

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO

HIS
Pleasure
MISTRESS

ANN JACOBS

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

His Pleasure Mistress

Ann Jacobs

Book 1 in the Pleasure Partners series.

Giles Oberon cannot resist returning to Obsidion, the pleasure planet, and the woman he can't forget. Pleasures of the flesh are forbidden on Earth and Giles' sexual desires break every law on his home planet.

Star can satisfy any need a man has, in any way he wants—using her body, her machines and toys, and her devoted eunuch, Brendan. It's her job, after all. Her heart is never involved. Except with Giles.

Giles has just discovered Star has a secret he can't ignore. He takes her and Brendan on a holiday journey and finds joy that transcends his ambition and his obligation to the Federation. Giles' life is about to change forever.

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His Pleasure Mistress

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HIS PLEASURE MISTRESS

Ann Jacobs

Chapter One

A pearl without price, she glittered in his memory, called him beyond all thought, beyond all reason.

Federation starfighter Giles Oberon wasn't going to give in to his obsession. He wasn't. He'd opted to wait out this winter solstice on the planet Obsidion because his superiors had ordered him to have his ship serviced. It had nothing to do with the fact that he longed to celebrate the planet's holiday, which was celebrated much as it had been on Earth in the time before the Federation had outlawed such celebrations. Though the planets were in different galaxies, the seasons on Obsidion were similar and the Earth holiday had become popular there as it had in many solar systems. His mindless lust for Obsidion's notorious pleasure-giver called Star of the East hadn't figured into his decision. Truly it hadn't, he tried to persuade himself as he made his way through raucous revelers on the Street of Pleasure.

Barkers hawked their wares, but Giles paid them no mind. He tried to focus on the twinkling lights and bustling crowds of holiday celebrants, and on the dozens of sex-slave emporiums where visitors might purchase pleasure partners for an hour or a night's debauchery that the Federation rulers had long ago forbidden back on Earth. The titanium heels of his black leather boots clattered against the surface of an agate sidewalk. A ribbon of temptation that ended at The Gates of Hell Dungeon, where Star would be plying her shameful trade.

If only he'd never met her that fateful night two years earlier when he'd toasted the solstice season with fellow starfighters furloughing on Obsidion. If only he'd never succumbed to her allure. He should have resisted rather than submitting himself so eagerly to her will, allowing himself to be bound for her to work her shameful magic.

Earth men saved their seed to be milked by sexbots, to service the Federation's chosen breeders. To do otherwise risked mutilation or exile.

Even when allowed to take female companions, Earth men were the ones who applied the shackles, forcing their partners to pleasure rather than vice versa.

No one must ever learn how Giles had shamed himself, and he must never do it again.

Yet he picked up his pace, lengthened his stride. Beyond all reason, he found himself being pulled toward what he knew would almost certainly be the instrument of his destruction. His cock swelled and lengthened, pressing hard against the fly of his skintight uniform pants, obviously eager to participate in its master's destruction.

* * * * *

Brendan set down the communication device and resumed oiling Star's naked body. "Just as I predicted, Mistress, the Earthling starfighter Oberon has returned. He is in the reception room now, asking for you."

Star should have learned by now not to doubt Brendan. The handsome Earthling eunuch she'd bought to assist her in her pleasure-giving had an uncanny knack for foretelling the appearance of one of his fellow Earthlings. "Ready the dungeon for his pleasure."

His pleasure. And his pain. She wouldn't hurt him physically, for she'd never inflict real harm on a client. No. The Earthling's pain would be no less intense, however, for apparently in his culture males were the masters, females their slaves. For it to be otherwise, according to Brendan, caused the men great shame.

Strange creatures, Earthlings. She'd have thought, since nearly everyone on her home planet of Eastphalia had migrated there from Earth generations earlier, their cultures would be similar. But apparently they weren't.

No matter. Her heart beating hard as she prepared for the Earthling, Star laced herself into a shimmering silver leather bustier and applied cherry-flavored rouge to her exposed nipples.

Her breasts tingled with anticipation. Anticipation for the bite of the Earthling's straight white teeth, the brush of his rigid phallus over the turgid peaks. Her body ached for him to give her more than his submission.

Much more. As she had since their first fruitful encounter two winter solstices ago, Star yearned to accept his domination. She wanted him to master her.

It wouldn't happen, though. She stared in the mirror at her mound, at the colorful tattoo she'd been so proud of when her mother had commissioned it. Exotic tropical flowers and vines perfectly framed the stark, black numerals 46945—her intergalactic license as a Mistress of Pleasure. Idly she tweaked the silver ring in her clit, working the sensitive flesh until the nub hardened and throbbed.

About now Brendan would be helping the Earthling take off his uniform, or arranging his naked body on the fucking frame and restraining him there. Star imagined the Earthling's smooth skin, pictured Brendan oiling him with a scented aphrodisiac until he glistened.

Like all Earthlings she had encountered in her profession, Giles Oberon had been completely hairless on their last encounter, his skin amazingly soft and caressable over muscles that were as hard as steel. For a minute Star wondered if that might be a genetic oddity unique to Earthlings. More likely it was a strange Earthling custom. But it didn't matter. She loved his smoothness, liked the stark look of his beautifully shaped skull. Of course he might have let his hair grow out by now. She hoped not.

She knew Brendan liked servicing Earthling men. Otherwise he wouldn't be taking so long. When she was about to summon him, he came through the door, a huge smile replacing his usual taciturn expression.

"Mistress, I have prepared him to serve your pleasure. I hope you won't mind that I used the leather cock restraint on him because none of your metal cages would contain him."

That particular leather and metal device was known as a Gates of Hell. "That's fine." Star pictured the cock and balls she recalled so vividly, and was not surprised that even the largest of her new steel cages wouldn't handle them.

"I warmed the anal probe for you." Brendan strode to her, his soft cock swinging between his legs as he crossed the room.

"You don't want to wear one tonight?" Usually Brendan did, and even now he sometimes got a hint of an erection after inserting it.

Brendan glanced down at his limp cock and shrugged. "I am wearing one. I inserted it a few minutes ago. It doesn't seem to have the effect it used to."

"That's all right." Brendan was better used for sucking cock than he was for fucking her clients. After a few months without the testosterone patch his body had rejected, his libido had died. "Come on, we mustn't keep our client waiting. Put the probe in me." Bending, she spread her ass cheeks so he could insert and inflate the device that would transmit her erotic impulses to her client.

* * * * *

He was at her mercy, this powerful Earthling warrior who'd haunted her dreams, made her wish for sex that meant more than release. Made her wish for a Master, not just for a night, but for always. She banished that thought from her mind, as it was for something she could never have. After all, she had freely chosen her path as a pleasure-giver.

Not that Star regretted it. What she earned in her trade kept her small family in comfort back home and provided sustenance for a score of her countrymen. Star strode into the dungeon, her attention now focused on Giles Oberon.

She reminded herself again that, although he'd sired her daughter during their prior encounter two winter solstices ago, a client was all he could ever be.

As she expected, Brendan had prepared him well. Laid out and securely bound, facedown on a gleaming metal fucking frame, Giles was magnificently naked. As before, he was totally devoid of hair. She wished Brendan hadn't already oiled him from the top of his head to the tips of his toes because she longed to put her hands on him, feel his taut muscles playing beneath the gleaming surface of his skin.

But he was a gorgeous sight, with satiny, bronzed skin that glistened, reflecting multicolored light from strobe lights suspended from the dungeon ceiling. So beautiful. And so helpless, though his muscles rippled as he strained against his bonds.

She stared at the mirror beneath the frame, and her cunt contracted at the sight of his massive cock with its heavy gold ring, the snug black leather straps that bit into the rigid shaft and his smooth, round ball sac. Her mouth watered to suck his big balls, swallow his cock and taste his essence. She desperately wanted him in her, fucking her, spurting his hot, creamy release into her aching cunt.

But she had to play the role she'd chosen years ago when she'd exchanged her personal freedom for her people's means of survival. While she picked up the long, fat butt plug that held an electronic impulse receiver and lubricated it heavily with a fragrant aphrodisiac from Mars, Brendan moved beneath the frame, took Giles' cock in his mouth, and began to suck it as was the eunuch's role in this sexual vignette.

She took the plug and rubbed it between Giles' ass cheeks. "Welcome, and happy solstice to you. It's a pity I have but one eunuch for you today," she murmured silkily, breaking into the familiar script as Giles bucked helplessly under her and Brendan's dual assault. Her voice stern, she ordered, "Open for me."

"No." His buttocks tightened as though to keep out the plug when she began to work it around the crinkled opening to his anus.

She slapped his ass smartly with one hand, using more pressure on the plug to nudge him to let her in. "Yes. In order to get the full service you paid for, you must

experience the pleasure of being fucked by another male. Since there are none here, and since my eunuch's tool is limp and useless..." Slowly, sensually, she massaged his tense glutes until she felt the tension in them give way. She slipped a finger up Giles' ass, then two, and moved them in and out while Brendan gave him head.

Giles moaned, as though resigned to this particular intrusion into his body. Star knew this type of sex play had long been forbidden on Earth. All her Earthling clients fought the pleasure, but they all gave in—some more readily than others. "There now. Relax. Think about how delightful Brendan's mouth feels on your cock. Sucking. Licking. Feel the bite of the Gates of Hell on your balls and anticipate the fullness of my dildo up your ass. You'll want to come, but the cock ring will prevent that. Maybe if you're very, very good..."

She withdrew her fingers and inserted the lubricated butt plug instead, going slowly, inch by inch, as his resistance gave way. When it was fully seated she secured its base in a device that moved the plug in and out. She would silently direct its motion by means of the remote control transmitter seated in her ass.

He shuddered as she moved to the head of the frame and adjusted its height so his face was level with her dripping pussy.

Star. She was gilded golden from head to toe, but for the long black braid that flowed from her crown to brush her rounded ass cheeks. As he'd remembered every day since their first encounter, she had eyes the color of the midnight sky back home. Eyes that had haunted his dreams.

He noticed she had rouged her nipples again, as her lush breasts were fully exposed above the tightly laced silver basque that was her only garment. As much as Giles wished to remain aloof, he could not prevent the sudden and painful swelling of his cock and balls against the leather restraint that bound them.

Her musk enflamed him. The same unique, arousing scent that had stayed in his mind for two years now, it robbed him of the will to resist, to hold on to a shred of his

dignity, preserve his manhood. Giles fought his bonds to no avail as his nemesis stood before him, the ring that decorated her tempting, reddened clit poking impudently from the tattooed flower garden that adorned her plump mound. *Temptation. Like the legendary Garden of Eden...and its serpent.*

For a long time he stared at the neat numerals that proclaimed her a licensed pleasure-giver. A whore, who back on Earth wouldn't have lasted beyond one trick before being arrested and turned into a drone. That revelation should have cooled his lust. But it didn't. It merely sent more blood flowing into his already tightly restrained genitals.

The eunuch's tongue tickled Giles' slit then slid down his shaft to ring the base of his cock where the leather and metal bit into painfully swollen flesh. The plug in his ass vibrated as it slowly moved in and out, reaming him, stimulating his prostate while the eunuch sucked and swallowed his swollen cock.

Giles had to come. No. He couldn't. Wouldn't. He gritted his teeth against the incredible stimulation of the eunuch's mouth on his tightly restrained cock, the slow, steady motion of the large dildo fucking his ass. Perhaps if he closed his eyes to the delectable prize not a foot from his hungry lips...

She stepped closer, tilting her hips forward, offering her honey for his delectation. "Go ahead. Pleasure me, Earthling. Make me come with just your mouth and tongue. Please me, and I'll provide your release. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she purred, her warm breath tickling his scalp when she bent over and blew on him there.

"No." He hesitated for a minute then tilted his head back. When he looked into her violet eyes, he was lost. His balls ached and his entire body throbbed from the dual stimulation he was helpless to control. "Yes."

"Yes, *Mistress*. And keep your eyes averted from my face unless I give you permission to look."

Chastened, he focused on her garden of pleasure, on the rosy, ringed nub of flesh that protruded, tempting him. "Yes, *Mistress*." With his tongue, he caught her clit ring

and drew her to him. In this position he was spared looking at those numbers—the evidence of her profession, of the scores of men she’d serviced and would service again.

She tilted her hips toward him, offering her prize. With both hands she took his head, guided his mouth to her clit. “Lick me. Suck me. Fuck my cunt with your tongue. You know you want to.”

Gods, but he did. There was something about her flesh—the hot, damp smoothness of her rigid clit with its dangling ring and the heady smell of her sex mingling with curls of arousing smoke from the incense that smoldered near the door. His balls tightened. The intense pain, when the leather bit into his sensitive flesh, reminded him that his pleasure was at her command.

When her eunuch sucked harder on his throbbing cock, he opened his lips, caught her clit between his teeth and flailed it with his tongue, licking her and eating off the scarlet aphrodisiac she’d applied to her clit and labia. When he tasted the slick lubrication start to flow from her cunt he redoubled his efforts, sliding his tongue slowly along her slit then faster until she began to moan.

“That feels...incredible.” She widened her stance. “Tongue-fuck me now.”

Her ecstatic-sounding moan when he penetrated her vagina and licked her honey was like music to his ears. She caressed all the erogenous places on his skull, stroked the sensitive flesh of his earlobes then used them to tug his face to her cunt as though to drag him into her. It seemed she was determined to absorb him into her until he was no more than the inanimate plug now reaming his ass or the eunuch slave who was sucking him off. But it pleased him beyond measure that Star was not immune to the pleasure he could give her, even bound and helpless as he was now.

He could tell by the increased cadence of her breathing, the flow of her hot juices over his chin and from the way her clit swelled and hardened against his upper lip. The tremor in her widespread legs and in her soft, practiced fingers revealed her own arousal as she pressed herself close, ever closer.

His fingers itched to stroke her taut, silky skin, pluck the reddened tips of those full, creamy breasts that bobbed invitingly above the neckline of her tight, shimmering costume. He wanted to break his bonds, snatch his cock from the well-trained mouth of her eunuch, mount her, and fuck her until he made her scream his name.

His name. Not some meaningless endearment. He wanted her to beg for *his* cock in her cunt, her mouth, her ass. *His* hands on her body, kneading and pinching her delightful breasts, tangling in the ebony fall of her hair.

He wanted to fuck her the way he had two years ago. It had been just the two of them. No eunuch had knelt beneath him as he lay helpless on a fucking frame, his cock and balls stimulated beyond belief. No ass plug had reamed him from above, its accelerating rhythm apparently dictated by the motion of his tongue as it fucked her cunt.

Though she'd dominated him, she'd allowed him a certain degree of freedom. Freedom he yearned for now. It made no difference when he reminded himself that she was nothing but a Pleasure Mistress—a whore by Earthling standards.

The pressure built in his balls, almost unbearable, yet the restraint bit into his shaft and the base of his scrotum. His testicles throbbed as if they were about to burst but he couldn't come. He redoubled his efforts, tongue-fucking her cunt faster, harder, rubbing his upper lip softly on the sensitive tip of her clit then grinding his mouth against her wet, fragrant flesh. Desperate now, he strained against his bonds.

They held. Clearly he was in her power until she chose to set him free.

"Oh gods, don't stop!" She ground her cunt into his face, tugged at his earlobes with both hands. Her honey flooded his throat, his chin.

Gods indeed! The plug in his ass fucked him harder, faster. The eunuch's tongue probed his slit, lapped up the lubrication that oozed from his cock despite the constricting ring. His balls burned as if they were on fire.

His ass burned. It felt as if the plug there moved faster as he heightened his own attention to Star's swollen labia, and when he tugged her clit ring and ringed her asshole. It fucked his ass fastest when he was tongue-fucking her cunt.

She let out a high-pitched, keening scream. "Giles, help me. I'm coming now."

Giles had to come but he couldn't. Not with the Gates of Hell strangling his cock and balls. Clenching his fists, he fought the tension that was bubbling in his balls, threatening to destroy him in a fiery conflagration. Helplessly he absorbed Star's climax in his mouth. The way she screamed his name made him wonder...

"Be still while we release your bonds." Star sounded not like a dominatrix but more like an ordinary woman who'd just enjoyed an explosive orgasm and wanted more. Giles felt her tremble as she loosened the straps that held his arms and chest to the frame. "Careful, Brendan," she cautioned when the eunuch began to unstrap the device and release Giles' genitals.

Relief. Blood slammed into his cock, making him even harder than before. His asshole ached, but he refused to show submission by begging for the removal of the butt plug. Sexual tension sizzled through every cell of his body when they freed him from the frame.

"You've pleased me well, Earthling. Very well. You may now please yourself." Star indicated three doors that led from the dungeon. "Choose one."

At the entrance to the first lay a whip and chains. The center door bore a carving of a male being pleased by a trio of buxom females. The third was unadorned, but Giles recalled it was from that door that Star had emerged. The first would afford him safety. The second would feed the ultimate of male fantasies.

Without a doubt, the third represented danger—the risk he took by ignoring Federation rules, choosing pleasure over duty. He took a step forward, uncertain of what his choice would be until he laid a hand on the third door.

The want overwhelmed the fear, and the revulsion at himself. But damn it all, he wanted more than an orgasm, more than just any female bowing to his command. He

wanted Star herself. Giles turned, met the gaze of his obsession and smiled at her.
“Leave the eunuch behind and come with me.”

Chapter Two

Star went to her knees before him, her cunt still thrumming with the aftershocks of her climax. Soft music filled her ears. The strains of ancient Earthling melodies of the season surrounded them, soothing yet hauntingly erotic. When she looked up at Giles, she saw it—the golden halo around his gleaming skull, formed by reflection of the candlelight with which she lit her private haven.

What had made her offer this place where no other client had ever gone, her place of rest and refuge?

Giles was different—he had touched emotions she'd long reserved for family and countrymen. When he'd invaded her body that first solstice night, he had left part of himself. Though she surely would pay a steep price for it, tonight she'd forget her job and join him in his pleasure. She'd pretend there had been more to his seeking her out tonight than lust that demanded release.

"How can I please you, Earthling?"

With strong but gentle hands, he urged her head closer. "I want you to suck my cock. Nothing against your slave, but I want to feel your mouth on me."

He was hard as stone. When she looked at him, she hurt because he bore angry red lines where the Gates of Hell had pressed so hard against his flesh. *The last thing I wanted to do was hurt him.*

When her fingers brushed him, she heard his sharp intake of breath, wondered... "Will it hurt you if we fuck?"

He laughed out loud. "It will hurt me if we don't. But now I want to feel your mouth on me, soothing away the pain."

"As you wish." She took his scrotum in her hands, caressed him there while licking around each stripe left by the leather. Then, wanting as much to bring him pleasure as

to soothe his wounds, she took him in her mouth. Swallowed his huge cock and deep throated him. She wanted to take his semen, experience the taste and texture of him in a way more personal to her than taking it into her ass or womb.

"I won't last long. Hurry." His order sounded gruff, as though he had endured all her torture and now had to find release.

It amazed her that he hadn't come already. The average male should have been bursting by now, yet he maintained control when she took him in her mouth and sucked the blunt, fat head of his massive cock. When she heard him moan with apparent delight, she rolled his balls between her hands and gently squeezed.

Suddenly he pulled her mouth off him, lifted her and laid her across the bed. "I have to fuck you now. Spread your legs. Wide." He slid his hand between them, his calloused fingertips abrading her needy flesh. "You're wet. So wet. Tell me you want my cock in your cunt."

"Gods yes. I do. Please fuck me." Gods, but she'd give her last breath to take him inside her again. The smells and tastes of him—of sex—surrounded them. It made her crazy. "Please..."

"Say it." He rubbed the broad head of his phallus over her clit, catching her tiny ring in his thick Prince Albert jewelry and setting up a delicious vibration that had her cunt clenching, aching. "Tell me what you want."

"I want your cock in my cunt. Please."

"Please, *Master*."

"Please fuck me, *Master*."

That was all Giles needed to hear. He reared back then sank into her wet heat. Gods, but she was tight. Exquisitely so. She milked his cock with her inner muscles, creating sensations so much sweeter than those he got from the mechanical efforts of his Federation-issued sexbot. Soft, yet firm, slick with her honey and his own lubrication,

she squeezed his cock with every stroke, almost as though she wanted to hold him there, never let him go.

He bent, nipping first one and then the other of her painted nipples, tasting the familiar Martian aphrodisiac with its sweet, cherry flavor. They seemed larger than he remembered. No less responsive, though, for they beaded under his tongue. The lush flesh of her breasts pillowed his head.

His balls tightened painfully and his sac pulled up close to his body, free now from the ball-stretcher part of the restraint. She clamped down on his cock as he pounded into her cunt harder, faster. He'd waited beyond endurance, was desperate now to release the pressure, spurt out his seed.

"Come in me, Master. Give me your seed. You know you want to." She held his head to her breasts, moaning softly when he sucked hard on a distended nipple.

He felt it then. The plug in her ass was expanding, tightening her grip on his cock even more as he fucked her. "Oh gods! Yes." The first burst of semen exploded into her, scalding hot against his spasming flesh. He buried his cock to the balls, spurting his life into her womb, suckling her breasts. Devouring her. Coming in her cunt, going against everything his people had mandated that must only be done to a seed-harvesting sexbot.

Completely sated, Giles lay spent, his body cradled in the arms of his forbidden lover. His nemesis.

* * * * *

"Mommy!"

Oh no. Star glanced at the communicator screen, saw Giles' gaze locked there, too, on the face of the toddler she doubted he'd ever believe was his daughter.

He turned to her. "What the hell?"

"Let me talk to her." Wrapping herself in the blanket from the bed, Star moved close to the screen. She would try to placate Giles later, but now her concern was for her little girl. "It's past your bedtime, angel."

"Want Mommy."

Star hated seeing her baby scrunch up her face and cry. "Gillian, Mommy will be home very soon." Within a few light-days if she could catch a transporter headed to Eastphalia. "I bought you a new toy to celebrate the solstice."

"Oltith?" The word came out funny. Just fifteen months old, Gillian hadn't quite mastered the letter "S".

"Yes. To get your present, though, you must go to sleep now. G'nite."

No sooner had Gillian's image faded from the communicator than Giles turned to Star, disgust plain on his handsome face. "You have a child you leave with others so you can ply your shameful trade?"

His obvious disgust made Star's hackles rise. "Gillian stays with my mother." She hated being away from her child but knew The Gates of Hell Dungeon was no place to bring up a child.

His sensual lips curved in what Star could only call a sneer, and his gaze settled on the numbers tattooed on her mound. "You entrust a little kid to the woman who apparently brought you up to become such a paragon of virtue?"

Star bristled again at the accusatory sound of Giles' voice. "The giving of pleasure is an honored profession among my people. One I proudly embrace and one, I note, that you seem to enjoy utilizing whenever your business brings you to Obsidion. Earthlings like you, to whom I give sexual favors that, I understand from Brendan, are forbidden to them back home, provide me with the means to care for my family...my daughter."

Magnificently naked, Giles strode to the communicator and looked at it as though he was trying to memorize Gillian's image. "How old is she?"

The intent way he was studying Gillian's face unnerved Star. Why had Giles' reaction rattled her so much that she forgot to delete her little girl's picture from the screen?

"I asked you how old she is," Giles repeated when she couldn't come up with a ready response.

Star steeled herself against the sarcasm that surely was coming. Taking a deep, soothing breath, she met his gaze and said, "She's fifteen months old."

Finally he blanked out the screen and strode to her. "Then she could be mine." Scowling, he turned to Star. He didn't sound at all pleased.

"My daughter is mine." Determined not to show her distress, Star turned her back so Giles wouldn't see the tears she felt welling in her eyes.

He laid his hands on her shoulders, so hard she felt the imprint of each large finger on her tender flesh. "Am I her father? Or do you even know?" He paused, his jaw tight when he turned her to face him and stared down at her. The scorn evident in his expression nearly broke her heart. "Of course you wouldn't know, would you? How many men did you fuck during that winter solstice two years ago?"

Should she lie? No, she wouldn't insult her baby by intimating that she had no clue about who had fathered her. "No one but you, at least not in a way that would produce a child. Almost every male from anywhere in the galaxy except your Earth finds pleasure in being fucked, not fucking a woman. Only Earthlings like you seem obsessed with dipping their cocks into female cunts." She paused, trying hard to regain her composure. "You were the only Earthling I pleased during the time when she was conceived. Why should you care? According to Brendan, Earthling breeders father countless children without ever knowing them."

"I have no idea whether I've fathered children on Earth, or if so how many. Whenever I'm back on Earth I deposit my semen at one of the breeding farms to be used for impregnating any number of breeder females. But I've never before seen a face that looks so much like my own." Giles glanced at the screen again, then looked back at

Star. "I will never be allowed to know any children I may have sired back home. I want to meet Gillian."

Panic gripped Star. Would he want to take Gillian to be reared in the Earth communes Brendan had told her about? "Why?"

His grip on her shoulders loosened somewhat, as though he realized he was hurting her. "Because..." He paused a minute then continued. "I need to know how she's being cared for, if she has all she needs. Come, get dressed and gather whatever you were planning to take back to Eastphalia. I have the use of a small transporter, and I will take you there."

Star had no doubt Giles had just issued not an invitation but an order.

"Yes, but I must cleanse myself first."

His eyes glittered. "I will do that for you. I need to bathe as well."

She'd wondered if he intended to fuck her again while they showered. And, because the act was so intensely personal, she hoped he would leave and let her cleanse herself internally.

While they showered she lathered his sleek body and he bathed her. But he made no move to do more.

"I will cleanse you, also," he said when they vacated the shower. From the tone of his voice she knew he wasn't going to save her from the humiliation of having him witness the cleansing process she was required to perform as a Pleasure Mistress.

Her cheeks burning, she straddled the modified bidet but left the two tubes in place beside twin controls that managed the flow of water and cleansing solution.

Giles stepped up beside her, looked at the controls. "Which one goes where?"

She told him, her face now feeling as if in flames as he reached between her legs and inserted the flexible douche fitting high in her cunt, the other fitting as high as he could maneuver it into her anus.

As humiliating as it was for him to take over the chore no one but her eunuch had ever helped her perform before, she couldn't help the strange sense of arousal that began when he released the flood of warm, scented water into both her orifices at once. "I do it one at a time."

"I don't." He straddled her face as she leaned back to let the cleansing do its job. "Open your mouth. I want to fuck it now."

His half-hard cock fit nicely into her mouth, but by the time she started feeling uncomfortably full from her cleansing, it had grown to its full, massive size. When he thrust in and out she took him deep. She felt invaded. Possessed.

By him. She cupped his balls, rubbed them and felt his round, heavy testicles rolling against her hands. Gods help her, she'd never gotten hot before while cleansing her body for the next sexual encounter. Not even the weight of Giles' muscular thighs against her quickly bloating abdomen kept her cunt from clenching against the nozzle.

The cleansing would go on for five minutes, flooding her body cavities until they could hold no more, allowing suctioning the cleansers before beginning the cycle again. Her body told her the time was almost up, and she longed for release from the fullness as well as the feeling that she had to come *now*.

At the moment she felt Giles' cock spasm and tasted his slick, salty ejaculate, the flow of water stopped. When the suction process began after a short pause she screamed with the simultaneous sensations of coming and swallowing his release. Until he moved off her and disconnected her from the bidet, she kept climaxing.

She looked with lust and love at Giles. Admired his magnificent body, the chiseled features so like Gillian's. He had made the experience she'd dreaded anything but humiliating once she accepted that she could hold nothing sacred from this lover.

"Dry off and get ready to go. Don't forget to wash your face and brush your teeth, though." She pictured how she must look, the sticky evidence of his climax on her mouth and cheeks. "Time is wasting," he added as he strode out of the bathing room.

She tried to tell herself she had no choice but to obey Giles. But a voice inside her said that wasn't true. That she wanted him to take her, master her, make her as much his slave as Brendan was hers.

Quickly she washed and dressed for the cold weather, tossing a few clothes and gifts into an expandable duffle bag. Then she remembered. She couldn't leave Brendan. Without her, the eunuch would be lost.

She turned to Giles, who was waiting for her with what seemed to be annoyance at the time she'd taken to do his bidding. "Brendan must accompany us. Because he's my personal slave, he has a home here only when I'm with him."

Surprisingly Giles didn't argue. "Then bring him along. It isn't that I can't manage a night takeoff, but I'd prefer to blast off while we still have daylight."

* * * * *

An hour later, Giles was performing a preflight checklist on the sleek transporter his friend Shedir had loaned him for the trip, while Star and her slave loaded armloads of gaily wrapped packages into the luggage compartment.

When he took in all the activity, he realized somewhat sheepishly that he should have bought gifts of his own. But exchanging gifts had never been part of the holiday ritual on Earth. Besides, what would he know about picking out sparkly goodies that would make a small child smile?

Of course he could have purchased some small gift for Star. He should have done that at the time he'd realized he was going to seek her out again. Again he tried to excuse himself because gift-giving was not traditional where he came from. It didn't work.

Pleasure Mistress or not, Star had humanlike emotions. She was no sexbot. If what she'd said was true—and he had no reason to believe it was not—she was the mother of his child, the only child he'd sired that he'd ever have the opportunity to know.

Covered head to toe the way she was now, in fuzzy, red, cold-weather gear, with her face framed in a white fur hood, she looked like a holiday present wrapped for his delectation. His cock stirred again at the prospect of idling away long hours during the journey through space, sampling her charms. He imagined the smile he could put on her gorgeous face by giving her some shiny trinket to mark the winter solstice.

Did they have stores on Eastphalia?

What did he care? If he paid her, she'd fuck him. She'd fuck anybody who had her price in gold or silver, or the legal tender of whatever planet where she was plying her trade. Giles focused on that. It helped him tamp down the growing emotions that welled in him when he thought of her choosing to bear his daughter, giving her the feminine version of his name—submitting to him, however momentarily, rather than merely forcing him to submit to her and her ever-present eunuch slave.

But the tender feelings wouldn't go away. "Brendan, if your mistress will permit me, I have a chore for you before we take off."

Star nodded at the slave when he stuck his head out of the transporter hatch. "I don't object. Brendan, do as Giles instructs you."

When Brendan prostrated himself before him, Giles realized the extent of control Star exerted over her eunuch slave. The slave had probably been a true submissive before his castration. Giles figured he had most likely lost his balls and been exiled because he had run afoul of a Federation rule against a male receiving another male's cock in any forbidden orifice. His partner would have lost it all. Worse to take than to receive, the rulers had decreed.

That made Giles uncomfortable. He became more so when he stared down at the eunuch's blue robe and hood. "Rise. We are not on Earth. You need not grovel at my feet."

Brendan rose, standing with his head bowed in front of Giles. "Yes, Master."

As he handed over a fistful of Obsidion's octagonal silver credits to the blue-robed eunuch, Giles said quietly, "Go find gifts for me to give the child...and something for Star. Hurry back. We'll be blasting off in less than an hour."

Brendan grinned. "What would you like for me to get?"

Giles got even more uncomfortable, looking into the guileless eyes of the eunuch sex slave who'd so recently sucked his cock. His discomfiture had grown exponentially now that they were in the transporter, away from The Gates of Hell Dungeon. Somehow the cock sucking had seemed normal at the time, not the act of shameless debauchery that he considered it in retrospect.

The silence reminded him that Brendan had asked a question. "I have no idea. Buy whatever you think they'd like."

After the slave left, Giles wondered. Had the eunuch been eyeing the bulge between his legs while he stood there, his head bowed? Had he been imagining himself whole again and wearing the uniform of Earth's Federation Star Command?

Chapter Three

"Where did you send Brendan?" Star asked when Giles stepped back inside the cockpit and began fiddling with settings on the control panel.

She loved the way Giles looked in his body-hugging black uniform—strong, invincible, able to protect her from any sort of harm. Strangely, though, she saw him as more vulnerable clothed than he had been stark naked, shackled to a fucking frame while he licked her cunt and Brendan sucked his cock. Not to mention the mechanical dildo that had reamed his ass.

She had to fight an incredible compulsion to hug him, kiss the worried expression off the handsome face that was so much like their daughter's.

"I sent him on an errand. He should be back any moment now."

Her mind was full of images, of Giles performing all sorts of daring feats, routing sky pirates. She recalled stories from her childhood, told by exiled Earthlings who'd revered the prime manhood of their planet, the chosen ones who patrolled the galaxy for the legendary Star Command. She'd known since the first time he came to her for pleasure that Giles had to be among the best of them.

Brendan had explained that Giles risked his manhood by indulging the human need for other humans, even when light-years away from home as he still was bound by the rules of Star Command as well as by Federation edicts.

When she noticed the long silence she asked if this was the spacecraft he piloted when on duty.

He shook his head. "I command a starfighter. It's smaller, faster and better armed than this transporter. I brought it here to Obsidion so it could be serviced during the holiday. The Star Command grants furloughs to a good many of us at this time of year, and this year was my turn for leave."

"That surprises me. I never imagined sky pirates taking off to celebrate the holiday."

"We don't, at least not all of us. But it seems many of the bad guys celebrate, too, so Star Command grants holiday leave to each pilot every other year. Enough patrols stay on duty that the galaxy should be safe to travel."

Star smiled. "I trust you to take good care of us. How long will the journey take?"

"By my calculations we should land on Eastphalia tomorrow about seventeen hundred hours."

"Would you like for me to pleasure you now?" When Star perched on the edge of the control console, tiny bells attached to her nipples tinkled, sending tiny shock waves to her cunt.

Giles glanced toward the sound of the bells and smiled. "Later. As soon as your slave returns, we will be on our way. Blastoff will require my full attention." He reached out, caught one bell and gently tugged it. "You didn't have nipple rings last night."

"I take them out when I'm working."

He scowled at her. "You just offered to go back to work, didn't you?"

It took a second for his question to register with her. "No. I offered to share some pleasure with you. Because it pleases me to do so, not because I expect payment. I'm on holiday, off to celebrate the season with my daughter...and her father."

He had the decency to look sheepish. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that." He swiveled the command seat around and patted his thighs. "Come here."

When she obeyed and moved onto his lap, he cupped her breasts, making the bells jingle and her cunt go wet. She felt his strength—the hard muscles of his thighs beneath her own, the insistent pulsing of his half-hard cock against her ass and the slow, steady beating of his heart against her back as he fondled her. And she knew she wanted him, not just for a holiday night, but for forever.

That was a foolish fantasy, she knew. Their forever would end with this holiday season, because the mere idea of a Federation Star Commander giving up his exalted position to mate with a Pleasure Mistress like her was so ridiculous as to be laughable. Star snuggled back against Giles' muscular chest.

She'd enjoy what time they had and not ask for the impossible.

But when she felt his cock fully erect and straining between her thighs, she turned, loosened his trousers and took his huge package in her hands. "It may be a half-hour before Brendan returns. If it pleases you, I could give you a quick orgasm, release the tension I'm feeling here."

A feral smile transformed his face into that of a determined satyr. Standing, he set her down and looked as though he would eat her alive. "I don't want a blowjob right now. And I want to wait and fuck your delightful cunt when I can devote the entire night to our mutual pleasure. Bare your bottom for me and bend over the seat in front of the console. I will fuck your tight ass while we wait for the slave."

He couldn't resist her. Though every sexual move she made said "accomplished Pleasure Mistress", he couldn't regard her with the expected Earthling disdain. Not when she stripped gracefully and followed his command to the letter, bending over the chair so her taut asshole was exposed, still a little damp from the internal cleansing from earlier.

Bending, he rimmed her until she squirmed. Her little moans when he tightened his tongue and worked it barely inside her tight hole made him harder than he'd ever been.

"Oh, yes. That feels so good." She encouraged him as no other woman or sexbot had ever done. His scrotum drew up tight to his throbbing erection, as though reminding him they had little time before blastoff. Keeping his tongue busy in her clean-tasting ass, he used both hands to drop his pants while he wet her with his saliva.

Then he straightened and guided his cock to her hole. She was so hot, so wet, that when he flexed his hips and breached her tight anal sphincter she took all of him.

“Oh Gods, Master. Fuck my ass. Fuck me hard. I love how your monster cock stretches my ass.”

A keening sound escaped her lips when he nearly withdrew then thrust hard into her. Over and over, so many times he lost count, but he managed to hold out. He used his hands on her nipples to take her higher, feed her arousal.

She became incredibly tight around him, flexing well-trained muscles. Muscles that drew out a fierce orgasm.

As Giles slumped over her sated body, Brendan announced his presence by bending and rimming his asshole by way of greeting.

Giles didn't mind as he thought he would. He realized then that he had accepted Star's slave. Brendan would serve him, but as a caring master he would have to cater to Brendan's own limited needs. “You may continue later, slave. Now we need to be on our way.”

* * * * *

The transporter hurtled through the blackness of space toward Eastphalia, its course programmed as fully as Giles' life had been since he'd been tapped as a teenager for the Star Command. He checked the control panel one last time before unbuckling his seat belt and heading, by force of habit, for the crew's sleeping quarters.

His cock twitched. This time there would be no sexbot, but Star and, he guessed, the eunuch who had joined her for blastoff once he'd given Giles the gifts he'd been sent to select.

This pleasure that was consuming Giles couldn't go on once the solstice passed. Perhaps when they returned to Obsidion, he'd visit Pak Song and upgrade his sexbot. Something told him the old sexbot maker's finest wouldn't hold a candle to Star, though.

He opened the hatch to the small sleeping room, eager not for sleep, but for more of the incredible, forbidden sensations. More of Star. And, his conscience whispered, more forbidden services from her eunuch slave.

When he saw Star lying on the sleeping couch, Giles gasped. Her body glistened, all gold and glitter and silver bells dangling from her reddened nipples. The robed and hooded eunuch knelt at the edge of the narrow cot, her legs draped over his shoulders as he applied more of the arousing red substance to her cunt lips while she moaned with apparent delight.

"Do not. It is Giles I burn for."

Brendan rose, bowed. "She is ready for you, Master. May I make you ready for her?"

Giles needed no further stimulation than seeing her, smelling her sweet musk, hearing her call out for him. His cock was hard as stone and his balls ached with the need to come. "I appreciate the offer, but I need no foreplay. Nothing but the sight of your mistress."

As Giles tore off his garments and sank to his knees where the eunuch had been, guilt nagged at him. Though he was whole, he had known yearning, had sometimes fantasized about taking a man's cock, feeling live flesh while it stretched his ass.

He turned, found the eunuch at the door. "Stay, slave. You may fuck my ass while I fuck your mistress."

"I cannot." Brendan's incredibly sad expression tore at Giles' conscience. "But I will gladly use Mistress Star's dildo if it pleases you."

The slave sounded eager. Pathetically so. Giles couldn't deny him whatever small pleasure he still could enjoy. "It will please me greatly. First I will prepare her. Then as we start to fuck, you may join in the fun."

With that, Giles went on his knees. He gorged himself on her nectar, inhaling the mingled scents of sex and honey. Her little clit hardened, swelling against his tongue.

She whimpered when he slid his hands along her slick, satiny skin and clutched her full, firm breasts. The sounds aroused him as nothing else ever had.

Tugging gently at her nipple rings, he made her bells ring, their sounds no longer muffled by her clothing. His own nipples tingled, the flesh hardening against the small rings that pierced them.

As hard as he tried, he couldn't banish the tender emotions that welled up inside him, couldn't bury them in the heat of his passion...and hers. He had to, though. Couldn't let himself be seduced into throwing away all he'd worked for, lived for. Desperate, he moved onto the sleeping couch and dug his fingers into her lush flesh as he positioned his cock head at the hot, wet entrance to her cunt and plunged inside.

"Fuck me now," he told Brendan. His cock throbbed so hard in Star's wet cunt that he barely registered the tightness when Brendan worked the large dildo carefully into his anus.

How could he notice the dildo when she was gripping him with tight inner muscles, as though she didn't want to let him go? Her little whimpers told him she liked him to fuck her hard and fast, liked the feel of his cock inside her, his weight on her as he plunged his cock into her cunt and his tongue deep into her mouth. His back stung from the bite of her nails—the bite of passion, not the practiced technique of a Pleasure Mistress.

Gods help him, he wanted to make this last. It wasn't going to happen, though. He was too close to the edge. His balls tightened. When she screamed and her cunt convulsed wildly around his cock, he began to spurt his hot, wet semen.

Not into a sexbot or a sterile depository but into a living, breathing woman. Not a Pleasure Mistress but just a woman. A woman who'd taken his seed, nurtured it, and borne his child.

When he was spent, it finally dawned on him that Brendan was still there, his breath tickling Giles' hair. And he felt the dildo still embedded in his ass. "Stop now, slave," he ordered gruffly.

Then Giles did what no self-respecting starfighter would do. Rolling off Star to spare her his weight, he gathered her in his arms and held her. He breathed in the heady fragrance of her perfume and rested his head on the soft pillow of her breasts. Worse, he made room on the bed for Brendan and even enjoyed the sensation of being sandwiched between mistress and slave, both of whom had contributed to his pleasure.

As he drifted off to sleep he imagined a life with her, a life adrift in a universe that would no more accept him than it did her. A life that would by necessity include their child and the Earthling eunuch who was her sex slave.

When he was lying in their arms the prospect didn't seem all that terrible.

Chapter Four

"Why did you buy the eunuch?" Giles asked Star when she joined him at the command center of the small transporter in preparation for their landing on Eastphalia. "Does he provide you pleasure?"

That sounded suspiciously like jealousy, an emotion distinctly rare in clients of a Pleasure Mistress. "No. I bought Brendan to help me pleasure my clients. He'd been working in the Sex Emporium too long, and he didn't react well to the testosterone patches they made him wear."

"So, he's..."

"Yes. He's incapable of fucking now, but I believe his giving pleasure to others—male or female—provides him with a small measure of satisfaction. Did you not enjoy his attention?"

Giles snorted. "I enjoy yours more."

What a typical macho reaction of an Earthling starfighter. Star tried hard to squelch a grin. "Yes. I could tell. Will you tell Gillian she's your daughter?"

"I want to. Looking at her on the communicator screen... Well, seeing her did something to me. Seeing myself in her eyes, in the light hair I had before it was removed to comply with the regulations for members of Star Command—well, it was a heady experience. Somehow I'd never considered until I saw her that there might be hundreds of children at the breeding farms back home, children I'll never know. How do you—"

"You may tell her. Here on Eastphalia, there's no shame in what I do and no stigma on children born to Pleasure Mistresses. There's also no prejudice against Earthlings. We will teach Gillian to be proud her father is a member of the Federation Star Command."

"Thank you."

"I thank you, Earthling. You gave me great pleasure, and you gave me a child."

Giles cleared his throat. "Fasten your seat belt, we're about to land." He pressed the com button and advised Brendan, who had stayed in the sleeping quarters, to prepare for landing.

* * * * *

Home. Lights twinkled from every barren branch, in the windows of nearly every home and business. Happy lights—red and blue, green and gold, white and every shade of the rainbow. Star recalled her mother saying that when she was not much older than Gillian.

When she glanced at Giles, he wore the nostalgic look of a man remembering long-ago times, other solstice seasons. At first that surprised her but she guessed it shouldn't. She had heard from Brendan, as well as many clients, that Earthlings had celebrated similar winter holidays. She supposed Eastphalians who'd migrated from Earth generations earlier had brought their traditions with them.

"Happy solstice," she said to Giles and Brendan as they trudged through a light dusting of snow on the tarmac toward the spaceship terminal, their arms laden with wrapped packages. A fat snowflake landed on her lip and she captured it with her tongue. Her bells jingled, seemingly in tune with the holiday tune coming from loudspeakers inside the terminal. "It feels good to be home."

Star's heart filled to bursting at the rapt expression on Giles' face when he met, then held, their daughter. Maybe...just maybe her solstice wish would be fulfilled.

* * * * *

Later, as they put their daughter to bed, Giles looked down with wonder at Gillian as the toddler snuggled under a bright-blue coverlet strewn with silver stars. Gods! She

looked beautiful, clutching the old-fashioned baby doll Brendan had picked out for him to give her as though it were the greatest gift she'd ever received.

Having a child and celebrating the solstice here on this barren planet where little of value existed but love, felt good. Better than the elaborate celebrations he remembered back on Earth. This seemed more honest, more real. Giles reached over the crib and took Star's hand. "Thank you."

"It is I who should thank you." She bent and kissed Gillian's chubby cheek. "Sweet dreams, my angel," she said, love evident in the softness of her expression.

Suddenly Giles wanted Star to look at him that way, not just with lust in her eyes but with true affection. He needed her to treat him not as an attractive alien who'd happened to sire her daughter when he fucked her, but a friend—like her eunuch Brendan. Giles wanted to be the part of Star's life that she valued beyond all else.

It no longer mattered to him that she'd fucked a thousand men, Earthling and alien. Giles felt the love in every room of the home she'd made for Gillian, and he realized the only thing of value she and her fellow Eastphalians had to trade for the gold they needed to survive was their beautiful women—the Pleasure Mistresses Earthlings decried as whores even as they took forbidden pleasures from them at every opportunity.

Star had done what she had to do. Now he must do his duty. If they were to forge a life together he'd have to get over his culture-imposed phobia, take Brendan as he sometimes liked to take his woman. Star loved the eunuch so he must love Brendan, too.

He could do it because he wanted her more than he'd ever wanted anyone or anything. Her work shamed him, but she'd never have to do again if she'd accept his protection—and he accepted the slave for his intended use.

When they came to rest in the main room of her cozy home, a crackling fire banishing the chill, Giles sank onto the plush stack of cushions where he'd played earlier with his daughter and pulled Star down beside him.

"Do you want me to call Brendan?"

"Yes. He needs to feel he's part of us." Though Giles originally had recoiled at the idea of sharing his body with any male, eunuch or not, he found now that he didn't mind so much. Star's compassion for Brendan had impressed Giles, made him realize he could cast old prejudices aside and open his arms and mind to all kinds of love.

When Brendan came in the room Giles held out his arms and embraced the confused-looking slave. "Star is your Mistress, but I'm her Master. To me, that means we're bound together. That I am honor-bound to pleasure both of you, strange as that would seem to people back on Earth."

The look Star gave him warmed his heart. "Yes. From now on we will love each other. Give each other every possible pleasure. For the rest of our lives we will share a bed and our bodies. No holds barred." He paused, then turned to Brendan. "Tonight I will fuck your ass while you pleasure our woman with your hands and tongue. My precious slave, lie back against the cushions so the eunuch may give you his love while I show him how a whole man's cock will feel inside him."

Star's eyes glistened with tears, but her expression broadcast happiness. "You love me, Master?"

"Yes. I will love your slave, too." In the end it made no difference to Giles that he'd be throwing away all he'd worked for since being tapped as a teenager to train for the Star Command. Although he tried to summon regret for that, and for the fact that when he placed love over duty he could never go home again, it wouldn't come. All that mattered now was Star, their child and their love. And Brendan, whom he knew he'd come to love because Star loved him.

Her skin felt like satin beneath his fingers when he unwrapped her from the bright-red jumpsuit. When the material brushed her nipples and made the little bells ring, she smiled, and he couldn't resist nuzzling her naked breasts with his nose, making them chime again. "Happy solstice, sweetheart."

"To you, too."

Gently, more gently than he'd ever touched a woman before, Giles traced the reflected firelight along Star's jaw, her throat, down her voluptuous body to the tattooed garden on her mound. He fingered the numbers at its center. "I will have these numbers removed," he said, bending to kiss the proof of her profession. "You will be only mine. And Brendan will be ours."

The look on her face told him he'd made her happy. "Yes. Only yours."

He moved away so Brendan could lie between Star's legs and do as Giles had instructed. Then he positioned himself behind Brendan and guided his erection to the slave's tight hole. As he sank into the twice-forbidden paradise he grasped the slave's limp cock and jacked it. Though Brendan remained limp, he moaned with apparent enjoyment while Giles thrust in and out of his asshole. Giles figured some part of him was fulfilling a long-held fantasy as he came quickly. When he did, Brendan shuddered as though in some way Giles' orgasm triggered his own.

A short time later Giles wiped his cock with medicom and they switched places. As Brendan rimmed Giles' ass with his tongue, Star locked her midnight gaze with Giles as he moved inside her in a carnal dance made more intense by the emotions that passed between them.

Though the physical actions were familiar, their mutual love was new. As he thrust into her wet heat over and over while Brendan finger-fucked his ass, he felt a warmth he'd never before experienced, a strong feeling that he'd come home. That he belonged here with Star and their eunuch slave.

"You are mine only. From this day on."

Her sweet, almost innocent smile was the only answer he needed, the answer that triggered his need to claim her, not for a night but for a lifetime. Pressure built quickly in his balls and he felt his climax beginning.

He was coming. He couldn't hold back. Not now. "Come for me," he ground out, holding out from spilling his seed by sheer power of will. When her cunt convulsed around his cock, he let go, coming in short, steaming bursts deep into her womb.

“Happy solstice, my darling Earthling,” Star whispered afterward. “To you, too, my precious slave.”

Giles felt truly happy for the first time since he’d realized the Federation rulers had stripped them of everything, even love. Star and Brendan had given that back to him. He lacked the words to express exactly what he felt, so he settled for an old cliché.

“I love you. Both of you. Now and always.”

About the Author

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

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

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

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

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