

# Chapter One

## Magnus

He was closing in on his quarry. He could tell from the strong scent that had been scattered behind on the leaves, carving a trail through the jungle, and which even his youngest and most simple-minded offspring--the spawn of the lowest of his pleasure slaves--would be able to track.

But this was what worried him--or would have worried him, if the great Red Nail, Magnus Thren, Captain of the Illendian Guard and Avenger of Zorb, ever felt worry.

The trail was too neat. Too easy to track. No one who had once been a Legionnaire of Zorb would leave a trail that was so easily traceable.

It smelled to Magnus of a trap.

Fortunately, Magnus loved traps.

A slow smile creased Magnus's lips as he thought of the last time an enemy had tried to lure him into a trap. That was how he had received his warrior name, Red Nail. It still gave him pleasure to remember that day, when he had avenged the death of his brother and mother on the First Secessionists. It made him hard, too, and if he were back on Zorb, and still Captain of Illendian Guard, he would have called for the second-finest of his pleasure slaves to be brought to him.

But he wasn't on Zorb, and now, the swell of his cock inside the rawhide breeches was a reminder of the direness of his situation. It had been three days since he'd last spilled his seed. If he didn't do it soon, the hallucinations would begin. Death would come swiftly after that.

*The Legionnaire must be traveling with a castrated concubine*, he thought, not for the first time. *That is how he remains at a pace ahead of me*. He let out a low growl of frustration and forced himself to focus on the trail ahead of him and not on the ache in his breeches.

Of course, he could always spill himself in the dirt, but it was a last resort. If it came to that, he would fall even further behind the Legionnaire. However, if he didn't find release soon, he'd have no other choice. His last rape had been on Nasroth 7 three days previously, a final fuckfest for himself before heading to this hell-and-gone planet where it would be hard to find a suitable pleasure slave. On Nasroth 7, he'd raped his way through an entire pleasure

house, and he'd even had the joy of settling scores with an angry patron who'd accused him of wearing out all the livestock.

Magnus had respected this male's bravery. There weren't many who would challenge a Zorb. That was why he had given the male a quick, easy death. Even the Red Nail could be merciful, from time to time.

When he'd first arrived on this planet, he had visited a pleasure house, wondering if he should sample the slaves and begin his renewal process over again. But he'd known at once that it would bring no joy. The native species was too weak: a malnourished, sickly race that barely clung to life on this rock. On Nasroth 7, the pleasure slaves had been strong, healthy Kylons, and they'd given him pleasure; the last boy had put up quite a fight when he'd first seen Magnus's large green cock. But once Magnus had conquered him, and shoved his cock deep inside him, the boy had reached his peak almost immediately. They both had continued to peak throughout the night.

On this planet, Magnus would probably get through at least three pleasure houses before he'd be able to sate himself. It wasn't worth the effort.

*Only a true coward would hide on this godforsaken planet of fragile, useless creatures*, he thought angrily, as his thoughts once again drifted to the Legionnaire.

He had been hunting the Legionnaire for ten moon cycles now. It was a game of cat-and-mouse that had pushed Magnus to the furthest reaches of his endurance and fortitude. Their chase had taken them across the stars and now, to this backwater planet, not even a member of the Alliance, with a population that had been categorized as D in evolutionary advancement. It was an embarrassment, frankly, to even be here.

When Magnus was still called the Avenger of Zorb, when he was Captain of the Illendian Guard and close advisor to the King, before the Third Secessionists had killed Kral The Bloody, stolen his throne, and made all those loyal to the Iscian Creed exiles, Magnus would never have ended up in such a trash heap as this: a planet devastated by the hubris of its own super predators, these weak creatures who had driven their planet to near extinction. There were few of them left now, compared to in centuries past. Magnus had studied a briefing of the planet *en route*. What once had been a far-reaching and technologically--well, if not advanced, then proto-advanced--civilization on a fertile, resources-rich planet, was now a scattering of settlements across a few barren deserts, ruled over by ignorant and increasingly vicious warlords.

Not that Magnus disliked viciousness. What he hated was disorder, and Earth, as this planet was called, was in disarray.

The sun glinted through the trees, and Magnus looked up and studied it. *It's growing late. Time to move.*

He shouldered the ion cannon that he'd set down while he studied the trail and set off into the jungle.

He'd gone only about a mile when he smelled something new on the air.

It was a scent he recognized as human, but it was also... different. Fresher. More virile. For several seconds, he stood very still, breathing in. The scent of the Legionnaire went straight, deeper into the jungle, but the other led him left, out of the trees. In the distance, where the trees thinned, he could see sand dunes and the glint of the ocean beyond that. This is where the smell was coming from. There was a human there. A strong human, from the strength of the smell.

Magnus wavered. He knew why he was here on earth: to find and kill the Legionnaire. To avenge himself on the man who had taken everything from him. And he was so close.

But he also knew that if he didn't spend himself within a few hours, death would take him, and he would never avenge Kral the Bloody.

He made the decision in a snap: he had to have whoever was on that beach.

Bringing the ion cannon down and cocking it, he moved swiftly toward the beach. The trees thinned, and then he was out of the jungle and the ground was softening. It became sand after several yards, rising up into a golden dune. Beyond that, he could hear the sound of waves crashing against the shore.

Magnus's feet bit into the sand. The smell was stronger now, overwhelming him, making his heart race. It was a distinctly masculine smell: sweat, semen, and that delicious tang of body hair that made Magnus's cock twitch with need. It had been too long since he'd run his tongue along a boy's stomach, or buried his face in a boy's moist armpit, or pressed the tip of his cock against his perfectly pink asshole. Three whole days... Magnus Thren hadn't gone three days in a very, very long time.

He crested the sand dune, not bothering to crawl over it and try to surprise whoever was below. After all, it was only a human, and there was nothing to fear from a human, even a strong one.

But the human Magnus saw below him was unlike any he'd seen before.

It was a male. A young, beautiful male, sitting cross-legged on the beach, his eyes closed, and a calm, peaceful smile adorning his full lips.

The human wasn't shriveled or malnourished. He wasn't weak or sickly. He looked healthy and strong. Like pictures Magnus had seen of humans from 2,000 years ago.

The male's body was lean but muscular, with sculpted thighs, a strong back, and taut, bulging biceps. His skin was tanned and golden, and while there were hairs on his legs and arms, his chest was bare. Against his chest lay a necklace with a small pendant at the end. Below this was a chiseled abdomen, which moved slowly up and down as he breathed, and then that beautiful V that ran, like two arrows, toward the boy's groin. Around his groin, the boy was wearing nothing but a tight black cloth that revealed a perfectly round ass and large cock.

Magnus's stomach tightened. The boy wasn't as big as him--it wasn't biologically possible for a human to be as big as a Zorb--but for a human, he was generously proportioned. The sight of this cock, large when not even erect, ignited Magnus's desire so forcefully that he felt as if something were being ripped out of him, and it took all his effort not to let out the raping call that would send every female in his vicinity into heat, make every male hard.

Magnus took a deep breath. He had to get control of himself, to remember his training as a warrior first and foremost. The situation had to be assessed fully. Yes, this was a human, which meant it was unlikely he posed any threat, but Magnus had to be sure.

*Perhaps the boy is bait. Perhaps he is the trap the Legionnaire set.*

But the scent of the Legionnaire was completely gone, and Magnus could sense no one else in the vicinity. So he allowed himself to observe the boy a moment longer, to take in the upper half of his prey.

The boy's hair was dark, long on the top and shorter on the side, where an elaborate pattern had been shaved. Probably markings from the settlement he belonged to. His face was beautiful, young but lined in places where it shouldn't have been, no doubt from a life lived in constant battle. Magnus knew that face, because it was so much like his own: hardened and lined by a life at war.

The thought sent a confusing shiver up Magnus's spine. Zorbs did not *relate* to humans. Zorbs were a superior species by every measurable metric, and Magnus couldn't understand where this flicker of identification, and even sympathy, had come from. To his frustration, it only made him want the boy more. His eyes returned to the boy's mouth, and his cock throbbed painfully.

The male had the most beautiful full lips he'd ever seen, and Magnus immediately began to imagine how they would look wrapped around his cock.

Magnus's erection was so hard he could think of nothing else. His mind was blank of everything except the need to possess the boy, to give him his seed, to have him in every possible way on that glistening, golden beach. This might be a trap, but he no longer cared. In all his years of raping across the universe, he had never needed anyone this badly.

And so he released himself. He let out the Zorb raping call.

## Chapter Two

Jepha's mind was far away when the roar split through it, shattering the vision that had been hovering just out of reach, beckoning him. It had been a beautiful vision, and even as it faded away, Jepha tried to cling to it. There had been a verdant, green forest. A pool of water. Colorful birds perched in trees, their clear, bright songs filling the air. Jepha had never heard a bird before, but in his vision, it had been beautiful. And he'd been there, too, bathing in the pool. Someone else had been there too, someone whom he loved. One of his Brothers? The mother he didn't remember? But he wasn't sure, and now, the details were slipping away. He couldn't see the other person anymore, he could only remember the feeling: like the other half of his heart had been resting next to him in the forest pool.

Jepha opened his eyes.

He was back on the beach. And as he remembered this, the memory of how he'd gotten there also came rushing back, and with it, his despair.

*I am alone now, he thought. Brotherless. An outcast.*

A split second later, Jepha became aware of what had startled him out of the vision. It was a roar, and it was coming from above him at the top of the sand dunes. Turning sharply, Jepha looked up to where the noise was coming from, expecting to see some kind of animal.

But it wasn't an animal. Nor was it human. It was something else entirely.

The creature that stood above him was at least seven feet tall and as broad as two men. It stood upright, like a human, and its face was humanoid as well, but the long green hair that fell around it, and its flashing red eyes, decidedly weren't. Neither were the thick, brassy horns that rose from its head, twisting and flaring out behind it until they came to razor-sharp tips.

The creature was dressed, which also made it seem more human. It wore a leather harness and gauntlets around his forearms, although was otherwise bare-chested, and leather breeches. Its arms and chest were huge and hulking. They were covered in black tattoos that formed a swirling pattern down its torso, which looked to have been chiseled from marble. Its legs were huge and muscular, straining against the breeches. And at its groin--

Jepha felt himself flush. The creature had an erection. Even through the breeches, this was evident, as it was the most enormous erection Jepha had ever seen. The sight of it made his stomach clench uncomfortably. At the same time, he tasted something metallic at the back of his throat. Like adrenaline, but more urgent.

*Him, he decided. The creature is a him, not an it. And he is from off-world.*

Jepha had read the dossiers in the Temple about aliens, and he'd heard stories from the few humans who'd ventured off-world about their encounters with other lifeforms. But he had never met one before. Aliens didn't often visit Earth, not since the end of the 3rd Millennium, when the War of the Ten Tenets had destroyed humanity's interstellar ships, wiped out 90% of the population, and reduced Earth from an up-and-coming Universal Power to a deserted, death-ridden backwater of illiterate scavengers.

But now, an alien was standing just feet from him, and he looked as if he wanted Jepha dead.

Swiftly and gracefully, Jepha leapt to his feet. At the same time, he felt a strange sensation near his navel. It was like a hot, hard tightening. Glancing down, he saw that he was hard.

Jepha's head swam. For a moment, he thought he would be sick.

*How is this possible?*

It had been over ten years since he'd been hard. He'd trained against this. He'd survived the Orgies of the Mother, after all, which were no easy feat. But he'd survived them clean of body and taken his vow of celibacy in the Temple of Decreation. And while he had not yet ascended to the Order of the Unknowing, who had purified not only their bodies with ritual castrations but also their minds, he was well on his way to ascension. Five years at most, the High Priest had told him.

*Nor will I ever ascend to it.* The thought seared through him like a white hot pincer, and a wave of sorrow gripped him. *My brothers are lost to me forever.*

With some effort, Jepha forced these thoughts away. They weren't important right now. Right now, all he had to focus on was keeping himself alive.

The creature roared again, and Jepha drew himself up to his full height. He wasn't as tall as the alien, but he was not of inconsiderable height--especially for a human in the 4th millennium. It was one of the reasons he had been admitted to the Temple at such a late age.

*Remember your training,* he reminded himself, as he took a long, deep breath.

*Violence is the last resort.*

"Who are you?" Jepha's voice rang out across the sand, clear and calm. "Do you understand the Earth tongue?"

The creature's nose flared and his red eyes gleamed with anger, and Jepha assumed he understood--and was insulted by the question.

“Okay okay.” Jepha spread out his hands, the palms facing up, in the universal symbol that he came in peace. “You understand me, then. My name is Jepha. I am a Brother of the Temple of Decreation. I mean you no harm.”

The creature stared down at him for several seconds, expressionless. Then a strange sound emanated from him--like that of rocks breaking. It made the hairs on Jepha’s arms stand up, and it took him several moments to realize that the creature was laughing.

Then the creature opened his mouth and spoke in a harsh, guttural voice.

“You mean *me* no harm, human? Is this an example of the famous wit of your species?”

Jepha shook his head. “I do not jest, friend, if that is what you mean. I am in earnest: I mean you no harm. I came here only to bathe my body and mind, then I will be on my way. If you desire this stretch of beach, I will happily surrender it to you.”

The creature laughed again, and anger flared momentarily in Jepha’s chest. *Breathe*, he reminded himself. *Do not let yourself be tempted by emotion.*

At the same time, his erection seemed to grow harder, and it took everything in him not to reach down and free himself of the loincloth. It was so tight that even the slightest movement sent sacrilegious jolts of desire up through him.

“I am not your friend, human,” the creature snarled. “You may call me Master, if you must call me by a name.”

*He thinks I’m no threat to him*, Jepha realized belatedly. It was a startling realization. Humans usually cowered in fear from Jepha. They took one look at his strong, nourished body, unravaged by starvation or silt poisoning, and recognized him as a Brother of Decreation. But this creature... He was a warrior. That much was clear from his muscles, his armor, and the cannon over his shoulder. He did not fear Jepha or the Brothers of Decreation.

*He may actually give me a good fight*, Jepha thought, almost with amusement. It had been a long time since he’d had a good fight.

Although there was the issue of his erection. Even as he started to clear his thoughts in preparation for battle, the erection began to throb with a painful, urgent need, pulling his mind back into his body. Jepha had been trained for this: he knew how to resist the temptation of his body and clear his mind for warfare. But he had never experienced an erection this powerful, nor a desire this strong. Every inch of him longed to give into the feeling, to surrender to the need to mate that was now pulsing through him.

At the same time, he felt a strange *opening* sensation at the base of his spine. No, it was lower, deep in the sacral chakra. It was as if he needed to relieve himself, but in the most



pleasurable way possible. Was it connected to the erection? Jephah wasn't sure. He hadn't ever felt anything like it. It was like he was uncomfortably empty and needed something to fill him up and make him complete.

"It is too late for you, human," the creature said, and Jephah saw that he was smiling. "You are responding to the raping call of my kind. It will not ease until I have finished inside of you and made you my pleasure slave. You can try to fight it, but in the end, you will be unable to resist its call." The alien's smile widened. "In the end, you will be begging for it."

Jephah's mouth went dry. *Raping call? Finishing inside of you? Made you my pleasure slave?*

He wasn't entirely sure what any of this meant, but he knew it had something to do with the erection and the feeling that he needed to be *filled*.

And then, for a split second, a vision occurred to him. A *waking* vision. It flashed before his eyes, as clear as the day around him: it was of himself, prostrate on the sand, offering up his bare ass, while the creature dipped his large, green, veiny cock into it.

Jephah's mouth opened. The vision had gone, but the feeling it had left with him remained.

*That's what the opening is*, he realized, as shockwaves ripped through him. *That is where he means to finish inside of me.*

His stomach dropped out of him. Never, in his life, had he considered such a thing possible. It had never been spoken of by the Brothers, when they had described the profane act of procreation. It was disgusting. Depraved. Against everything that Jephah believed in, had sacrificed for, would *die* for.

And yet, as he stared up at the glistening, rippling muscles of the alien monster above him, whose giant green cock was now beginning to protrude from the top of his breeches, the tip already slick, he knew he wanted it with every fiber of his being.