The Spoils of War

by MagicalStalwartGizmo

Summary

When her home world of Alverda is conquered by a race of brutish warriors, Jolie finds herself as a slave on the auction block. Sold off to the highest bidder and added to the harem of the King, she learns the true reason for her home world's bloody coup. Can she provide this new world what it desperately needs? Will her true identity make her life as a slave miserable or will her dreams come true?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
One

Examination of the New Batch of Slaves

Jolie stood stiff and straight, her scratchy cotton shift affording her little protection against the purposeful hands that examined her. Her small breasts were squeezed, her long curling locks lifted and tugged. Fingers pried open her mouth, slapped her buttocks. The hem of her shift was lifted and long, bony fingers probed the blonde tuft of hair between her thighs. She gasped as a finger was worked up inside of her.

Her home world of Alverda had been a peaceful one only a hand span of days before, war and weapons unknown to them, until the arrival of the fearsome and legendary warriors of Unter. Within mere days, the conquerors had rounded up hundreds of thousands of men and women for transportation to Unter.

It was only now, herded off the ship into a large factory that spanned as far as the naked eye could see, that she learned the fate that awaited her on the new planet: love slave. She bit her lip to keep from crying out in humiliation as she was forced to bend over by two armed guards, the finger still wiggling in her pussy. She heard the mutterings and whispers in an alien tongue as more fingers slid up inside of her, discovering the evidence of her chastity.

Finally the invasive fingers withdrew, and the group moved on to the next slave.

Her New Home

She was considered one of the luckier ones, to be brought to the palace rather than one of the houses of pleasure that served the thousands of wealthy patrons that visited the planet each week. She knew her strange and unique beauty, even among her own people, was the cause. Her hair was a mixture of honey, gold and rose when it caught the light, and her large, golden eyes, rare among her own kind, fascinated these conquering people.

Serving women bustled into the windowless chamber where she had been escorted to by several guards. Fine jewels, fabrics and perfumes filled their arms as their eyes coldly inspected her. Her protests were brushed aside as the women set to work, dusting her pale skin with golden powder and inking her nipples with gold liquid that quickly dried on the puckered skin. She was unable to control her blushes as the tuft of hair between her legs was shaved and scented oil was rubbed into tender flesh.

Soon she found herself wrapped in a filmy violet material that left one golden shoulder bare and clung to the tiny thrust of her gold-tipped breasts, her tiny waist and the gentle flare of her hips. A tear shaped golden jewel pasted in her belly button was clearly visible through the shimmery material. Her mane tumbled to her bottom in a mass of golden curls that was left untamed except for the delicate jeweled combs that pinned her strands back from her face. A thin gold chain was looped twice around her slender hips, and a gold bangle was fitted to her ankle. She was unaware that the pattern of jewels on the bangle distinguished her as the property of the King.

Dread welled in her belly at the inescapable and inevitable conclusion that tonight's events would bring at the hands of a brutal conquering warrior.

Finally, a tall armored woman led Jolie along the luxurious halls of the palace to stand before a set of large imposing doors made of solid silver. She stood silently, blinking back tears as she gazed upon the figures of sparring warriors and unfamiliar beasts carved into its gleaming surface. Soon she
stood with several others slaves from her home world, each draped in beautiful cloth that contrasted starkly to the tall imposing female warriors dressed in simple black leather that guarded each slave.

The noise emanating from the chamber beyond the doors caused her heart to pound, and she exchanged nervous glances with the other slaves beneath her lashes.

Slowly the doors swung open, and hundreds of men, dressed in silver and leather molded armor, fell silent at the impact made by the stunning vision of the exquisite maids dressed in Unter finery. She felt her knees go weak as a cry went up, tankards being raised in toast to the beauty of the spoils of war.

The Auction

The crowd blurred in a fiery mixture of color as tears welled in her eyes as Jolie and the other slaves were led to a small round dais, and she knew there would be no mercy for them. The room was filled with loud, brutish warriors, so much taller and muscular than the men of her world.

Oh, Goddess, help us... she prayed. The deflowering of virgins during their twentieth summer was a mysterious and powerful ritual on her home planet, something taken seriously by all and not to be tampered with. That she had fallen twenty this day, on an alien planet, seemed some kind of strange irony.

She was distracted by her anxious thoughts as a white-haired, gnarled warrior moved to stand at the front of the dais. The hall quickly quietened to hear the abrupt words of the old man that seemed so different from her own musical language.

A female warrior forced a slave to the front of the dais, and Jolie watched in horror as a flurry of shouts flew through the hall. Finally, a roar thundered through the chamber, and a large ugly man jumped up onto the dais and threw a small pouch at the old man and carried off his prize over a broad shoulder.

Even as she came to realize they were to be auctioned off, the brutish alien was ripping the fine cloth from the slave's body and forcing her to kneel at his side, gesturing to her that she was to feed him.

Oh Goddess, she thought, feeling her knees give way as she was being shoved forward on trembling legs to the front of the dais. The guard caught and held her up, and Jolie knew there was no escape.

The bidding seemed endless, and she lowered her eyes to the floor, unable to watch as horror welled inside of her. Finally a chant went up, different from before, and her heart thundered in her chest as two strong arms captured her tiny waist, and her wide golden slowly fluttered upwards to meet warm green gaze of her new owner. He was a huge, fearsome warrior, dressed completely in black. He was strongly muscled with broad shoulders, long black hair and rich copper skin. She barely reached the middle of his chest.

His hands on her waist was the only thing that prevented her from collapsing at his feet as blackness consumed her.

Her Owner

She awoke to the feel of fingers gently tracing the bridge of her nose. She slowly, disorientated as the candle-lit room slowly came into focus.

The breath caught in her throat as a pair of playful green eyes gazed down into hers, and her whole body stiffened as she remembered.
He lay beside her on the fur rug, his dark head propped negligently on one hand as he gazed down curiously at her. Her golden eyes widened as his finger traced the curve of her slightly parted lips, teasing them even further apart. Slowly he leaned down to brush his lips against hers, firm yet gentle, and her lids fluttered close. Had he been rough with her, she would have resisted him, but this lazy exploration left her dazed and off-guard.

She lay there, feeling his mouth move seductively over hers, their bodies not touching, and she felt like she could stay like this forever.

When he drew back she was breathless.

She swallowed hard as his fingers walked lightly over the curve of her breast, lazily circling a gold painted nipple through silky material. The silence stretched as he toyed with the hardening peak, his eyes never leaving hers.

He hand left her then, to reach above her head. Soon it returned, holding a delicate silver goblet to her lips. He shifted to a sitting position as his other palm cupped the back of her head, tilting it slightly to receive his offering. She tentatively took a sip.

She gasped in wonder as the exquisite liquid slid sensuously over her tongue, tasting of honeyed mead and flowers and fresh air. She drank more at his bidding, draining the goblet.

He eased her back down onto the rug, and she lay unresisting, feeling a delicious languor spread through her, a boneless, floating sensation. Her nipples begin to tingle and harden, thrusting against the sheer material. Slowly the sensation began to spread lower, down between her thighs.

She moaned softly, unconsciously rubbing her thighs together to ease the insistent throbbing. It felt as though every nerve ending was slowly coming alive...

She gasped as she felt his hands between her thighs, spreading her apart. Her eyes fluttered open, and she was mildly shocked to find her new owner shifting to kneel between her parted thighs. She offered no resistance as his fingers slid up over her quivering thighs, dragging the gold material higher and higher, lost to the heady sensations wrought by the delicious wine.

She arched as his fingers trailed over her bare mound, a whimper escaping her as he gently peeled the soft lips apart to reveal the flushed dewy petals.

She whimpered as the tip of his tongue slipped along the valley of her plump lips. A soft moan escaped her as his wicked mouth closed over her naked mound, her hips arching of the rug. His hands slid down her inner thighs, holding her wide apart as he teased her with his mouth.

She cried out as his tongue snaked between the pink folds, exploring her, lapping at her slit as though a favorite dessert. Her fingers raked along the fur rug at this sweet torture, her untutored body going up in flames.

A thick finger probed her dewy gate, and she stiffened slightly, her body tensing as it sought entrance to her burning pussy, stretching her tight walls around the invading digit. She felt the trickle of warmth as he caressed her damp sheath, opening her up, and she clenched and unclenched around it as he sucked on her pleasure nub.

She was unable to fight the building ecstasy, her body writhing and bucking beneath his devastating caresses as a coiling tension grew between her thighs.
"Please," she begged. She needed him inside of her, driving into her, filling her aching, empty pussy. Any thoughts of caution or wariness were completely lost to her as she burned beneath his caresses.

She moaned in protest when he withdrew from her, shaking her head side to side. "Don't stop," she moaned. She lay sprawled on the rug, feverish and wanting as he kneeled staring down at her, his green eyes full of masculine triumph as they perused her glistening plump lips, lewdly displayed by her pushed up gown.

He fed her more wine, and her whole body arched off the floor as her pleasure nub thrummed with desire, insistent and demanding.

She didn't resist as he picked her up, tossing her effortlessly over his shoulder. She paid no attention as he strode through a maze of chambers and halls. She was unable to focus on anything other than the playful finger probing her slick channel.

The Hall of Victory

He carried her through the cheering boasting mob, which easily parted for him as he strode up onto the dais. He slid her slowly down his chest, watching her golden eyes widen as she felt his hard cock where is rubbed against her through his leather breeches.

He held her firmly against him, letting her feel the full force of his intentions as he gazed down at her.

Oh Goddess, he wouldn't...

Even as horrified thoughts began to penetrate her hazy, pleasure-wracked mind, he was turning her by the shoulders, making her face the crowded chamber. She couldn't understand his murmured words as his fingers sought the knot on one shoulder, her knees trembling as she felt the cloth slither to her feet.

Her wide golden eyes took in the clapping, cheering men, their lewd eyes eating her with their eyes. She stood frozen before them, naked except for the golden bracelet wrapped around her ankle, her creamy flesh flushed and feverish.

She gasped as her owner slid his hands around her tiny waist from behind, his fingers splaying across her quivering belly. He forced her to the large silver throne that she failed to notice earlier, situated at the back of the dais and half hidden by gauzy curtains. She was thankful for the moments respite from the cheering crowd as he eased his large frame onto the throne.

She swallowed hard as he gazed up at her.

"Please," she begged, shaking her head and his eyes narrowed dangerously. He motioned to his breeches.

He reached out and captured her delicate wrist, tugging her reluctant, quivering body firmly between his widespread muscular thighs, each the size of tree-trunks.

With a trembling hand, she reached for the straining laces, ever conscious of her creamy buttocks on full display to the army of drunken warriors.

She felt the enormous flesh jump beneath her light touch, and she quickly withdrew her hand, her surprised golden eyes flying to his.

He chuckled, guiding her hand back to his laces. This time she quickly unthreaded the leather laces,
careful to brush his straining cock as little as possible. Her throat dried as the full size of him sprung free. There was no way...

She gave a surprised squeak as he picked her up by her tiny waist, his muscular arms flexing, and she felt herself being turned, her feet scrabbling for purchase on the seat of the throne.

It all happened so fast that she found herself breathless, held high above her owner and facing the crowded chamber, all eyes avidly fixed on her.

Even as the terror welled in her belly, she felt the head of his cock prodding her, sliding along her slippery channel. She gasped as he nudged her, found her. The breath left her lungs as he held her firmly by the hips as he forced the tip of his cock into her, stretching her painfully around him.

He murmured soothing words under his breath as his hands tightened on her hips as he forced himself another inch further up inside of her.

She was panting heavily, feeling dizzy from the wine and the painful discomfort as he tried to sheath his hugeness into her tiny, resisting pussy, as slick as it was. Through her tears she could see the watching army, whistling and stomping their feet.

Her owner grunted as he lifted her off of him, trying to position her better to receive him. When he rammed her down onto his waiting cock, he slid further than before, butting the evidence of her virginity.

She writhed from the agony of his spearing rod, even as she still throbbed from the heady wine. Her fingers settled on his, uselessly trying to pry his bruising grip from her hips as she tried to wriggle off his shaft.

He eased out of her an inch and she relaxed from relief, but before she was aware of his intentions he was shoving himself back up deep inside her pussy.

A muffled scream escaped her as he tore through her maidenhead, sliding up inside her tight walls. The whistles and roars of her audience filled her ears as tears trickled down her cheeks.

He ignored her struggles, filling her with his hard shaft. "Please," she sobbed, feeling herself stretched impossibly as his worked his cock into her until he bumped painfully against her cervix.

"Oh, Goddess," she whimpered, as he held her there, resting against his heavy balls. She was crouched naked above him, her feet planted on either side of his thighs, her glistening cunt spread by the thick column of his rock-hard cock.

He held her firmly as her sore pussy tried to adjust to his impossibly large length, his mouth pressing kisses on the smooth skin of her shoulder as his hands slid up to cup her tiny breasts. Slowly the unbearable throbbing pain receded as he toyed with the hard nipples, and her straining muscles relaxed ever so slightly as slowly she came to accommodate him.

He gently nuzzled her neck as his large hand slid down lower over her belly, down between her spread thighs. She whimpered as his fingers stroked her there, delving between the plump pink lips to tease and torment her. She whimpered as he found her pleasure nub, massaging it with a knowing expertise that soon had her breathless.

"Oh," she cried, the sea of alien faces fading from her mind as the pain was joined with pleasure. Soon a writhing, tingling feeling was building anew between her quivering thighs.

She whimpered at the intermingled pain and ecstasy as he eased her up off his thick length before
ramming her back onto him till he slid up inside her to the hilt.

_Oh, Goddess..._

It went on endlessly, the rock hard column of his cock plunging in and out of her sore, tight sheath over and over again. His grunts and her cries filled her ears as he deflowered her in front of his men, a symbol of his victory and dominance over her peaceful world. Her small jiggling breasts and speared cunt were on full display to the avid audience as his glistening shaft pumped in and out of her with growing ease.

Soon the pleasure and pain were one, a whirling dark vortex drawing her deeper and deeper as he drove into her with animalistic intensity that afforded no mercy to her inexperience or size. His grunts mingled with her cries as worked himself in and out of her, the army of men watching every flicker of pain and pleasure that crossed her expressive face.

She screamed when he seemed to bunch up inside of her, almost as though he had doubled in size. Then he gave a series of sharp, jerking thrusts as he spurted hotly inside of her, filling her with his seed.

When finally he eased his semi-hard cock out of her sheath her legs almost collapsed beneath her, and he gently eased her onto her knees between his spread thighs.

He gestured to his cock, his dark green eyes intent on hers, and she placed each small tremulous hand on the warm skin of his thighs. She breathed in the tangy, musky male scent of him as her small tongue darted out to taste him, knowing that she could taste what must also be herself.

She had barely finished licking his hardening shaft clean when his large palms captured her tiny waist and she found herself being dangled over his lap.

Her small hands clung to his broad shoulders as she fought for balance on her unsteady knees, her cry of surprise cut off as his mouth closed over hers. His hands slid up and cupped her face, his thumbs brushing away her tears as he kissed her tenderly.

The avid audience was forgotten as his hands slid into her hair, tugging the jeweled combs from her tumbled mane and tossing them aside as his fingers ran through the silky mass.

He deepened the kiss, his tongue tangling with hers as his hands cupped the tiny mounds of her breasts. Her body was a quivering mass, sore from his fierce possession, yet her mind reeled at this tender exploration.

The thought had barely crossed her mind as his fingers closed over her bottom as he guided his shaft to her throbbing entrance, sliding slowly up inside of her, his fingers clenched on her cheeks forcing her to accept this renewed assault.

"_Oh, Goddess,"_ she whimpered as he slid up deep inside of her, impaling her on his huge length as he stretched her tight walls around him.

She whimpered as the unmerciful thrusts began anew, and with it a surging heat between her legs. She moaned with each thrust that speared her, her hands clinging to his shoulders as he lifted and dropped her on his thick shaft, ramming up deep into her aching tightness.

It went on and on, the pleasure building with each driving thrust as she clung to him. She moaned as his fingers found her pleasure nub, working her, and it all became too much. The force of his shaft sliding up deep inside of her, the cheers of the warriors, the aching soreness of her pussy. She cried out as sensation burst between her thighs, her tight sheath rippling around his thrusting cock, drawing
him deep inside of her as she writhed and bucked on top of him.

Even as she thought she could take no more, the pleasure and pain becoming almost unbearable as his huge cock continued to plunder her sore, pulsing pussy she felt him surge inside of her, his head thrown back as he spurted deep inside of her.

Her forehead rested against his damp chest as she tried to catch her breath, and she squirmed as she felt his fingers delve between her thighs to circle her pleasure nub as it played in the slippery valley.

"Please don't," she moaned, struggling weakly in his grasp as his fingers explored her. She gasped as she became aware the effect her wiggling had on him, a blush turning her cheeks a soft pink as she gazed up into his devilish green eyes. She abruptly stilled on top of him, and he chuckled at her dilemma as she was forced to accept the teasing caresses without moving. Soon she was unable to sit still, her hips arching involuntarily as his knowing fingers probed her, and she quickly realized her owner had no intention of ending her torment quickly as he thickened inside of her.
Jolie moaned as a gentle shake of her shoulder roused her from her dreamless sleep. As she wiggled stiffly on the thin pallet, a blush stole over her cheeks at the unfamiliar aches and tenderness her slightest movements brought.

He had taken her three times before finally allowing her to rest at his feet as the revelry continued around them. She had a vague memory of his hand smoothing through her silky golden mane as her eyelids drooped, and of stirring slightly at the sensation of being carried.

Slowly her lashes flickered open and she gazed up at the tall woman who leaned over her, gently shaking her. Jolie guessed the woman to be of two scores of years, her handsome features lightly lined and her black hair scraped off her tanned face dominated by liquid brown eyes. She wore a simple brown gown tied at one shoulder that clung to her still firm curves.

The woman uttered something, and motioned with her hands. Jolie, realizing the woman wanted her to get up, did as she was bid, gracefully rising to her knees before standing on one foot at a time. Jolie was mildly embarrassed that she stood before the woman wearing nothing, and knew that was silly after being taken in front of the King's generals.

She winced slightly as she felt her muscles pull, and the older woman tut-tuttered in what must, Jolie realized with a small smile, be universal language.

Encouraged at the woman's sympathy, Jolie pointed to herself and said "Jolie."

The woman smiled briefly, displaying white even teeth, and replied "Kiara."

Kiara led Jolie from the tiny curtained cubicle where she had slept, and she found herself in a long hall lined with similarly curtained alcoves. Jolie gazed around curiously, taking in everything before Kiara slapped her bottom and shook her head, motioning Jolie to follow her.

Jolie rubbed her smarting bottom and followed the older woman to a wide, marbled chamber that rose over ten feet, with thick imposing columns and intricate archways that led off into smaller private chambers. The sound of softly bubbling water reached her ears, and her golden eyes widened in anticipation at the thought of a bath.

Jolie gazed around in awe as she was led deeper into the depths of the main chamber, feeling as though she had stumbled into an exotic cave as she gazed upon massive ferns spilling from large urns.

She gave a joyful sigh of discovery at the sight of small marble steps leading down into softly bubbling water, and without a glance in Kiara's direction she skipped down those steps, feeling the warm water rise over her ankles and thighs as she moved deeper into the water. She breathed in deeply as the water swirled about her waist, the wet ends of her hair trailing in the water behind her. She dove beneath the surface before bobbing up several meters later, laughing like a water nymph.

She was unaware of the alluring picture she presented to the man hidden from her vision, her creamy skin glistening with moisture, his fingers itching to trace the rivulets of water running over the tiny thrusts of her breasts with their rosy tips.

She finally caught sight of Kiara's disapproving frown and slowly moved back toward the steps, biting her lips. She was prepared for the slap on her bottom for impudence, but didn't regret plunging into the heavenly water.
Jolie turned and sat on the top step as Kiara indicated, sitting with her back to the women with just her toes in the water. Her eyelids fluttered close as the woman gently lathered her hair with scented soap, massaging the suds into her scalp with firm, slow movements that made the back of her neck tingle.

Her long soapy strands were twisted into a thick rope and looped on top of her head before the gentle hands settled on her shoulders to begin massaging soap into her soft smooth skin. Jolie arched as the fingers pressed deeply into the flesh of her spine, kneading away the tension. Jolie knew it was wicked to enjoy such attentions, but her body seemed to melt beneath the skilful fingers. She felt the older woman shift closer to Jolie as her fingers slipped around to circle Jolie's tiny waist, her hard nipples pressing against her back.

The hands began to sweep upwards in slow, firm strokes over her smooth flesh. Her lips parted softly as the hands moved up between the valley of her breasts and down the sides of her breasts, careful not to touch the creamy mounds. Jolie breathed in the sensual scent of the soap as Kiara massaged it into her collar-bone and neck, her head falling back to rest on the older woman's shoulder. Soon, after what seemed an eternity, the hands slipped down to close over her creamy breasts, cupping them gently. Jolie moaned softly as soap was lathered over the firm mounds in gentle circles, moving closer and closer to their hard tips.

Jolie thought herself wicked as the blood began to pulse between her thighs at the slow ministrations of the woman. She squirmed slightly on the cold marble as her taut nipples were gently plucked at before sliding down over her belly to gently rub the soap into her soft skin. She bit her lip as the firm hands skimmed down between her legs to cup her inner thighs and firmly draw them apart. She watched from beneath lowered lashes as tanned hands slid up the smooth length on her inner thighs before moving down over their tops, never touching the melting core of her as the gentle strokes continued. A whimper of dismay escaped her as hands guided her to her feet on the step.

A foot inched between hers, urging her legs wider apart as she stood before the kneeling woman. She could feel her breath on her there, stirring her damp curls as her hands ran over the backs of her thighs and calves.

Her hips arched as the fingers caressed the creamy globes of her bottom before tracing the deep cleft. Jolie bit her lip as the soapy fingers lightly stroked the valley between her thighs, her thighs trembling as the fingers continued to rub the tender pink valley, careful not to touch her pulsing nub.

Her eyes flew open at the gentle tap on her bottom, and she realized the bathing must be over.

Too embarrassed to gaze at the woman, she took the last few steps into the water and ducked beneath its surface to wash the soap from her feverish body. Her fingers ran through her silky strands to release the soap as she came up for air, and stood waist deep in water as she twisted the excess moisture from her mane.

Slowly she returned to the beckoning Kiera who waited with a large sheet at the top of the stairs. Unable to meet her gaze, she allowed herself to be enveloped in its embrace and softly patted dry, her innocent body still throbbing.

She was led back to her small curtained cubicle, and found pretty garments awaiting her. Jolie stood by patiently as Kiara searched through the pile, and withdrew a thin leather belt. Moving to stand behind Jolie, Kiara drew the sheet from her young body and slipped the thin leather band around tiny waist and knotted it at her back. Confused as to why the belt would be worn beneath her garments, Jolie remained silent as she felt a hand reach in front of her to gather up the long thin leather cords that dangled from the middle of the belt.
With widening eyes, Jolie felt the cords drawn up between her thighs and looped over the belt at her back. A whimper escaped her as the cords were drawn tight at the back so that they nestled in the curves of her body, slipping up between the cheeks of her bottom. She swallowed hard as another tug spread her plump lips around the cords as they settled firmly against her in her dewy valley. A blush bloomed her cheeks at this strange practice, only to deepen as a hand slid over her belly and tugged on the cords, dragging a moan from Jolie as she felt a delicious friction over her sensitive nub.

A golden necklet was lifted from the pile, and Jolie gazed at the smooth thick band with a tiny loop at it's front. Jolie scooped up her drying hair as Kiara placed it around her neck and firmly closed it with a twist. It was cold and heavy against her skin, and Jolie felt a shiver of foreboding race down her spine as a thin golden rope was threaded through the loop.

Her status as a slave would be clear to all those who saw the necklet, and she felt a sense of helplessness invade her. She shook her head at the woman, her fingers grasping at her neck, and Kiara frowned at her and spoke sharply, slapping her hands away.

Kiara pointed angrily to the floor, and biting her lip, Jolie complied, kneeling before the older woman. Kiara shook her head and knelt before her. The woman's hands settled on her shoulders, pushing them back so that her tiny breasts thrust out before her. Then the woman's hand slid down moved to her belly, and placing one hand on the small of her back, thrust her hips forward. Moving to Jolie's thighs, she tapped at Jolie's knees, and Jolie eased them slightly apart. Kiara shook her head and pushed them further apart. Soon Jolie knelt there with her hands resting on her obscenely spread thighs, her hips and breasts thrust forward, eyes lowered. She felt helplessness wash over her as she maintained this helpless position for what seemed an age, draining all her resistance.

Finally, Kiara motioned for Jolie to rise to her feet. A blush pinked her cheeks as the belt rubbed against her with each movement as she stood, tormenting her pink flesh. Kiara, as if sensing her distress, lightly caressed the twisted strips just above her fleece. Jolie caught her breath, her eyes wide as Kiara's fingers trailed down between her rudely parted lips where the cords were clearly exposed to Kiara's envious gaze. Jolie was unable to hold back a soft moan as the exploring fingers pressed against the leather strips, testing her wetness before quickly withdrawing.

Jolie stood with lowered lashes as a shimmery cloth of red and gold was wrapped around her slender body and tied firmly on one shoulder. Jolie didn't need to look down at herself to know that the hard tips of her breasts thrust against the gauzy material, their curves clearly visible through the fine cloth.

A bronze powder was brushed over her face and shoulders, and her hair was caught back tight at the nape of her neck with a thick golden band, highlighting the heavy gold slave necklet she wore. She was unaware that the simple necklet marked her as the King's private property, and that any man who dared touch her without his permission would be punished by death.

She was led from the cubicle by the thin golden rope, a blush high on her cheeks at the indignity of being led so and of the tormenting sensation of the love belt as it worked between her thighs.

Jolie squeezed her thighs together as the cords twisted and wiggled between her thighs, and Kiara, catching sight of this, quickly slapped her bottom.

She felt her breasts grow heavy and her hips take on a rolling movement of a practiced whore as her innocent body tried to come to grips with the teasing of the leather straps between lush pink lips. She barely paid her surroundings much attention as she tried to calm her breathing and focus on the effort of walking. They seemed to walk through miles of corridors, each seeming the same as the last, and Jolie was unaware of this deliberate ploy as she felt the friction of the soft material rubbing against her sensitive nipples and the moisture trickling down the inside of her thighs.
Finally, they reached a large chamber, and Jolie received curious and assessing glances from the exquisitely beautiful and exotic women milling in its depths. She noted with surprise that none shared her creamy skin and golden hair, and knew with trepidation that this may set her somehow apart.

Only one pair of eyes were filled with spitefulness as they settled on Jolie, and a shiver raced down her spine. Kiara's muttered "Liana" and a gentle shake of her head was a silent warning to Jolie.

Jolie tried to ignore the woman as she learned how to serve food and wine to her masters, how to approach on her knees and quickly withdraw with eyes lowered, careful not to spill anything.

She was exhausted by the end of the day, her body throbbing from the unrelenting friction. It never eased or abated, and at the first sign of Jolie trying to rub her thighs together or her fingers trying to ease the twisted cords, Kiara was there, knocking her hands away or slapping her sharply on the bottom, to the amusement of the other women.

Finally, Kiara led her back down the rich hallways to her cubicle by her rope and untied the knot at her shoulder to let the cloth pool at her feet. Relief swept through her as the woman gently untied the belt from around her waist and eased the soaked cords from where they nestled firmly against her body one by one, causing Jolie's hips to arch at the exquisite torment.

She was given some fruit and some wine, and she quickly finished off every last bite and drop under the watchful gaze of her minder.

When she had finished the small refreshing meal, her eyes widened in dismay as Kiara bound thick cloth around her closed fists and tied knots at her wrists. Kiara then motioned for Jolie to lay on the pallet, and catching Jolie's wrists, Kiara lifted them above her head and tied her bound wrists to the head of the pallet. Kiara's hand brushed down over her face, closing Jolie's eyes, before gently pressing a kiss against her forehead and rising. The swish of the curtains signaled her minder's departure.

Jolie lay there, exhausted, her body full of torment, and knew she would be unable to sleep without the release her body craved.

She didn't know how much time had passed before Kiara gently shook her awake, and Jolie was surprised that she had slept. Her wrists were untied and a cloth was gently slid over her inner thighs to remove some of the stickiness. She was then dressed in a delicately embroidered cloth of deepest violet before being led from the small cubicle by the thin gold rope attached to her necklet. It felt strange to walk without her love belt, yet the dull throb between her thighs was a constant reminder.

She was taken along an intricate maze of corridors carefully guarded at each turn by armed men that seem to gaze down at her from a great distance as she passed by them. Eventually they reached a set of plain silver doors where a guard stood on either side. Seeing their approach, the guards held the doors open, and they passed through into what must be private apartments. They were simple and masculine, without the show and magnificence of the rest of the chambers Jolie had seen that day, and Jolie's heart began to pound with the certainty that some unknown stranger would invade her body. She felt her sheath flutter with a mixture of fear and anticipation at the thought that she no longer had say over what happened to her.

Kiara tugged on Jolie's rope, bringing her to an abrupt stop. She turned to face Jolie and cast a critical eye over her. With a nod she removed her gown and unclasped her golden mane and smoothed the silky strands over her shoulders. Then the woman plucked at her rosy tips until they hardened into taut points, causing Jolie to blush at their eager response. Then Kiara motioned to a second set of doors that had been hidden from Jolie's gaze by the fronds of a large plant, before turning and leaving.
Jolie swallowed hard, her legs beginning to tremble as she guessed what fate awaited her beyond the doors. Would it be one of the men that had witnessed her virginity being taken by the King, and wanted to sample her young body? Was she expected to take this stranger into her body as many times for as long as the night lasted, or until he tired of her after several nights or a month even?

Slowly she walked toward the set of doors and silently eased one forward and slipped through the gap.

The breath caught in her throat at what she saw. The king lay sprawled naked on a large dais piled with soft pillows, sipping wine as a naked woman rested between his thighs, her hair sprawled across his rippling belly as her mouth moved up and down on the hard glistening length of him.

Green eyes locked with her wide golden ones, holding her a prisoner as she stood hesitantly just inside the doors. She breathed a sigh of relief as his eyes dropped, caressing the gentle curves of her tiny breasts with their rosy tips, her belly and golden fleece between her creamy thighs. She felt her body tighten at the appreciation she saw in those eyes before hers dropped to the floor, a blush turning her cheeks pink.

She heard his soft laughter, and her eyes flew to his, and knew he was amused by her shyness, and the blush deepened, spreading across her chest. They both knew that even as she had cried out from the pain of him forcing his thick shaft deep inside her last night, her innocent body had opened itself to the unfamiliar sensations as she experienced her first pleasure.

Her eyes widened as he pushed the woman off him, ignoring her kittenish mews as he gracefully rose to his feet and stepped down from the dais. She bit her lip as he moved toward her, the well-defined muscles moving sinfully beneath his darkly tanned skin, the huge thrust of his manhood rising from a nest of black curls. She knew he was so much larger and thicker than that of the men of her world. In fact, everything about him was bigger than the men of her own world, the wide broad shoulders, the thick muscled thighs.

She swallowed hard as he stopped before her, towering over her diminutive height, and she gazed straight ahead at his chest, unable to meet his omnipotent gaze, nor able to gaze down at the threatening manhood she knew he would take great delight in impaling her on.

She flinched as his fingers reached up to capture a silky golden strand, raising it to his nose as he breathed in her scent. His hand dropped, his fingers sliding along her neck, his thumb resting beneath her chin as he tilted her face back, forcing her to gaze up at him as his head dipped.

Her eyes fluttered closed as his mouth slanted over hers, merely tasting her soft lips before stepping back, a small smile curling his lips.

His fingers captured her wrist and drew her over to the pile of pillows where a beautiful woman lay seductively, her brown eyes spitting fire at Jolie before turning to gaze seductively up at the King, patting the pillows before her.

Jolie swallowed hard as she recognized the woman: Liana.

The king lay down on the pillows at the woman's side and tugged Jolie down onto his lap. She squirmed against him, feeling his hugeness nestled against her bottom, and he chuckled again, his hand sliding between her thighs to hold her there.

She gasped as his fingers explored the glistening pink folds as his other hand reached for a tiny globe of fruit on a small vine and popped it into her mouth.
She sucked delicately on the alien fruit beneath his disturbing green gaze, and she almost choked on the fruit as a thick finger drove up into her wet pussy without warning.

Surprised, she struggled off his lap and found herself sprawled on her back on the pillows, her hair a cloud of gold around her as she gazed up at him in astonishment.

She swallowed hard as he spread her thighs apart, exposing her shame to his intent green eyes and that of the glaring brown eyes that met Jolie's over his shoulder. Jolie's eyes flickered over the beautiful woman, taking in the large full breasts crowned with large brown nipples and curve of her stomach above the thick thatch of black curls before quickly glancing away, hating the jealousy that fired through her.

A shiver snaked through her as his fingers trailed up her inner thigh and gently traced the valley of her lips, and her eyes flickered close.

She sensed the woman move to her other side so that Jolie lay on the pillows between them, her thighs sprawled wide as he gently caressed her there.

She whimpered as she felt a small mouth close over her taut nipple, and knew it belonged to his lover, and she struggled not to show her reluctance at being touched by that woman.

The woman's teeth gently closed over her nipple, and Jolie felt a tingle of pleasure shoot between her thighs even as apprehension filled her. She was unaware that she had stilled beneath the King's caresses, or that she had turned her face away.

The King barked out something, and she felt the woman release her nipple from between her soft lips. Jolie's eyes flickered open to meet furious brown ones before Liana abruptly rose to her feet and stormed from the chamber, the silver doors swishing long after her departure.

"Perhaps you are not ready yet, little one," he murmured, misunderstanding her aversion. He knew she could not understand him, and tomorrow would be soon enough for her to begin to learn his language. He wanted her to understand every wicked word he murmured as he took his sweet new slave.

Gently he spread her unresisting thighs apart to gaze down upon her golden fleece. He knew he was large, almost twice the size of the men of her world, but she had taken all of him in, even as a virgin. He knew he had hurt her, and that had not been his wish, but a woman's body was a wondrous thing, and in time, with patience and a lot of foreplay, she would stretch to accommodate his size without pain.

She was wet from the love belt he had commanded she wear, and even though he knew he should not take her again so soon, that she would still be sore, he could not deny his body's demands for this new slave. She had been exquisitely tight and wet, and his body craved to renew that experience. Even at his rough possession, she had claimed her pleasure, amazing him with the depths of her innocent sensuality.

As soon as he realized her uncomfortableness with Liana, he sent the other woman away. Even though it suited him to explore her innocence in private, he had thought it would be easier on her if he could take some of his lust out on another. The mere sight of her generated a fierce desire in his loins, and he doubted she could take him more than once that night. Watching her in the pool had been agony, and he had been forced to send for a slave to slake his need in order to give this girl rest.
He gently pried her lips apart with his thumbs, and leaned over to run his tongue over the slick valley as he breathed in the heavenly scent of her. She squirmed beneath him as his tongue lapped at her, and his hands cupped her thighs, holding them firmly apart as his tongue delved in her damp folds.

Jolie could hardly bear it, her body so long tormented by the belt easily lost control, and she shattered under the playful strokes and swirls of his tongue as he teased her pulsing pink nub. Her whole body arched against him, her bottom lifting off the floor, her breath coming in pants as she came in his mouth.

She was given no time to recover before a finger plunged inside of her, stretching her around the invading digit as it swirled in her moist depths. She felt herself opening to him, her body's relief as it swift release short-lived as her body thrust down on his hand as he caressed her deep inside. Soon her head was thrown back as his mouth sucked on her nub, and the world went spinning out of control.

He gave her no time to come back down to earth as he shifted over her, one hand positioning his huge shaft at her dewy entrance as he lowered himself on one forearm. Her fingers clutched at his shoulders as he nudged her there, coating the tip of his shaft with her juices.

He murmured something against the pink shell of her ear as he pushed against her body's natural resistance, seeking entry to the exquisite tightness of her slick pussy. She moaned as her flesh began to stretch over the head of him, arching from the discomfort and soreness as he relentlessly forced himself into her.

His breathing was ragged as he held himself still on top of her, giving her time to adjust to the size of him before sliding a fraction deeper inside of her.

Sweat beaded her forehead as he shifted slightly on top of her, pressing into her, so that the head of his shaft was lodged firmly in her clutching pussy. She swallowed hard as he rained gentle kisses down her neck as she clung to him bravely, holding herself open to his invading shaft.

She screamed as he thrust into her, forcing his shaft up further inside of her, and tears trickled down her cheek. She moaned against his mouth as his lips captured hers in a forceful kiss, cutting off her scream as he thrust again, sliding deeper.

His breathing was harsh as he rested his forehead against hers, fighting to control his body's urges. He wanted to slam into her, to make her cry out as his body plundered hers with fierce strokes until he spilt inside of her, splashing his seed deep into her womb.

She squirmed on him as she tried to adjust to the sheer size of him filling her, dragging a groan from him. She began to gasp as with powerful jerks he began to work the full length of him inside of her.

A shuddery breath escaped her as he forced her sore walls to yield to his possession as he finally slid to the hilt inside of her.

She moaned as he withdrew from her so that only the tip of him was sheathed in her trembling pussy, before driving back into her, stretching her around him as he slid up deep inside of her.

"Please," she begged as he eased out of her slightly before thrusting back in, and she arched against him, feeling the force of his thrust as her nails raked down his arms, drawing blood.

She clenched around him, and he groaned as he began to move inside of her with a fierceness that stunned her.

His piercing green eyes captured hers as he began to thrust deeply inside of her, watching every
expression flicker over her expressive face.

She was pinned beneath him as he increased the force of his thrusts, driving into her slickness, feeling her stretch around him with every stroke.

Soon she was writhing beneath him, her jiggling breasts flushed with her exertions as he pounded into her, her legs wrapped around him, drawing him in, her fingers clenched on his buttocks.

He rammed into her, impaling her, and she exploded around him, her tight sheath rippling with sensation as pulses of pleasure washed over her. Her body arched and tightened beneath him as he rode her with hard sharp thrusts, driving her pleasure on and on.

She cried out as his strokes increased, plundering her tight sheath, fiercely wedging his body firmly in hers as he drove himself towards his peak, unable to control himself as the exquisite tightness of her closed around him, sucking him in, milking his cock. He knew in that moment that he could not share her with another, knew that he would not do anything to remove the trusting vulnerability in her wide golden eyes as she shuddered around him.

She lay beneath him, her small fingers clutching him as he pounded deeply inside of her, feeling the soreness of his fierce invasion even as her body welcomed all of him, her hips rising to meet each burning thrust.

She moaned as he bunched up inside of her, swelling thickly before his warmth spurted into her as he took her with fierce thrusts, his head tipped back, the cords in his neck straining as he emptied himself deep inside of her.

He rolled onto his back, taking her with him so that she lay sprawled across his chest. Gentle fingers caught her chin as he lifted her face to his and kissed her. She parted her lips beneath his as his tongue delved into her moist depths, and her tongue tangled with his playful one, the darting stabs sending butterflies deep in her belly, as she knew that soon another part of him would mimic that action as he hardened inside of her.
Three

Jolie moved gracefully between the long tables, her golden eyes averted and a blush staining her cheeks. The King's generals cavorted with naked love slaves on and beneath tables, on chairs, against the wall. She had never witnessed anything so... so uninhibited.

Leaning over slightly, she placed a heavy pitcher of honeyed mead on a table, conscious of her golden mesh skirt riding up over the curve of her bottom and exposing her intimate pink flesh as she did so.

She wore nothing but two tiny squares of loosely interwoven gold threads that barely covered her mound at front and her bottom, and was held together by thin chains that crisscrossed low over her hips, and a slim golden torque at her throat. Her long golden mane tumbled over her shoulders and breasts, and she was unaware of the tantalizing glimpses it afforded of her rosy pink nipples peeking through the silky strands as she moved.

She placed her small feet carefully between sinuous, gyrating flesh as she moved further along the table to collect an empty pitcher, the erotic images burned into her memory. Moans, grunts and sighs filled her ears, aggravating the already throbbing ache between her thighs.

As she leaned over, a daring hand shot out from beneath the table and slid up her inner thigh. She gasped as rough fingers slid along the valley of pink flesh at their apex, shock holding her momentarily still as the blunt tips probed demandingly at her dewy gate. She hastily straightened and stepped back as she felt a finger begin to push up inside of her, the movement causing the exploring fingers to fall from her body. She moved swiftly along the table, yet her wide eyes were drawn back to the man where he lay entwined with another beneath the table, his knowing brown eyes direct and inviting as they clashed with hers.

Flustered, she turned away, her heart racing. Her body still burned with the memory of being impaled on the King's shaft, of feeling him work himself deep inside her as he breached her innocence before his generals. She had been helpless to resist, heady with mead, her body's inhibitions melted and her senses aroused to fever pitch. Even now, her body still yearned for what he had shown her, done to her. But she only wanted him. Craved him.

He had taken her again the following night, but when she woke she had been alone, as she had every night in the three months since. It was only as she came to learn the harsh language of this world, so different from the musical one her own, that she finally understood that he had returned to her home world to continue the process of enforcing his domination over her conquered planet.

And as she mastered the alien tongue, she finally learnt the name of her body's master: King Arik Tuane del Sidhe.

The King and his generals had just returned the day previous, and upon learning the news her tangled emotions had warred with each other. He was responsible for the destruction of her world and everything she knew, yet he was also her lover, showing her the heights of pleasure her young body could give.

As she worked as the generals cavorted with love slaves in a sensual feast of flesh, she had been careful to avoid the dais at the far end of the hall, or to look in that direction for fear that her turbulent feelings would get the better of her. She prayed she would not come face to face with the King before this large audience, because even now she did not know how she would react.
She had been deeply hurt to discover that the rest of the King's harem were free to wench along with the palace's pleasure slaves in celebration of the King's return. Obviously, her inexperience had both bored and shamed him.

She had hidden her feelings as best she could as the King's harem had eagerly prepared themselves for the festivities for the night ahead, conscious of the spiteful and gloating glances cast in her direction. Liana, who she had now learnt held the position of favorite among the King's harem, was the worst, and the others simply followed her lead, forcing her to do menial duties and run pointless errands as the women beautified themselves.

What little status she may have had in the harem as newest love slave was further eroded when it was discovered that she was to serve food and mead. When Jolie questioned her attendant Kiara, Kiara would only say that it was the King's orders that her mound be cloaked, and that none were to pleasure themselves in her love channel.

Her life in the harem in the past three months had become increasingly lonely and isolated, and after that night's activities, she knew the other harem slaves would make her life a living hell.

As Jolie carried the empty pitchers back to the kitchens, the burly cook shoved a large platter of meats in her hands and barked "King". At Jolie's hesitation, he shook his fist at her belligerently. "Move, you lazy slut!"

Her heart began a rapid tattoo as she made her way back to the hall and weaved through the tables toward the dais. Her skin prickled with heat as she carefully made her way up the small, flat steps and onto the dais, lashes lowered. She crossed toward the dais's center and knelt gracefully beside the large silver throne, assuming the position with her knees spread wide and her shoulders thrust back as she proffered the fine selection of meats above eye height.

She couldn't prevent the tears welling in her wide golden eyes as she kneeled there for what seemed an age, the tray trembling slightly in her hands as she waited, knowing it was expected that she feed the meat to him with her fingers as she had been trained, but unable to do so.

A tremor raced through her as a long finger slid beneath her chin and titled her face up. Dark green eyes clashed with hers, searching her face intently as they gazed down upon her. Fingers brushed back a stray tendril that fell across her eyes, smoothing the silky hair between his thumb and forefinger as he gazed upon her consideringly.

"You are well?" he murmured huskily, and she swallowed hard, blinking back tears at the small kindness. She nodded jerkily, praying Kiara had told no one of her sickness in the mornings.

"Yes, my Lord," she replied in his own language, and a thrill raced through her at the knowledge that she had pleased him as the corners of his sensual lips curled.

His eyes dropped to the creamy mounds of her breasts, and she squirmed slightly as her nipples hardened into pink buds beneath his heated gaze.

"So tiny and perfect, like all of you," he murmured, and she witnessed the flash of white teeth in the deeply tanned face as his gaze lifted to hers, and both of them knew she was helpless against the effect he had on her innocent body.

"Come," he murmured, patting his muscular thigh. She moistened her suddenly dry lips as she obeyed him with uncertain eyes, placing the platter on a low table before rising gracefully and moving between his spread thighs, conscious of the long, thick bulge between them straining against the loose ties of his leather breeches. He shook his head, a devilish smile curving his lips as he
captured her fragile wrist in his large palm and guided her so that she straddled one large muscular thigh clad almost thicker than her waist.

She wiggled slightly at the strange sensation of his warm muscular thigh pressing against her intimately, conscious of his steady gaze. She gazed up at him with wide golden eyes as his large hands lifted, brushing back her long golden mane over her shoulders and baring the tiny thrust of her breasts fully to his warm gaze. Her breath caught as his palms smoothed the creamy skin of her shoulders and down over her collarbone to cup the twin tiny mounds in their firm grip.

The pulse fluttered at her throat as he gently molded her flesh to the shape of his palms, kneading her. His thumbs brushed the puckered tips teasingly, caressing them, and she moaned softly between slightly parted lips as sparks of heat shot down between her parted thighs.

She gasped as he pinched the hard tips, tugging on them, and her hips arched, the movement grinding her mound against his muscular thigh. She whimpered as his fingers plucked and rolled the tender tips as he gazed down into her golden eyes, making her belly shivery and trickles of moisture drench the smooth leather. She felt helplessly aroused as he toyed with her tender breasts almost casually, her neglected body coming alight with the briefest of touches.

Her breath caught in her throat as his mouth closed over hers in a slow, searching kiss. His fingers slid up to tangle in the silky strands at her nape, holding her head captive as he deepened the kiss.

She whimpered against his mouth as his other hand slid down to grip her bottom, his fingers biting into her soft flesh. "Move on me," he commanded huskily against her mouth.

When she hesitated, unsure, his palm gripped her bottom and slid her along the now slick leather. The breath caught in her throat as the movement splayed her lush pink lips against his thigh, generating an exquisite friction against her pulsing nub.

Her lashes fluttered in surprise as his fingers splayed on her belly and guided her backwards. "Move," he murmured, watching her eyes darken with awareness before his mouth captured hers.

Breathlessly she obeyed him, her tiny hands gripping his forearms as she slowly began to work herself on him, feeling her thighs strain as she ground herself against him.

Shards of pleasure rippled through her as his mouth glided down over her arching throat, licking up the trails of moisture. Soon Jolie felt a shivery ball of warmth slowly unfurl in her belly as the mead worked its magic on her feverish body, spreading out in rippling waves as she began to work herself on him in growing frenzy.

She was panting, her head thrown back, her tiny breasts jiggling as her hips pistoned back and forth on his thigh. Her nails dug into his forearms as she shuddered and writhed on him as, with little warning, ecstasy burst between her thighs.
She collapsed against him as her release flooded her, seeking his warmth, luxuriating in the feel of his arms wrapping around her and holding her close. She couldn't prevent the silent tears trickling down her cheeks as she pressed her face against his bare chest, the confusion and loneliness of the past few months rising to overwhelm her.

He tipped her face back, and her chest tightened as he gently licked up her salty tears with his tongue. She mewed helplessly when he eventually set her from him, and from out of nowhere appeared Kiara, helping her rise and holding her carefully as she gently guiding Jolie from the dais.

It was only as she reached the bottom step that she spotted Liana, sprawled on the scattered cushions behind the throne, a look of malicious triumph on her face as she shifted slightly, parting her thighs. Jolie felt a knot of burning jealously unfurl in her belly as she saw the evidence of the King's desire on Liana's thighs, before being tugged away by Liana and led back to her lonely cell.

~*~

Jolie sat in the soothing water, her cheek resting on her drawn up knees as she swirled her fingers in the bubbling warmth. It was early, and she doubted that the other harem slaves would rise until well after the noon meal. She was alone, possibly for the first time since her arrival on the new planet and being secluded in the King's harem.

And as she sat there, feeling the strain ease from her body, she couldn't escape the memory of a satisfied and exhausted Liana, filled with the King's seed, watching from the cushions as the King amused himself with Jolie before sending her on her way. It was little wonder the King did, no doubt wishing to be free of this crying love slave.

She rose, the water streaming down over her creamy curves as she climbed up the steps of the bathing pool. She stiffened slightly as she caught sight of Kiara, standing silently at the edge of the pool, towels in hand. The serving woman frowned at Jolie in displeasure as she climbed the last few steps with natural grace.

"You know it is my duty to accompany you everywhere, korva," the woman murmured, using the alien word for love slave.

"I know Kiara, and I'm sorry," Jolie said softly. She stood patiently as Kiara gently smoothed the soft cloth over her glistening skin, drinking up the moisture. The towel glided over her shoulders and down her arms, gently stroking between each finger. Her breath hitched slightly as the cloth smoothed over her breasts for longer than necessary, gently teasing her nipples into hard peaks as Kiara's fingers rubbed them through the thin cloth.

Jolie's breathing was slightly uneven as the towel eased down over her belly, stroking tantalizing circles over the firm skin. A murmur of surprise escaped Jolie as Kiara's hand slipped lower, gently rubbing up and down between Jolie's slightly parted thighs. Jolie's wide eyes flew to the other woman's face, but Kiara's brown eyes were limpid, her features serene.

Jolie released a shuddery sigh of relief as Kiara moved to stand behind her. Her relief was short-lived as Jolie felt Kiara parting the cheeks of her bottom and gliding the cloth along her cleft, pausing with unerring frequency over the tiny rosebud in their depths.

Physical love between a harem slave and an attendant was forbidden, and Jolie knew this was a form of Kiara's subtle punishment for both disobeying harem rules and Kiara's authority. Jolie was helpless to respond to the other woman's impersonal caresses, feeling herself melt between her thighs.
Jolie breathed a sigh of relief as Kiara skimmed the towel down over the backs of Jolie's legs, only to tense as the woman's hands shifted, gliding the towel teasingly up and down her inner thighs.

Jolie knew the effects of the mead still coursed through her body, and was helpless to prevent the arch of her hips as a finger nestled between her lush pink lips for one heart stopping moment, pressing against her swollen nub, before being swiftly withdrawn. Again and again this silent torment was repeated, leaving Jolie unable to predict if or when she would feel again the briefest of caresses where her body most desired. Tremors raced through Jolie's parted thighs as she fought for balance as once again she felt the tantalizingly soft brush of cloth against her molten heat.

Jolie was flushed and panting when Kiara finally rose, her brown eyes wickedly tranquil as she guided Jolie back to her cell where fresh fruit awaited her. It wasn't the first time Kiara had sought to enforce her dominance over Jolie, and Jolie had learnt that the best way to handle Kiara's games was to act as though nothing happened.

The day passed slowly. She curled up with a book on children’s games in one of the smaller chambers lavishly lined with leather bound books. There were no doors, but graceful archways at either end of the long narrow chamber that lead to other chambers in a maze of inter-connecting rooms and hallways that made up the harem.

She struggled to grasp the alien logic behind the games, only made more difficult as the longer, unfamiliar words escaped her understanding. It was only then that an obvious thought occurred to her. She had never seen a child of this alien world, and wondered curiously where they were housed in the palace, for surely the harem slaves often bore the fruit of their labor.

She must have fallen asleep, curled up on her side among the cushions, her fingers splayed over the open pages of the book. In her dream, a finger gently tweaked a rosy nipple, caressing it to attention. Fingers trailed up over her arm, drawing the cloud of golden hair back over her shoulder and exposing the delicate line of her neck and pink shell of her ear. She murmured as warm lips closed over the soft flesh of her neck, feeling shivers race through her as she was slowly drawn from layers of sleep. She was eased onto her back, a muscular arm pillowing her head as her wrist was drawn above her head. A warm mouth glided down over her collarbone, over the thud of her heart to gently latch onto a pouting nipple through the whisper thin material of her gown.

She moaned, feeling hot and shivery between her thighs as the warm mouth suckled the sensitive peak, licking and nibbling and swirling. A hand glided down over the gentle swell of her belly to draw up the fine sheer cloth and steal between her slightly parted thighs.

Her feet twisted in the cushions as fingers parted her lush lips, exposing her dewy folds to the cool air. Her back arched as fingers lightly stroked her, massaged her. Her lashes fluttered and her hips arched as a long finger slipped up inside of her, exploring her slick heat. She moaned as a thumb moved over her throbbing nub while the finger stroked her tight pussy, coaxing quivers from her young body as delicious tension built between her thighs.

Her dazed golden eyes slowly opened, blinking sleepily, drawn by the feel of another finger slipping up inside of her, stretching her. "Please," she murmured, her hips pressing down on the hand between her thighs with urgent need as she gazed into familiar intense green eyes beseechingly. "I need you inside of me."

"I am inside of you," he teased her huskily, his breath warm against her damp nipple.

"No," she protested as he shifted slightly, the arm pillowing her head curling over her shoulder as fingers closed over the tiny thrust of her breast possessively. The movement drew pressed her against the burning heat of his muscular body. "Not your fingers. I want-"
His shifted over her, his mouth covering hers as a third finger forced its way up inside of her. Her eyes widened, gazing up into amused green eyes as she felt herself deliciously stretched to accommodate the invading digit.

She was lost in his clean warmth surrounding her, to the sensations of his fingers pinching her tender nipple as fingers sunk inside her rippling sheath with growing ease. Moisture pooled between her thighs as his thumb teased her nub, her hips writhing and bucking as his mouth moved firmly over hers in a demanding kiss. Her small hand rose to cup his cheek, her fingers splaying over the golden skin lightly stubbled with black hair.

Tremors raced up her thighs as she felt herself inexorably pushed toward her peak, and her tiny hand closed over his as she sought to draw his hand from between her thighs. "No," she murmured, ineffectually trying to evade the fingers plundering her pussy as she tried to sit up. She struggled weakly in his grasp, feeling the pleasure ripple through her as his fingers between her thighs increased in intensity, driving her relentlessly toward her peak.

Her nails scraped down his forearm in protest, her head rolling side to side. Her skin was flushed, her breathing erratic as the tension coiled low in her belly. She didn't want to come like this, without his body joining hers. "Arik, no..." she whimpered.

She heard his swift indrawn breath, felt him still. At first she was bewildered, then horror flooded through her as she realized what she had done. It was forbidden for a slave to address his or her master by name.

She gazed up at him with pleading eyes. "I'm sorry, my Lord," she whispered, unable to prevent her body clenching down on the motionless fingers deep within her sheath as pleasure still pulsed through her.

He said nothing, yet she felt as a wall had come down between them. Or a line had been drawn, between master and slave.

He lips brushed her forehead as his fingers slipped from her heat. She bit her lip as he moved gracefully to his feet and moved toward the archway.

"You don't want me... in that way?" she asked hesitantly, her heart in her throat as she gazed upon his broad back.

He paused, but did not turn. "I want you." The depth of feeling behind those words sent a shiver down her spine.

"Then why...-," didn't you take me last night, she added silently but she was unable to form the words.

"If I came inside of you I might hurt you... or the babe. You are tiny and fragile and I... I am a brute."

Babe.

She was too stunned to reply, barely able to acknowledge the appearance of a guard at the archway demanding the King's attention.

How did he know? She had denied it endlessly to herself, pretending that it was impossibility. She was a slave, a captive on an alien world far from anything friendly or familiar. He couldn't have planted his seed in her belly, not so quickly. Yet not even her reasoning could dampen the bubble of secret joy within her.
How did he feel about it if it were true?

He left here there to mull it over, and she only slowly become aware of another's watchful presence.

"Liana," she murmured coolly, her mind racing as she tried to think how much the other love slave might have witnessed.

The golden woman was strangely pale and still. "You are with child?" Liana demanded curtly.

Jolie bristled at the other woman's tone, even as her face heated. Feeling at a disadvantage, Jolie gracefully rose to her feet, yet even standing, the other woman stood nearly a head taller than Jolie.

Jolie's silence seemed to fuel the other woman's anger.

"You foreign slut," Liana hissed as she advanced on Jolie. "You will not have him, even if you bear his child. He's mine!"

Jolie was unprepared for the slap across her cheek. Her golden eyes widened in surprise and outrage as her hand instinctively flew up to touch her burning cheek. Without thought Jolie reacted, her own hand cracking against the other woman's cheek with surprising force.

Liana screamed in outrage as she lunged at Jolie, the impact sending them toppling back onto the cushions as the other woman tore at Jolie's hair. The breath rushed from Jolie's lungs as Liana bore her down savagely into the cushions, crushing Jolie beneath her solid weight.

Jolie kicked out at Liana as her nails raked down Liana's arms as she tried to buck the crazed woman from her. A gasp of pain escaped Jolie as Liana pinched and twisted her tender nipples, and tears filled her golden eyes.

"Slut!" Liana screamed, and Jolie was unprepared for the hand sliding down over her belly to delve between her thighs, of the fingers seeking between her glistening folds to find the nub hidden within, still swollen from the King's attentions.

Jolie's whole body arched in agony as fingers pinched her there, her thighs snapping close as pain arced through her. As Jolie punched the other woman in the chest, two guards rushed at them, shouting, but Jolie was too angry and upset to understand their alien words as they pulled an enraged Liana off her.

"He's mine!" Liana spat at Jolie as she was half-lifted, half-dragged away by a large guard.

The second guard drew Jolie abruptly to her feet, never releasing the firm grip on her upper arm as she was marched from the harem's quarters behind a spitting Liana.

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Jolie was forced to her knees next to a slightly subdued Liana and ordered to assume her position by the guard. She did as she was bid, placing her hands at the small of her back and spreading her knees wide, her tiny breasts jutting forward. The position, which had felt so strange to her when she arrived, now felt natural and reassuring.

She waited for what seemed an age, ever conscious of the watchful presence of the guards at her back. Her neck pricked, and she gazed up, her wide golden eyes focusing on the King. This was no longer the lover that had touched and caressed her as she lay sprawled on the cushions, but the intimidating ruler that had conquered her home world.
"Fighting is forbidden among slaves, and cannot go punished."

A shiver raced through her at the cold, impersonal tone.

"Liana, leave us. I will see to your punishment later."

Liana crawled forward and pressed her lips against his feet before swiftly withdrawing from the chamber on her knees, head bowed, tears staining her cheeks. Jolie never saw his silent command to the guard standing behind her, and she swallowed hard to discover herself alone with the King.

She waited silently, uncertain of what was expected of her, for she knew she had done no wrong in protecting herself.

As if reading her mind, he informed her "Both slaves must be punished, little one. Do you understand?"

"But I did nothing wrong," she gasped.

"My rules are inflexible. An example must be set."

Confusion warred with anger as she gazed up at him. "But that is unjust. I did nothing wrong," she repeated.

"You presume to question the authority of your master?" he queried softly, his green eyes narrowed dangerously.

He gazed down upon her defiant loveliness, his jaw clenching as he noted the redness of her cheek. It pained him to punish her, knowing that she was still unused to the ways of his world, and that she had likely suffered at Liana's hands. Yet he would go lightly on her this first time, although she would never know this unless she displeased him again.

Head dropping, she shook her head, her silky strands swaying with the small movement.

"Stand," he commanded in a tone that brooked no argument.

She hastily did as he bid, aware of the tightness of his masculine features. She didn't protest as he caught her fragile wrists in one hand as his other hand splayed over her belly. He forced her to walk backwards, until she felt the coolness of the stone wall at her back.

She gazed up warily as he reached for something above her head. A short chain hung from a bolt in the wall, a leather cuff dangling from its end. Before she thought to protest, he raised her arms above her head and bound the leather around her wrists, drawing it firm.

Shock held her immobile as he kneeled before her, his hands slipping between her knees and forcing them wide apart as he bound first one ankle then another to chains bolted on either side of her in the wall.

Fear invaded her limbs, leaving her limbs strangely weak. Never had she felt so vulnerable and helpless as she did right then, chained to a wall, a mere slave with no rights in this alien world.

She swallowed hard as he rose to tower over her, dangerously masculine, all-powerful. The breath caught in her throat as his fist closed over the sheer cloth of her gown, tearing it from her limbs as sending the gold clasp at her left shoulder spinning across the floor. She gazed up at him with wide golden eyes, unable to explain the shiver of excitement spearing low in her belly.
He left her then, only to return a short time later with a small glass jar resting in a gloved hand. It was filled with a soft pink cream, and she watched curiously as he dipped a gloved finger into the cream and smoothed a general dollop over each of her rosy nipple. She sucked in her breath, feeling her nipples pucker instantly into tight buds as the icy coldness penetrated the tender peaks.

She watched uncertainly as he carefully dipped his middle finger into the cream and, with a gentleness that made her heart begin to pound, his fingers parted her nether lips as his middle finger lightly swept over the pulsing nub hidden in their folds.

He moved back, his gaze intent of her face as she squirmed at the coldness invading between her thighs. Soon though, she felt the cream begin to warm from contact with her skin, and was deeply puzzled by this strange form of punishment.

Her confusion began to wane as the warmth turned to a delicious tingling, as though her nipples and nub were being nibbled on by a thousand tiny mouths, sending tiny flames licking through her.

She was conscious of his heated gaze as the stabbing heat on those tender spots began to intensify incredibly, and her ankles strained in their bindings as she sought to ease the burning ache building between her splayed thighs.

"What have you done?" she gasped, as she felt her nerve endings in those three spots come alive, energized by their new found sensitivity to the cream.

He stood silently, watching her, noting the feverish flush high on her cheeks, the glitter in her wide topaz eyes.

Her head fell back against the wall as the burning need between her thighs built almost to the point of unbearableness. "Please," she begged, struggling weakly in her bonds. She could think of nothing more than the need to feel his shaft spearing her tight pussy, of his hands and mouth on her body.

She whimpered as the tension never peaked, yet never waned, her breasts rising and falling in uneven breaths. Swiftly the burning pleasure turned to an agony of torment as he made no move to end her suffering.

Her thighs were spread too far apart, her wrists bound above her head, denying her any means to ease the burning ache. Yet still she tried, her breasts jiggling with her frenzied motions as she tugged on her restraints.

A sob escaped her, and she knew then that she could happily kill him for doing this to her.

When finally the tingling cream begin to wane, she sagged in her bonds as relief coursed through her. Finally her lashes lifted, her golden eyes accusing as they locked with his.

Her gaze dropped to his hands, widening as she saw he applied the cream to a small silver wand no thicker than her pinkie. As he moved toward her she clawed at her bonds, but it was no use. She watched with horrified eyes as he reached down between her thighs and pressed the small rod against her dewy entrance. With sure, twisting motions he slowly eased it up inside of her. She struggled in her bonds, yet it only seemed to worsen her predicament as she felt the icy coldness began to invade her.

"If you let this slip from you, your punishment will only increase," he informed her softly as he rubbed his gloved finger in the cream and lightly reapplied it to her pulsing nub. She squirmed at the exquisite pleasure of the feeling the pressure of his fingers against her for a fraction in time.

She gasped as she felt her body begin to expel the small rod, and she clamped down hard to prevent
it from slipping, causing her to moan.

The rod felt strange within her, hard and unyielding, and she fought desperately to keep it inside of her. Soon the dreaded tingling warmth swept between her thighs, the delicious licks of heat tormenting her most sensitive flesh, made only worse by her fierce concentration.

"Oh Goddess," she cried as the torment shot up through her belly and fanned out between her thighs. She rubbed her bottom against the smooth coolness of the stone wall as she sought to distract herself from her torment shooting up through her belly and fanning out between her thighs, knowing now that only time would bring this sweet torment to an end. The tiny rod he had slipped inside her pussy gave her not a moment's respite as pleasure hummed through her, seeking, demanding, but never letting her obtain that pinnacle of release.

Sweat beaded her forehead as she tried to take deep breaths, wanting nothing more than to beg and plead for him to ease the pulsing need eating at her tender pussy.

She went limp when finally the cream began to lose its intensity, her lashes fluttering close. She could have cried as she sensed him before, before his mouth brushed against hers as he gently pinched her sensitive nipples.

"Good girl," he murmured against her mouth as his huge body crowded her, letting her feel the huge hard length straining his breeches.

Her fingers clawed against the leather cuff, wanting to touch him, caress him, yet her punishment denied her even that. She returned his kiss, wanting to swallow him whole, lost to everything but the feel of him.

She squirmed as fingers explored her damp folds, lightly stroking and caressing her. She was barely coherent when he tugged the small rod from her clutching pussy, her hips arching at the delicious pulling sensation. Without warning two fingers thrust up inside of her, stretching her almost painfully, and she tore her mouth from his as she exploded on his hand, her tight walls gripping his fingers as sensations washed over her.

He didn't give her a moment's respite, his long fingers continuing to pump inside of her as his other hand fumbled with his breeches. Her dazed golden eyes lifted to his questioningly as she felt his fingers replaced with the intimidating length of him pressed against her dewy entrance.

"All I can think about is the feel of your tight pussy clenched around my cock," he muttered in answer to her silent question as he began to push up inside of her.

All thoughts flew from her mind as he surged against her, demanding full possession of her tight pussy.

Sweat trickled between her breasts as she struggled to accommodate him, his thick shaft forcing her tight walls apart as he slowly slid up inside of her.

Small pants escaped her as he filled her to bursting, yet still he plowed on, driving into her inch by inch.

He pressed kisses along her brow, his fingers brushing damp tendrils back from her face as forced himself to slow down, to give her time to accept him. He knew that she hurt, that the men of his world were bigger in every way than the men of her own, yet she took all of him as he drove up into her to the hilt.

"That's it," he coaxed as he felt her straining muscles relax slightly as he held himself still inside of
her. She was impossibly tiny, yet she was slick with her need, and he groaned as he began to rock inside of her.

Her whimpering were like butterfly kisses to his ears as he ploughed her snug channel, thrusting up into her with long, forceful strokes. He planted his hands flat on the wall on either side of her shoulders as he bunched himself up deep inside of her with long, forceful strokes.

Jolie's eyes welled with tears as he began to move inside of her, her hips squirming as he surged up into her, burning an exquisite path of possession deep inside of her.

Jolie's breath came in panting gasps as he began to pound into her aching pussy with dizzying intensity. Her gaze lowered to the place where their bodies joined, trembling at the sight of his golden masculinity sliding in and out of her pink flesh. Her body, so long denied his, screamed with the agony of his fierce possession, even as she melted on the cock pounding her pussy as she strained to take all of him inside of her.

She moaned as he took her with rapid thrusts, working himself up inside of her with an exquisiteness that bordered on pain, her tight pussy clutching at him. Her fingers clawed against their bonds, wanting to touch him, to explore him, but she was helpless to do anything but receive the driving force of his thrusts as he moved within her. She screamed as pleasure burst between her thighs, her hips arching as she spasmed and rippled around the hard cock thrusting into her with an intensity that left her mindless of all thought.

He rode her hard, his harsh grunts filling the chamber until finally his seed spurted hotly inside of her in short jerks, and she gripped him tightly, her body rippling with the aftershocks.

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She lay on her side, the solid warmth of the King pressed against the curve of her back, his fingers splayed possessively over her belly. When finally he had unbound her wrists and ankles, he had carried her to his chamber and laid her carefully on his cushions.

"It pleases me to inform you of Alverda," he murmured as he brushed his lips against her creamy shoulder.

Her eyes widened. "What news of my home?" she asked breathlessly.

"Your home, Jolie, is here. Do not forget that." Jolie's breath caught as his fingers flexed tightly over her belly before slowly relaxing. She bit her lip at her careless words, and nodded her head slightly, bumping against his chin.

"My youngest brother crossed palms with the princess," he stated evenly.

Jolie's eyes widened in shock, barely registering the feel of his mouth pressing kisses against her scented hair. On her world, the crossing of palms was a commitment ceremony binding a couple for life. Their hands would lay upon each other before the priestess, and a cord would be tied around their wrists as a symbolization of their commitment to each other. They would then be secluded for the rest of the commitment celebrations between their families, before emerging as a united couple. The priestess would then sever the cord, leaving in place an intangible one.

"Which princess?" she demanded. His hand slipped beneath her arm to cup a soft creamy mound.

"The eldest daughter of King Moliny," he replied, gently kneading the flesh.

"It was her wish?" she asked, her heart in her throat. Her body was helpless to resist as his fingers
pinched the rosy tip into a hard bud, sending throbs of pleasure between her sore thighs.

"Ultimately it was her decision, yes," he replied, as she squirmed slightly against him where her bottom nestled against the hardening part of him.

"And she is...well?"

"Yes." He fingers slid down, over her belly to gently rub between the lush pink folds. She tried to ignore the building heat between her thighs as she sought to concentrate on his words as he said "She asked a special boon of me."

When Jolie didn't, couldn't, reply as he eased a long finger up inside of her, he continued quietly. "She asked me of any knowledge I may have of the whereabouts of her youngest sister Jolina. Her parents believed she was fatally wounded in the confusion of our conquest."

"What did you say?" It felt as though a fist squeezed her chest even as she shuddered on the exploring fingers.

"I promised I would do all I could to find her."

"And...and if you found her? You would return her to Alverda?" She trembled in his arms, lashes lowered, feeling the long, hard length of him nestled between her cheeks as he finger worked inside of her love channel.

"No," he replied quietly as he ground himself against her bottom.

"No?" she echoed softly. "But I do not understand. You have what you want, Alverda is conquered. What use to you is a harmless princess...if you found her?"

The breath left her lungs in a shuddery gasp as he guided himself to her dewy gate and, holding her hips, slid up inside of her. She offered no protest as the King pushed against her pussy lips, forcing them to spread over the broad tip of his cock as he began to slowly sheath himself inside of her.

She felt herself stretched around him as he tunneled deeper and deeper inside of her, his hand on her hip holding her squirming body still as he impaled her fully on his thick shaft.

"You forget yourself, little one," he muttered huskily against her ear as he began to rock his heavy cock in her tight pussy, still sore from his earlier possession. "My decision is not for you or anyone else to question."

She moaned at the exquisite friction generated between her thighs as his shaft surged inside her. She quivered in his hold, panting, unable to do anything but accept him inside of her.

"But in answer to your question, little one, I believe she would come to understand my reasons...should I find her."

Even as she climaxed sweetly, she couldn't prevent the spark of anger that flamed within her as he sought to use her passion against her, establishing his complete dominance over her yielding heat.

"You are mine, little one," he murmured against her ear as his hips bucked furiously against her bottom, his cock pistoning up deep inside of her as she arched against him. "Mine."
Jolie knelt before her pallet in the tiny cell, head bowed. Her hands rested against her slightly swollen belly, the only visible evidence that she carried the King's child. As often did, the image of her sister and her father flowed through her mind, and sadness washed over her. She longed to see her family again. Jolie didn't want her baby born on an alien planet, far removed from everything familiar and dear.

Would the King let her go when he eventually tired of her or would she be imprisoned in his harem forever, a forgotten plaything having to suffer the petty meanness of his favorite love slave, Liana? Hopelessness welled in her at the horrid thought.

She was drawn from her meditations by the familiar footfalls of her attendant. Her head turned and lifted. Kiara stood at the entrance to her cell, a length of shimmery violet cloth draped over her arm. Jolie sighed inwardly. Rising gracefully, she swept her long golden mane over a bare shoulder and turned. Long used to Kiara's way, Jolie held still as her wide, amber eyes were carefully outlined in black. Shimmery dust was brushed teasingly over her shoulders, breasts and belly. Jolie was familiar with Kiara's wicked little games, and refused to acknowledge the growing ache between her thighs. It was forbidden for an attendant and a love slave to have relations, yet Kiara delighted in tormenting Jolie, knowing that Jolie was also forbidden from finding her own solitary release.

At Kiara's instructions, Jolie silently held her arms aloft. Kiara expertly wrapped the sheer cloth around Jolie's curves and joined it over her left shoulder with a jeweled clasp of purple gems with mysterious magenta swirls in their depths. A gold chain was looped around her hips, and her hair was clipped back from her delicate face with a series of golden clasps.

Kiara stepped back to inspect Jolie, then smoothed the cloth over the thrust of Jolie's tiny breasts and the curve of her hips. Jolie knew the hard rosy tips were visible where they pressed against the flimsy material, and pink stained Jolie's cheeks at the thought of the heated gazes of the King's generals roving over her paleness as she was escorted through the palace. Yet none would dare touch or speak to her, for the new swirling tattoo on the small of her back distinguished her from the palace slaves, marking her as the King's personal property.

Jolie had been on Unter for several months now, yet still she was adjusting to their strange customs. She was a princess on her own world, and treated with the utmost respect. Here, she was the King's love slave, and it was expected that she satisfy her Master's every whim when called upon to do so. Nudity and sex was not to be hidden behind closed doors on Unter, but something to be freely exhibited and enjoyed.

Jolie knew her circumstances were luckier than most. She was one of the handful of Alverdian women that was brought to the palace rather than one of the many whorehouses of Unter. Intimacy with a man was something she had been unfamiliar with until her capture. It was the tradition on her world that upon a woman's twentieth birthday she would choose the man to whom she wished to join hands. Jolie was not given that choice, but had spent her twentieth birthday in an alien palace in the arms of its King. Since that time the King had joined his body with hers a handful of times, and now she carried the fruits of his lust. The knowledge both terrified and excited her.

Jolie pushed her confused thoughts from her mind as Kiara led her along the wide halls of the palace. Before her the other Harem slaves fell into place, each accompanied by their attendant. Liana led the line, as was her right as the King's favorite. Jealousy stabbed at Jolie as she brought up the rear. She was the most recent addition to the King's harem, and her lowly status was reinforced by the
knowledge that she was rarely called upon to service him. Her tiny stature, creamy skin and long
golden hair only served to set her even further apart from the other loves slaves.

They eventually reached the wide, silver doors intricately carved with images of warring men and
beasts that signaled the entrance to the main hall. Guards swung the doors wide, and heat swirled up
over Jolie's cheeks as a roar filled the chamber. They were to be paraded through the throng of
warriors, a visual demonstration of their King's virility and power.

A circular stage had been roped off in the center of the hall for the night's entertainment. There was
to be sparring among the prisoners. Those that had been sentenced to death for crimes they had
committed were given an opportunity to redeem themselves in the eyes of the Unter gods. From the
little Jolie understood, they would fight one another until the last remained. His or her victory was
seen as a blessing of the gods, and would earn them their freedom.

The chamber fell to a hush as the love slaves moved along the pathway to a curtained dais
overlooking the roped off area. Jolie felt as though a hundred pairs of eyes devoured her, rising up
over the line of her legs, the sway of her hips, the thrust of her breasts.

Before her Liana moved up onto the dais where she arranged herself in a luscious display of color
and flesh behind the fall of gauzy curtains. The other slaves followed suit, gracefully lying about the
favorite. Jolie had reached the bottom of the steps when a loud commotion stirred the crowd.

"Princess, Princess!" a voice cried, and Jolie halted abruptly. It took a moment for the reason to
register her native tongue. As though in her daze, her head turned as her gaze fell upon the man who
threw himself on his knees before her. Golden hair gleamed in the light, setting him apart from the
bronzed warriors of Unter. Yet the molded leather vest with silver insignia proclaimed him a Unter
warrior. And then it hit her. Her world hadn't just been conquered when Jolie had been taken
captive. It didn't end there. Her culture was being assimilated by the dominant people.

As Jolie struggled with the unwanted knowledge, hands closed around her arms, dragging her back
as dozens of guards drew their swords, separating her from the man who bowed before her.

"No," she cried, snapping out of her reverie as the man's arms were brutally pinned behind his back.
"No!" She unknowingly spoke in her own language as she tried to struggle from Kiara's grip. It was
a penalty of death to address or touch one of the King's love slaves, and horror raced through her.

She pulled free of Kiara's grasp, leaning down to whisper in her own language "Please rise."

He shook his head, his eyes never leaving the floor. "You are my princess. It is wrong that this has
been done to you."

She swallowed hard, knowing by 'this' he meant whore. "Forget this, and return to your place. They
will kill you otherwise."

Her hand reached instinctively to lift his face to hers when he shook his head. Only a sword halted
the movement midair, the flat of the blade resting against her wrist.

"You will not touch another," a voice commanded angrily, and the warriors fell to their knees before
their King. Only Jolie, in her distress, did not, and found herself tugged unceremoniously to her
knees by her attendant.

"My Lord, this man addressed your Korva, and we sought to restrain him," a guard informed his
King.

A black eyebrow raised as he gaze fell upon the Alverdian. The man's face was impassive, his eyes
never rising from the ground before Jolie.

"I did not address your Korva, my lord. I addressed my Princess," the man ground out, jaw clenched.

Arik gazed down upon the man for what seemed an age. "Take him back to the warriors’ quarters. I will deal with him later."

The guards rose and roughly dragged the unresisting man to his feet.

"My Lord," Jolie began, her throat dry as she watched the man led off. "What he said is true, and he can't be held responsible for his actions. I will accept punishment on his behalf."

Fingers bit into her chin as Arik turned her face up to him. Narrowed green eyes locked with Jolie's, and fear shivered down her spine. Jolie steeled herself to meet their disturbing intensity, remembering the indignities she had suffered the last time she had displeased him. She forced herself to murmur between bloodless lips, "If-if it pleases you, my Lord."

"Take her to my chambers. Make sure she is secured," he addressed her attendant, before turning and walking away.

A tinkling laugh drew her attention and her eyes rose to the dais. The icy gaze of Liana met hers. Jolie swallowed hard, wondering what new torments the favorite slave would dream up now that Liana had discovered Jolie was a princess.

Kiara drew Jolie to her feet and escorted her back the way they had come. Guards fell in silently before and behind them.

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Jolie stood before the arched windows that reached from floor to ceiling of the King's inner chamber. She gazed upon at the heavy red moon suspended over the dark jungles of Unter, so different from the delicate trio of silver orbs over Alverda.

The opening of the doors made no sound, yet the prickling on the back of her neck made her aware of his presence. She couldn't face him, the jingling on the chain connected to the gold circlet around her throat told its own story as she anxiously awaited his decree.

"Look at me," he commanded.

Jolie wanted to deny him, to scream and shout at him. The indignity of finding herself chained to a bolt in the center of the room gnawed at her frayed nerves. Yet to do as her pride demanded could cost a man his life.

Slowly she turned, and the possessiveness in those deep green eyes sent heat surging through her. He had discarded his vest, and her eyes moved over the black breeches and boots to rest on the bronzed masculinity of his chest and arms. A traitorous throb began between her thighs.

"You lied to me."

Jolie's lashes lowered to hide the emotions storming through her. He strode toward her, like a beast stalking his prey. She backed instinctively away from him, circling a low carved chest.

"Why did you not tell me the truth when the opportunity arose?"
"You-you told me that you would not let the princess go, even if you found her." He merely raised an eyebrow. She bumped up against a wooden robe, and she gazed about her, seeking some form of escape, and knowing there would be none. "I- what purpose could it serve?"

Jolie had only taken two steps before the chain pulled taut, dragging her to a halt. Her hands flew to her throat as she turned to gaze at him with growing trepidation. His hand gripped the chain, wrapping it around his wrist. She stumbled toward him, her golden eyes wide. Anger visibly leapt from his every pore.

"You lied to your King."

"You are not-" The breath shuddered from her lungs as he tugged brutally on the chain until she was a mere arms length from him. She stood before him with her shoulders back, glaring straight ahead at his chest. Every muscle in her body strained as she refused to bend beneath the pressure of the chain and close that last little distance. Some part of her knew that she should back down, yet her anger refused to be controlled. "Yes, I am Princess Jolina. Yes, I didn't tell you. Why should I? I would rather my family believe me dead than a..."

"Than a what?" he inquired softly.

Jolie ground her teeth. He knew, but obviously wanted the satisfaction of hearing her say it. "Then knowing I was forced to whore for a man."

His nostrils flared. "It is of the highest honor to serve the King."

His arrogance almost took her breath away. "Perhaps to the women born of this world, who aspire to no other life than that of a love slave at the beck and call of a man. On my world, I am a free woman, with choices. Here, I am a man's plaything, locked up and isolated. I cannot chose what I am to eat or to wear or whether I am to sleep alone or."

Hands closed around her upper arms, dragging her up against him. His flesh burned through the thinness of the cloth, and she felt her nipples tighten where they rubbed against his solid flesh. Fingers curled around her pale throat, his thumb resting beneath her chin tilting her head back.

"You insult me. I have given you my protection and ensured that you receive every comfort. Would you prefer to lie beneath a merchant whose brutal desires would no doubt result in your death? You are tiny, and your body struggles to accept mine, yet I have shown you gentleness that many would consider a weakness. Yet you dare question my authority."

The unintentional cruelty of his words beat at her. Angry tears pricked at her. "What of other Alverdians that have no doubt experienced this fate? You speak of slavery as though it were an unpleasant fact. Yet as King, you could abolish slavery."

"You lecture me, spit at me, calling into question the foundation of society in which I rule and you live. Womanly wiles would be more conducive to securing a man's life, surely?"

She gasped at the unfairness of his words. "You pig-" she began, but her angry tirade cut off as his lips closed over hers. Fingers tangled in the curls at her nape, holding her prisoner beneath the hot, searching mouth.

The kiss was punishing, brutal, leaving her breathless. Fingers curled over the clasp of her shoulder, and her fingers closed over them. "Don't."
"You dare refuse me?"

Jolie's eyes flashed. The incredibility in his voice gave her the strength to push his hand away. The man was an arrogant, spoiled bastard if he expected her to ignore the chain linked to the collar around her throat and simply spread her legs.

Jolie twisted away from him, but he caught her by her upper arm, swinging her back around. His head lowered as his mouth sought hers, but she turned her face. His lips caressed her cheek, before his teeth nipped her lobe waringly.

Jolie's lashes fluttered as his hands slid down over her hips to cup her bottom, drawing her firmly up against him. She squirmed against the burning heat pulsing against her belly, feeling the nervous anticipation flutter there.

Arik's mouth slid over her cheek, seeking her mouth, his breath warm against her skin. His heat surrounded her, the male scent of him teasing her. A whimper escaped her as he tugged on the violet sheath. The jeweled clasp bit into her flesh as the material was torn from her body, sending the clasp spinning across the floor.

Firm hands settled on her hips, turning her in his arms and drawing her back up against his chest. Hands glided possessively over her creamy nakedness, touching, caressing. They closed over her tender breasts, molding them to the shape of his palms. His mouth opened over her bare shoulder, sucking on the tiny bead of blood.

Jolie moaned as he rolled and pinched her rosy nipples, dewy heat gathering between her thighs. She writhed and arched against him, her bottom riding the hard ridge nestled against it. She hated Arik. She hated what he had done to her, making a slave of her. Yet her body craved him with a need that was disturbing.

A shiver raced through her as his tongue swirled over her neck. His warm breath stirred the golden tendrils at her nape as he bit and sucked on the soft flesh. A thigh wedged itself between hers, the supple leather teasing the skin of her inner thighs. Her secret place readied itself for his possession, glistening with need.

A hand slid down over her belly to cup her bare mound and she quivered. Her head fell back against his shoulder as he stroked the soft pink flesh. Her nails bit into her palms to keep from touching him as she drowned in his forceful seduction. "Arik," she moaned, and he chuckled softly against her ear.

"Your body knows its master," he murmured as his fingers probed her dewy gate. Jolie stiffened at his words, humiliation burning through her. She was his slave, naked, chained to a bolt on the floor, yet her body ached to be filled with his velvety flesh sliding up between her thighs.

Jolie tore herself from him, intent on putting as much distance as possible between them. She had taken barely three steps before the chain halted her flight. She glanced swiftly over her shoulder, and her eyes widened with a mixture of fear and excitement as he strode toward her, his breeches straining.

"You are not my master," some devil inside of her made her declare. The words seemed to inflame him. He caught her around her waist, lifting her off her feet. He carried her to the soft bed of pillows and furs in the center of the chamber, tossing her down upon them. She scrambled into a sitting position, her hands clutching the pillows behind her as she gazed up at him rebelliously. Arik stood above her, yanking at the ties of his breeches, his eyes never leaving hers. She swallowed hard as he pushed them down over his hips, his large, heavy cock springing free.
He was hard and fully aroused as he kicked off his breeches and knelt on the cushions. A large hand curled around her ankle, and she kicked out as he dragged her toward him. Her fingers raked over the pillows as she fought to grip hold of something, her young body twisting and cavorting before him as a wild desperation overtook her.

"You will acknowledge me as your King, your master," he muttered as his other hand closed around the knee of her free leg, drawing her closer. "You are mine, to do with as I please."

"No!" Jolie tossed cushions at him as she struggled to free herself. Hands cupped beneath her knees pulled her thighs apart, exposing her glistening shame to his triumphant gaze. She moaned as he lowered himself on top of her, his weight pinning her wiggling body beneath him. His muscled flesh imprinted itself on hers as his mouth captured hers.

She kissed him back even as she struggled against him, her soft pale skin sliding against his warm, muscled flesh. Fire flamed in her clenching channel as her tongue tangled with his, her small fists beating at his shoulders. His legs wedged themselves between hers, forcing them wider apart. She was unable to close herself against him even if she wanted to, and heat stole up over her face at the feel of him nestled against her slick pink valley.

"Why do you fight me when your body begs for mine?" Arik demanded roughly against her mouth. He dragged her hands above her head, pinning them there with one hand. His other slid over her belly to cup her firmly between her legs, exploring her molten heat.

Jolie moaned, arching her hips as he stoked her silken flesh, urging him on. Her nails dug into his hand as her feet slid along the backs of his legs. Fingers plunged inside her quivering heat, stretching her, and she cried out.

"Tell me you want me."

She shook her head mutinously. He merely raised an eyebrow before his head dipped lower, his mouth capturing a rosy peak. She squirmed as he suckled her, arrows of heat shooting down between her spread thighs. What little control she had was slipping as fingers explored deep within her slick channel.

Her eyes fluttered shut as she struggled to ignore his touch, yet she was unable to prevent the frenzy of need rising over her neglected flesh. It had been so long since his punishment, of the feel of his body moving in hers. Shameful moisture seeped from her sheath as his hands and mouth tormented her. "Arik..." she pleaded. Her traitorous body pressed down on the slowly gliding fingers of its own accord.

"Your body is too sweetly responsive to win this game, princess," he chuckled against her damp breast. Jolie whimpered as his fingers eased from her, her brow furrowing in frustration. The breath stilled in her chest as his hand guided his cock to her dewy gate. He nudged against her slick heat, the tip of him lodging in her narrow channel. She whimpered, her thighs gripping his hips.

He eased slowly inside of her, forcing her walls apart as he slid up into her. Soft pants escaped her at the delicious agony of him impaling her, her young body straining around the welcoming hardness. Everything but the feel of him was forgotten as he slid deep in her tight channel, until finally he came to rest to the hilt inside of her. Jolie lay beneath him, lips parted. Quivers raced through her as she adjusted to the almost uncomfortable fullness of him filling her.

"Tell me you don't want me, and I will leave you now," he whispered against her ear.

Tears of frustration trembled on her lashes at this wicked torment, but pride demanded that she not
concede. After what seemed an age, he began to withdraw from her. She gasped out "Don’t…” as pleasure rippled between her thighs.

He stilled inside of her clenching warmth. "Say it."

She turned her face away from him, her eyes squeezed shut. He drew further from her and her thighs tightened against his hips, holding him still. "Please..." she whispered, pushing down on him as she sought to capture him inside of her. She was so close.

"I want the words, little one. Tell me who your master is."

"Arik...." When he didn't move, she mewed with frustration. "You are." She was rewarded with a driving thrust that made her cry out. She didn't quite know how it happened, but he rolled onto his back, taking her with him. She found herself straddling him with his cock locked with her tightness. Her fingers splayed over his chest for balance. She shifted slightly, drawing a soft groan from him.

"Then show me."

She gazed down at him with uncertain eyes, the thrust of her tiny breasts with their hard tips peeking through the strands of her mane. Arik tugged on the chain, forcing her to lean over him as he kissed her, his hips circling. The movement left her gasping as his grip on the chain eased, allowing her to straighten above him.

He began to rock lightly inside of her, inflaming the need between her thighs. Groaning, she lifted herself off him a little way, before sliding experimentally back down. She gasped as her pulsing nub ground against him.

She began to move on him. The chain jingled with her movements, her body going up in flames. She lifted and fell upon his hard length with more enthusiasm than skill as she took control. She threw her head back, her breasts jiggling under his heated gaze as soft gasping cries escaped her.

She murmured in protest when his hands gripped her hips. He slowed her pace, guiding her down upon him. All protest fled as his hips lifted off the pillows, driving his shaft forcefully up into her quivering heat as he met her downward slide.

"Oh, Goddess!" Pleasure stormed through her, washing over her in waves as she came around his thick shaft. Her nails dug into his chest as he drove her pleasure on, holding her firm as he lunged endlessly up inside of her. He groaned beneath her as he came, his seed spilling deep within her womb as he rocked within her fluttering channel.

She collapsed on his chest, dragging air into her starved lungs. Hands glided down over the pale column of her back to clutch her bottom, massaging her soft flesh.

"You are mine, princess. Do not deny me again."

She shuddered at his command, squeezing her eyes shut. Even now, she could feel the chain digging into the valley of her breasts, marking her as his slave. Could she ever really deny him, when her body craved him?

It was only as her breathing returned to normal that she remembered the Alverdian, and the knowledge shamed her. "Will you free him?"

"Do you ask it of your master?" he replied softly.

"I do."
"You have greatly pleased me, princess, even though you defied me at first. I will give orders that the prisoner be freed in the morning."

Jolie stiffened on him the same moment he began to rock his hardening cock inside of her. Did Arik believe she had whored herself for a man's life? Was physical love nothing more than something to barter on this strange world?

Jolie struggled upon him, and he slipped from her. Her victory was short lived though. He rolled her beneath him, and with little warning, thrust deep in her slick channel. His mouth caught her gasp as his body stormed hers, driving into her with long, deep thrusts that rocked her to the core. Her climax was swift and unexpected as he plundered her yielding flesh, her hands clinging to the broad shoulders rising over her. Eddies of ecstasy rippled through her as Arik rocked in her clinging heat for what seemed an eternity. Again she felt the familiar coiling tension building low in her belly as his thrusts quickened.

Swift knocks against the chamber doors intruded upon the pleasurable haze surrounding her. Her head twisted toward the disturbance, but fingers turned her face back to Arik’s as warm lips brushed over hers. Arik guided her ankle over his shoulder as he drove into her, working himself furiously in her tight sheath. She arched against him as he came in short, furious thrusts, filling her with his hot seed.

With a brief kiss, Arik drew himself from her damp body and strode across the chamber. Jolie lay dazed and throbbing among the pillows as Arik shrugged into a robe. With a sweeping glance over her tousled appearance, Arik stepped out into the hall and closed the door softly behind him.

Jolie tugged impatiently on the chain as she struggled to sit up, anger warring with frustration. She wanted the arrogant beast for no other reason than to feel his arms around her as he moved deep inside of her. That Arik thought otherwise seemed a betrayal of the gift of her virginity. However, for her to tell him the truth would be humiliating. It was mortifying enough that he believed himself the master of her body, and her actions to date have done little to dissuade him of the notion. To believe himself the master of her emotions...

She thumped the pillows with her small fist. He was not her master; he was her equal. Only she did not know how she would manage to get that through his thick skull.

~*~

Jolie woke from a restful sleep. Her hand splayed across the pillows, but only cool silk greeted her touch. Arik had not returned, and jealousy stirred within her. Had whatever duty that had drawn him away been resolved and he now languished between another love slave's willing thighs?

The air about her swirled, and she stiffened as a hand pressed over her mouth. "Sarai," a voice commanded in a low pitch against her ear. Be quiet. The breath caught in Jolie's lungs as she recognized the lyrical language of her home world.

Something scratched at the tiny lock at her throat, before the gold collar fell away. She rubbed her throat as she gazed worriedly at the man crouched beside her. If Arik discovered him here...

A heavy cloak was slid beneath her shoulders. "You can't be found here. He'll kill you," she whispered as he lifted her from the nest of pillows. It was then that she realized there were four of them as shadows move about the dark chamber. A man stuck his head out through the door before motioning to the others.
The candles had been extinguished, casting them into darkness as they slipped from the chamber. Four bodies and that of her attendant lay beside each other, and the breath caught in her lungs.

"Are they..."

"Drugged."

Relief washed through her as they moved silently through the King's apartment. The hallway branched off into three arms before them. A mixture of dread and hope welled inside of her. Where could they go? What would happen if Arik caught them?

She was lowered to her feet, and hands gripped her arms firmly as they drew her down one of the corridors. "This way, princess."

Her heart thundered in her chest, expecting at any moment to hear the shout of guards as her cloak fluttered about her. They led her to a large chamber that was bare except for seven or eight intricately carved chests. The largest reached to just below her breasts, as long as it was high. One of the men opened the lid, revealing items wrapped in cloth. The three men methodically began to unpack the items, placing them carefully on the ground around them. She stood there nervously, jumping at every sound.

Hands held a leather skin to her mouth, but she shook her head. "Drink. It will be easier this way."

Closing her eyes, she sipped at the sweet honey mead. He stood aside her, ensuring she drained the skin as the other men worked silently unpacking the chest. When all the items had been removed, they lifted a wooden plank, revealing a hidden compartment beneath about three hand spans in height. She shook her head desperately when she realized their intent. The movement caused her to sway dizzily.

"It is the only way, princess. We must hide you until they come to collect it. You will be able to breathe through the holes until the chests reach Prince Trake."

Her lips parted as she watched gold plates, jewels and small chests being removed from the padded bottom and hidden about the chamber.

"Prince Trake?" She wobbled woozily, and he caught her.

"King Arik's younger brother. He rules Alverda in his brother's stead."

"Oh." A shaft of pain arrowed through her that she didn't know the fate of her home world. Were her people roughly treated, forced to serve the conquering warriors in any manner they wished?

Jolie was unable to resist the hands lifting her up so that her bottom rested on the edge of the chest. She clung desperately to them as she was lowered down. One man jumped in with her, guiding her onto her back and placing a soft sack by her belly. "There's fruit and mead should you wake."

Trepidation welled up inside of her as they fitted the wooden plank above her. The darkness seemed to close in on her as they worked silently and efficiently filling the chest above her. Each thud echoed through her head as the world spun dizzily. Her fingers clung to the wooden holes as she sought to breathe.

"Please..." she whimpered. What are your names? She didn't know if said the words aloud or merely thought them as blackness swept over her.
Jolie blinked sleepily, gazing slowly about her. Familiar gold silk curtains shrouded the circular bed laden with pillows of ruby, chocolate, cream and gold. Morning light filtered softly through the trio of tall stone archways leading to a circular balcony overlooking the green hills and smooth lakes of Alverda. A smile curved Jolie's lips as her gaze fell on her sister Kaline where she slept curled up in a chair by the bed.

Jolie's sleep had been uneasy and fitful. Suffocating memories of the cramped, dark confines of the chest she had hidden in had invaded her dreams. She vaguely remembered being found by servants, weak and confused. Pushing back the cloying fear that rose to overwhelm her, Jolie slid her feet to the cool stone floor.

She rose slowly on trembling legs and pushed back her tangled golden mane. Slipping on the waiting wispy wrap, she tied the belt around her slightly thickened waist. Weakness flooded her limbs as she walked to the balcony's edge, yet she would not be denied the sight of her home world after so long. Her fingers curled around the cool railing for balance as she breathed in deeply of the perfumed air. She drank in the welcome sight. The breeze whispered through her hair and warm sunshine caressed her soft skin. She was home.

Jolie didn't know how long she stood there lost in her own thoughts before she sensed she was not alone. She gazed to her left as another came to stand beside her on the balcony edge. A bronzed profile met her glance, and fear shot through her. A split second passed before her body knew he wasn't Arik. His head turned to gaze down at her, revealing a face that was similar to Arik's, only younger, softer somehow, and lacking the vibrant energy that surrounded the king. His lips were different, thinner, and there was something about the shape of his eyes. Yet they shone with the same intelligence, and wariness filled her. Prince Trake.

"Kal has slept by your side every night since your return."

Jolie turned back to gaze over the lakes as she struggled to control her emotions. What right did this man have to call her sister by her beloved nickname?

The silence stretched as she become increasingly uncomfortable beneath his searching gaze. Did he know? Did he intend sending her back to his brother now that the drugs were cleansed from her body? Or was Arik here, on Alverda? Her knuckles turned white where they gripped the railing as she fought to draw breath into her lungs.

"Although no one knows exactly where it is you returned from. You were found unconscious on your bed. No one could provide an answer as to where you came from or how you came to be there." He crossed his arms over his broad chest as he propped his hip against the railing, gazing down at her. The musical language sounded stilted on his tongue.

"I-I can't remember." Jolie turned away from him, intent on fleeing to the safety of her chamber and her sister's sleeping presence. Trake caught her wrist and swung her around to face him. For an instant in time, it was almost as though Arik stood before her. Jolie froze, the pulse fluttering madly at the base of her throat. "I can't recall anything after the invasion," she lied, tugging on her wrist.

"I give you fair warning. Whatever plots you are scheming, Princess Jolina, forget them. I will not tolerate a rebellion within the walls of my own palace."

"This is not your palace." She wrenched her wrist from his grip and fled back to her chamber on
weak legs, catching a glimpse of surprise on his face. It was only as she reached the archways that she realized her mistake. In her anger, she had spoken in his native tongue.

She dropped to her knees beside her older sister and gently shook her awake with trembling hands. Tears filled her eyes as they met her sister's warm brown ones and she wrapped her arms around her sister for the first time in what seemed an age. She was unaware of the look that passed between Kaline and Trake, before Trake turned away.

~*~

Jolie learned that her father had collapsed when Arik's men had stormed the palace. It had all been too much watching his peaceful world crumble beneath the force of the conquering invaders, and his heart had given way. Her father had been a gentle man, more suited to studying his favorite astronomy books than ruling a Kingdom. Sadness washed over Jolie, but also a guilty feeling of relief at knowing he would never discover the truth of what she had become: A king's whore.

Some things had remained much the same, while others had changed drastically. The fragile peace on Alverda was aided by the proclamation that Kaline's and Trake's first child would become heir to the throne. Until such time, the council had the authority to make decisions and laws across the land. The council was made up of an uneasy mixture of Alverdians and Unterian warriors. Things had stabilized to a certain extent in the three months Jolie had been captured, but there was still so much uncertainty with the rebels. The rebels hid in the mountains, causing as much strife as possible in their cause to overthrow the conquerors.

Had it been members of the rebellion that had helped her escape Arik's harem? Why had she been left at the palace? Was it because she was ill from the effects of the drugged wine? The questions plagued her.

It felt strange to be in her old suite where nothing had changed, except her. All her gowns hung in the robes, pressed and scented with sachets of her favorite flowers. Her jewels and perfumes lay carelessly scattered across her armoire where she had left them so long ago. It was as though she had never left.

Kaline's sisterly patience opened the floodgate on Jolie's emotions. She found herself telling of her capture and the strange people and customs of Unter. Yet Jolie couldn't bring herself to tell her sister of the slave auction before the warlords, or of being locked up in a harem.

As if sensing her sister's reticence, Kaline asked gently "Did they hurt you, Jolie?"

Jolie shook her head, unable to meet Kal's gaze. She loved her sister dearly, but Jolie couldn't find the words to tell her. It was too soon, too fresh. She wanted to forget Unter and its king. She couldn't bear her sister's pity, unintentional as it would be. "Do you - care for Trake?"

"At first, no," Kaline said, accepting the change of subject. "But now...You don't think...," Kaline trailed off, and Jolie hugged her.

"That you're betraying Cam? Of course not. He'd be glad you found someone to be happy with." Cam and Kaline had secretly breached the laws of Alverda and become lovers when they were fifteen. They were to cross palms as soon as Kaline turned twenty, only Cam had been thrown from his mount and killed. Since then, Kaline had avoided making a match, seemingly content to oversee the palace while their father was pre-occupied with books and treaties on astronomy. Jolie was glad to see her sister move on, but the knowledge that it was with Trake worried her.
They talked for an age as Kaline filled her in on palace gossip. The servants came and went, bringing food and refreshments and a hot tub of water for Jolie. It was only as Jolie rose from the scented water and the maid dried her hair that Kaline turned serious.

"Jolie, you don't have to answer if you don't want to, but the mark on the small of your back...it's the same as Trake's insignia?"

Jolie met Kaline's troubled gaze, and shame flooded her. "I-it is nothing."

Kaline let it be, and eventually left Jolie to rest. Jolie caught Kal's hand as she turned to leave. "I told Trake I couldn't remember anything."

Kaline squeezed her hand in understanding. "I'll let the council know too. That way you don't have to answer any uncomfortable questions until you are ready."

Jolie nodded wearily, relief washing over her at the unquestioning loyalty of her sister.

~*~

Jolie banished the attendants from her room and dressed herself later that afternoon. She rifled through her robes, finding a simple red gown that left her shoulders bare and gathered tightly beneath the swell of her breasts before falling in soft folds to the floor. A gold chain necklet scattered with amber teardrops hung from her throat and spilled down over her shoulders and breasts, reflecting the light as she moved.

She twisted and turned before the mirror, fiddling with her hair and adjusting the gown. It felt so strange and restrictive to wear clothing after so long without. Then she dropped her hands to her side and smiled at the knowledge that she had chosen what she wore.

Jolie turned and left the chamber, following the familiar steps to the uppermost palace gardens. She had started at the first sight of the bronzed warriors with dark hair, only to discover they were scattered throughout the palace. Unter men towered over the golden haired men of her own world, a constant reminder of all that she wished to forget.

She walked through the archways to the circular haven overlooking Alverda. It was here that the royal tombs rested. She ran her hands lovingly over the sculptured stone, a sad smile curving her lips. Time passed unheeded as she stood silently by her father and mother's tomb. It was only as she turned and made her way back to the palace that she noticed Trake leaning against the stone archways, arms crossed, looking up at the sky. Her approach became hesitant, her heart beginning to race.

"You have been awake less than a day and already Kaline is lying to me." Green eyes, so like Arik's, locked with hers. Yet the intensity and vibrancy that haunted her dreams and every waking moment was missing from this man.

Her fingers curled nervously in the folds of her dress as he spoke in his own tongue. She shook her head, pretending ignorance as she continued to walk towards the arches. A hand reached out and gripped her upper arm as she drew on level with him, halting her retreat. Her impassive face lifted to his.

"If I stripped you of your clothing, would I find the brand of one of the whore houses of Unter marking your skin?"

Her gaze dropped, the fear in her expressive eyes hidden by the sweep of her lashes. "I do not understand the language you speak," she replied in Alverdian.
"You lie to me with such an exquisite face. Did the men of my world, when faced with such loveliness, exhaust their brutal lusts within you? Do you fear I will make you return to such a life? If so, be at ease."

She tore her arm from his grip and escaped within the palace, feeling his steady gaze on her. Something told her that this would not be the last of it.

Missives and flowers had flooded the palace in tribute to the Goddess for Princess Jolie's safe return. They filled the public halls close to brimming, filling her eyes with tears. Yet Jolie knew she must leave Kal and find the rebels, and soon. The weight of this knowledge bore down on her every waking moment.

It was from Kaline that Jolie had learnt of problems facing Unter. Their women had not produced a babe in over fifteen years, forcing their King to conquer new worlds in the search for a compatible race before theirs became a dying one. Kaline confided that there finally seemed a reason for renewed hope, as it was whispered that one of the King's new concubines was breeding. Learning this instilled a deep fear in Jolie. Should Arik find her, would he force her to become a breeding whore for him and his warriors? Jolie smiled weakly at Kaline's hope to carry Trake's babe. Thankfully, the early signs of Jolie's early pregnancy went unnoticed beneath the folds of her gown.

That night her dreams were tormented by memories of Arik. She woke feeling disorientated and feverish, her body aching with a yearning that disturbed her. Would she ever be free of the sensual chains of her captor?

Jolie was visiting the tombs of her parents to say a final goodbye when they came for her. Unter warriors filed into the garden, dozens upon dozens, the sun glinting off their silver armor. Jolie's heart felt as though it was being squeezed by a giant fist. Dizziness overcame her as the wall of men parted to reveal Kiara walking toward her. Some secret part of her had known she could never escape Arik.

Arik had not come for her himself. Was it relief or hurt that curled in her belly? A king does not chase after slaves, she told herself. Instead Arik had sent Jolie's attendant, the woman responsible for her grooming and behavior. It was doubtful Arik was even on Alverda.

Jolie stood frozen as these thoughts rushed through her mind. Kiara moved to stand before her and lifted a gold slave collar. It was almost identical to the one her saviors had removed when she escaped, only this one bore imbedded topaz stones.

Jolie was not flattered that it matched her eyes, but rather filled with a cold fury. As Kiara raised it to Jolie's throat, Jolie tore it from her grasp and threw it far over the balcony.

Kiara slapped her. Jolie's face turned with the force of it, her hand flying to her burning cheek. Without thought, Jolie slapped her back. Satisfaction flickered briefly in her golden eyes as she witnessed the other woman's shock.

A sharp command reached them. The warriors and Kiara fell hastily to their knees as though as one. Jolie only caught a glimpse of green before turning to the railing, her heart thudding.

"Jolie." Her lashes fluttered close at the fury behind that one word. "Turn and kneel before me, your king."

Jolie struggled to breathe as she stood looking blindly over her home world. "You are not my king." She felt the whisper of his tunic against her bare shoulders, his warm breathe stirring the golden tendrils of her hair. Yet he did not touch her.
"Do not force me to demonstrate my mastery over you before my men," he said for her ears only. "We both know you cannot win this battle."

The silence stretched between them as she refused to accede to his command. He caught her wrist and dragged her around to face him. Intense green eyes met hers.

"Remove your gown," Arik demanded. Her eyes widened. "You are my korva, my slave. A slave does not wear gowns befitting a princess."

"You bastard," she whispered between bloodless lips. "I am not a possession to be owned."

"Do not defy me, Jolie. Not now, when I am so furious I cannot decide whether to throttle you or take you where we stand. Kneel before me and acknowledge me as your King, or strip."

She glared at him, her golden eyes sparking.

"So be it." Large hands settled on her shoulders and turned her jerkily around. She felt him yank at the buttons along her back, tearing at the silken cloth. "I have spent the last few days and nights tormented by the image of you locked up in a Unter whore house, forced to submit to brutal warriors intent on exhausting their lusts between your sweet thighs."

His words left her stunned as he tore the gown from her body, leaving her in a wispy sheath that clung to the curves of her breasts and hips. The thinness of the cloth left little to the imagination. She heard his indrawn breath, felt his hands gentle as they slipped about her tiny waist. His palms slid up and cupped her tender breasts, drawing her back against the solid, muscular length of him. She had to bite her lip to prevent a soft whimper escaping.

"You belong to me. You will only wear my things." He murmured against her ear as his finger curled around the cloth at her breasts.

"Don't…," she whispered, hating the betraying warmth between her thighs. Her lashes fluttered as he peeled the fragile bodice down to expose the tiny swells. They strained for his caresses, the rosy tips tightening into small buds. Humiliation warred with need to feel him touch her after so long.

Fingers stroked teasingly over the small, high mounds, pleasure thrummed in her secret place. "Why do you fight your Master? You cannot win," his lips brushed her bared shoulder.

Jolie stiffened. Brushing his hands away from her, she turned to face him, holding the wispy material over her breasts with the flat of her hand. His broad shoulders blocked her view of the silent warriors kneeling around them.

"Why do you treat me as your possession, to pick up and put down at will?" she countered angrily, kicking at her ruined gown. She slipped past him and strode toward the arched entrance. He caught her upper arm, twisting her back around to face him.

"Leave me alone!" she cried as she struggled to tug her arm from his grip. Her nipples pressed against the fine sheath, their shadowy discs clearly visible. She heard his breath catch; his fingers tightened around her upper arms.

"I find I cannot. You are exquisite." His gaze licked over her, starting little fires deep within her. She wiggled slightly, becoming aware of the hard ridge of flesh straining against his breeches. A shiver skated down her spine as she remembered the feel of him pressing insistently inside of her as he stole up into her warmth. "I had thought you lost to me. I imagined countless times the image of you crushed beneath an Unter trader, your delicate skin bruised, your golden eyes dulled with pain."
Jolie pushed against his chest, but he caught her wrists, pinning them at the small of her back with one hand as his head dipped. Her breasts rose and fell heavily as his mouth brushed hers. An arm tightened about her waist, drawing her body full length against his. She moaned against his mouth, her breasts crushed against his chest.

"I hate to do this, little one, but you leave me no choice. I will never let you escape me again." She frowned up at him, not understanding. Then she felt it, a tiny prick at her neck before everything went black.

~*~

Jolie woke to find everything blurry. Her head pounded. Then her eyes shot open and her fingers flew to her throat. A metal band met her questing fingers. Tears filled her eyes as she traced the imbedded jewels. She was again his slave. One of many whores to satisfy his sexual urges.

She sat up on the familiar dais of pillows, the chain tinkling where it was connected to the bolt in the center of the King's chamber. A large muscular body was sprawled at her side, awake and watching her intently.

"I hate you," she gazed at him challengingly, watching the green eyes narrow. What was about to happen was inevitable. Yet still she had to resist him, or her pride would suffer.

Her breath caught as his fingers glided down between the valley of her breasts. His large hands settled just beneath the small mounds. Thumbs caressed their pouting tips as he gazed upon her expressive face. He rose to sit beside her, his head dipping. Warm lips slanted across hers, softly teasing hers open, tasting her.

Soon the kiss turned less gentle. His mouth crushed hers as he lent over her, forcing her down onto her back on the bed. She lay with her arms passively at her sides, accepting his kisses. His thigh slid between hers, forcing them to yield. His breath caught at the press of him so intimately against her. Her nipples were teased by the thatch of hair on his wide chest. His fingers sunk into her tangled mane, holding her face firm beneath his seeking mouth. She couldn't prevent a whimper as his free hand slid down over her belly and along her inner thigh, easing them wide apart.

His hard throbbing shaft rested threateningly against her melting flesh. She struggled to maintain any sense of control as he rubbed himself against her, her hips arching. The torment was unending. But she would not allow him to master her by coaxing her body into submission.

His mouth dominated hers, forcing her to yield beneath the passionate onslaught. Knowing hands drifted higher, discovering her dewy heat. He stroked her, and she burned.

With a will of their own her fingers glided up over his back, tracing the muscle and sinew that moved beneath the firm, tanned flesh. She traced his battle scars; felt his warmth seep into her hands.

She moaned against his mouth as his tongue stroked hers, feeling the heavy, coiling sensation low in her belly. She rubbed her aching breasts against him, teasing the tender nipples until she was gasping. Her hands slid down, digging into his firm bottom.

His mouth scorched a path down over her chin and throat to lock onto a thrusting nipple. She cried out as his mouth suckled her demandingly while his fingers teased between her thighs, her toes curling. He latched on to the other nipple, licking it until she arched and writhed against him. She arched her back as she gave herself up to his exploration, feeling his finger press against her dewy gate.
She cried out as the finger slid up inside of her, her body going up in flames. He sucked on her nipple in time to the thrust of his finger, making her writhe on the bed beneath him. He shifted down over her body, sending quivering heat shooting through her as he pressed his mouth against the apex of her thighs. She squirmed, but his hands her thighs held her fully open to him as his tongue explored her. His tongue stabbed at her bud, and she bucked furiously against him. His tongue slid lower, circling the beckoning channel dewy with need.

The humiliating chain bound to her neck and imprisoning her in his bed was forgotten as his tongue pushed up inside of her. Her fingers gripped his silken mane as she peaked, her whole body arching.

She had barely caught her breath before he dragged her down over the soft cushions. He moved on top of her, intent of coming into her body as he spread her thighs, but her hands pushed at his shoulders.

"No," she muttered, struggling beneath him. "I want to touch you."

His narrowed eyes glittered. "You are tiny, and my control is limited. I fear I could easily tear you."

Yet Arik consented to her demand, letting her roll him onto his back with a sigh. He watched her as she scrambled up onto her knees, her tiny breasts swaying. He clenched his fingers to stop himself reaching out for the tiny buds, not wanting to frighten off her with his urgent need. He was about to explode as his eyes feasted on the glorious sight of her. Her long, golden mane tumbled in silky ropes over her creamy shoulders and breasts. Her skin glowed as though bathed in moonlight, her golden amber eyes luminous, her pink lips begging to be plundered. She was so tiny and delicate, like a golden flower that unfurl ed its petals at his lightest caress. That she came to him a virgin pleased Arik greatly. He believed it would be easier on her not knowing the touch of another man, for he would never allow it so long as he lived. The thought of her stolen and forced to serve in a Unter whorehouse when she had disappeared from the palace had almost brought him to his knees. It frightened him to learn how much he cared for her. He had many in his harem, yet none brought out this feeling of protectiveness and weakness.

Her hands smoothed up and down along his thighs and hips as she gazed down at him. He swallowed hard as her head lowered, and her tongue darted out to taste the glistening drops. His whole body clenched as he forced himself to remain still and not lift her over him and impale her on the length of his hard cock.

Jolie traced small circles in the hollow of his hips with her tongue as her fingers traced the length of his the throbbing shaft. She nipped his flesh with her teeth before kissing him. Her mouth slid lower, and he bucked as her tongue flicked out to touch the salty globes nestled between his thighs. Her fingers gripped him firmly at his base, and he sucked in a deep breath. She teased the delicate skin of his balls, watching him quiver. He felt a wide chasm open up beneath him as she drew a globe carefully drew one into her mouth. Sweat beaded his forehead.

He ground out "Jolie" as her hand stroked the long, velvety length of him. She released the slick globe and parted her lips over the tip of his shaft, watching him with those seductive, innocent eyes.

Jolie took him in her mouth, her vision full of tantalizing glimpses of him, the musky scent of him wrapping itself around her. Triumph stole through her as the breath shuddered from his lungs. It frustrated her that she could not take all of him as she had seen one of the love slaves do to another warrior. She had to fight to take even some of him in as her mouth slid up and down on him.

She raised herself onto her knees as she bent over him, licking and sucking him. He groaned when she accidentally scraped him with her teeth. The look on his face had nothing to do with pain. Arik's eye were filled with lust, amazement, and something wild as they met hers. She thrust down on him
as far and fast as she could, her hands gripping the thick base of him for leverage.

Arik’s hands grabbed at the cushions as his bottom lifted off the bed. She could barely take a third of him in, but it was enough. Dear Gods, it was enough. His hands locked around her tiny waist, dragging her over him.

She mewed in protest as he drew her up over him. His hands on her waist held her aloft, her knees coming to rest on either side of him on the bed. Her hands clutched at his chest for balance as the hard shaft rising from the nest of dark curls slid against her.

Her head fell back as his guided his thick tip to her entrance, her hair tumbling about her shoulders. He pushed her hips down, driving himself a fraction inside of her. Jolie struggled to breathe. She was lost to everything but the feel of him slowly working himself inside of her as she was impaled upon his impossible length. When she thought she could take no more, he went on, forcing her straining channel to accept him. She wiggled desperately on him, seeking to create more room as he stretched her until the point of unbearableness. Her nails dug into his chest as finally sheathed himself fully inside of her, the tip of him nudging against her womb.

He gently swept back the damp tendrils from her forehead as she gazed down upon him. Her brilliant golden eyes took in every inch of him. Her lips parted as slowly she eased herself off him, lifting herself up on her knees. He groaned, his fingers digging into her bottom.

Arik had never gone so long without a love slave to see to his needs, and he forced himself to keep his control under tight rein. She was impossibly tight, her body so much smaller and tinier than that of the women of his world. The feel of her scalding heat gripping his cock was exquisite, and it took all of his willpower not to tumble her onto her back and pound himself inside of her until he spilled his seed into her quivering warmth.

She was poised above him with the tip of him squeezed inside her fluttering sheath. Slowly she eased herself back down on him, taking him deeper and deeper, her tight walls protesting. She repeatedly raised and lowered herself upon him, her body quivering at the feel of him lodged deep inside of her. Each downward slide ground her fiery nub against him, sending arrows of pleasure deep within her womb. The exquisite friction was almost unbearable, and tears flooded her eyes as she came upon him with soft moans.

Without warning, he rolled her beneath him, wedging himself fully inside of her over and over as she fluttered around him. He threw his head back as he surged inside of her, spilling his seed into her trembling womb with a triumphant groan.

He collapsed on top of her, his tongue exploring her moist mouth. She squeezed her eyes shut, knowing she had lost the fight. Her need for him was too consuming, too overwhelming to lay coldly beneath him as he took his pleasure.

His heavy length hadn’t softened within her, and Jolie moaned as fingers slid down over her belly to massage the nub hidden in her slick folds. She knew his dominance of her would be complete if she let him do this to her again. Weakly she struggled beneath him, but he caught her chin, his lips brushing her ear.

"You will be my bride. I will bind you to me until there are no thoughts of escaping me."

Jolie turned her face away, making the chain rattle. Tears burned behind her closed eyelids as her hips arched on his rocking shaft. Even as his bride, she would still be nothing more than his possession. He would make her body yield to his pleasure, then forget her as he amused himself with one of the more experienced harem slaves. As waves of ecstasy pulled her down into their dizzying
depths, she struggled to hold onto one word. No.
Six

Long, silken strands of gold shot with fire tumbled over her bare shoulders, sweeping the tiny butterfly tattoo at the small of her back. A thin chain bound her hips, only emphasizing their swing as she moved down the steps.

Wispy rose cloth clung to a molded gold necklet, skimming the sides of her breasts and falling to several inches above her knees. The gathered folds only served to emphasis the high, firm mounds thrusting impudently against the thin material and the sweet cheeks of her bottom.

Arik's hand clenched around the silver goblet. As if sensing his brooding gaze, Jolie's head turned slightly, glimpsing him with her pure profile. He silently willed her to turn about, to come to him of her own free will. It was like a kick in the gut when she continued to walk away from him, the tattoo taunting him with each swing of her hips.

She had looked upon him with hurt golden eyes when he given the order for the delicate tattoo. It had not taken long before he had settled on the beautiful winged creatures unique to where she grew up as the mark of his consort. Even though it pained him to see her suffer, the ink mark was as crucial as it was binding. It marked her as his. A slave collar could be removed. A tattoo was irrevocable.

Jolie had escaped him once. He could recall with startling clarity the debilitating agony that had seized him, not knowing whether she was alive or safe. He had been consumed by fear and an unfamiliar indecisiveness. He realized then no woman had mattered as much to him. And he had no one to blame, for she had run from him.

Her cool indifference to him was as infuriating as it was irritating. He had kept her in his bed since her recapture, seeking to imprint himself on her in the most elemental way he knew how. Jolie had yielded to him, gloriously and wantonly. She was too passionate and inexperienced to deny him. Yet when the fiery heat had abated and their bodies exhausted, there remained a secret part of herself she held from him.

It frustrated the gods out of him, that invisible distance she held him at. And could remove all reason. He wanted to chain her to his bed or lock her up in a gilded cage all for the sole reward of knowing that she would constantly think of him, even if it be in hate. He was no better than a sulky prince who refused anything but the best sword despite not being skilled enough to wield it.

~*~

When the time for Jolie' birthing came, Arik felt as though his sword hand had been ripped off as he listened to Jolie's cries. He alternated between praying and hitting something with his fists. When the first faint cry came, his tired eyes burned and he rubbed at them furiously. He was immediately by her side, the midwives parting silently as he reached an exhausted Jolie holding a tiny bundle to her breast.

Jolie met his gaze, hers soft and glimmering, her face luminous. He smiled down at her, his heart clenching with tenderness, and gently brushed back a stray golden lock. Around them worked the midwives.

"I want to name her Isaleen, after my mother," she told him.

"Isaleen," he murmured, stoking the downy softness of his daughter's fragile head with a trembling
hand. "It's perfect. She's perfect. And tiny, just like her mother."

A gasp of laughter escaped Jolie. "She will soon grow."

They silently watched their daughter, a squirming bundle that tugged at his heart. It was a moment of respite in Jolie's silent war against Arik, and it gave him hope that not all was lost.

~*~

Arik gazed around the circle of men, his bleary eyes narrowed. Arik had faced men in the battlefield, had seen his men struck down by wounds that would make a grown man shudder. But many a night changing Isaleen's clothes sometime between dusk and dawn and bringing her to their bed so that Jolie could feed the little one, tested a warrior's strength. Repeatedly, he was amazed his precious daughter could produce a stink that could fell a grown man.

Jolie and her babe were the foremost portent of hope for his people. Word had begun to trickle in of more Alverdian's swelling with child. What held the war council in stunned silence was the reporting that an Unter woman had swelled with the Alverdian seed of her love slave. A triumphant relief had surged through him at the knowledge his people were no longer destined to wither and die. Yet this news did not deter his decision and only made him more determined. He was irritated beyond bearing that they dithered long over a decision of such import to Arik.

"She is a princess of her own people," Arik reiterated.

"She is a love slave, of no standing."

"Only because I made her so."

"She is not chaste."

"Obviously, and again, only because I made her so. Indeed, most of you bore witness to the occasion."

"She does not know our people, our customs."

"She is learning."

As so, it went on.

The men who were friends of his father were the most stalwart against any move away from the tradition of picking his Queen from the handful of daughters of the best families. The families of the men on his war council. It was unheard of, they said, that a captive of war could become Queen. Only one said he would rather fall on his sword than crown a heathen, and Arik, lacking any measure of diplomacy by that point, invited the man to do so. There was little quibbling after that, only hushed whispers.

Finally, and after a moon of debating, the council secretly decreed Jolina could become his Queen. Arik's last remaining barrier was Jolie herself, and he wondered how or if he could convince her.

~*~

Arik stood shrouded in the shadows, gazing upon a sleeping Jolie. She lay on her side, her long golden hair spilling over the pillows in silken ropes. She wore a shimmery cloth of the palest purple. The silk draped her soft curves with a sensuous elegance and bared her fragile shoulders. Jolie had requested the palace clothier to attend upon Isaleen to have clothing reminiscent of Jolie's home. Arik
had insisted on clothing for Jolie also, having described the gown he had discovered her wearing in Alverda as best he could, which wasn’t much after having torn in from Jolie in a mixture of relief, possession and pride. However, it was a mixing of customs, the clothier’s stubbornness of tradition only mildly overcome.

Jolie was deeply asleep, her body warm and soft. He imagined laying down beside her and gathering her to him as he slowly sheathed himself inside her, torturous inch by inch. Her hands would capture his face, drawing his mouth to hers in a deep kiss as their bodies joined.

Arik’s lips twisted wryly. Arik had thought himself the conqueror here. Now he was not so sure. His body ached with an almost consist need. He could count the months since he had found pleasure in her arms. As much as he wanted her, the possibility that she only tolerated his touch held him at bay. It was agony to be so close to her, to see her in the confines of his bed. But he knew it would be more so if he could not at least gaze upon her at will, to know she was there, even if she hid her thoughts behind those luminous golden eyes.

Beside her on the wide bed, surrounded in a pool of soft cloths, her arms and feet waving, was little Leenie. Unlike her mother, Isaleen had spied him and was gurgling happily. Carefully, so as not to wake up Jolie, he picked up the squirming bundle.

Jolie had gifted him with the most exquisite treasure. She was barely three months old and already she had his war-hardened warriors wrapped around her tiny finger. At her softest coo, they fell over themselves to attend to her every need.

His princess had her mother’s golden eyes and beautiful creamy skin, and his black hair, only on Isaleen it curled in tufts of heartbreaking abandon atop her chubby heart-shaped face. No doubt he would be grey from worry by the time she was sixteen and eager to test her flirting on unsuspecting warriors.

"Come, little Leenie, let’s go for a walk while your mother gets some much needed rest." Isaleen blew him a bubble in agreement. He nodded to Poula, Leenie’s nurse, as Poula entered while Arik was leaving.

He strode through halls, and watched as guards came to attention upon spying Arik. They nodded as he passed, their curious eyes falling to the bewitching devil kicking in his arms.

His feet with a will of their own, took him through one of the King’s entrances into the heart of the King’s harem. His feet stood at the edge of the bathing pools, their peaceful depths still and cool beneath the arching columns.

The memory of Jolie, naked curves glistening as she bathed in the soothing waters tormented him. Time and again Arik had watched Jolie through one of the King’s secret gilded grates overlooking the harem’s bathing pool, drawn to the way her supple body had swelled with his seed. She had unknowingly called to him, filling him with awe and a powerful need that went beyond lust.

Arik had gazed upon her silently, glorying in the changes in her body they had wrought together. Her skin incandescent, her tiny breasts burgeoning to sweet handfuls. The way she rested her hand protectively over her swollen belly, or of how she spoke and sung in her native language as she had stroked her belly when she thought no one was watching. He could have groaned for the hunger that rose up in him now. He didn’t know how long he stood there lost in memory as he held a now sleeping Isaleen.

At the sound of padded footsteps, he swung round, shocked to discover a furious Jolie. Her golden eyes blazed, almost crackling in their intensity.
Whatever Jolie intended to say to him was prevented by the appearance of Poula. Poula wordlessly collected a sleeping Isaleen from her father, and bowing to them both, silently disappeared through an archway.

"Damn you, Arik. Why did you bring her here?" The words were a soft hiss.

She was barefoot before him, her lips quivering with her fury. Her breasts, rising swiftly, strained against the silk gathered and clasped together with a tiny jeweled disc above them, before falling in soft folds to her bare feet. He imagined her could trace the outline of her nipples through the thin cloth. His shaft thickened.

"Did you think to show her the harem where you imprisoned her mother? To show her your proud customs where women are locked up and treated as sexual objects? Is this what is to become of Isaleen when she is old enough?"

Arik was abruptly drawn from his lustful thoughts, anger battling with the fierce joy surging through him. Finally, the meek, submissive woman Jolie had shown him outside the bedchamber was gone. Only now, he had no intention of letting her withdraw from him again.

~*~

Jolie's fury had only been riled at the sight of Arik holding Isaleen in his arms. It should have looked ridiculous to see a massive warrior cloaked in dark blue tunic and even darker blue leather breeches cradling a tiny baby against his chest. It only made her heart squeeze.

The tan belt that rested low on his hips and devoid of its usual weapons only emphasized the broadness of his shoulders and chest. His black hair was a glossy riot that made her itch to settle it to rights. He was impossibly tall and bronzed, and looked so right standing there holding their tiny babe in his strong arms. Ooh, she hated him. He was a conqueror of her people, she no more than a prize. Yet it disturbed her to know he could easily hold her heart.

"You were not ill-treated as a love slave," he now told arrogantly. "You were pampered and your every whim seen to."

"I was pampered for you. I was oiled and jeweled for you. All for your sexual pleasure. You gave no thought to what I wanted."

"I remember spending long nights devoting myself to what you wanted," he murmured. Jolie's cheeks heated at his hateful reminder. "You only had to ask, and I would eagerly comply."

"To lock someone up, to take them from their home, their family and friends, for the sole purpose of slaking you sexual urges is in no way negated by some bit of pampering. What gives you the right?" she ground out. He was more than a foot taller than she was, and it only made her angry that she had to tip her head back to glare at him. It disconcerted her to find him watching her intently, his green eyes glowing with a familiar devilish glint and not the fury that stormed through her. He nodded to Poula, the nursemaid approaching and taking the tiny princess from his arms.

"I am king."

"That is your answer: 'I am King'?" The words spluttered out.

In the blink of an eye, a large hand curled about her smaller one, drawing her up against the solidness of his chest. He pressed their joined hands at the small of her back, making her aware of the impossibly hard rod of flesh pressing insistently against her. His other hand cupped the nape of her neck, his fingers sliding in her hair. Her body instinctively clenched where she imagined him filling
her. Her hands settled over his dark tunic, intent to push him away. Yet she hesitated, and it cost her much. His warmth sunk into her flesh, his achingly familiar scent wrapping around her. Jolie took a deep breath, and found it only made her situation worse.

He hadn't touched her for months, not since before Isaleen was born. Her traitorous body burned, wanting his closeness, wanting him, even if only during the dark hours of the night. Yet he made no move toward her, his cloaked eyes watchful. And she had been tormented by the knowledge that he must be assuaging his needs with his harem and not her. No doubt with Liana, his favorite.

"Yes. It is our way. Would you prefer that I lied and told you I felt what I did was wrong?"

She tried to push free from his arms, but his warrior strength held her firm. Her body tingled and throbbed at his closeness, and she told herself it was only natural. Arik had awakened her fully to the needs and desires of her body. But she had to escape before he once again he trapped her in his sensual snare.

He dragged his lips up the side of her neck, sending a shiver down her back. Her body softened, weakened. "How could I think it was wrong, when it has given us something as pure and beautiful as Isaleen?"

Fury burst through Jolie that he would use Isaleen to justify traditions that subjected women to sexual slavery. She pushed against his chest with all the anger and strength within her. Caught off guard, he took a step back and then he was falling. And taking her with him.

They hit the water with a big splash, sinking in a cloud of bubbles and cloth as they twisted and turned in the crystal depths. Her hair and gown were tangled about her limbs as she flailed, before strong hands circled her waist and they were surging toward the surface.

Jolie gasped and spluttered as she dragged in a lungful of air. Somehow, she found herself with her legs and arms wrapped around him, while he held them in shoulder deep water.

"If you wanted me to bathe with you, you only had to ask." He was chuckling with amusement, and she smacked him across his chest before pushing back a clump of wet hair from her face.

His laughter abruptly ended, and she gazed narrowly up at him in query. Only to discover him staring intently down between them. Her eyes flicked down, and widened. The clinging silk molded the soft curves of her breasts, the shadows of the taut pink crowns revealed by its sheerness.

"That's not an invitation," she gasped, trying to push away from him. But his arm hooked possessively about her waist kept her intimately pressed against his lower body. And her struggles only seemed to spur on the growing evidence of his intent. Fingers trailed down over her shoulder and chest to close over her breast, gently squeezing it. She bit back a moan, even as his own reached her ears.

Her body, already on edge from months of tormenting dreams, began instinctively readying itself for his possession. She was furious with him, so how could she want him so much?

Her arms were forced to wrap themselves around his shoulders to hold herself upright in the water, her fingers unwittingly tangling in the black curls at his nape. She had the choice of either pressing herself against him to shield her breast from his heated glances, or distance her upper body as much as she could from his and allowing him to gaze upon her till his full.

Her mind raced as she desperately sought a way to distract them both from what would soon become inevitable. For he would only discard her afterwards as his fickle attentions strayed to other more
beguiling and willing love slaves.

"The other love slaves might be annoyed to find you frolicking in their bath without them," she told him, pressing her lips together as he plucked at her taut nipple.

"There are no other loves slaves," he told her quietly.

"Not right now, no," she gasped out as he tugged down on her cloth until her breasts were freed from the soft material. He shifted her higher against him so that their rosy tips broke the water's surface.

Jolie's breath caught as she lifted wide golden eyes to intent green ones. He had not been interested in bedding her in months. Silently she burned for him, wanting to lay in his arms and feel his warmth surround her, inside her. She missed him, this, as much as the knowledge burned her. Yet he had made no attempt to kiss her, or touch her besides fleetingly and unintentionally. At times, she had found him watching her, almost broodingly. Was he bored with her? Or were her softer curves no longer appealing? It felt as though a fist was squeezing her heart.

If he took her now, it would mean nothing to him. To Arik, she was just another possession, a toy to pick up and play with at will. She had told herself from the beginning to prepare for the inevitability of him walking away from her. If she welcomed him inside her again, would she be able to shield herself from the hurt when he found someone else to amuse himself? Jolie knew she could not compete with a harem of dazzling women willing to satisfy his every whim while demanding nothing in return.

"There are no love slaves in this harem." The quiet words intruded on her unpleasant thoughts.

"There is more than one harem chamber in this palace?" she asked incredulously. "How many love slaves do you need?"

"None."

"None?" she echoed in confusion, gazing up at him. Was it because he was wet and disheveled that he seemed less arrogant and distant? She didn't think so. He had seemed somehow different for a while now. He gave the impression of being considerate. Perhaps even approachable. Jolie thought it was because finally he got what he wanted from her, a child. His first. She knew she shouldn't take any pride in that knowledge, but she was selfishly pleased she could give him something no one else had.

"I relinquished all of them."

Her lips parted in shock. He had let them go? Why?

"Except me," she said, as the thought battered her.

He nodded, walking them into the shallows of the pool, his eyes never leaving her face.

"Is that what you want, your freedom?"

As inevitable as she had told herself it would be, the knowledge he no longer wanted her left her speechless. For all that he was an arrogant boor, she had surprisingly strong feelings for him. Even as a prisoner to his sexual whim, she had discovered a softer, tender side of this man she knew was rarely seen outside the bedchamber. She could not imagine her life without him in it. Oh, she knew she would find a way to survive, and do everything in her power to ensure Isaleen's wellbeing, but Jolie knew this craving for him would never abate.
She nodded, tears blurring her eyes. His reached up, and his thumb caught a crystal teardrop. He searched her face, his eyes narrowing. She tried to turn her face away, but he cupped her chin, drawing her back.

She was unable to stop the tear escaping down her cheek. He watched her in silence, a troubled frown drawing his brows together.

"I don't think I can let you both go," he told her finally, a heavy sigh escaping him.

"You said-"

"I want you to be my Queen."

She bit down on her lips to stop their trembling, and tasted tears. He didn't want her, but he wouldn't let her go? Finally she managed "I don't understand."

"I have petitioned the council to have you crowned as my Queen. My request has been officially granted."

"But why?"

"Because they had no choice but to grant my request, no matter how much they thought otherwise."

"Not that. Why me? Is it because of Isaleen?"

"Isn't it enough for now that Isaleen would grow up knowing her mother as my Queen, and not my love slave?"

Could she bind herself to him for the sake of their child, watching him go to other women's arms and never hers? What if he fell in love with another, and begrudged the day he had taken her as Queen?

"I don't think it could be enough," she told him sadly.

"What would be?"

"A partnership. Freedom to be who I am, to do as I feel, even if it displease you at times. For you to share your thoughts with me, not just your body. Don't ask me to say any more. I know you do not offer these things to me."

"What if I promised to try?" His thumb traced the side of her cheek to gently rub against her soft lips.

Jolie, stunned, was unable to answer. After long moments passed, he settled her on one of the shallow tiled shelves on the pools edge. Then he was gently unclasping the golden disc where it dug into her flesh just below her breasts, and drawing the damp cloth from her body and letting it float in the water that reached just below her belly button.

His gaze roamed hungrily over her glistening skin, almost as if he was touching her. Heat gathered between her thighs.

"I want you more than I have wanted another" His lips quirked at the confusion on her face. "It was unheard of for a king to bid against his own warriors, but I could not let another have you. You stood so proud and brave on the dais before hundreds of warriors in nothing more than an enticing scrap of silk. Now, I could not imagine my life without you and Isaleen."

"Oh."
"Oh?" he asked with gentle amusement, but his eyes were silent, serious, waiting. Her heart was racing. It seemed his eyes were telling her more than his words that he cared for her. If she said yes, would she lose herself? Yet the thought of being by his side, perhaps having more children, was temptation itself.

"I know enough about your customs to know that your Queen must be a - a certain kind of woman."

"You are that certain kind of woman." He smiled slowly, his hand running up the outside of her thigh, and she blushed.

"Do not make me say it."

His eyebrow quirked.

"I am not a virgin," she said with a huff.

"Ah, but there are witnesses to testify that I had your maidenhead." Jolie's blush deepened and she wiggled slightly as his thumb rubbed back and forth over her hipbone. "Or are you now telling me it was a pretense?"

Jolie's mouth fell open. "You know very well--,

His mouth settled over hers, kissing her fiercely. Her hands smoothed over his shoulders and cupped his jaw as she kissed him back. He groaned against her mouth, and then the kiss changed, gentled. His lips parted as her tongue shyly pressed against them. Her hands explored him, luxuriating in the silken heat of his golden skin. She tugged on his tunic, and he helped her, lifting his arms as she dragged the soaking cloth over his head. She flung it away, hitting the water's surface with a slap, then he was drawing her knees wide and settling his hips between them.

She shimmied her breasts against him as her hands fumbled with his breeches, her mouth on his. She struggled with the wet leather ties, yanking them apart, then pushed them down his thighs brutally as far as she could reach, which was not far. He half grunted, half laughed, before capturing her mouth again.

Her hand was between them, sliding down over his belly to grasp his quivering length. He was hot and hard, and her sheath clenched with longing. She guided it to her to her wet gate, but he held his ground, growling "Not yet. I want to taste you."

"Now," she commanded, but his hand circled hers in protest. Her other hand grabbed his left cheek, her fingers digging into the firm flesh of his bottom. They gazed at each other, their stares unwavering. She drew her hand up and down along his thick shaft. His eyelids dropped, his hips jerking slightly. Biting back a triumphant smile, she lodged the blunt head against her glistening flesh.

His breath rasped out. "Slow would be good."

She squeezed him. "Later," she breathed. "I need you now."

With a groan, he surged against her, hard and swift, sliding deep with one fierce thrust. Jolie cried out, her body clenching around his length in welcome.

His forehead pressed against hers, his chest rising and falling rapidly. Her legs wrapped around him, her heels pushing down on the back of his breeches.

He drew almost fully out of her then slammed home again. She cried out. Then he was driving into
her with long, demanding thrusts from which there was no escape, his hands holding her firmly by the hips. Her arms tightened about his shoulders as she held on, lost in the wildness of him. The water churned around them, buffering against her sensitive flesh. Her teeth sunk into his shoulder, her nails into his back.

It wasn't until she felt the cool water against her back that she realized he had pried her hands from his flesh and laid her out before him, her weight on her lower arms. His thickness stole deep, burning a path in her. His hands found her glistening breasts, molding them, his fingers pinching and rolling the hard nipples.

"Harder," she cried, her breasts jolting with each hard thrust. Her body arched in the water, her head tipped back, sensual heat fanned out in mounting waves of ecstasy. He drove into her, bumping against her womb with a thrill of pain that was lost in the pleasure.

He bucked within her melting tightness, affording her no mercy. She cried out as exquisite joy burst between her thighs, sending shockwaves of rippling sensations through her. "Hell," he groaned as she gripped him fiercely, his body unable to hold out against the incredible sensations. He jerked in her clenching hold, pouring hot warmth into her.

Jolie felt like melted wax. After an age, she ran the tips of her fingers leisurely over his chest, luxuriating in the feel of his strength and warmth. She surveyed him lazily, loving him like this. Tussled, his breeches down around his knees in the water, far removed from his usual king-like self. She ran her foot up the back of his thigh teasingly. He caught her ankle, drawing it to his front so that her knee pressed against her breast and lifting his prize to his mouth. Gently he nipped the under flesh of her big toe, then sucked on it, causing her to moan.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked her softly, his thumb finding the thatch of curls between her thighs.

She shook her head, her thick mane twirling in the water at her elbows. His gaze licked over her, the curls where their bodies joined, the flat belly and tiny waist, the creamy handfuls with their puckered rosy peaks. His eyes dragged back to hers, heavy with sensuality. "Say yes." He gazed at her with serious intensity as he rocked his hips slightly against hers and dragging a soft moan from her. His thumb slid between her folds to press against her tiny ridge of flesh, making her throb.

He watched her close her eyes, then slowly open them. His breath caught at the intensity of emotions swimming there.

"Yes."

"Thank the gods," he muttered, his fingers sliding in the hair at her nape to cradle her head as his mouth took hers. His hardening flesh began to ease in and out of her, making her moan against his lips.

~*~

Jolie pressed both hands against her belly in an attempt to stop the flutters. It had been barely three days since the time in the harem when Arik had asked her to become his Queen. On one hand, not enough time to think, on the other, too much.

Now she stood in floor length topaz silk that draped her curves from breasts to toes. Her hair fell to the small of her back in a tumble of gold, tiny sparkling jewels intertwined in its silken depths. Instead of a slave collar at her throat, dozens of ropes of fine gold strands circled her throat and spilled down over the thrust of her breasts.
A dozen slaves fluttered about her, adjusting her gown, rubbing fresh scented oils into her skin until it glowed. Finally, a soft horn blew and the servants squealed and chattered about her as they drew her to the entrance of sumptuously decadent tent. At whispered words, two guards pulled back the white silk curtains, revealing the mass of people turning as one to gaze upon her.

Jolie swallowed hard. Guiding hands pushed her forward, and she slowly began to walk down the narrow path between the hundreds of faces towering over her, her bare feet stepping on pale flower petals.

After an age, the crowd thinned, and then she spied him. He stood at the edge of a cliff, overlooking canyons glazed in shades of blue and pink in the settling dusk. The wind whipped at his black tunic and strands of his hair. She couldn't take her eyes off of him as she walked toward him. When she drew close, he held out his hand, and she slipped hers in his larger one. His lips quirked and she smiled back nervously, her heart loud in her ears.

At her side, holding Isaleen, was Jolie's sister. Then the words of the ceremony began, brief yet binding. Arik and Jolie then took a long wooden stick, ends bound in silken ties, and together they lit the cloth from a small waiting fire. Hand in hand, they then walked to the large, towering sculpted stone cauldron in the shape of a wine goblet. Together threw the pole into its heart. There they waited, until finally, with visible relief of those around them, the cauldron's flame grew. Arik's gods had blessed their union with passion and longevity.

Arik smiled then lifted her up into his arms. Jolie hadn't been instructed about this being part of the ceremony. A squeak escaped her, and she clung on, her feet kicking his shins. Arik strode back down the path, and men slapped him on the back as they went, their roars and laughter making her flush.

When finally he ducked beneath the tent entrance, the flaps fell behind them. She slid down the length of his body, and they both turned their heads to watch as ribbons were used to bind the tent flaps together from the outside, from top to bottom. Then a cheer went up.

Jolie knew about this part. They would remain uninterrupted in the tent until the third day, when the cauldron’s contents burned down to ash. Then they would emerge King and Queen.

Jolie squealed when she was once again scooped up into strong arms. Arik carried her over to the large circle of soft pillows and furs and tumbled her onto her back. She struggled upright, pushing back her hair. Arik stood over her, watching her as he pulled his tunic over his head and threw it halfway across the tent.

Her thighs clenched as his tugged at one boot, then another, and they too went flying. His hand went to his breeches, and he pushed and shoved at them until the fell about his ankles and he kicked them away. In a matter of moments he was naked, and unquestionably enthusiastic.

His was so big and tanned, with sprinkles of black hair narrowing down over his ridged belly to circle the thick, heavy shaft rising from their depths. His thighs were thick and muscled with the occasional white thin scar that made her fingers itch to trace.

"I love you," he said, and her shocked eyes hesitated in their intimate perusal, before flying to his. He seemed kind of embarrassed and boyish; for all that, he was King.

Then the moment was broken as he knelt on the edge of the circle and caught her ankles. He dragged her toward him until her bottom abutted his thighs, then swapping both ankles to one hand; he held them pinned against his chest.
"Arik!" she gasped, half with laughter, half with shock. His determination had forced her gown to ride up, revealing her creamy legs and bottom and a glimpse of blonde tufts to his interested gaze.

Arik seemed awed at discovering her naked beneath her gown, and taking advantage of his distraction, she kicked free and scrabbled along pillows as she laughingly wiggled away from him, and rolled over onto her front and pushed up onto her hands and knees. He leaned over her, his hands catching her upper arms and drawing her up onto her knees, his fingers brushing the sides of her breasts. She rubbed her bottom against him teasingly, and he growled in her ear, his face rubbing against her neck.

"Jolina," he groaned, his hips pushing against her bottom where she incited him, he need evident. Her hands resting on his, guided them to the aching swells of her breasts.

She turned her face up to his. He needed no further instruction, his mouth devouring hers, his fingers tormenting her sensitive flesh through the silk. She tugged the gown apart, freeing her breasts to his attentions. Her nipples budded under his attentions, tight and needy. The gold strands of her necklace was cold against her flesh, soon warming. Without warning, he ripped the gown from her and threw it aside.

One large hand slid down over her belly and threaded through the golden haze at its base. Her body bucked against him when he massaged her in small, slow circles. Heat trickled from her, her hips arching. His other arm crossed against her body as he plucked and rolled a nipple, his fingers tangled in her chains.

Her hands found his hips, and slid down, finding him. He was hot and hard beneath her caressing fingers. He groaned into her hair, his hips pressing into the grip her fingers made about him.

She gasped as two fingers sunk into her, stretching her, her head falling back against his chest.

Without knowing how, but feeling slightly dizzy, she found herself twisted and pressed down until she was on her back on the soft cushions. Arik threw her legs wide, and settled his shoulders between them. Jolie quivered, sucking in a deep breath.

His mouth was warm where it pressed against the soft flesh of her inner thigh. And ticklish, when he gently nipped then and swirled his tongue over the reddening flesh. She whimpered, not sure she was able to withstand for long the tortures of his devilish mouth.

"Ari-k," she gasped, ending on a high note when he licked her swollen and glistening valley. Her back arched off the floor, then sunk back down again when he merely gazed down at her flesh.

She bit the back of her hand to keep from begging. Again he licked her, slowly, maddeningly, before his tongue returned to delve in her pink folds. When his tongue pushed inside her, her free hand sunk into the thick black silk of his mane. Somehow her thighs found their way over his shoulders, her toes pointing. His mouth nipped and sucked at her, his tongue tormenting. She melted on a flood of warmth, her body exploding into shudders, a hoarse scream escaping her.

She was boneless when he rolled her onto her belly. His hands beneath her hips, he lifted her bottom until she rested on her knees. Her flushed face pressed into the pillows.

His hands shaped her bottom, molding its softness with circular motions. She turned her face to the side, brushing the hair back from her eyes, but still she could not see what he was doing.

His hands spread over the small of her back, sliding down over the creamy column of her back, then up again, until they firmly gripped her hips. She felt him then, probing her glistening folds, until his
blunt head came to rest at the heart of her.

She reached one hand back, pressing it flat against his rock hard belly, letting her senses guide her. Then he was slowly pushing against her, making her lips part on a soundless gasp as his thickness stole deep. The intensity of sensations was overwhelming as she was slowly taken, her yielding heat stretching gloriously.

He began to rock back and forth in tiny, teasing surges. His deep breathing and clenching fingers were the only evidence that his control was not as he would have her believe.

His hand slipped down around her hips, his fingers discovering her curls. Then he was parting her, one finger drawing up along her wetness. Over and over, until she could stand it no more and began to pull and push on him with a fierceness that appeased her quickening body.

"Arik," she cried. His hips bucked against hers, his thick hard length ramming deep into her quivering sheath, then dragging out, drawing moans from both of them. Her need was winding tighter and tighter in her belly, until she felt she would die from the intensity of it all.

Again she came, more compelling than the first, glowing heat fanning out in endless waves. He thrust deep, grinding himself inside her before easing back, repeatedly pushing her pleasure onward.

He finally groaned, his hands on her hips dragging her back until his thickness was lodged in her to the hilt, his warmth spilling deep.

They collapsed onto the pillows, his body twisting so they lay on their sides, his leg thrown over hers. His face pressed against her hair, his rasping breathes stirring the golden strands.

She lay with her lashes closed, feeling overwhelmed by his closeness. His hand brushed over her collarbone, then down her arm. Goose pimples followed.

"I love you too," she told him, her smiling widening when he completely stilled against her. Then he was turning her onto her back, his mouth finding hers with a groan.

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always appreciated!

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