

Warning:

The following material contains sexual content meant for mature readers. "DEMENTIA" has been rated NC-17, erotic, by two individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic book in a place where young readers not meant to view it are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

## Chapter 1

### The highlander jungle of planet Dementia

#### Star system of the third dimension

Her friends called her the Schemer, or Scheme for short, for she had always been well known for her ability to get out of tight situations. But as she ran through the dense Dementian jungle panting for air, her heartbeat drumming like mad against her chest, Delores Ellison was afraid that, for the very first time in her twenty-nine years, she had gotten herself into a situation there was no squeezing out of.

Her father had always said she was too much like her mother for his peace of mind. Perhaps he had been right.

Dee dashed through the overgrown jungle as fast as her feet would carry her. She ignored the rogue strands of golden hair that whipped into her eyes and stung them, and instead concentrated her energy on escaping the gorilla fighter whose hunting skills were proving to be frighteningly keen.

*He's gaining on me*, she thought hysterically as she braved a quick glance over her shoulder. *Good God in heaven, do not let this beast enslave me!*

She still didn't know how it had happened, still had no clue how she'd ever been catapulted from earth to this...this...place. But she had been in Dementia for over a year now, and, at least until this night of reckoning, had managed to thwart any would-be slave traders from capturing her.

She had survived on berries and an odd blue fish for sustenance, slept in hollowed out stone caves for protection from the elements, all the while searching in vain for the bizarre stone icon shaped like a gorilla's head that she had been holding when she'd been mystically transported to this dark, frightening world so reminiscent of *Planet of the Apes*. Dee was certain that if only she could find that talisman—or whatever in the hell it was—she could go back to earth, back to home.

She ran into the night, dashed through the highlander jungle terrain she had grown accustomed to, her breath coming out in short gasps. She knew—*knew*—that the gorilla fighter was gaining on her, would catch her at any moment if she didn't figure out a way to escape him. She could sense his sharp green eyes on her, could hear the low growl of a predator hissing in his throat...

*Please*, she silently begged the heavens. *I do not want to be a slave! Oh God—oh please God help me!*

Dee ran impossibly faster, ignoring the buzzing sound of the insect predators that swarmed throughout the dense terrain. She knew what those gorillas had done to that one human girl, the one she

had tried to escape Dementia with six months ago. Knew too that the Dementian males coveted humanoid females as nothing more than sex slaves and serving girls.

The one tracking her now was called Zaab—General Zaab if she'd overheard the villagers of the Mantus Hoard correctly. Zaab had once been a lowlander lieutenant, but had taken over the highlander Mantus Hoard by force when its elderly leader was assassinated by fellow tribesmen. And so now the new general ruled with an iron fist, and in just under a year had made the Mantus the most respected—and feared—gorilla fighters on the planet.

Zaab. This wasn't the first time he had hunted Dee, not the first time he had attempted to enslave her. But, she thought as she ran faster and faster still, it might well be the last time he'd have to hunt her if she didn't figure a way out of this mess. Twice before he had stalked her, twice before she had thwarted him. The third time would prove to be a charm—but whether for her or for him...

*Zaab.*

He stood upright like a human, possessed the mental acuity of a human, and even carried the masculine scent of a human, yet this male was no human...

A gorilla. If she didn't get herself out of this situation, Dee thought in anguish as she struggled to breathe, then she would become the sex slave of a gorilla.

*No.*

The eerily moaning wind swarmed about her, crashing through the rough alien terrain. She could feel him getting close, then closer still, could sense his sharp, possessive eyes narrowed on her...

Run, Dee! Run!

Dee cried out softly in her throat as the low growling sound grew alarmingly closer. Her heartbeat was thumping like a rock against her chest, her blue eyes wide and her breathing labored. She made a quick left turn into the thickest portion of the jungle and dashed into it, knowing it was an unsafe place to be, but also realizing that if she was to thwart Zaab for a third time then this was the only way.

*Help me!she mentally pleaded.Dear God in heaven please help me!*

Dee screamed out when the sharp stinger of a predatorial vine shot through her thigh, effectively throwing her to the ground while it slowly drugged her with hallucinogen. She cried out again when the thick leafy tentacles entwined themselves around her limbs, the snappers instantly shredding what clothing she'd had on as they laid her out spread-eagle and naked on the jungle floor.

*Not the vines—oh no, not the vines.*

She knew it was over. Knew too that Zaab had won. If the general didn't track her down by scent, then the vines would have their wicked way with her, dining on her cunt juice until she died, dehydrated and mentally broken. Either way, it was over...

The vines were the method Dementians used to break human female slaves to their bidding. The predatorial plant would intravenously pump a euphoric hallucinogen into her system, making her orgasm over and over again, providing them with the juice they dined on, until she literally died of pleasure and dehydration. The hallucinogen would also drive her insane if given too much of it, insuring that the only

way she'd ever again possess the mental wherewithal to leave Dementia was through death.

Dee cried out softly as two pink flower buds from the vine clamped onto her nipples and began suctioning at them. They stiffened immediately, causing her to moan. *It's over*, she thought, closing her eyes as the hallucinogen began to take effect. *It's all over...*

The sound of a low, arrogant growl filled her mind. She blinked slowly, opening her blue eyes on a moan as a third flower bud clamped onto her clit and began suctioning it. She shuddered, knowing an orgasm was imminent.

The general stood above her, his piercing green eyes flicking possessively over her naked, splayed out body. His gaze settled on her cunt and lingered there, then darted up the length of her to meet her eyes.

*Zaab.*

Dee swallowed roughly, wondering through the euphoric daze that was quickly engulfing her just how long it would take before she was begging the bastard to fuck her. A male in his prime, an alpha male who owned more slaves than she could count, would know very well—too well—how to use the vines to get what he wanted.

She groaned and simultaneously arched her hips as the first powerful orgasm hit. She closed her eyes tightly, not wanting to watch his expression, for she could sense his arrogant pleasure as though it was a tangible thing. He knew he'd won, knew too that he could do anything he wanted with her...

The rustling sound of discarded leather clothing induced her eyes to sleepily open for a moment. It was hard to focus on any one thing for the euphoria was hitting fast, but she was alert enough to recognize the naked, powerful Dementian male standing over her.

*Zaab.*

His body was at least seven feet tall—probably more. His musculature was extreme, without a doubt the most powerful and heavily muscled body she'd ever laid eyes on. Two deadly incisors jutted out from his otherwise human-looking teeth, a grim reminder that he could slice through her jugular like melted butter.

Her eyes flicked down to his stone-hard cock. She nervously wetted her lips, again wondering how long it would take before she was begging the general to fuck her.

And then the euphoria kicked in and she no longer cared.

## Chapter 2

Surreality engulfed all of her senses. Her mind swam as if dreaming, or as if existing on another plane far removed from the cold jungle floor she lay naked and spread-eagle upon. She shuddered and moaned as the flower buds on the vines clamped down harder onto her erect nipples and swollen clit, her legs shaking as she violently climaxed. Again.

And still, the general made no move to fuck her.

She felt like she'd been coming for hours—days even. Yet realistically she knew it was the hallucinogen making her feel that way. No more than fifteen minutes could have passed by since the vines had snagged her, but the painfully hedonistic euphoria made the time seem endless.

She needed to be mounted. She needed to be fucked more than she needed to breathe.

Zaab was watching her, she knew. His piercing green eyes were evaluating and assessing her bodily responses with the acuity of a hawk, and yet he still hadn't bothered to touch her, let alone to impale her with his huge cock.

She gritted her teeth, refusing to beg. He knew what the vines were doing to her, realized that she would give anything—do anything—say anything—to be fucked over and over, again and again...

"How do you feel, lass?" he murmured, squatting down beside her on his powerful thighs. He ran a large, rough hand over her belly, then brought it up to cup one breast. Apparently irritated that the suctioning flower bud was in the way of his touching her nipple, he pulled it off, snapped the head, and threw that particular portion of the vine to the wayside. He ran his thumb over her nipple, making her gasp, then asked again, "How do you feel?"

Dee wetted her lips, trying to make eye contact but in too dreamy of a state to focus her attention. "I...I...tired," she whispered, closing her eyes again. "Frustrated." That small admission was as close to begging as she'd allow herself to sink.

"Tell me what you need," he murmured. She heard the other flower bud make a popping sound as it was forced from her other nipple. A second later that one was snapped too and two large Dementian hands settled in at her breasts and toyed with her nipples, making them ache so much more than the vines had.

"Please," she whimpered, her hips arching up as much as they could while being roped down to the ground with vines. "Make it stop." Another small admission, but one she couldn't seem to keep from making.

"Hmm," he purred noncommittally, his primal male face coming into her line of vision. His thumbs and forefingers plucked at her nipples, plumping them up.

She sucked in her breath and arched her hips as he settled himself intimately between her outspread thighs. He made no move to displace the flower bud sucking vigorously at her clit, opting instead to watch as she convulsed again from another orgasm the plant-mouth brought on.

"Please," she said more forcefully, refusing to allow her voice to quiver into a pleading sound. "*Please.*"

Zaab ignored her. She gritted her teeth.

The general released her breasts and placed some bizarre, fleshy-looking contraption next to her body, a boxy device she'd never seen before. He removed the needle that the predatory vine had shot into her thigh and momentarily disabled it by sticking the needled portion of it into the faux flesh-box.

So that was how he would keep the vine alive if he needed it again, she thought hesitantly. He was nobody's fool. He'd disallow the hallucinogen to kill her, but he'd also keep it handy if he needed to

torture her into submission with the euphoria it generated.

Good God, she'd never escape him.

Not that the sexual euphoria she was already experiencing was even close to waning, she thought with near-hysteria. It seemed to grow worse and worse, making her want to clamp her legs together and squeeze, inducing her breathing to hitch and her pupils to dilate. "Please," she said pitifully, no longer caring if she begged or not. "Please help me."

Zaab purred at her submissive words, his warm palms running over her belly. "I've the feeling you will be worth the wait, lass," he murmured, those piercing green eyes straying down to her puffed up cunt. She knew he was referring to the other two times she'd escaped from him—before he could mount her.

With a growl, he pushed her thighs further apart, making her breathing hitch. From fright or anticipation she couldn't say. She laid spread out before him, her hands roped to the jungle floor above her head, her thighs tied down to the ground making movement—and escape—impossible.

"Please!" she said louder, more pleadingly, her splintered brain making the connection between begging and the promise of release. Her head thrashed from side to side as the flower bud sucking on her clit grew more suctioning. "Oh god... *I'm begging you!*"

"Mmmm," he growled, his incisors bared. He palmed his massive cock and placed the tip at the opening to her pussy. "That's a good girl," he said in a patronizingly agreeable tone. "Such a sweet, biddable, little wench..."

Her nostrils flared in renewed anger. Her jaw clenched as she narrowed her icy blue eyes at him.

Enraged at the insult, Zaab let out an ear-piercing bellow as he stared down at her, his acute green eyes narrowed in anger. She flinched when he pulled his cock away from her wet opening, then whimpered when he removed his hands from her breasts.

"I...I'm sorry!" she said truthfully, thrusting her hips up at him as best as she could. "I won't do that again—I swear!" Anything—she'd do anything if only he'd fuck her, she thought hysterically.

The low growl in Zaab's throat told her the subtle rejoinder hadn't been quite forgotten by the arrogant male. And if her guess was accurate, he was still smarting from more than her show of defiance—he was still reeling from the knowledge that a human female had managed to elude him for more than six months.

Sometimes, mostly when sleeping alone in the stone caves late at night, she had often wondered if they had become the other's phantom obsession.

Dee ground her hips in a wanton, carnal gesture. Her breasts heaved up and down in time with her labored breathing. Beads of perspiration covered her torso. She no longer cared how pathetic she looked, no longer cared that the unthinkable had happened and she had been captured by her nemesis. Later, there would be time to think on that. For now, all she wanted was to be mounted.

"I swear I'll be good," she said throatily, her hips grinding up as she submissively lowered her eyelashes. "Please help me."

He was snarling down at her, the predator in him obvious, but she could also see his nostrils flexing, telling her he couldn't resist indulging in the scent of her arousal. She took comfort in that, hoping he would forget his anger long enough to put her out of the euphoric misery.

The flower bud at her clit began suctioning more vigorously, making her gasp. Her back arched, lifting up her breasts like two offerings. "Oh god." Her head fell back on the jungle floor, her nipples stabbing upwards. She hesitated for the briefest of moments, then turned her head, baring her neck to him.

The vines tightened their hold on her thighs, pinioning her motionless while the flower bud suckled juice from her cunt. She gritted her teeth, not wanting to come again, for her juice only made the bud suck harder and faster.

She was going to go mad. She was going to die of pleasure.

"Ah, you have bared your neck to me, lass," Zaab murmured in that arrogant tone of his. The baring of one's neck was a gesture of submission amongst predator peoples and they both knew it. Where her words had meant little, apparently her actions meant a lot.

His palms came down to knead her aching breasts again, making her moan. His fingers flicked at the nipples, inducing her back to arch and her hips to flare up. "Please," she whispered, tears clouding her vision. She was going to go insane—if he didn't help her she knew her mind would grow splintered. "I...I..."

His face engulfed her line of vision, blocking out the low-hanging moons overhead. All she could see was Zaab and his sharp green eyes. "You what?" he purred, knowing how difficult it was for her to plead with him. "A good wench always tells her Master what He needs to hear."

She swallowed against the lump in her throat, throwing her hips up at him again, wanting to grind her pussy against his cock. "I beg you," she said softly, quietly—*pleadingly*. "I beg you to fuck me."

His nostrils flared at the precise moment she heard the low growl in his throat resume. She wet her lips, praying that meant what she thought it did.

Zaab thrust her thighs apart again, his nostrils inhaling her scent. "I beg you to fuck me...what?" he growled.

"Master," she breathed out, her breasts heaving upward, wanting him to knead them a bit more roughly. "I beg you to fuck me, Master."

"And will you beg your Master to fuck you every night, slave?" he asked, the head of his thick cock again settling at the opening of her pussy.

"Yes."

"I didn't hear you, lass."

"Yes."

"And will you beg my brothers to fuck you as well, slave?"

Dee hesitated, not knowing what the correct answer was. She'd never gotten close enough to the Dementians to be aware of what transpired behind closed hut doors. She knew only of the things that transpired in public places. "Only if it pleases the Master," she softly hedged.

He purred again, telling her she'd answered well enough. "Good girl." He grabbed her breasts roughly, his dagger-like incisors bared. "And for the record, wench, you are not permitted to *ever* fuck another."

Until he sold her to someone else? *Would* he sell her to someone else?

Did it matter?

Zaab used his powerful legs to spread her already splayed thighs further apart. Grabbing the flower bud at the head, he popped it off her clit and snapped it in two. "Do you understand me, lass?"

"Yes."

"I didn't hear you, slave."

She wanted to cry. "Yes!" The euphoria was maddening, horrific...

With a primitive growl, he thrust his huge cock inside of her enveloping flesh, impaling her cunt in one deep thrust. She could hear the suctioning sound her pussy made as he slowly pulled back and stroked out of her, as if her body was trying to pull his cock back in to the hilt.

"*Oh god,*" she moaned, trying in vain to throw her hips at him the way she wanted to. She could see his teeth gritting, the vein at his neck bulging. She wanted him to thrust fast and deep inside of her. "*Oh god—please.*"

Zaab gave her what she wanted, growling low in his throat as he plunged in and out of her cunt, over and over, again and again. He rode her hard, like an animal, impaling her enveloping flesh like a battering ram.

His silky black mane of hair tickled her breasts, running like silk over her nipples as he fucked her. "Do you like this, slave?" he arrogantly ground out, the muscles in his arms bulging as he repeatedly buried his thick cock deep inside of her.

Dee's head thrashed from side to side, sexual euphoria overwhelming her. "Yes."

"Yes what?"

"*Yes, Master.*"

He rewarded her obedient answer with harder, deeper strokes, threading her golden hair around one hand as his other hand kneaded her breasts and played with her nipples. He rode her body ruthlessly, going primal on her cunt, marking her flesh with his scent.

She closed her eyes on a moan, her hands tied above her head, her breasts jiggling, as the Alpha Male of the Mantus Hoard fucked her long and hard. She came over and over, again and again, moaning and groaning, marking him with her scent as much as he meant to mark her with his.

“Beg for my cum, slave,” Zaab growled, his cock plunging into her flesh in fast strokes. “Beg your Master to mark you.”

*“Yes—please—Master...”*

Dee’s half delirious gaze clashed with his alert green one. She could see his jaw clenching, his nostrils flaring. Perversely, the knowledge that she was the cause of such a rigid, controlled male showing even that much emotion made her impossibly wetter.

Zaab lowered his face to her neck as he continued to mount her, a low, warning growl hissing low in his throat. She tensed, realizing as she did that he was displaying his dominance over her. He could slice through her jugular at any time, that growl resonating through her eardrum said. He could kill her, he could fuck her, he could enslave her...

Dee gasped when his incisors scraped against her jugular vein, fear causing her eyes to close tightly. He grunted, as if pleased she had at last realized who it was that held all power over her.

“Relax, lass,” he purred near her ear as he stroked in and out of her cunt. “If you’re a biddable little wench,” he ground out, his thrusts coming faster and harder as he wrapped his hand more securely around her hair, “you will know my pleasure instead of my wrath.”

He took her hard then—harder than ever before. His hips pistoned back and forth as he plunged his cock in and out of her suctioning flesh, his jaw clenched tightly as he drove them both toward orgasm.

“Yes,” Dee groaned, unable to move, unable to do anything but lie there and feel him fucking her. *“Oh god.”*

She came violently—convulsively, her loud moan echoing throughout the highlander alien jungle. *“Yes—oh god yes.”* Her thighs shook like leaves in a storm as her head thrashed madly from side to side. She groaned when his thrusts became impossibly faster, more primal and animalistic.

“Who owns this cunt?” Zaab ground out, the fingers threaded through her hair clenching the strands tighter. *“Tell me.”*

“Master!” Dee cried out, another violent orgasm crashing over her. “Master Zaab!”

He growled low in his throat as he stiffened above her, thrusting in and out of her pussy like an animal—like a predator. She opened her eyes to the sight of his clenched jaw, his gritted teeth, his corded muscles, his bared incisors...

Zaab threw his head back on a deafening roar that bubbled up from his throat and reverberated throughout the jungle. He impaled her cunt over and over, never stopping his thrusting, as he pumped her cunt full of cum. She cried out at the sound, her eyes widening, the instinctive need to clasp her hands over her ears thwarted by the vines that held her pinioned to the cold ground of the jungle.

“Mine,” he hissed into her ear as his climax began to wane. “My cunt.”

He continued to stroke his massive erection in and out of her flesh, his cock still not satiated. But then neither was her body replete. The hallucinogen had made it so it would be hours, perhaps days, before her pussy felt satisfied.



The general fucked her for endless hours that night, stopping occasionally to feed and care for her. And he did take good care of her, Dee would later admit. He forced her to drink liquids even when she didn't feel thirsty, growled at her to eat the food bits he placed in her mouth even when she complained she wasn't hungry.

And always he fucked her. Violently. Endlessly. Gluttonously.

After several hours of mating, he finally cut the vines from her body, freeing her. But he didn't let her go, of course, didn't give her the chance to escape from him again. He twined his large, warm body around her smaller one instead, providing her with warmth as they drifted off into slumber.

### Chapter 3

Zaab carried his naked slave on his back as they made their way through the highlander jungle. Harnessed to him by a leather-like contraption Dementians often used when carrying their young, he was taking no chances with either his captive's safety or with the chance that she might escape him for a third time.

Dee Ellison—he knew her birth name. It had been the first piece of information he had extracted from the slave Zidia when she had been captured by the Mantus Hoard and sold to the Myng Hoard.

Zidia had tried to escape Dementia with Dee, he knew, but of course, the lasses had failed. On a planet where no female births ever occurred it would be foolhardy to let even one wench of childbearing years leave it. Without the humanoid female slaves available to breed, there would be no such thing as Dementia, for their numbers would die out until their species was extinct—a fact Dementian males were careful to keep quiet about to outsiders.

His warlord friend Jek Q'an Ri had once told him that mayhap his species should try love on the wenches instead of slavery. But Zaab failed to see the difference between the wife of a warrior and the *zahbi* of a Dementian. Neither was given the choice concerning whether or not they could leave the male who had captured them. Neither was permitted to touch another male after mating.

Insofar as Zaab was concerned, Dee Ellison's fate had been sealed from their first meeting. . .and her first escape.

The first time the general had laid eyes on her she had been attempting to steal a spacecraft vessel from Stone City with the slave Zidia. His fighters had captured Zidia within minutes, but Dee Ellison had managed to escape into the lowlander jungle.

If he hadn't been immediately taken with the lass upon first glance, then by the time the wench had managed to thwart his attempts at capturing her, he had been consumed with her. Zaab had thought back on the lass often after that eve, wondering if she had met a bad end, wondering too if she'd been captured by another male.

Three months later Zaab had caught Dee stealing meat from the communal hut of the Mantus Hoard. His first reaction had been surprise at seeing her—alive and not yet enslaved to another. His second reaction had been admiration, for 'twould have taken more than a wee bit of cunning to survive alone and unaided within the jungle for so long. His third reaction had been a mix of lust and possessiveness—he wanted her and he wanted no other male to touch her. His fourth reaction had been anger, for the wench

had managed—again—to escape him.

The admiration, lust, possessiveness, and anger coalesced into obsession. He was obsessed with Dee Ellison, he knew. Mayhap he would always be obsessed with her.

“I’m thirsty,” she whispered from the harness strapped to his back, the first words she had spoken in hours. “May I have a drink?” When he didn’t answer right away, she amended her statement. “May I have a drink, Master?”

Her voice was scratchy, her throat parched. He hated that he cared so much, but there it was. Ammunition she could use against him if she knew of his obsession. He steeled his jaw and answered her. “We will stop at the next stream, slave.”

Fifteen minutes later, Zaab’s green eyes watched as his naked obsession drank from the pure waters of a highlander stream. She was on her hands and knees, her back to him, cupping water and lifting it to her face for refreshment. His gaze strayed to her cunt.

Puffy. Pink. Pretty.

*His.*

Dee gasped when Zaab’s hands roughly grabbed her hips, then groaned when he slid his huge cock into her pussy from behind. “Beg me, slave,” she heard him grit out. “Beg me.”

On her hands and knees, impaled to the hilt, her sensitive breasts dangling, she had never been more aroused. Or more worried about her body’s reaction to the general.

He slowly slid his cock out, then back in, teasing her with the promise of ecstasy. She shuddered, wanting more. “I beg you,” she murmured.

“I didn’t hear you, lass.” He gave her two more long, deep strokes.

“I beg you!” she gasped. “Please fuck my pussy, Master.”

He palmed her breasts from behind. “Whose pussy?” he growled.

“My—your—*your* pussy.” She groaned when his fingers began plucking at her nipples. “Please fuck your pussy, Master!”

He took her hard, animalistically, plunging in and out of her flesh like the predator he was. His growls punctured the night, his masculine scent perfumed the air.

“*Harder,*” Dee moaned, throwing her hips back at him. “*More.*”

His growls grew louder, more reverberating, as he fucked her harder, the sound of their flesh meeting an aphrodisiac. “Do you like this, little lass?” he ground out. His fingers dug into the padding of her hips as he pummeled her cunt with deep, possessive strokes.

“I love it,” she gasped. It was the truth. An unsettling truth. She would be no man’s slave.

Dee came violently, her entire body shuddering on a groan loud enough to wake the dead. She could feel Zaab's cock ruthlessly plunging into her from behind, over and over, again and again. She could hear his low, possessive growl, could feel his powerful muscles tensing...

"*Zahbi*," he growled as she felt his hot cum pour into her. "*Mine*."

Panting for air, her eyes closed in a euphoria more hedonistic than the one brought on by the vines. She was on the verge of orgasming again when she cried out instead, shocked and in pain when two incisors sliced into her shoulder. "Zaab—don't kill me! No—please!"

"*Mine*," he growled against her shoulder as he lapped up the blood the pinpricks had made. "*All mine*."

Dee came harder than she'd ever come before, moaning and groaning while she met each of his animalistic thrusts with one of her own. The orgasm was endless, intense—all consuming. Blood rushed to her face, heating it. Blood rushed to her nipples, elongating them until they stabbed Zaab's palms.

"Oh god," she whimpered as they came down from the high together. "Oh god."

## Chapter 4

### *One week later*

Dee didn't know what to make of anything. She was Zaab's slave—one slave in a harem of thirty. And yet the only woman he touched, the only woman he even looked at, was her. The other females were but serving girls to him, whereas she was... well she didn't know what she was. She only knew that she hadn't been given much in the way of chores beyond feeding him, bathing him, and fucking him.

Confusing.

Equally confusing was the fact that she was growing to care for him. She didn't know how that had come to happen, or when precisely he had gotten under her skin, only that he had.

Zaab was rough and stern—but only to others. He was ferocious and deadly—but only to others. Where Dee was concerned, Zaab was different somehow. His speech was gentler when she was around. His conduct was more relaxed and personable with her than with anyone else. Almost as if...

She snorted at her thoughts. Dementia males did not *love*. Emotions like that were not in their genetic make-up.

Were they?

She sighed. Did it matter?

Naked, for slaves were always naked, Dee padded over to the window of the large thatch and stone hut that was Zaab's home and stared out of it, her thoughts a million miles away. She'd been in Dementia for over a year now and was a much different woman from the carefree one who'd once called Earth home.

Would Earth feel like home now, she wondered. Would she be able to forget this past year and fit in with other humans again if she found a way to return? Did she want to?

One thing was for certain, Dee thought on a sigh. It would be difficult, to say the least, to pretend that she was just like every other human. She would be forced to keep her silence about Dementia for fear of being institutionalized. She would be forced to do her damndest to erase the past from her memories for fear that she'd slip up and start talking about life in the alien jungle.

And she would be forced to find pleasure with a human male. As if a human male could ever hope to compare...

"What troubles you, lass?" Zaab asked the question before leaning down to place a kiss on her shoulder.

Dee jumped, startled, for she hadn't heard him come in. "You frightened me," she breathed out, turning around to face him.

He snorted at that. "'Tis doubtful that ten charging *liats* could frighten you." He lowered his face to her chest, popped a nipple into his mouth, and began suckling.

She smiled, proud that he found her a force to be reckoned with. And then she moaned, turned on by the attention he was laving on her breasts.

Zaab raised his head a few minutes later, his green eyes clashing with her blue ones. He reached for her golden hair, his fingers running through it. "'Tis beautiful, lass. As are you."

More soft words. At this rate, she'd never want to leave him. "Thank you," she whispered.

They stood there in silence, gazing at each other, neither of them speaking a word. But finally, long moments later, Zaab broke the silence. "Come to my bed, *zahbi*," he said softly, "I cannot sleep without you in it."

*Don't do this, she thought. Don't make me love you.*

But when he laced his fingers through hers and gently guided her to the bed, she knew deep inside that it was too late.

She had been lost to Earth from the moment their gazes first clashed in Stone City.

## Chapter 5

*One week later*

### *The Feast of Beginnings*

General Zaab, the Alpha Male of the Mantus Hoard, the Supreme Master of the Highlanders, leaned back in his chair as he watched three naked slave girls dance for him. This eve was special for the feast they were partaking of was held in honor of Jaaker, the male ape-god who had breathed life into

the first of their species.

Zaab cared not that the males of his hoard were touching and fondling the three slaves as they danced by. Slaves were expected to give their bodies not only to the master, but to his friends and family members as well. Or more to the point, they were expected to give their bodies freely for the use of any Dementian male, until she was claimed as *azahbi* by the male who impregnated her.

In the eyes of Zaab, Dee was already his wife. Yet he knew the others would not see it thusly. Her belly was not ripe with child, therefore, 'twas impossible to make a public claim on her. He had marked her privately when he'd bitten into her shoulder that eve at the stream, yet insofar as he knew none of the Dementian males had seen her branding.

He knew they hadn't. He'd permitted no other males to be near her.

Zaab's green eyes darted up when he saw Dee walk into the communal hut carrying trenchers. His entire body stilled. Who had told Dee to come to the feast? Had he not given orders that—

"Such beautiful breasts you have, my dear," the leader of the Myng Hoard told Dee as he cupped them, pulling her to his side. "You have nipples like berries."

Dee blushed, clearly not knowing what to do or say.

"Bend over, wench," another gorilla fighter called out. "I want to see what your cunt looks like. Mayhap 'tis worthy of milking my cock."

Zaab exploded from his chair, leaping onto the table before them in one swift action. Growling, he backhanded the fighter who had thought to fuck her, blood spurting from the male's nose as he fell to the ground.

Dee turned wide blue eyes on him.

"What is this?" the leader of the Myng Hoard asked, offended. "You have insulted my fighter!"

"He has insulted me!" Zaab bellowed. "That wench he thought to fuck is my*zahbi*!"

Dee's mouth dropped open. It was then that Zaab realized she'd had no idea what*zahbi* meant...until this moment.

"Well I...I...did not know," the leader sputtered. "You have not publicly claimed her, General Zaab. She wears no belly chain." The leader of the Myng Hoard, clearly not wanting bad blood with the Mantus Hoard, nodded respectfully down to Dee. "Congratulations on your pregnancy, lass. 'Tis honored you are to bear the heir of the Mantus."

Zaab glanced away, preparing to be publicly humiliated. The moment Dee told them the truth he would look the fool for caring so deeply for a wench he had not—

"Thank you," Dee said simply.

Zaab's body stilled.

"I'm sorry you were confused, but he was planning to publicly claim me at the feast tonight."

Zaab glanced up at her, warily meeting her gaze.

“Weren’t you, Zaab?”

“Err...” He was shocked. He could scarcely believe Dee had defended him and his honor before the others. “Aye,” he muttered.

“Well then,” the leader of the Myng Hoard interrupted, his attempt to keep any potential brawls at bay obvious. “Let us get on with the claiming then.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A little embarrassed, but mostly aroused, Dee sat on Zaab’s lap, her back to his chest, and eased her pussy down onto his cock until she enveloped him. She heard his grunt of pleasure when he was seated to the hilt, then moaned when his fingers began plucking at her nipples.

The gorilla fighters watched, her legs splayed wide before them, as she began to bounce up and down on Zaab’s cock, moaning and groaning from the pleasure of it. She knew they could hear the suctioning sound her cunt made as it enveloped him, knew that they could smell the scent of her arousal as her tits jiggled up and down for their viewing pleasure.

But then that was the point. For Zaab to publicly bring her pleasure, for Zaab to publicly brand her as his own.

“Beg me,” Zaab murmured in her ear. “Beg your Master for his cum, slave.”

“Please,” Dee gasped, bouncing up and down as hard and as fast as she could on his thick cock. “Please cum in your cunt, Master!”

She groaned when Zaab grabbed her roughly by the hips and, with a growl, began pumping his cock into her pussy like an animal. She closed her eyes, her head falling back on his chest, and bared her neck to him in front of one and all while he fucked her.

His hand reached around and he began stroking her clit while he lowered his face to her neck. She came the moment his incisors broke the skin there, moaning loudly as she rode out the climax.

This time he had marked her neck, not her shoulder. She wasn’t precisely certain of the deeper meaning, but she was certain there was one.

The gorilla fighters applauded, shouting out bawdy remarks. “Fuck her harder!” one bellowed. “Spread the lass’s cunt lips apart for us!” another shouted.

Zaab, arrogant as ever, did both. Dee closed her eyes and reveled in another orgasm, gluttonously loving every moment of it. She’d never been showcased like this before, had never been fucked in front of hundreds of men while they all sat around and watched her moan and groan with pleasure.

When it was over, when Zaab spurted his hot cum into her cunt on a roar, a belly chain was handed to her Master, which was then placed around her middle.

Dee glanced over her shoulder and smiled up at him. Their bodies were still joined together. "I guess this means I'm your wife now."

Zaab leaned down and kissed the tip of her nose. "Aye. Your Master will always cherish you, little lass."

### Epilogue

Naked, Dee rubbed her belly, which was ripe with Zaab's heir. She laid down on the sweet, fragrant grass, then spread her legs wide open for her Master. She smiled when he lowered his face to her cunt and began to lazily lap at it. "Mmm. That feels so good, Zaab."

He purred low in his throat as he playfully nibbled on her clit. "Mmm. It tastes so good, *zahbi*."

She closed her eyes and smiled dreamily while he pleased her outside under the warm rays of the red-tinted sky. Long minutes later, when they'd both had their fill, she made an announcement that would sound ludicrous coming from any woman but Dee. "We're going to have a girl."

Zaab's body stilled. He raised his face from between her legs. "'Tis sorry I am, Cherished One," he said quietly as he gently rubbed her belly. "But Dementians can only breed males."

"We're having a daughter," Dee said simply, nodding firmly.

Zaab snorted, a half grin on his face. "I suppose were it possible you would find the means to bear one."

She chuckled at that. "Yep." And then she reached out a hand. "Come up here and lie beside me where I can see you over my belly, you lovable oaf."

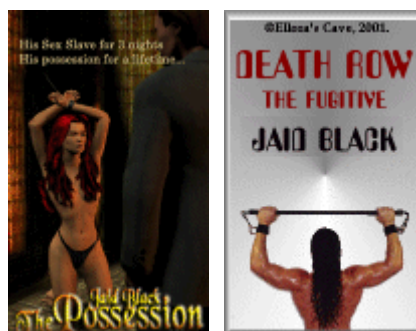
"Oaf," he growled, coming up to lie beside her. "Is that any way for *azahbi* to talk to the Master who loves her?"

She smiled, snuggling into his warmth and resting her head on his muscled chest.

Together they fell asleep under the warmth of the red-tinted sky.



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