Dream

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# *TOPAZ DREAM*

**Ann Jacobs**

## Prologue

*The first day of the New World Order, April 3, 2125*

"We'll be slaves. They'll take us away from each other." Gaby's sky-blue eyes welled with tears.

"No, baby. It will be all right. I won't let anything happen to you." But even as his alpha instincts kicked in, compelling him to draw Gaby close in one arm, his best friend Vance in the other, Darth felt a coil of uneasy fear in his gut. They'd grown up under the shadow of ever-increasing restraints on personal freedoms that had begun during the martial-law period since a mutant uprising six years ago. The pinch of the cock ring every male had been fitted with to prevent copulation without approval of the government, as well as make sexual excitement a thing of pain, not pleasure, reminded him of those restraints as his body reacted naturally to Gaby and maybe to Vance as well.

The coming changes that had Gaby terrified could in fact alter life as they knew it. Rumors were on the wind, like the one whispering over their bare bodies, stretched out on the blanket they'd laid out on the grass. Computer-assigned mating, enslavement and neutering of any human carrying the recessive mutant alien gene...

Well, whatever changes were coming, they had this day, under the spreading branches of an old oak tree the three of them considered their special place. If he could control nothing else, he could give them that. As they'd matured, it was here they'd discovered one another sexually. Darth had always dominated them both with fierce passion, tender love and absolute command of their mutual desire for him. While he didn't prefer men the way he did Gaby's sweet body, there was a bond between him and Vance that had always kept the path open between them, where Darth was willing to bend the man to his will and give him pleasure, or let him serve Gaby under his command.

It was as if they both belonged to Darth, and so the erotic pleasure he'd never felt toward any male was intertwined with what he felt with Gaby, weaving the three together as a unit. As though he'd communicated telepathically with his lovers, they turned in unison, began stroking, petting him, His body screamed for completion, but the excruciating pain of the ring made him cry out in frustration as the four seeking hands aroused him almost to the point that he cried out and ordered them to stop.

Instead he turned to his side, found Gaby's soft, tender lips, tasted the sweetness that made him want more. Vance had rolled over with him, was now rolling his testicles. God, but he wanted it all, wanted to sink his cock in Gaby's sweet cunt, let her satisfy Vance with her mouth.

But it wasn't working, hadn't worked since they'd been fitted for the fucking-preventing cock devices. He'd have ripped the thing off, but that would have meant destroying his cock forever. "I can't take it anymore," he ground out as he lay back, giving them all time to back away from the agony of wanting what they couldn't have.

They lay, hands locked as they gazed up at the lacy pattern of an afternoon sun shining through the leaves of the tree, fighting the frustration that always came when they tried to make love. Darth squeezed their hands tightly, so tight his knuckles ached. In his heart he knew things were going to change. The most precious things in his life might be ripped from him. Being alpha would be no different than being impotent in a world where all rights were stripped away.

Who or what would they all become, and how could he save them?

## **Chapter One**

*A month later*

The strident beeping of his electronic messenger sounded ominous. Darth paused in the hallway of the Starfleet Training Building, gripping it hard. This was it. What each man had awaited since the government had unrolled the New World Order, taking full control—

*DNA: negative for mutant gene*

*Physical exam: negative*

*Reproductive status: breeder*

No surprise there. Just the way the doctor had looked him over, openly admiring his muscular physique during the mandatory check for mutant genes, told him he'd be put on the breeding stock list. But hell, that wasn't what he was worried about. He hadn't heard a word from Gaby since they were all divided and transported to their new locations. Vance had stayed in touch, reassured him with the fact he was the nephew of General Fallon Evers, that he would take care of everything. But their communications had been terse, guarded, warning Darth not to say too much on an open channel. So he suffered and worried, thought about Gaby at night, afraid for her and furious that he couldn't be with her, protecting her.

True helplessness to his fate was something he'd never experienced, even under the shadow of a paranoid government. He'd always been a leader, a handsome young man for whom all the doors that were shut to so many opened. Even now, when he looked at the PDA again and saw he'd gotten the professional assignment he'd hoped for—starfighter pilot—hope leaped up in his breast once more because right below that was the possibility of another dream coming true. Mating order—1700 hours, 2125-05-04.

Could Vance have pulled it off? Had he found Gaby and made sure she'd be mated with Darth so he could love and protect her forever? Maybe things would be okay.

But despite that, he remembered the lingering anxiety that day under the tree. In fact, it was a constant cold companion in his gut now. For Gaby, for himself and even for Vance. The New World Order was all about fear, and he was feeling the bite of the trap. Darth was afraid what he was holding in his hand was false hope.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Darth presented himself at the breeding compound, Vance was there to greet him. Gaby wasn't. When Vance shook his hand, his steady gaze holding Darth's, it was a silent warning to stay calm.

"Where's Gaby, Vance?" All the worry Darth had been holding down for weeks bubbled to the surface at the sight of his friend. He noted that Vance seemed taller, more self-assured in these surroundings. His clothing and bearing hinted that he had some status here, perhaps even more than he'd always had because of his family connections. His head was now completely shaved though, making his clear, direct gaze all the more compelling, reminding Darth of how Vance had always felt for him. At the moment, that just made the twisting in his gut worse, because he saw compassion there. Worry.

"They discovered the mutant gene in her." Vance's grip tightened, surprisingly strong on Darth's shoulder, steadying him or restraining him, Darth couldn't tell for certain. He sensed the attention of the watching soldiers, although Vance kept that deadlock on his gaze. "She has been neutered and is being prepared for auction as a pleasure slave. It's my intention to buy her...as my mating gift to you."

"What?" Darth's instinct was to bolt, but he didn't. Couldn't. Suddenly, for the first time in his life, he felt helpless. Impotent. He barely registered the fact that Vance was stripping his uniform from his body, until he felt his friend unlock and remove the restraint from his cock. "You don't mean..."

“Yes, you are to be my mate. No need to keep you from getting a hard-on now.” Vance’s tone was calm, his touch more soothing than arousing as he traced the ridges on Darth’s flesh where the straps on the restraint had dug in. “Come on, just go with the flow. Once you get this chore over with, we can start having fun. Go pick your collector machine and kneel in front of it.”

“You’re out of your fucking—” When he’d have said more, Vance warned him off with a stern shake of his head. It wasn’t that Darth wasn’t painfully aware of his own impotence to change his fate. It was just damn hard to cede control to his suddenly dominant-acting friend.

“It will be all right. I promise.” Vance sounded calm, as if this turn of events was nothing more than he’d expected. “Now be good and do as you’re told.”

If he didn’t, Darth had the feeling one or more of the soldiers who’d begun watching him with interest would come and make him comply by force. Vance had the upper hand, and if he wanted to survive, Darth would have to submit to whatever was coming. When he turned toward the innermost wall, Darth noticed several other naked young men kneeling before identical devices, held in identical positions by harnesses. Some of them already had their cocks plugged in to what he assumed must be semen collectors. Thick metal probes attached to the harnesses were partially buried in their assholes.

This wasn’t the way Darth had imagined they’d harvest his seed, not at all. No stimulation from naked female attendants, not even one or two to coax him to come in an insemination jar, the way his father once told him they used to do it when it was time to reproduce before the mutant insurrection. Still Darth heard no screams, no indication from the men already attached to the machines that the process was causing them any pain. Not wanting to seem like a whimpering coward, he strode over to one of the unoccupied devices and knelt, ready to get it over with. As soon as he settled into position, he felt Vance’s warm breath on his neck as he bent and peeled one of two identical labels off a clear, glass beaker attached to tubing that connected what looked



like a giant, rigid condom. With a bit of unnecessary flair, Vance stuck the label onto Darth's belly between his navel and his heavy snarl of pubic hair.

"They'll tattoo this ID number on your ass when you're finished here. Now stay still. The machine's about to go to work." Vance stepped aside while the harness dropped and the condom-like collector moved forward to encase Darth's cock.

He didn't like the idea of being milked like the dairy cows his grandpa used to raise, but he had no choice. Those laser guns in the hands of the soldiers were obviously not meant for decoration. Besides, the inside of the condom was as slick and soft as a woman's cunt. Warm and wet, pulsating, squeezing harder as his cock swelled against the collector. It felt damn good, the way he'd always imagined a woman's pussy would.

Vance chuckled. "It works, doesn't it?"

"Seems to," Darth said, surprised when Vance stood and turned off the machine. "What are you doing?"

"Taking control of the machine. That's why I'm here."

Darth noticed none of the other kneeling men had a companion or assistant. The machines seemed able to do their job without human interference. "Why?"

"The machine's working just fine. But I'm here to operate it manually for you. Either way you can father dozens, even thousands of warriors for our new world. But I have persuaded my uncle I want you uncut. With my help you'll get to keep your balls so I can play with them. You'll like that and so will I."

Uncut? Darth had been circumcised as an infant. Then Vance's words registered. Vance apparently had arranged it so he wouldn't be castrated when this was over as apparently was the norm. Darth couldn't help shuddering when he glanced over at the collection device on the man next to him. Its ominous humming sound contrasted with Darth's perfectly silent one. A razor-sharp device emerged from the tip of the collection device, encircling then snapping closed around the base of the man's scrotum. "What the hell?"

“Uncle and the rest of the Council decided eunuchs are more easily managed. And that breeding and rearing of children is best done impersonally. The breeders are brought here, milked and castrated so there will be no risk of them mating with an alien female and creating another generation of mutants. I assured Uncle that once we’re mated I’ll have you vasectomized so you won’t be sowing seed all over the galaxy.” He caught Darth’s testicles in his hand, squeezing them rhythmically.

Vance’s touch had never bothered Darth before. He’d known since they’d first begun to explore their sexuality as children that Vance was attracted to him, just as he’d known Gaby loved them both. Darth had also known early on that his own sexual feelings were mostly for Gaby. He’d loved sucking her budding breasts, watching how the nipples hardened, feeling her pulse race when he went down on her. He’d never forget that incomparable rush, the first time their sex play had made him come. It hadn’t been Vance’s lips joined with his own, although that had felt good, too, but rather Gaby’s soft, shy exploration of his cock and balls that had triggered his orgasm.

Now Vance’s long, slender fingers moved with new purpose. A possessiveness that Darth had never noticed before. “If the Council wants everybody neutered then what’s the point of mating?” Darth tried to get up, only to be reminded emphatically that he was confined in that harness.

“Easy there. As I understand it, they decided every human needs a life companion. Regardless of sexual concerns. Relax. I’ve got to help get this beautiful cock hard, or milking it will hurt you.”

“What about Gaby? What are they doing to her?”

“When they discovered that she carries a mutant gene, they took her to be modified. I’ve arranged to be told when she’s to go on the auction block so I can buy her as our house slave. That way she won’t be subjected to being a camp follower for our Earthbound army or a pleasure woman in one of the bordellos. I know you love her. I do, too, as much as I’m able. Almost as much as I love you.” Sliding his hands off Darth’s chest, down his back and ass cheeks, Vance tangled his fingers in the coarse

pubic hair then tugged gently on the sac. "Come on now, show me the big monster you're going to be ramming down my throat and up my ass."

"Damn it, no! I want to know what they're doing to Gaby."

Vance responded by rolling Darth's scrotum between his fingers, distracting him momentarily as the collector massaged his cock. Arousal began to overtake him, though he tried hard to fight it. "She'll be different. A sex toy for us to play with—when I let her, that is. When we get out of here I want to feel these bouncing against my asshole while you're fucking me."

Despite trying not to react to Vance's sensual exploration, Darth felt his cock hardening, his balls drawing up against his body. It had been months, he forgot now how many, since he'd been summoned with all the other men at his university and fitted with the restraint that prevented him from getting an erection. "Damn you!"

"Easy. I'm going to play with your asshole to warm you up before the prostate probe goes in there to make you come. Trust me, that hurts if you're not ready."

"How would you know?" As much as Darth wanted to resist, blood was flowing to his cock, making his thinking fuzzy. The milking device was slowly loosening and tightening while Vance's easy exploration of his asshole added to the involuntary stimulation.

"I was there in your place six months ago. Before we knew for sure this would be the method of controlling reproduction, Uncle talked me into being one of his first guinea pigs."

"But you never said anything..."

Vance laughed. "I didn't want to. Didn't know how this was all going to turn out."

"Sure you didn't." Suddenly the machine suction got so strong Darth felt as if it were pulling his cock off. He tensed when the tone coming out of the machine changed subtly, and he was unable to breathe for the sudden fear.

Vance moved his hand and encircled the base of Darth's scrotum. "Don't worry. I'm keeping the ring from attaching itself. In a minute the anal probe will go in, and you'll start coming."

And so it was that Darth Williams was greeted in the New World Order, his semen filling the collection beaker while Vance held onto his testicles. Protecting them for their future pleasure. He had no choice but to follow the rules and grieve in silence for his loss of freedom...and Gabrielle. What manner of torture was she going through now, and would her sweet spirit survive?

\* \* \* \* \*

The matrons weren't cruel. Gaby lay back on her cot in a dorm room whose temperature was carefully controlled to provide comfort for the naked slaves with their newly denuded bodies. "You'll get used to how it feels, little one," she heard one of them tell a sobbing girl who'd just realized she no longer had the blonde curls that had once reached halfway down her back.

Gaby and the forty-seven other girls in the room were destined for the pleasure palaces or homes of powerful men in the New World Order who wanted a bed slave to serve them privately. They'd been given no choice. No alternative other than immediate death.

All because of that lousy mutant gene that could show up in active form if they ever were allowed to reproduce. Gaby pictured her grandmother who'd died several years earlier, couldn't imagine that sweet woman might have been raped by an alien and passed the bastard's genes to her mother...her aunts and uncles...to her. They were all gone now, off to work the mines that produced materials for the Federation's war machine, to slave away the rest of their lives as mindless, living drones.

Just another thing she couldn't control. She'd wept over it. She'd wept for Darth and Vance and every fucking thing they'd all lost until, like everyone here, she ran out

of tears. Maybe the Rulers were making sure they were all mindless drones, numb to everything because the alternative was unthinkable.

They'd told her she was lucky, being chosen as a sex slave. *"We're leaving you with your minds and all your external sexual parts, so you can please your masters. You'll be able to think, speak, laugh and cry, unless of course your future owners want you muted."* The words of the head matron still rang in Gaby's ears, six weeks after she and several other girls had been culled out from their processing group.

The first thing they'd done was sterilize them. That had killed the futile dream that she might someday have Darth's child, where Vance could spoil the baby as a favorite "uncle". Once they'd healed, the visible changes began.

They used strong laser beams to remove every hair from the new slaves' bodies, leaving them silky smooth from head to toe. Sexual stimulators were placed above each girl's right ear, the flat disks visible beneath the taut skin of their pale scalps. The piercings, particularly the nipple and clit ones, tested the effectiveness of the stimulators, made what might have been painful exceedingly arousing.

"Your new owners will tattoo your scalps as they see fit," said the matron who'd tattooed a serial number on Gaby's left buttock. Although the small tattoo still stung a little, Gaby didn't mind it much. After all, every individual had been given a unique serial number at birth and was now required to display it at all times. The little ache from the inking needles reminded her that after all, she was still a person, slave or not.

Tired of her thoughts and fears, Gaby determinedly reached up and rubbed the little disk above her ear. It had startled her at first, the immediate electrical impulses that coursed through her body making her nipples and clit swell and harden.

Maybe that's what she'd needed to lose herself. The matrons encouraged such explorations. They'd even provided different toys and mounts throughout the dormitory to help them acclimate themselves to their heightened sexual desire. As she rubbed the implant again, she closed her eyes and imagined Darth burying his dark

head between her legs and licking her pussy. Hot. Eager. Needy, so needy. Her juices began to flow hot and creamy between her legs.

Tomorrow she'd be sold. Tonight she was mistress of her own pleasure. And she wanted Darth to be the Master of her, even if it could only be through her imagination now. That's the way she'd get through all this. Whenever anyone touched her, set off those impulses that no longer were hers to control, she'd imagine him. And she'd hold onto part of herself in spite of it all.

Getting up, she impaled herself on one of the double dildos set in front of a mirrored wall, looked at the strange yet eerily beautiful creature staring back at her. As the dildos thrust in and out she stroked her baby-soft scalp, watched her eyes darken and her lips go slack as she approached sensual overload.

Now that she'd gotten used to seeing herself hairless and pierced, she liked the stark nakedness, the expanse of pale skin that emphasized the pinkness of her nipples and cunt. The sense of being totally open, a creature whose sole purpose was to please a master or masters...and take her pleasure from servicing them. In her mind all her Masters looked like Darth and Vance.

That didn't matter. Couldn't matter. She'd serve the master who bought her in whatever ways he chose. And keep her suddenly uncontrollable lust fed. As she worked herself on the dildo her thoughts went from Darth and Vance, despite her effort, to a mindless, must-be-fucked compulsion far beyond her control. She couldn't stop it, even as she humped the dildo over and over, until a matron came and gave her a sedative to calm her down.

As the drug was taking effect, Gaby stared at the sexual object she'd become, fully embraced her new self as she'd never thought she would. Without her hair or eyebrows, her blue eyes looked larger, more prominent now. The stud below her lower lip winked back at her, its translucent plastic ball catching the soft overhead lights. One of thirty piercings that would soon be adorned with jewelry of her new owner's choice, it and the others would draw attention to her hairless body that would never again be

clothed other than in a hooded sex slave's robe she'd wear if her Master ever took her outdoors. She'd live her life as a sex slave, programmed to give and receive the ultimate in lusty pleasure. And she'd enjoy it. Thoroughly.

Gods but she was about to implode. Her own musk filled her nostrils, made them flare. She tugged hard on the rings in her nipples, imagined it was her Master drawing them into his mouth and biting while his seed spurted into her pussy. And her ass. She licked her upper lip, liked the feel of the tongue ring caressing soft flesh, imagined using it to lubricate her new owner's hard, hot cock. Unable to hold back any longer, Gaby spread her legs farther, took the dildos deeper.

And she finally came, the orgasm so strong it took her breath away.

As focused as she was on the climax coursing through her like wildfire, Gaby couldn't help remembering, yearning for what now could never be. Remembering times from long ago, before the restrictions on personal freedom had started, she mourned for what they'd all lost. She'd never take Darth's hot cock into her pussy, bathe his hot flesh with the warm juices that now kept her lubricated for a man's invasion. Never again would she feel his teeth on her nipples, his calloused hands on her ass, holding her steady, controlling her while their friend Vance licked the tip of Darth's penis. They'd been so young, so free, exploring each other's minds and bodies under the shade of that grandfather oak tree in the woods behind their school. The last time they'd gone there she wanted to make love with them both, feel the heat of their young male bodies. They'd have done it if not for the penile restraints that kept their cocks from growing long and thick.

Breathing hard, Gaby stood, found herself shaking from the intensity of her climax. Her own juices ran down her thighs, taking a slow, sensuous path down her legs. No, she wasn't Gaby anymore, she was slave number 96903. It didn't matter. She was beautiful, sexy and eager to meet her Master. She ignored the fact that no more tears came with the thought this time, only an empty ache where her heart had fled, leaving her pulsing cunt the only organ she had capable of reaction, the illusion of love and

dreams gone. She was slave 96903, and she'd keep saying it to herself. Whoever bought her would get what he paid for.

Drawing away from the mirror, she went in the communal shower, let warm water wash away her juices first gently and then with hard needles of spray on her scalp and shoulders.

It was true. The skin was the largest sex organ in a human body, especially when relieved of all its hair. She intended to revel in keeping it perfect not only for her Master but for herself. After using a soft towel to blot away the water, she performed the twice-daily ritual of massaging fragrant moisturizing lotion into her smooth body before creaming her face and scalp. As a final touch she took a suede cloth and buffed her scalp until it glowed.

As she lay in her cot she fantasized that Darth and Vance would buy her, love her as much the way she was now as they did when she was whole. Gaby lay back against the soft, slick sheet, burrowed her head into a fluffy pillow. She reveled in the sensation of cool, smooth cotton against her warm, totally bare skin.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You miss her, don't you?" Vance straddled Darth, kneaded the tightness from his shoulders then traced the gold and topaz collar he'd put there at the mating ceremony. His touch sent shivers down Darth's spine, a reminder of Vance's position as Master should he ever wish to exert that right. The collar reminded him, too, its smooth gold base heavy, impossible to ignore. Vance pressed his groin into Darth's, reminding him they were alike yet vastly different physically as well as emotionally.

"Yes, I miss her. Don't you?" When Vance tightened his fingers on Darth's cock, Darth sensed his jealousy, and that made him feel guilty. That didn't keep him from thinking of Gaby, wishing she were here. It was as if the soft, womanly feel of Gaby had imprinted itself in Darth's memory, spoiled him for caressing his new mate with pleasure. He longed for the ménage that couldn't be, not yet, until she'd been modified



so Vance could buy her. That would be soon yet not soon enough. He suppressed the cry of anguish that was about to wrench itself from deep in his psyche, tried to concentrate on giving Vance pleasure on this last night. He'd be leaving in the morning on a three-month assignment deep in the bowels of the galaxy.

Vance hesitated, his fingers digging deeper into Darth's shoulders. "Yes, I miss her. But you can't go expecting things will ever be as they were."

It was obvious to Darth. Vance had always wanted to be number one, needed to feel Darth's affection as carnal love rather than just good friendship. Taking Vance's left wrist, he drew the hand to his lips, took the index finger into his mouth and sucked it the way he would soon suck Vance's cock. "You shouldn't have let them..."

"Don't fret about it, lover. It's not as if being neutered bothers me the way it would you or any other Alpha male. Besides, the only way I could have kept my balls and had you would have been for you to lose yours. Now that the replacement hormones have started to kick in, I'm feeling hornier than ever. Come now, let's enjoy this last night before you leave. When you come back, Gaby should be here."

What the hell could Darth say? He knew, despite Vance's protests, that sacrificing his balls had to have been the hardest thing he'd ever done. It tightened Darth's chest, made him reach out to Vance, draw him close and give him a harder, more passionate kiss this time, one that left Vance gasping, clutching his arm. In a world where their choices had been limited, Vance had made one of the hardest decisions any man could ever make. And he'd done it for Darth. He was even buying Gaby, ostensibly as a gift for them both but in reality a gift of the heart that Darth needed to grasp some sense of himself.

In a way he hated himself for resenting the fact that Vance held the reins, was master at least in the eyes of the world. The collar he wore chafed, but Darth vowed to endure the humiliation, to become the lover Vance had wanted for so long.

Rolling Vance onto his back and spreading his legs, Darth stroked the smooth flesh between them, felt the warm, vibrant life force beneath his fingers. Titanium rings lent

the feel of cold metal, and he'd wanted them gone but learned they'd been permanently welded in place, months before the Edict that changed their lives, when Vance had willingly submitted to castration.

Darth felt none of the burst of passion, none of the fire his own touch apparently aroused in his mate. Nothing but friendship, gratitude...and guilt when he lay over Vance, realized the extent of his sacrifice. Every time he stroked the puckered scar behind Vance's penis, it enraged him.

Yes, the Federation was in shambles. They'd had to regroup, make rules to prevent another uprising. But this—the sexual mutilation, the ironclad rules, the loss of almost all individual freedoms—made him want to scream. Instead he held his tongue, continued trying to pleasure the man who'd given his balls freely so Darth could keep his own.

Darth should have told Vance, "I love you". He did, but not the way Vance wanted. His love belonged only to Gaby. He caught the ring in the tip of Vance's blue-veined cock head, drew it between his lips and began to suck. He prayed he could get it up for his mate this last night before he had to leave.

Vance twisted slightly, pulled Darth around to straddle his face. God help him, Darth imagined it was Gaby cupping his testicles, Gaby's sweet tongue coaxing his cock to life. Guilt made him suck harder, flick the end of his tongue against Vance's straining flesh. There was no pretending it was Gaby. Balls or no balls, Vance was still a man. A good man who deserved to come.

Darth let go of his hang-ups as much as he could, found his body starting to respond. Soon they'd be reunited with Gaby. That thought sent blood coursing into Darth's cock, made his pulse race as he redoubled his efforts to bring Vance the satisfaction he deserved.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's okay, it's harder for me to come now," Vance said the next morning while Darth was dressing. It hurt, knowing Darth preferred fucking women, but then Vance had known that long before he'd arranged with his uncle to mate him with his hot, athletic childhood pal, so he really had no right to expect Darth suddenly to turn gay, or even bisexual, just because he wore the collar Vance had snapped around his neck at the hurry-up mating ceremony.

"My fault, my friend. My mind must have been stuck on thinking about this assignment." Darth smiled as he pulled on his flight suit, but it was obvious he felt bad that last night hadn't been a complete success. He shouldn't have felt guilty. He'd gone for hours, sucking and ass-fucking and doing everything in his power to make Vance climax. It just hadn't happened.

"I know. We'll both do better when Gaby's here. And when the hormones I'm taking build up sufficiently in my system." The girl had bound them together emotionally, the hot jock and the gay nephew of a Federation leader, and she'd been the center of their world—of his own world at least.

In this odd New World, with Vance holding the nominal Master role, Gaby altered in disturbing ways, ways he'd heard rumors about that he hadn't shared with Darth for fear of upsetting him, how would their worlds evolve? Could they rediscover the friendship and mutual love, be able to establish trust in this suspicious world enough that Darth's love for him would grow? They'd better, because they'd be mated for the rest of their mortal days under the rules of the New World Order.

Vance filled Darth's mug from a ceramic pot that had belonged to his mother before she died and he went to live with Uncle Fallon. What would she have thought about all these changes? Vance imagined she'd have shed a few tears at the realization that there wouldn't be any grandbabies for her to spoil. But then neither would anybody else have grandchildren to care for, not with the New World Order where sperm and egg were joined in a sterile lab and children were to be brought up in Federation communes. As soon as three months from now, his first child might be born. He shook off his dark

mood and concentrated on making Darth's departure a time of hope...of reconciliation. "Gods go with you," he said, lightly brushing his lips across those of his reluctant lover as they said goodbye at the back door. When Darth returned the gesture, gripping Vance's shoulders as he kissed him hard and fast, Vance allowed himself some hope.

It would be three months before he'd know. But only two days until the auction where he'd buy his lover's first love and his own best friend.

## Chapter Two

A thousand hot, hungry eyes feasted on her when she stepped up on the block. The matron who'd brought her in rubbed the implant above her ear. Predictably, Gaby responded the way a well-trained sex toy should.

Her cheeks heated and her nipples jutted forward proudly. Her cunt clenched with anticipation, leaked warm, wet lubrication onto her pussy lips when the auctioneer's assistant led her to a fucking bench and secured her there for potential buyers' inspection. Her head was immobilized, her glowing skin showcased against the rich mahogany-colored wood. Her nipples swelled, and her clit rose and hardened with anticipation.

Imagining the picture she made to the potential buyers in the crowd, she found herself becoming hotter, needier. Humiliated, yes, and embarrassed, too, emotions that had no place in her life now and in the future. But they'd modified her well, because the heat in her cheeks came more from unbounded lust than from a woman's natural modesty.

The short, sweaty auctioneer bellowed in his sing-song dialect, luring potential buyers. "This be a hot one, gentlemen. Come on up close, take a look how her cunt's already wet, swollen and ready. She's been trained to do it all, suck, fuck, whatever strikes your fancy—or your customers'. Meet slave number 96903. She's freshly neutered, modified and ready to give a lot of nights' pleasure."

Gaby should have been mortified. Instead her arousal built up as stranger after stranger came up, poked and pinched and rubbed their hands over her bald head and every inch of her body that wasn't out of reach. When one of them stuck three fingers up her cunt and pumped, she broke out in a cold sweat. One thing the matrons had told her, *"Whatever you do, don't climax while they examine you"*, stuck in her lust-driven brain,

reminding her once more that she had been altered into something shamefully insatiable, a creature that reveled in the intimate touches of more and more strangers set on examining the merchandise.

"Okay, me boys, who wants to open the bidding for 96903? We've got lots more like her, and an equal number of pretty young boys in case your tastes go that way. Come on, come on, come on, can I hear two fifty? Won't find one prettier or more willing than this. That's it. I hear two hundred and fifty, three hundred. Who'll bid a thousand?"

"A thousand." The voice that yelled out the bid wasn't up front. He sounded familiar, but Gaby couldn't see him among the sea of faces.

"Two. Do I hear two?"

"Two." That came from the beefy man whose fingers were merrily fucking her cunt and ass.

"Come on, this little sex machine's worth more than two thousand credits. Give me five."

"Twenty-five thousand credits." Who was this? Darth? She'd heard he was on a mission out in space. Besides, Darth didn't have that kind of money. It had to have been Vance. Gaby strained her eyes, tried to ignore the delicious pleasure-pain of being finger-fucked in the ass as well as her dripping cunt.

"That's more like it," yelled the auctioneer. "Going, going...gone to the gentleman in the back of the room. Come up here and run off these pikers who're playing with your new slave."

Gaby could hardly believe her eyes when Vance stepped up on the block. She thought she'd only been imagining those voices, her own little fantasy, and yet here was one of them in the flesh. While his voice remained impersonal, an unexpected Master's command to it, his eyes spoke volumes to her, warm, relieved and also a bit fascinated as he took in all the changes that had been wrought in her. "Hello, little one."

Then he turned to the crowd of men around them. "Move on now. Didn't you hear the auctioneer say there are more beauties like mine to choose from?" His voice rang

with command, and he looked the part of a Federation leader with his smoothly shaved head and a black suit and tie with a snowy white shirt. Not at all the look of the shy boy who'd tagged along with her and Darth, always deferring to Darth as she herself had done. Even the shaved head, which he'd started wearing some months before their lives had been torn apart, looked different. Gleaming, polished, it lent an air of authority it hadn't possessed before.

Where the strangers had gawked and pawed, Vance stood there smiling, even though Gaby was sure her appearance had to have come as a shock. "Ready to go home, slave?"

He'd obviously changed, too, but she'd never been happier to see anybody in her life. "Yes, Master." That was how they'd told her to address the person who bought her.

He led her off the block and into a transporter that would take them to her dormitory. Surprising her, he bent and kissed her cheek. "I'm going to enjoy decking you out as the proper slave of a rich man and his mate. And having you help redecorate the master bedroom suite before Darth gets home." He lowered his voice and bent close to her ear. "When we're home we'll just be Gaby and Vance...and Darth, when he comes back from chasing aliens and mutants."

Vance seemed surprised that she didn't speak when they were in the transporter alone together. She kept her gaze lowered as she'd been taught to do, but then she trembled when he lifted her chin. "Gaby?" he said softly. "Are you still our Gaby?"

He sounded now more like the gentle friend she'd loved. "I have so many things I want to ask...Master. But I don't know..."

"When it's just you and me, you're Gaby and I'm Vance. You're my best friend, at least I hope you still are."

And in that second, she went into his arms and he held her against his chest. By smelling his unique scent it felt as though she were reclaiming one small piece of herself.

Home wouldn't be as she'd dreamed about for as far back as she could remember. She had to accept that now she was a sex object to be used as her Master—Vance—ordered. She wondered, knowing he could have bought whatever slave he chose, why he'd picked her and not one of the boys that surely would have fulfilled his needs better than she could. As much as she'd loved them both, she'd always resented that Vance loved Darth more. And hadn't seemed to want her sexually, at all, except when Darth had commanded him to pleasure her.

Now that they'd turned her into a sex toy, she wanted him. She hoped...no, she prayed she'd be able to make him want her as much as he'd been wanting Darth for as long as she could remember.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later, after the papers had been drawn up and the credits exchanged, the head matron bound her hands behind her back, slipped quilted cotton slippers on her feet and fashioned a plain chain and leather dog leash to the large plastic ring she'd put through one of the holes in her left earlobe. A satisfied look on her face, she handed the leash to Vance, who dropped it to dangle from her ear while he wrapped her in a golden-brown velvet slave robe he'd apparently brought with him. Its topaz-studded frog closures made her smile.

He'd remembered her birthstone. Luckily she remembered her place and said nothing—a slave was supposed to be silent until spoken to, and she'd learned her lessons well.

Vance smiled as he cupped her chin, lifted her gaze to meet his own. "Bend your head a little." He unfolded a large, tightly woven silk scarf the color of a rare red topaz and looked at it and her head with a puzzled expression. Relief poured over his elegant features when the matron took the scarf from him and laid its midpoint just above Gaby's eyes.



"Watch me. Anytime your slave leaves your house she must be covered this way. At home she must always be naked. All thirty of her piercings must be filled at all times with jewelry of your choice. The rules are all laid out in the booklet you were given, but I find some new owners are more interested in fucking their slave than properly adorning her."

"Adorning her?" Vance smiled at Gaby. "I intend to take her shopping today. I doubt we'll have trouble finding thirty jewels a lot more attractive than these." He stroked the plastic stud in her nostril then tweaked the little ring that marked the spot where her eyebrow used to be.

The matron looked on approvingly when Gaby leaned into Vance's touch, wanting to thank him, to convey the relief, the happiness she felt that she'd gone to him, not strangers. Of course the matron probably read her action as the result of barely suppressed lust rather than the need to embrace after a separation. When the matron cleared her throat, Gaby quickly straightened and fixed her gaze on the floor.

"Seems you two have met before," she told Vance with a chuckle. "Don't forget, she'll need a proper collar and leash. And bracelets for her ankles and wrists that can double as restraints. This leash is only temporary until you have a sturdy one made. There's also the required tattoo for her skull. While you may choose your own design, the Earth police will come in sixty days to verify that a tattoo is in place. Go now and explore your new toy." Then she picked up the leash and laid it in Vance's hand again.

Gaby felt suppressed yet somehow free as she walked two steps behind Vance—her Master—who held her leash firmly in his right hand. She couldn't help noticing the ring he wore, a thick band with the three colors of gold woven together in an intricate design. Darth's mating gift to him? She wanted to ask, but she dared not. The matrons had told her and the other new slaves their masters might cut out their tongues for punishment if they dared speak without permission.

Vance wouldn't, she was sure. Or was she? Everything had changed. He was no longer the shy gay boy she remembered, but a Master who'd mated with Darth—her

Darth—and had apparently embraced the Federation's rules with fervor. Had Vance bought her to share with Darth, or did he want her?

Already hot with lust from the exposure and handling on the auction block, she hoped he'd want to take his fill of her until their mutual lover returned.

\* \* \* \* \*

Exotic. Erotic. Almost enough to make a gay eunuch want to tangle his tongue in the dainty gold rings that swayed from her clit, her nipples, even at her brow line. Vance liked the way a huge red topaz sparkled in her bellybutton and ten smaller ones adorned each ear and earlobe. He enjoyed observing the contrast of colors, the way the golden topaz in her labret piercing emphasized her pink, pouting lower lip.

When he got home, Darth would have a hard-on that wouldn't quit just from seeing how the gold rings and nipple shields strewn with small cabochon topazes, red and gold and glistening brown, showcased those elongated, puckered nipples. And her bare skin would fascinate him. Darth disliked pubic hair, had lasered away the light dusting of it on Vance's groin their second day as mates, along with the soft hair on his inner thighs.

Yes, his mate would welcome their new sex slave. Vance imagined Darth fucking his ass until he came while he buried his face between Gaby's soft, pink cunt lips and tongue-fucked her...Darth fucking Gaby's cunt while she sucked his cock...Gaby fucking him with a strap-on while Darth fucked her pretty ass.

Her eyes, always a beautiful shade of blue, glittered with lust. Lust she directed at him the way she never had before. Those eyes seemed bigger, more expressive now that her blonde curls were gone and they were her most outstanding feature. When he glanced down at her pink, bejeweled cunt and saw it glistening with her juices, his cock swelled to full erection in his pants. "Come here, pet, and help me out of my clothes. I want to feel your hot breath on my cock."

He marveled at the dynamic that had always made it possible for Gaby to arouse him, as if her possession by Darth somehow connected her to Vance's true Master, in a way that made her capable of arousing him as no other woman could. As if her slim hands and eager body were instruments Darth used and commanded upon Vance as an extension of his own touch and body.

Her apparent eagerness fed his lust. Made him forget for the moment that he preferred men and liked being fucked better than fucking. When she wrapped a hand around the base of his cock it fed his ego – until she drew in a deep breath.

"Say it. Don't be shy. I'm a eunuch. I gave up my balls so my mate – our mutual lover – could keep his."

She slid her hand up, played with the large-gauge titanium ring all eunuchs had inserted and welded through Prince Albert piercings after they were castrated. "But you can't fuck me, Master. Can you?" Vance could tell this idea distressed her, as sexually charged as she was now. But he also read another concern in her eyes, a silent recognition of what he had done for Darth...and for her. He watched as a tear slid from one beautiful eye and made its way down her cheek when, with amazing gentleness, she examined the round, flat scar where his scrotum had been. He felt her pull lightly on the ring in his guiche piercing.

"That ring is so a lover can secure the one in my penis so I can't get an erection without a lot of pain. Sometimes pain gives me pleasure."

She looked into his eyes once more, squeezing the base of his cock, hard. "I want you to fuck me, so much."

He'd heard her modifications would make her crave sex. But he hadn't realized how drastic she'd have been changed from the shy Gaby he'd known. He hoped he'd be able to satisfy her, because it was obvious she wasn't anxious to wait for Darth to join them in their bed. He laid her hand on his swollen cock. "Don't cry. I can fuck you if I want to. You'll be able to take it, ring and all. As you can tell, you and the hormones I take have me hard as stone. Seeing you as you are now makes me want to explore every

inch of your body, have you explore me. You know me, I've always been hotter for Darth and the other boys than I ever was for you, and I'm fonder of being fucked than fucking. But I imagine you can persuade me to ease your lust. Kneel and suck my cock, show me how much you want it in your steaming little cunt."

The musky smell of her sex surrounded his senses the way her hot lips sucked him in. When he used his hands to coax her to take him deeper, he noticed how her breathing grew ragged, her sucking motion jerky when he stroked her smooth, satiny scalp just below the occipital bone. Good. Pressure was building in his prostate, lust he'd never before felt for any female. Suddenly he had to claim her, sink into her fragrant cunt and give her a hard ride. He needed to prove to himself that he was still a man, still able to give and receive pleasure as if he were whole and hetero.

"Come up here and ride me." He punctuated his words with action, drawing her head off him, pulling her onto his lap and working his throbbing cock into her tight, wet hole.

"Oooh. Please fuck me hard, Master." Her jeweled clit bored into his bare groin. Her nipples brushed his chest, their exposed tips so hard yet so soft. He cupped her breasts in his hands as she moved on him. Up. Down. In a circular pattern that put delicious pressure on his cock.

Bending his head, he took one of her nipples in his mouth, tugged its jeweled ring between his teeth, sucked hard. So good. So different, yet so much like sex felt with Darth. Or rather, the way it had felt when it had been the three of them, when Darth wasn't hampered by the psychological sense of submission that was alien to his nature, and by Gaby's absence, such that he had to trick himself into arousal, his every move underscored by a subtle reluctance Vance sensed and broke his heart for both of them.

She raised one hand, found the erogenous zones on Vance's shaved head. The rasp of stubble when she caressed him there added to all the sensations that were bombarding him, making his cock swell more as she pulled on it with talented inner muscles. Gods help him, he was going to come, flood her with the clear, thin ejaculate

he felt pressing on his cock ring, escaping in short bursts to mingle with her creamy juices.

Impaled. Bombarded with sensations she hadn't realized Vance could evoke on his own. Gaby leaned on his chest, still hot, still needing to come even though his penis had shrunk in her cunt, softened. Massaging it with her inner muscles apparently didn't work to bring it back to life. She flicked his left nipple. Nothing. Her own nipples swelled painfully against the new shields and rings. Desperate now, she spread her legs wide and rubbed her swollen clit against his pubic bone.

"Here. Let me help you out." With that Vance opened a drawer and pulled out a large vibrating dildo and an anal plug. "They warned me you might need more fucking than a eunuch could manage." Pausing to draw one nipple in his mouth and suck it hard, he spread her legs and inserted the toys. "I promise we'll accommodate your needs better when Darth gets home. They tell me I'll get better, too, as the hormones I take build up in my system and start working the way they're supposed to."

## Chapter Three

Covering the image of the Star Command's insignia on the flight deck console with Gabrielle's picture had been a small rebellion. The only gesture of defiance Darth dared make to the fanatical rulers who'd taken away all his choices. All of every Earthling's choices. Darth dragged his gaze away from this woman who used to be his love, now was his forbidden fantasy unless his Master permitted him to have her.

No time for weaving futile dreams. He was here to track down and kill the aliens who'd invaded Earth a generation earlier. And he was good at it. It rankled that it should be enough alone to let him walk with powerhouse ministers of Earth's Federation. Now, while the trappings of wealth and accolades might stand easily within his grasp, he would never know if the opportunity came because of his prowess as a starfighter or his status as mate to Vance, nephew of the Federation's ruling general.

His thoughts returned to Gaby, thankfully, though they were blurred with worry. She'd be different, he knew. Vance hadn't thought he knew, but he'd heard how the sex slaves were conditioned. The innocent country girl whose caring had enthralled him might be long gone. He might find he'd lost her after all, even if Vance managed to find and buy her. But then they'd all changed, hadn't they?

All he had to do to achieve his goals was stay the course—and use his obsession with Gaby to keep himself focused on what he wanted to achieve for himself.

It wouldn't matter. They'd all changed. They'd join in *ménage à trois*, accept the lives the Federation leaders had laid out for them. And Darth would rise quickly to power in the Star Command.

Fingering the largest topaz in Vance's mark of ownership, Darth stared out the cockpit window, marveling at the vastness of the galaxy, the relative insignificance of

Earth, his home. He'd been hurtling through space nearly three months now, charged with destroying fifteen enemy spacecraft.

Fourteen down, only one to go. Darth visually scanned the vast blackness of space, noticed that tonight the stars seemed unusually bright, precious jewels set in an obsidian sky. One seemed larger, sparkled brighter than the rest. A previously undiscovered planet?

Perhaps. He looked more closely. Couldn't be certain. It looked like a tiny planet ringed by ten moons, but it probably was just a grouping of stars that hadn't yet been charted. He told himself he'd been out on patrol too long and was in need of some R&R. Still the object drew him so strongly he moved to take over the starfighter's controls, get closer so he could take a good look. But as he moved to take over for Goku, his companion robot, Darth spied an enemy – an alien spacecraft, its dull gray hull visible only now against the blackness. His muscles tensed as he homed in on the ship, prepared to attack.

*Number fifteen. Take this one down and you can go home.*

Adrenaline rushed through his veins as he zeroed in on the pesky alien, his wing lasers blazing. Yes! The first beam made contact with its target, illuminating the sky. This was a large ship, Beta class. It would be no cinch to take down, but no match in attack mode for Darth's sleek starfighter. Another laser beam hit its mark, making the enemy ship lurch and shudder. Goku maneuvered their vessel close in for the kill. For a split second Darth's gaze locked with that of the doomed captain, and he couldn't help but feel sympathy when the alien creature raised its hand in a salute, an acknowledgement of impending death much like that made by ancient Earth gladiators about to go at it with lions. *We who are about to die salute you.*

Darth's sympathy was short-lived. This was one of the bastards who'd come close to destroying intelligent life on Earth. He braced for the shot he saw coming, gritted his teeth. Yeah, they'd tried to destroy intelligent life on Earth, but with all the government's new restrictions, he wasn't sure they hadn't truly succeeded.

He had a job, and he was going to do it right. With deadly precision he aimed and fired his main laser guns. Once. Twice. *So long, asshole.* When his third shot hit, the enemy ship broke up, its huge hull now a shimmering field of space junk that floated on the vapor currents in a macabre dance of death.

He had no time now for celebrating, because the enemy had hit his ship before exploding. The starfighter shuddered, lurched, began churning in a dizzying helix. Darth switched to manual pilot, wrestled with the controls. Finally he managed to stop the downward spiraling that had him seeing double, and he pulled the starfighter back onto an even course. Fuck, he'd never before had such a close call. Sweat poured off his brow, practically blinding him until he wiped it away with the back of his hand and began a quick assessment of the damages.

What the fuck? The 'bot wasn't taking care of business. That was Darth's first hint that the computers that powered his robotic autopilot had taken a hit. "Goku?"

He was answered with silence. The robot sat in the copilot's seat, silent and unmoving. Darth eyed it, wished to hell he'd opted to bring along a copilot of the human persuasion. As it was, if he couldn't land and repair the computer that ran Goku and the ship's autopilot, it would soon be space junk. And he'd be history.

The brightest star he'd noticed before the fight twinkled at him. Lured him. As he saw it, he had only two choices. He could gamble that it would support life long enough for him to repair his starfighter, or bet he could stay awake and in control of the ship for three long days until he reached the closest space station. The latter was impossible since he'd already been up over twenty-four hours, had been about to leave it to Goku and catch a nap before the alien encounter. No way could Darth go four days without sleep.

Was it his imagination, or were those ten luminous stars that seemed to be orbiting the larger, brighter one actually moons? If they were, then his chances would be improved.



No matter. He'd have to bet his life that what he saw was a new, uncharted planet, not a mirage or an unusual-looking star. That there would be someplace there where he could land without breaking up or sinking into mire. Darth spared a quick glance at Gaby's picture then set his course. A course that could mean his salvation...or his death.

\* \* \* \* \*

The starfighter hurtled through heavy cloud cover into an atmosphere eerily like that of Earth. Darth strained his eyes, spied a large grassy clearing bordered on one side with sparkling hills that looked like the stones in his collar. A good omen? He hoped so.

He'd put down there. Attempt to make the necessary repairs. Sending up a prayer to all the gods he could think of that this would work, he put down the landing gears. When they caught solid ground he breathed a huge sigh of relief. He brought the craft to a halt at the edge of the clearing, started to reach for his space suit with its bulky oxygen tanks and the heavy weighting that would help him compensate for the lack of gravity in space.

Then he glanced at the atmospheric sensors. If they were correct, then the air outside was practically identical to that on Earth. Cleaner. He opened the hatch and looked around, inhaling fragrant air with just a touch of breeze that caressed his cheeks. A sweet scent, not a lot different from back home when the peach trees blossomed, teased his nostrils, made him want to bite into a piece of sweet, juicy fruit. Birds chirped, apparently disturbed by his invasion, and honeybees swarmed around their hive in a hollow tree trunk. When he looked beyond the clearing, he spied a glittering pathway along a stream of crystal-clear water lined with what looked like topazes in every shade, their surfaces smooth from the constant flow of the stream.

Paradise? He didn't know, but something compelled him to leave the starship and explore. The repairs could wait. Darth sensed he'd find the strength to complete his assignment by checking out the wonders of this planet he'd accidentally discovered. Eager to walk unencumbered along the topaz pathway, he levered himself up and out

of the starfighter, standing on top of it for a few minutes to survey this welcome new world that seemed like a microcosm of his own.

A warm breeze caressed his cheeks as he breathed in the smell of sweet flowers that grew out of crevices on the hill. Three months was a damn long time to live, cooped up in the spacecraft or encumbered by the equipment necessary to survive in environments hostile to humankind.

The pathway drew him, its golden lure a silent promise of more beauty, respite from battle. A paradise free from alien threats and mutant genes that had driven his existence from birth. Eden, half a universe away from the legendary birthplace of mankind. Slowly, savoring the ambience, Darth started down the path, listened to the rushing sound of water rippling over those flat stones etched with cool, green moss. It reminded him of the streams back home, yet this one was crystal clear, unsullied by pollution. Darth breathed in fragrant air as he followed the path, enjoying silence punctuated by the occasional chirp of a brilliant red-feathered bird. It felt damn good, walking on firm ground again, not constantly hearing the roar of his starfighter's nuclear-powered engines.

*Claim this place. For you. For us.*

Gaby? He had to have been hearing things. Or was he? When he looked up from watching water tumble over moss-covered rocks into a sparkling pool, he saw her. A woman standing in the glade beyond the pool, her naked body translucent, a golden aura surrounding her. It had to be Gabrielle, the love of his life.

He shook his head, waited for the images to go away. When they didn't, he tried to attribute them to his own fatigue, the fight, the stress of having had to put down on this uncharted planet. Still the image stayed with him, became clearer by the moment.

No. Gaby was back on Earth, and she was real. She should be home with Vance by now, waiting for Darth's return. This had to be a mirage he'd conjured up in his head. The product of months away from home with his hand his only sex partner. Months when his only contact had been with aliens—females forbidden to the men of the Star

Command by the Federation ministers who feared they'd produce another generation of mutants—this generation strong enough to destroy Earth's civilization. The alien females hadn't been hard to resist. Darth had little taste for the strange-looking creatures although he'd heard fellow officers say they served as well as Earth's pleasure women when you were hard-up for a fuck.

But this didn't look like any alien he'd ever seen. She looked like Gaby. Then she moved, seemingly as bound by gravity as he. Her round breasts swayed as she held her arms out, a move that had his cock swelling in his pants...his pulse racing. He'd have moved, but his feet seemed anchored to the spot.

Fuck but she looked real. As she got closer he whiffed the unmistakable smell of aroused woman and saw the moist sheen that made her pale thighs glow. When she stopped an arm's length away and smiled up at him, he was lost.

*This is our place. Our time. Take me. Take me the way you've always wanted to.*

When he held out his arms, she went to her knees before him. Her breath tickled his hard-on through his pants when she looked up at him, pleading in her clear blue eyes. *May I serve you, Master?*

No red-blooded man could resist her unspoken plea. Darth laid his hands over hers on his belt as she parted the closure of his flight suit. Then he remembered. He was not the master he'd hoped to become, but a mated submissive allowed to fuck others only with Vance's consent. He started to pull back.

Fuck that. Vance wasn't here. If he were, he wouldn't mind. And this wasn't real life but an erotic fantasy Darth intended to play out for the slice of time it would last. In slow motion he dragged her hands away, tore open the front closure of his uniform and freed his aching cock.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gaby curled in bed, restless, sleeping lightly through the unfulfilled lust that always plagued her. She dreamed of a cock. Saw it in a world that took her breath

away, sent her along a topaz-paved pathway in search of its owner. Suddenly the lust was sated, and she was once again the innocent girl of long ago.

But the cock had her attention, leading her to some spot outside her mind. A beautiful cock, as beautiful as the glade, the stream that ran merrily over sparkling stones. Framed in the brilliant blue Star Command officers wore, the long, thick shaft with its glistening purplish head made her mouth water.

It was Darth. She knelt before her Master, anxious to do his bidding. Fragrant blossoms tickled her flesh as the vines where they grew twined around her, holding her as if at his command, binding her and making her helpless to resist his mastery.

When she glanced up at his handsome face she saw unleashed passion—and the collar he wore around his thick, muscular neck. A slave? Not possible. He wore an aura of command no piece of jewelry could mitigate, not even the heavy, polished gold with its embedded, faceted golden topazes that marked him the mate of a woman or man of vast wealth and power back on Earth. Besides, his collar had no hasp to attach a leash.

He raked her body with his gaze, as though he'd devour her. "Take me in your mouth." Though his words were terse, they rolled over her like honey, seducing her as completely as if he'd reached out and touched her. She leaned forward, wrapped her hand around the base of his monster cock then licked the slit in its glistening plum-shaped head. He tasted good. So good she wanted more.

"Suck me." There was no doubt he'd master her. This was no slave but a strong, virile male.

She sank her open mouth over him, closed her lips over the velvety, blue-veined shaft. Would have cupped his low-hanging balls between her hands were both of her wrists not firmly bound behind her back by the flowering vines. Extending her tongue, she ran it along the underside of his shaft. Swallowed. Sucked. Bobbed up and down on his huge, rigid penis, loving that she could do this small service for him.

Her pussy clenched. She grew wet, anticipating. Yes, finally he was touching her. The firm grip of his fingers as he threaded them through her hair, his control of her

rhythm, pleased her. Oh yes. His low growl when she deep-throated him again made her nipples tighten, her skin burn despite the cool air that surrounded them in the glade.

“Enough.” He lifted her head, met her gaze with eyes she could never mistake—deep brown, full of passion but something more, the need to pleasure her. To lend her his strength. “I’m going to fuck you.”

He knelt behind her in the soft green grass of the glade. Lifted her at the waist and spread the plump cheeks to expose her damp, fragrant sex. The vines that held her seemed to adjust at his bidding, their grip sinuous, tickling, arousing her flesh wherever they touched. She braced for his first thrust, felt his warm breath instead. He bent, tongued her slit from clit to ass, thrusting his tongue into her pussy and lapping up her honey. He used his big calloused hands to cup her breasts, his fingers to roll the nipples until they stood up in high, tight peaks. “Oh yes, Master.”

When he let her nipples go, more of the magical vines wrapped round them, confining them as tightly as any nipple clamps, making her squirm, move against the bonds that bombarded her senses with the sweet smell of their blossoms as they tightened, their message clear that she was under his control. When she’d have spoken again it was as if he knew it, because a vine slithered across her face, binding one of the scarlet blooms firmly over her mouth. A small bird with brilliant feathers of red and gold glided to a stop before her, drank deeply of the nectar in one of the flowers.

“Look, my angel. He sips from his flower as I sip from mine.” His mouth closed over her exposed pussy, and he tongue-fucked her until thousands of sensations raced along her nerve endings, carrying her to the edge. “No, you may not come.” As he rose up the vines tightened, bit hard against her nipples. “Not until you feel my cock reaming your tight, wet cunt.”

As though he commanded not only her but the idyllic setting, a breeze swirled about them then stopped. As if it had heard his promise to do what was forbidden to them under threat of death. But the vines tightened, spread her legs, lifted her to where

his hot tool throbbed against her pussy lips. "Mmmf." She strained against the gag but it wouldn't budge.

"Yes. I know this kind of sex was forbidden when we were back on Earth, even before the cock harnesses made it impossible. But we've wanted this for years. Now, in this magical place, it's inevitable. For just a moment let us pretend we're free."

Yes. No. Her muscles tensed. Passion warred with fear. Her pussy clenched when he pushed forward. When his cock head throbbed within her inner lips, her juices began to flow. He pressed inward then withdrew when she started to shiver.

"I sense you're not ready to risk it all, but I have to be inside you." He found her pussy and slipped a finger inside. "Don't you want me to fuck you here?" With first one finger then two, he thrust in and out, making her juices flow while he sank his teeth into the sensitive spot where her neck and shoulder met.

"Mmmm." The vines tightened on her legs and arms, their tendrils caressing away the sting of the binding while the fragrance from their blooms mingled with the musk of her desire and his. The ones on her nipples undulated, tightening then letting go, over and over. The pleasure-pain brought her to the brink of climax as he stood, the fine wool of his loosened uniform chafing her inner thighs when he moved between them.

"Your sweet cunt's warm and wet. I like that." He withdrew his fingers and fished into one of the pockets of his flight suit. She hated it when he moved away, leaving her trembling with need. "I had to put on a condom," he said gruffly as he positioned himself at her rear entrance. But she sensed that wasn't what he really wanted. Not what she wanted, either. "Mmmf." Damn the vines. Holding her breath, she shook her head violently.

"Change your mind?" he asked, his voice rough, lust-driven.

When she nodded, he trailed his fingers along her spine, his touch possessive yet loving. He moved closer, found her needy pussy then bent over and kissed the sweet spot on the back of her neck. "Sweetheart, you have no idea how many nights I've dreamed about taking your sweet cunt."

She wished she could talk, tell him she'd wanted him as much. No, more. Instead she thrust her hips back against the vines, to him. The broad head of his long, thick cock pressed insistently against her pussy.

With slow, steady pressure he pushed inside, stretching her, filling her as she'd dreamed he would, splaying his fingers over her belly, caressing her as he seated himself deep inside her.

He moved slowly, the friction of him thrusting and retreating arousing her to a fever pitch despite the stinging pain, the stretched-out sensation that made her wonder if he'd split her apart. Then, when he slid one hand between them and inserted first two then three long fingers into her rear hole, she felt she'd explode. "Mmmmmph."

"No, baby, you can't come yet. Imagine I've got two cocks fucking your cunt and ass. Think how it would feel if I came inside you, gave you my seed to mingle with your own sweet honey. Then I'd let you come, and I'd keep coming while you screamed with pleasure."

She wished...no, he mustn't. All the old rules echoed in her head, frightening her, tearing her heart in two. What they were doing would get them killed. He must have felt her fear because he pulled out of her pussy and pressed his hot, wet cock, lubricated by her own juices, into her asshole where his fingers had been. "It's okay. This feel better?"

No, it wasn't better, but it was good. The pleasure-pain overtook her as he thrust gently, going deeper each time, filling her until she was sure she'd burst. With his palm he stimulated her clit while he sank his fingers deep in her pussy, thrusting then retreating as he rocked in and out, his sheathed cock deep in her ass. So this was what she'd been waiting for, the incredible pleasure-pain of being claimed in every way by Darth. She trembled all over, the sensations too much. Pressure built in her, coursed through her veins until every cell in her body was screaming to explode. Would he let her? She couldn't ask, had to wait until he sensed she couldn't hold back much longer.

Her heart was exploding in her chest, overwhelming the physical sensations. She'd belonged to him since they'd played together as children in the lush woods near their home. Since long before the first day he'd kissed her, stroked her breasts and pussy and promised she'd be his forever. Before the edict. But she wouldn't think of that now, wouldn't ask him for more. Even this was forbidden to them. But it felt so good, having his heat and throbbing presence within her body. His hard flesh claimed her ass more completely with each stroke, each nip of his teeth on her neck as he devoured her.

"Come for me." His terse words came out not as a plea but as a master's demand. An order that set off sensations, urgent feelings that began where he finger-fucked her pussy and reamed her ass with his cock. Sensations raced along nerve endings until they filled her, drove out everything but the delicious waves of pleasure she'd only dreamed of. "Acknowledge you are mine."

The vines tightened about her, the sweet smell of their blossoms mingling with the smells of male and female. Of sex and fulfillment. Submission and release. His fingers dug into the flesh of her ass cheeks, holding her for the deep, measured thrusts that built up inside her, made her pussy ache to be filled. "Mmm." If only she could speak, put words to the exquisite pleasure, the sights and sounds and tastes of fulfillment.

"I know." As brilliant rainbow hues surrounded them, he pulled out. Held her. "By the gods, I'll have you fully. Someday."

Then he was gone. The vines loosened and fell away. Cool air swirled about her, bringing on it the familiar scent of peach blossoms. The vines that had bound her no longer bore the huge brilliant flowers whose exotic scent had seduced her moments earlier. They lay at her feet, their pale yellow and white flowers emitting the familiar smell of honeysuckle. And then, like him, they disappeared.

*When we were children we used to sip the nectar, glory in the sweet, tart flavors. Plan how it would be when we grew up.* But those bucolic days were gone. They'd died when he'd been ordered to take Vance as his mate, had been buried forever a few months ago



when she'd been declared one of the forbidden ones, fit only to be modified and sold to the highest bidder.

She woke on the Egyptian cotton sheets she'd helped Vance pick out, preparing for Darth's return. A tear made its way down her cheek, its path meandering like the stream that ran at the orchard's edge. Darth wasn't here. He was gone, off on another mission to kill aliens. And when he returned, she wouldn't be the Gaby he'd remember. While she was a sex slave, she felt almost like a leper, shunned and isolated because of a gene she couldn't control, given the choice of life as a slave, or death. Why did she cling to the hope that she could find happiness, that having Darth and Vance could help her find that?

The dream had seemed so real, as though Darth had visited her, touched her, loved her in the only way allowed. But now it was over. In her mind she'd been in the orchard behind her childhood home, sniffing peach blossoms and honeysuckle. The magic vines and brilliant flowers had only been an illusion, though. And she had conjured up the Master who never could be hers. Only a small part of her wouldn't let the dream die, wouldn't let her accept the fate of her birth.

Why wouldn't her stubborn heart let her abandon a fantasy she knew could never come true? Gaby turned her thoughts to serving her two Masters and having them fulfill her overwhelming sexual needs.

She could hardly wait to take Darth's long, thick cock and Vance's less potent one in all her holes, stuffing her full, driving away the unholy lust that had her using Vance and all the toys they'd found. And still reaching out for the sort of satisfaction that would wring her out, let her have some peace from the animal needs that drove her.

## Chapter Four

All the while Darth worked to repair the computer that controlled the autopilot on his starfighter, his mind kept going back to the glade beyond this grassy clearing. To the shadowy female figure he couldn't help believing had – somehow – been Gaby.

Sure. And a tiny planet existed here at the farthest reaches of the galaxy, beyond the alien stronghold Obsidion. Half convinced the place was an aberration, an illusion made real in his time of desperate need, he stepped up his efforts. He'd definitely been out too long this time. It was time to go home before he started thinking this *was* home.

There. With luck, the ship would make it back to Earth. Darth checked the connections one last time then put back the protective casing he'd patched to cover the burn from the alien ship's laser gun. He could take off now. Goku waved from the cockpit, obviously functioning once more now that Darth had replaced the computer chips scorched by the aliens' laser beam.

Feeling strangely sad to be leaving but eager to go home, Darth circled the planet, noting its ten pale moons, the distinctive hills and valleys that reminded him so much of Earth except that they glittered like jewels while the hills back home wore carpets of pine trees and wildflowers that sprouted from their rocky bases.

He'd probably never come back, but he'd had Goku map the place—he decided he'd call it Luna Ten, not Eden with its historical implications—as the ship hurtled through space toward home. Once he landed and got checked out by his superiors, he'd head back to Vance. And to Gaby. That thought turned him from the beautiful illusion to the reality awaiting him. He could hardly wait to see them, but as he passed the offices of the Interplanetary Council some force he didn't quite understand made him go in and stake a claim to the utopian paradise he'd discovered. Who knew? Maybe

someday he'd need a place of refuge from the rulers of Federation Earth whose laws and edicts seemed to have become more fanatical every time he came home.

Luna Ten. He filled out the paperwork, paid the required fee and became the official owner of the tiny paradise that lay beyond Obsidion, beyond the territory claimed by the alien enemies.

Now Darth wanted nothing but to return to the small community where he'd grown up. To Gaby. Barely considering that their relationship would be that of slaves to one master rather than the Master/slave relationship he'd imagined for so long, he gunned the motor of his ground cycle. Damn, but the thing seemed slow now after months of hurtling through space in his starfighter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gaby's neck hurt. It wasn't that the thick gold collar with its rare red topazes bit into her flesh as much as it was that its constant weight reminded her she was a slave, at the mercy of her new owner and anybody he might wish to share her with. But she wasn't afraid of Vance. Or Darth, his mate. Right now she knelt at Vance's feet, trying to be very still and not cry out while he put finishing touches on the elaborate tattoo he'd chosen and begun inking on this third week they'd been together.

She wasn't sure she liked the tattoo, but she realized Vance had no choice but to do it. Federation rules required one for all female sex slaves. And while he'd not given her a choice—slaves couldn't speak in public, she reminded herself—he'd spared no expense in picking the exquisite gold and topaz jewelry that now sparkled from each of her piercings, and twinkled from her collar and the matching cuffs on her wrists and ankles. Vance had always had good taste. It touched her that he'd remembered topazes were her birthstone, and Darth's, particularly since they'd never made a point of celebrating such milestones.

The design he'd chosen for her scalp was elaborate. Feminine, not ugly like the ones the matrons had warned her and her fellow slaves to expect. Tonight, he'd promised

he'd finish the tattoo. And he'd hinted he'd fuck her afterward. Her cunt creamed at the thought. Seemed it was always creaming now, and her clit and breasts were constantly swollen, needing a lover's touch.

*Ouch!* She felt that needle, all the way to her pussy. She'd never dreamed how many erogenous zones there were on her scalp until Vance started inking the elaborate design. She had to be kidding herself. Her whole body had become an erogenous zone. She'd noticed the concern and compassion in Vance's eyes as he helped her deal with it, His cock, his mouth, his touch, and the selection of toys he'd brought home to supplement his own prowess when she had him exhausted hadn't done the job. Maybe they were both hoping Darth would be the answer to their fulfillment.

What would Darth think when he saw her? She remembered how he'd loved to run his fingers through her long blonde hair. He used to wrap its length around his hand and use it to hold her steady for his kiss.

Vance set down the tool he was using, caught Gaby's head between his hands. "You're done. Want to see?"

He held up a mirror and Gaby looked at the intricate design of red, bronze and gold swirls curving around her pale, shiny scalp. Each swirl began at her crown and curved to form what looked like uneven bangs in front. The swirls curved down in back, resembling a translucent cap that stopped almost where her hairline used to be. She looked exotic, erotic. She liked the tattoo more than she'd expected, for it broke the pale monotony of her naked scalp. "Thank you, Master," she said, surprised that she actually meant it.

"You're welcome. I did a pretty good job, if I say so myself. If you want I'll tattoo eyebrows for you, too."

Gaby studied herself in the mirror, imagined brows. Then she shook her head. "Thank you, but I'm not ashamed to be your slave." She reached up, played with the ring above and to the right of her eye. "A tattoo here would make this hard to see."

"Your choice, little one. You have to know how arousing you are, and that you've kept a eunuch's cock hard 24/7 since you came home. And yet part of me wishes you were still the same as you were, sweet, innocently curious, eager for the kind of life that stopped existing before our eyes."

"I know." There were times when Gaby's overwhelming lust subsided long enough for her to fantasize about the old days. She remembered the emotional dream of meeting Darth and making love in the meadow where they used to play, a meadow now filled with a commune where all the Federation's children would be raised. Desperate not to think of that, to satisfy herself with the way things were now, she stood and rubbed her nipples against Vance's smooth, muscular chest. Lust bubbled over, made her encircle his cock with her hands, play with the ring in its tip. "Does Darth have one of these?"

"No. The rings are for free eunuchs like me, and slaves at the pleasure palaces who've had their cocks spared so they can service customers who like being ass-fucked. Most eunuch slaves have lost it all, like the ones who serve here in the house." Vance clapped his hands, and one of the house slaves came and carted off the tattooing supplies. "Come over to the couch and I'll try to give you an orgasm or two. Darth will soon be home, and we wouldn't want him to think I haven't been taking good care of you. If he treats me well, I'll sometimes let you have him to yourself."

Gaby went to the couch, knelt in front of Vance when he sat down. "Why did you buy me?" She paused then continued. "You bought me for Darth, didn't you?"

She'd loved Vance before, but now she loved him more for his generosity, his ability to value love more than sex, more than his own body. "Didn't you?"

Her heart lurched at the look in his eyes, the love that was there when he caressed her throat just below his collar. Then his cock rose, nudged her cheek. "I love him. Always have. He wants you, and I want him to be happy." He smiled at her, the light of desire strong in his eyes, like his cock now nudging up her jaw. "Ever since I got a good

look at his big cock in the locker room when we were kids, I've always wanted to feel it reaming my ass. Envied you because it was you who got him hard and ready."

He paused, stroked her cheek with careless affection. "I know you need constant sex now, so I'll try to accommodate you until our mutual lover comes home. Suck my cock. See if you can make me come with that pretty mouth."

When he shifted, she slipped off the G-string he usually wore at home and took his half-hard tool between her lips, stroking its length with her metal-studded tongue. For what seemed like hours he humped her mouth. Her nipples hardened against the rings that dangled from them. Her clit twitched. Her cunt creamed in spite of the fact Vance didn't seem to react other than by clutching her head, finding yet another erogenous zone just below her crown but above where her hairline used to be. "That's it, swallow. Oh yeah." He found the implant, rubbed the skin above it with a tantalizing circular motion. "Be a good slave, and maybe I'll fuck your cunt while Darth fucks my ass. Yes, that's what I'll do. Come for me now."

As though she had a choice. The implanted device sent shock waves throughout her body. She shuddered. Swallowed. Redoubled her efforts to make him come as wave after wave of pleasure drained her, left her slick with sweat, weakened. She was still in a mental fog when Vance got up to answer the phone.

It was then it came to her. They'd both lost something precious. Her loss could only be seen in a small scar covered by her elaborate navel ring. His was readily visible to anyone who looked at the bare space between his legs where his balls should have been. Whether it had been voluntary, as Vance said his castration was, or forced as hers had been, their losses sort of made them kindred spirits. Two parts, both needing Darth to make them feel whole.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Welcome, lover."

On first glance Vance looked the same as Darth remembered, a slender, pale male specimen whose head reached only to Darth's shoulders. Clad only in a red G-string, Vance made him feel out of place in his Star Command uniform. "It's good to be back." Darth couldn't make himself say aloud that this was now his home.

"Come in and join us in the bathhouse. Gabrielle will watch while I prepare you. We cleansed each other earlier so I can concentrate on you."

"You?" Darth had imagined the threesome, even gotten hard at the thought of fucking Gaby while Vance stroked her full breasts, claiming her cunt while Vance fucked her ass. He hadn't looked forward to Vance handling him, though. From Vance's chuckle he assumed the other man was reading his mind.

"Me. You didn't imagine I'd deny myself the pleasure of touching every inch of your big, hard body, did you? Come on, I can hardly wait to feel you again, enjoy you reaming my ass again after all these months." As Vance turned and led the way, Darth realized the hormone injections had finally started to kick in during his absence. Not only was Vance's cock erect, but he had more musculature, including taut buttocks Darth couldn't help imagining flexing as he'd fucked Gaby all these weeks. Fucking her alone, not waiting until he came home to join them.

He clenched his teeth, fought anger he knew was unreasonable but couldn't quite quell. "I suppose not."

"Gaby, say hello to Darth." From Vance's tone Darth guessed he might be jealous. Or that he was fighting a baser nature that made him want to inject control, remind them both that he was boss, however benevolent he usually seemed.

Gaby raised her gaze, looked into Darth's eyes for a split second before focusing them on the carpet just beyond her bare feet. "Hello, Master Darth," she said, her tone so subservient no one could possibly miss that she was a slave.

Other than her sweet voice he'd heard in his dreams every night, nothing about her was as he remembered. He fought to control his emotions, to keep his voice steady. "Gaby," he murmured.

He'd known she'd look different, but not that her all-over smoothness would have testosterone flooding his brain, his body. Imagining handling her smooth skin, playing with the sparkling jewels that drew his gaze, burying his throbbing cock in all her enticing holes...

"Come on, the sooner we get this done, the sooner we can pleasure Gaby." Vance undressed him and led him to a new porcelain bidet set on a black marble pedestal. "Sit down while I adjust the spray."

Darth squelched his sense of embarrassment at having her watch his mate prepare him the way he might prepare either of them for anal play. Instead he focused his attention on her, his arousal intensifying while the warm spray invaded his body.

Like a sex goddess in ancient movies, she sat there, cross-legged, on a plush rug near the bathhouse wall. Her collar looked like his own, except that the topazes in hers were rare red ones, and there was a large hasp that lay in the hollow of her throat. A sturdy-looking chain leash was clipped onto it, and the other end of the leash was tethered to a heavy metal eye embedded in the floor. She wore thick jeweled bracelets on her hands and ankles. It was obvious from hasps embedded into each bracelet that they were meant as much for restraint as for ornamentation, although at the moment they weren't being used to tie her down.

Shit. Darth had known in his head they'd have prepared her for the block the way they did everybody about to be sold as slaves. He'd thought he'd adequately prepared himself for seeing her bald, pierced and tattooed. While he'd envisioned ugly, she wasn't. Her gleaming scalp attracted his gaze, and the jewels in her piercings looked strangely exotic. "You did a great job with the tattoo," he told Vance as he got up from the bidet and followed his mate to the open shower.

Darth couldn't help it. The creature Gabrielle had become aroused him. His cock swelled and hardened under Vance's seeking hands as soapy water sluiced over their bodies. How much more arousing her smaller, softer hands would be! He felt his face after shaving it then went over it again to get rid of a few scratchy spots that would



certainly redden Gaby's silky, hairless skin. He could hardly wait to bury his face between her slender thighs and drink her honey. He could feast on her while Vance sucked his cock, or...

Even the idea of letting his mate fuck his ass didn't seem all that unpleasant if he could be eating Gaby's pussy while he accepted each painful thrust. Darth glanced her way, saw frank lust in blue eyes that now seemed larger, darker than he remembered as she watched him and Vance in the shower. God but she made his pulse race!

Gaby wasn't the Gaby he'd fallen in love with, but she was beautiful in an otherworldly sort of way, a creature who exuded sexual promise even as she sat immobile, at least ten red topaz studs in each small, tightly set ear and one in her right nostril that caught the light and winked at him in what seemed a blatant invitation. Darth didn't care as much for the small gold ring where her left eyebrow used to be, or for the tiny topaz stud just below her lower lip.

When she stuck out her tongue and ran it over her lower lip, he saw a titanium ball much like the ones he and Vance had worn since their mating. Gods, but he couldn't help anticipating how it would feel, warm and hard and damp against his flesh when she sucked and licked his cock. Her nipple rings and the large cabochon topaz in her navel intrigued him. Anticipation had him hard as stone, eager to explore her piercings up close, tangle his tongue ring in the small ring dangling from her clit, explore her naked cunt and ass with his hands and mouth.

Still, in his heart Darth pictured Gaby as she'd been before...with long curls he used to grasp to command her mouth. Wearing a flowing, flowered dress to protect her from lascivious stares. Eager but innocent, unlike the living, breathing temptation before him now.

Vance rubbed soap over Darth's ass, the slight pressure of his fingers as telling as the pair of tattoos there that identified him and the semen he'd donated. Darth tried not to flinch when he felt Vance insert two soapy fingers up his ass. "Relax, pet, I want to be sure you're thoroughly clean up here."

As Darth took a deep breath and tried to will the tension away, he couldn't help noticing how much Vance's cock had swelled, or that its purplish head had escaped the confines of the wet G-string. "When you finish, I'm going to do the same to you. After all, you never know what I might want to put there."

"I can hardly wait. Go ahead and do it now, while I'm doing you. Come on, mate, let go and enjoy it. I swear your muscles are tighter than bowstrings. This one in particular." Vance laughed as he tangled his fingers in Darth's thick pubic hair and squeezed the base of his cock while Darth soaped his fingers and worked two high up in Vance's tight ass.

He couldn't help it. Touching his mate and being touched like this, knowing Gaby was watching, felt good. Almost as good as fucking. Pictures of the three of them, pleasuring each other, sucking and fucking every hole, exploring every square inch of each other's bodies, ran through his brain, made him breathe hard.

Throbbing now, Darth felt lubrication oozing from his slit when Vance knelt in front of him, told him to spread his legs and turned on a cordless electric clipper. It vibrated, mowing down the growth of hair, making it hard for him to hold back a climax when Vance ran it over his scrotum and around his asshole.

Laying down the clipper, Vance lathered the bristly stubble with an old-fashioned shaving brush and picked up a new disposable blade. "Let's get rid of the rest of this now. Before you leave on another trip you should have it removed permanently."

"No." Darth didn't mind his mate shaving his pubes. He liked having sex without all that hair getting in the way. But he was a free male, not a eunuch and not exactly a slave, unless he considered that he and everyone else on Earth were in some way enslaved by the rulers of the New World Order. Having his body modified permanently in any way was not for him. "Let one of Gaby's duties be to shave me every day while I'm here." The idea of her putting her hands on him, performing the intimate act of baring his sex for her pleasure, had him desperate to get this over with and get to the main act, whatever that might be.

"I may if you're both good. Very good." When Vance stepped back a spray of warm water hit Darth's crotch, rinsing away the shaving soap and the last of the scratchy stubble the razor had sliced off his skin.

Vance lowered his head, licked Darth's smooth scrotum, the feel of warm metal and tongue on his skin making him swell even more. His testicles tightened painfully in their sac when Vance drew them inside his mouth. "If you don't stop that, I'm going to come all over your scalp." Darth desperately wanted to hold it in, not explode until he was buried deep in Gaby's glistening mouth.

No, Darth wanted to ram his cock into her warm, wet cunt, take her the one way that no longer was forbidden as it had been before the New World Order. He'd bought his release from that restriction by mating with his friend, taking the collar that marked him a kept man. She'd bought hers by becoming a sex slave, submissive to her Master's will.

"Come let me dry you off so we can go pleasure our slave. You'll find her eager, almost desperate to join in our sexual games." Vance stepped out of the shower spray and towed Darth dry. Darth noticed how confidently his mate claimed his flesh. Flesh that belonged to him by law. It was as if Vance was staking his claim by the act of serving him the way he expected Darth to serve him.

Gaby couldn't tear her gaze from them, still slick from the water that trickled down their bodies even as Vance blotted away the moisture. They were magnificent, naked animals, Darth's tanned body taller and more muscular but no less hot than Vance's lighter, paler one. Both cocks stood at attention, Darth's with his intact, newly shaved scrotum tightening against the base of his cock. Gods but she wanted to take that monster cock in her mouth, her cunt, even in her ass. She loved Vance's touch, his smoothness, the thin texture of his empty ejaculate running down her thighs when she clamped down on his smaller weapon. But what she wanted now was Darth.

Her cunt and ass clenched against the sex toys she wore. Her mouth fell open, longing for Darth to master her now, ram his hot, hard tool into every orifice in her body. The thought of taking him in her cunt, Vance in her mouth, the imagined sensation of four hands finding her erogenous zones and driving her past all her old inhibitions, had her sex throbbing, her clit and nipples hardening and swelling with greedy anticipation.

She'd loved Darth forever. Vance too. They'd been the ones who'd driven her past her inhibitions when they were younger, but those childish inhibitions no longer existed. Her sex was throbbing, this ungodly lust driving her to take Darth and Vance together, feel them both inside her, forcing her over the edge to ecstasy. She imagined their hands on her, exploring, discovering her reaction when they tugged at her clit, her nipples. Their hot breath on her would drive her to the brink, and when they finally claimed her fully it would take the edge off her uncontrollable lust.

Of course that lust would only come back to drive her, over and over, until she'd been fucked and sucked to death. Such was the lot of a sex slave, even one whose masters were also her friends, companions from another lifetime.

She'd tangle her hands in Darth's dark brown, wavy hair, and remember times when he'd wrapped his hands in her hair, urging her to suck him harder, make him come. She hoped he'd like handling her smooth scalp now, securing it to his groin, using his strong, calloused hands to move her up and down on him.

She could smell, almost taste the musk of aroused males mingling with the scent of her own cunt juices. Despite Vance's warning not to speak unless spoken to, once Darth arrived, Gaby opened her mouth and would have begged them to take her. However, anticipating her, Vance strode to her and fitted a cock-shaped gag into her parted, gasping lips. The band that secured it to her scalp rubbed against the implant, driving her to a frenzy of carnal need. Need that had to be obvious to Darth, whose eyes had widened. Lust or shock? Or maybe both.

*Gods, don't let him be repulsed by what I've become.* Gaby squirmed on her butt plug and dildo, imagined Darth and Vance taking them out, filling her with their hot, live flesh. She dragged her tongue ring slowly, sensually along the gag, wishing it were a cock. Any cock. She was so far gone with lust, it didn't matter. Since all the house slaves here were complete eunuchs, cocks were in short supply. That shouldn't matter, because there was still something of the girl she'd once been, who'd wanted only Darth to bring her sexual pleasure. Very little, she admitted as waves of arousal nearly took her breath away as if she were drowning in empty lust.

By the time Vance detached her leash and pulled her to her feet, she was burning. "Now's your time, pet," he said, motioning toward the master bedroom meant for three.

## Chapter Five

Fragrant candles flickered in a light breeze from the open patio door. A huge circular bed took up the center of the bedroom. The canopy above the bed cast red and gold shadows over the fine Egyptian cotton linens Darth had learned to appreciate since he'd spent his first night in Vance's bed. These were stark white, with a stack of fat gold-shot red pillows curving around a black mahogany headboard that went almost halfway around the bed.

He had to assume Gaby had fixed it up for them, but the master bedroom was worlds away from what Darth had imagined she'd choose. It looked more like what he imagined he'd see in one of the local pleasure houses.

It didn't seem natural, but he had to admit the stark black and white colors made an arousing backdrop for *ménage à trois*. Although it made him nervous being naked around Vance's eunuch house slaves, he appreciated the convenience of having one around to hand them toys, since getting off the round bed to get one would take a bit of doing. Murmuring thanks to the slave, Darth selected a gel dildo and anal plug, a silk flogger, some lube and a handful of lubricated condoms from the proffered tray before crawling across the bed and laying out the toys on a narrow ledge between the headboard and the mattress.

Vance joined him silently, his body nestled against the headboard opposite from Darth. "Hope you don't mind, pet. I allowed Gaby to decorate the room. You should compliment her—later. I doubt she'd appreciate the interruption now." With that he reached for Darth, brought two fingers under his collar and joined their mouths.

Damn it. Vance kissed like a woman, softly, his pierced tongue caressing the inside of Darth's mouth, swirling over his teeth, retreating to tighten up and tongue-fuck him the way Gaby used to do. Gaby. Tension built in his groin and he began to sweat. He

tried not to flinch when Vance grasped his cock and pumped it with one strong hand. Then Darth felt a warm breath on his belly. Some exotic fragrance mingled with the smell of aroused woman tickled his nostrils.

Gaby. Her mouth was on his navel. He felt her tongue swirling inward, sending urgent messages to his cock. Vance slid his lower body to Darth's other side, as though to give Gaby room to play.

Flanked by the two of them, Darth enjoyed the heat, the closeness he'd missed while he was gone. Four hands stroked him, learned every crevice, the curve of his pecs and the tautness of his belly. A sense of peace swept over him, a feeling their worlds had once been torn apart but were now forging something new and meaningful. Lasting.

Vance's body was warm, welcoming. Gaby's was on fire. Her eagerness rubbed off on him. Darth couldn't wait, had to have her, bury his cock to the balls in her hot, creamy cunt. Claim her. He rolled over her, grasped her ringed, shielded nipples and tugged them hard as he spread her legs and claimed the hole no longer forbidden to him.

She grasped his sex, nearly made him come on the spot. But he held back, slid his hands up to cradle her smooth, tattooed head. She bucked beneath him, made guttural sounds around the cock gag. Drove him to the same degree of frenzied lust that had apparently overcome her.

After removing the gag, he took her lips, tongue-fucked her hard. Their tongue rings collided. When they came together, shock waves coursed through him, and he grew even hotter. If that were possible. It took Darth's breath away, the incredible feeling of coming home, coming to the place he'd fantasized about since he was sixteen. Pressure built, threatened to explode.

"What the fuck?" Darth felt the heat and weight on his back, the slow motion of fingers lubing his asshole. He slowed his motion, savored the ripples of Gaby's inner muscles milking his cock, the silky feel of her cunt, steeled himself for Vance's invasion

of his ass. He couldn't reject his mate, not after all Vance had done for him. He found he didn't even want to, and he felt his anal sphincter loosen in preparation for his lover's penetration of his virgin ass. "It's okay, go ahead and butt-fuck me. You know you've always wanted to."

Yes, Vance had wanted to, but not as much as he wanted Darth to love him, not just the sex but that elusive emotion that claimed Vance every time he saw the compassionate Alpha male who considered not only his own needs but his partner's. His broad shoulders and sculpted abs, the well-developed butt Vance now gripped as he fit the broad head of his ringed cock carefully into Darth's tight anus. It might have been his mate's big package that had attracted Vance in the first place. But it was Darth himself who'd drawn him in with his quick mind, his compassion. That Darth had stolen his heart, made him willing to do whatever it took, sacrifice his all to have this hot, hard man for a life partner.

"Let me know if it hurts," he said, mindful that his ringed cock had caused Gaby to cry out in pain, even though she'd been in a state of sexual frenzy and begged him to continue fucking her ass. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt his lover.

Darth paused, his cock buried deep inside Gaby's cunt. "Do it now," he ground out, muscles tensing visibly when Vance slid all the way inside. "Oh gods."

"Yes!" Vance braced himself, caught the rhythm. It was as though he were fucking Darth and Gaby, joining with them. Three merged into one. Felt good. Right, even though his ass felt empty, needy. Darth tensed beneath him, his breathing ragged. Gaby cried out. When Vance reached around and gave her two fingers to suck on, she and Darth shuddered in unison, their flesh damp with the intensity of their mutual orgasm.

Gaby trembled, savoring the weight and heat of Darth, the wild spurting of his seed into her cunt, the solid weight of his testicles pressing on her slick, smooth slit as he fucked her and Vance fucked him. But something was wrong. She'd come and come



and come, should have been sated, ready to curl up with her Masters, enjoy the quiet aftermath of sex.

But she wasn't. Lust still coursed through her veins. Her modified body longed for more. Much more. When it had been just Vance, she'd been mindful of his limitations, willing to pleasure herself with the many toys he provided once he'd primed her, stroked her, whispered naughty suggestions in her ear. Now, though, Darth was back, virile, powerful, seemingly able to fuck 24/7. Vance could rest, let her suck his flaccid cock back to life while Darth plundered her cunt and ass once, twice, three times.

Later, while Darth lay drenched in his sweat and hers, and Vance was breathing hard beside them, she wanted more. More of them, not the dildos and butt plugs and nipple clips, or even the vibrating device that had the ring and barbell in her clit thrumming, heightening her need.

It wasn't the Gaby she'd been. It was the implanted stimulator doing its thing, turning her into a screaming nympho, too much for any two men to satisfy. Maybe three or four, or even more. She'd been modified to spend the rest of her days in a pleasure palace, being fucked and sucked until she burned out in a quivering pile of ash. Turned into a sex machine that ran only on sensation, not the deep emotion she'd thought was driving her.

And although she knew her lovers were drained, wanting nothing but sleep, she couldn't help stroking them, coaxing them back to arousal so she could satisfy this lust that consumed her. Each time guilt rode her harder than the time before, but she was driven. Driven by the changes she'd had no choice but to accept.

"Damn it, I'd have been better off if they'd just let me die." Drained yet still unbearably aroused, she slumped between her prostrate lovers, curled her fingers around both wrung-out cocks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days and nights of nonstop sex had practically cured Darth from wanting it at all. Still, as much as he'd needed to rest and recharge his batteries, he'd hated holding Gaby down while Vance clamped sturdy chains onto her wrist and ankle bracelets. Not able to stay and watch her strain at her bonds while she fucked herself on the double dildo, begging frantically for release that wouldn't come, Darth hurried from the bedroom, found a shady spot in the courtyard where he sat on a wrought iron bench and mentally fought against the picture of his beloved Gaby chained, desperation in her beautiful blue eyes. Her parting words rang in his ears.

"You heard her, didn't you?" he asked when Vance set a tray of coffee and mugs on a small table beside the bench.

"I heard her."

"Did you know when you bought Gaby that they'd made her into an insatiable sex machine?" Darth had never imagined he'd complain about a woman who wanted too much fucking, but here he was, wondering if there was any way to keep Gaby but temper her sex drive to a level he and Vance could handle. "At the rate we've been going, I'll be dead inside a month."

"Before you arrived she seemed much more...manageable. Willing to take what I was able to give her and then make do with the toys."

"Fucking wonderful. Why the hell did they turn her into an insatiable nympho?"

"I'm not sure, but I heard from Uncle Fallon that they'd decided to please the owners of the pleasure houses by making the sex slaves live in a state of constant arousal so they'd need fewer to service the eunuchs who want to feel whole. The sex slaves have all been trained like Gaby, to want sex constantly as well as to help even a eunuch get it up so long as he has his cock and a handful of aids for erectile dysfunction. That's the purpose of the implant Gaby has above her ear." Vance poured himself and Darth some coffee then sank into a chair at the edge of the courtyard, under the shade of an old oak tree.

“Why? If pleasure houses want to turn their slaves into 24/7 fucking machines, they could do it themselves.” Darth felt drained, almost immobile. Three days and nights of pretty much constant fucking had him close to impotent. If he didn’t get some respite, he’d be swallowing erectile dysfunction pills before too long. Taking a deep breath, he leaned back and tried to take energy from the rising sun as he sipped the dark, fragrant brew.

Vance set his cup down and met Darth’s gaze. “My theory is that when the leaders of the New World Order gave up their manhood in order to take away any distraction from their duties, they became fixated on controlling the sex lives of their subjects.” As if suddenly self-conscious about his own altered state, Vance shifted in the chair so his restrained flesh wasn’t so readily visible. “I never thought about sex all the time until they milked my semen and made me a eunuch.”

Darth reached over and clasped Vance’s hand. “Come on, my mate. Admit it. You always lusted after me. Now you’ve added Gaby to your list of sexual obsessions. I’d imagined the three of us together—but not like this. You know, all joking aside, Gaby’s going to fuck herself to death if we don’t do something.”

“I’m going to remove the implant.” Vance’s brow furrowed, and a determined expression darkened his usually cheerful visage. “I can’t bear seeing her chained, and that’s the only way we can get any respite from her libido.”

“But...” Vance knew the law as well as Darth did. Removing that stimulator could land them both in prison and sentence Gaby to an even worse fate, although Darth wasn’t sure what that might entail. “Don’t get me wrong, I want to love her, not have to clamp her in chains while we recharge our engines. Gaby was never...”

“That’s why I’m going to get rid of it. Uncle Fallon won’t know. Neither will any of the other rulers if we don’t tell them.”

Darth wasn’t sure about that. Technology had been improving steadily for centuries, but since the Federation had taken power they’d made incredible strides in spying—spying even on people they had no reason to distrust. People like him and

Vance. No doubt there was something in that implant that would notify someone if the device was tampered with. "I wouldn't bet my life that no one would know."

"So can you keep up with her?" Vance shot Darth a doubtful look. "I know you love fucking her, but how long can you keep it up?"

"Not long enough. What the hell were they thinking? Even if we could keep up with her, she's bound to burn out soon enough. Hell, she'd rather fuck than eat or sleep." Darth loved Gaby, would do anything... "Seriously, how long do sex slaves last in the pleasure houses?"

"A few months. I couldn't stand knowing I'd had a part in fucking my best friend to death. That's why I'm going get rid of the thing in her head."

The more Darth thought about their situation, the more he realized that in order to save Gaby they'd have to leave. "I laid claim on the way home to an uncharted little planet I discovered not far from Obsidion. If I could get my hands on a used transporter, I'd take you both there. How hard do you think it would be to remove Gaby's implant?"

"Not hard at all. It's right below the skin. You're suggesting we abandon Earth, our careers?" Vance had always liked his lofty position in the government, this beautifully appointed home that had escaped the alien invasion and an uprising of the mutants. Darth wasn't at all sure his mate didn't take pride in his connection to the rulers, maybe even in the fact he'd willingly relinquished his balls, and lived up until their mating without testosterone injections. The way his uncle and the other Council members did, except that Vance had kept his cock. Darth appreciated Vance's pride, although he himself had soured on the New World Order with its oppressive rules that first day when he'd been ordered to the breeding center and mated against his will. "How would we survive out in the blackness? I've heard you describe the light-years between habitable spots, the dangers that await an unwary traveler."

"The planet—I named it Luna Ten—has all we'd need to sustain life. Obsidion's close enough that we could go there to buy necessities and refuel the transporter."

Vance shot Darth a curious look. "You'd give up all you've worked for all your life?"

"In a heartbeat." Eager now where at first he'd been afraid, Darth finished laying out the plan. "With your approval I'll make a few discreet inquiries about a civilian transporter. Our little community's so far removed from the seat of Federation power that I ought to be able to track one down without rousing anybody's attention. After all, you're a pretty powerful dude. Who'd question that we want one to take vacations out in space?"

"It's worth a try." Vance sounded excited, the way he used to when Darth would suggest a trick or project that was the least bit edgy. Well, this was certainly edgy enough.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days later, Darth was the proud owner of a sleek, well-armed transporter, bought on the black market from a character whose number was almost up. Although it wasn't new, the ship would sweep them away from Earth's madness to the utopian paradise that had saved his life just weeks ago. And Vance was in the markets, buying the necessities they'd take with them, and selling the household's eunuch slaves so they wouldn't be helpless and abandoned, with no place to call home. They'd be moving fast now, because the Earth Police would certainly be on their tails as soon as they got wind of what was going on.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We're going away, love. To a place where no one will harm you. A place we can be free." Darth stroked Gaby's brow while Vance carefully opened the flap on her scalp and removed the flat disk implanted there. They'd thought of waiting, doing it when they arrived on Luna Ten, but neither of them had wanted to have her in a constant state of uncontrolled lust during the several weeks they'd be traveling.

Using sterile gauze, Vance blotted away the blood while Darth used a styptic pencil to stop the small vessels from bleeding. Then, quickly in case the Rulers had some means of knowing when one of the devices was tampered with, Vance sutured the skin flap closed. "All done," he said, straightening to his full height and shooting a grin Darth's way.

"Then we'd best be on our way." He draped the golden brown slave robe over Gaby's shoulders while Vance wrapped her head and face with the matching opaque veil. He'd just picked up his flight bag when he heard a pounding at the door.

*They knew.* He'd been afraid the implant was rigged to let the ground police know when it was tampered with. "Come on. We can get away if we hurry." Scooping Gaby up in his arms, Darth followed Vance out the back door, through the manicured backyard to the clearing in the woods beyond where Vance had built a landing pad for their new spacecraft.

"Strap her in," he snapped, handing Gaby to Vance before preparing the ship for blastoff. Gods be with them, he prayed as he sat at the controls and checked off each onboard system.

"Done. Gaby's settled in, resting peacefully. Can I help?" If Darth hadn't known his mate was deathly afraid of even a short airplane ride, he wouldn't have guessed it. Vance's confidence in him made him even more determined to get them all to Luna Ten safely.

"Buckle up. We're about to take off." Darth almost filed a flight plan, the way he'd been taught to do as part of the blastoff routine. But he checked himself. The Earth Police would surely figure out they'd taken off, but they didn't need to know exactly where in the vast blackness of space they were headed.

His hands shaking even though he obviously was trying to stay calm, Vance fastened the seatbelt harness then looked over at Darth. "Good thing. They're outside, trying to get in."

The engines started with a satisfying roar, and the little spacecraft shook as rockets propelled it into the sky. Darth concentrated hard. Once they left Earth's atmosphere he sat back, set the autopilot and prayed for an uneventful journey.

## **Chapter Six**

The looks of wonder on Gaby's and Vance's faces when they all stepped onto Luna Ten gave Darth an immense sense of pride. He'd done this for them, discovered and claimed a place where they could live in peace, enjoy this golden paradise light-years away from Earth and its authoritarian rulers.

For so long, Vance had stepped up into the unfamiliar role of alpha and taken care of them. Now, maybe for the first time in his entire over-regulated life, Darth felt omnipotent. Like a true master, capable of caring for the two people he loved most. "Let's strip down. It seems a shame to hide ourselves beneath these Earthling clothes. Come with me. You haven't seen the best yet."

Silent, as if awed at the sight of glittering topaz hills rising from lush green grass, Vance and Gaby unquestioningly took off their clothes. Their pale skins took on a golden sheen from the planet's glowing aura, and Gaby's jewelry picked up the light and winked at him. He supposed his own collar was glittering, too.

That made him frown. The idea of belonging to another man, however close a friend Vance was, rankled. If he was being honest with himself, though, he'd have to admit part of him liked Vance's touch, liked being fucked in the ass while he fucked Gaby's hot, wet cunt.

Almost as eager to see all the glittering wonders of the planet again as to master both lovers in the magical glade he'd discovered, Darth took his lovers' hands and led them down the topaz pathway, along the banks of the sparkling stream, by an orchard now in bloom. Brightly colored birds tended their nests among the lacy green leaves and delicately colored blossoms, their chirping music to Darth's ears.



"This place. It's a miracle, a little piece of Earth without the death and destruction." Vance's tone was reverent as he took a closer look at what looked like an altar festooned with dark green vines and scarlet flowers.

"I saw it in a dream," Gaby said, her hand tightening on Darth's. "Before you came home. You took me in a glade like this one, all green and fragrant with the sound of a stream making music. Like now."

He'd had that dream, too, only it had seemed so very real. So sensual and sexual, but without the frenzied lust Gaby had experienced while she wore the implant.

She reached up, touched his lips and Vance's, love shining in her eyes. Then she took their hands again and urged them closer to the clearing that reminded Darth of an ancient pagan altar. The clearing where he'd dreamed they made love, where they'd now join in *ménage à trois*, a mutual giving and taking, a sealing of the bonds among them.

Her pussy creamed as she knelt before them, two men as different as light and day. Darth, once again the Alpha male she'd fallen in love with so long ago, commanded her obedience—and Vance's. As though he relished taking the submissive role, Vance knelt beside her and took her hand.

Darth stretched out on the soft carpet of grass, his topaz collar catching light from the sun's rays. Gaby couldn't resist touching him, feeling the rippling of his muscles, the strong beat of his heart beneath her fingers. When he drew her down and explored her mouth with his tongue, she knew she'd come home. His warm hands cupped her scalp, but miraculously she felt only growing arousal, not mindless lust. She tweaked one of his small dark nipples, was rewarded with a tongue-fucking that left her breathless.

As one, they moved, savoring the sensations. First, hands on flesh, Vance's on her jeweled clit, Darth's on her torso. Hers on Vance's bare scalp, exploring. And on Darth's chest, stroking, feeling his accelerating heartbeat, the rise and fall of his chest as he

breathed in pure, sweet air. Darth broke their kiss and tweaked her nipples until they stood out, rigid nubs weighed down by topaz-studded rings. Vance lowered his head, used his pierced tongue where his hand had been, slowly lapping and nipping at that rigid nub of flesh.

She drank in all the love, returning it by stroking them, feeling the light breeze as it caught the fine dark hairs on Darth's arms, inhaling air made fragrant by an abundance of peach and apple blossoms. Her passion began to rise. She needed more, but it was a soft need, not the grasping, all-consuming lust that had driven her before Vance removed the implant. Warm, not fiery hot. Wet and welcoming for her lovers' hard cocks. When she lowered her hand to cup Darth's erection she found Vance's hand already there, cupping Darth's sex.

"Let's share our Master," Vance said, making room so she could pay homage, too.

She touched the tip of Darth's rigid cock, already damp with lubrication. "What would you like us to do, Master?" she asked, giving a playful squeeze.

Darth sat up, drawing Vance and her into his arms. "I want to touch you, not just for sex. I want us to forge an unbreakable bond." He paused, kissed her deeply first then turned and joined his lips with Vance's. "Our future is now. Here. Make love with me, and I'll give you both a lifetime of pleasure."

As she recalled from her dream, Gaby felt tendrils of the soft vines with their trumpet-like flowers gripping her wrists, her legs. They tickled all the erogenous places on her skull, made her squirm. The sun passed under a fluffy cloud, dimming the light to a warm glow. Vance came over her, his skin satin smooth against her own. She thought but wasn't sure the vines had twined around him, confining him as he positioned himself to fuck her.

His cock was hard, hot, seeking and finding her weeping cunt. Sinking in her, filling her, making her contract her vaginal muscles to hold him in. He took her mouth, the rings in their tongues colliding, sending shock waves of sexual excitement through her body. His, too, if his sudden intake of breath meant what she thought it did.

She felt Darth mount them, loved the added pressure of his weight on top of Vance's, pinning her as surely as the vines did, making her helpless to all the sensations. "Steady there, lovers," Darth said as he completed their joining, claiming Vance's ass the way he'd let Vance take his, that first night they'd been together.

Darth found her bound hands and laced his fingers through hers as they rocked together. Slowly, gently, an act of love more than lust, Darth set the pace and Gaby followed, her passion rising as Vance's did. Darth controlled them both, and she could do nothing but submit to the intense pleasure building, escalating, threatening to shove her over the edge.

Something was happening. Something besides her complete, willing submission to Darth, her desire and affection for Vance. It was as if their worlds were changing, yet she couldn't quite tell how.

Vance was in heaven, his cock cradled in the warm, wet cavern of Gaby's pussy, his ass taking each careful thrust of the man he loved. He thought he must have been feeling it most, being in the middle. Gaby's lover. Darth's sex slave. He laid his head next to Gaby's, his part in this symphony somewhat passive. The way he'd always imagined, only better, for he was making love as well as being fucked. He rolled his tongue along the seam of Gaby's skull and was rewarded with a moan that sounded a lot like satisfaction. A strange feeling came over him, as though he was being taken outside his body, transformed. As if on this magical place Darth had discovered, he was being restored. If he hadn't known it couldn't be, he would have believed his balls were growing back, bouncing against Gaby's smooth, sleek slit.

"If you believe, anything can happen." Darth heard the soft, female voice from somewhere far away, wondered...

His cock was on fire. He wanted to come but something held him back. A sense of something happening, something magical he might destroy by ending this too soon.

The vines twined around his arms and legs, daring him to break free. But he didn't want to. He wanted this to last forever, this surreal sense of belonging, of healing bodies and souls.

Because he knew Vance liked it rough, Darth sank deeper into his dark hole until his scrotum rested against his mate's. His mate's? Impossible.

But it felt like balls, not that he'd ever had sex with a man who had any. He looked down at the two of them, bare skulls amazingly alike, amazingly sexy. Only they weren't. Gaby's head showed fine short wisps of blonde hair—hair that hadn't been there since she was modified. Was never supposed to grow back.

It was time. "Come now, beloved slaves," Darth ground out between clenched teeth as his balls drew up against his groin and he began coming in short, staccato bursts that seemed to play in unison with Vance's ejaculation.

The vines pulled away in time for Darth to move to his back and draw his lovers close, one on either side. When he looked down at Gaby's mutant mark, he saw it was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gaby wished they could stay forever in this tiny paradise, but she knew as well as Darth and Vance that after six months, it was time to go home. Not for themselves, but for the sake of Earth's future. For the sake of a thousand faceless babies growing up under the rule of the New World Order.

Last night they'd loved, their Master orchestrating the last *ménage* they'd all experience as intact beings. This morning her lovers had restored her modifications, even implanting a harmless metal disk where the original one had been. She'd shaved Vance's head while Darth removed his testicles once more and replaced the restraining ring in his cock. She couldn't help feeling sad, more for Vance and Darth than for herself.

Vance smiled, a small upward curve of the corner of his lips. "You want to stay, don't you?"

"Yes, but I understand why we're doing this," she told her two lovers. "I know we need to go, try to right the wrongs affecting Earth's entire depleted population. We're so much better off than the ones who never found a way to escape the madness." She felt naked without hair. She was almost glad Luna Ten's magic hadn't been powerful enough to restore her fertility, for she'd have grieved again for its loss if it had. Strangely, her loss of conventional feminine trappings didn't bother her nearly as much as seeing the proof of Vance's second, voluntary sacrifice. A tear made its way down her cheek, its warm wet journey her only sign of regret.

Darth took one of her hands, Vance the other. "We'd love to stay here, live like this for the rest of our lives." Gaby sensed regret in their Master's voice.

"I know. Don't feel bad for me. I'll try not to grieve for you."

His voice gruff, Darth finally put words to the reason they were giving up paradise for a frightening, unknown future. "We've got to give voice to reason where none exists, make what may be a futile effort to change the terrifying direction Earth is taking." Darth bent, gave Gaby a quick, hard kiss. Then he did the same to Vance.

That said, Darth strode to the transporter and began the preflight checkdown. Gaby took Vance's hand, managed a small smile. "Let's go join our Master and trust he'll keep us safe."

"Yes, let's." Vance held her hand, moved as quickly as his new wound would allow. "I look forward to serving Darth as much as you do."

Once they'd boarded, Darth fired up the spaceship and headed home, this time to do battle with the rulers who had imposed the restrictions the three of them had managed to escape for a short interlude. Perhaps someday, Gaby thought, they'd return to Luna Ten, if they succeeded in their quest.

## **Epilogue**

*Forty years later*

Forty years had passed since they'd returned to Earth. Now both of his lovers were gone, victim of a plague that had swept Earth five years ago but somehow missed him. Darth wished he'd died, too, joined Vance and Gaby in the tomb where they now would spend eternity.

Instead, Darth had gone forward, become a Ruler, a voice of reason in a Council that previously had very little. To earn his position, he'd submitted to full castration. After all, he had no need for his male parts after his only loves had been snatched from him.

But his political career was over now. He'd followed Vance, tried to carry on after losing him and Gaby. Finally, he admitted to himself that his voice wasn't enough to stem the relentless tide toward total control, total lack of personal freedom. His shoulders bent with age and sadness, he stood in the shadow of a huge oak tree, the same one where they'd all dreamed as youngsters, the one that now provided spots where the children in the commune could play.

He couldn't take them with him, but he was going home. Home to Luna Ten, never to return. Before he did, though, he had to pass along his piece of heaven to someone not yet born. Someone who might have the power and ambition to bring Earth back to its senses.

A ruler. The gods only knew how Earth would evolve in the next generation, but he couldn't leave his faceless children and Vance's to their fates without at least trying. The sun was going down, and he wanted to take off. Where the hell was Lieutenant Gilbreath?

Darth knew he'd gotten testy with age, but he hated having to wait for the young starfighter pilot who reminded him so much of himself all those years ago. There he was. Finally.

"I'll be living there until I die. You're welcome to join me any time—or keep the deed to Luna Ten for one of your own descendants. At least now they let you know who you've fathered."

The young man shook his head. "For all I know, I might be your son. I hope I am."

Darth smiled. He hoped so, too. At least he and Vance had managed to make a few changes for the better by returning home. "I hope you are, too. Now I'll be going. The gods be with you."

\* \* \* \* \*

One thing never changed. The topaz hills still glowed brightly. The grass was still green, the flowers brilliant. That wandering stream still flowed over time-worn gemstones, and brilliant flowers peeked out from crevices just as they always did. Darth wondered if the glade was still as magical as it had been on his visits long ago.

Tired from the long, dark journey, he sank to his knees in the place where Gaby had first come to him in a dream. He saw her, not ravaged by illness as she'd been before she died but whole. Whole and young, full of hope and love. Vance appeared, his youth also restored. When Darth held out his arms to them, they came, as sweetly and obediently as they had all those years ago, when magic had been worked on Luna Ten.

"Welcome home, my love," they said in unison. And then they faded away, illusions Darth wouldn't meet again until the gods finally took him home.

*The End*

## About the Author

Ann Jacobs is a sucker for lusty Alpha heroes and happy endings, which makes Ellora's Cave an ideal publisher for her work. Romantica®, to her, is the perfect combination of sex, sensuality, deep emotional involvement and lifelong commitment—the elusive fantasy women often dream about but seldom achieve.

First published in 1996, Jacobs has sold over forty books and novellas, some of which have earned awards including the Passionate Plume (best novella, 2006), the Desert Rose (best hot and spicy romance, 2004) and More Than Magic (best erotic romance, 2004). She has been a double finalist in separate categories of the EPPIES and From the Heart RWA Chapter's contest. Three of her books have been translated and sold in several European countries.

A CPA and former hospital financial manager, Jacobs now writes full-time, with the help of Mr. Blue, the family cat who sometimes likes to perch on the back of her desk chair and lend his sage advice. He sometimes even contributes a few random letters when he decides he wants to try out the keyboard. She loves to hear from readers, and to put faces with names at signings and conventions.

Ann 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).

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