

EXOTIKA

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Breeders

Breeders

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Alena Hyde is on a mission to deliver badly needed humanitarian aid to the people of Serak V.

Commander Griel Ruzak can't believe his eyes when the beautiful Captain Hyde hails him, requesting permission to land. She is an answer to their prayers. Not only does she bring much needed medical aid, she and her crew offer the men of Serak the means to repopulate a planet devastated by a disease that killed their women.

To Alena's shock and dismay, she wakes from a crash landing to find herself naked and trussed like a chicken. Ruzak makes his intentions clear. All the women traveling with her will become breeders for his men. *She*, he informs her, will be his. While she's still bound, he uses his two cocks to pleasure her in ways she never imagined.

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Breeders

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Chapter One

"Hell's fucking bells," Alena Hyde yelled as she was once more thrown against the heavy polymer tube that held her in cryo-sleep. At least she was supposed to be in cryo-sleep, but that wasn't the case. The ship bucked and pitched, tossing her around like a finch in a cyclone. At this rate, she'd be lucky if she survived long enough to shake off the drugging sleep and make it to the bridge. The ship pitched once more, throwing her against the high-impact translucent tube. She flung her hand out to brace herself and the tube responded to her handprint, sliding sideways. The ship bucked once more and she was hurled from her resting place. Damn, and she'd been having the most wonderful erotic dream.

Another dip sent her skidding across the floor and into the base of her personal control station. With a vicious curse, she hauled herself into her chair and strapped herself in so she could keep her seat. With the slap of her hand against the screen, she shouted into the comm., "Computer. Damage assessment."

"Shields intact. Life-support online. Cryo-sleep units disengaged. All life forces fully functional."

"Injuries?"

"Minimal."

The ship dropped precipitously. "That won't last long if we don't get out of this storm. Engage screen and let's see what's going on out there."

The vid screen lit up and Alena gasped. They were in the middle of a solar windstorm of epic proportions. A major shift in wind direction could very well propel them farther from their original destination. If it hadn't already.

"Computer—location."

"Approaching the leading edge of the Sarcor system."

“Fuck, fuck, fuck. Serak is on the other side of this system. Engage jump drive.”

Well, this would put *The Serendipity* to the test. And, after all, it was what she’d signed on for – despite the many months of cryo-sleep involved. And why not? She had no family, nor did the women who served under her. Orphans one and all, they lived for adventure, and traveling to a distant star system definitely qualified. Besides, it was good public relations. They’d be heroes for delivering humanitarian aid to a disease-ravaged planet. It would make her a star in highly competitive field where women were believed to lack the physical stamina for long-distance cryo-travel. She’d show them that women were just as cap –

“Use of the jump drive will significantly deplete remaining power sources, Captain.”

Or not. Alena exhaled a frustrated puff of breath and shook her head. “No choice. This storm’s too powerful. Override auxiliary power and engage jump drive.” She keyed the ship-wide comm system.

“Good morning people, this is your captain speaking. We’re in the middle of a solar windstorm. Please secure your tray tables and make sure your seats are in the upright position.” She could almost see her first mate rolling her eyes as she made light of their precarious situation. “Buckle up and hang on to your asses, folks. Engaging jump drive in five...four...three...two... Engaging jump drive.”

Ordinarily making the jump into hyperspace was a smooth process, but the ferocity of the winds made the ship shudder and groan until it achieved a speed greater than the wind itself. Giving the computer the order to disengage faster-than-light speed when they cleared the storm, Alena unbuckled and took a quick solar shower, muttering to herself as she stood beneath the bright, cleansing light. It would be good to get someplace where should could take a real bath, in real water. She dressed and left her quarters, heading for the communal area. Passengers and crew would be gathering and want to know what was going on.

* * * * *

As expected, Alena was greeted with a barrage of questions. She held up her hands and the room quieted.

"To answer your questions, the ship encountered a violent solar windstorm. The computers shut down several systems in order to conserve power—one of those systems being cryogenics."

"Where are we?" one of the doctors asked.

"When I engaged the jump drive, we were approaching the leading edge of the Sarcor system." She crossed the room to the bank of replicators and programmed a cup of coffee, then turned to face the group. "Having said that, jumping to faster-than-light speed used a significant amount of energy, and that could make our descent into Serak V airspace a little tricky."

An older man stepped forward, the sparse gray hair of his combover scrunched at an odd angle.

"Tricky how, Captain?"

Alena blew over the rim of her cup to cool her beverage. "Well." She stretched the word out. "As in it's going to be a bumpy landing so everyone needs to make sure their belongings are well secured." She searched for her second-in-command. "Which reminds me, Silia. You'll need to put together a team to check the cargo hold. Everything should be secure but we took a pretty good beating before cryo shutdown, so let's make sure we didn't lose anything."

"Aye, Captain." Silia pointed at several women and they filed out of the room.

"Everyone else, get yourselves something to eat and enjoy the time off. We don't know what we're going to find when we get to Serak V."

Alena waited until the passengers and crew secured their food and then programmed her own order. She hated eating replicated food. It wasn't that it didn't taste good, it was a texture issue. A replicated rib eye steak was a sorry second to the real thing. Most of the meats lacked some indefinable characteristic that made the meal

less than palatable to her mind. They weren't rubbery, exactly, nor spongy. It was more like a combination of those two textures. And there was no juice. How could a body eat a steak that wasn't juicy? So she programmed a generous portion of oatmeal with raisins, walnuts, brown sugar and a small measure of milk and took a seat at a table with her crew.

"So. How's everybody doing? No ill-effects from cryo?" She scooped up a spoonful of oatmeal.

"Good, Captain," Tempest, a diminutive redhead assured her. "A little groggy but getting tossed out of the tube woke me right up."

Alena laughed. "Yeah. Woke me up too. Glad everyone's okay." She made a point of making eye contact with each person at the table. "Look, I wasn't kidding when I said the landing could be bumpy. We're dangerously low on fuel. The computer is systematically searching for systems that can go offline so we can conserve energy. I'm going to need you all to make sure the passengers stow their gear safely so nobody loses a limb or gets their head knocked off when we touch down."

"It's going to be that bad?" the little redhead asked.

Alena shrugged, hoping her explanation wouldn't scare the crewmember. "It'll probably be a bounce and slide. We should make it into Serak airspace without any problems, but it remains to be seen how well the reverse thrusters will work to slow us down. Just prepare yourselves and make sure the passengers are doing what they need to do. We should be dropping out of FTL any time now."

As if she'd ordered it to come to pass, the ship slowed noticeably. The drop in altitude made her stomach do a little flip.

"Well, there you go. We should be in Serak airspace in under an hour." She appointed three crewmembers to do a quick survey of the passenger spaces once everyone had finished eating and sent everyone else to their stations. "I'm off to the bridge."

* * * * *

Ruzak nearly fell out of his seat when the comm chimed. They'd been told the crew of a transport freighter was en route with doctors and supplies, but assumed the ship had been warned off when people on Serak started dying en masse. He sat up, gave himself a moment to gather his wits, then opened the connection. And his breath caught in his throat. The woman on the vid screen was strikingly attractive in a foreign kind of way.

"Serak V control, be advised this is Captain Hyde of the Earth ship, *Serendipity*. We are approaching your airspace and seek permission to land."

Ruzak's uniform trousers tented painfully. "Greetings, Captain Hyde, and welcome. I am Commander Griel Ruzak. We had lost hope that you would ever arrive."

The woman's smile rivaled the brightest sun. "Sorry about that, Commander Ruzak. We encountered a solar windstorm that gave us a good ass-kicking. Knocked the crew and myself out of cryo ahead of time." Her lips pursed and he could all but feel them close around his cock. Luscious, pink, pouty lips. *Wonder if her pussy lips are that color?*

"I see. Everyone came through unscathed?"

There was that smile again. "Right as rain, Commander. Just a few bumps and bruises. The...er...trouble might be with our landing. I had to kick *Serendipity* into FTL to get her out of that storm before we took any more damage, and we're running dangerously low on fuel. Not sure my reverse thrusters are going to do the job of slowing us down."

Ruzak smiled. This was going to be easier than he'd imagined. "No worries, Captain. We have a netting system in place. Once you touch down, we can deploy the nets. They'll surround your vessel and slow you down. It'll be a quick stop so your crew and passengers will have to strap themselves in tightly. How many are you, Captain?"

"We total fifty in number, sir. Twenty crew and thirty medical staff. I assume you have accommodations for us?"

He hoped his lust wasn't apparent to the pretty captain. "Of course, Captain." He studied his GPS system and gave her the safest route to their mountainous control center. He'd have to input their coordinates with exacting precision to keep them from skidding across the land and launching themselves off the side of a cliff. He needed the supplies *The Serendipity* carried and, more importantly, the revival of the Serak population might well rely on the beautiful captain and any other females on board.

"I'm inputting your coordinates now, Captain. You'll be penetrating Serakan atmosphere momentarily. As soon as you're within range, we'll engage the nets and reel you in."

"Roger that, Commander. See you on the ground. Hyde out."

The vid screen went dark. "*See you on the ground,*" she'd said. "Oh yes, you will, Captain. You'll see every inch of me and more."

Ruzak opened the compound comm system. "Garik, report to the communications room immediately. Ulard, I'm sending you a set of coordinates. Input them into the trap net and be ready to launch on my command. Ral, assemble a team. We have company coming with a cargo bay full of supplies to be offloaded. Their ship is low on power so they'll be coming in fast. We have to trap them as carefully as possible. There are women on board."

Ruzak swiveled his chair when the door to the comm room slid open. "The transport freighter made it through." He opened the vid screen and ran it back to show his friend and second-in-command. Captain Hyde's image materialized on the screen and Ruzak allowed himself to take a long look at her. "If she is fertile, she will produce fine offspring."

From all appearances, the woman was breeding age. Her dark hair was pulled back from a narrow face with knife-blade cheekbones. Her nose was sharp and straight. But her mouth. Mother of fate, that mouth. It was wide and full lipped, the color of a pink

sunset. Her blue-gray eyes were large, almond shaped and tilted slightly upward. There were laugh lines around those spectacular eyes and he thought he would like to be the one to make her laugh. What would it sound like, her laugh?

Garik summoned a grin that was more predatory than pleasant. "So you are claiming her for yourself." It wasn't a question.

"Breeder or not, this one is mine. Though I might be inclined to share if you do not find one that pleases you." Ruzak folded his thick-muscled arms across his massive chest. "But do not worry, my friend. There are fifty humans on board that ship. Some of them are bound to be women. I am sure you will find one worthy of your time and attention. You will oversee the gathering of the crew and passengers."

A sonic boom rattled the windows of the comm center and Ruzak rose. "Our guests have arrived. Let's give them a proper welcome."

* * * * *

The trap net had performed flawlessly but the ship had landed hard. Ruzak and Garik hurried up the ramp and went in search of the bridge. The smell of scorched wiring tinged the air, lending an air of urgency to the tasks before them. He nodded at his men in approval. Already, the cargo was being unloaded and the injured transported to the compound.

Arriving at the bridge, Ruzak and Garik muscled the door open. Captain Hyde and another woman were slumped over a smoldering console.

Ruzak hurried to the captain's side. "Best hurry and get them out in case the ship goes up in flames." Her harness was jammed and he reached into his boot, extracting a knife. With two efficient swipes of the razor-sharp blade, the captain was free. He swung her up into his arms, noticing a gash above her right eye. "I'll meet you in the infirmary."

Garik grinned as he lifted the other one out of her chair. "This one is mine, Commander.

Ruzak laughed. "You've always had a thing for yellow hair. So be it."

Outside there was chaos. People were injured, though not badly, and Ruzak's men were separating the women from the men.

"Commander," one of his soldiers shouted, "there are small fires all over the ship. Permission to assemble a team to put it out, sir."

The woman in his arms groaned. "Permission granted, Florek. You will be rewarded for your initiative today." The man nodded and hurried off to assemble his team while Ruzak loped up the hill behind Garik. His own doctors stood at the entrance of the main compound and when Ruzak approached, led the way to the infirmary.

Carefully, as though she were made of glass, Ruzak placed Captain Hyde on an exam table. "Treat her injuries and run the usual DNA panel. I want to know if Earth women are compatible with the Serak. If so, let me know if she's fertile."

The doctor ran a scanner over the woman's pelvic area. "Her tubes have been cut and tied, Commander."

His head jerked up and he narrowed his eyes. "Can it be undone? Can she be rendered fertile?"

"Of course."

"Do it. I want her fertile by the time she's delivered to the lab for testing."

On the table, the woman who might be his future mate groaned and tried to sit up. His hand on her shoulder easily subdued her.

"What— Why the fuck do you want me fertile?"

Ruzak leaned down. "Because we need breeders, my pet, and you're going to be mine."

"The hell you say—" Her eyes rolled back in her head as the doctor sedated her.

Ruzak smoothed away a lock of hair that had escaped from her tight braid. "I'll say that and more, Captain," he said. "Just as soon as you're able."

Chapter Two

Alena woke in a small white room. The first thing she noticed was the lack of pain. Given the way her face had slammed into the flight console, she should have one hell of a headache. The second thing she noticed was that she was naked. Completely naked and bound to a padded table, spread-eagle with her knees strapped to a cushioned bar.

“What the hell?” She lifted her head and scanned the room. Heated fury washed over her when she spied a man sprawled in a chair in the corner. “What is the meaning of this outrage?”

She recognized him the moment he stood, stretching languidly. “Ah good, you’re awake.”

“You will release me this instant, Commander Ruzak.”

The man actually had the audacity to laugh. Her skin prickled with gooseflesh. Oh, that was a dirty laugh. He moved to the side of the table, sweeping her naked body with an encompassing gaze.

“You are quite lovely, Captain Hyde.” He reached out and caressed her breast, tracing the areola with his index finger. Her nipple contracted and he grinned. Strong, white teeth in a full mouth—a mouth he was lowering to that traitorous nipple. He flicked his tongue out to curl around the stiff peak, then closed his lips around it and began to suckle.

Alena gasped as her pussy clenched. She would not be aroused by this...this psychopath. She squeezed her eyes shut. Somebody ought to deliver that message to her body, because it was definitely responding. Her mind was unwilling but her flesh was weak. She’d been in space a very long time and she hadn’t had sex in what seemed like forever.

"You're very responsive, Captain. I like that." He moved to the other side of the table and tended to the other breast. "Tell me, what is your name? I can't keep referring to you as Captain Hyde."

"As if I give a rat's ass what you like. Fuck you," she said through clenched teeth.

He straightened and moved to the end of the table. "Oh, I'll be doing that too, my pet. And very often." He hooked the toe of his boot around the leg of a stool and dragged it over so he could sit. Eye-level with her cunt, he cocked his head. "The doctors tell me you'll be able to take me, but looking at you, I'm not so sure." Deep blue eyes perused her from between her parted legs. "Tell me, how many men have been in this pussy?"

Alena made a choking noise. "You—" He leaned forward and licked her, asshole to clit. "G—aah...you stop that right now."

His long black hair tickled her inner thighs as he shook his head. "No, I don't think I will."

He lowered his mouth to her cunt and slowly began to feast. Teeth, lips, tongue, fingers. He explored every centimeter of her most intimate flesh. No part of her was denied the attention of his rapacious mouth. Gluttonous sounds of delight accompanied his ravishment, gulps and slurps as he thrust his tongue into her opening to devour the slick liquid now pouring from her body.

He paused. "Tell me your name."

"No." A long, thick finger played at her entrance, then eased inside. "Oh god, Alena. My name's Alena."

He licked the crease of her leg. "Very good." He gave her another thick finger and pumped. "A reward for your obedience."

Alena screamed in frustration. "Obedience?" Was he kidding? "Fuck...you."

His lips closed over her clit and his amused chuckle vibrated through her tormented nerve endings. He resumed his work with a singular dedication, fingers

probing, stretching, delving into her very core while his mouth—that wicked fucking mouth—drove her higher and higher, propelling her toward an orgasm that bordered on pain. With a twist of his wrist, he aimed for her G-spot.

“Whu...” she gurgled, her back bowing. “Uh...ohmigod!” Those merciless fingers, that savage, talented mouth—waves of ecstasy swamped her, then hurled her to a place where her body rippled and strained and hunched. She heard screams, vaguely recognized they were hers, then the world went black.

She came to with a moan on her lips and—holy crap—something warm and slippery probing her ass.

“What?” She tried to wriggle away but the probing continued. “Oh no. No, no, no, you are not fucking my ass.” She lifted her head, met his amused smile.

“Really? I don’t think you’re in any position to stop me.”

The probing continued and the thickness inside her increased. “What are you doing to me, you fucking pervert?” *Jesus, had he shoved live coals up there?*

“Stretching you for my cock. Did I mention men of my species have two?”

“T-two? How is that even... Double penetration?” She’d heard rumors, of course, but quickly dismissed them. Really, what would be the point of having two?

“You’re going to love it. Though I can’t deny it’s probably going to hurt like a bitch. But the oil should help relax the muscles a bit.”

“Gee, thanks.” She’d meant it as sarcasm but he started a scissoring motion inside her ass that set her nerves to sparking. “Oooh.” She closed her eyes and savored the unusual feeling.

He chuckled. “You’re welcome.”

He continued the anal massaging—long, slow strokes and twists that had Alena squirming. Good god. The man had two cocks, he was going to fuck her with them and she was actually anticipating said fucking? She’d definitely gone ’round the bend.

There was a rustle of clothes and she opened her eyes. Holy fucking crow. He was naked from the waist down. Naked and aroused. And there was no way it was anatomically possible those cocks were going to fit into her body. Nope. Nu-uh. Not possible.

But damn, he was hot. A big, strapping man, just the way she liked them. His chest and shoulders were twice the size of hers. Strong of frame, rippling with thick slabs of muscle beneath a stretchy uniform shirt. The kind of muscles a guy couldn't get in a gym. This was a man's man, a warrior. She could see that now. He both excited and terrified her. Then he stepped up to the table and her whole body shivered with a desperate need to be taken.

"I'm going to reposition you, Alena. Don't try to escape me. If you do, you won't like the result. Do you understand?" He fiddled with the bar and lowered her legs until they hung free over the edge of the table.

"I understand."

Ruzak lifted her and placed her on her stomach. He fiddled around with the table some more and out slid a padded Y extension. Soft cuffs circled her ankles and he cinched them down. More fiddling and her legs were once again spread wide apart. Hard hands closed around her waist, pulling her back until she rested on her elbows. He tucked a thick bolster under her hips and guided her hands to the edges of the table, cuffing them into place.

Alena swallowed hard when Ruzak mounted the step behind her. She was strapped down, completely helpless. Whatever he wanted, he could take. Another shudder rippled down her spine. *Would he hurt her?*

His hands were gentle, caressing her ass. "Did you know that the human backside is full of nerve endings? I could give you a little smack—" The flat of his hand cracked across one cheek. "And the blood flow to your bottom and your lovely swollen pussy increases."

Three more solid cracks across her backside and Alena was quivering. *What was happening to her?* She could feel her own juices leaking onto her thighs.

"Beautiful. Just beautiful, Alena." He slid a finger into her anus and pumped. She couldn't help it, the muscle tightened in an effort to keep him inside. "Such a pretty pink hole, and it's all mine, isn't it my pet?" She didn't answer and he smacked her again. "I asked you a question. This is my pretty pink hole, isn't it?"

"Yes." The word came out on a groan as he removed his finger and pressed the head of one of his cocks against the star of her anus.

"I do love fucking a virgin ass."

Alena moaned as he pressed harder and hissed as the tiny opening spread. "Hurts."

"Of course it does, you've never had a cock in your ass before." He rocked back and pressed forward again. "Take a deep breath and push out."

The pain was sharp and burning as Ruzak forged into her, but there was a dark and thrilling pleasure fluttering around the edges of her consciousness.

"Oh mother of fate, you have one tight ass, my pretty pet." He eased back once more, then took her hips in his hands and pulled her back, feeding his cock deeper and deeper until his second, longer cock, slid between the lips of her pussy.

Savage spikes of lust washed over her, the tilt of her ass imploring him to impale her, to run her through with those big, thick cocks. It was dirty and hot and she'd never felt anything like it in her life.

"Yes," Ruzak crooned. "It feels good, doesn't it? Do you want more? Shall I make you come all over my cocks?"

Alena sobbed. Pleasure merged with pain as Ruzak ground his hips against her ass.

"Too late. I can't hold back any longer. I've got to fuck."

It was agony. It was ecstasy. It was every woman's fantasy – to be taken, ravaged, sucked and fucked until one's entire body quivered with orgasms so intense as to defy description. And Ruzak was doing that and more.

"I claim you as my own," he rasped, driving into her hard and deep. His fingers bit into the flesh of her hips as he guided her, drawing her onto his cocks and driving into her with a frenzy. "No other will touch you. This is my pussy. My ass. Say it. Say it or I won't let you come."

"Yours. Yours, I swear it."

"That's right. Very good, Alena." He slowed his pace and loosed his cruel grip on her hips. Then both cocks slammed into her and he began a slow, swirling grind against her ass. One arm snaked around her waist and she felt his hand between her legs, his middle finger plucking at her clit. "Now you come."

He fucked her. Short, vicious strokes that would have driven her onto her stomach had she not been held in place by the bolster and cuffs. The cocks inside her swelled until neither of them could move.

"Come, Alena." These were not tender words. Not words meant to seduce or arouse. They demanded, as did the finger strumming her swollen clit. "Come, damn you."

Alena gasped for breath, her body poised on the brink. He caught her clit between two fingers and squeezed and she tumbled, her body racking and twisting as she howled. She could swear she felt her inner muscles contract in spasm after spasm and Ruzak followed her into the maelstrom, roaring out his release.

Impossibly, she felt jet after jet of semen flood her cervix, burning like the fires of the orgasm that had set her ablaze. She cried out, tried to move, but he was locked inside her, his seed pumping into her body, breaching the barrier, pouring into her.

"Mother of fate, let the healing have been successful. Let my seed bear fruit."

His words came back to her, words he had spoken to her as the doctor administered the sedative. She was his breeder.

The bastard's cock finally deflated to the point he was able to pull out of her but, remarkably, he was still as hard as he'd been when he'd first entered her. Alena couldn't suppress a wanton moan as those two cocks began the slow glide from her

body. He chuckled and thrust into her, eliciting a gasp. Gentle hands stroked her back as he fed more of himself into her hungry cunt.

"I am pleased you enjoy my attentions. I'll be sure to attend to you regularly."

"Don't—do me any," another small orgasm rocked her, "favors."

He withdrew and began the process of removing the restraints. "There is a room adjoining this one. Clean yourself up and one of my men will be in shortly to show you to your quarters."

Alena eased off the table, wincing. She flexed her leg muscles to get the blood flowing again.

"Wait just a minute," she demanded as he donned then fastened his breeches. "Where the hell is my crew? What are you going to do with us?"

He smiled. "I should think that would be fairly obvious, Alena."

"Enlighten me anyway, Commander. We're unfamiliar with your ways and the manner in which you treat those from whom you've begged aid. My people will not be pleased when they find out what you've done." She looked around the room, scowling. "And where the hell is my uniform?"

He went to a small cupboard and pulled out a gauzy shift, tossing it to her. "You won't be needing your uniform, my pet. Put that on before my man gets here to escort you to your room. We don't want to tempt him unnecessarily. As for the rest of it, I'll come to you later and explain everything."

Alena yanked the shift over her head. "You will explain now." Before she could blink, he had her pressed against the wall, his still-hard cocks like granite spears against her belly.

"I think it will be quite something to tame you, Captain Alena Hyde."

"I am not an animal to be trained," she snarled.

One hand came up to stroke her cheek. "So soft for one so hard. I can't wait until I have the time to taste and touch every inch of you." She jerked her head to the side and he laughed softly.

"Fight me if you must, but your pride will not overcome what my body makes you feel." He grasped her chin and forced her to look at him. "I will never hurt you, Alena, but you will yield to me or be strapped down as you were today. I require your submission, my pet, and I don't care how I get it. Now be a good girl while I see to the comfort of your crew and passengers. I will come to you later." As he leaned down to kiss her, the door to the room slid open. He looked up. "Ah, Florek. Escort the captain to her quarters and then join me at the warehouse. And see to it she gets a shower."

Alena scowled as Ruzak released her and strode from the room. The other man, Florek, stood aside.

"Through the door and to your right, Captain."

* * * * *

The room in which Alena found herself was spacious and comfortable. Two other rooms opened off either side. One was decidedly masculine and Alena figured that one must belong to Ruzak. The door to the other one opened and Silia stumbled in. Alena rushed to her first mate's side.

"Silia, are you all right?"

Silia embraced her. "I'm alive but— Captain, they're planning to use us to breed a new generation of Serakans. The man I was with—the males here have two cocks, did you know that?"

Alena nodded. Her abused ass was testament to exactly how well she knew that unique trait.

"Anyway, his name is Garik. I was trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey and he—he fucked me, Captain, for what seemed like hours. It was... I came so many times I

could barely stand when he was done with me." Tears filled Silia's eyes. "I'm so ashamed. I-I liked it, Alena. Before it was over, I was begging him."

Alena went to her friend and embraced her. "It's all right." She guided her to one of two beds and drew her down beside her. Both of them winced when they sat.

"So I wasn't the only one," Silia said.

"No, you weren't. I expect all of the women received the same treatment. But did this Garik tell you why? The commander told me nothing, only that I must submit."

Silia nodded. "Some unknown disease swept across the planet. It killed most of the inhabitants. I mean, we knew there was sickness here but...I guess it was especially hard on the women. Those who were still fertile died first as did the very old. Garik said they thought the disease had run its course, then the young girls died. No female survived. Not even the infants. All that remain, as far as the Serakans have been able to determine, are a handful of men and boys."

Alena's shoulders slumped. "Jesus. They'll never let us go, Sili. They need women capable of reproduction and every woman on *Serendipity* fits the bill. And what of *Serendipity*? Did she survive?"

Silia smiled for the first time since entering the room. "She did. Garik says she's damaged beyond repair but who's to say? Considering what happened here, they aren't exactly motivated to let us leave." Then she shook her head. "They'll never let us near her. Oh Alena, what are we going to do?"

Alena shook her head. "They'll have to let us go eventually. I mean, some of us chose voluntary sterilization before coming on this trip. Imagine what a nightmare it would have been to get pregnant and gestate in cryo-sleep. So those of us who can't conceive will be of no use to them." Her mind skipped to the burning sensation she experienced when Ruzak came inside her.

"They put us in healing tubes, Captain. We're not sterile anymore."

Alena covered her face with her hands. This could not be happening. She didn't want children. Never had the desire to procreate. And now she was going to be forced to bear the offspring of her nemesis? It was unthinkable.

"Captain?" Silia placed a hand on her shoulder. "Are you all right? He didn't...hurt you?"

Alena dropped her hand. God, she was tired. "No. My experience was similar to yours. I just...I've never wanted children, Sili. They're smelly, squalling poop machines. The idea of being forced to..." She sighed. "I'm tired. I'm going to lie down for a bit."

"Yes," Silia agreed. "Garik will be back for me soon and I've barely recovered from our first meeting."

Alena stretched out on the bed, groaning as the softness of the mattress enveloped her. Closing her eyes, she draped her forearm over her eyes. *Think, Alena. There has to be a way out of this.* But the escape of sleep eluded her and she was still awake when Garik came for Silia.

"Come to me of your own free will and I will not restrain you," the man told Silia.

Her first mate sighed and got up. The whoosh of the door sounded as Silia left the room and soon thereafter Alena heard her first mate's cries of pleasure. Tears leaked from Alena's eyes. Silia had made her choice, but as for herself, Alena decided, she would not submit—no matter how Commander Ruzak made her body burn to be taken.

Chapter Three

Alena paced for what seemed like hours, her body tense with desire from the sounds coming from the next room. The cries of passion would abate for a time, then the moaning would start and soon after Silia's pleas to be fucked. It was sheer torment, and Alena knew damn well Ruzak had intended for her to hear Silia's pleasure. Knew how it would affect her. Already, her pussy swelled with need and her breasts felt heavy. Damn him. If he thought Silia's cries would convince her to submit, the bastard had another think coming.

The corridor door opened and Alena spun around as Ruzak came into the room, the same arrogant smile on his lips that he'd left her with.

"I trust you got some rest, pet." He nodded at the rumpled sheets.

Alena narrowed her eyes at him. "And how could I possibly manage to do that with sounds of my first mate's rape being piped into the room?"

Ruzak cocked his head. "Doesn't sound like rape to me. Sounds like a woman having multiple orgasms. As you are about to experience."

Alena backed away. "If you so much as touch me again, I swear, I will find a way to cut both your dicks off and shove them down your throat."

"I take it this means you're unwilling to submit."

"I'll never submit."

Ruzak sighed. "Then you leave me no choice." He sprang at her, easily catching her. He hauled her through the door into his quarters, never flinching as she scratched and kicked to get away. "I have just the thing to restrain you with. I've been wanting to try them but, alas, I've had no one to experiment with." He opened a drawer and pulled out two sets of cuffs, clamping the smaller set around her wrists. Holding her wrists

together, he carried her to the steel wall and raised them over her head. The heavy magnets held tightly and she dangled there, feet flailing.

"You son of a bitch!" She kicked out as he reached for one ankle, applied the cuff. Immediately, her leg was pinned to the wall. The next one went on and she was splayed against the wall as if she were an art piece.

He stood back and admired his handiwork, index finger pressed over his lips like the curator of a gallery.

"Needs some adjustment, I think."

He took a step toward her, grinning when she bared her teeth. He lifted the hem of the gauzy shift to her waist. His hands skimmed up her left leg and she shivered, prompting a chuckle from her tormentor. He pulled her leg from against the wall, lifted it and placed it to his satisfaction. The other leg got the same treatment. He stepped back.

"Perfect. That's the view I want. That pretty pussy open and on display for my pleasure." He leaned down, placing his hands on his thighs. "What's this? Why you're glistening, pet. Listening to your friend getting fucked turned you on."

"Pervert," Alena snarled, because she couldn't deny the evidence.

Ruzak laughed as he ran his index finger through her slit and sucked at the gloss of arousal coating it.

"What is it they say on your planet? Finger licking good?"

Alena screeched in frustration and struggled against her bonds. "I hate you."

"Yeah, but you loved the way I fucked you."

Ruzak tugged his shirt over his head and tossed it aside, then sat on the bed to remove his boots. Alena couldn't stop herself from watching. He hadn't completely undressed when he'd taken her earlier and she watched in sick fascination as he slowly stripped and rose to stand before her. Her previous assessment of him had been accurate. He was ripped. There wasn't an ounce of fat on the man. His massive chest

was lightly furred with pitch-black hair that formed a perfect T, arrowing downward to merge with a nest of coarse black curls cradling his two cocks. Her nostrils flared and she knew he didn't miss that telling sign of desire.

He smiled, showing those perfect white teeth. "Admit it. You want me."

"No." It was weak but she'd managed to deny his assertion.

He grabbed the desk chair and settled himself between her legs, much as he'd done earlier.

"You're a terrible liar, Alena. Especially when your cunt is dripping with sweet nectar." He leaned in and lapped at the evidence. "You are a tasty treat, my pet. I'm going to enjoy making you scream."

"Go to hell."

He laughed, using his thumbs to open her. "I don't think I'm the only pervert in the room, if your pussy lips are any indication. You're wet and swollen with need, Alena. Hope you're ready for a long session, because the sight of you like this will keep me hard for hours."

"No," she whispered.

"Yes." He leaned into her again, aiming straight for her clit.

What started out as a gentle seduction turned into a battle of wills. Alena clenched her jaw, forcing herself to be quiet. She would not give him the satisfaction of knowing the extent of her arousal. Though how could he not know, considering the way her hips thrust against his voracious mouth?

He raised his head. "Why do you fight me, Alena? You're going to come and come hard. Why not enjoy it?"

"Go to hell." Her voice was raspy with need but she clenched her teeth and refused to give him what he wanted.

"Have it your way, my pet."

He attacked her cunt with renewed vigor, lapping, sucking, catching her nether lips between his teeth and tugging. He left her hanging there briefly and went to fetch a bottle of oil. He greased his fingers then resumed his all-out assault on her senses, stroking an oily finger against her clit. The oil heated the tight bundle of nerves and she nearly shouted when his lips closed around her, sucking her tender clit against his teeth.

Oily fingers breached her ass, wiggling and stroking. Oh lord, she was going to break. The combination of his wicked lips and seeking fingers was too much. She thrust her pussy hard against his mouth and he used his free hand to hold her there. Her cunt pulsed. It was too much—the ass-fucking coupled with the torture of her clit. She broke, screaming as she came.

With a deft move, he flipped her. Her face was pressed against the steel wall, her legs spread wide, ass cantilevered into space. He stood, grabbed her waist and drove her down over his cocks.

The cock in her ass was smaller than the one in her pussy but it still burned like fire as the narrow opening spread to admit him. He gave no quarter. He bent his knees then straightened, ramming into her, pulling back, driving deep again, fucking her hard and fast as she howled and cursed.

“Do you want to come, Alena?” His breath was harsh as he pumped into her.

“Yes!”

“Say it. Tell me you want me. Ask me to make you come.”

“I want you. Please, make me come, make me come,” Alena sobbed.

“That’s right. I like it when you beg me.”

He reconcentrated his efforts, fucking her hard and fast as she hung off that wall, helpless to do anything but submit to those two thrusting cocks. The swelling began, the friction setting her on fire, abrading her G-spot from both sides. Alena threw back her head and screamed, coming with a violence that made her entire body seize and shudder. His seed boiled into her, his cries matching hers.

Her body continued to shudder as Ruzak plucked her from the wall, still attached to him, and lay down on his bed, tucking her against him.

“Yield to me, Alena. Yield to me and I will give you a life beyond your wildest dreams. Nights filled with such passion your mind can scarcely conceive of it. We need women such as you. Strong, passionate women to help rebuild our society. Even now you may be carrying the hope of a new generation. Our children will rule this world one day, my pet. Yield to me and I will make you a queen among women.”

Alena turned her head and he rested his cheek against hers. As it was, there was little hope *The Serendipity* would ever fly again. Eventually someone might come looking for them but it could take years. Did she have the strength to fight against the passion she’d discovered with Ruzak? Did she even want to?

She turned her head, looked into his eyes and saw such tenderness there that it nearly took her breath away. She’d never wanted a lifemate. Never wanted children. But the passion he ignited in her was a powerful lure. Could love possibly come with time? Doubtful.

Alena didn’t have much faith in the concept of love but she did have faith in her ability to figure a way out of this mess. It would take time. The freight company with which she’d contracted wouldn’t begin to miss *The Serendipity* for at least a year. After all, they’d come to help a decimated people heal. Things like that took time. And time was definitely something she’d need. Time to build trust with her captor, to let him come to believe she was willing to stay. Perhaps then he’d be willing to let her move about freely. If she could get to her ship, she could find a way to escape.

She sighed when he lowered his lips to hers, kissing her for the first time, and her pussy clenched with desire. The cocks within her stirred to life. He raised his head.

“Can I take that as a yes?” He flexed his hips, digging his cocks deeper.

Alena moaned and snugged her ass against his groin. What was a year’s time?

“In that case, get on your knees, woman.”

About the Author

India Masters was born and raised in a small coastal town in Florida, where she learned to love surf fishing, boating, and anything to do with the outdoors and water. She has been happily single since the mid-'90s with no plans to rectify the situation. She has a twenty-two-year-old daughter whom she refers to as the coolest person currently breathing on Earth.

India is a multi-published author and recently finished third in the Great Expectations writing contest in the erotica category. She is a retired social worker who has worked in community mental health, corrections, addictions and child welfare. She has an undergrad degree in Forensic Pathology and recently earned her Master's of Science in Psychology.

India 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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