

## The Pirate's Slave

By Angela Knight

I stood naked, the collar riding my throat like a lead weight, each of my wrists bound to the opposite elbow in such a way as to pull my shoulders back and thrust my bare breast southward in lascivious display. It was very cold in the room, and the chill drew my nipples shamefully hard. Yet my cheeks were blazing hot. I could almost feel the hungry gaze of my male audience slide over me like acid, burning my bare skin, stripping away my pride.

Odd. Of all the fates I'd envisioned for myself, this hadn't been one of them. Death, yes, I'd seen my death a hundred times—shot by the pirates, mercenaries or gun runners I hunted, blown to quarks in my patrol ship by some lucky enemy, knifed by a fleeing prisoner. Even, given events lately, murdered by my own side. But never this.

The auctioneer grabbed one of my nipples and twisted it viciously. I didn't reward him with so much as a flinch. "A month ago she was Captain Rayna Kinkaid of the Stellar Patrol—but that was before she was found guilty of taking bribes from the very pirates she was supposed to hunt." He leered, his round face taking on an evil cast. "Which of you gentlemen wants to be the one to punish her for her crimes?"

Grabbing my arm, he spun me around, then caught the chain that dangled from my collar and jerked it, dragging my head down. "Just look at that ass, men." He smoothed his plump hand over it. "See how round and firm it is. And pale. It begs for stripes, doesn't it? It begs to be caned until she screams for mercy." Roughly, he grabbed my cheeks and pried them apart. "And then, when you're hard and she's begging, there's this tight cunt, or maybe this rosy little asshole. It would be your choice.

"And she'd deserve it, wouldn't she? Every stroke of the whip, every thrust of your cock. She betrayed the honor of her Stellar Patrol uniform. The court says she deserves the worst you can do to her. She's at your mercy."

Staring at the back curtain, I curled my lip and fought the impulse to slam my foot back into his crotch. It would only earn me another caning.

He kept me bent over like that through the bidding, spurring it on when the bids began to flag by thrusting a fat finger into my anus and reminding the crowd of my former rank. After all, it wasn't really the chance to punish a convict that appealed to them; it was the opportunity to fuck and torment a female Stellar Patrol captain.

My back was aching from the enforced position by the time he finally decided to give the crowd another view of my tits. I don't know why he thought he could drive the bidding any higher; it had already reached astronomical heights as it was. In fact, all the men had been forced out except for two relentless

bidder, dueling for my favors with outrageous sums. Not realizing, apparently, that whoever bought me would be buying his death. I'd sworn to kill my new master and escape by any means necessary.

But then, looking out over the crowd as the auctioneer mauled my nipples, I recognized one of those bidders. And my heart stopped.

Armand Deguere .

Those with a poetic bent called him The Black Lord of the Stars; we in the Stellar Patrol simply called him pirate. Or rebel. Or bastard. And sometimes, in our deepest hearts, we'd called him brilliant, ruthless, elusive ... Or at least I had. I'd hunted Armand Deguere for five years.

More than once I'd expected The Black Lord to be the architect of the death I'd known would come. Yet now it seemed he had another fate in mind for me entirely. He stared at me from across the room, his handsome face set in hard lines, expressionless save for an icy sort of determination. Odd, that I'd have expected gloating enjoyment. Here I stood, naked in chains, being auctioned off to the highest bidder for use in the most humiliating way possible. And he apparently intended to be that bidder.

Though if the Patrol had known he was here ... It was fortunate for him that Slave Mart was a planet outside the Patrol's jurisdiction; the brass had set it up that way in order to turn a blind eye to some of the violations that went on there.

In the end, I wasn't really surprised when my other would-be master surrendered, and Armand strode toward the front to claim

me. In all my years of pursuing the Black Lord, I'd learned he generally got what he'd wanted. And the few times he hadn't, it was because I'd thwarted him by some combination of luck and trickery. Still, I'd never managed to have the final victory of putting him in chains.

Now it was he who took my leash from the auctioneer.

And in that moment, when I saw his hard brown fingers close around the chain, I felt a sense of inevitability. As though this was the moment I'd been heading for all along, as though I should have known all those years of combat and pursuit would end like this.

"Congratulations, sir," the fat man said, giving me an oozing look. "You'll find taming this one an enjoyable challenge."

"Shut your mouth, you vile little prick," my enemy snarled.

The auctioneer's mouth fell slack. His shock was such almost dropped Armand's credit chip when the Black Lord tossed it to him.

I was still blinking in equal astonishment when Armand swirled his cloak off his massive shoulders and wrapped it around me.

"After what I paid, I don't want anyone else leering at my property," he grunted to me.

But just as I was thinking my relentless foe had a softer side, he wrapped a big hand in my leash

and pivoted on his booted heel. "Come, bitch. You and I have a long night ahead of us."

I almost fell at the hard jerk he gave the chain. Gagging, I hurried after him.

God, it was ironic. Once, in the days before the Star Patrol had betrayed me, I'd dreamed of the opposite scenario. In my fantasy, I'd captured Armand, testified against him in court, seen him sentenced to slavery and bought him myself. I'd dreamed of keeping him a deliciously handsome prisoner at my family villa. Of resigning from the Patrol to devote myself to rehabilitating him with loving applications of my tongue and hands and creamy cunt.

Now it seemed the slave collar was on the other neck.

Armand dragged me down the length of the room, pausing only when he noticed the other patrons leering because I couldn't hold the cape closed with my arms bound behind me. Impatiently, he reached out a muscled arm and folded it around me, holding the cloak closed as he pulled me into his side. I was suddenly, vividly aware that the top of my head barely reached his armpit. For the first time, I had a gut realization of how very big he was.

Odd that I hadn't noticed it before not even the night I knife fought him in that Rigel bar. Hell, he'd actually defeated me that time; only the arrival of my backup saved me. I could hold my own with Armand in ship to ship battle, but hand to hand I'd never had a prayer. He was simply too strong, too skillful, too quick.

It was as that uneasy thought crossed my consciousness that I looked up and saw the mural we were passing. It showed a chained, naked blonde being slave fucked sodomized by her massively endowed master. A superimposed image behind them showed her asshole stretching impossibly wide around his enormous cock. It was an erotically violent painting, and it reminded me uncomfortably of the times Armand had threatened me with just that fate.

There'd been a moment on Rigel when he'd had me pinned under him, and I could feel size of his erection as he ground it against me. In a voice that rasped with lust, he described how he was going to take me back to his ship, collar me like a slave, and give my virgin asshole the traditional auction night ream.

I never told anyone that when my backup burst through the door, I felt a moment's disappointment.

But this really was auction night, and there'd be no Stellar Patrol backup to save me. Hell, the Patrol had practically delivered me to him with its blessings. He could do everything to me he'd ever promised, and there was no way I could escape.

I just wished I didn't feel quite so ... intrigued by the idea.

"If I had known you were so easy to buy," he gritted suddenly, his arm tightening painfully around my shoulders, "I would have done it a long time ago and saved myself a great deal of frustration."

"I wasn't up for auction before," I snapped back, shrugging against his hold. To no avail.

He shot me a burning, black eyed look. "Not according to the Stellar Patrol's prosecutors."

I stiffened.

"Imagine my shock when I heard that the ever virtuous CaptainKinkaid had been taking bribes all along." His handsome lips took on a contemptuous curl. "A thousand credits? Come on, Rayna. Not only were you corrupt, you were cheap."

I didn't bother to deny it, though my jaws had to clamp against the words. He'd never believe that I'd been framed. No one else had.

"The thing that amazes me is that you apparently feel no shame at all. After all those sanctimonious speeches to me about how the law is the only thing that separates us from the abyss, you let Will Tucker buy you off for a thousand credits." He shook his head. "And then, a convicted felon, you stood on that stage while that auctioneer bastard mauled your breasts, and your face was as cool and your back was as straight as though you were standing on the parade ground at the Stellar Academy. You have a lot of gall, lady."

I lifted my chin and held my tongue.

Suddenly he wheeled on me, his big body lunging into mine, forcing me back against the corridor wall. "So expressionless," he growled. "So icy. I wonder if you'll be able to hold onto all that pride when you feel my cock ramming your little asshole. Then again, maybe you're used to it. Maybe Tucker's fucked you there already."

I stared up at his blazing dark eyes, struggling to hide my astonishment at his hot rage. "Jealous, Captain Deguere?"

He jerked away from me as if he'd been scalded. "Hell, no. It doesn't matter if Tucker's fucked you a thousand times. He's never touching you again."

"I'm insulted you think I have so little taste." I was sharply aware that the cloak he'd given me had fallen open over my thrusting breasts.

He was staring at them hungrily. "Oh, I'm sure you taste absolutely marvelous. And I'm going to find out. Come on."

Dragging me back under his arm, he quick marched me to the shuttle port. I was barely aware of the thundering noise that filled the huge hanger as cargo was loaded onto the shuttles for transport to orbiting ships overhead. I was far too busy mulling Armand's amazing jealousy.

He hustled me aboard his own shuttle. It was scarred with a laser burn I suspected I'd made myself. He hustled me directly to its tiny bridge. Before installing me in a crash couch, he unlocked the manacles binding my wrists to my elbows.

I bit back a scream as my stretched, abused muscles felt the full flow of blood again for the first time in hours.

Armand swore beneath his breath and gently began to massage my cramped arms. "Are you going to be okay?" he asked gruffly.

I shrugged. "I'm sure I'll survive."

His dark eyes narrowed, his handsome face taking on a stern expression. "Don't bullshit me. If you

need medical attention, tell me now. I can have you at a planetary hospital in three minutes."

I forced myself to give him a mocking grin. "Why, Captain I didn't know you cared."

"I don't care," he snapped. "I just have other plans for those long hands than dropping off from gangrene."

With that, he threw himself into the pilot's chair and began to ready the craft for liftoff. I eyed him. "Aren't you going to cuff me again?"

"Why bother?" His big, brown fingers glided over the console, stroking the ship to readiness. "I doubt you can move your arms enough to be dangerous."

I studied my hands. They lay limply in my lap, burning viciously as circulation returned. I tried to lift one and couldn't. "You have a point."

He was silent through the takeoff which was remarkably smooth; Armand was a hell of a pilot and stayed that way until I felt called upon to prod him.

"Where's the Blackbeard?"

He flicked me a look. "A day or so out. I wasn't about to bring it in close to any planet where there might be Stellar Patrol ships."

There didn't seem to be anything to say to that, so I fell silent. In my exhaustion, it wasn't long before I dropped into a doze.

I awoke to Armand's hot mouth biting and sucking my nipples. The sensation rolled over me slowly while I was still asleep, burning me, arousing me. Until, by the time I was fully aware, my cunt was creamy and my breath was short. I moaned and tried to lift my hands, only to discover he'd chained me to the crash couch.

He looked up from my glistening breast, one rough, dark hand toying with the other rigid pink peak. His eyes were as black and demonic and tempting as Satan's himself, and his smile was slow and white. "If you'd waited much longer, you'd have woken up with my cock in your pussy. Or possibly your ass. I was still trying to make up my mind."

I snorted. "Who are you trying to kid, Armand? When you decide to slave fuck me, you're going to want me awake for every

thrust."

He laughed softly in a velvety curl of sound that caressed my senses. "You know me too well, Rayna. I've been waiting to get my hands on you for five years, and I'm not going to let you miss a second of the humiliation, suffering or pleasure I've got planned."

I licked my lips, watching in uneasy fascination as his hot stare wandered across my bound body.

"You always were a black hearted bastard, Armand."

He glanced up at me, a corner of his handsome mouth quirked. "Darling, you have no idea."

His thumb teased one nipple, stroking its hard little peak. "The thing is," he said absently, staring at it in absorbed speculation, "you offer a black hearted bastard such a wealth of erotic possibilities. Take these magnificent breasts, for example. Look how round and full they are, yet they manage to thrust even when you're lying down. And they're so exquisitely sensitive." He feathered his fingers over them with a touch so light I caught my breath in pleasure. "I have a delicate little cat o' nine tails back at the ship. The lashes are quite short, designed strictly for use on a slave's tits." He looked up at

me, his voice dropping to a seductive purr. "I hope you don't expect me to resist the temptation."

I barely managed to suppress the hungry roll of my hips. "So much for your reputation for treating enemies honorably."

Anger flared in his eyes. "I have always treated honorable enemies honorably. Unfortunately for you, your own Stellar Patrol has already established you have no honor."

I bit back a hot tirade of self defense .

"Besides, the rules have always been different between you and I ." He stroked a hand down my naked belly. I would have closed my thighs, but my ankles were bound to the legs of the couch. "You, with those neat little traps you set for me, or the way you were always divining what my plans were and how to beat them ... You made it impossible for there to be anything between us but heat."

"I wasn't the only one setting traps," I gritted. He'd discovered the soft tangle of hair between my thighs. "Remember that ambush on Argilia ?"

He laughed. "I almost had you that time. I was so sure I'd have you bent and spread by the end of the day I had a hard on during the entire battle."

I shifted uneasily in my bonds as he traced the soft line of my nether lips. "Why did you let us go, Armand?"

"Your ship's engines were still on line, though you were too badly damaged to fight. I knew if I attempted to board, you'd blow the engines and you with them."

I nodded. "True. But there was nothing to stop you from destroying us yourself."

"And miss the pleasure of this moment?" He slid a thick finger deeply into my cunt. Feeling my cream, he grinned like the pirate he was. "I knew I'd get a collar on you eventually. Though frankly, I'd prefer to have enslaved you in some more dramatic way. I've always fantasized about spreading your cheeks on the bridge of your own ship." He began to thrust his stiffened finger deeply into my helplessly wet pussy. It was all I could do not to moan. "After a pitched space battle, perhaps, followed by a bit of hand to hand combat you'd be hopelessly outclassed, of course..."

"Of course," I snapped, stung. Though he was right, damn him.

"Then, after all that, I'd peel down those tight gray uniform trousers and grease you up for a slow, leisurely bugging." He drew his wet forefinger from my sex and sought my anus, just barely pressing.

"I've fantasized about watching my cock slide up your ass a thousand times." Slowly, he began to enter. I gasped, instinctively arching my spine. Eyes molten with lecherous enjoyment, he smiled down at my breasts, thrust upward by my position. His finger felt huge, burning, as though it really were his prick he was raping me with. Bending his head, he began to lick and suck my hard nipples even as he continued reaming my virgin bottom. The sensation was like nothing I'd ever felt; overwhelming, painful ... Yet there was something about it that was wildly erotic. My most deadly foe was exploring my untouched asshole in preparation for sodomy. And it made me hotter than I'd ever been in my life.

"Poor little Rayna," he purred, withdrawing only to enter again with two stiffened fingers. I sucked in a breath. "Such a tight rectum. I can only imagine the pain you're going to be in when I slave fuck you. I'm afraid I'm rather well endowed, so the fit will be somewhat ... brutal."

"And you can't wait," I gritted, as his fingers burrowed deeper.

He smiled slowly. "I'm counting the seconds. I hope you're not expecting mercy."

"Not from you."

"Smart girl." Suddenly he dragged his hand away and stood up in a rush of muscle. With a single, violent gesture, he opened the fly of his black trousers and pulled out his cock. My eyes widened. His crack about his size wasn't an idle boast; his prick was so thick I doubted I could close my fingers around it.

Swinging a leg over the crash couch, he straddled my naked body, one hand grabbing a handful of my black hair. I gasped. He aimed the big plum head at my mouth. "Open up, Rayna. It's time to suck your master's prick."

I licked my lips and obeyed. In a moment, he thrust his hard length deep into my mouth. Closing my eyes against the blazing triumph in his, I began to suck. He was more than a mouthful, bigger than I could comfortably accommodate, but he didn't give me a choice, so I took him anyway. The head of his organ was velvety, tasting deliciously of pre come and Armand's own male scent. I swirled my tongue over it, savoring the heat, the taste, the texture. Savoring the way Armand loomed over me, his big, muscled body dominating mine.

He began to pump in and out between my lips, fucking my mouth, both hard hands holding my head still as he used me. I groaned in pleasure.

"Yes, bitch," he hissed. "God, I've always wanted to see that mouth wrapped around my cock. So sweet. So submissive. Just the way you were meant to be."

He shuttled in and out, driving deeper and deeper as I fought not to gag.

"That's it." He threw his head back. "You're mine at last, Rayna. Mine to fuck however I want. Mine to chain and torment. I'm going to put nipple clamps on those pretty tits and stripes on that lovely ass. I'm going to take you in every possible way. I'm going to dominate you ..." His hands tightened painfully on my hair as his strokes increased in speed. Eyes screwed shut with the violent pleasure of fucking my mouth, he gasped, stiffened, his back arching. I felt his cock began to pump sperm, bitter and hot on my tongue.

Armand's eyes snapped open, and he stared down at me with a



savagely burning in his eyes. "Swallow it," he growled. "Swallow it all."

Shivering, I did.

The Blackbeard was a heavily armed frigate, fast and maneuverable so much so the Stellar Patrol had never been able to defeat it in battle.

I'll admit to feeling a certain clammy apprehension when we docked in the frigate's great hanger; I wasn't sure how the crew would react to the sight of a collared, naked Stellar Patrol officer. Ex officer. Particularly one who'd tried to blow them out of space so many times.

I needn't have worried. Armand's crew was too well-trained to show any reaction as I hurried along in the curve of their captain's muscled arm though I did catch a glimpse of sadistic satisfaction here and there in the eyes of some of the men. Probably anticipating the torments I'd soon be suffering at Armand's skilled hands.

The thought made my mouth go dry.

He led me directly to his quarters and straight through them. I barely got a glimpse of a dark, ruggedly masculine decor before I was guided into a large connecting room. Slave quarters. Many civilian ships had them, usually off the captain's quarters; rank hath its privileges.

The room was surprisingly tasteful, the furniture heavy and expensive in quality, all appointed in blue and dove gray. The bed was huge, covered in a thick blue comforter though it was obvious the rings on the head and foot boards were more than simply decorative. A tall oak armoire stood in one corner, a mirrored bureau against the wall, and a variety of small tables held pieces of bronze sculpture. The only indication that the room was intended for a dominant's pleasure was the presence of a number of rings inset in the floor, ceiling and bulkheads.

"I'm going to have to leave you for a bit," Armand told me as I walked cautiously into the room. "Ship's business."

"Don't hurry on my account," I muttered.

He laughed. "I assure you, Rayna, your time will come."

With that, he left me alone. I didn't even bother to check if he'd locked me in; I knew he had.

At a loss, I started exploring. That's when I discovered those bronze figures were a lot less innocent than they looked at a distance.

The statue on the small round table in the corner portrayed a medieval knight. Dressed in chain mail, he held his sword at a threatening angle. A woman knelt at his feet, gowned in fine robes, a crown on her head. She was sucking the knight's cock, his mailed hand fisted in her hair.

The bronze on the bureau was a burly Viking, his lips drawn back in a grin of triumph. Over one shoulder he carried a woman, naked, bound and gagged, her lush body twisted in fruitless struggle.

In the third bronze, a U.S. Cavalry officer pinned an Indian maiden to the ground. Both her hands



were locked in one of his, and he'd spread her legs wide with his muscled thighs. He was sucking one bared breast as he drove his cock deeply into her cunt.

The fourth statue was a seventeenth century pirate holding a writhing woman bent over a cannon as he sodomized her with a massively hard prick. Like all the victims, the woman had my face. Like all the rapists, the pirate had Armand's .

Staring at the bronze, I realized I was breathing hard. I dragged down a swallow and sat on the bed.

I should be disgusted. Appalled at the way the bronzes, with their portrayals of ancient rape, suggested that I was fated to be lush female prey to Armand's dominant male predator. I was a Stellar Patrol officer, dammit, a captain. In honor, I could not, would not, submit.

Suddenly I realized that I lay on my back, my fingers buried deeply in my snatch. Moaning, I turned my head to stare at the bronze of Calvary officer Armand raping Indian maid Rayna . I began to stroke faster, sliding between the slick , hot folds, teasing the hard button of my clit. I could almost feel his fingers digging into my wrists as he held me pinned, his prick shuttling in and out of my helplessly spread body.

Imagining his triumphant growls, I came.

Four hours later, Armand drew back his heavily muscled arm, then brought the cat o' nine tails around in a hissing arc. The nine light lashes cut across my bare, swollen nipples, and I bounced on my toes. My wrists were chained together over my head to a ring in the ceiling, and my asshole was burning. He'd squirted my rectum full of thick anal lube, then stuffed it with a butt-plug. The plug, I gathered, was designed to hold the lube in place until he was ready to give me my first slave-fuck.

In the meantime he was giving himself a hard-on by lashing my tits with the cat. The whip was too light to really cut , but how it did sting ... My nipples were stiff and red, engorged with blood from the beating.

Shuddering in my bonds, I watched him pull back to strike again. He had stripped to the waist, and muscle rippled along his broad torso as he moved.

WHISH.

I jumped as the lashes cut across my tits. "Son of a bitch! I never realized what a fucking sadist you are, Armand."

"Only where you're concerned, darling." There was a bulge in his tight trousers big enough to shame a horse. "Besides, the way I look at it, I'm only doing my civic duty."

WHISH.

I tugged futilely at the chains binding my wrists. When he got good and ready , he was going to bend me over and slide that massive prick deeply into my virgin ass.

WHISH.

He'dfuck me in long, brutal strokes, and he wouldn't care how wide and hard he stretched my hole.

AndI couldn't wait.

I actually wanted it. That was thereally appalling thing. Somehow each nastywhiplash ...

WHISH.

...made memore hungry for the final conquest he'd been threatening with all these years. If Armand was a sadist where I was concerned,I'd become a masochist craving his dominance.

WHISH.

"You deserve this, you little bitch," he growled as I writhed. "After what you did, after the way you sold out to Will Tucker, you deserve everything I can dish out. You made me think you were better than that, when all along you were nothing but a whore..."

WHISH

WHISH

WHISH

"I was framed!" The words burst out of me. I clamped my teeth, appalled thatI'd allowed myself to be so distracted by my burning nipples that I actually said it.

He pulled back his arm in mid-stroke. "What did you say?"

Fuck it. I might as well tell him the whole story. "I said, I was framed."

He snorted. "Yeah, right."

My jaw tightened at his mocking tone. Controlling my fury, I explained slowly, "I was investigating an arm's running ring onYeman II. We'dbroken into one of the computers there. I found files linking Admiral Bryson to organized crime. Atfirst I didn't believe it, but the documentation was just too good. Evidently somebody was compiling a blackmail file on the Admiral."

He frowned, straightening slowly. "Go on."

"But my second in command turned out to be in the Admiral's pay. He got word to her somehow. The next thing I knew, Will Tucker had told Internal Security that I'd been taking bribes." I felt my mouth curl into a bitter smile. "It seems they'd just caught Tucker, and he was trying to reduce the charges by cooperating with them."

"They railroaded you." With a growl of rage, he whirled and flung the cat into a corner. "All this, just a railroad job."

"You know, I wasn't surprised Tucker perjured himself; he's scum. Butthe thing that really disgusted me was the number of people I'd thought were honorable who were ready to help bury me,

simply to advance their own careers. Do you know, a dozen crew members came forth claiming to have seen me take bribes. Sure, others said I was clean, but those witnesses were swept right under the rug. They only listened to the liars." I grinned bitterly. "So much for the honor of the service."

Slowly, he began to swear, his voice low, vicious with rage. I listened to him with growing unease. "I'm telling the truth, Armand."

"Hell, I know you're telling the truth," he spat. "I've fought you for five years. You can learn a lot about a person in the intensity of combat, the way she thinks, what she will and won't do. The fact is, you're not the type that takes bribes. Your sense of honor is too keen."

Growling, he flung himself down on the bed and stared at me for a long moment. I shifted uneasily in my bonds, not liking the brooding anger in his eyes.

"Goddammit, I don't have a choice," he muttered finally.

"What're you planning, Armand?"

Suddenly his expression lightened. "I'm planning to fuck your little brains out, that's what I'm planning." He rolled off the bed and came to me, reaching up for the chains that bound me to the ceiling. He unlocked them, then the shackles at my ankles, and swept me into his arms. Reflexively, I encircled his muscled neck with both arms.

"Armand, what the hell are you doing?"

He turned with me and lowered me to the bed. "Nothing to be afraid of, Rayna. Just this ..."

His mouth came down over mine. But it wasn't the raping kiss I'd expected from him; it was gentle, sweet, asking rather than taking with lips that were warm and velvety and seductive. Instinctively, I went limp under him. He gathered me tighter in his powerful arms and settled his weight over mine. His big hands stroked over me, delicately caressing my swollen breasts, drifting over my sensitive stomach. "Tell me if I hurt you," he murmured.

"Why? So you can gloat?"

He ignored that crack and went on touching me, brushing my sweating skin, trailing gentle fire over my thighs. The entire time, his dark eyes stared into my face as though trying to memorize each feature.

It actually took me a moment to figure out what was going on. Armand was making love to me, not fucking me.

Warily, I dared to touch him, curling a hand around the broad curve of his biceps, tracing the plates of muscle that covered his chest.

"Oh God," he moaned. "That's it. Just like that."

I'd never heard quite that tone from him before, not even when I'd sucked him off. He'd growled, he'd purred, he'd snarled, but he'd never spoken so softly, as if I was someone precious to him.

The idea was novel, outrageous. And very intriguing.

He brushed his fingers between my thighs, and I let my legs fall apart to allow him access. I shuddered at the feeling of his fingers touching my most sensitive flesh.

"You're so creamy," he whispered. "Do you want me, darling? Are you ready?"

I half moaned, half laughed. "I've been ready for two days, Armand. If you don't take me soon, I'm going to go crazy."

He stood and opened the fly of his trousers, then skimmed them down his hard brown legs. His cock bounced free, standing at a rigid upward angle, dark and engorged. It looked deliciously huge.

Slowly, moving with that same odd gentleness, he lowered himself over me. I spread my legs eagerly, raising my hips. Carefully, he directed the round plum head to my soft pussy. I felt it probe, find the creamy opening, start the long, endless inward slide. I gasped, letting my eyes fall shut at the raw pleasure of it. He was so big, he filled me so full ... He was everything I needed, everything I'd hungered for so long.

"Open your eyes," he whispered. "Look at me."

I obeyed, and he kissed me, stroking his tongue deeply into my mouth even as he began slowly thrusting that marvelous cock into me. Too slowly. I was already so close to coming that I could feel my climax just out of my reach. Unable to resist, I began to buck into him, wanting him deeper, faster. His cock felt so good, so hard, so smooth... I wrapped my legs around his narrow waist and ground against him, panting.

"Wait," he moaned. "I'm not going to be able to hold back if you ..."

"Then don't hold back," I gritted. "Fuck me, Armand."

For just a moment he froze, as though he couldn't believe I'd said it. Then he began to lunge hard into me, letting me feel his strength, his power. I clung to his broad shoulders and felt the first waves break, searing my nerve endings with the raw pleasure that centered on the huge cock banging away at my wet cunt.

I threw back my head and screamed, convulsing. Distantly I heard his masculine roar.

When I woke the next morning he was gone. I didn't see him again for two weeks.

Though a crewman came by three times a day to bring my meals and take me for a turn around the ship, I was bored out of my mind while he was gone.

Then I discovered Armand's collection of pornographic sims. With nothing better to do, I started working my way through them. All of them seemed to deal with rape: ruthless spycatchers and enemy female spies, commandos and pretty prisoners of war, security experts and lovely cat burglars. The chase, the capture, a little erotic torment. Then the hero would start exploring his victim's every orifice with such skill she was soon moaning in pleasure, his very willing slave.

The day he came back, I was stretching my asshole. Having felt that big cock in my pussy, I'd decided it behooved me to prepare myself.

I'd found a weird chair in a closet. It was tall like a barstool, but its seat was made of leather in the shape of a western saddle, complete with saddle horn and stirrups.

There was a second, longer projection sticking up from the seat. It was shaped like a penis, and I had a pretty good idea where it went. He'd been gone a week when I decided to try it out.

The one I was watching today was particularly nasty. A lovely female kidnap victim had had the bad luck to fall prey to a captor with a taste for anal rape and a cock like a club. Bound and gagged, she was bent over the back of a couch and waiting for him to slide it into her virgin orifice. Of course, she was making pleading noises behind her gag, it apparently being a crucial part of the fantasy for the girl beg for mercy.

It wasn't in my nature to beg for anything, but if my whimpering would make Armand that hot, I decided to give it a try.

Holding onto the saddle horn, I settled into the saddle, feeling the long, greased length of the dildo slide up my ass. It was painful, but I'd discovered that the sensation was also incredibly erotic.

On the screen, the kidnapper was pressing the head of his enormous prick to the girl's tiny pink bud. Watching him force it inside, I ground down on the dildo, imagining what it would feel like when Armand did it to me. He was so much bigger than the fake cock I was fucking...

Grinning in triumph, the kidnapper settled into giving his victim a long, slow ream. The camera focused on her desperately spread asshole clamping his cock as it screwed in and out. She groaned in pain at his width.

Pinching my nipples hard, I rose in the stirrups, then slid back down to torment my own anus. God, I was hot. I wondered if Armand had ever watched this and masturbated, fisting his prick as he imagined raping my ass. Did he get hard thinking about my tight rectum and the creamy pleasure he'd find in making brutal use of it? Did he dream of me begging him for mercy, of my soft moans?

The victim was beginning to whimper in pleasure now, feeling the first masochistic delights of taking a big cock in the ass. Her hips lifted, and she made a short backward thrust. Her captor smiled. "I told you I'd make you like it," he growled.

I grabbed the saddle horn and began to ride the dildo faster, embracing the pain and pleasure of it as the victim began to buck onto her rapist's rectum reamer. Shuddering, I felt the clenching of orgasm begin.

When the kidnapper pulled the girl's cheeks apart to reveal her swollen anus dewed in sperm, I screamed out my climax.

The next day I lay sprawled across the bed, brooding.

I'd come up with an escape plan.

It wasn't bad, really. It was simple, uncomplicated, with the added advantage of being ironic. Using one of the whips I'd found in the armoire as a garrote, I'd grab the crew woman who brought my meals and force her to take me to the hanger bay. Then I'd steal a shuttle, gambling that they'd be reluctant to shoot their captain's very expensive slave. Of course, I might not make it to the hanger, and if I did, they might blow me to hell anyway, but it was worth a try. And certainly, if I'd been anybody's prisoner but Armand's, I would have done it in a heartbeat.

But I was Armand's captive, and the fact was that my nifty, simple, ironic little plan was one I had very little desire to try.

How the mighty had fallen.

The thing was, I had always lived a rather limited life; my existence had centered around the Stellar Patrol and my ongoing battle with Armand. The Patrol was out of my life for good, but there was still Armand. And somehow, I couldn't quite bring myself to cut that last connection.

Besides, I was a slave. Even if I succeeded in escaping, my very genetic code would trigger an alert whenever I tried to rent an apartment or purchase an air car. Or even food, for that matter.

Turning my head restlessly on the pillow, I saw the figurine of the Armand cavalry officer and his pretty captive. "You're so full of shit, Rayna," I muttered to myself, suddenly disgusted with my own rationalizations. "This has got nothing to do with being a slave. You just don't want to leave him."

Fuck it. This was depressing. I'd rather engage in another round of self-abuse than throw a pity party, so I decided to dig out one of the sims and have at it.

I chose one I'd seen before -- something about a jungle commando and the courier he'd been ordered to stalk and kill. Being both creative and horny, he decided he had better uses for his lovely captive than wasting her. This sim was a favorite of mine because the commando reminded me a bit of Armand -- and what he did to his prisoner during the interrogation scene never failed to make me cream.

I was soon engrossed in watching him stalk the pretty little courier. When he pounced, she put up a gallant and thoroughly useless fight, which still ended with her naked and bound hand and foot. Anticipating what came next, I got the tube of lube out of the armoire and squirted the thick grease into my anus. I was definitely in the mood for a workout on the saddle.

"Rayna."

I jumped and spun, simultaneously sliding the tube under a pillow. Armand stood in the doorway, a large, gaily wrapped box tucked under one arm.

"You're finally back," I said, somewhat stupidly.

"It took a little longer than I expected." He held out the present. "I brought you something."

Flustered, I padded over to claim it. I was sharply aware of my own nudity -- and more than a little puzzled at the way Armand seemed to be making a point of not leering.

With my usual ruthlessness, I ripped into the gift, finding a long clothes box inside. Half expecting to see a red satin merry widow inside, I flipped up the lid -- to discover my Stellar Patrol gray uniform. Hiding a stab of pain, I made myself grin at Armand. "You want me to play dressup?"

"No!" He looked a little appalled. "No, I just wanted . . . Rayna, you've been acquitted. Your sentence will be overturned any day now. I understand you'll be restored to your past rank in the Patrol."

I gaped at him. "What? Is this some kind of joke?"

His eyes narrowed. "I don't make jokes like that."

"No, of course you don't." Bewildered, I sank down on the bed. "I just don't understand. How did all this happen?"

"I went looking for your former second-in-command and beat the living shit out of him until he agreed to go to the Interstellar Media with the file on Admiral Bryson's connection to organized crime," Armand said with grim satisfaction. "The whole thing hit like a star-killer nuke. The sonofabitch spilled to it all, including the way they'd framed you to shut you up. Apparently he thought if he sang long and hard enough, he could salvage his own career."

"You did all that? And they've overturned my sentence?" I blinked, totally stunned. "Armand -- why? Jesus, we've been enemies for years. You finally have me where you want me. Why would you risk yourself to clear my name?"

He shifted on his booted feet. I had the strangest feeling that he felt uncomfortable. "I know you may find this hard to believe, but I'm an honorable man. What was done to you . . . I couldn't stand by and let them get away with it."

"Yeah, but . . ." I shook my head, at sea.

Armand sighed and sat down beside me. "Rayna, do you know you're the only woman I've ever wanted to rape?"

I stared at him. "I know you've threatened it enough, yeah. What has that got to . . ."

"I've been obsessed with you since our first battle. At first I just wanted to fuck you once or twice, but as time went on, as I got to know the way you think, your courage, you . . . I knew it wouldn't be enough." He paused, staring off into space. "Then it occurred to me that I could enslave you. Once I had you, I just . . . wouldn't let you go." He slanted me a look. "It seemed the only way."

"The only way to what?"

"The only way I could have you." He waved an impatient hand. "Rayna, you're the good guy, I'm the bad guy. It's not like we could date. I knew the only way I'd ever keep you was in chains."



"Then they put me up for auction," I said slowly.

"And I was pissed. You weren't what I'd believed. Hell, I suspected you'd even been fucking Will Tucker, and that really drove me nuts. But when I found out you'd been railroaded, I knew I couldn't just stand by." He gave me a sudden, cocky grin. I was struck by the sadness behind it. "But I'm warning you, if I ever do capture you in battle, your ass is mine."

I looked at him. "Why wait?"

He blinked. "What?"

"Butt-fuck me, Armand." I turned, knelt on the bed on my hands and knees. "Sodomize me. Rape my virgin asshole. I know you want to do it, you've been talking about it for years."

His smile was bitter-sweet. "Once for old times? I don't think so."

"Goddamnit, Armand, quit being so obtuse," I growled, suddenly impatient. Taking a deep breath, I enunciated carefully, "I do not want to go back to the Stellar Patrol!"

He gaped. "What?"

"It means a lot that you cleared my name, and I thank you for it. But I don't want the life any more. It was a lie. All that bullshit about honor and service, and they screwed me the minute it suited them. At least you had the grace to tell me you wanted to bend me over."

"You mean you actually want to be my slave?"

"Actually," I told him softly, "I have the feeling the slavery is mutual."

His incredulity shifted into wariness. "What do you mean?"

"I just realized something. All these years, you've been in love with me."

"Like hell," he growled. "I want to fuck you, yes. . . ."

"You love me," I insisted, "or you damn well wouldn't have deliberately taken the steps that would return my honor while depriving yourself of what you've wanted for years. That kind of self-sacrifice doesn't come from anything else but love." I took a deep breath. "And you know what? I love you too, you sadistic, villainous bastard."

A slow grin began to spread across his face. "You do?"

"Hell, yes. Why do you think I'm still here? If I didn't love you, that twit you've had bringing my meals would have found herself taken captive with one of those whips you've got hanging in the armoire. I would have been off this ship so fast I'd have left an ion trail."

His dark eyes narrowed. "Don't be so sure you'd have found it that easy."

"No? Prove it." Naked, I lifted my rump in the air inches from his face. "My ship is in flames around us, Armand. You beat the shit out of my second in command, and then you forced me to strip at

gunpoint. You've greased my tight virgin ass, and you've got a hard-on up to your navel." I extended my arms behind me. "I'm at your mercy."

For a long moment he didn't move, just stared at me. Until, slowly, a cruel grin stretched his handsome mouth. "Too bad for you I don't have any." One of his hands clamped around both of mine so hard I gasped. He jerked my arms back, then reached out his other hand to smooth it over the curve of my fanny -- and between the cheeks, slowly pushing his way between, looking for the tight muscled opening. A blunt forefinger found it and forced it to spread, then burrowed deeply inside.

I gasped and arched my back at the penetration. "I'm a Stellar Patrol captain, you bastard! You'll regret this."

"Oh, I doubt that very much," he purred. "But you will." Suddenly levering my arms up, he forced my head down to thrust my ass high in the air. A second finger screwed its way deep. I groaned, only partly acting. "Considering what a hard time you're having with my fingers, my cock will split you wide."

"And I'll bet you'll love every second of it, you sadistic sonofabitch." I shivered, lust rolling through me in burning waves.

"Oh, yessssss ." He circled his fingers, going for me. "I've had a hard-on for you the entire time we've fought, thinking about this moment." His voice dropped to a low growl, thrumming with lust. "My prick is thicker than my wrist, Rayna, and my balls are hot and tight. Ready to suffer?"

Moaning "oh yes," would be totally out of character, so instead I snarled, "Do your worst, bastard."

"Don't worry -- I will."

But instead he withdrew his skewering fingers and released my wrists. I felt the bed shift and heard the nightstand drawer slide open, but before I could turn around, he grabbed my arms again and began winding a length of rough rope around them. "For this I want both my hands free," he told me as I turned my head to peer anxiously at him. "I want to spread your pretty white cheeks and watch my cock impale your virgin ass."

As soon as he had me tightly roped, he opened his fly and released his cock. It was massive, flushed dark red and veined, and I licked my lips in a combination of nervousness and lust. This was going to hurt.

Grabbing my buns, Armand forced them as widely apart as he could. Then, at last, I felt the smooth, rounded head of his prick against my asshole.

"Aarrrrrrmaaaaaannnd!" The entrance was nothing short of brutal as the immense organ drilled my anus, forcing it to dilate with relentless pressure. Yet Armand was thoroughly into his role, and he gave me no quarter, forcing his thick, cruel length deeper and deeper by slow inches.

Staring wildly back at him, I saw his demonic grin. He was no longer just playing at being a dominant conqueror sodomizing a helpless captive. He was my master. Raping my virgin ass was his right and his pleasure.

"No, please," I moaned, the pain searing my anal passage. "You're too big, I can't take it. . . ."

"You can," he growled, "and you will." I could feel his furry balls against my rump now, and his entire flaming length driven right to my belly button. He began to reverse his stroke, pulling out slowly, so slowly . . . .

And I felt the first niggle of pleasure.

"God," he gritted. "You're even tighter than I expected, you feel so good gripping my cock, so hot, so . . . ."

Inward thrust, endless and burning.

"How does it feel, Rayna?" he purred. "All this cock in such a small hole?"

"It . . . Oh, it hurts. It's . . . you're too big . . . ."

"Don't worry . . . You'll find it easier . . . with practice."

Withdrawal. Pleasure growing through the pain like a rose working its way through a thicket of thorns.

Looking up, I suddenly realized I could see us in the mirror. He reared over me, his huge cock tunneling into my ass, fully dressed, his black ship suit stark against my white, naked body. His handsome face was fierce with triumph and lust and raw, stark pleasure. I moaned at the sight of him.

And surrendered.

The muscles of my violated sphincter relaxed, allowing him to thrust more smoothly, more easily.

"That's it, Rayna," he growled. "There's no point in fighting any more. You're conquered. Enslaved. Mine."

"Yes," I moaned.

"Say it!"

"I'm yours." Pleasure and pain, beating through me with each long tunneling thrust.

"You're my what?"

"I'm your . . . UH ! . . . slave !"

He began to pick up the pace, drilling in and out. "And what happens to slaves, Rayna?"

"They get . . . OH! . . . They get slave-fucked."

"That's right." I could see him grinning like a wolf in the mirror. "They get bent over and spread wide, and their masters shove big, hard cocks up their little assholes." He began to ram me, punctuating each word with a merciless thrust. "IN and OUT and IN and OUT, until the poor slaves know they're totally at their masters' mercy. And their masters have no mercy."

The pain was barely noticeable now, nothing but a sharp counterpoint to the agonizing pleasure of

his possession. And rising through the pleasure was the heat, the lust, the need to submit to him. "My enemy," I gasped, reveling in each cruel dig, "My pirate. You love . . . torturing my . . . asshole . . . ."

He rammed in so hard my breath left my lungs at the delicious agony. "Yes, I love it."

"Sadist," I whimpered. "Cruel conqueror. Come in my asshole, conqueror. Enslave me."

"Yesssssss." He rammed deep.

That last, brutal thrust slammed me over the brink. My climax washed over me even as he began to pump my violated rectum full of his come.

I lay on my belly, barely conscious. Armand curled next to me, both hands spreading my butt as he inspected the results of his ream job with lazy satisfaction. "You," he told me, "are a well-fucked slave."

I sighed. "I certainly am."

"As soon as I get my strength back, I'm going to whip your ass with a riding crop and do it again."

"Villainous bastard." My eyes slid closed.

"I certainly am." I was drifting off to sleep when he whispered, "And I love you."

"I won't tell anybody," I murmured.