

The background of the cover is a vibrant cosmic scene with swirling red, orange, and blue nebulae and distant stars. In the center, a muscular, bald man with a serious expression is shown from the chest up. He has a bright, glowing light source in his right eye, which creates a lens flare effect. The overall tone is dramatic and sci-fi.

Ann Jacobs

LUNA TEN CHRONICLES

*Cassiopeia • Shedir
Nebula*

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CONTENTS

[In the beginning...](#)

[Luna Ten 1: Cassiopeia](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Luna Ten 2: Shedir](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Luna Ten 3: Nebula](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Ann Jacobs](#)

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Luna Ten Chronicles (Collection)
by Ann Jacobs

Luna Ten Chronicles

Ann Jacobs

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In the beginning...

Earth had once been a paradise, or so said the Old Ones who recalled a time before 2187. That fateful year, the Mutants—Earthlings possessed of a mutant gene left by alien invaders a generation earlier—rose up against a mighty army of Earth's Federation and practically destroyed the civilization whose beginnings spanned not centuries but millennia.

In the aftermath of the Mutant Wars, Federation Rulers took bold steps to stem the spread of Mutant genes, establishing a system of planned breeding with harsh penalties for failure to obey the law.

Not all Earthlings accepted Earth's new ways.

Federation Star Commander Brad Gilbreath had chanced upon the little planet and bought it—not long before his act of defiance cost him his place among Earth's elite and sent him hurtling through space, a hazardous journey in the small transporter in which he had escaped the Federation's repressive rule and found this idyllic colony on this small planet named Luna Ten.

Others followed, each with his and her own reasons for seeking a new Eden...

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Luna Ten 1: Cassiopeia

Prologue

Obsidion. Tourist mecca and more, situated at the farthest reaches of the galaxy. The planet meant for pleasure, for indulging every sense, each desire that back home would earn harsh punishment from the Federation Rulers. A place where nothing was forbidden, where geniuses whose creativity was stifled by Federation law could live and work their magic. Where it was said someday the cyborg makers would create a fully functional living, breathing man from nothing but plastics, electronic circuitry, and microchips—and no law would stop them.

Since he'd been fated to crash his starship, Guy Stone was damn lucky to have crashed it here, for nowhere else would he have been allowed to survive.

Survival. Guy had been given more than survival. He'd received the gift of sight, of hearing, of the ability to walk and run and hold a woman in his arms ... gifts he'd never properly appreciated before fate had taken them away in a moment of searing agony that was forever emblazoned on his mind. Guy recalled the brief, terrible moment that had ended in a void until the miracle workers on Obsidion had begun putting his shattered body back together, replacing the irreparably damaged parts with products from the cyborg maker's workshop.

During the tedious months when Guy had lain healing, he'd done his mourning in a dark and silent world, for lost senses and sensations. Then one day he'd felt his legs again, thought just maybe he might want to stay alive. Later, when the bandages had come off his face and he'd returned to the world of light, heard the rasping voice of the aged cyborg maker, he'd set aside his grief. Guy had been resurrected from the dead, half himself, half cyborg.

Anathema to the Rulers of the Federation. An abomination in a world where only perfection was allowed to survive. He'd known right away that they'd kill him if he ever returned to Earth.

So what if he couldn't go home? So what if he'd never again be allowed to captain a starship hurtling through the galaxy? Guy was fucking alive. Alive and functional in every way, thanks to his saviors' skill.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter One

Milling around with hordes of pleasure-seekers from all over the galaxy now, Guy sucked in a gust of heady Obsidion air. Today, he wanted to find the sort of pleasure he'd denied himself for years while serving in the Federation corps, pleasure he'd been in no shape to seek during the long months of his recuperation.

Neon lights blinked red and green and blue along Obsidion's famed Strip, enticing the milling crowd of Earthling tourists to partake of pleasures not even whispered of back home. Guy Stone leaned on the cane he no longer needed, taking in the sights and sounds of the barkers and sightseers. It all seemed foreign to him now, after the long months he'd spent in Obsidion's only hospital, being snatched back by the doctors and a cyborg maker named Pak Song from whatever eternity awaited him.

Guy had been nearly as broken as his starship. So broken that for a long time he'd welcomed the release of oblivion, surcease from pain. Now, though, he was ready to embrace his new life that had been resurrected from the arms of death. Eager to partake of pleasures too long denied him.

His life as a starship commander charged with curtailing the brisk trade of skypirates in the outer reaches of the galaxy was over. The Rulers of the Federation had invalidated him out of the corps, ending his career path toward Starship Corps Commander. Returning to Earth, enhanced as he was now, wasn't an option, either. The Federation had strict rules

forbidding what it considered hybridizing man with cybernetics, and not even Guy's powerful father could obtain a dispensation for him—not that he'd have been likely to try. Too bad for them, because Guy felt great—fit enough to take on the whole fucking universe. Since Earth wouldn't have him, he'd find a better home, where he'd be welcomed as he was today.

In his travels he'd visited Luna Ten, a small planet that welcomed refugee Earthlings to a utopian life free from Federation strictures and rules. Perhaps he'd go there. Of course he couldn't settle there without a mate, unless he could prove his worth in some other way, and he wasn't at all sure any human breeder would accept him with the modifications that had saved his life. But that was a problem that could wait.

For now Guy wanted to enjoy being alive, to try out his newly healed body and take in the sights and sounds that bombarded him from all angles in the famed Obsidion Strip. Infected with the excitement of the tourists, he visually scanned shops that offered pleasures for every taste.

The roulette wheels and playing cards depicted on the facades of three huge casinos held no appeal, nor did the bubbling neon stem glasses advertising drink and drugs strictly prohibited back on Earth. A blinking blue outline of a naked woman caught his eye. His cock suddenly twitched and swelled within uniform pants that had once fit snugly but practically burst at the seams now, since his muscles had grown to rock-hard, enormous proportions. In some ways his body didn't seem altogether like his own, and if Pak Song

hadn't told him differently, he'd have thought they'd enhanced his cock, too, when they'd restored his sight and hearing, and provided him with muscle strength many times more powerful than what he'd lost.

Guy was fucking horny. Hard as a rock and straining at the zipper of his pants. For a woman. An Earthling woman to whom he could give as much pleasure as he took. He didn't want a green-skinned Obsidion whore with surgically enhanced silver-tipped boobs, like the one depicted in a flashing neon sign a couple of doors down the street. And he wasn't interested in fucking a sexbot like the ones Pak Song made in his laboratory. He'd had too many orgasms before his injury that had brought physical release but no real pleasure. Sighing, he strode along the Strip, wanting ... fuck, he wasn't certain exactly what it was his newly enhanced body craved.

Yes, he did. Or rather he knew what the man inside the body wanted. He yearned for a soulmate. The soulmate he was unlikely to find working in a pleasure resort.

But then he turned the corner onto the Street of Slaves, and there she was. Obviously a vacationer, not one of the Strip's many female pleasure-givers. Guy imagined tunneling his fingers through her reddish-gold hair that sparkled in the reflected light from a star-shaped shop sign: Earthling Sex Slaves. Concentrating to bring his newly functional eyes into perfect focus, he looked through the modest jumpsuit she wore at her high, firm young breasts, the slightly convex belly and satin-smooth mound that didn't hide the enticing button of her clit. His mouth watered when he imagined burying his

face within her silken folds, flicking that impudent nub with his tongue. Damn, his balls had already started to ache.

An Earthling woman, she was one of three. Young. Malleable, Guy imagined. Her eyes twinkled with apparent excitement—she must have been on her first holiday here. Not yet as jaded as her two companions, who were encouraging her to pick one of the half-dozen naked Earthling men posing on a rotating floor within a curved plate-glass window. He stared at her perky little clit, imagined tonguing it until she screamed for mercy.

"I couldn't. They ... they're..."

"Come on, Cassie. For once in your life you've got to fuck a real man. Forget what your mama told you about waiting until it's time for you to breed. These guys have all been fixed. They're no more going to make you pregnant than if they were sexbots. Look, number five is winking at us. Can't you just imagine having his big, hard cock ramming into your pussy?"

So his woman's name was Cassie. Guy tuned out what the other girls were saying. Sometimes it got damn annoying, being able to hear ten times as well as he had before he was enhanced.

When he tuned back in, he heard Cassie say, "You two go on and have your fun with your Earthling slaves. I'll just look around out here, maybe go to that sexbot store in the mall that Yolanda mentioned."

That would be Pak Song's House of Pleasure. Guy had been around long enough to know where the best of everything forbidden could be found here on the galaxy's

most famous resort planet. And Pak Song made the best sexbots he'd ever seen. He'd admired the old Earthling's skill with robotics and artificial intelligence long before Pak Song had applied that knowledge to restore Guy's own sight, hearing, and mobility.

For the first time since long before the injury that had nearly killed him, excitement bubbled in his veins. It might be a sexbot that Cassie wanted, but it would be Guy Stone, enhanced Earthling human-slash-cyborg, that she'd get.

Not just for a night's pleasure, either. A picture of the utopian community on Luna Ten flooded his memory, and he imagined Cassie there, his willing mate, ripening with his seed. Maybe ... In any case, he was compelled to follow her, fuck her, and explore the paths they might take. Lengthening his stride, he quickly overtook his prey and preceded her into the mall's outer courtyard.

* * * *

Omigod! Each storefront boasted another phallic symbol, more erotic toys. Lingerie to inflame dead men. Potions guaranteed to enhance sexual potency. Hairdressers and manicurists and—omigod again—there was a hunk who ought to be selling his magnificent body over at the Earthling Sex Slave Emporium where she'd just left Doreen and Nebula. Long shaggy dark-brown hair and beard and his chalky-pale skin hinted he'd been away too long from a civilization where male heads were always shaven, male skin hairless and deeply bronzed by the sun.

Omigod again. Cassiopeia Denton's gaze settled on the man's hard ass—the most gorgeous male tush she'd ever seen—and rippling thighs the size of tree trunks, encased in black leather pants like those that Star Commanders wore. Skin-tight pants that matched a likewise skin-tight leather shirt and gleaming knee-high black boots. His cock would be—*Cassie girl, keep your cool. You came here to find a hottie of a sexbot, and that's just what you're gonna do.* But she kept staring at the guy's tight ass until he disappeared inside an old-fashioned looking shop with a red-and-white pole that reminded her of a candy cane. Damn, but he had her panting after him and getting warm and damp inside, and she hadn't even seen him up close.

Makeovers by Leander. That was the name of the place where the hunk had gone. But she didn't see him inside when she peered through the plate-glass storefront at a display of grooming products and exotic jewelry backed by a rich burgundy velvet drape. Should she follow him? She wanted to, even had the door pushed open before changing her mind. Chickening out, her friends would have said, and they'd have been right.

Regretfully, Cassie headed for a toy store. If she was getting a sexbot, she should also get some toys to enhance her experience with it. And some exotic fruits to nibble while her sexbot sucked on her. She'd go to the Intragalactic Market next, then to Pak Song's famous House of Pleasure. No, maybe she'd go get her clit pierced first, at that studio she saw that advertised they used the new, self-healing

method that didn't hurt. Doreen swore her piercing there made her orgasms ten times stronger...

Suddenly Cassie pictured her doting father—imagined what he'd say to her, remembered what he'd yelled at Doreen when she'd gotten that piercing a few months back. *Females of the ruling class don't look for thrills. They do their duty, breed new generations of Rulers with the seed of the Chosen males.* He'd sent her here, along with her half-sisters, with strict instructions that they get the wildness out of their systems before she and Doreen would be bred, Nebula neutered because of her defective gene.

Cassie shuddered. Once, just once in her boring life, she'd like sex to grab her up, blow her away to another place in her head. A place her friends all talked about, a place she'd never been. She wanted a real live man, if only she had the nerve. She wanted that hunk with the long silky hair and bulging muscles that she'd almost followed into Leander's. Too bad she hadn't scared up the courage to follow him in there, but she hadn't, so she'd have to make do with a 'bot. Focusing her gaze on a display of multicolored glass dildos beneath a shimmering ball light, she stepped inside the toy store.

* * * *

The buzz of Leander's electric clippers rang noisily in Guy's ears. It was fuckin' hard, even with the months of training he'd endured, to shut down his phenomenal gifts of superhuman hearing and sight. The enhanced sensation had replaced total darkness and silence to which he'd almost acclimatized himself before Pak Song had installed the

sensors and reopened his world. Guy hadn't tested the strength enhancement yet, but he figured that if he got in a situation where he needed raw physical power, having the super dose of it he'd been given would come in handy. Now, the sharp buzzing sound of the clippers was grating on his senses. It was fucking giving him the sort of throbbing headache no sexbot and not more than a handful of men would ever be bothered with.

The brush of his own severed locks as they slid against the towel the barber had draped over his bare shoulders reminded him how every touch, each breath of air against his body now produced sensation magnified a hundred times by the new, enhanced sensory centers embedded deep within his brain. His balls tightened when he imagined Cassie bombarding those heightened senses with her warm, wet breath, her gentle touch. He damn well might die of pleasure overload when he sank his cock inside her tight, sopping cunt.

Closing his eyes, he tried to turn off his brain to the buzzing of the clippers as they passed over his skull, and concentrate instead on the soft sensations of feminine hands and hot wax. Wax that would rid his body of the rough hair that had been allowed to grow during his hospitalization.

Fuck, concentrating on the waxing was a lousy idea. It hurt like hell when the attendant began ripping away the cloth strips—and his hair.

Desperate to distract himself from the bombardment of sound and feeling, Guy went on a mental search for Cassie. Yeah. There she was, buying some nipple clamps—no, not clamps, but rings. Shiny silver rings connected by a thin gold

chain. Three of them. Two for her pert nipples—he saw they already had holes—and the third to pierce the impudent little nub that peeked out below her plump, pale mons. He fuckin' loved the way she smiled when the blue midget clerk, obviously a refugee from that colony on Gamma Minor, dropped them into a bag and pointed her toward a display of vibrators and butt plugs. His balls tightened and his cock began to swell when he imagined how those rings would look, dangling from her nipples and glittering in her pretty clit.

Her *oohs* and *ahs* over the biggest of the dildos made him chuckle. Wait until she got a load of her "sexbot's" very real cock and balls. Distracted for a minute by the agonizing pain that followed a jerk of an attendant's hand on hot wax she'd slathered over his groin a minute earlier, he concentrated again, finding Cassie again in time to watch her drop a set of graduated-size anal stimulators into the bag beside the delicate rings and a big, realistic looking glass dong.

"You want big ring, to match this big cock?" The smiling attendant tweaked the tip of his penis.

"Huh?" How the hell did she know he was imagining tweaking those gold rings in Cassie's puckered nipples, catching the one in her clit between his teeth? Then Guy realized the woman was asking if he wanted a ring in his PA piercing, the one he hadn't thought about until now. What the fuck had happened to the thick gold curved barbell he'd worn since his dad had given it to him for graduation? Probably in the safe at the hospital, he guessed, along with his identity papers and the insignia he noticed had been removed from his shirt, most likely as soon as the medical decision was

made that he'd have to be enhanced. "Oh. Yeah. And replace the others, too." No self-respecting Earthling would present his unadorned cock to a lady.

"You want wax or shave?" Leander asked, rubbing a hand over Guy's freshly clipped scalp.

"Shave. But get it smooth." It had never bothered Guy to lather up every morning and scrape off the stubble from his skull as well as his face. Besides, the idea of enduring a wax job there, with his enhanced sensitivity, was more than he could bear. On the other hand, he didn't relish listening to Leander's razor cutting through each of the million or so hairs atop his head, or enduring that deafening sound every morning for the foreseeable future.

Apparently Leander realized he was waffling, because he grinned and said, "Wax get it smoother, boss. Like baby's ass. Then tanning lamp. Ten minutes, make you look like you just spent month on Bali beach back home. You not have to have it done again for a week, maybe longer."

Guy laughed. "Okay. If you insist." He gritted his teeth when Leander ripped off the first strip of wax from above his left ear. "Ow, damn it, I heard each and every one of those hairs screaming for mercy."

"Sorry, so sorry. Look, my girl bring pretty baubles to help you impress the ladies. Real gold. Real precious stones brought all the way from Earth and that mining outpost they opened up last year on Mars. Make your cock shine like your scalp will after you try my tanning lamp. Pick what you like. I make you good deal. Real good." Leander laughed, then jerked another strip of hot wax off Guy's throbbing scalp.

What would Cassie like better? Smooth gold or sparkling faceted stones? Guy spotted a simple thick gold cock ring adorned with nothing but a cabochon ruby inset in a good-sized captive bead. He selected it and a dozen matched ruby-studded barbells for the frenum ladder that marched down the underside of his cock and through the four perfectly aligned pairs of piercings in his ball sac. Large ruby studs would fill the holes in his left ear and nostril. As Leander ripped another strip of wax off his stinging head, Guy remembered Cassie's purchase and imagined having her chained to him at chest and groin. "Can you pierce my nipples?" he asked as the girl was putting away her wares.

"Oh, yeah, boss. I love a man with rings in his nipples." She scurried into a back room, only to return with her supplies. "I brought the rings that match this one," she said, tweaking his new PA ring. "Your lady will like them."

Suddenly Guy recalled the pain that had followed the ritual piercings of his cock and balls. Pain he'd suffered before Pak Song enhanced his senses. "I hope you use the new method I've heard people talking about," he muttered, dreading the needle but too proud to back out.

"Don't worry. This pierces and seals the hole, one quick stick and it's over. Won't hurt, I promise." The girl held up what looked like a tiny laser gun.

Although he'd braced himself for agonizing pain, these piercings didn't hurt at all except for an initial light burning sensation. Half an hour later he stood, admiring Leander's handiwork in a full-length mirror, enjoying the bombardment of erotic sensations: the movement of warm air against his

newly hairless and deeply tanned skin, the swaying of his cock and nipple rings, and the weight of them and his other body jewelry.

Damn, he was already half-hard and anticipating the pleasure of fucking Cassie. "Good job, my friends. No one would guess by looking at me that I just spent months lying in bed over at the hospital."

His mind zeroed in on Cassie, found her leaving the Intragalactic Market with a basket of fruit, and hurrying toward the entrance to Pak Song's. Fuck, he had to hurry! "You still have that entrance to the back room at Pak Song's?"

"Yes, boss. Right through that curtain. Pak Song still keeps his sexbots there, all lined up waiting for customers. Go through the storeroom, and you'll get to his shop. Wait minute, don't you want your clothes and cane?"

When Guy concentrated, he saw Cassie again, hesitating just a minute before stepping through Pak Song's front door.

"No time." Sexbots didn't wear clothing anyhow. Heedless of his nakedness, for it wouldn't matter now, Guy held out a hand so Leander could scan his thumbprint to get his fee. Retinal scans were out, he guessed, for folks like him who had cyborg eyes. "Thanks," he said on the way out the back door and into Pak Song's storeroom. Listening hard, he was able to make out Cassie's shy request: "I'd like an Earthling sexbot for my pleasure, sir."

"Would that be a male or female, pretty lady?"

"Of course, a male sexbot. After all, I am a woman."

"Oh, yes. That you are. For you, I recommend the giant luxury model." Pak Song clapped his chubby hands, the noise

reverberating in Guy's ears. "One night with him, my beauty, and you'll never be without a Pak Song sexbot again. Two hundred fifty Obsidion dinars a day, and a bargain he'd be at twice the price."

"If you think so..." She sounded interested, yet uncertain.

Guy loved her innocence, her shyness. But he had to hurry if he was to pass himself off as that sexbot.

Striding up the line to the first and biggest robot, he concentrated on discerning its mechanism and disabling it with the laser beams implanted in his eyes. He'd never tried using them that way before, except in practice sessions with his therapist. Hurrying now, he stripped off the sexbot's silver collar and leash and strapped it around his own thick neck.

He hesitated a moment when he noticed the wicked chastity device locked on the sexbot's cock and balls, then beamed it open. Wincing, he clamped it over his own burgeoning erection and set the lock. Every place the damn thing touched pinched one of the neural implants beneath his skin.

For a minute Guy hesitated. His equipment obviously worked to a degree, or he wouldn't be rock-hard and throbbing. He worried, though. What if he was more machine than man? What if he stayed like this for hours, unable to get off?

Fuck, he couldn't think about that now. Ignoring the bite of the chastity device, he strode through the door to Pak Song's showroom, praying to all the gods that the cyborg maker was giving Cassie the right key so he wouldn't have to beam it open, blowing his cover before the action even started.

Luna Ten Chronicles (Collection)
by Ann Jacobs

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Two

Oh my. Her sexbot looked almost real. His gleaming, golden skull reflected a fiery glow from Pak Song's red neon lights when he strode through the door behind the counter. Smiling, he bowed before his owner, exchanging a few words in the strange Obsidion tongue. Then he nodded toward her. Smiling, he handed her his leash. His eyes glowed scarlet, as though he could see through her clothes and liked what he saw, and his full, sensual lips curled up at the corners. The ringed, bulbous purple head of his huge, swollen cock jutted from the end of an ornate silver chastity belt. The belt for which his owner had just handed her the key.

So this was the giant deluxe model Pak Song had sold her on. Whew! Cassie's heart beat faster when he moved beside her, his ringed nipples just below her eye level, reminding her of her own piercings and the slim chain that tugged at them and the new, hypersensitive one in her clit, a constant reminder that they were there ... and that her flesh was needy but as yet untouched.

"Shall we go now, mistress?" The sexbot's voice was deep and rumbly, like whiskey and honey, when he gestured pointedly toward the door.

Why was it she felt more like a slave than a mistress? It wasn't this sexbot's impressive size as much as the commanding tone of his voice ... the heat of his hard flesh beneath her hand when she laid it over his heart and felt the slow, measured simulated breathing for which Pak Song's

sexbots were renowned. The rippling of muscle she'd never expected to feel unless she sampled a real, living human male. Her pussy clenched, and her newly pierced clit swelled and tightened with fear—and anticipation—when she imagined unlocking the chastity belt and unleashing the luscious beast trapped inside.

"Y-yes. Let's." The key in her hand felt warm, reflecting her heat, her desire. "This way," she said, tugging at his leash when they came to the broad avenue where Yolanda's Resort Hotel lay nestled in a grove of limbless trees.

"You're staying at Yolanda's?" her robot asked as she led him through forbidding looking gates toward a building now painted in storybook tones of yellow and blue and gold. "You know, this place used to be called the Gates of Hell."

"Yes, Yolanda herself told us the story of her enslavement, and of how she came to become mistress here after the evil Mistress Mara met her fate. You are well programmed," she said, sure now Pak Song had truly provided her with a bargain when she'd negotiated for—"What do I call you?"

"Guy Stone, at your service. Here to fulfill your darkest dreams, unearth the secret passions deep inside you and bring them to the light." His deep voice poured over her like honey, and she had no doubt he'd pleasure her as well or better than any of the human sex slaves who were likely plying their trade now behind Doreen and Nebula's closed bedroom doors.

"Well, Guy Stone, I shall expect you to deliver all you promise." She unlocked the door to her small room, stepped inside, and watched his muscles ripple as he passed through

the threshold and filled the small room with his presence. "I'd have you begin now." A shiver went through Cassie, for she had the feeling the sexbot with the rippling muscles and the honeyed voice would deliver all right. That and more than she'd bargained for ... more than the shy country girl in her could take.

* * * *

The air crackled, appeared charged with the aura of dominance and submission that had been played out here over the resort's long stretch as the Gates of Hell. But Cassie kept the room from seeming small and dark. Guy had no trouble envisioning the walls studded with hooks and eyes ... a St. Andrew's cross occupying the space where an inviting bed now stood ... oiled whips of various lengths and styles, hung on the neat row of hooks above the single narrow window. It seemed Yolanda's face-lift of the place had stopped with an outside paint job and the planting of a few scraggly flowers around the wrought-iron gates.

For this was a room ideal for a scene of dominance and submission. His dominance. Cassie's willing submission.

He imagined Cassie stretched upon that cross, helpless to resist the attention of his lips, his tongue. Himself taking those anal stimulators she'd bought and stretching her tight ass until she was able to take him there. Ramming his cock up her ass and filling her sopping cunt with that psychedelic pink-and-purple glass dildo. His cock began to swell painfully against the restraint of the chastity device. "Set my cock free,

pretty lady, and I'll show you pleasure greater than any you've ever known."

Her eyes wide, as though she just now realized she might have bitten off more sexbot than she could handle, she fumbled in her fanny pack. Trying to recall the names of every god in the universe, Guy sent out silent prayers to every one of them that she'd find the key quickly before he took matters into his own hands—or eyes, to be more accurate. He let out a long sigh when she dragged it out and knelt where she had a good view of the mechanism on the chastity device.

She also had a good view of his bulging cockhead that was already dripping pre-come around its brand-new ring and glistening almost as much as Cassie's golden hair in the flickering gaslights that lit the room. "Hurry," he croaked before remembering that a sexbot wouldn't care how long it took a client to free its mechanical cock and balls.

"Oooh. You're pierced just like an Earthling." The chastity belt hit the floor with a metallic clank, and Cassie ran an inquisitive finger over his jewel-studded shaft.

"Yeah. I am." It was all Guy could do not to toss her to that bed and show her he was no sexbot but a real, live Earthling male. An Earthling male ready and willing to show her all the pleasures forbidden to them by the governing Federation on their home planet. One who hadn't been made "safe" like the ones at the Earthling Sex Slave Emporium. "Disrobe and we shall get on with the pleasure for which you obtained me," he said, keeping his voice steady, deep, and robot-like.

"I've always wanted to be mastered. Would you like to undress me?"

What he'd like would be to rip off her shimmering pink jumpsuit and sink his cock into her sopping cunt. "If you wish," he said, as though his fingers weren't itching to drag down that zipper and reveal the bounty his enhanced vision had already allowed him to enjoy. "Would you wish your mastery to be physical or emotional?"

She looked at him, smiling. "Why, physical of course. No sexbot has feelings."

"I'm a very special sexbot. If you wish it, I can make you love me."

"Do you think so? Then do. Prove it to me." Her eyes held challenge too great for him to resist. "If you want, you may use the toys I bought. My sexbot back home uses them to heighten my pleasure."

He glanced at the anal stimulators. "You enjoy having your ass fucked?"

"Sometimes." He found the flush on her cheeks endearing.

"Very well. Lie on the bed and spread your arms and legs. Be silent, and do not move unless I order you to. Imagine there are silken bonds holding you open and vulnerable for me." He took the smallest of the butt plugs and rubbed it along her sopping slit. "You'll need stretching more than this to take my cock."

Gently, he spread her satiny butt cheeks and worked the small, glittery plug into her tight little hole. "Easy, relax now." Once the plug was seated inside her, he spread her satiny cunt lips and tongue-fucked her until she rewarded him with a

gushing gift of warm, slick fluid. His own cock ached with need to fuck her, but he lapped her clit while tugging gently at the chains that connected its ring to the ones in her hard, reddened nipples.

"Oh, yesss. More. Please." Her throaty purr had his balls so tight he thought they'd burst.

He lifted his head, met her needy gaze. "You're ready to take the larger one now." Slowly, sensually, he removed the small stimulator and replaced it with the medium-sized one, watching her inner muscles strain at the new invasion.

"Imagine you kneeling on the bed, your pretty ass in the air. Imagine taking my cock instead of this plug. Think how you'll love it when I fuck your ass and work that big dildo of yours in and out of your swollen cunt. I'll do it, soon enough."

"Now, please—"

"I said be quiet. Feel. Enjoy. I am here to bring you pleasure. To show you the outer limits of all that's erotic. I'm going to taste you and suck you and drink this sweet nectar—" He ran his tongue along her velvet slit, savoring the tart, slightly salty taste of her cunt, the faintly alcoholic overtone from the light perfume she wore. "—and then I'll fuck your mouth and your cunt and your ass until you've come so many times you can't remember your own name, much less mine." He buried his face between her legs again.

Cassie loved the feel of his full, velvety lips applying the most delicious suction to her clit. More juices gushed from her cunt and wet the tautly stretched tissue around her asshole. Her flesh throbbed around the plug, the sensation not quite painful ... perversely pleasurable. The rubies in his ear and

nose ring glittered, their color nearly matching his intriguing scarlet eyes. Framed between her pale thighs, his golden-tanned scalp looked almost gilded in the light of the gas lamps, as though he were made of metal, not human male flesh.

Of course he wasn't a real man. But he certainly was a far cry from the sexbot she kept in her room back home. The bulging muscles of his arms rippled against the backs of her thighs, and his fingers rasped against the tender skin of her belly, her breasts. And the wicked things he did with his mouth. The way his tongue worked her clit was magical, and his velvety lips! It was downright sinful, what they did when he pressed them to her pussy and applied just the right amount of suction. By all the gods and goddesses, nothing and no one had ever made her clit swell and harden and her cunt clench with the desire to take in his big, jeweled cock and make it her own.

"Fuck me now. Please."

He looked up, cradling her ass cheeks in his big hands and squeezing them ever so lightly. "We have all night. Longer. Breathe deep. If you can take this last plug, you should be able to accept my cock."

She wanted to. Wanted to take that huge, ringed organ in every orifice, surrender herself to him in every way. She longed for him to let her move so she could pleasure him as well as taking pleasure. "Oooh." The large plug, lubricated with some slick, soothing fluid that eased its path, stretched her sphincter muscle almost unbearably, even though he worked it in slowly ... carefully ... she'd almost say lovingly if

she hadn't known for certain no sexbot could be programmed to give love.

"Easy. Relax for me. You can take it, all of it. When you do, I'm going to fuck your cunt with my cock while I tongue-fuck your pretty mouth. Slow and easy. We're gonna be nipple to nipple, belly to belly. Touching everywhere, inside and out. I'll be you and you'll be me."

What? Her rented sex toy seemed very, very real, as though he had a heart and soul as well as the throbbing cock that now pulsated against her inner thigh. Each pair of beads along the underside and down the center of his sac made its imprint on her flesh, and the ring at its tip nudged at her swollen outer lips, exciting her unbearably. His fingers trembled against her ass when he worked the plug slowly, gently into her, stretching and filling her rear passage while he whispered words of encouragement, erotic words that had her wanting to do his bidding, needing to take everything he offered.

The skin of his huge cock felt velvety soft when he rubbed it between her wet, swollen cunt lips. Its smooth metal ring caressed her, reminded her that beneath its velvet surface, his flesh was rock-hard and throbbing with desire. He drew on the chain that connected her body jewelry, making her squirm and whimper despite his order to be still and quiet.

"You're ready. Ready to be filled, to become my woman in every way." Positioning his cock, he flexed his powerful hips and drove into her.

So tight. So full. Every motion—even the pulsing of the veins in his huge shaft—magnified, spread to her womb, her

ass. Her clit swelled against its tiny ring, throbbed against his smooth, muscular groin when he sank his cock all the way, made her take more until all he had to offer rested inside her, nudging the opening to her womb. His satiny ball sac nestled in the crack of her ass, keeping the plug vibrating from the outside while the throbbing of his cock within her cunt traveled through the thin wall of tissue between it and her stuffed rear passage. With every thrusting motion, she felt his rock-hard flesh, and each of the jewels that adorned it.

She'd have screamed with the incredible pleasure-pain of it, but he took her mouth, plunging his tongue in and out in time with the pistoning motion of his hips. His nipple rings abraded her breasts, caught momentarily on hers.

Bombarded from all directions, filled as she'd never been filled before, she clamped down on his cock, wanting every nuance of feeling, needing to feel each of the smooth, paired jewels that adorned his monster shaft. Her belly clenched. Her clit throbbed. She sucked hard on his invading tongue as he plunged into her harder, faster, gathering her in his iron-muscled arms when she began to shudder with the hottest, hardest orgasm she'd ever experienced.

And for the first time in her life she felt hot semen bathe her womb in long, staccato bursts that fed her climax and kept it going on forever. Pak Song apparently hadn't been joking when he'd told her she was renting the deluxe, luxury model, she thought as she lay in Guy's arms, for he not only looked human. He functioned like one, too.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Three

Hours later they lay across her bed, breast to chest. Guy's amazing human-feeling cock nestled snugly in the vee between Cassie's legs when Doreen and Nebula burst through the connecting door. Her amazing sexbot's massive chest even rose and fell as though he were asleep, not merely shut down to recharge his power supply.

"If I'd known they made sexbots like that one, I'd have gone with you instead of picking out a live sex slave." To Cassie's way of thinking, Doreen was paying way too much attention to the naked sexbot's perfect ass. Her half-sister was practically drooling. "The slave I got complained the whole time we were fucking that he needed a day off, and that his boss had been withholding his testosterone shots and overworking him to the point that he could barely get a hard-on. May I borrow *him*?" She shot Guy another lascivious look.

"No." It was absurd, she knew, but Cassie had no desire to share her sexbot, sisters or no. "Go rent one of your own at Pak Song's. I'm going to find out if this one's for sale."

Nebula laughed. "Our Cassie's gone and fallen for a robot. Hey, that's funny."

"He's not just any robot." If only Doreen knew what he'd done to her, how he'd made her feel feminine, helpless—loved, although Cassie knew that emotion was absurd.

"I can tell." Doreen raked Guy's hard body with a longing gaze. "He's a yummy, yummy sexbot for sure. What's the name of that place again?"

"Pak Song's House of Pleasure. Yolanda mentioned it, but you two were too busy listening to her push the sex slaves. How was yours, by the way?"

Nebula shrugged. "Well, he could get it up. And he did fuck me with more enthusiasm than the guy Doreen chose. Still..."

"It wasn't as good as Yolanda told us it would be." Nebula tossed her chestnut curls. "You'd better not get too attached to that one. Something tells me he wouldn't meet the Federation's standards for an imported sexbot. You know, they can only have so much power. Damn, but that one looks good." She shot Guy a longing look as she and Doreen left for Pak Song's.

Too good to be true. But damn! Cassie wasn't ready to give up her Guy. She wrapped her arms around him, the way he hadn't let her do when they were making love.

Cassie smoothed her hand along the sleek, golden skin of Guy's hard-muscled back. Warm skin, with a light coating of sweat still lingering. By all the gods in the universe, he seemed like he was real. Especially when his cock stirred and began to swell against her swollen pussy ... and when he sighed and exerted a very human-feeling pressure on her buttocks with his large, gentle hands, drawing her lower body flush against his own.

"Lie back and let me love you," he whispered, his words no less commanding for the soft tone in which they were delivered.

* * * *

Going slowly just might kill him, but Guy had to sample every inch of Cassie's alabaster skin, bathe each damp satiny fold of her pussy with his tongue. He'd nibble her nipples and her clit, and trace the golden chain that joined the delicate rings adorning those delicious nubs. Guy longed to forget the preliminaries and take her now, feel her glove his cock again in her tight, slick cunt.

Another benefit of Guy's improved vision, strong enough to make him forget—almost—the scarlet color of his irises that made him look somehow less than human: the clear view of her cunt even now, when it wasn't in his direct line of vision. A delicious sight it was, pouting and swollen within her glistening outer lips, already dripping pale, creamy honey. Being able to see the almost imperceptible tremor in her lush body as she lay there at his command sent a thrill through him, and tiny whimpers he doubted would have been audible to human ears bombarded him, inflamed him more.

Even though Guy had come in her a few short hours ago, his cock felt as though it were about to burst. He had to touch her. Experience her by feel, by taste, by the smell of his musk and hers, mingling to perfume the room. Her reddish-gold hair beckoned him when he stretched out above her, sparing her his weight by bracing himself on his knees and elbows.

When he pulled her hair back, baring the satin skin of her throat and shoulders, the soft strands felt like silk. His nipples tingled with the weight of their new rings, the friction of them brushing against the soft flesh of her lush breasts. The tip of his cock probed her damp, warm folds, his pre-come mingling with her honey. The slickness eased the friction of flesh on

flesh, its sound soft, more gentle than the rasp of his cheek against her throat.

Oh, shit. He had to close his eyes. Seeing her expression, full of desperate desire and unslaked need, threatened to shove him over the edge. Laying his cheek on her breast, Guy fought for the sort of self-control that would have come easily to the robot he was supposed to be. His nostrils flared. He felt them distending, as surely as he'd have seen them if he'd been looking in a fucking mirror, when he inhaled the incredibly arousing flowery scent that clung to her skin, wafted around his head.

She trembled, and the whimper that escaped her lips when he took a nipple between his teeth and worried the little gold ring with his tongue sounded more like a scream to his oversensitive ears. Gods, but she was responsive beyond his wildest dreams. He flailed her nipple harder, tugging gently at the chain that joined it and its mate to her pouting clit. The shudder that went through her when he tweaked her swollen clit between his thumb and forefinger told him how strongly his touch affected her.

She came over and over, trembling and whimpering at each touch of his fingers, his tongue, even his ringed nipples against hers. Guy's balls protested, telling him with silent agony that he needed release, too. Still he toyed with her, pleased her, striving to master her body as she'd conquered his soul at first sight. Before he admitted his deception, he'd have her drugged with satisfaction. She'd be craving him so much it would no longer matter that he was a washed up starship commander no longer welcome at home on Earth, a

creature made more of Pak Song's electronic parts than human flesh, in so many ways.

The large glass dildo sparkled in the lamplight, as though daring him to deny his own need, pleasure her more before taking his own release. He closed a fist around it, shivering at the cold, rigid surface that wasn't unlike the cock of the sexbot whose identity he'd borrowed to have this time with Cassie. Rubbing the dildo between her breasts, Guy watched her tremble, then swallowed her little scream when he took her mouth and tangled his tongue with hers.

"Are you my willing slave?" he whispered when he broke the kiss.

Her beautiful, very human eyes opened wide, as though she could see through him as he could see through her. "Yes. I want you to take me, master me. Show me every erotic pleasure I've ever dreamed of ... pleasures I will never know again."

Yes, she would. He'd pleasure her like this for the rest of their lives. Rearing back on his haunches, he rubbed the dildo along her wet channel, dipping it into her cunt and then withdrawing it. Her whimper of protest made him bend, tongue her swollen clit and rub cheeks now rough with several hours' growth of beard against the incredible softness of her mound. He'd never realized until now that the rasp of beard against a woman's soft, damp flesh was so arousing ... so erotic.

"Roll over now. I'm going to fuck your ass the way I said I would." Reaching into her bag of toys, he found one of the condoms that had been considerably packaged with the anal

plugs, and a lush, ripe banana. Quickly, he rolled the heavily lubricated condom over his erection, then peeled the banana and laid it on the bed, within easy reach.

Malleable. Eager. Just as he'd thought when he'd first seen her. Cassie's obvious need to do his bidding made Guy's heart swell with joy. The eager way her rosebud asshole twitched when he rubbed his cockhead over it had him desperate. Desperate to take her, fill her ... fulfill her and coax her to take him as he was, go with him wherever he bid.

"Oooh, yesss." Her breathy moans when he sank the long, thick dildo into her swollen cunt had him ready to explode. Slowly, he slid the glass in and out, changing the angle of penetration to enhance her pleasure.

His cock twitched, demanding he glove it within her body now. He tried in vain to counsel restraint and patience. *Pretend you're a sexbot. That you exist only to give Cassie pleasure. Pretend your cock and balls are controlled by those microchips in your brain, just like so many other parts of you.* His cock wasn't listening. He had to speed this up or he'd shoot his load the minute he lodged his cockhead in her tight, hot ass.

He picked up the banana, bent over her upthrust ass, and slid the tip of it between her lips before straightening and aligning their bodies. "Nibble on it. Concentrate on the sweetness of the fruit, the full feeling of the dildo in your cunt. That's my good girl. Relax." Slowly, smoothly, he began to penetrate her tight ass. "You can take it. Gods in the heavens but you're tight. Can you feel me stretching you, filling you?"

"So full. Hurts."

He paused. "Too much?"

"Yesss. No. Oh gods, don't. Don't stop. Please. I'm coming." Her asshole clamped down on his cock, and through the thin wall of tissue he felt every hard contraction of her cunt around the dildo. The erotic smell of banana and woman filled his nostrils, stole the last shreds of his control when she bit on the fruit as though devouring his cock. His balls drew up in their sac, and almost before he had time to anticipate the coming pleasure, his cock began spurting out its load in long, fulfilling bursts until he was dry and she lay trembling beneath him, gasping out words of lust and love and...

"I want to keep you, take you home." A great sob sounded as if it were being wrenched from Cassie's very soul. "But I know I can't."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Four

"But you can, my darling slave." Guy couldn't have asked for a better opening than Cassie had just given him. He lifted her, cradling her lush body in his arms before laying her on the bed and propping her golden head on a stack of scarlet satin pillows. Stretching out beside her, he met her gaze. "I have a confession to make."

"What?" A single tear made its way down her cheek, and he leaned over to catch the salty droplet on his tongue.

"I'm no sexbot, but a man. An Earthling like you."

"Bu ... but your eyes ... and your hard, hard body..." Cassie stroked his arm, tracing his biceps upward to where they joined with pecs that had never been so prominent before his injury.

He covered her hand, holding it in place above his heart. "I've been enhanced."

"B-but that's against the Federation's laws."

"I know. The doctors had no choice other than to let me die. Some months ago I crashed my starship into Obsidion while trying to land in a storm. When the medics dragged me from the wreckage, I was barely alive, or so I've been told. Blind and deaf and paralyzed.

"To save my life, the doctors summoned Pak Song. He implanted electronic cyber-eyes and internal ears, the kinds he uses to make his robots. When I'd begun to heal from my other injuries, he embedded microprocessors in my brain that make them work. As for the hard muscles, they are a result

of other modifications Pak Song made that allow me to function as if my spinal cord hadn't been severed."

Cassie's mouth dropped open, and she stared at him, wide-eyed. "You can never go back home, can you?"

"No." His confirmation sent tears streaming down her cheeks, and she bit her lower lip as though to keep from crying out loud. "But you can stay with me."

"Here?" she croaked.

"No, baby. Not here. Obsidion is for adventurers and opportunists and tourists looking for forbidden thrills. It's a great place to visit, but not the sort of place where I want to make my home. Cassie, you're my soulmate. I want you with me. Not just now, but forever. I sense you want that, too."

Damn it, she was fighting him, and he didn't like it. He hated having her look at him with love in her eyes—and terror that was so transparent it hung in every molecule of air that was still redolent with the scents of banana and their own animal musk. "I know a place—a small planet with a colony of Earthlings. Not too far from here. We'd be welcomed."

"But ... I'd miss my sisters. I'd never see my father again. My job." She paused, as if gathering her thoughts. "What about your job? You can't defect and keep on working for the Federation."

"I got a generous settlement. When Star Command discovered how I'd been kept alive, they rewarded me richly for my years of service—at almost the same time as they relieved me of my command. I could support us both if I never worked again, but I plan to start a shuttle service and

take supplies from planet to planet in this part of the galaxy. Trust me, little one. I'll take good care of you."

Omigod, this was too hard to process all at once. Cassie's head spun, trying to make sense out of what she'd gotten into. Guy. He said she was his soulmate, and she was certain he was hers. A soulmate she'd found and believed was a sexbot, only to learn he really was a man. No, not a man but a cyborg forever exiled from their home planet.

"Why?" she asked, her heart breaking as she tried to withdraw her hand from his chest. "Why did you make me fall in love with you when I can never have you in my life?"

"But you can." Guy clasped her hand firmly, pressing it against his chest so hard she felt the imprint of his nipple ring on her palm. "You'll have to give up some things, that's true. But think of what you'll gain. No breeding farm where your mate is chosen for you, then sent away, but a home where your children will know both of their parents' love. Freedom to serve me and only me as Master. Freedom to let me pleasure my only, beloved slave." As though desperate to prove a point, Guy laid his other hand between her legs, his fingers finding the still-wet folds of her cunt lips, stroking the still-swollen flesh, coaxing out more honey even though she'd thought the well quite dry.

"What do you say, Cassie? I know what sort of life awaits you back on Earth. Breeding, then having your children given to their father if he wants them. Getting your only sex from a mindless 'bot. Living under the thumbs of the Federation's rulers, having to abide by all their rules. I'll give you more. Much more." He dipped a finger into her cunt, stroking gently

against the wet, hot walls that so recently had convulsed wildly with the multiple orgasms he'd coaxed from her. Reminding her of the pleasure—pleasure she wanted to go on enjoying forever. But gods, she was afraid to leave all she knew, follow this compelling cyborg into a new and frightening world where...

"You promised children. Are you..."

"Pak Song and the doctors assured me my reproductive parts were unscathed, and are in perfect working order. My seed may be growing inside you even now. Would you like that?" Withdrawing his hand from her sex, he laid it on her belly, his touch gentle, almost reverent. "I'd like it very much. I never visited the breeding farms when my starship docked on Earth. Never wanted to sire children I'd never see, or to lose my balls once I'd sired the requisite number of sons. I made do with sexbots, as you most likely have until now. I want to love you, live with you, have children with you and watch them grow up free ... in a place where such relationships are not forbidden."

He tempted her. Made her want to toss away all she'd ever known, follow him to the ends of the galaxy. But ... she needed time. "I've got to think. Omigod, I came to Obsidion for an adventure, but I never expected..."

"To fall in love? I never expected it either, when I took a walk along the Strip to check out my new freedom. But then I saw you, your hair all reddish-gold, your eyes wide with wonder as you stared at those altered, overworked Earthling sex slaves and argued with your sisters. I knew at that

moment I'd found my soulmate ... lover, companion, best friend."

Cassie felt that way, too, but she was torn. Part of her was still the dutiful daughter committed to meet the expectations of her father and follow the social mores of the Federation community where she'd grown up. To do what everyone had expected of her as long as she could remember. Another part—the perverse part that reveled in a cyborg's touch—listened with rapt attention while Guy described this amazing colony where Earthlings lived as the Old Ones had in centuries past. Where men and women mated for life, let their emotions soar, and accepted the miracle of electronic rebirth and enhancement as a blessing, not the abomination for which it was seen back home.

A loud knock at the door dragged her back to the present. Embarrassed for her sisters to see her in this intimate position, now that she knew she lay with a man—apparently a complete, functioning human male, not the sexbot she'd thought she'd rented—she moved to raise the covers. But Guy stayed her hand.

"Let them see us like this. Tell them who I am, what I ask of you. I believe you'll be surprised at their response. Come in," he said, his deep voice full of confidence. Of command.

Doreen burst in, with Nebula hard on her heels. "You're gonna have to pay late charges if you don't get that 'bot of yours back to the rental place. That old Chinaman swore he's one of a kind, and that he didn't have another for me to rent, so I put down money to reserve him next."

Nebula laughed. "What makes you think Cassie's gonna let him go? Looks to me like they're still goin' at it. I told you not to waste your money. If you didn't like the sex slave you got, you should have just taken him back and picked out another one. I rather liked mine. Cassie, are you gonna let that hunky robot recharge his batteries and go with us to the casino?"

"Sit down, ladies. Cassie has something to tell you." Guy's voice resounded off the thick, dark walls, and it didn't surprise Cassie at all when Doreen and Nebula plopped on the edge of a fainting couch by the window and shot her a pair of expectant, quizzical looks.

"Guy's an Earthling, not a sexbot. A whole male." Cassie paused, watching her sisters register disbelief. And horror, or was it wonder?

Nebula found her voice first. "Gods above, Cassiopeia, what are you thinking of, fucking with a man who hasn't been fixed? You could—"

"Get pregnant. Yes, I know. I may be, already. If I am, I'm glad. I always dreamed I'd be allowed to get to know the fathers of my children." Then she dropped the bombshell. "Guy was enhanced following an accident that nearly killed him."

"Then he can't go back to Earth. Not that you'd be allowed to pick your own mate anyway, even if he could," Doreen pointed out.

Cassie's abdominal muscles clenched so hard, she almost doubled over, but Guy's warm hands held her fast, easing that pain if not the tearing sensation in her heart and head.

"He wants me to stay with him, go live on this planet called Luna Ten."

Nebula shot a dubious look at Guy. "If it weren't for those eyes, he could pass..."

"The Federation Star Command is aware of how I was injured—and what was done to keep me alive and functioning. Besides, I want to take Cassie to a better place." Guy paused, then smiled. "Turn on that entertainment center and have it beam in on Luna Ten. I'll show you what she'll be missing if she chooses to go home. What we've all been missing by following the New World Order."

Eden. The commentator said Luna Ten had been given that informal name by Lady Aurora, the ethereal looking woman he'd just shown frolicking with three young children in a shady glade. Shot after shot of verdant meadows and glades sheltered from the sun by lush trees and shrubs with brilliant pink and purple flowers took Cassie's breath away, but what impressed her most was the freedom—the obvious happiness—of Luna Ten's naked, uninhibited inhabitants. And the cleanliness. A few pristine shelters—one for each of the twenty families, all refugees from planet Earth, the announcer said—seemed to blend into the pastoral setting of lush vegetation and sparkling streams.

The scene shifted to the far side of the planet, a picture-postcard view of snow-capped evergreens and a lodge with a roaring fire. A couple, unashamedly naked, lay on a fur rug before the fireplace, limbs entangled as she cradled his head to her swollen breast. Watching them, like this, Cassie's arousal grew, blossomed. Suddenly it didn't matter that she

and Guy weren't alone. All that mattered was the insistent nudge of his rigid cock against her thigh, the need to feel it throbbing within her needy cunt. She couldn't let him go. She couldn't. "I want to make you feel as good as you make me feel."

He chuckled, but drew her closer, parting her legs and sliding his cock between her damp, swollen folds. "Now I know something new about you. You get hot, just watching others fucking. I love it. Love you. Do you like what you see of your new home?"

"From what I see, the place must be like heaven."

"Yes, love, Luna Ten is all you see there and more. Come live with me there. I still have friends in the Star Command who could get word to people who'd worry when you don't return." Guy turned to Doreen and Nebula. "You both would be welcome, too. You could live with us until you meet your Masters. I understand there are several unattached males, actively looking for mates."

Doreen laughed. "No man will ever master me. I could be quite happy with a sexbot, and even happier without the threat of indiscriminate breeding hanging over my head. What do you say, Nebula? Shall we cast our lots with the sexy cyborg who's so easily won the heart of our sibling?"

"We could..." Nebula's voice trailed off, and from her troubled expression Cassie gathered that she was remembering, dreading the fate that awaited her when she returned. And why. "...but from what the announcer said, they want women who can be bred. I cannot."

That—Nebula being diagnosed as a carrier of the dreaded mutant gene that had forced the Federation to set stringent rules for breeding—was why they'd made this trip. To give her one last chance to enjoy living before she presented herself to be transformed into a sexless drone. Cassie wrapped her arms around Guy, aligning them breast to chest, taking his cockhead just inside her weeping cunt. "Will you take Nebula, too? You know what they'll do to her back home."

"You're asking too much. Unless..." A tear slid down Nebula's cheek. "...unless I could be sterilized here first. Then maybe I could be a servant, help take care of the babies, cook and clean for you."

Guy held up a hand, then rolled Cassie to her back and impaled her completely on his hard, throbbing cock. "You need not be a servant, Nebula, just because you can't help grow Luna Ten's population. I know Brad Gilbreath, who founded the colony. I'm sure he'll welcome you, even though you must not reproduce. I saw several eunuch males when I was there—they seemed well enough accepted."

Cassie heard the sound of bubbling water, the voice of the announcer inviting guests and future colonists to check out Luna Ten. Guy's magnificent body blocked her view, even as it put a golden cast on his satiny, bronzed skin. With each smooth stroke of his cock into her welcoming body, she became more certain he was her destiny ... her future. The master she'd dreamed of but never hoped to find.

"I will go with you, my Master. Whatever Doreen and Nebula decide to do."

"Doreen, let's leave them now," Nebula said. "Will you come with me to help me see to what I must do?"

"Sure." Doreen cast one last, longing look at Guy. "Too bad you're not a fuckin' sexbot. If you were, I'd try to talk Cassie into sharing you. Maybe I'll make another stop at Pak Song's and see if he has any other cyborgs he could point in my direction. Have fun. And don't worry, Cassie. I'll make sure they take good care of Nebula."

"If you want to join us, be at the private transporter dock station tomorrow at fifteen hundred hours," Guy called out as Doreen hurried after Nebula.

He bent, brushing his lips over hers. "I hope they do. I'd have you happy and content. Never lonely." Then, with loving deliberation, he threaded a gossamer golden chain through her nipple rings and his and fastened the clasp, so the sensitive nubs brushed each other with every plunge of his cock deep within her cunt, each erotic tug of the other chain on her throbbing clit. When he took her mouth, she tasted her own honey on his lips.

His enhanced muscles contracted with each thrust, as though he fought to maintain control. When she reached between their bodies and caressed his balls as they lay in their sac within her damp and swollen labia, he lost it. His big body shuddered. His come bathed her womb in fiery bursts, over and over. The familiar, delicious congestion built in her cunt. Her clit, too, and in nipples being tugged both up and down as he sucked her tongue deep in her mouth, swallowing her whimpers of need—and her screams of perfect pleasure.

The following morning they packed their belongings on a small, sleek transporter Guy had bought, then purchased a few luxuries Guy said they needn't do without: a collar of gold and diamonds with matching gold-link leash, matching gold tongue studs that were the traditional gifts exchanged by brides and grooms, several lengths of fine gold chain, and a ready-made flogger with a burnished leather handle.

"For your discipline, my darling."

"Then you don't want one made of my hair?" Cassie had seen a slave being readied for her Master yesterday in one of the shops along the Strip and found the process of weaving severed lengths of the woman's hair into the ends of one skinny braid, then stiffened, intriguing. She'd gotten wet, just thinking of kneeling before Guy and sucking his cock while he shaved off the flogger made of her own hair to use for her discipline, leaving her scalp as smooth as his.

"I want your golden hair left on your head." While flattered, Cassie couldn't help feeling disappointed that she wouldn't be able to give him that very obvious symbol of her submission. "I want to run my hands through it. Feel it slide along my thighs when you suck my cock. Grasp it when I fuck you from behind. Never doubt you'll be as submissive as if I had your head shaved bald and flogged you with your own hair. I have just one more thing I need to buy."

Abruptly, he drew her into a craftsman's shop where he purchased a sleek St. Andrew's cross, complete with padded restraints. Cassie creamed her panties even more when she imagined Guy strapping her to that cross, administering

loving torture until he took pity and filled her empty, aching cunt.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Epilogue

One month later, on Luna Ten, at the altar where commitment is made in the way of the ancients of the galaxy, Guy and Cassie stand before her friends, newly arrived from Obsidion ... and the twenty-some-odd families who live in peace together on this idyllic planet. Cassie has agreed to a lifetime as Guy's slave ... and he has insisted upon going through the ancient rites, knowing that as he does he will suffer excruciating pain because of his enhanced sensation. He wants to do it for her ... and to give thanks that because of his enhancements, he is alive to love her. To be her beloved Master.

Guy stood in the mossy glade called Eden, his tongue outstretched to accept the tongue stud society demanded be worn by all Masters and all beloved slaves. He tried hard not to wince when Luna Ten's ritual celebrant clamped his tongue and drove a large bore needle through it to re-open the hole that had closed during his convalescence. The pain was excruciating, more so for him than for Cassie because of his enhanced senses—yet somehow cleansing. He loved her for understanding how every sensation affected him ten times more than it did a human without modifications, for suggesting that they forego this ritual, but he'd refused. He absorbed the agony, welcomed each test of inner strength because enduring symbolized victory. His life, snatched back by modern cyber-technology from certain death. Snatched into the arms of his beautiful, perfectly submissive soulmate.

The matched studs also gave visible evidence to all of the promises they'd made—of her vow to be a loving and obedient slave, his to be a loving and protective Master who'd ensure her pleasure and safety. Guy forced himself to ignore the nausea that rose in his gut as the gold post was threaded through his tongue and screwed in place.

Once the celebrant had sprayed on some salty substance that miraculously eased the pain, Guy rubbed the upper bead over his own lips, imagining how Cassie's pert nipples would bead when he ran his tongue over their sensitive tips, catching the golden ball in her small nipple rings, tugging with it on the delicate chain that joined them and the identical adornment in her clit. His own ringed nipples throbbed when he pictured her tonguing them, and his cock, already at full attention, dribbled glistening lubrication from its ringed tip when he thought of how her pierced tongue would feel when she licked and sucked him there.

"You are now Master and slave. Sir, you may place your collar on your slave."

Glad he'd foregone the custom of taking her silken hair to make the flogger tradition decreed that all Masters have, Guy caught up the golden mass and gathered it into a high ponytail. After securing it in a gold barrette, he took the jeweled collar and locked it securely about her slender neck. As a good slave should, Cassie lowered her gaze when the celebrant—a eunuch or Guy would have nixed this part of the ritual, too—knelt behind her and worked a long, thick stimulator into her anus until its flat base lay flush within the satiny folds of her outer labia. Guy tongue-fucked her mouth,

the recent pain of his piercing forgotten in the erotic haze of this ancient rite of submission.

Gods but he loved her. "Kneel and pay me homage," he told her when he broke the kiss, exerting enough pressure on her leash to bring her to her knees. Her hands cupping his balls, she lapped the underside of his cock.

Holding back was agony. Every velvety swipe of her tongue, the erotic tinkling of her tongue ring against the jewels in Guy's cock, the heat of her hands and the soft whoosh of her breath against his hairless groin, the tug of her tongue on each jeweled barbell that marched up the underside of his cock, and finally the wet slick heat of her mouth when she took him in her mouth and sucked his cockhead, had his semen bubbling, demanding release.

The celebrant's bell struck three times. Guy had to last through two more torturous minutes, lest ill luck befall him and his slave for all eternity. Oh gods in the universe, the delicious sensations of her stabbing her tongue into his slit and lapping his pre-come was almost too much to bear. Why did she have to suck him so voraciously? He gritted his teeth, trying to ignore the way she worked his PA ring around until its bead rested in his slit.

The celebrant knelt behind Cassie, working the plug in and out of her ass. Her whimpers resonated against his cock. Each second of holding out was pure torture. As the last bell tolled, Cassie deep-throated Guy, accepting each burst of his semen and swallowing it as though starved. Then, with him still in her mouth, she wrapped her ponytail around the base of his

cock, symbolizing that her hair was his to do with as he would.

Compared with this, the rest would be easy. Guy drew Cassie to her feet, leaving the butt plug in place, and licked away the drops of semen that had gathered on her swollen lips. Gently he lifted her, draping her face down across a moss-covered altar made from sacred stone, watching with wonder as the fragrant flowered vines that grew around it captured her, confined her much like the ropes he'd been taught to use for bondage as a young star commander eager to begin the road toward sexual dominance. Her breasts jutted forward, inviting his mouth. Between tightly bound, widespread legs, her swollen satin lips pouted and glistened. Her cunt wept, as though begging for his mouth ... his cock.

Let her see the instrument of her enslavement. Though no one had spoken, Guy heard the male voice clearly. The voice of his trainer. Stepping up to where his cock aligned with her face, he fed it to her, endured the incredible pleasure of her licking and sucking until he could take no more. "Do you want me to fuck you now?"

"Oh yes, Master. Please fuck me. If it pleases you."

It pleased him, all right. He stood between her bound, outstretched legs and worked his cock into her cunt, made incredibly tight by the presence of the large, ceremonial plug that lay embedded in her pretty ass. With slow, measured strokes, Guy fucked her from behind, gritting his teeth against the need to come, determined to give her the release she deserved.

With every thrust, each gentle tug of his fingers on her clit, every slap of his balls against her pussy lips, Cassie felt his need more than her own. The slick sheen of sweat on his glowing skin, the scarlet heat in his eyes and bulging, straining muscles in his neck and chest gave evidence of what it cost him to hold back.

Helpless to ease his suffering, bound as she was, she did as she'd promised an hour earlier, when the celebration of their joining had first begun. *I will love you, obey you, submit to your desires. You are my Master, I am your slave, for now and forever. I give you my heart, my soul, my body, trusting you to treasure them always and keep me from harm.*

An incredible pressure built in her cunt and ass, stronger than anything she'd experienced before. "Master, may I come?" she whispered, almost beyond speaking as searing feelings spread along nerve endings already stimulated by her bindings ... the collar that proclaimed her his ... the stimulator that felt so much like his huge, hard cock. She clenched her inner muscles around his cock, feeling bursts of pleasure at each point where his lush jewelry made contact with her cunt that already had begun convulsing ... "Please, Master."

"Come, slave. I order you to come now." He groaned, a tortured animal sound that came from somewhere deep in his belly.

The first shooting, fiery blasts of his come triggered feelings so incredible they defied description, delicious feelings that swept Cassie away, beyond slavery, beyond ritual, to her own Eden. Her own dream of loving submission

come true. When she raised her gaze, she saw Doreen and Nebula smiling, apparently finding joy in her contentment, hope for their own taste of Eden on Luna Ten.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Luna Ten 2: Shedir

Prologue

Earth, 2226

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

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

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

Shedir, newly named leader of the Eastern Galaxy Wing of the Federation Star Command, stripped off his uniform and

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Expect me on Friday. I will test out the equipment I'm delivering with that piece you already have. I've a possible match in mind, but I'd test it first." One could never be sure when or if the Rulers were listening, and Shedir wasn't taking chances. He'd worked too hard, given too much to risk losing

it all—but Luna Ten should be far enough away from prying eyes for him to indulge himself with impunity.

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

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

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

the small acts of kindness that cost him little, considering the services they silently rendered.

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

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter One

Luna Ten, a few days earlier

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

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

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

into her, to contract her muscles around a rock-hard, jeweled fucking tool.

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

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

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

Damn it, Doreen wanted no Master, a good thing since Guy had been mistaken in his assumption there would be unattached male Earthlings on Luna Ten. Her sexbot and the twin eunuch houseboys who'd become her friends in the two months since she'd settled on Luna Ten could satisfy her. They'd better satisfy her. Now. Her nipples tingled in

anticipation of Aloysius and Argus's attentive suckling. Her clit twitched, setting the small gold ring to swinging. Gods but her cunt was on fire.

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

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

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

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

The exotic, erotic smell of the purple flowers in the fucking glade lingered in her hair, still warm from the rays of the scarlet suns of Luna Ten. Something magical, highly arousing,

emanated from those vines that only trapped and confined bound slaves of the Masters. Her cunt clenched around the sexbot's cock, but she wanted more.

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

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

The 'bot's deliberate monotone annoyed Doreen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her release, when it came, was a poor imitation of the ecstasy Doreen had witnessed Cassie and Aurora enjoying in

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

Doreen eyed the smoldering carcass of the sexbot, then glanced at her houseboys, who seemed not at all perturbed to have missed out on the casual caresses she usually bestowed after they brought her pleasure. Suddenly it hit her. Her touch meant nothing to them, other than probably to remind them they no longer had the capacity to enjoy the sexual pleasure she took as her due. When they stimulated her, they got none of the pleasure she demanded they give her.

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

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

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

* * * *

A whole man. "Don't even talk to me about a new sexbot," Doreen told Nebula and Cassie as her sisters stared at the still

sizzling carnage a couple of hours later. "Not even one of Pak Song's deluxe models can do what I want."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

More was the pity. "Guy, I've decided I want a man. A whole man." She wasn't about to defer to hers the way Cassie did—except when it came to sex—but she was tired of getting off with a 'bot and a couple of eunuchs who didn't even care if she gave them affection in return.

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

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

"Oooh, baby, that feels good." Guy groaned, shoving his hips forward to force the satiny root of his big tool hard

against Cassie's open lips. When he glanced at Doreen, he wore a surprised expression. "You want a Master?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Eight o'clock on Friday. Dungeon. Be there if you want to meet Shedir." Though Guy was panting so hard he could barely speak now, Doreen had no doubt he and Cassie would be fucking and sucking again before long. If the gods were listening, they'd go home instead of staying here and setting her on fire with unrelieved lust.

More than they already had, that is.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Two

When in Rome...

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

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

Shrugging at his reflection, he lifted the heavy gold chain that held the insignia of a Federation star commander—a Celtic cross sparkling with tiny diamonds and emeralds—and laid it on his sleeping couch. A symbol of his station, one the Rulers had decreed must never leave his person. Of course they'd also forbidden him to take his pleasure with anything

but the sexbot they'd issued him—the cold machine now staring at him from its place in the corner of the stateroom. Still he hesitated to break too many rules, so he picked the chain up and hung it back around his neck.

His heartbeat quickened when he imagined taking Doreen, fastening her to the bondage wheel the starship's robots had just unloaded for Luna Ten's impressive dungeon. Shedir anticipated bringing her to climax with his hands and mouth before claiming her cunt or ass.

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

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

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

Then he saw her. Doreen, Cassie's sister. From the look of her, a sub in dire need of a Dom. She stood in the center of the dungeon, bathed in starlight, beautifully naked but for a

sparkling gold ring swinging from her swollen clit. Her long blonde hair hung down her back, leaving her full, ripe breasts uncloaked from his hungry gaze. Damn. Her eyes looked equally voracious. He watched her gaze shift to his swollen cock, enjoying his growing arousal when her pink tongue darted out between rosy, generous lips, inviting him...

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

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

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

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

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

Carefully, he strapped the padded leather belt in the center of the wheel around her narrow waist and bound her

arms to opposing spokes. When he tilted the wheel to raise her feet off the floor, she spread her legs—before he could order her to do so. His nostrils flared at the heady scent of her—something that reminded him of the flowers on the little planet's famous fucking vines, mingled with her own female musk.

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

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

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

"Are you so happy to see me?"

"Mmmm." Doreen squirmed, lifting her hips as far off the wheel as the restraining belts allowed. Gods but she wanted the hot-blooded star commander to get on with it, ram his huge cock in her and make her come. She wanted to milk his

seed, feel him spurting inside her spasming cunt. "Fuck me. Don't make me wait."

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

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

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

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

He secured the bases of the dildos to a narrow shelf he slid out from the wheel spoke beneath her ass. When it began to

vibrate, the dildos mimicked the motion of the shelf, reminding her he'd stuffed all her orifices but one. A painful pressure built in her belly. Her nipples throbbed. She panted as the first waves of pleasure overtook her. Her mouth fell open as the wheel turned, around and up, positioning her upside down, her mouth level with Shedir's rock-hard cock.

Lubrication oozed around the thick ring that protruded from his slit, tempting her. He stepped closer, his hand on his shaft, positioning the thick, ruddy corona between her waiting lips. When she tongued him, sampling the salty slick fluid, pressure began to build again. She wanted...

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

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

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

Aftershocks of the most intense climax Doreen had ever had surged through her body, overwhelming her. She barely

noticed when Shedir rotated the wheel, retrieved the dildos, and set her free.

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

* * * *

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

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

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

"Demanding, aren't you?"

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

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

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

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

* * * *

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

Because of Guy's illegal enhancements and Brad's imminent castration if he'd stayed on Earth, they'd had good reasons for opting to live life here. Shedir did not. No woman,

not even Doreen, was worth giving up the power and prestige that awaited him back home once he'd put in his time as a star commander, performed a few more feats of daring and valor, fought off the challenge of a few more determined sky pirates and rogues.

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

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

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

She shifted onto her side, the gentle curve of her breasts attracting his gaze. He loved sucking those rosy, responsive nipples, nipples her Master would most likely pierce as signs of his possession. Nipples he would have left as they were made, unadorned by anything but the rasp of his late-day

beard, the light marks he'd make with his teeth, or the clamps he'd use on them from time to time.

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

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Three

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

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

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

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

her to lick away. "I'll miss *you*. You would have been quite the prize in my ancestors' harems."

Doreen's heart beat faster at that admission. Damn. She didn't want the Earthling stranger Guy had sent her with Shedir to find. She wanted Shedir. Not just as a sex object but as a Master. And from the hot look in his eyes, she guessed he wanted that, too. "Why miss me? Why not chuck all this—" she gestured at the gleaming console, the 'bots doing Shedir's bidding "—and come be my Master on Luna Ten?"

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

* * * *

Shedir's sexbot, like his piercings, smacked of simple, basic functionality. A titanium frame visible beneath its transparent covering that felt amazingly like human skin and flesh would be damn hard to break, Doreen decided when she

faced her competition for the first time. Shedir stripped efficiently and lay on his sleeping couch, and before she could bend to pay proper respect to her lover's sex, the 'bot had straddled him and taken his rigid cock into its pussy.

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

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

Then he lengthened his strokes, dipping into her swollen cunt, licking its spasming walls while he worked one finger into her ass, then two, and began to slide in and out of her ass and stab her cunt in slow, incredibly stimulating motion. Gods in the heavens, this felt delicious, nothing like when in her own desperation, the eunuchs had serviced her to climax.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Shedir returned, he claimed her conventionally, the way the Old Ones spoke of making love. Mouth to mouth, breast to chest, belly to belly, legs entwined. A gentle mating,

more of the minds and emotions than of the body, though his big cock filled her cunt exquisitely as they moved in slow, sensuous rhythm while the starship hurtled through space and time.

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

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

* * * *

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

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

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

Shedir had trouble believing her naiveté. What he'd heard must have been true—Rulers shielded their daughters from learning the extent of brutal enforcement that kept the

masses under control. "I have no wish to lose my manhood, which would be the least of my punishment were I caught assisting an Earthling fugitive in his escape."

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

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

"Where is the brother now?"

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

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

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

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

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

Her attitude now seemed to say the opposite, but she did perk up when Conan stepped into the light. His former

captain was a good-looking devil, with twinkling eyes and a few days' dark growth on his head and cheeks. Though dirty and unkempt in tattered remnants of his uniform, and missing his right hand, Conan still was an impressive figure—almost as impressive as he'd been before they'd stripped him of his insignia and drummed him out of the Star Command.

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

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

* * * *

As soon as she stepped onto the starship, the 'bot steward grabbed Doreen. She struggled, but she was no match for it. It hefted her over its shoulder and delivered her into Shedir's sleeping couch, tying her arms with the tethers he'd used the night before. Her robe hiked up when the 'bot jerked her legs apart and secured them to the lower supports for the mattress.

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes. I've set a course for Obsidion. We need to drop Conan off there. You will not talk with him. You are mine." Gloriously naked now except for that damn glittering insignia

he never removed, Shedir sat on the edge of the bed, his dark eyes glowing with desire as he cupped her breasts and rubbed the thumbs over her hardening nipples. "I do not share what's mine." He slid one hand down her body and slid it over her exposed crotch. "I will have you fitted for a chastity belt while we're there. And a collar."

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

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

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

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

He grinned. "Jealous? If you wish to bear my child, I will oblige you. I imagine I'll still be able to provide the necessary

proof of my chastity to the Federation officials when I go back to Earth. They expect a twice weekly deposit, and with you I know I can get it up for much, much more."

"Have you any children?"

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

"Meanwhile, I want to fuck you. Fill you as I did on the wheel I brought to Luna Ten." He reached in a drawer, pulled out a butt plug and a tube of lubricant, and worked it past her anal sphincter. Then he knelt between her outstretched legs and filled her hot, wet cunt. "The plug will grow as it absorbs your body heat. Stretch you. Ready you to take me up your ass."

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

And she was certainly not immune to his. She raised her hips, inviting him deeper, enjoyed the slap of his testicles against her flesh, the increasing fullness as the plug expanded. Oh, if she could only wrench herself free so she

might wrap her legs and arms around her lover, bind him to her as he'd bound her for his pleasure.

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

* * * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hardly. If it were just this—" Conan held up his stump—"I'd have bought an intelligent prosthesis and made do with

it. I wouldn't have risked stowing away on your ship, taking a chance on getting us caught if you're boarded for inspection, not just to get Pak Song to do his illegal magic with *this*."

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

"Yeah. My lawyer had to do a lot of talking to keep 'em from having me turned into a drone. Unless and until Pak Song can do even more of his magic for me than he did for Guy, I'm useless to the woman you're so protective of. Completely useless. I'll go back into hiding now, in case the Star Command decides to place you and your ship under surveillance. Wouldn't want you to pay for helping me as I'm paying for having helped my brother. As soon as we land on Obsidion I'll change to my 'official' robe and make my way to Pak Song. Perhaps someday we'll meet again."

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

Hopefully Pak Song would be able to restore Conan's manhood as handily as he'd restored Guy's sight and hearing ... as easily as he created bionic limbs to replace those lost or made useless in battle. Shedir shuddered when he imagined the processes involved—the mental and physical agony of

losing part of oneself, the undoubtedly painful process of having the doctors and Pak Song replace the missing parts with robotics. Looking at Guy, knowing his eyes and ears were not his own but electronic substitutes, realizing he moved with ease only because of Pak Song's electronic genius, still gave Shedir pause, for he had been the one to bring in Guy's broken body.

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

* * * *

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

"It would be dangerous for me to be seen with Conan. If any of the other starship captains docked here see you, they'll think I've rented myself a woman. An unusually beautiful, desirable one who must be robed and veiled lest she inspire the lust of those who have not paid." Shedir paused, slipped his hand between the folds of her veil and stroked the satin column of her throat. "Since most of them do the same when business brings them here, they'll not report me. They would, however, if they saw I'd transported a fugitive off Earth."

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

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

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

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

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

Moments later they headed to Leander's grooming salon, Shedir's bank balance considerably shrunken. Justifiably so, he decided when he pictured Doreen adorned only with the collar, matching wrist and ankle cuffs, and the glittering

diamond studs he'd impulsively bought for her ears and nostril. Marks of his possession. His dominance.

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

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

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

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

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Four

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

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

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

When she began to stroke his cock and balls with gentle fingers, he fastened the three diamond studs into her ears and nostril. "Suck me," he ordered softly, pleased when she immediately took the head of his cock in her mouth and ran her slick, velvety tongue along the sensitive tip, catching the ring and rotating it through his flesh. If they'd mated, her tongue would have felt like velvet and steel, its round metal stud pressing into his flesh, tugging at his cock jewelry and enhancing his pleasure. His tongue would have been studded,

too, to bring her greater pleasure when he licked her nipples, her cunt. He knew now that he wanted, or needed, that. He longed to possess her fully and know she possessed him, too.

He pictured them kneeling in the glade on Luna Ten, repeating the ritual of centuries long past, pledging themselves to each other and each other alone, Master and slave. He'd take his razor-sharp scimitar and detach the flogger that now bobbed atop her shining head, accept her gift and make it his own. At that thought, his balls tightened painfully beneath her seeking fingers.

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

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

"Do you not enjoy me, Master?"

He'd have time for solitary consideration later, after he left her to patrol the Eastern District. Shedir let go the braided topknot of Doreen's hair. He pressed his fingers against her

satiny scalp, finding and caressing the zones he found erotic on his own head, along her delicate occipital bone and on the seams where the plates of her skull had grown together. Her sighs of pleasure and the increased vigor with which she caressed him told him she too found his touch on her shaven scalp arousing. "I loved your long hair, but I love you more without it."

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

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

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

She decided for him, luring his cock, sucking it in, caressing it within the slick, hot walls of her cunt. Taking him completely. He slid his hands beneath her body, finding her breasts, tugging at the hard nubs of her nipples as he bent

over her, nipping and sucking her newly bared scalp, toying with the diamonds in her earlobes. Despite her bonds, she lifted her hips to his thrusts, clamping down on his cock head as her orgasm began deep within her cunt.

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

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

* * * *

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

Her stiffened braid swung in a gentle breeze, tickling her naked back, reminding her it would soon be Shedir's to do with as he chose. Her nipples tightened when he looked down

at them, his tongue darting out from the corner of his sensual mouth as if he could hardly wait to lick and suck her there. Gods but she hoped he'd have time before he left to fuck her properly, stroke her with steel and velvet the way she'd be stroking him.

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

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

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

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

Her head suddenly felt lighter, freer, unburdened by the weight of her hair.

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

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

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

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

She felt him withdraw, knew their houseboys cleansed him as they were cleansing her with cool water from the stream that ran through the glade. With a gentleness she hadn't realized until now that he possessed, he untangled the vines from her body, lifted her, and carried her to the shelter where

several weeks ago she'd lain unsatisfied while her sexbot smoldered on the cool tile floor.

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

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

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

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

* * * *

Though his mate had never been here in the villa he'd called home for many years, the place felt cold and empty

without Doreen. The promise of prestige and power that had driven Shedir so long loomed a lot less important in his mind than the prospect of a simple life with his loving slave on Luna Ten.

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

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

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

The Rulers had nothing against sterilizing females to use for their own pleasure. Not long ago Shedir had looked forward to the day he'd be granted his own harem full of concubines modified to give only pleasure to their Master.

Now, all he wanted was to escape, return to Luna Ten, find each erogenous spot on Doreen's velvety, sensitive skull while she knelt and sucked his cock. He'd fuck her tight little ass, then free her creamy cunt from his jeweled chastity belt and fill her with his hot seed while suckling her firm, pink nipples.

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

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

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

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

Luna Ten Chronicles (Collection)
by Ann Jacobs

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Epilogue

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

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

"Do you hear that?" Nebula asked.

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

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

His clean male musk and the fragrance of the purple flowers above them swirled around her. Her clit swelled, and

her cunt creamed with anticipation when he unlocked her jeweled restraints and swept them away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doreen had never felt so wanted. So cherished. So complete when he sank into her so deeply that his heavy testicles slapped against her ass. Braced as he was on his forearms, sparing her his weight, he gave her an incredibly

erotic view of each careful thrust. She loved his power, so obvious in the hard bulge of his biceps, the rippling motion of his sculpted abdominal muscles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Luna Ten 3: Nebula

Prologue

United Federation of Earth, 2227

No need to disembark from his starship. He'd be leaving again at daybreak. Conan's superiors had annoyed the hell out of him by ordering him back to base in the middle of a patrol of the Delta quadrant, and for no better reason than to make up for a shortage in his required sperm deposits last month. Damn them anyway. By the time he could get back into the fray, the sky pirates they'd been fighting might well be taking out the unprotected flanks of the Federation defense.

The more he thought about it, the more asinine the Federation's laws on breeding seemed. It made no sense to Conan for designated breeder males to have to provide enough sperm to impregnate a thousand faceless women, yet never fuck a one, and never be father to any of the unknown number of children their seed might help produce.

Complaining would do no good. The law was the law. Shutting down his mental processes so he could do his duty, Conan loosened his uniform pants and stepped up to the sexbot that stood ready to accept his semen. He'd leave a deposit as required by Federation law, and then he'd get back to his real business of combating space terrorists. This detour had cost him two weeks. Spiriting his scapegrace half-brother

to safety had taken him away from his duties for less than two days.

Fuck, the rulers must consider his seed as valuable as the platinum the Federation was trying to mine on Mars. Otherwise, why would they have quibbled because his deposit was a few ounces short of quota last month? Lucky they got any at all, as furious as he'd been when he learned they'd ordered Brendan turned into a drone because he'd sneaked into a breeding farm and tried to impregnate several of the women the old-fashioned way. Feeling distinctly unmotivated to do his duty to the Federation, Conan grasped his cock and inserted it in the sexbot's well-lubricated cunt.

The familiar whirring noise of the motor, the 'bot's tight, cool cunt jacking his cock, and the stimulation of his prostate by its rigid metal finger felt cold. Mechanical. Conan's cock swelled within the false cunt, and his balls drew up close to his body as it raced toward the expected, precisely timed release. He thought back on the human sex slaves he'd fucked when off planet, recalling the silken touch of their bodies on his, the incredible feeling of spilling his seed in another human being instead of in this sterile sperm depository.

A safe sex slave. That's what Brendan had decided to become once Conan had delivered him to the pleasure planet Obsidion. Good thing for him Conan had managed to intervene before the surgeons had finished carrying out his brother's sentence and made him into a mindless, totally sexless drone. Although Conan had held higher hopes for his younger sibling than for him to service sex-starved space

travelers, at least Brendan still possessed his mind, his humanity—and his cock though not his balls.

Conan was almost there, though the process of draining his seed was singularly devoid of emotion. He stood, his legs braced, knees slightly bent, anticipating the rush of sensation he knew would be coming in a few seconds. Coming now.

A clash of metal, and three burly men stormed through the cabin door. "Enjoy it, traitor, for it will be your last time." The harsh voice penetrated Conan's fuzzy mind as his climax washed over him. "Here's what happens to those who thwart the rulers' will."

A flash of silver caught his eye, just before mind-stealing agony overwhelmed him. He hadn't been sent home to make a sperm deposit. Some bastard had turned him in for saving Brendan, Conan realized before he blessedly lost consciousness.

* * * *

"Where ... what?" Conan blinked, then glanced around ... a tent?

"The rulers have ordered you into exile. We're in the Wastelands, waiting to rendezvous with Shedir. He will take you somewhere safe."

"Miles?" Exile? Wastelands? Why was he here with Miles, his copilot, somewhere on the deserted half of Earth that had been destroyed generations ago in the wars with the mutants? "Why?" It hurt to move, even his lips. Conan struggled to stay awake. Mind was fuzzy. He hurt. He remembered. The flash of that knife ... He lifted his right arm,

nearly cried out when he saw the tightly bandaged stump that ended just below his elbow.

"The Security Enforcement Corps. They cut you the old-fashioned way, instead of using a laser gun. The rulers ordered it, to make an example for any who might consider aiding another fugitive in his escape from justice."

"My..." Conan tried to sit up, but he fell back against the primitive excuse for a cot.

Miles diverted his gaze. "They took that, too. All of it."

A one-armed eunuch. Why the fuck hadn't they killed him outright? "Where will Shedir take me?"

"He's booked on a mission to Obsidion. He has spoken to Pak Song, the cyborg maker there, who assures us he can make you a new hand. Maybe a new cock too." Miles laughed, as though trying to make light of Conan's situation. Then he sobered. "The Star Command takes care of its own."

* * * *

Two weeks later, Conan donned the white robe of a complete eunuch and hobbled on shaky legs to Shedir's sleek space fighter. Not his own starship. Not now, not ever again.

Fuck, he'd been the Federation's best. He'd given his best years to patrolling the galaxy, keeping Earth safe from would-be invaders. He stared back toward his old starship. He'd miss commanding a squadron, fighting forces of evil in the name of the Federation. He wouldn't miss the motherfuckers who'd mutilated him because he'd put blood loyalty over the Federation's laws. He'd do the same today.

Life as he'd known it was over. Briefly he considered using his remaining hand to finish what the SEC operatives had begun, but his gods would protest if he ended his miserable life. He tried to persuade himself Pak Song might be able to restore him.

By the end of the following week, Shedir had delivered Conan to Obsidion, to the man in whom Conan had placed all his hopes.

"I fix arm. No problem. About cock, not so sure. Never tried to put bionic cock on human. Making it work will take some doing," the robot maker said, his wizened face wrinkled and thoughtful looking. "We see what I come up with."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter One

"You want arm stay on all the time, or you take off, make adjustments whenever you want?" Pak Song looked up from the scarred stump where Conan's right arm had been.

Conan didn't want to become a cyborg at all, since Pak Song hadn't seemed at all sure he could restore amputated genitals. Still, if Conan was to earn his keep on some planet where its rulers would accept his modifications, he needed the use of two strong arms. "What type of adjustments are you talking about?"

"Arm complex mechanism. Many electronic components to making hand work. Many parts to wear out, malfunction. Thought since you are engineer you might like to make minor repairs."

When the wizened genius showed him a schematic of a robotic hand, Conan saw what he meant. "Let's make it removable." After all, there was no chance—no chance at all—that there might someday be a female in his life to object that he could remove an appendage at will.

Not now. He was as impotent as any drone back on Earth. A eunuch. He'd almost become accustomed to thinking of himself as one, but he hadn't yet dredged up the courage to say the word out loud. Conan cringed with shame at the thought of his empty crotch—a shame broadcasted to one and all by the hooded white robe decreed by custom throughout the galaxy as standard apparel for creatures altered as he had been. Fury overcame him, as it had every time since he'd

awakened and learned what they'd done to him. He clenched his fist until the nails dug into his palm, welcoming the pain there and in the hand that was no longer there. Welcoming the dull ache between his legs where they'd hacked away his manhood.

Conan hated the bitterness in himself, almost as much as he hated the bastards who'd mutilated him. "I can see where being able to adjust the mechanism in the hand might come in handy," he said, trying for a smile.

"Okay. Think I figured out how to give you new cock. May as well implant it while I got you in surgery to implant bionics for arm. Will save you second operation."

"You figured out how to make one that works? Good."

Pak Song grinned. "I make cocks for sexbots every day. No reason won't work for you." He waved an arm toward a long row of dildos on a nearby shelf. "Any of those models work well in my deluxe sexbots. Have testimonials from many happy ladies. Pick one you like best."

Conan visually scanned the colorful false cocks that ranged from almost natural looking to outrageous. "The one at the end, with the flashing green neon color in the veins, looks interesting." It sure as hell didn't look *real*. "While you're at it, why not make me a new set of balls too?"

Pak Song gestured toward Conan's robe. "I wish I could. Also wish I could promise cock would work like real one. Like I said, never tried this before, but will do best I can." Then he paused. "I consult with urologist. He can help me connect what remains of your urethra to artificial extension so new cock will function correctly for elimination. No reason I cannot

implant a bionic cock that will work at least as good as sexbot. Would love to try. Never had chance before." The old cyborg maker let out a sigh. "Most times, Earthling eunuchs like you—ones that have lost it all—get sent to the mines on Mars. Or made into drones."

"I've already put myself into your hands. If you think you can make me a new cock, go right ahead."

"Okay." The cyborg maker lifted the neon cock off the shelf. "You sure this is what yours looked like?"

"Don't they all look pretty much the same?" Conan liked the hefty size of the glowing dildo, and who the fuck cared if it provided a beacon in the dark?

"Up to you, Captain. Next week you get new arm." Pak Song shifted the artificial cock from one hand to the other, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "And new cock."

Conan hoped so. He'd still be a eunuch, but if he had a cock he wouldn't be quite as much a subject for pity and disdain. When Pak Song shuffled out of his hospital room, Conan stripped off the hated symbol of his unmaning and lay on the narrow bed to await his date with destiny.

His eyes closed, Conan imagined himself whole, his cock proudly rigid against his belly, his balls tight against his groin. As he approached his sexbot, it morphed into a voluptuous female ... an Earthling woman whose sensuous movements tempted him beyond resistance. He moved closer, until they stood mere inches apart, his cock head brushing the slightly convex satin of her belly.

Forbidden. Her rich woman-scent filled his nostrils, made his mouth water to taste her mouth, her throat, her satiny

cunt lips. His fingers itched to pluck ripe nipples the color of cherries. Her auburn hair called out to be stroked, caressed. Claimed in the way his ancestors had marked their mates for centuries before the Fall.

She knelt at his feet, as he expected a well-trained slave to do. Her mouth felt hot and wet, like nectar of the gods on his smoothly shaven balls, his rampant cock. His juices bubbled, stimulated by her hands and mouth and the sight of her there, subservient to his desire. She'd drink his come, then beg him to give her more of the same where it might take root.

Pressure built in his balls. He strained to find release. When it didn't come, Conan reached for his lover. Had to have her take more of his cock down her agile throat. "Suck me, damn it. I'm..." He felt not the woman's silken hair but his own empty groin. "...fucking dreaming."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Two

"Ouch." It felt to Conan as though Pak Song were ripping away his skin along with the pressure bandages that had covered his crotch for what seemed like at least the last six months.

"Look." The old man beamed down at his handiwork. "I make you cock."

Conan stared at the mirror suspended above his bed—at the biggest penis he'd ever seen, complete with a catheter protruding from the slit at its tip. It sprang from his hairless groin the way his own cock once had, and curved against his thigh as though a permanent part of his anatomy.

Apparently it was.

When it twitched and began to thicken when the robot maker lifted and examined it, Pak Song cackled. "I told you. I make you cock that works."

Gods in the universe, he had a cock again. A hot-pink cock with a glowing purple head and neon green veins that blinked up at him as the flesh hardened beneath his gaze ... "It doesn't look—real."

"Cock looks exactly like the model you picked, except I made it bigger. You big guy. Bigger than sexbot I designed that one for."

Shit. Conan hadn't exactly envisioned having a cock that looked exactly like the one he'd selected. Or one quite so fucking huge. "All it needs is a ring or two," he commented,

imagining some sparkling stones winking from the head and shaft of the monster appendage.

The wrinkles on Pak Song's forehead deepened, as though he were deep in thought. Finally he looked up at Conan's face. "Once you've healed, piercing it should be okay as long as you get acrylic ring. Metal would short out electrodes."

It was all Conan could do not to break out laughing. "When can that be done?"

"Another week, maybe. After catheter comes out."

Conan lifted the monster cock—the thing felt real enough—and slid his fingers lower. "No balls?"

"I work on prototype. Maybe have one ready by time you wear out this cock."

"Wear it out?"

"Sure. Ladies love this model. Told you so. Still, if color too much for you, next time try for more natural look. Had to give it electrical energy to get you aroused, so you can come. Neon fiber-optic sensors transmit impulses through cock to surface, like nerve endings. Lights get brighter as sensation gets stronger. You like light show when you come. Maybe next time I tune it up, I make sac with fake balls too. Hate making things that don't work right." The corners of Pak Song's mouth lifted, and he held his palms apart. "Is twelve inches when erect. Like this. Two inches diameter. Deluxe sexbot sized. Don't believe in doing things halfway. Made you most popular sexbot model."

Conan wondered if he'd be able to get his man-made, neon cock up at will or whether he'd have to pump it as he understood women had to do with most sexbots, but he

wasn't inclined to ask just now. Now that he'd recovered from the first look at the outrageous cock—he was actually rather intrigued by it—he turned his attention to his arm. He could feel it, or maybe he was just feeling the arm that wasn't there anymore, because while it looked absolutely real, Conan hadn't been able to control the movement of the wrist or fingers, no matter how hard he tried.

"It doesn't work," he said as the arm came off in Pak Song's hands.

"It will." The cyborg maker set the realistic looking forearm and hand on Conan's stomach, then lifted the stump of his arm to the light. "Ah. Just as I thought. Loose connection here. Not making contact." Pak Song folded back a flap of skin-like material, revealing a grid of complex circuits that passed nerve impulses from Conan's stump to the bionic arm. Pak Song looked up and grinned. "I made flap this way so you not scare people when you not wearing your arm. You like?"

Pak Song's skill amazed Conan. His meticulous attention to detail in hiding the high-tech circuits that connected his own severed muscles and nerves to the ones in his prosthesis seemed unimportant now that the prosthesis acted as an extension of Conan's own body. "I doubt anyone will have occasion to see."

When he had on the prosthesis, the only visible evidence of his severed hand and lower arm would be the barely discernable line where flesh met the bionic replacement—unlike his colorful cock, which was now a permanent part of his anatomy. If he ever disrobed, that new addition couldn't

possibly escape notice. Of course the empty crotch it had replaced would have grabbed attention of a different kind.

"Oh, yeah, Captain. Some pretty lady will see. You gonna work better than sexbot, even best ones I make." The robot maker grinned. "Just wait. You be horny devil once this hormone starts working. Get back sex drive." Pak Song slapped a small square patch onto Conan's left hip. Testosterone, forbidden on Earth, was apparently easy to come by on Obsidion. "You try out new cock in one of the pleasure palaces, once catheter comes out and Leander gets cock pierced to please the ladies. Better yet, I lend you one of my best sexbots to practice on. Now sit up and pay attention. I show you how we make this arm work good as the one you lost."

* * * *

The following week, freed from his bed at last, Conan made his first stop the barber and piercer next door to Pak Song's Sexbot Emporium. He felt naked without a ring in his cock—almost as naked as he'd felt when he'd had no cock at all.

"Pak Song says use this," Leander said, grinning as he held up a thick, clear circle. "I never put a fiber-optic cock ring on a man before. Just on Pak Song's deluxe sexbots. Changes color, tells your lover you're in the mood." He lost no time once Conan had stripped, climbed onto the piercing table, and positioned his legs in the stirrups. "This shouldn't hurt. Pak Song says cock only has feeling when it's hard, except for sensors that let you know when you need to pee. This

piercing won't interfere with them." He laughed. "Good thing, in case you get into fight. No pain when opponent knees you in groin." Quickly, Leander marked and pierced the head of the glowing hot-pink cock with its psychedelic green veining. As he'd promised, the large gauge needle went through without causing the slightest twinge, and Leander threaded the transparent ring through the hole.

Once he'd closed the ring with a purple captive bead, he glanced up at the five weeks' growth of hair on Conan's shaggy head. "You need shave. Or wax. Head, not body. No hair on body. And you should get new nipple rings to match cock."

Conan glanced down at the simple gold barbells that adorned his nipples. It seemed they'd already grown slightly larger and softer since his castration. Perhaps Leander was right. "Do you have acrylic rings? Thinner ones?" He couldn't imagine having rings as thick as the one now swinging from his cock head dangling from his nipples.

"Yes, boss." Reaching into a drawer, Leander brought forth a pair of rings and laid them in Conan's hand. "These one inch diameter. Perfect to make your nipples stand up for attention."

"Thanks. I guess that will be all."

"What about shave?"

"I have no body hair to worry about. Pak Song permanently removed it. Said it would have interfered with the electronics inside me. I think I'll keep the hair on my head. It covers the scars where Pak Song inserted his electrodes. Go ahead, though, and clip it back to about a

quarter-inch or so." Once Conan would have cringed at the idea of anybody seeing him with hair sprouting out of his skull, but no more. He no longer cared that he didn't look the same as every other Earthling male. Hell, he was no longer welcome on Earth, and no longer male, strictly speaking, a fact that had to have been obvious to the barber who'd just finished inserting a fiber-optic ring through his prosthetic penis. There wasn't much point in keeping his head shaved now.

Once Leander cut his hair, Conan ran the fingers of his bionic hand through the short stubble. It felt good. Soft, yet prickly. Different, after a lifetime of keeping his scalp cleanly shaven in accord with Federation regulations.

"Thanks, Leander. I'm sure we'll meet again." Conan stepped through the connecting door from the barbershop to Pak Song's workroom and switched on the sexbot the robot maker had provided for him to test his cock.

"Here. Try this. Helps eunuchs to find pleasure," Pak Song said, handing Conan a slender silver plug that reminded him of the finger on his Federation-issued sexbot. "Let it massage prostate while you have sex."

"Thanks." Untying his robe, Conan bent and worked the plug up his ass, then stepped up to let the sexbot do its thing.

It worked. His fuckin' cock worked, and not just to pass urine. It got hard when the 'bot jacked it in its soft, feminine hand. When he began to fuck the 'bot, it milked him in its tight little cunt. Damn, but he felt each contraction of synthetic flesh on his own man-made cock. An almost-forgotten sensation of fierce arousal claimed his mind and his

body—followed by a climax of sorts, thought not exactly the same spurting, tension-releasing feelings he recalled, but still a climax. A sense of satiation, satisfaction.

Conan missed the buildup of pressure in his balls, the feeling of them drawing up close to his body, filling his cock with the hot, slick semen he'd never again spew into a 'bot's sterile depository, even if Pak Song should come up with balls that worked before his next tune-up. But damn it, he could fuck and he could come, if not in quite the same way as before. He could fuck a real woman and not only bring her to pleasure, but also find a good measure of gratification for himself. He wanted to grab the old cyborg maker and hug him until he begged for mercy.

Dismounting from the sexbot, he noticed his old friends Shedir and Guy talking with Pak Song, and he hurried to the showroom to join them.

* * * *

"We've found you a master. A mate. His name is Conan, and he was an Earthling Star Commander before the Federation exiled him. As a matter of fact, he once was Shedir's boss."

"You didn't." Nebula looked first to Guy, who'd just made that incredible pronouncement, then at Shedir, whose attention was focused at the moment not on the conversation but on the blowjob Doreen was putting on his cock. They both must have been desperate for release since they'd just returned to Luna Ten from a week-long journey to Obsidion.

Self-conscious in her blue robe when everyone else in the room was gloriously naked, Nebula asked, "What will this Conan think when he finds out I'm sterile?"

"He knows. He's been fixed too. Think of him as a sexbot with a brain." Guy laughed as he shot a look at Doreen. "A 'bot who can't be fucked to death."

Doreen lifted her head off Shedir's throbbing cock, and the look she sent Guy's way could easily have killed. "Shut up, cyborg, or my master will make you pay."

"Your master will make you pay if you take your pretty lips off his cock again before he comes." Shedir grasped Doreen's head, caressing her bare skull as he pushed her face back down to his groin. "Suck me, my beautiful slave." He moaned when she deep-throated him, a sound that conveyed impending ecstasy, then turned to Nebula. "Conan's a good sort. Used to turn all the breeder women's heads when he'd drop by the breeding farm to leave a sample."

Shedir closed his eyes, thrust his hips forward, and groaned, louder this time. "Oh, yeah, baby, I'm coming. Gods, but you suck cock better than any 'bot I ever had."

Nebula's mouth watered. She imagined herself on her knees as both her sisters were, giving pleasure to a master she'd never dreamed she might be allowed to serve that way. Though she couldn't visualize a real man wanting her the way she was, she trusted that her brothers-in-law wouldn't have come back home with this shocking news if it weren't true. "You mean he's a cyborg? Like you?" she asked Guy.

"Not exactly." Guy had the decency to blush as he gestured toward Cassie's busy mouth—and his own

impressive package. "We're both cyborgs, but we've had different body parts replaced. My cock's all natural. Conan's isn't."

"But can he..." She didn't quite know how to ask. Males were so ... so hung up about their sexual prowess. Argus and Aloysius, Doreen and Shedir's twin eunuch houseboys, seemed to have lost all vestiges of their maleness along with the equipment that long ago had hung between their legs.

"Absolutely. When we visited him, Conan was testing his bionic cock out on one of Pak Song's female 'bots. Looked to me as though it worked just fine. Big, too." Shedir bent and ran his pierced tongue over the crown of Doreen's gleaming scalp while he cupped his big hands around her very pregnant belly.

There'd be no babies for Nebula. She'd asked the doctors on Obsidion to destroy her ovaries to keep her from passing on the aberrant gene everyone feared so much. Maybe, since he'd been so badly injured himself, Conan might be willing to accept her, imperfect as she was. Still ... "How did he—"

"A Federation Tribunal ordered his mutilation. They considered it fit punishment because he'd rescued his half-brother and spirited him off Earth before the rulers could turn him into a drone." His handsome face contorted with rage, Shedir lifted his hands from Doreen's belly, clenched them into tight fists. Since he'd given up his dreams of becoming a member of the Ruling Council and made Luna Ten his home, he'd become more and more openly critical of Federation policy.

Pity. Nebula believed the former captain of the Federation Star Command would have made a good ruler. A fair one.

"This Conan is on Obsidion now?"

"Yes. Pak Song has a few more adjustments to make. The man's a genius, but he's incredibly picky when it comes to his bionics. When Conan is ready, he'll contact us, and either Guy or I will fly to Obsidion and bring him here."

"When you do, I'd like to go with you." Nebula refused to let herself become too eager, too soon. Bionic or not, this Conan was an Earthling, and the last Earthling male she'd offered herself to had said he'd rather fuck a sexbot than spill his seed in a live female who'd been neutered.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Three

A mate. A companion to love and care for, to serve as Doreen and Cassie served Shedir and Guy. As women served their men on Luna Ten. Nebula wanted that, so much she ached with need. But she didn't dare hope this Conan would be any different from the Earthling privateer who not too long ago had driven home the fact that love—companionship—was not for her.

In the fucking glade where lovers mated, she slipped off her blue robe, let the sunshine warm her naked skin. The sweet smell of flowering fruit trees filled her nostrils, and birds chirped overhead. They didn't care that she'd been altered ... that she'd been marked since childhood for a life of loneliness. Of servitude to those who'd not been cursed with the mutant gene.

She'd been naked then as she was now, and the exiled Earthling had caught her unaware. He'd not had Guy's awesome presence or Shedir's commanding looks. In fact, the man had looked quite ordinary. Unremarkable. Nebula had been sunning herself, drying off the water from the stream in which she'd bathed ... combing tangles from the long, wavy hair that had veiled her body, hidden her shame.

He'd smiled at her, the smile of one who felt desire. Her nipples had tingled with the heat of his gaze. His cock had risen in silent salute. For the first time in her life Nebula had felt whole.

"Let me." He'd taken the comb from her, run it through her hair, bent and sucked first one nipple and then the other. "You are beautiful. You're mine."

"No." A warning rang somewhere deep in Nebula's head, but the pleasure of another human's touch had muted her protest. Her would-be lover had laid her over the fucking stone, as though to mate with her...

Could he? Could he want her, imperfect as she was? It seemed he did. His cock prodded her from behind, seeking her ass to claim her.

She couldn't let him ... not until he knew. "I welcome you as my mate, but you must first know, I'm a eunuch. Altered to prevent the spread of the mutant gene."

He'd jerked away as though she'd burned him, rolled her onto her back. His gaze hung on the tattoo, her mark of shame. "Mate with the likes of you? I'd rather die. And I'd sooner fuck a sexbot than spill my seed in you. Eunuch." He spat out the word as though it were a curse, then walked away.

Come to think of it, it was. A curse Nebula would have to live with all her life.

* * * *

"Can one of these do for a woman what it does for me?" Conan gestured toward the patch on his hip while Pak Song was making a final check of his handiwork before pronouncing him fully recovered—he hoped.

"That one can't. Females need different hormone." The elderly cyborg maker bent his head to the task of adjusting a

tiny electronic control implanted below the skin of Conan's thigh. "Different patch for women. Patches look almost like yours. Have to be replaced monthly. Outlawed practically everywhere in the galaxy. Why? You have a neutered female friend?"

"Possibly. Do you recall my two friends who visited the day I was in your shop, trying my new cock out on your sexbot?"

"Guy Stone. My first successful attempt at creating a bionic human. And your mutual friend Shedir. They both now live on Luna Ten, yes?"

"Yes. I have been invited to resettle there, and offered a mate. An Earthling female, sister of Shedir and Guy's wives."

"A eunuch?"

Hearing the word, whether applied to himself or the female he'd been offered as his mate, rankled, though if she'd not been one herself, it would have been unthinkable to offer her to a—one like him. "Yes. She had herself neutered because she carries the mutant gene."

"You worry she will not pleasure you?"

"I worry that I will not be able to give *her* pleasure. That she will find no joy in serving my sexual needs." Conan recalled crude jests made in locker rooms and barrooms back on earth about neutered females being of less use for sex than 'bots.

The old man smiled. "I will get you what you need. Have secret family recipe to keep females horny. Not fair I make you cock if it can't give your mate pleasure. You tell no one, though. Pak Song could lose head for dispensing it, even here on Obsidion."

* * * *

Maybe ... Conan had avoided the sex brokers, not wanting to encounter Brendan and make his brother feel guilty for what had happened to him. Still, he soon would leave Obsidion. Deciding he could conceal the worst of his punishment, thanks to Pak Song, Conan headed to the Street of Pleasure.

At the third of the sex slave emporiums, he spotted Brendan posing in the window, his body tanned and oiled, a large heart-shaped patch on his left hip. Testosterone, Conan guessed, although his own patches were square and skin-colored. As all the slaves did when a passerby stopped to look, Brendan lifted his flaccid penis, confirming his "safe" state while inclining his shaved head and flashing an encouraging smile. He didn't seem to mind the jeweled platinum collar fastened around his neck ... or the tug of the chain attached to it when the man who apparently had purchased his services came and led him away.

Brendan had a new life. One he seemed satisfied with. He hadn't even seemed to recognize Conan. His brother had rented himself out as a sex slave, a common path for handsome eunuchs. He now sold sex to all comers—mostly males, from the flow of customers Conan had seen go in and out of that pleasure palace. Conan had the feeling Brendan wouldn't want to be seen as he was now—especially not by someone he'd revered in his former life on Earth.

A life where only women had been slaves. Here, in a land with few rules, male eunuchs serviced whole males and

female adventurers alike. From what Conan had observed, sex slavery was one of the few career paths open to those who'd been altered for whatever reason.

It wouldn't be Conan's path, though. He'd soon have a mate. He'd be a master. From what Shedir had told him, Luna Ten was a utopian sort of place, where women were willing slaves, men their masters. Conan couldn't imagine himself taking part in the group sexfests that Shedir had explained took place nearly every day—or going about naked with his glowing bionic cock standing tall for everyone to see.

Perhaps he could. Stopping before a pleasure palace displaying beautiful females—guaranteed neutered, according to the sign in the window—he imagined himself leading one of the beauties away by the light chain around her slender neck, taking her in a fucking chair. Pounding his cock into her cunt while he pressed her against a wall. One lady's full red mouth caught his eye. His cock swelled within his robe. Gods, but he'd love to have her give him head. He'd love to go down on her.

She looked at him. No, she didn't. She looked through him, as if because of his blue robe he were beneath her notice. An eager looking space privateer, from the look of his uniform, stepped up from behind Conan, went inside, and came back out, leading the woman of Conan's fantasy.

Fuck the damn robe. He might be a cyborg, but he was no damn eunuch sex slave. Conan headed from the Street of Pleasure. He'd seen a clothing store somewhere not far from Leander's. Surely he could find a uniform—not like the ones

he used to wear, but one that would do justice to the civil engineer he was to become on Luna Ten.

He was right. Clothes did, as old legend said, make the man. Glancing at his reflection an hour later, Conan admired the snug black boots, tight breeches, and bright-blue tunic he'd chosen, then turned his thoughts to Nebula. She'd be his mate. Together they would face his brave new world.

* * * *

An hour later Conan settled in at Yolanda's Resort. It had been a long time since he'd stayed here—long before his mutilation and exile, even before he'd decided to risk himself and save his brother. Then the imposing hotel had been a pleasure palace known as the Gates of Hell. He saw from the brochure on a nightstand that Yolanda had retained the main dungeon where he'd once tortured and fucked most of the nubile submissives who'd worked there. She'd also created new, smaller dungeons that apparently catered to every perversion known on Earth—and a few that weren't.

Then he'd pleased a bevy of willing subs. Now he only had to please his future mate. Nebula. Pretty name. Conan looked at himself in the mirror.

Damn, he'd forgotten about his hair. As much as he preferred the uniform over the damn blue robe, he slipped it on and adjusted the hood. Wouldn't do to shock her immediately. Maybe he should have stopped by Leander's and had his head waxed one more time.

Shedir had told him he and Guy would be arriving at twelve hundred hours with their mates. And his. The plan was

for them all to take a short holiday, have Pak Song recheck Guy's bionics, and avail themselves of exotic wares in Obsidion's shops, considered the most exclusive in the galaxy. And enjoy their mates in the arousing atmosphere of the hotel's renowned dungeons before returning home to Luna Ten for the mating ceremony.

The farce. There'd be no fertility rites, not for them. Just a public mating. An acknowledgment of their physical limitations before the entire population of Luna Ten, to be repeated, admittedly with less pomp, every day they returned to the fucking glade and joined the others in a sex ritual as old as time. A holdover from the Old Order on Earth, before the Fall. Before the Federation with its ironclad rules and swift punishment for the least infraction.

Restless, Conan strode to the window, discovered it overlooked the hotel entrance. What time was it? Lifting his bionic hand, he checked his chronometer. They should be coming soon. There they were, coming toward the main entrance to the resort.

Shedir, he'd have known anywhere from his swarthy skin, the fine sheen of his freshly shaven, well-oiled skull—but mostly from the swagger that said louder than words that he was a man. An Earthling ruler, even though he now wore the red jumpsuit of a space privateer, not the awe-inspiring black uniform of the Federation Star Command. Guy looked different than Conan remembered him. He'd known there would be changes, expected them. Still, seeing his old colleague's glowing scarlet eyes, set off by large faceted rubies in his nostril and one ear, unnerved him.

Until Conan remembered he, too, was not as he'd been before. His glowing neon cock certainly attracted its share of stares when he had occasion to bare it to prying eyes. His unshaved head would have attracted even more astonished comments if he ever went out and about without concealing it within the hood. He tightened his anal sphincter muscles on the titanium plug he wore at Pak Song's suggestion that it would enhance a eunuch's sexual performance, although in truth he doubted the plug had as much to do with his newly recovered libido as the one-inch square testosterone patch stuck to his left ass cheek.

Three women trailed behind the two tall men: a delicate looking blonde, a striking pregnant goddess whose cleanly shaved head reflected the noonday sun, and another—his mate, he guessed from the pale blue robe that hugged her curves and framed a perfect oval face. As befit an unbred Earthling—or a female eunuch—she cast her gaze modestly toward the ground. Gods, but she was beautiful, a shy goddess dropped onto Obsidion for his personal pleasure.

Conan's cock rose in salute. He checked the drape of his robe over his newly purchased uniform, adjusted the hood once more, and hurried downstairs to meet his mate. His Nebula. The woman with whom he hoped to find not only pleasure but—if the gods willed it—companionship, friendship, and maybe even love.

* * * *

Conan. Nebula murmured his name. He'd meet her soon. Her heart pounded in her chest. What if ... "What if he doesn't want me?"

"Hush, little sister. He'll want you, all right," Doreen said. Cassie squeezed her hand, offering silent support.

"You're sure?" Gods, if he rejected her, she'd die.

Doreen shook her head. "He's known. He's known from the beginning about the gene. He doesn't care."

Please let that be true. Nebula doubted she could take another rejection like the one she recalled so vividly.

When Shedir opened the door to the resort hotel where they were staying, Nebula spied a tall man hurrying toward them. His blue robe proclaimed his altered status but did little to mitigate the aura of masculine power that surrounded him.

Conan. She repeated the name in her mind, envisioned herself serving her master's needs, whatever they might be. When he came close and paused as though for her obeisance, Nebula sank to her knees. As she'd been taught a slave must do, she lowered her head to the cool tile floor of the hotel lobby, then raised his flowing blue robe enough so she could kiss his feet, only to encounter gleaming leather boots instead of a eunuch's sandals.

"We'll leave you to your own devices, old friend. Our mates are weary from their journey." Shedir dragged Doreen away, and Guy scooped Cassie into his arms and bounded down the corridor toward the dungeons. A tremor went through Nebula's body at the thought of being alone with Conan, but she managed to hide it—staying starkly still, her forehead anchored to the cold tile floor.

"Rise, Nebula. I'd see your face, not the back of a hood with which I'm growing quite familiar." Unlike other neutered males Nebula had met, Conan possessed a booming voice resounding with masculine command. It sent a practically forgotten twinge of something—desire?—from her cunt and through her body. "Shedir tells me you've been on Obsidion before. Is there anything in particular you'd like to visit while we're here?"

Nebula smiled. "Well, perhaps I'd enjoy shopping a bit if that pleases you. Finding a few items to enhance your enjoyment of me."

"You please me, just as you are. Come, I'm sure that like your sisters and brothers-in-law, you're weary from your journey." When Conan took her hand, that twinge deep in Nebula's belly began to grow, warming her blood as it flowed through her body. "I'd see you naked, and I'd let you see me. Privately, not in the public dungeon for all to witness. We may dispense with these robes once we reach my rooms."

She rose, as gracefully as one could rise from her kneeling position. "As you wish, Master." Though she half-feared looking upon him and was more than half afraid for him to see her without the concealing robe, Nebula looked forward to having his big, rough hands on her. She longed to feel the heat of another human body on her, in her. For a moment she mourned the loss of her libido, but she quickly squelched her sadness. After all, her own pleasure was immaterial, so long as she was able to please her mate. She should be—she was—grateful he was rescuing her from a life of drudgery, of

nonentity. Hopefully, he'd bring her the friendship and emotional closeness she'd thought forever beyond her reach.

She would do whatever she must to please this big eunuch with the booming voice, to serve and service him as was his pleasure. Anything to keep him.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Four

Conan must have pleased the gods to have been given so beautiful a mate. Auburn hair, long and silky and hanging halfway down her back, contrasted with satiny skin the color of rich cream. Except for her cheeks. They flushed prettily when she shed the robe and stood before him, her eyes downcast.

Her firm, ripe breasts would fill his hands, and the rosy tips of them beckoned his mouth. When his gaze moved lower, his cock rose to full attention. She had the prettiest belly, slightly convex ... a plump mound. His mouth went dry at the sight of her little clit poking impudently out from between her satin-smooth labia. Gods save him, he could barely wait to feel those long, sexy legs wrapped around his waist ... his neck.

"You please me, slave." If only he'd please her as much. Taking a deep breath, then steeling himself for a less-than-happy reaction, he tossed back the hood of his own robe and loosened the ties that held it closed.

"You—you have hair," she stammered, her sober gaze fixed on the short crop of dark hair he'd insisted be left to grow on his scalp. "I—I never—"

"You never saw a man with hair growing on his head? I doubt you've ever seen one with a glowing, neon-veined cock and no balls, either. Or one who could take one of his arms off and put it back on again." After shrugging out of the robe,

he unbuttoned the row of shining fasteners on his tunic and shed it.

Gods, but he had massive shoulders and a smooth, tanned chest that tapered to a trim, narrow waist. She couldn't help watching the unusual looking twin rings swing from his taut brownish nipples. Then she remembered, and she turned her attention to his hard-muscled arms. What did he mean, he could take his arm off? His arms both looked normal enough until he grasped his right wrist, twisted it, and separated it from a point just below his elbow. She gasped.

"Bother you?"

For a moment she looked at the stump ... the circuits connecting man and device ... and the prosthesis itself. "No, it doesn't bother me. Seeing it for the first time was a bit of a shock, though. How does it work?"

"It's bionic. Sensors in the stump translate my mind's commands to the prosthesis. Occasionally the mechanism requires adjustment, so Pak Song made it detachable. As for how I lost the original parts, they were hacked from my body by order of the Federation rulers."

"Why?"

"I helped my half-brother escape from Earth before the rulers had time to turn him into a drone. Nothing I wouldn't do over again." Conan reversed the procedure, checking the connections first before reattaching the artificial extension onto his arm. "If you think the arm's shocking, brace yourself for a real surprise. You haven't seen anything yet," he muttered as his hands went to his belt.

His lower abdomen was ridged with muscle. Nebula had to restrain herself from reaching out, touching the smooth, golden skin, exploring the neat indentation of his navel and sliding her hand lower to explore the impressive bulge beneath the fabric of his tight pants.

He sighed, then shucked the rest of his clothes and straightened, his gaze defiant. "Go ahead. Say whatever it is you're thinking."

Nebula was speechless. Her voice caught in her throat. Her gaze wouldn't waver from the biggest, brightest cock she'd ever seen. "It—it glows," she stammered when she finally found her voice. "And it's ... huge."

It was growing bigger and harder before her eyes. "Oh, no. It's—bright pink. No. Red. The veins are glowing. What—"

"Fiber optics. When I get hot, they let off energy." He grinned, but then his expression sobered when she reached out as if to touch him, then hesitated.

"I—it's huge."

"The better to fuck you with."

Nebula looked dubious. "Does it feel like a real cock?"

"Yes, it feels like the real thing." With only a second's hesitation, he took her hand and wrapped it around the glowing appendage.

"Mmmm. Yes, it does. It's warm, and it feels alive." She slid her palm along his shaft, making him wish she'd pay equal attention to his tingling cock head.

"You look surprised," he said, teasing her. "Did you imagine it would be shrunken and useless?"

"Well, not exactly ... but I didn't realize ... that is, I didn't realize it would, er, work so well." Her cheeks, already rosy, turned an even deeper pink as she stared at his colorful erection.

"My sweet, you have no idea yet how well it works. But you will." *Soon*. Conan focused on her lips, full and ruby-red like the succulent meat of papayas sold in Obsidion's open-air produce markets. "I'm getting incredibly hot, imagining how your sweet, hot lips will feel surrounding it."

She reached out with her other hand and hesitantly stroked his cock head, which cooperatively grew hotter and harder. Its color deepened, the tip now glowing a darker reddish purple. Soon, he knew from his previous encounters, a clear drop of lubrication would well up around the ring she was now rotating gently through his flesh. Pak Song's answer to pre-cum, injected weekly into a reservoir behind his slit. Gods, but it felt so fucking good to have her caressing him.

"It feels so real." Wonder in her expression, she looked up and met his gaze.

"And how many cocks have you had occasion to play with?" Though he tried to sound stern, the question came out sounding playful, teasing.

"Very few, Master." The gentle curve of her spine caught Conan's eye. That and the distinctive tattoo on her mound. The small yet telling mark Earth's Federation placed on females deemed unfit for breeding. A mark that would have given him pause not too many months ago.

It didn't now. When she knelt before him, he parted his legs slightly, took his cock in hand, and held it to her lips.

"You may taste me." His flesh tingled at the warm, damp kiss of her breath when she bent and took his glowing tool between her soft, red lips.

She lifted her face, met his gaze. "Can you feel..."

"Oh, yes, my pretty slave. When I'm hard like this, I feel every wet, warm swipe of your tongue. Every breath you take tickles my shaft. When you take me in your mouth, I'll feel that too. Suck me now."

"Yes, Master." When she bent over his aroused flesh, her hair formed a shimmering mahogany curtain that flowed over his thighs, obscured her face. He imagined the way her flushed cheeks would hollow out when she applied the gentle suction that had him straining to make her take his cock deeper down her throat. He wished he could see her. But it didn't matter. With the delicious sensations that bombarded him from her touch alone, he didn't need the visual stimulation.

Gods, but she gave great head. She sucked him as though she wouldn't stop until she'd drained him of every ounce of seed ... seed he no longer possessed. She caught his cock ring with her tongue and rotated it.

She hesitated, as though afraid he'd protest. "Keep doing what you're doing," he said. "Oh, yeah. Like that, don't stop."

He tunneled his fingers through the rich silk fall of her hair, catching it up at her crown in his bionic hand, tugging the thick mass to coax her to move faster. Take more. Make him come.

Pressure seeped into his thighs, his belly. His nipples tingled when a breeze crossed them from an open window.

With every draw of her throat against his cock head, his sphincter muscles contracted around the plug in his ass, pressed it against his prostate. Waves of pleasure began there, spread to his cock ... flowed throughout his body. "Oh, yes, my sweet slave," he muttered, holding her head to his crotch. "Gods, it feels so good."

* * * *

"But you didn't come," Nebula said later as they lay in bed. What had she done wrong?

Conan lifted his head, propped it up on his bionic hand. "I came. You gave me great pleasure. Never doubt it."

"But ... I should have felt you coming, drunk of your..."

Conan laughed. "My seed? I have none, my sweet. Why do you think I wear the garb of a eunuch? Trust me. You provided me with pleasure. Pleasure that now takes more the form of yours."

"Oh." Nebula knew not whether to believe Conan. He seemed to have all the attributes of a whole man—but for his amazing false cock, now resting, its color a pale, glowing rose-pink as it lay against his taut abdomen. "I wish to serve your needs," she said, leaning over to bathe the tiny nubs of his nipples with the tip of her tongue.

"And I yours."

If only Nebula still possessed sexual needs! "I await your attention then," she murmured, thankful that a female need not come to please a mate. The doctors had assured her of that.

He bent, took her mouth, his tongue warm and wet along the seam of her lips until she opened and welcomed it inside. Catching her at the waist, he dragged her atop his muscular body. "Straddle me," he ordered.

His tongue plumbed her mouth. His chest abraded her nipples, and his cock rubbed along the length of her dry slit when he moved beneath her. A year ago she'd have been wet for him. Swollen and ready. Ripe. In the silence she savored the closeness, mourned for the loss of involuntary, animal awareness that had been so much a part of that long-ago adventure in this very hotel ... with a nameless eunuch sex slave who hadn't possessed half the appeal of Conan—her designated mate.

She tried to stop it, but a sob escaped her throat.

"What is it, little one?" Conan's expression hinted at his concern.

"I cannot be a mate to you. I feel nothing. Nothing of what a woman should feel when her lover caresses her." Suddenly it struck her how accusatory that must have sounded. "It's not you, Master, but me. When they fixed me, they stole my youth. I'm as dried-up as an elder long past her breeding years."

Conan smiled, as though relieved. He grabbed her hand, laid it on his exposed ass cheek. "Here. Feel this."

A little square, barely noticeable to the touch. "What?"

"Testosterone. The hormone that drives a man's desire. If I didn't have it, I'd have very little interest in fucking. My muscles would atrophy, and I'd grow soft as a woman. Before

Pak Song prescribed it, my nipples had already begun to soften and enlarge."

Nebula rubbed her finger over the little bit of magic. "A miracle then."

"A miracle I will make for you too, but you must keep it secret. What I wear has been outlawed on Earth—distributing its equivalent for female eunuchs is an offense punishable by castration or death in nearly every jurisdiction in the galaxy." He stroked her belly, his touch gentle, soothing. "I care not. Much of my pleasure comes from pleasuring my partner. I'd have you able to enjoy my lovemaking fully."

"How?"

"We'll begin with an injection, to reverse what nature has already done. It will make you frantically aroused for a short time. Afterward, you will wear a patch as I do. Over this," he said, cupping her mound where the hated tattoo proclaimed she bore the mutant gene. "It seems a fitting place."

"Yes, Master." Gods. It was as though he knew her mind, understood the emotional pain she'd carried since she'd been marked as defective. It was as if he knew just what to do and say to wipe away the years of humiliation and give her back her pride.

"Good. It is time then. Come, I have booked a dungeon to ensure your pleasure ... and engaged a eunuch sex slave to help me provide it. First, though, I will inject you with desire."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Five

Nebula lay helpless, her hands bound above her head on a table covered in butter-soft leather. Her legs lay spread apart in stirrups, letting cool air flow around her exposed, dampening cunt. A full feeling warmed her outer thigh, where Conan had injected the miracle hormone he said would restore her sexual desire.

"I want you to watch, slave." Still wearing his blue robe, without the uniform he'd had on beneath it—he'd stripped her naked again as soon as they'd arrived in this small dungeon—Conan lifted her and stuffed a soft bolster pillow beneath her head and shoulders. "The slave you see is Ulric. His purpose here is to join us in our quest for pleasure. Ulric, remove your robe. There is no place here for shame ... or reticence."

With that, Conan stepped into Nebula's field of vision and removed his own garment. Her cunt clenched at the sight of him, magnificently aroused, his cock glowing, a kaleidoscope of colors. He stood by Ulric, whose natural cock paled by comparison, although he wore an impressive array of jewels along its slender six-inch length. The slave lifted his flaccid cock, demonstrating that, like all pleasure partners on Obsidion, he had only an empty seed sac. Evidence of his castration—his safety as a sex partner beyond the medical certification form she'd seen him hand to Conan before taking off his robe.

Conan stepped away a moment, returning with a vial of something fragrant. Something exotic smelling, surprisingly

arousing. He dribbled a small amount onto Nebula's nipples, her belly, her mound. As though they'd orchestrated this in advance, Ulric began to rub the oil into her skin, heating her. Arousing her as she hadn't been aroused in ... almost forever.

Conan's tongue wet her slit, stabbed at her cunt, ringed her asshole, then made its way back until he took her throbbing clit between his teeth and sucked it like a tiny cock. His big hands warmed her inner thighs as he used his thumbs to spread her outer lips.

"Come for me, baby," Conan growled against her flesh.

Ulric's fingers plucked her nipples into tight, hard points. He kneaded her breasts and belly. His tongue claimed her mouth. Gods, but she wanted to do as her master ordered and experience the joys again that now lived only in her fading memories.

She lay there, wanting ... on the brink. That moment of release still wouldn't happen for her, though, no matter how hard she tried. "I can't," she cried when the sex slave released her mouth.

Conan blew on her clit, sending small waves of sensation through her. It was as though her cells remembered, yet they couldn't replicate the overwhelming need, the pressure she remembered from ... before. So close, yet—nothing more than a twinge of remembered ecstasy. "Perhaps the hormone will not work for me. It doesn't matter. So long as I can give you pleasure."

Conan groaned, but lifted his head and smeared some glistening lubricant first on his own cock, then on Ulric's. At Conan's command, Ulric raised Nebula's platform to a vertical

position, then moved behind her. Kneeling, he positioned his cock at the entrance to her anus. Conan joined him, but facing her. The heat from his glowing cock seared her where it nestled, poised to fill her cunt. Ulric slid his arms around her and began to tug at her nipples, rhythmically, a three-pronged assault on her slowly awakening senses.

"Open to us." Conan sank his oiled cock in her cunt until his pelvis rested against her slit. Then he spread her ass cheeks and inserted first one lubricated finger, then two, into her resistant ass. A sensation of heat, of excitement began slowly, grew stronger with each gentle probing. "You can take a cock here too."

Nebula fought the urge to tighten up when she felt Conan pressing the blunt head of Ulric's shaft against her, demanding she let him in.

Conan's cock throbbed in her cunt. Ulric's stretched her ass. Conan kneaded her ass cheeks, his touch firm yet gentle ... an arousing reminder that only her mouth stayed free. Empty. She licked her lips, whether in invitation or to ease a sudden dryness she couldn't say.

Her lovers thrust and withdrew in tandem, setting up a delicious friction. Her skin burned. Sensations assailed her as though suddenly a dam had burst inside her, setting all those suppressed desires free. "Oh, gods, fuck me harder." Tears ran down her cheeks as the first wave of ecstasy attacked her.

She wanted to swallow up the pulsating flesh within her. She wanted to grasp Conan's well-muscled ass, feel his anal sphincter constrict around her fingers. She wanted—gods of

the universe, she was coming. Coming. Coming as she'd never done since before her alteration. As she'd never dared to dream she'd do again.

When her trembling slowed and she lay against the fucking bench, drained for the moment, Conan withdrew, his huge cock still glowing. Still purplish red. "You haven't come," she said when he came up beside her and adjusted the bench so she reclined.

"I will. Soon you'll want this again ... I will keep it in readiness. You may watch while Ulric eases his desire in me. I've heard it said that it arouses women to watch males fuck one another. Of course," he added, a slightly embarrassed look on his handsome face, "I'd never have done such a thing ... back on Earth."

When he was whole. Nebula heard the words Conan did not say. Her heart ached for his loss, more even than it had ached when she'd given up her womanhood in the cause of protecting future generations. Her cunt wept for his stolen seed that would never take root in a fertile woman's womb.

* * * *

Ulric knelt at Conan's feet, his large hands skimming Conan's calves, his thighs. Conan sighed, parting his legs, slowly, as though he wanted to close them, conceal the evidence of his unmanning. When Ulric caught the ring in Conan's cock between his teeth and sucked it in, Nebula gasped. She wanted that cock. Wanted the touch of a lover's tongue on her clit, in her cunt.

The graceful line of Ulric's neck and shoulders, the glow of candlelight on his gleaming skull, the vulnerability of his smooth asshole stretched around a silver plug made Nebula's skin grow warm. If it were only she, paying Conan homage! Conan's abdominal muscles rippled, though he remained motionless, and a sheen of sweat formed on his brow, his powerful chest and arms.

Her own asshole twitched when Ulric reached around toward Conan's rear entrance. The slave moved as though he'd choreographed this scene—first the caresses, the arousal, inexorably moving toward a crescendo. Nebula imagined their eventual joining, cock to ass. The pressure building. The explosion, when one or both of the beautiful eunuchs before her would achieve nirvana.

Who would fuck whom? Nebula's sex wept at the thought of Conan's big cock filling her there. Her ass ached from the slave's earlier invasion. Her nipples puckered, and her belly muscles convulsed when Ulric rose, kissed Conan full on the mouth, and whispered something she couldn't hear.

"No." Conan spoke sharply, grasped Ulric, and positioned his cock at the sex slave's anus.

Nebula couldn't help crying out. She wanted Conan's huge cock in her, not up the ass of a hired sex surrogate.

As though Conan had divined her thoughts, he glanced up at her, then stood. "I've changed my mind. You fuck me. I need to see to my woman's pleasure."

Conan presented Ulric his back, his rounded, muscular ass cheeks spread by his own hand. Nebula noticed that Conan, too, wore a plug in his asshole—a eunuch's toy, perhaps. Ulric

began to slide it in and out—slowly, sensuously, not unlike the way he'd worked his own cock in and out of her asshole moments earlier. She wanted Conan's cock ... his tongue ... his big hands invading every orifice in her body.

"Gods in the heavens, I die for wanting you." Nebula clamped down her lips, determined to say no more.

Too late. Conan looked up, met her needy gaze. "Let us indulge my future mate," he said, striding to the head of the table and rotating it so all Nebula needed was to open her mouth and take in his engorged, brightly glowing phallus while he attended her throbbing cunt with his tongue.

When Ulric sank his cock in Conan's ass, pumped slowly, deeply, Conan worked the vibrating ends of a double dildo up Nebula's cunt and rear passage, then resumed licking and sucking her cunt. While Conan ran his hands over her breasts, her belly, her mound, Ulric pinched and pulled at Conan's own distended nipples.

Incredible. Sensation crackled through them, arousing and enticing. Overwhelming. Conan's huge cock throbbed in her mouth. She wanted to take it deeper, consume him as he was consuming her. Her clit swelled against his tongue while he worked the dildo in and out of her cunt and ass. Ulric pounded his cock into Conan as they all strained toward nirvana.

She felt the ecstasy pouring from Conan, as surely as if she were drinking his essence. It crackled, like electricity flowing from body to body, ass to cock to her own thrumming clit. An aura of contentment, of pure pleasure, wrapped them in a cocoon of sensation. Joy.

Joy she'd never expected to experience again.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Six

Later, while he sat beside her on the bed in his room, Conan rubbed soothing salve into the chafe marks the restraints had put on Nebula's tender skin. He shouldn't have marked her. Didn't feel the need to establish his dominance, no matter what society demanded.

Yet they would live on Luna Ten. A utopian refuge for Earthlings ... where, according to what Shedir had told Conan, females were eager slaves, males their loving masters. He visualized the communal dungeon, the fucking glade where mates gave and took their pleasure.

Conan reasoned that he must have lost much of his natural male aggressiveness with his balls, because he didn't want to exert his dominance over Nebula, but rather to love her. He felt no particular urgency to mark her as his own in the traditional ways, even though the mating gifts he'd chosen awaited her at Leander's.

"You look so serious. Is something wrong?" Nebula rolled onto her side, then sat up and met his gaze.

"I hurt you."

"No. You didn't. I'm sorry I bruise so easily. Pay those little marks no mind. I'd have suffered far worse to experience the joy you gave me." Shyly, she stroked his side, his hip. "I'd thought only to be given the pleasure of servicing your needs."

"Much of a man's satisfaction—a eunuch's too, apparently—comes from pleasing his partner. Does your

pleasure increase when you're confined?" He circled the reddened spot on her wrist, wishing—

"Only if it pleases you, Master. I'm your willing slave."

Only if it pleases me. Well, it displeased him to see her skin marred. And, despite the hype he'd been fed all his life, he doubted the aspect of her bondage had enhanced the sexual experience for either of them. Oh, yeah. She'd come. He had the feeling, though, that was the result of refreshing her body with the hormones she'd been deprived of—and sexual stimulation from him and the sex slave who'd come with the weekend pleasure package the resort had sold him. "Does pain enhance your pleasure, my sweet?"

"No ... I mean, only if it pleases you." As though afraid she'd overstepped herself, Nebula lifted her face, met his gaze with troubled eyes.

"Never be less than honest, with me or with yourself. Do you wish to join your sisters and their mates in the communal dungeon?"

She looked away, settling her hand over the tattoo on her mound. "I do not look forward to flaunting my shame."

"You have nothing to be ashamed of. Nothing at all. Still, I understand how you feel. As grateful as I am that it seems to work almost as well as the real thing, I'm not anxious to show this off to one and all." He lifted his cock, now at rest, and shot her a grin. "I will hide this puny mark with the patch you will wear."

She felt so warm, so silky—so alive. Conan stroked down the curve of her gorgeous body. "You know, not even Pak Song can create skin as soft as yours, and I've tried out the

very best of his sexbots." When he reached the tattoo on her mound, he traced it with a curious finger. "This feels no different from the rest of you. I should be grateful you have it, for otherwise you'd never have consented to settle for me."

"I find you immensely attractive. And I should be thanking the gods you're as you are, for if you weren't you'd not have looked at me either." She rubbed his cock, then slid her fingers past the scar where they'd cut away his balls and found the base of the plug in his ass. "Why do you wear this when we fuck?"

"To stimulate my prostate. It helps a eunuch to achieve a kind of climax."

"Like the sex slave's cock did in the dungeon?" Gently, she jiggled the plug and smiled when his cock began to lengthen and harden. "Yes, I see it does. Do you like for me to stimulate you here?"

"I want you to touch me in ways that give you pleasure." He loved the way her cheeks flushed when he slid his bionic hand between her legs and found her wet and swollen. "Want me to summon Ulric, or shall we do it solo this time?"

"Solo. Please. If you don't mind."

"I don't. Want to climb on and ride my neon toy?"

"Oh, yes." Her eagerness got him incredibly hot—especially when she picked up an anal probe and inserted it in her own ass. "I like the feel of this too."

Conan cupped Nebula's beautiful breasts when she straddled him, then raised his head and took one pert nipple between his teeth. His cock rose, and she sank onto him. Gods. No 'bot could ever duplicate the moist heat of her cunt.

He was a lucky man. Make that a lucky eunuch. She moved, slowly at first, then faster, harder. She bent, took his mouth. She tasted of exotic fruit and sex—hot, sweaty sex. Her cunt gripped his cock as if she'd never let it go.

Pressure built in him, almost as though he hadn't been neutered. Felt good. So good. She squeezed him harder, dug her nails into his shoulders, screamed out his name. He trembled as sensations carried him over the edge ... to a place he'd never thought to go again.

* * * *

"You look well-fucked, little sister," Doreen commented. She and Cassie had joined Nebula for a late lunch in the resort dining room. "I bet you can hardly wait to get back to Luna Ten and have Conan take you in the fucking glade. We missed you in the dungeon last night."

"Doreen, he's—well, I wouldn't be surprised if he was shy about showing off his bionic parts before half the civilized world." Cassie smiled. "I have to assume that Guy and Shedir didn't lie—that the cock Pak Song made for him works just as well as the real thing."

"It does." Part of Nebula wanted to share every detail with her sisters. Another part wanted it all—the sex, the instant connection their respective losses had helped them form—to belong to her. Her and Conan, not to be shared. "I don't believe we'll have a formal mating ceremony."

"Come on. Tell us. What does he look like? What does *it* look like?" Doreen tilted her head, set her large dangling earrings into gentle motion against the gleaming oiled

backdrop of her skull. "All we could tell, with him wearing that damn eunuch's robe, was that he's tall."

"He's got *hair*."

"No! Where?" Cassie's eyes widened. "Don't tell me he doesn't bother to keep himself groomed. Not that he could be blamed, of course, considering what he's been through."

"No. The hair is only on his head. And it's cut short. I like tunneling my fingers through it. It's soft, dark-brown. Prickly down around the hairline."

"Oh." Doreen stroked her own clean-shaven scalp, as though wondering what it might feel like if she let the hair grow back. "Are you going to make us drag every bit of information out of you? Come on. *Talk*."

"He's muscular. Strong. And he has kind eyes. He didn't sneer when he saw my tattoo. He acted as though he saw altered females every day." Nebula's cunt twitched when she recalled Conan taking off his bionic arm, holding it in one hand while he let her look her fill at his stump—and the huge, glowing hot-pink cock whose pulsating veins changed color from light to glowing chartreuse as it grew rigid before her eyes. "His cock is ... well, you'll see it soon enough."

"Big? Can he get it up?" Cassie asked.

"Yes. To both questions." Nebula looked around, saw no one, but lowered her voice anyway. "He got the female hormone for me. And a sex slave, to help him coax out a climax as soon as the injection began working. I love him."

Doreen laid her arms across her bulging belly and asked, "What about the arm?"

"He put it right back on. When it's on, it seems to work just like a real hand would."

Cassie smiled. "It would. Guy's bionic parts are all permanently attached to him. That's why he had to make this trip, to have some adjustments made—and the rest of us decided to tag along and meet your Conan before the mating ceremony. Come, let's take care of our own shopping while our mates visit with Pak Song. I want to find some nipple rings that are a little thicker than the ones I have. And a heavier chain to connect them with the one in my clit."

"Maybe I'll get my nipples and clit pierced too," Nebula said. She never had, because body piercing was forbidden to any female marked for neutering. But then, using the hormone that made her feel like a woman again was forbidden too. Delightfully, deliciously forbidden. By all the gods, she'd do it. Maybe she'd even pierce her nostril. Her navel. Have a dozen jewels pierced into each ear. "And buy a tongue ring to give to Conan. Can't let him avoid all the traditions of a mating, can I?"

* * * *

"You should be good for another year or more, my friend," Pak Song told Guy as he stood and put away the instruments he'd used to adjust Guy's bionic eyes and ears. "I should have made your parts removable like Conan's arm."

Guy laughed. "Fat lot of good it would do for me to be able to take my eyes out, because then I couldn't see to adjust them."

"True. Conan, you'll be able to tell when your cock needs adjusting. Colors will fade, and it will slowly stop glowing. Should be okay for at least a year. I think. Never made a cock before. By then maybe I figure out how to make you some balls too. And to make it"—he laughed—"not quite so colorful."

Conan glanced down at his cock, now concealed by his snug uniform pants. "I think I like it like it is. I know Nebula does. After all, it's not as though it's so bright it shows through my clothes."

"No clothes on Luna Ten," Shedir reminded Conan.

"We'll see about that." All Conan wanted now was to be on his way, to settle in and start building permanent shelters and service buildings on Luna Ten. He'd recruited a handful of workers—mostly displaced Earthlings like himself—to augment the small group of laborers Guy and Shedir had said would be put under his command. Of course, he thought about Nebula too. She'd felt so warm and soft this morning, cuddled up around his back, one arm resting on his lower abdomen—near the cock Pak Song couldn't seem to forget about. "Don't worry, I'll take excellent care of your creation."

"You do that. Take care of your new mate too. Excuse me, I must care for this customer." Always anxious to provide yet another customer with one of his deluxe sexbots, the old robot maker hurried to the showroom as Conan followed Guy and Shedir into Leander's shop.

"You sure, no shave?" the barber asked when he handed Conan the mating gifts he'd ordered.

"I'm sure. Unless there's some rule on Luna Ten..."

Shedir shook his head. "Only the rules we imported from Earth, which thank the gods we can ignore if we want to. Maybe I should let my hair grow. Only thing is, I'd miss the incredible sensations when Doreen nibbles and licks me. When she rolls her tongue ring over the sensitive spot here"—he reached up and ran his finger over a spot at the back of his tanned, oiled scalp—"it nearly makes me come."

"Everything makes you come, my friend. Conan, I follow the Federation rules out of habit. So do Brad and the rest of us on Luna Ten. Because we want to. If you want to let your hair grow, do it." Guy grinned from his spot in the barber chair where Leander was preparing to wax away the stubble from his bald dome.

Conan considered taking a seat in that other chair, giving in to tradition. He could shave his head. Shave Nebula's as well, since that was part of the time-honored ritual of mating.

He'd leave the traditional mating braid attached to her head, loosening it once they found their bed, wrapping the silken strands around his fist. And he'd keep his own hair too. After all, he was a eunuch and so was she. Traditions need not apply to them.

While they waited for Guy to finish with his grooming, Conan and Shedir talked. "What would you think if I chose to forego the mating ritual altogether, say the vows and take Nebula somewhere private?" he asked when his friend began describing the very public mating ritual in the glade.

Shedir smiled, but then his expression turned serious. "You don't want to stake your claim for everyone on Luna Ten to see?"

"I don't want Nebula embarrassed. She's sensitive about her tattoo—and I'm sure about the glowing cock Pak Song gave me, though she hasn't said anything. I know men dominate ... and that females are supposed to come only when they're mastered, made to feel helpless against their own desires. It's just..."

"Just that you feel less than a man?"

"Not less. But different. I want the kind of devotion from Nebula that you have from Doreen—the kind I sense that Guy has from Cassie. She's wounded, only now beginning to believe she can have any more than a sterile existence. So am I. We need the time alone, to learn to love ourselves as well as each other—before we join in the public rituals of the mated couples on Luna Ten."

"That makes sense. By the gods, man, they shouldn't have done this to you. Or forced Nebula or any other woman who carries the mutant gene to destroy her femininity. Leave it to me. And Doreen. We'll see that you aren't subjected to the scrutiny of all Luna Ten when you're mated."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Epilogue

A beautiful day dawned on Luna Ten when, two months later, Conan strode naked to the fucking glade, his glowing cock a beacon to any who might chance to intrude on his private mating with Nebula. Nebula lay tied across the sacred stone, face down, her cunt glistening with the pale, slick fluid of desire. A priest, also exiled from Earth, murmured the words he never would have dared to say back home even before the Fall—words that joined the bodies and souls of two eunuchs. Lovers whose joining could never produce a child, whose pleasure would forever be missing the element of continuity ... of bubbling, overflowing life.

Suddenly Conan knew. He couldn't take Nebula as a master, only as a friend and lover. An equal. His step firm, he moved to the stone and cut her bonds. "I'd have you come to me of your own volition. Share with you, not take from you. As you'd be my slave, so would I be yours."

Nebula's smile when she stood and faced him lit his heart. She held out both hands, a gesture of commitment more profound than she'd made earlier when she'd let the priest bind her to the fucking stone for Conan's pleasure. "I want no slave, only you. Come, let us seal our vows here, in the glade. I care not if the others see us."

Conan turned, sat on the stone, and drew his lifemate onto his lap. When he stroked her satin slit and found her ready, he lifted her ... impaled her on his bionic cock ... kneaded her ripe, firm breasts as she moved on him.

She milked him with her cunt, and the pressure built in his belly, his ass. He saw colors brighter than the glow of his cock when she tightened around him in the throes of her climax. As they came together in the glade, the others joined them.

Shedir, his newborn son cradled in the crook of one arm while he held Doreen with the other, Guy and Cassie, Brad and Aurora, the planet's benign rulers, and the others—eunuchs like him, saved from a lifetime in the mines of Mars by Brad's timely intervention.

Together they had begun building a new and kinder world. As he looked into the peaceful, sleeping face of Luna Ten's newest citizen, Conan sensed an even greater mission awaited them. A mission of mercy, not revenge. It wouldn't be soon ... and it might not be his generation but the baby's that would reclaim the planet of his birth and wrest it from the evil hands of its rulers.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Ann Jacobs

Ann Jacobs has lost track of how many books she's published. At least thirty at last count! That count includes several awards, including Eppies, Golden Quill awards, More Than Magic awards, and two Lories. Ann has multiple personalities—she also writes as Sara Jarrod, Ann Josephson, and Shana Nichols.

Ann loves to hear from readers. You may contact her through her website, www.annjacobs.us
