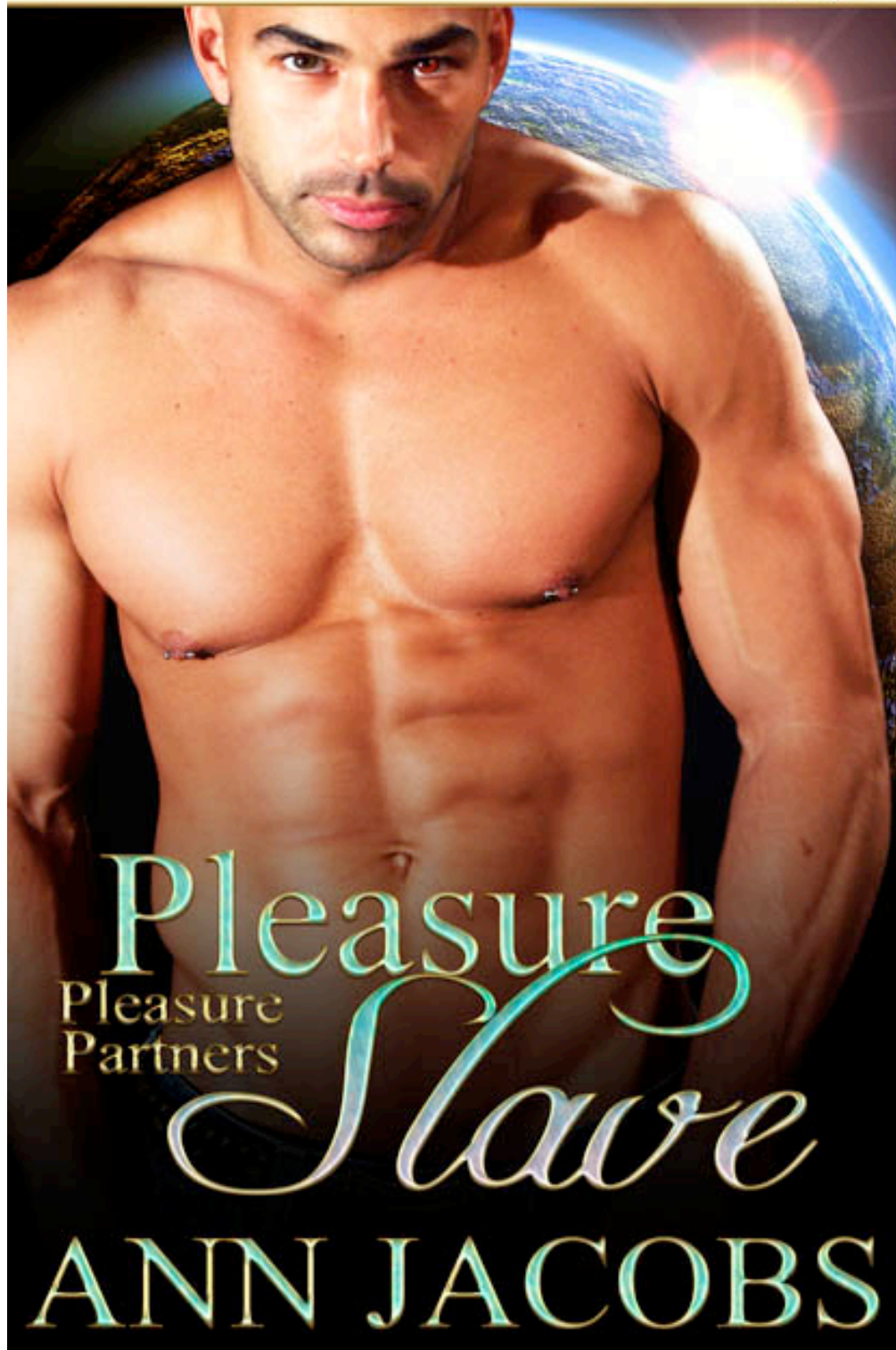


ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO



Pleasure  
Pleasure Partners  
*Slave*

ANN JACOBS

## **Pleasure Slave**

*Ann Jacobs*

*Book 2 in the Pleasure Partners series.*

Guy Stone is now a cyborg who can never go home to Earth. He wants a new life on Luna Ten...and a soul mate. A woman who will bow to his domination and revel in the satisfaction as he uses her body to sate his powerful desires.

When Guy sees Cassie, he vows to have her. She's looking for a high-tech sexbot. He can pass as one—he already has the appropriate piercings. All he needs is the right jewels to enhance them and a shave. When she chooses him at the sex shop, he's ready to play. The sex is incredible and Cassie is a natural submissive. Now Guy just has to convince her that he's worth permanent exile from her home, her way of life.

Ellora's Cave Publishing



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Pleasure Slave

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# *PLEASURE SLAVE*

**Ann Jacobs**

## **Prologue**

Earth was a dark, dangerous place where almost every aspect of life was regimented from cradle to grave. Alien invaders had decimated the planet a century earlier, and though the invaders were finally repelled, they mated with Earth's females and left behind children with a mutant gene that Federation rulers believed must be eradicated to avoid having an alien force that ultimately would destroy Earth from within.

Though most Earthlings accepted that the restrictions on their freedom were for the common good, some chafed at the boundaries and reached out to distant worlds where their freedom was not curtailed. One of those worlds was Obsidion, site of the Federation Star Command outpost situated at the farthest reaches of the galaxy.

Obsidion. The Pleasure Planet. Blessed with an oxygen-rich atmosphere friendly to Earthlings as well as many other alien beings. A tourist mecca and more, it was equipped to indulge every sense, every desire that was denied by the Federation.

Obsidion was not only a mecca for pleasure-seekers, it was a place where nothing was forbidden, where Earth's geniuses, whose creativity was stifled under Federation rule, could live and work their magic.

On Obsidion, cyborg makers exiled from Earth were working to create a fully functional, living, breathing man from nothing but polymers, high-tech circuitry, cloned body parts and nano technology – and there was no law there to stop them.

Star Command pilot, Guy Stone, crashed while attempting to land on Obsidion during a fierce storm. His ship nothing more than a jagged ruin, he lay amid its rubble, dying – blind, deaf and paralyzed. Rescue really didn't mean much at that point.

But he was rescued and taken to Pak Song – the genius cyborg maker. He was Guy's only hope. The aged Earthling exile and other doctors at Obsidion's renowned

hospital repaired Guy's body and replaced irreparably broken parts with the bionics the cyborg maker had perfected while manufacturing sexbots with intelligence and levels of human function, which were forbidden in his native land.

Nowhere else in the galaxy could Guy have survived, considering the extent of his injuries. Now, thanks to Pak Song's genius, he will be almost as good as new. Better in some respects.

Survival. Guy had been given more than survival. He had received the gift of sight, of hearing, of the ability to walk and run and hold a woman in his arms—gifts he had never properly appreciated before fate snatched them away in a moment of searing agony that would be forever emblazoned in his memory. A brief, terrible moment that had ended in a void—until the miracle workers on Obsidian had put his shattered body back together.

During those first, dark months while Guy lay healing, he did his mourning in a dark and silent world—for senses and sensations he thought were lost to him forever. Then one day he felt his legs again and thought just maybe he might want to stay alive. Later, when the bandages finally came off his face and he returned to the world of light, he heard the rasping voice of the aged cyborg maker. Saw Pak Song's time-ravaged face for the first time.

Guy knew then that he would be whole again, or near enough to it. He had risen from the dead—a cyborg. When he realized that, he set aside his grief and caged his resentment that now he was anathema to the Federation rulers, whom he had served so faithfully for many years. An abomination in a world where only perfection was allowed to survive. He realized as soon as he knew the extent of his new bionics that they would kill him if he ever returned to Earth.

So what if he couldn't go home? These days Earth was hardly a pleasant place to be. So what if he'd never again be allowed to captain a starship hurtling through the galaxy? Yeah, he'd miss that. But not enough to negate the joy he felt, knowing he was alive. Alive and functional in every way, thanks to his saviors' skills.

Better than functional in many ways. He grinned as he considered his new eyes, which could see through walls, new ears with ten times the sensitivity of a normal human. New strength and agility far beyond that of a normal, unenhanced human being.

Guy came to the conclusion that he had no reason to complain. None at all.

## **Chapter One**

Milling around with hordes of pleasure-seekers from all over the galaxy, Guy Stone sucked in a gust of the oxygen-rich, moist breeze. Today he wanted to find the sort of pleasure he had denied himself for years while serving as a pilot in Federation Star Command. For months he had been in no shape to do more than fantasize about indulging his senses while he recuperated from his injuries and subsequent reconstruction.

Lights blinked red and green and blue along Obsidion's famed Strip, enticing a milling crowd of Earthling tourists to partake of carnal pleasures not even whispered about back home. Guy took in the sights and sounds of the barkers and sightseers, of pleasure givers offering their wares outside the dozens of brothels. Women of all shapes, colors and sizes enticed would-be customers from open doorways. Eunuch males preened behind glass windows, some frankly androgynous, others muscular and pumped with their cocks jutting forward as if proudly displaying their lack of balls.

Earthling exiles and strange-looking alien beings from all over the galaxy, they all plied their trade with seeming enthusiasm, seeking customers to sample their varied sexual wares.

This all seemed foreign to Guy now, after the long months he'd spent in Obsidion's only hospital, being snatched back to life from whatever eternity had awaited him.

Guy had been nearly as broken as his starship. So broken that for a long time he'd welcomed the release of oblivion and its surcease from pain. Now, though, he was ready to embrace the new life that his saviors had resurrected from the jaws of death. He found himself eager to partake of pleasures that had been denied him for much too long.



His life as a starship commander charged with curtailing the brisk trade of sky pirates in the outer reaches of the galaxy was over. The Federation rulers had invalidated him out of the corps and exiled him, ending his long-cherished dream of eventually becoming a Starship Corps Commander. Returning to Earth, enhanced as he was now, wasn't an option. The Federation had strict rules forbidding what it considered hybridizing humans with cybernetics, and not even Guy's powerful father could have obtained a dispensation for him. Not that he'd have been likely to try.

Too bad, because Guy felt great—fit enough to take on the whole fucking universe. Since Earth wouldn't have him, he'd find a better home where he'd be as welcome as he felt today.

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

For now Guy wanted to enjoy being alive, to try out his newly healed body and take in the sights and sounds that bombarded him from all angles on the famed Obsidion Strip. Infected with the excitement that bubbled over from hordes of tourists, he scanned shops that offered pleasures for every taste—pleasures that, thanks to his bionic eyes, he could see in exquisite detail from his vantage point on the street.

The roulette wheels and playing cards depicted on the facades of three huge casinos held no appeal, nor did the bubbling lights of the stem glasses that advertised mind-altering drinks and drugs strictly prohibited back on Earth and almost everywhere else in the galaxy. But a blinking blue outline of a naked woman captured his attention. His cock twitched and swelled within the uniform pants that had once fit snugly but practically burst at the seams now, since his muscles had grown to rock-hard, enormous proportions.

In some ways Guy's body didn't seem altogether like his own, even the parts that hadn't come from the cyborg maker's inventory. If Pak Song hadn't told him differently, he'd have thought they had enhanced his cock when they restored his sight and hearing and provided him with muscle strength many times more powerful than what he'd lost.

They might not have enhanced his libido, but he was fucking horny. Hard as a rock and straining at the zipper of his pants. He wanted a woman. An Earthling woman to whom he could give as much pleasure as he took.

He didn't want a green-skinned alien whore with surgically enhanced silver-tipped boobs, like the one shown on a flashing sign a couple of doors down the street. And he wasn't interested in fucking a sexbot, even one of the lifelike ones that Pak Song created in his laboratory. Guy had been there, done that. Over the years he'd had too many mechanically triggered orgasms that brought physical release but no real pleasure.

Sighing, he strode along the Strip, wanting... Fuck, he wasn't certain exactly what it was his newly enhanced body craved.

Yes he was. Or rather he knew what the man inside the body wanted. He yearned for a soul mate. One woman who would be his sex slave and his life companion. He was certain that he wouldn't find such a lover working in one of those houses of pleasure. He had little interest in sampling the wares placed on such unabashed display for all to see.

But then Guy turned the corner onto the Street of Slaves, and he saw her. An Earthling. Obviously a vacationer, not one of the Strip's many female pleasure-givers. Guy imagined tunneling his fingers through the reddish-gold curls that sparkled in the reflected light from a star-shaped shop sign that advertised Earthling sex slaves.

Concentrating to bring his powerfully enhanced eyes into perfect focus, he looked through the modest pink jumpsuit she wore at her high, firm breasts and taut, rose-colored nipples, the slightly convex belly and satiny smooth mound that exposed the

enticing button of her clit. His mouth watered when he imagined burying his face within those silken folds and flicking that impudent nub with his tongue.

*Damn it.* His balls had already started to ache and his cock was throbbing painfully against his fly.

It looked to him as though the Earthling was one of three laughing vacationers who were taking in the sights together. She seemed young. Malleable. Her blue eyes twinkled with apparent excitement. Guy imagined she must be on her first holiday here. She didn't seem as jaded as her two companions, who were encouraging her to choose one of the half-dozen naked Earthling eunuchs who were posing on a rotating floor inside a curved, plate-glass window.

For a long time he stared at her perky little clit, pictured himself tonguing it until she screamed for mercy. Then he caught the gist of a conversation among her and her two companions.

"I couldn't. They...they're —"

"Come on, Cassie. For once in your life you've got to fuck a real man. A human being. Forget what your mama told you about waiting until it's time for you to breed. These guys have all been fixed. They won't make you pregnant. They're just as safe as sexbots."

So her name was Cassie. Guy repeated it in his mind, liked the way the name seemed to go with her looks and manner.

"B-but they could still pass along diseases." When Cassie looked away from the sexy-looking blonde, Guy got a good look at her pretty face. He liked what he saw.

The blonde tugged Cassie's hand, made her look back at the gaggle of eunuchs. "They're all certified clean. Don't worry about them having diseases. Look at number five, he's winking at us. Can't you just imagine having his big, hard cock ramming into your pussy?"

Guy couldn't help laughing at the idea. *You wouldn't like fucking a eunuch, pretty Cassie – no matter how many hormones his owner may have pumped into him. What you need is a real man. You need me.*

Annoyed with himself, Guy tuned out what the other girls were saying. Sometimes it got damn annoying, being able to hear so much better than he had before he was enhanced. When he tuned back in, he heard Cassie say, "You two go on and have your fun with your Earthling slaves. I'll just look around out here. I want to go and check out that sexbot store in the mall that Yolanda mentioned."

That would be Pak Song's House of Pleasure. Guy had spent enough time around the Strip on previous visits to Obsidion to know where the best of every forbidden pleasure could be found. And Pak Song made the best sexbots he'd ever seen. Long before the old cyborg maker had restored his broken body, Guy had admired his skill with bionics and artificial intelligence.

For the first time since long before the injury that had nearly killed him, excitement bubbled in Guy's veins. It might be a sexbot that Cassie thought she wanted, but it would be Guy Stone, Earthling cyborg, that she'd get. It didn't bother him, knowing he'd have to use trickery to capture her.

Not just for a night's pleasure, either. A picture of the utopian community on Luna Ten flooded his memory, and he imagined Cassie there with him, his willing mate. His sex slave, attentive to his every command, ripening with his seed. Maybe...

In any case, Guy felt compelled to follow her, fuck her and explore the carnal paths they might follow. Lengthening his stride, he quickly overtook his prey and slipped past her into the mall's outer courtyard. He'd have to hurry if he was to put his plans into action.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Omigods! This would never be allowed back home.* Cassie could barely believe what she was seeing. Each storefront boasted another phallic symbol, more erotic toys. One store

displayed practically transparent lingerie that veiled everything but a woman's private parts. She gawked at the garments, imagining the sight of a woman wearing them would even bring dead men back to life. On every corner barkers touted potions from all over the galaxy, each guaranteed to enhance sexual potency. Hairdressers and manicurists and body piercers were everywhere.

Cassie's eyes widened when she spied an Earthling hunk. The guy ought to be selling his magnificent body over at the sex slave emporium where she'd just left Doreen and Nebula. Long, shaggy dark-brown hair and beard and chalky, pale skin hinted that he'd been away too long from a civilization where males always kept their heads clean-shaven and oiled until they gleamed, and where their skins were hairless and deeply burnished by the sun.

Her gaze settled on the man's hard ass. He had the most gorgeous male tush she'd ever seen and rippling thighs the size of tree trunks, encased in skin-tight, black leather pants and gleaming knee-high boots like those that pilots in Federation Star Command wore. Those pants accentuated what had to be an impressive package—no way was the guy a eunuch. When he turned she got a mouthwatering view of his naked, hairy chest, bulging with hard muscles and barely hidden by a loose-fitting vest. His cock would be...

*Cassie girl, keep your cool. You came here to find yourself a hottie of a sexbot, and that's just what you're gonna do.*

But she kept staring at the guy's tight ass until he disappeared inside a barber shop. Damn, but the hunk had her panting after him and getting warm and damp inside. And she hadn't even seen him yet, up close.

Makeovers by Leander was the name of the barber shop where the Earthling had gone. But she didn't see him inside when she peered through the plate-glass storefront at a display of grooming products and exotic body jewelry backed by a rich burgundy velvet drape. Should she follow him? She wanted to. She even had the door pushed open a few inches before changing her mind.

“Chickening out”, her sister Doreen would say, and she’d be right.

If only she weren’t so timid... But she was, so she turned and headed for a toy store. If she was going to rent a sexbot, she should also get some toys to enhance her experience with it. And some exotic fruits to nibble while her sexbot sucked on her clit. She’d go to the Intragalactic Market next, then to Pak Song’s famous House of Pleasure. No, she’d go get her clit pierced first at that studio that advertised they used the new, self-healing method that didn’t hurt. Doreen swore that her clit piercing made her orgasms ten times stronger than before.

Cassie thought of her doting father. She imagined what he’d say to her, remembered what he’d yelled at Doreen when he found out she’d gotten her clit pierced a few months ago. His words still rang in her head.

*Females of the ruling class don’t look for thrills. They do their duty, breed new generations of rulers with semen harvested from chosen males. Which you will be doing soon enough.*

Apparently eager to get his wayward daughter out of the view of his fellow Federation members, her father had sent Doreen here along with Cassie and Nebula, her half sisters, with strict instructions that they get the wildness out of their systems. When they returned home, she and Doreen would be sent to breeding farms, and Nebula would be turned into a drone because of her defective gene.

Cassie shuddered. Once, just once in her boring, highly regimented life, she’d like for sex to grab her up and blow her away. She wanted to experience the rush of sexual orgasms coupled with an emotional high no sexbot could provide, find herself swept up to a place her friends all talked about but she’d never been. She wanted to have sex with a real live man. One with all his body parts intact.

Not a sexbot and not one of the eunuch sex slaves selling their wares on the Street of Slaves.

But that wasn’t going to happen. Not back home on Earth, where she would be imprisoned in a breeding farm and impregnated with the semen of a man she’d never know or even meet.

Here, though? She could have real sex, if only she had the nerve. She wanted that hunk with the long, silky hair and bulging muscles that she'd almost followed into Leander's. Too bad she hadn't scared up the courage to follow him.

She hadn't, though, so she'd have to make do with one of Pak Song's famous bots. Focusing her gaze on a display of multicolored glass dildos beneath a shimmering ball light, Cassie stepped inside the toy store.

\* \* \* \* \*

The buzz of Leander's electric clippers rang noisily in Guy's ears. The sound reminded him of the rocket engines revving before his starship took off—it was just that loud. It was fuckin' hard, even with the months of training he'd gone through at the hospital, to control his phenomenal gifts of superhuman hearing and sight. The enhanced sensation had replaced total darkness and silence to which he'd almost acclimated before Pak Song had installed the sensors in his brain and reopened his world. Guy hadn't tested the strength enhancement yet, but he figured, if he got in a situation where he needed raw physical power, having the super dose of it that he'd been given would come in handy. Now, the sharp, buzzing sound of the clippers was grating on his senses, giving him the sort of throbbing headache that no sexbot, and not more than a handful of men, would ever be bothered with.

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

Closing his eyes, he tried to turn off his brain to the deafening roar of the clippers as they passed over his skull. Instead he concentrated on the soft sensations of feminine

hands applying the hot wax that would rid his body of the rough hair that had been allowed to grow during his hospitalization.

Concentrating on the waxing was a lousy idea. It hurt like hell when the attendant began ripping away the strips along with every last remnant of his hair. He always chose the old-fashioned waxing over the new methods. Maybe that needed to change now. Next time he'd opt for permanent hair removal even though Pak Song had warned him that, because of his new bionic sensitivity, he'd feel short-lived but excruciating pain from the lasers as they destroyed countless millions of hair follicles. Eventually, he would incorporate pain into his sensory system, but, until then every sensation would be magnified a hundred fold.

Desperate to distract himself from the bombardment of sound and feeling, Guy went on a mental search for Cassie. *Yeah*. There she was, buying some nipple clamps. No, not clamps—rings. Shiny, silver ones connected by a thin gold chain. Three of them. Two for her pert little nipples—he saw that they were already pierced—and the third to pierce the impudent little nub that peeked out below her plump, pale mons. He loved the way she smiled when the blue midget clerk, obviously a refugee from that colony on Gamma Minor, dropped them into a bag and pointed her toward a display of vibrators and butt plugs. Guy's balls tightened, and he felt his cock began to swell when he imagined how those rings would look, dangling from her nipples and swaying in her pretty clit as she moved.

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

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



“Huh?” How the hell did the attendant know he was imagining tweaking those rings in Cassie’s puckered nipples, catching the one in her clit between his teeth? Then Guy realized the woman was asking if he wanted a ring in his cock piercing, the one he hadn’t thought about until now. What the fuck had happened to the thick, gold, curved barbell he’d worn before his injury, since his father had given it to him for graduation from flight school?

It probably was in the safe at the hospital, he guessed, along with his identity papers and the insignia he noticed had been removed from his vest, most likely as soon as the medical decision was made that he’d have to be enhanced. “Oh. Yeah. And replace the rest of the jewelry, too.” No self-respecting Earthling would present his unadorned cock to a lady.

“You want your head waxed or shaved?” Leander asked, rubbing a hand over Guy’s freshly clipped scalp.

“Shaved. But get it smooth.” It had never bothered Guy to lather up every morning and scrape off the stubble from his skull as well as his face. Maybe it would be easier, with his enhanced sensitivity. On the other hand, he didn’t relish listening to Leander’s razor cutting through each of the hairs atop his head, or enduring that deafening sound every morning for the foreseeable future.

Apparently Leander realized he was waffling, because he grinned and said, “Wax will get it smoother, boss. Like a baby’s ass. Then you relax under my tanning lamp. Ten minutes, make you look like you just spent month on a Bali beach back home. If you get waxed, you’ll not have to have it done again for a week, maybe longer.”

Guy laughed. “Okay. If you insist.” The warm wax felt deceptively soothing as Leander applied it to his scalp. But the warm, pleasant feeling soon gave way to agonizing pain when the barber ripped off the first strip of wax from above his left ear. “Ow, damn it! I heard each and every one of those hairs screaming for mercy.”

“Sorry, so sorry. Look, my girl has brought some pretty baubles to help you impress the ladies. Real gold. Precious stones brought all the way from Earth and that mining

outpost they opened up last year on Mars. I told her to find red ones to match your eyes. They will make your cock shine the way your scalp will after a tan and oiling. Pick whatever you like. I make you good deal. Real good.” Leander laughed as he jerked another strip of wax off Guy’s throbbing scalp.

Guy could barely think for the sharp pain on his scalp that seemed to get worse with every strip of wax that Leander yanked off. Eventually, though, he became accustomed to the tearing sensation. By the time the barber reached his hairline in front, Guy could almost relax.

He looked over the sparkling jewelry in two black velvet trays. What would Cassie like better? Smooth gold or sparkling faceted stones? Garnets or rubies? Guy spotted a smooth, heavy, gold ring adorned with nothing but a cabochon ruby inset in a good-sized captive bead. He selected it and a dozen matched ruby-studded barbells for the frenum ladder that marched down the underside of his cock and through the four perfectly aligned pairs of piercings in his scrotum.

While Leander’s assistant inserted the jewelry he’d chosen, Guy glanced at the other selections she’d brought out.

“You like the other rubies? I thought you would,” she said when she noticed the attention he was paying the earlobe plugs and the studs for facial piercings.

“Yeah.” He fingered the stretched holes in his earlobes and felt for piercings that had practically closed in his nostril and just below his lower lip. “I may as well go for rubies here, too.” Guy had always worn plain gold jewelry, the only kind allowed him when in uniform, but now... He imagined some men would try to call attention away from glowing, red bionic eyes, but he’d embrace the otherworldly look just as he intended to embrace life as an outcast from Earth.

He chose small, faceted ruby studs for the piercings below his lower lip and in his nostril, and thick, gold plugs with cabochon ruby centers for his ears. As Leander ripped another strip of wax off his stinging head, Guy remembered Cassie’s purchase and imagined chaining her to him at chest and groin.

On Earth, no male would dream of piercing his nipples. But then Guy could never go back there. He'd make a statement to himself and others that he embraced his exile from his home. "Can you pierce my nipples?" he asked as the girl was putting away her wares.

"Oh, yeah, boss. I love a man with rings in his nipples." She scurried into a back room, only to return with her supplies. "I brought you nipple rings that match this one," she said, tweaking the new ring that entered the slit in his cockhead and exited through a hole on the underside. "Your slave will like them."

Guy shuddered as he recalled the pain that had followed the ritual piercings of his penis and scrotum. "I hope you use the new method I've heard people talking about," he muttered, dreading the pain from her needle but too proud to back out.

"Don't worry." She held up a tool that looked basically like a tiny laser gun. "This pierces and seals the hole, two quick sticks and it will be over. Won't hurt, I promise."

"I doubt that. But go ahead." He steeled himself so he wouldn't scream when she did it.

"No hurt. You relax now."

He tried but couldn't help remembering how his cock had hurt for weeks after it was pierced. "I'll try."

Although he'd braced himself to endure more agonizing pain, these piercings didn't hurt at all except for an initial light, burning sensation. Half an hour later he stood, admiring Leander's handiwork in a full-length mirror. He looked damn good if he said so himself.

"Rubies go with your eyes, boss," Leander said, laughing. "Gives your face a fierce look."

Guy agreed. With his gleaming scalp and tanned face, the ruby jewelry called attention to itself—and to his glowing, red eyes. "Yeah. It does at that," he told the barber and his female assistants. "Thanks."

More important than his new look, Guy was thoroughly enjoying the bombardment of erotic sensations—movement of warm air against his newly hairless and deeply tanned skin, the swaying of his cock and nipple rings and the weight of them and his other body jewelry.

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

His mind zeroed in on Cassie once more, and he soon spotted her leaving the Intragalactic Market with a basket of fruit then walking purposefully toward the entrance to Pak Song’s. Fuck, he had to hurry! “Do you still have that entrance to the back room at Pak Song’s?”

“Yes, boss. Right through that curtain.” Leander gestured toward the back of the store, past the safe where he kept the jewelry. “Pak Song still keeps his sexbots there, all lined up on display, waiting for customers. Go through the storeroom and you’ll get right into his shop. Wait a minute, don’t you want your clothes?”

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

“No time.” Sexbots didn’t wear clothing anyhow. Heedless of his nakedness, for it wouldn’t matter now that he was properly groomed, Guy held out a hand so Leander could scan his thumbprint to get his fee. Retinal scans were out, he guessed, for folks like him who had bionic eyes. “Thanks,” he said on the way out the back door and into Pak Song’s storeroom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Listening hard, he was able to make out Cassie’s shy request. “I’d like to rent an Earthling sexbot for my pleasure, sir.”

“Would that be a male or female, pretty lady?”

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

“Oh, yes. That you are. For you, I recommend the giant luxury model.” Pak Song clapped his wrinkled hands, the noise reverberating in Guy’s ears. “One night with him, my beauty, and you’ll never be without a Pak Song sexbot again. Two hundred fifty Obsidion credits a day, and he’d be a bargain at twice the price.”

“If you think so...” She sounded interested but not quite certain.

Guy loved her innocence, her shyness. His cock swelled when he thought of how he would introduce her to forbidden pleasures.

No time for fantasies, though. He had to hurry if he was to pass himself off as that sexbot.

Striding up the line to the first and biggest bot, he concentrated on discerning its mechanism and disabling it with the laser beams implanted in his eyes. He’d never tried using them that way before except in practice sessions with his therapist, but fortunately they worked just as Pak Song had promised. Hurrying, Guy stripped off the sexbot’s silver collar and strapped it around his own neck.

He hesitated a moment when he noticed the wicked-looking silver chastity device locked over the bot’s cock and balls. But then he beamed it open. Wincing, he clamped the device over his shaft and scrotum, leaving his cockhead free. Every place the damn thing touched pinched one of the neural implants beneath his skin.

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

Fuck, he couldn’t think about that now. He unhooked a chain leash from the plain silver ring in the sexbot’s penis and fastened it onto his own cock jewelry. Then, ignoring the bite of the chastity device as he forced it closed around his already swollen flesh, he strode through the door to Pak Song’s showroom, praying to all the gods that the cyborg maker was giving Cassie the right key so he wouldn’t have to beam the chastity device open and blow his cover before the action even started.

## Chapter Two

*Oh my.*

Her sexbot looked almost real. His gleaming, golden skull reflected a fiery glow from the red lights when he strode through the door behind the counter. Smiling, he bowed before his owner and they exchanged a few words in the strange-sounding Obsidion tongue. Then he nodded and strode to her, rubies flashing fiery light in his earlobes, nostril and lower lip.

His eyes glowed scarlet, as though he could see through her clothes and liked what he saw, and she liked the way his full, sensual lips curled up at the corners. When he handed her his leash, she followed its length to the ruby-studded gold ring threaded through the fat, purple head of his swollen cock that jutted from an ornate chastity belt made of filigreed silver. The belt for which his owner had just handed her the key.

So this was the giant deluxe model Pak Song had sold her on. *Whew!* Cassie's heart beat faster when he moved beside her and stood as though awaiting her order. He was huge, at least six feet five or more of what looked like solid muscle. She noticed rubies like the one in his leash ring winking at her from captive beads in his brilliant gold nipple rings. Seeing them reminded her of her own nipples and the slim chain that tugged at them whenever she moved—and the new, hypersensitive feelings the new piercing in her clit evoked. They didn't hurt, but they served as a constant reminder that they were there, and that her flesh was needy but as yet untouched.

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

Why was it she felt more like a slave than a Mistress? It wasn't this sexbot's impressive size as much as the commanding tone of his voice and the heat of his warm, silky flesh beneath her hand when she laid it over his heart and felt the slow, measured

simulated breathing for which Pak Song's sexbots were renowned. The rippling of muscle she'd never expected to feel unless she sampled a real, living human male. Her pussy clenched and her clit swelled and tightened.

With fear? *More like anticipation*, she thought as she imagined herself unlocking the chastity belt and unleashing the power of the luscious beast trapped inside.

"Y-yes. Let's go." The key in her hand felt warm, reflecting her heat, her desire. She didn't want to waste a second of her time with her magnificently real-looking toy. "This way," she said, tugging at his leash when they came to the broad avenue where Yolanda's Resort Hotel lay nestled at the end, in a grove of limbless trees.

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

"Yes, Yolanda herself told us the story of her enslavement, and of how she came to become Mistress here after the evil Mistress Mara met her fate. You are well programmed," she said, sure now Pak Song had truly provided her with a bargain when she'd negotiated for... She realized then that she didn't know his name. "What do I call you?"

"Guy Stone."

"What an unusual name for a sexbot," Cassie said. "It sounds almost like a name for a male back on Earth."

Guy laughed. "Guy is for 'male', Stone for Pak Song's newest, most lifelike, rock-hard cock."

"Oh." That made sense.

"I am at your service, to fulfill your darkest dreams, unearth the secret passions deep inside you and bring them to the light. To become your master." His intriguing scarlet eyes flashed then turned a deeper red when he looked down at her. And his low, mellow voice poured over her like honey.

She had no doubt that he'd pleasure her better than the human sex slaves who probably were plying their trade now behind Doreen and Nebula's closed bedroom doors. No doubt but that the sexbot named Guy Stone would master her, make her his sex slave.

"Well, Guy, I shall expect you to deliver all you've promised me."

\* \* \* \* \*

She unlocked the door to her small room, stepped inside and watched his muscles ripple as he passed through the threshold and filled the small room with his presence.

"Shall we begin now, Mistress?" He paused then continued, his gaze hot and hard, as though he could see right through the clothes she wore. "You will be my Mistress until you set me free."

"Oh, yes. Let's not waste time. Master me. Please." Her inner muscles clenched, and she felt moisture already dampening her swollen pussy. A shiver went through Cassie, for she had the feeling the sexbot with the rippling muscles and the honeyed voice would deliver all right. He'd give her all he'd promised, much more than she'd bargained for. More than the shy country girl in her could take. "Let us go to my room now."

Although the place had changed on the outside, this room seemed charged with the aura of dominance and submission. A carryover from before, during the long stretch when the evil Mistress Mara had ruled over the Gates of Hell Pleasure Palace? Maybe. Guy wasn't certain.

He had heard a lot about the former Mistress and the atrocities she had perpetrated here. In the far reaches of his mind, he heard the screams of tortured souls, the pleas for release. But Cassie's presence kept the room from seeming small and dark. Guy had no trouble envisioning the walls as they'd been before, studded with hooks and eyes, a St. Andrew's cross occupying the space where an inviting bed now stood. A neat row of



large, brass hooks still hung above the single, narrow window, as though awaiting a Master's oiled whips of various lengths and styles.

It seemed Yolanda's facelift of the place had stopped with an outside paint job and the planting of a few scraggly flowers around the wrought iron gates. This was a room ideal for a scene of dominance and submission. His dominance. Cassie's willing submission. But not her torture. Never that.

He imagined Cassie stretched upon that cross, helpless to resist the attention of his lips, his tongue. He'd take those anal stimulators she'd bought and stretch her tight ass until she was able to take him there. Oh, yeah. She'd love it when he rammed his cock up her ass and filled her wet cunt with that psychedelic pink-and-purple glass dildo.

*Ouch.* Bad thoughts to have when he was locked up in this chastity device. He winced as his cock began to swell painfully against the restraint. "Set my cock free, pretty lady, and I'll show you pleasure greater than any you've ever known."

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

She also had a good view of his bulging cockhead, which was already glistening from the lubrication that had seeped around its ring. The ruby-studded gold glistened almost as much as Cassie's red-gold hair in the flickering gaslights that lit the room. "Hurry," he croaked.

*Damn, I'd better remember the role I'm playing. No sexbot would care how long it took a client to free its mechanical cock and balls.*

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

"Yeah. I am." It was all Guy could do not to toss her to that bed and show her he was no sexbot but a real, live Earthling male. An Earthling male able and willing to show her all the pleasures forbidden to them by the Federation on their home planet. A male who hadn't been made "safe" like the ones she'd gaped at back at the sex slave emporiums. "Disrobe and we shall get on with the pleasure for which you obtained me," he said, keeping his voice steady, deep and as monotone as he could manage.

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

What he'd like would be to rip off her shimmering pink jumpsuit and sink his cock into her sopping cunt without delay. "If you wish," he said, as though his fingers weren't itching to drag down that zipper and reveal the bounty his enhanced vision had already allowed him to enjoy. When she stood naked, he asked, "Do you wish your mastery to be physical or emotional?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gently, he pushed her knees against her chest, spread her satiny butt cheeks and worked the small, glittery plug into her tight little hole. "Easy, relax now." Once the plug was seated inside her, he spread her cunt lips with his fingers and tongue-fucked her until she rewarded him with a gushing gift of warm, slick fluid. He lapped up the sweet-salty nectar that no sexbot could ever duplicate. She tasted delicious. Arousing beyond any experience he'd ever enjoyed.

His cock ached with need to fuck her, but he feasted on her juices and nibbled her clit while tugging gently at the chains that connected its ring to the ones in her hard, reddened nipples.

"Oh, yes. That feels...incredible. More. Please." Her throaty purr had his balls growing so tight he thought they'd burst.

He lifted his head and met her needy gaze. "You're ready to take a larger one now." Slowly, sensually, he removed the small stimulator and replaced it with the next larger one, watching her expression tighten as she strained to accept the new invasion. "Imagine yourself kneeling on the bed, your pretty ass in the air. Imagine you're taking my cock instead of this plug. Think about how much you'll love it when I fuck your ass and work that big dildo of yours in and out of your swollen cunt. I'll do it, soon enough."

"Now, fuck me now. Please—"

"Be quiet. I want you to feel it all, enjoy all the sensations. You brought me here to bring you pleasure. To show you the outer limits of all that's erotic. I'm going to taste you and suck your cunt and keep on drinking this sweet nectar." He ran his tongue along her velvet slit, savoring the tart, slightly salty taste of her cunt and the faint overtone from the light perfume she wore. "And then I'll fuck your mouth and your cunt and your ass until you've come so many times you can't remember your own name, much less mine." He buried his face between her legs again and feasted on her slippery, hot flesh.

Catching her clit ring with his tongue and drawing the swollen nub between his teeth, Guy made Cassie so hot she didn't know how she could stand it. But she loved the feel of his full, velvety lips applying the most delicious suction to her clit. More juices gushed from her cunt and wet the tautly stretched tissue around her asshole. Her flesh throbbed around the anal plug, the sensation not quite painful. More like perversely pleasurable. The rubies in his ear plugs and nose ring glittered, their color nearly matching his intriguing scarlet eyes. Framed between her pale thighs, his smooth, tanned scalp looked almost gilded in the light of the gas lamps, as though he were made of metal, not human-like flesh.

Of course he wasn't a real man. But he certainly was a far cry from the Federation's standard-issue sexbot that she kept in her room back home. The bulging muscles in his arms rippled against the backs of her thighs, and his fingers tickled the tender skin of her belly, her breasts.

And the wicked things he did with his mouth. The way his tongue worked her clit was magical, and his smooth, soft lips! It was downright sinful, what they did when he pressed them to her pussy and applied just the right amount of suction. By all the gods and goddesses in the universe, nothing and no one had ever made her clit swell and harden and her cunt clench with the desire for him to claim her with his long, thick, bejeweled cock — make her his own.

"I can't wait any longer, Master. Fuck me now. Please."

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

She wanted to take that huge, ringed organ in every orifice, surrender herself to him in every way. She longed for him to let her move so she could pleasure him as well as take the exquisite pleasure he offered. "Oooh." The large plug, lubricated with some slick, soothing fluid that eased its path, stretched her sphincter muscle almost

unbearably. He worked it in slowly, carefully – she'd almost say lovingly if she hadn't known for certain that no sexbot could be programmed to give or receive love.

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

What? Her rented sex toy seemed very, very real, as though he had a heart and soul as well as the throbbing cock that now pulsed against her inner thigh. Each pair of beads along the underside of his shaft and down the center of his sac made its imprint on her flesh, and the thick, gold ring at its tip nudged her swollen outer lips. She'd never been this aroused before, to the point that she was panting for release. His fingers trembled against her ass when he worked the plug slowly, gently into her, stretching and filling her rear passage while he whispered words of encouragement – erotic words that had her wanting to do his bidding, needing to take everything he offered.

The vibrations began slowly, mere whispers of motion against her tautly stretched ass that reverberated in her pussy, made her hotter and wetter and needing all of him.

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

"You're ready. Ready for me to claim you, to become mine in every way." Positioning his cock, he flexed his powerful hips and drove into her.

She felt so full. Every motion, even the pulsing of the veins in his huge shaft magnified, spread to her womb, her ass. Her clit swelled against its tiny ring, throbbed against his smooth, muscular groin when he sank his cock into her cunt, making her take more and more until all he had to offer rested inside her, pressing hard against the opening to her womb. His satiny ball sac nestled in the crack of her ass, keeping the

plug vibrating from the outside while the throbbing of his cock inside her traveled through the thin wall of tissue between it and her stuffed rear passage. With his every thrusting motion, she felt his rock-hard flesh and each of the jewels that adorned it.

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

Bombarded from all directions, filled as she'd never been filled before, she clamped down on his cock. She wanted to experience all the delicious sensations, needed to feel each of the smooth, paired jewels that adorned his monster shaft. Her belly clenched. Her clit throbbed. She sucked on his invading tongue as he plunged into her harder, faster. When he gathered her in his iron-muscled arms, she began to shudder with the hottest, most intense orgasm she'd ever experienced.

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

## Chapter Three

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

Doreen gave them a long look then settled her gaze on Guy's hard-muscled ass. "If I'd known they made sexbots like that one, I'd have gone with you instead of picking out a live sex slave."

Cassie didn't much like that her sister was paying what she thought was way too much attention to her naked sexbot's perfect ass cheeks. By the gods, her half-sister was practically drooling. "Really, Doreen?"

Doreen shook her head and made a wry face. "The slave I got complained the whole time we were fucking that he needed a day off. He whined that his boss had been withholding his testosterone injections and overworking him to the point that he could barely get a hard-on. I think I'd like to borrow *him*." She shot another lascivious look at Guy.

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

Her other sister, Nebula, laughed. "Our Cassie's gone and fallen for a sexbot. Hey, Doreen, don't you think that's funny?"

"Yes, very funny. But he's smokin' hot, sexbot or not." Doreen's eyes were glued to Guy, and she looked ready to take a bite out of his muscular ass.

Cassie tightened her arms around Guy, as if that would protect him from her sisters' lascivious intentions. "He's not just any bot." If only her sisters knew what he'd

done to her, how he made her feel feminine, helpless. And loved, although Cassie knew that attributing that emotion to any sexbot was absurd.

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

"Pak Song's Pleasure Palace. Yolanda mentioned it, but you two were too busy listening to her pushing the sex slaves. Nebula, how was yours, by the way?"

"Well, he could get it up. And he did fuck me with more enthusiasm than the guy Doreen chose. Still..." Nebula hesitated a minute, as if recalling the encounter. "It wasn't as good as Yolanda told us it would be."

"I'm sorry." Cassie had doubted the resort owner's claim that the eunuch sex slaves could satisfy a woman as well as a whole human male. Apparently her skepticism had been well-founded.

"Don't you be so smug, Cassie. Remember, your bot's going back."

"Maybe. Maybe not." Cassie was already certain she'd buy Guy if he was for sale. "I might buy him."

Nebula laughed. "You'd better not get too attached to that one. I'm pretty sure he wouldn't meet Federation standards for an imported sexbot. You know, they're only allowed to have so many deluxe features. It's a pity. I'd love to have one like him while I still can enjoy it." She shot Guy a longing look as she and Doreen left for Pak Song's.

Yes, Guy Stone was too good to be true. But damn it. Cassie wasn't ready to give him up without a fight. She moved her hands along the length of his hard torso, the way he hadn't let her do when they were making love.

Cassie smoothed her hands along the sleek, golden skin of his hard-muscled back. Enjoyed the feel of his warm skin, the light coating of sweat that still lingered. By all the gods in the universe, he seemed real. He even smelled real, a little salty but not unpleasant. Especially when his cock began to stir again and swelled against her swollen cunt lips.



Then he sighed and exerted a very human-feeling pressure on her buttocks with his large, gentle hands, drawing her lower body flush against his own. "Lie back and let me pleasure you some more," he whispered, his words no less commanding for the soft tone in which they were delivered.

*By the gods!* Going slowly just might kill him, but Guy had to sample every inch of Cassie's alabaster skin, bathe each damp, satiny fold of her pussy with his tongue. He nibbled her nipples and her clit, and traced the golden chain that joined the delicate rings adorning those delicious nubs.

He wanted to consume her, even rim her tight rear hole before...

Guy longed to forget the preliminaries and take her now, feel her glove his cock again in her tight, slick cunt. He realized another benefit to his improved vision—strong enough to make him almost forget the scarlet color of his irises, which made him look more cyborg than human—he had a clear view of her pussy now, even though it wasn't in his direct line of vision. A delicious sight it was, pouting and swollen within her glistening outer lips, already dripping pale, creamy honey. Being able to see the almost imperceptible tremor in her lush body as she lay there at his command sent a thrill through him, and her tiny whimpers, which he doubted would have been audible to human ears, bombarded him, inflamed him more.

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

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

eased the friction of flesh on flesh, its sound soft, gentler than the rasp of his rapid breathing against her throat.

Oh, shit. He had to close his eyes. Seeing her expression, so full of desperate desire and unslaked need, threatened to shove him over the edge. Laying his cheek on her breast, Guy fought for the sort of self-control that would have come easily to the sexbot he was supposed to be. His nostrils flared. He felt them distending as he inhaled the incredibly arousing, flowery scent that clung to her skin and floated in the air around his head.

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

She came over and over, trembling and whimpering at each touch of his fingers, his tongue, even his ringed nipples against hers. His balls protested, telling him with silent agony that he desperately needed to come, too. Still he toyed with her, pleased her, striving to master her body as she'd conquered his soul at first sight.

Before he admitted his deception, he'd have her drugged with satisfaction. She'd crave him so much, it would no longer matter that he was a washed-up starship commander who was no longer welcome back home on Earth—a creature made as much of Pak Song's bionic parts as his own human flesh.

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

breasts, Guy watched her tremble then swallowed her little scream when he took her mouth and tangled his tongue with hers.

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

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

Yes she would, although she didn’t know it yet. He’d pleasure her like this for the rest of their lives.

Sitting back on his heels, he rubbed the dildo along her wet channel, dipping it into her cunt and then withdrawing it. Her whimper of protest made him bend, tongue her swollen clit and rub his cheeks, now roughened by several hours’ growth of beard, against the incredible softness of her mound. He’d never realized until now that the rasp of beard stubble against a woman’s soft, damp flesh could sound so arousing. So erotic.

“Roll over now. I’m going to fuck your ass the way I promised you I would.” Reaching into her bag of toys, he found one of the condoms that had been considerably packaged with the anal plugs, and a lush, ripe banana. Quickly, he rolled the heavily lubricated condom over his erection. Then he peeled the banana and laid it on the bed, within Cassie’s easy reach.

He loved her eagerness to please, the ease with which she let him lead her. He’d been right, for he’d pegged her as malleable as well as incredibly desirable the moment he’d first seen her. Her conspicuous desire to do his bidding made Guy’s heart swell with joy. The eager way her tight little asshole twitched when he rubbed his cockhead over it had him desperate. Desperate to take her, fill her, fulfill her and coax her to take him as he was, go with him wherever he led.

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

His cock twitched, demanding he glove it within her body. He tried in vain to counsel restraint and patience. *Pretend you're a sexbot. That you exist only to give Cassie pleasure. Pretend your cock and balls are controlled by those microchips embedded in your brain, like so many other parts of you.*

But his cock wasn't listening. He had to speed this up or he'd lose control and come the minute he seated his cock in her tight, hot ass. He picked up the banana, bent over her upthrust ass, and slid the tip of it between her lips before straightening and aligning their bodies. "Nibble on it. Concentrate on the sweetness of the fruit, the full feeling of the dildo in your cunt. That's my good slave. Relax." Slowly, smoothly, he began to penetrate her tight ass. "You can take me. Gods in the heavens but you're tight. Can you feel me stretching you, filling you?"

"Ooh. I want you inside me so much. But you're so big. It...it hurts."

He paused. "Too much?" He held his breath, willing himself to withdraw if that was what she wanted.

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

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

## Chapter Four

"But you can, my darling slave."

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

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

"I'm not a sexbot. I'm a man. I'm an Earthling like you." *Please gods, let her accept me.*

"B-but your eyes...and your hard, hard body..." Cassie stroked his arm, tracing his biceps upward to his shoulder then down over pecs that had never been so prominent before his injury.

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

"B-but that's against Federation law." Her eyes were wide, her expression disbelieving.

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

"To save my life, the doctors summoned Pak Song. He implanted my bionic eyes and ears, the kinds he uses in his deluxe sexbots. When I'd begun to heal from my other injuries, he embedded microprocessors in my brain and along nerve pathways to make the eyes and ears work and cure my paralysis. As for the hard muscles, they are a result of physical therapy as well as bionic modifications Pak Song made that allow me to function as if my spinal cord hadn't been severed."

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

"No." His confirmation sent tears trailing down her cheeks, and she bit her lower lip as though to keep from crying aloud. "I can't go home. But you can stay with me."

"Here?" she croaked.

"Well, not exactly here. Obsidion is for adventurers and opportunists, and tourists who're searching for forbidden thrills. It's a great place to visit, but not the sort of place where I want to make my home. Cassie, the moment I saw you, I knew you were my soul mate. I want you to be my slave. Not just now, but forever. I sense you want that, too."

Damn it, she was fighting him, and he didn't like it. He hated having her look at him with love in her eyes, and with terror that was so transparent it hung in every molecule of the air that was still redolent with the scents of banana and their own animal musk.

He took her hand, looked into her frightened face. "I know a place—a small planet with a colony of Earthlings. It's not too far from here. We'd be welcomed there."

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

"I got a generous settlement. When Star Command discovered how I'd been kept alive, they rewarded me richly for my years of service. Then they relieved me of my command and exiled me from Earth. I haven't had a lot of use over the years for my pay, so between what I've saved and the settlement, I could support us both even if I never worked again. But idleness and I don't get along, so I plan to start a shuttle service and take supplies from planet to planet in this part of the galaxy. Trust me, little one. I'll take good care of you."

By all the gods, this was too hard to process all at once. Cassie's head spun, trying to make sense of what she'd gotten into. Guy. He said she was his soul mate, and she was already certain he was hers. That feeling had confused her when she'd thought he was a sexbot. But Guy was a man—no, not precisely a man—a cyborg, forever exiled from their home planet.

"Why?" Her heart ached as if it were breaking when she tried to withdraw her hand from his chest. "Why did you make me want you so much when you must know I can never have you in my life?"

"But you can." Guy clasped her hand firmly, pressing it against his chest so hard that she felt the imprint of his nipple ring on her palm. "You'll have to give up some things, that's true. But think of what you'll gain." He dragged her hand down to his crotch, encouraging her to fondle his sex.

She explored him hesitantly, as though she'd never touched a man before. "Do you like it when I touch you this way?"

"I like it a lot. And I believe you like it, too. I can't believe you want to live on a breeding farm where you're impregnated in a sterile lab. Or that you'd like living in a commune of women and children who will never meet their fathers. If you come with me, you'll have a home where your children will know both their parents' love. You'll be free to serve me and only me as Master. Freedom to let me pleasure my only, beloved slave."

As though desperate to prove his point, Guy slipped his other hand between her legs, his fingers finding the still-wet folds of her cunt lips, stroking the swollen flesh, coaxing out more honey even though he'd thought the well must be dry.

"What do you say, Cassie? I know what sort of life awaits you back on Earth. You'll be sent to a breeding farm where you'll be impregnated with the semen of some unknown stranger. Your children will be taken from you as soon as they're old enough to be schooled."

From the little sigh that escaped her lips, he knew she didn't want the life he'd just described. He lowered his voice and continued. "You'll get your only sex from a sexbot whose functions are limited by Federation law." Guy paused, rubbed his thumb over her clit and tweaked the little ring until she squirmed, her passion apparently rekindled.

"That feels so good. Master, please don't stop."

He kissed her hard, his mouth still tasting of her sex and his. "I won't, if you will be my slave. If you go with me to a place where we don't live under the thumbs of Federation rulers. Where we won't have to abide by all their restrictions. Cassie, I can give you so much more. More joy. More pleasure. So much more than you'd ever have back on Earth."

He dipped a finger into her cunt, stroking gently against the wet, hot walls that so recently had convulsed wildly with the multiple orgasms he'd coaxed from her. Deliberately he reminded her of the pleasure and persuaded her of all the delicious sensations she wanted to go on enjoying forever.

But from the doubt he saw in her expression, he realized she was afraid to leave the only life she knew and follow him to a new and frightening world where—

"You promised me children. Are you—"

"Pak Song and the doctors assured me that my reproductive parts were unscathed and are in perfect working order. My seed may be growing inside you even now. Would you like that?" Withdrawing his hand from her sex, he laid it on her belly, his touch gentle, almost reverent.

Cassie covered his hand with hers as she looked into his cyborg eyes. If only... "I think I would. But—"

"I'd like very much to give you children, to watch them with you as they grow up. For years I managed to avoid having my sperm harvested whenever my starship docked on Earth because I didn't want to sire children I'd never be allowed to know, or



to lose my balls once I'd provided Federation leaders with what they deemed an adequate supply of semen. I made do with sexbots, as you most likely have until now. I want to love you, live with you, give you children and watch them grow up free, in a place where such relationships are encouraged, not forbidden."

By the gods, Guy tempted her. He made her want to toss away all she'd ever known, follow him to the ends of the galaxy if that was what he wanted. She wanted to be his slave for the rest of her life. But Cassie needed time. "I've got to think. I came to Obsidion for a once-in-a-lifetime adventure, but I never expected—"

"To meet your life mate? I never expected it either, when I took a walk along the Strip to check out my new freedom. But then I saw you, your hair all reddish gold, your eyes wide with wonder as you stared at those castrated, overworked Earthling sex slaves and argued with your sisters. I knew at that moment I'd found my slave, my lover, my companion. My best friend."

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

Though shy at first, she moved down and took Guy's beautiful cock in her mouth, felt it swell and harden against her tongue. She wanted so much to go with him, live the life he described with this man who'd stolen her soul. She imagined herself kneeling at his feet, sucking his cock this way. She rubbed her tongue over its jeweled surface as she fondled his scrotum with both hands. Guy came hard and she reveled in his release.

Yes, she wanted to go with him. She wanted to live the sort of life he promised. She raised her head and met the scarlet gaze that no longer startled her. "I-I want to go with you," she said, licking the salty taste of him from her lips. "But —"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Then he can't go back to Earth. Not that you'd be allowed to have a human mate anyway, cyborg or not, even if he could return," Doreen pointed out.

Guy held her fast, easing the pain of that knowledge, if not the tearing sensation in her heart and head. "He wants me to stay with him, go live with him on this planet called Luna Ten."

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

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

"Cassie, you watch this, too," Guy stroked along her spine as she turned her attention to a picture of the place he wanted to take her.

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

The scene shifted to the far side of the planet, a picture postcard view of snow-capped evergreens and a lodge with a roaring fire. A couple, unashamedly naked, lay on a fur rug before the fireplace, their limbs entangled as she cradled his head to her

breasts. Watching them, Cassie's arousal grew, blossomed. Suddenly it didn't matter that she and Guy weren't alone. All that mattered was the insistent nudge of his rigid cock against her thigh, the need to feel it throbbing within her needy cunt. She couldn't let him go. She couldn't. "I want to make you feel as good as you make me feel."

He chuckled but drew her closer and settled her comfortably on the bed beneath him then parted her legs and slid his cock between her damp, swollen folds. "Now I know something new about you. You're a voyeur." When she looked at him, clearly not understanding, he grinned. "You get hot just watching others fucking. I love it. Do you like what you see of your new home?"

"From what I saw on the travel program, the place must be like heaven."

"Yes, love, Luna Ten is all you see there, and more. Come live with me there. I still have friends in Star Command who will get word to any people who might worry when you don't return." Guy turned to Doreen and Nebula. "You both would be welcome, too. You could live with us until you meet your own Masters."

Doreen laughed. "No man will ever master me. I could be quite happy with one of Pak Song's super-deluxe sexbots though, and even happier if I didn't have the threat of indiscriminate breeding hanging over my head. What do you say, Nebula? Shall we cast our lots with the sexy cyborg who's so easily won the heart of our sibling?"

"We could..." Nebula's voice trailed off, and from her troubled expression Cassie gathered that she remembered and dreaded the fate that awaited her when she returned. And why. "But from what the announcer said, the colonists on Luna Ten want women who can breed. I cannot. I carry the mutant gene."

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

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

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

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

She looked up at him and met his gaze, which now seemed very human despite the scarlet irises. "I will go with you, Master. I want to be your slave. Will you go with us?" she asked, turning to focus on Doreen and Nebula.

Doreen shot Cassie a lascivious smile. "Yes, I'll come. Nebula, if I were you, I'd jump at the chance to live as a human and not a drone."

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

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

"We'll be at the private transporter dock station tomorrow at fifteen hundred hours," Guy called out as Doreen hurried after Nebula. "Meet us there."

He bent, brushing his lips over Cassie's. "I hope they show up. I'd have you happy and content. Never lonely." Then, with loving deliberation, he released the clasp of the

gossamer, golden chain that connected her piercings and threaded it through his as well. Guy refastened the clasp so they were connected and their sensitive nubs brushed each other with every plunge of his cock deep within her cunt. Each erotic thrust tugged the chain attached to her throbbing clit. When he took her mouth, she tasted her own honey on his lips.

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

\* \* \* \* \*

The following morning they loaded their belongings into the small, sleek transporter Guy had bought and made one last trip to the Strip for a few luxuries Guy said they needn't do without.

At the jeweler's shop, Cassie helped him choose a collar of gold and diamonds with a matching gold link leash, and gold tongue studs that had once been traditional gifts exchanged by brides and grooms centuries earlier on Earth. Guy had the jeweler pierce her tongue using the new, painless laser procedure. "That way," he said, "the hole won't close before our mating ceremony." When they came back to the front, he selected several lengths of fine, gold chain and a flogger with a burnished leather handle.

When she looked at him, questioning this last purchase, he said, "It's for your discipline, my darling."

"Then you don't want a flogger made of my hair?" Cassie had seen a slave being readied for her Master yesterday in one of the shops along the Strip. She found the

process of weaving severed lengths of the woman's hair into a braid and stiffening it with some resinous substance intriguing and incredibly arousing to watch.

So arousing that she got wet just thinking about kneeling between Guy's muscular thighs and sucking his cock while he took her hair to make a flogger that he would use for her discipline, leaving her scalp as smooth as his own.

"I want your golden hair left on your head." While flattered, Cassie couldn't help feeling disappointed that he wouldn't allow her to give him that very obvious symbol of her submission. "I want to run my hands through it. Feel it slide along my thighs when you suck my cock. Grasp it when I fuck you from behind."

"But...Master, I want to submit fully to you."

"You will. Never doubt that you'll be as submissive as if I shaved your head and flogged you every day with a whip made from your own hair. Come with me. I have one more thing I need to buy."

They walked to a craftsman's shop across the street. After considering several large devices, he purchased a sleek St. Andrew's cross, complete with padded restraints. Cassie creamed her panties when she imagined Guy strapping her to that cross, administering loving discipline until he took pity and filled her empty, aching cunt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stars glittered as Guy piloted the transporter through the black velvet of space. "Cassie, come here," he said softly into the intercom after putting the ship on autopilot.

Leaving her sisters sleeping in the cabin, Cassie crept forward and knelt at her Master's feet. This would be all right, she told herself, even though she hadn't quite been able to still the apprehension that formed a tight knot in her stomach.

That feeling let up a little as she laid her head on Guy's knee and felt him run a hand through her loosened hair, petting her as though she were a child, or a favorite pet. "It's so dark out there," she said, glancing out at the vast blackness punctuated with jewel-like stars.

"Don't be afraid. And don't forget that I promised to take care of you." He slid his hand under her chin, lifting her head until she looked into his scarlet eyes. His self-confidence rubbed off on her, and she smiled. "You believe I will, don't you?"

"Yes, Master." She did believe, but she worried that something might come along to keep them from reaching the utopian paradise that awaited them on Luna Ten.

He reached down, freed his sex from the snug leather pants that reminded her he'd once been one of Earth's elite Federation Star Command. "I want you to give me pleasure now," he told her, gathering her hair in his hand and using it to turn her until her lips brushed the broad head of his jeweled penis.

Hard yet as soft and smooth as the night, he tasted a little salty when she sampled the lubrication that seeped around the thick ring at the tip of his cock. She cupped his testicles in both hands, rolling them around within their tightly drawn-up sac.

Cassie found it incredibly arousing to handle him that way as they hurtled through space—just the parts of him that made him more man than cyborg—while the rest of his magnificent body was out of her reach, encased from neck to toe in supple black leather. Extending her tongue, she licked down the full length of his jeweled cock then drew him into her mouth.

"That feels...indescribably good," he said. "But now, suck me, my precious slave." Guy fisted her hair in one hand, forcing her to take him deeper, swallow, suckle him while he whispered words of sex—of love. "Suck me hard. That's my good slave. Oh, yeah. Stop now. I want you to come up here and straddle me, take my cock into your hot, wet cunt."

Cassie stood, watched Guy watch her with those bionic eyes as she drew her panties down and off. It was as though he could see through her, as if her body held no secrets from him. She liked the sensation of high arousal when he looked at her that way, wanted to give him a Master's pleasure while she basked in the knowledge that she was wanted, maybe even loved.

"Come here."



"Yes, Master." Her motions smooth and natural, she stepped up on the console and straddled his thick, hard thighs. The smooth leather of his pants caressed her legs as she settled her cunt over his massive erection and impaled herself slowly, sensuously, until she had his full length inside her, stretching her, pressing against the mouth of her womb.

Gods but it felt good. With strong hands, Guy lifted her then pushed her down again. "Oh, yes, Master," she gasped when the pressure began to build in her, demanding a release he had yet to permit.

"Come for me now, slave."

She felt him insert a long finger up her ass, and that sensation robbed her of the last vestiges of her control. She'd never felt so full. So taken. So loved. She could think no more as her climax began deep in her belly and spread throughout her body like a raging fire that consumed her, left her weak and spent in her Master's strong arms.

A sense of peace, of rightness, enveloped Guy as he held his precious slave while they hurtled through space. Master and slave, embarking on a journey that would end in a place he'd secretly envied his old flight school classmate for having had the courage to leave his place on Earth to colonize. "Cassie, you'll like Aurora. She's Brad's mate, and he says she has been longing for a few female friends."

"I'm glad. I wish you'd take my hair, though, so everyone who sees us would know that I'm your slave." She stirred in his arms, the motion arousing him even though he'd just come in her moments earlier. "Aurora is so beautiful."

"So are you. Never think that because I allow you to keep your hair for my pleasure, you're less my slave than Aurora is Brad's." He gathered the reddish-gold mass in his fist and lifted her slightly. "Stand and brace yourself on the wheel. I want to fuck you again."

"Already, Master?" she asked as she followed his instruction and positioned herself so he could take her cunt or ass without moving from his chair in the cockpit. He loved

the way she obeyed without question. The plump curve of her ass when she bent over the wheel enticed him almost beyond reason.

“Already.” Checking the gauges first to be sure they stayed on course, Guy bent and licked along her spine, using one hand beneath her to jiggle the chain that joined her nipples and her delightfully swollen clit. When he reached her ass cheeks, he nibbled them playfully. “I want to fuck your delightful ass. Do you mind?”

She wiggled a little, put herself in position so he could rim her rear hole with his tongue. “My ass belongs to you, Master,” she said, her voice husky with passion.

He slid to the edge of the seat and rubbed his cock along her wet, hot slit. The scent of sex filled his nostrils, made him crazy with need. They needed no lubrication but the proof of their earlier climaxes, so he positioned his cock at her rear entrance. Using both hands on her hips, he drew her down on him.

Inch by inch, she took him into that impossibly tight hole. No complaints or whimpers, just acceptance. When he was fully seated in her, he reached around and claimed her breasts, one in each hand. Squeezed. As he moved her slowly up and down on his cock, he plucked her nipples with his fingers.

“Oh gods,” she cried when he fucked her harder, faster. “Don’t...don’t stop.”

Her flesh began to convulse around him, and he felt a tremor go through her body. “Come for me now, my precious slave,” he said when her breathing became ragged and she strained against his seeking fingers.

He felt her ass convulse around his cock. So tight. So giving. “Yes, Master. Oh gods yes.”

Her soft cries of completion triggered his own climax, which came in long, staccato bursts that seemed to go on forever.

Finally he lifted her off his wrung-out cock and set her on his lap, weaving his fingers through her hair. “I believe I’ll like claiming you that way at our mating ceremony. Never fear, no one on Luna Ten will doubt that you’re my slave. You will belong to me – heart, soul and body – and everyone will know it.”

Cassie turned and met Guy's sizzling-hot gaze. "You will take me in front of others?"

He stroked her wet, sticky slit, reminding her of the sex they had just shared. "Don't pretend you mind. You will enjoy having others watch me taking you in every possible way, just as you did when your sisters watched. Watching others fuck excites you too. Your passion pleases me beyond all, my little slave."

"The cross you bought? You will tie me to it?"

"Yes. And you will like it." Guy's tone was low, hard. Masterful. "I will chain you, make you helpless. And I will suck you and fuck you until you beg for mercy. Perhaps I will allow the eunuch males to play with your beautiful breasts and clit while I fuck your pretty mouth. I'm interested in seeing how many times I can make you come."

"Ooh." She didn't know what to say, but her cunt was clenching again, anticipating more of Guy's hot loving.

"I look forward to teaching you to come on my command, sweet slave. I have a feeling you will take to obeying me with great enthusiasm."

"Yes, Master." She smiled up at Guy, lust plain to see in her beautiful eyes. "Will you begin my instruction now?"

"Gladly." He blew on her earlobe as he reached between her legs and sank two fingers into her cunt. "Imagine me fucking you this way, sucking your sweet clit between my teeth." He began to move his fingers, stretching her flesh as he told her what he wanted to do to her, how he wanted to make her feel. His explicit words aroused her even more than his sensuous touch.

"Come now, sweet slave," he ordered, his voice low, incredibly sexy, compelling her to follow his loving command.

When she came she sought his soft lips, insinuated her tongue between them. Slave became Master for the moment when she claimed his mouth as he'd conquered hers. A

power exchange that made her climax sweeter. Yes, she obeyed him as a slave, but in doing so she had also enslaved her Master.

## **Epilogue**

*One month later, on Luna Ten*

Guy and Cassie stood at the altar where lifetime commitments were made in the way of the ancients of the galaxy. Their friends stood witness, both those newly arrived from Obsidion and the twenty-plus families who lived in peace together on this idyllic planet.

Cassie agreed to spend the rest of her life as Guy's slave, a vow that humbled him, made him resolve to be her adoring Master. Because he knew she wanted it, he insisted upon going through all the ancient rites, knowing at the time he would suffer brief but excruciating pain because of his enhanced sensation. At least he had spared her any agony by having her tongue pierced painlessly before they left Obsidion. And he had the satisfaction of knowing that over time, his body would adjust to the bionic changes and he then would be able to endure severe pain that no mere human could withstand. Until that day, though, every tiny pain would be magnified a hundredfold by his new enhancements.

Guy's acceptance of the pain today would be his sacrifice. To endure pain for her, and to give thanks to the gods that, because of the modifications that kept him alive, he was standing here today to love her. To become her beloved Master.

In the mossy glade called Eden, Guy presented his tongue to Luna Ten's ritual celebrant, trying not to shame himself by screaming when the celebrant placed the clamp. The clamp was nothing compared with the pain that racked his body when a large-bore needle pierced through the fleshy part of his tongue. Through the pain he experienced joy, joy that came from knowing he now belonged to Cassie as fully as she belonged to him.

He loved her for understanding how every sensation affected him many times more than it did a human without modifications. She'd suggested that they forego this particular part of the ritual, but he had refused, welcoming it as another test of his inner strength.

Enduring the brief pain symbolized his victory. His future. His life, snatched back by modern cyber technology from certain death. Snatched into the arms of his beautiful, perfectly submissive soul mate. How could he not rejoice?

The matched studs they wore gave visible evidence to all of the promises they'd made—her vow to be a loving and obedient slave and his to be a loving and protective Master who'd ensure her pleasure and safety. Guy ignored the nausea that rose in his gut as the gold post was threaded through his tongue and screwed in place with a captive bead on the underside.

Once the celebrant sprayed on some salty substance that eased away the rest of the pain, Guy rubbed the upper bead experimentally over his own lips. Amazing sensations flowed through him as he imagined how Cassie's pert nipples would bead when he ran his tongue over their sensitive tips, catching the golden ball in her small nipple rings and tugging on the delicate chain that joined them and two more that connected them to the identical adornment in her clit. His nipples hardened when he pictured her tonguing them. And his cock, already at full attention, released glistening lubrication around the ring in its tip when he thought of how her pierced tongue would feel with its new stud when she licked and sucked him there.

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

Glad he'd foregone the custom of taking her silken hair to make the flogger that tradition decreed all Masters should have, Guy caught up the golden mass and gathered it into a high ponytail. After securing it in a gold barrette, he took the jeweled collar they'd bought on Obsidion and locked it securely about her slender neck.

As a good slave should, Cassie lowered her gaze when the celebrant—a eunuch or Guy would have nixed this part of the ritual, too—knelt behind her and worked a long,

thick stimulator into her anus until its flat base lay flush within the satiny folds of her outer labia. Guy tongue-fucked her mouth, the recent discomfort of his piercing forgotten in the erotic haze of this ancient rite of submission.

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

Holding back was agony. Every velvety swipe of her tongue let him experience the erotic sensation of her tongue ring against his flesh. He felt the heat of her hands and the soft whoosh of her breath against his hairless groin. Her tongue ring tugged on each jeweled barbell that marched up the underside of his cock. Finally the wet, slick heat of her mouth when she took him in her mouth and sucked his cockhead had his semen bubbling, demanding release.

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

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

Compared with this, the rest of the ritual would be easy. Guy drew Cassie to her feet, leaving the butt plug in place, and licked away the drops of semen that had gathered on her swollen lips. Gently he lifted her, and draped her facedown across a moss-covered altar made from sacred stone. He watched with wonder as the fragrant,

flowered vines that grew around it captured her, confining her much like the ropes he'd been taught to use for bondage as a young star commander eager to begin the road toward sexual dominance.

Between tightly bound, widespread legs, her swollen, satin lips pouted. Her cunt glistened, as though begging for his mouth...his cock.

*Let her see the instrument of her enslavement.* Though no one had spoken, Guy heard the male voice clearly. The voice of the trainer who had been preparing them for their mating since they'd arrived weeks earlier. Stepping up to where his cock aligned with her face, he fed it to her again, briefly enduring the pleasure of her licking him until he could take no more. "Do you want me to fuck you now?"

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

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

With every thrust, each gentle tug of his fingers on her clit, every slap of his balls against her pussy lips, Cassie felt his need more than her own. The slick sheen of sweat on the skin of his muscular arms, the moist heat of his straining chest muscles against her back and the ragged sound of his breathing gave evidence of what it was costing him to hold back.

Helpless to ease his suffering, bound as she was, she did as she'd promised an hour earlier, when the celebration of their joining had first begun.

*I will love you, obey you, submit to your desires. You are my Master, I, your slave, for now and forever. I give you my heart, my soul, my body – trusting you to treasure them always and keep me from harm.*



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

"Please, Master."

"Come, slave. By all of the gods, I order you to come now." He groaned—a tortured animal sound that came from somewhere deep in his chest.

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

*The End*

## About the Author

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

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

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

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

### *Tell Us What You Think*

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

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