

Chapter 1

Nate grunted as he drove himself into Ana, who giggled as she squirmed on the bed, pulling at the bedsheets to try and get away from his eager thrusts.

“If you want me — *oooh* — then come and get me.” She teased, looking back over her shoulder.

“Get back here, minx.” Nate growled, holding both of her ankles firmly and pulling her peachy ass back onto his cock, her tight pussy lips gripping him.

“No!” She laughed, wriggling ahead on the bed. “If you want me to be your cum container for Sofia, you need to earn it!”

Nate grinned, slapped her ass and leaned his whole weight on top of her. Ana squealed, pressed flat, and then screamed as she was prone-boned, fucked with Nate’s hand pressed firmly on her back.

“You’ll be whatever I say you are.” He told her, slamming himself into her wet warm cunt repeatedly.

“Yes, *Master*.” Her sweaty locks stuck to her face as she peered back, ankles kicking uselessly.

Cora smirked from beside him. “I think she likes the idea, Nate. She’s just a big-breasted transfer protocol of your seed to Rivero.”

“Will she feed it directly to the Gunnery Sergeant, my Kyrios?” Lunar asked innocently. “By perching above her lips, perhaps.”

Nate groaned at the thought, thrusting hard and fast, Ana’s thick asscheeks clapping together with each hard ram, the scent of her seeping sex in the air as her juices dripped more every time he sunk inside her, like he was excavating her mine of creamy grool.

“She’s going so wild.” Talia observed as she stroked Ana’s hair from her face. “I think the Princess likes being used as just a cum dump.”

Ana screamed.

Nate groaned and came inside, taking hold of her hair to tug her head back, sinking himself into her hottest depths, pressed completely against her glorious pillowy behind as his balls unleashed their hot load, again and again. It took him minutes to finish spurting inside her, minutes to enjoy her trembling, tightening, milking pussy, to enjoy Lunar’s tongue on his emptying balls, to enjoy Ana’s squeals of joy, her nonsensical whimpers.

“I’ll get a glass.” Cora decided. She paused. “Maybe a jug or two.”

Nate pressed a kiss to Ana’s sweaty shoulder. “Good girl.”

“Stay inside me for a moment?” She begged, breathing heavily.

“We need to get this inside Sofia as soon as possible, sweetheart.” He lay himself on

top of her, wrapping her in his embrace as much as possible.

“I know.” Ana moaned, face buried in the sheets. “I just can’t get enough of you.”

“You too, my love.” He said, kissing the back of her neck.

“I can’t wait for all this to be over.” She admitted. “I’ll build you a palace somewhere beautiful, somewhere safe, and fill it with all your loving girls.”

“I don’t need any more—”

“And we’ll just spend every day loving you, making you happy.” She sniffled into the sheets. Was she crying? “Do you want a throne? I think you need a throne.”

“Ana,” He laughed. For a moment, he was brought back to a vision he’d held while training to be a Judge, when he was away from Ana and going mad with pent-up lust. Sitting on a throne in front of thousands of kneeling naked worshipful slaves, beauties of all races. Only it was a throne of human flesh, a thigh as an armrest, a bosom as a backrest, a chair of unimaginable pleasure.

A vision where he spoke with a voice not his own.

Underneath him, Ana stilled, her head snapped around. “Nate, what was that?” She viewed his vision in his head.

He shook his head. “A weird fantasy I had while I was separated from you.”

Her arms strung behind her to wrap around his buttocks, to pull him closer into her sodden heat. “Nate,” She frowned. “There’s no shame in what you have, what we’re building.”

“Power is a dangerous thing, Ana. You of all people know that more than most.” Nate said, pulling out of her and rolling over onto his back.

Lunar and Talia swept down to clean his cock, almost entirely white from the cum strings and wads that covered it. He gestured down at them, as if they proved his point.

“We do what they do from love. And our love isn’t dangerous, it’s the most beautiful thing in the galaxy.” Ana shivered as Cora began to work her fingers inside the Princess, stimulating the river of cum to stream from her abused pussy into Cora’s jug. Ana bit her lip as she watched the jug fill, as Cora kindly worked her clit simultaneously with her thumb.

Nate fed his hands through the thick tresses of his clean-up girls, enjoying their eager ministrations. “I just...try for me, Ana. Try and keep me honest.” His gaze met hers.

“Because I’m not able to control myself.”

“Don’t worry, Master.” Ana purred. “Your happiness is our only priority.”

“That’s what worries me.” Nate muttered.

###

“How are you feeling, Sofia?” Ana sat down primly on the chair beside the resting woman, sweeping her dress under her, like her etiquette classes had taught her.

The woman groaned from the sofa — her lush ivory-white hair didn’t cover the slight tint of green her skin had turned, her veins discolored. She held a wad of tissues in her hand, red with dried blood. They’d all heard her loud coughing fits.

But Cora and Izzy said she was better.

“I no longer feel like my next breath is gonna be my last, so that’s good, I guess.” The Voor woman smiled thinly. She peeked a red eye open at the Princess. “Might be better if I could sleep through all the screaming.”

Ana blushed. “I’m *so* sorry—”

“Just messing with you, Princess. I’m grateful—”

“And more than a little freaked out?” Ana glanced down at the large glass jug, empty but white with the residue of Nate’s seed.

“Just a bit.”

“I’m sorry, I pushed Nate into it. I couldn’t see another way.”

“I’m not complaining.” Sofia grimaced as she rolled her neck. “Never thought I’d find something I could drink that was tastier than blood.”

“Nate’s just making you another few jugs—”

“Oh, fuck yes, make that throat nice and tight for me, honey.” They heard Nate growl from along the ship, along with the loud slap of his balls on Cora’s chin.

“I can see that.” Sofia said dryly.

Ana flushed, fidgeting with her fingers. There was a part of that said that such an act of love should only be in private, in a bedroom. But the greater part of her wanted to help Nate unload, to wrap herself around his back and to maximize his pleasure.

“We’re on our way to Sapenza as fast as we can.” Ana explained loudly, to drown out Cora’s chokes and gurgles. “And then we can find you alternative healing methods, but because of the irradiation on the internal organs, we’re going to try and keep you full as much as possible. A lot of glasses to drink, I’m afraid.”

Sofia licked her dark red lips. “It’s only in the top five most humiliating things I’ve done, so don’t worry—”

“What was number one?”

The Voor laughed. “Thought I was in love at sixteen, ran away from home. He was married with - get this - two families, kids and all.”

“Ouch.”

“Right? Young love is a silly thing.”

Ana shrugged. “I’ve done okay. Better than okay, in fact.”

Sofia studied her. “Well, you guys seem to break all the rules. I get the whole handsome hero thing he’s got going on, but I don’t get the submission thing.”

“The Voor submit to their partners, no?”

“After battle, only. My parents would challenge each other once a year, and it was never a one-sided match up.”

“Doesn’t battle favor the males?”

Sofia sniffed. “Not amongst our people. Speed makes for victory. In fact, the women win often.”

Ana hesitated. “Well, Nate beats impossible odds to save us and asks for nothing in return. Since he asks for nothing, we decide what we can give, and choose to revere and love him.”

There was an audible slurp, Cora's heavy breathing. And then her begging voice. "All over my face, coat me, make me your cum slut."

"No!" Lunar snapped. "In the jug."

"I'll wipe it off!"

"I'm not picking it out of your hair!"

Nate groaned loudly. Ana shivered as she recognized the sound of him spilling.

Rivero raised a bemused eyebrow. "We each choose our own path but I can't pretend to understand." She coughed into her bloodied tissue, her lungs raspy. "I've...I've worked too hard to get even the slightest respect, to get the Council to understand my worth. I can't throw it away, even if they've thrown me away."

Ana smiled politely. "Maybe you'll understand in time."

Talia walked in, carrying two brimming jugs, her face flushed. As she settled it on the table, Ana and Sofia stared at the thick viscous milky cum — Ana could practically feel the heat, almost taste it on her tongue.

"I'll leave you to it." Ana said distractedly. Her lips almost twitched into a smirk. "Enjoy."

###

When Sapeza finally came, it felt more like a deadline to Nate. He and the girls had been working on Talia as much as they could, prodding her with innocent questions, coating her in affection, coaxing her into joining their family as much as possible.

Cooking, firearms training, pulling her into every bedroom act. Even to Nate's unobservant gaze, he could tell that something gnawed at her deeply. He'd kiss her and her face would tear up into unshed tears. He'd cuddle her in bed and find her trembling.

But as they landed with a thump, the window above their bed showing Sapeza's cloudless blue skies, the deadline was up.

It wasn't an easy thing for her to lie, clearly, but it was hard too to bring her into their loving group, knowing all the while that the only way to coax her lies out was to love her ever more, and was their love tainted because of their deception?

Nate asked himself that again and again. But it was easy to love her, easy to love her innocent free spirit, her confident beauty, her smooth grace, a pilot's litheness. And though her eyes were conflicted, her smile was wide and kind.

So even though they landed, Nate held her in their bed, his face wet from the 69 they'd been entangled in, lapping noisily at her engorged pussy while she slurped at his cock, relieving him of another load for Sofia to drink. She hid her face in his neck while he stroked her hair gently.

"I'm so happy you're here, sweetheart." Nate began slowly. "It's been a dream to get to know you, to understand your heart. And even though it's only been a matter of days, I want you on my ship, in our family, for as long as you'll stay."

Her neck craned up, her eyes wet. She opened her mouth but could say nothing but, "Oh, Nate!" She cried, her body wracked with sobs as she buried her face in his neck.

“Do you mean it?”

“Of course, sweetie.” He slung his arm around her naked back. “I want a chance to love you like I do the other girls and I know they feel the same.”

“We do.” Ana affirmed quietly as all three of them entered the bedroom and climbed on the bed, crawling under the covers to lie together, skin to skin. They positioned themselves to hold Talia from every side.

“I...” Talia shuddered. “I don’t deserve it.” Nate swept away her long black hair from her face and found himself stunned by the pain in her eyes. She looked tortured.

“Of course you do.” Nate kissed her forehead. “Why would you say that, honey?”

“You...you don’t understand.” She shuddered, fingers digging into his chest.

“Then help me, beautiful. Let me in.” Nate met Ana’s eyes and she nodded. Nate took a deep breath. It was time for the killer blow. “Or shall we get dressed and go see your parents? Maybe it would help you to see them.”

Talia let out a tormented squeal, her fingernails clawing into his chest as she shook. He felt her tears on his skin as she wept. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” She chanted.

“Sssh,” He held her tightly, frowning. What had she done — or what had been done to her? “What’s wrong?”

“Everything!” She bawled. “I’ve lied!”

“About what, sweetie?”

“Everything!” She repeated.

“Talia, sister,” Ana climbed onto her back, holding her arms to each side so she couldn’t shake anymore. Ana kissed her cheek. “It’s time to tell us everything. Where are your parents?”

“T-they’ve been taken.” She took a deep shuddering breath, sandwiched between Nate and Ana.

“When? By who?” Nate said firmly, stroking her hair comfortingly.

“I...after all that stuff with Jarek, we all got leave. A-and I went home, but they weren’t there. There was a datastick with a video message.” Talia shook. “Mom and Dad were in a dark room with a generator lamp and like, bags on their head, like in the holomovies. And this voice said I had to travel to the Dead Space if I wanted them back.”

“The Dead Space? To where?” Nate frowned.

Talia wiped her nose, sniffing. “Acropolis.”

Ana exchanged a significant glance with Nate. Acropolis was where they’d both been locked up by Madam Mayko, where they’d fought themselves free of their barbaric arena with the help of The Lady.

“Go on, sister.” Lunar encouraged.

“A-and they let me see Mom and Dad for a second. And they told me if I wanted to see them again, I had to get on this Federation ship and complete this mission.” She gasped out a bitter laugh. “I was so stupid, but I was so desperate.”

“Who was they, sweetheart?” Nate’s thumb circled on her cheek.

She bowed her head. “I didn’t see their faces. A woman, not a young one. Like, she

had a smoker's voice."

That sounds like Madam Mayko. Ana said to him in his mind. *Out for revenge?*

That's a lot of work and risk for petty revenge. Nate thought.

"And so I get on this ship and it's all Federation officers being held hostage by these awful pirates. We were all so afraid, but they took our armguards, ripped up our comms system. B-but they promised us we'd be returned alive if we just completed these missions."

"What missions?" Nate asked.

"It was weird." She wiped her eyes. "Like...collecting packages. Dead drops laid in asteroids along the Dead Space. And sometimes one of the crew would try and escape, get one of the lifepods or rig up a comms system. A-and the pirates would just shoot them and leave their body for all to see."

"Payment?" Nate wondered out loud.

"Sweetheart," Ana rubbed their back. "Did they hurt you or...force you?"

Talia shook her head. "No...but some of the girls made deals with the pirates, just to get out of the brig we were held in when we weren't working the ship. And..." She took a deep shuddering breath. "After weeks of this, people started getting desperate. Resisting. And the bodies, they just kept filling the floor, you know?"

She trembled. "I was so afraid. I thought this was the end. And then after...I don't know how many weeks, months, it's a blur. We just kept in one spot. The engines never flared."

She sniffled. "That's when things got really bad."

"The pirates?" Nate asked gently.

Her hand wiped his wet chest clean, her eyes locked on his collarbone, her gaze unfocused. "T-they were getting bored with waiting day after day. And our rations were getting low...and when they stopped feeding us, we became even more desperate. And they'd take us, make a show of it. Kill us. And the girls..." Her chin wobbled. "They'd force them and then hurt them."

Her wild eyes found his, her hands clasping on either side of his face tightly. "They were going to force me and kill me just like the others but you saved me." She blubbered. "You all did!"

"But you knew we'd show up?" Ana frowned.

"N-not you. Somebody. In Acropolis, t-the woman, she said when someone saves you, take them back to Sopenza and your parents will be released there. A trade, hostage for hostage." She clutched his chest hair tightly, her eyes locked on his. "Y-you believe me, don't you? I didn't know it was you, I swear."

"Ssh," Nate caressed her back soothingly. "I believe you."

"Madam Mayko set a trap for you." Ana surmised. "She gave a Fed ship she'd captured to—"

"Scum pirates." Cora scowled. "I know the type. They'd tear each other apart when they're not fed a constant stream of creds and alcohol."

"Which would allow our Kyrios to sweep in and rescue Talia." Lunar finished.

“And I’d never suspect a thing.” Nate grimaced. “I’d follow Talia to the meet-up in Sapeza.”

“It’s a trap.” Talia sobbed. She gripped his shoulders. “You can’t go in, you mustn’t! Forgive me, *please*. I’m sorry!” She wailed.

“It’s okay, Talia.” He stroked her back, squeezing her tight.

“You didn’t have a choice.” Cora hugged her from the side.

“I did! I could have told the Fed, but they said they’d kill my parents.”

“And they would have.” Lunar said simply. “From what Nate has told me, this Acropolis is a den of evil, sister.”

“And now I’ve got you all wrapped up in it.” Talia said sullenly. “Y-you should just leave me here and fly away!” She declared.

“We’re not leaving you anywhere, Talia.” Nate told her firmly. “You’re one of us now, remember?”

“Oh, Nate.” She collapsed, smothering him with feverish kisses. “I couldn’t go through with it, not when you’ve all been so lovely and kind, not when you’ve made me feel like a part of your...” She trailed off.

“Family.” Ana pressed a butterfly kiss to her back. “You’re family now, sister. And we take care of our own.”

“We do.” Nate agreed. “How were they to know when you were arriving at Sapeza?”

Talia pointed to her earring on the side-table. “That...when I rub it three times, it sends a message to some protocol.”

“Isabelle?” Nate asked the ceiling. His AI girl emerged from the wall itself, her blue dress streaming with unintelligible code lines, like ocean waves fed through a server terminal.

“On it, Nate.” She said cheerfully. Her fingers swept through the earring, unable to pick it up. “Oooh, that’s some encryption.” She bit her lip. “That’s...hmm, that’s the highest level of Federation encryption — it’s using the same encryption protocol that General Kanu sends his messages in.”

“A Fed traitor?” Nate frowned.

Isabelle shrugged her shoulder. “Not necessarily. But if Madam Mayko can encrypt her messages like this, then she certainly has more power than you’d think for a smuggling baroness, or whatever her job title is.”

“Queen bitch.” Ana muttered uncharacteristically.

“Y-you can leave me here, Nate.” Talia swallowed. “I’ll understand, I swear.”

“No, we’re coming with you to the meetup.” Nate decided.

“But it’s a trap!”

“Is that wise, my Kyrios?” Lunar frowned.

Nate hummed. “I don’t think there’s another way to see who is behind this and get Talia’s parents back.”

“It’ll be dangerous, Nate.” Ana worried.

“We’ll all armor up, full firearms. And we’ll be cautious.” Nate promised.

“As long as we’re together.” She relented.

“You’re crazy. All of you.” Talia said nervously, fingers patting Nate down as if he was injured already.

“Crazy about you.” He winked at her and captured her lips, tongue delving into her mouth even as she tried to pull away. After a long kiss, he broke it off.

“Ready? Gonna come with?”

“I’m gonna follow you as long as you let me.” Talia admitted.

“Then let’s suit up.” Nate ordered.

Their exosuits were cracked and battered messes from their fight with the Mulvaken, but they had to dress casually in the streets of Sapezza regardless. Casual wear, sweaters and jeans, trying to stay unnoticed. They hid their rifles in oversized hiking backpacks, pistols in concealed holsters. Ana ensured that Nate wore an armor chestpiece she’d purchased on their previous visit to Sapezza.

“It’s a bit bulky.” Nate jutted his chin down and winced as the top edge of it poked through his sweater and clipped his chin.

“It’ll keep you safe. No arguments.” Ana insisted, sealing her words with a kiss.

“Yes, dear.” Nate smirked as he clipped his armguard on.

“What about Sofia?” Cora asked as she pulled on her favorite black combat boots.

Ana showed the pink-haired girl her own armguard — a view of the ship’s bridge window, and outside it, five impatient looking people in medical scrubs. “Already sorted.”

“What? How?” Cora frowned.

“When you have lot of credits, the healers come to you.” Ana smirked. “And this is Sapezza. The planet where only credits talk.”

Nate gave her a squeeze. “Someone needs a bank manager.” He pinched her ass. “Or a spank.”

“It’s the only way I learn.” Ana agreed, melting into him. “Okay, Talia?”

The meka pilot was somber as she got ready. “Scared.”

“We’ll be okay. This won’t even make the list of the scrapes we’ve got into and got out of.”

“I hope you’re right.” She sighed. “I just want it all to be over with.”

“Soon.” Nate promised. “Everyone ready?”

They chorused assent.

Nate gave Sofia a quick rundown of the situation before they lifted her out of the ship and onto the healer’s stretcher, they were ready to go.

“Nate.” Sofia groaned blearily from the stretcher.

“Huh?”

“Remember what I taught you. When there are two choices in front of you...make a third.”

“You got it, boss.”

She gave him a tight smile. “And come back with your testicles intact. It turns out I need ‘em.”

Nate laughed. “Hopefully modern medicine has other methods, but I’ll try.”

He watched her depart, a flicker of worry in his chest, but he had much more to worry about. “Lead the way, Natalia.”

She nodded. “This way.” She led them away from Sapeza’s main shopping spire, the overgrown mall of marble, and down to the residential outer skirts. They followed the green twirling tendrils, huge curtains of genetically modified plants that hung from the marble mall and trailed down to Sapeza’s edges, along with the trickling water streams. It was a fountain and even those that lived on the edge of the fountain were still very wealthy.

“It’s not the most obvious choice for an ambush.” Cora muttered warily. She was never going to be the type to be comfortable with obvious wealth.

“I’m more worried about getting identified. Or Nate getting identified, I should say.” Ana said darkly. She was bothered by the giant holo-billboards in the sky, those that Nate pretended to ignore.

The President’s wife was getting interviewed again, and though the interview was muted, the news ticker along the bottom was still easy for all to read. MARY HARDWICK: “CLANCY A MURDERER WITH A GOOD PUBLICIST”.

“Silly bitch.” Cora followed Ana’s gaze.

Lunar made a moue of discontent. “She does not see that you beat Jarek’s game. It was a move of breathtaking bravery.”

Nate sighed. “I killed her husband, girls. Can you really blame her?”

“Yes.” Ana muttered. But she said no more, as Talia led them onto a sparse tram, one that took them past grand villas, their palm trees stretching over high guarded walls.

When they exited their tram, Talia clenched her fists. “That’s it.” She pointed. “That’s the meeting address.”

It was another villa, barely visible behind the thick adobe-style reddish clay walls. The only way through was a wide wooden gate.

“Lunar?”

“I will have oversight.” She promised, jogging away to a villa next to it. Nate didn’t know how she was going to scale the walls and the villa itself, but he trusted her.

They headed to the gate. To the side, a keypad asked for entry, but before Nate could even ask, the gate swung open.

In front, the villa was sunny, a balmy representation of luxury, white walls shadowed only by the flutter of the palm trees. It was difficult to imagine danger here, but there were still no faces to see.

He took a deep breath.

Talia was almost white. “W-we can still turn around.”

“No,” Nate said. “Sometimes you have to spring a trap in order to see who set it.”

The front door swung open without anyone behind it.

Inside, their feet were loud on the marble floors. The corridor led them into a wide living room. It was oddly sparse, with just a sofa and a television. A very old, dusty television.

Nate frowned. Something was wrong. The carpet was new but cheap. The sofa was faded, stained, like it had been taken straight of a dumpster. The television wasn't even plugged in.

It was a living room from a movie set with no budget.

“This isn't right—” Ana brought her rifle up warily. And as she did so, the walls fell down. All around the room, each wall collapsed forward, cheap wooden boards dressed up in fancy wallpaper, smashing down onto the ground in a cloud of dust.

And behind the walls, their cage bars.

A familiar cage. Metal bars, between which pulsed a sapphire glow, electrified like the cage that Madam Mayko held them in on Acropolis. The glow of the bars cast a face in a light of a sinister blue.

And there she was.

Madam Mayko herself, long heels on short stocking-covered legs. Leather skirt and corset, her fingers toying with huge hoop earrings. She looked cheap, but Nate knew she had a rich interest in seeing him bleed.

But enough for all this? For Federation hostages, stolen ships, three months of espionage and prisoners, all to ensure that he was caught in her cage?

It was too much. It wasn't her style.

“If you wanted me dead, Madam, this was an odd way of doing it.” Nate said. Cora shot a burst from her rifle — it sent a loud buzz against the bars but dissipated into nothing.

The woman laughed, blowing a smoky ring through her pipe. “Hello to you too, darling.”

“How have you been?”

“Oh, better since you slew poor little Jarek. All the commotion meant it was ever so easy to roam around. Especially when I didn't have to worry about his vengeful silliness.”

“Glad to help.” Nate looked around through the bars — but she was alone.

“Looking for someone?”

“This is a long way to go for little old me.” Nate shrugged.

“Not just a dumb grunt anymore, Clancy.” The Madam simpered as she watched her smoke ring dissipate. “You've got enemies now.”

“Is that what this is all about? You're taking a paycheck?”

“Everyone's gotta work, honey. But I try and take a little joy in the nine-to-five, too.” The Madam smirked. “And there will be a little personal pleasure in seeing your organs spill from your orifices as you are crushed to death.”

“If this is about money, we have a lot of it.” Ana tried.

“Oh, that's not me, sweetie.” Mayko patronized. “And believe me, my client is very generous. All they want to do is to see it.” She tapped her belt and Nate realized what her belt buckle was in fact a camera. She tapped it again and the buckle detached and buzzed into the air, a drone to record them.

“Let's talk about this, this is the Lunari princess, you're putting a target on your—”

“No, sorry. Places to be.” Mayko taunted. “I don’t want to be on this planet when they discover your bodies, an hour or a month from now. Enjoy your stay.” She clicked her fingers and strutted away.

Nate and his girls looked at each other in bewilderment. Through the cages, the empty suburban villa. No food, no water. Was this her plan, to watch them starve to death?

“I...” Cora began, scratching her forehead. “At least we have TV?”

The cage bars shrieked. The house rumbled. The electric buzz loudened.

“Are-are they getting closer?” Talia asked fearfully.

“I...” Nate watched the cage bars pierce through the cheap carpet as they closed, slowly but surely. Mayko’s words made sense to him suddenly. *See him crushed to death.*

A cruel death. Something personal. But he could worry about her client once they’d escaped their metal cage.

Ana tried her armguard. “No comms!” She said.

“It’s okay, Lunar will find us.” Nate said. “Cora, try the carpets.” He looked up — the metal bars were scraping *through* the plaster ceiling, sending debris and dust down into their cell. And above, only more bars — the actual room’s ceiling beyond it.

“What an elaborate cage to kill us in.” Nate muttered. But there was always a way out.

Sofia’s words - *When there are two choices in front of you...make a third.*

But he couldn’t even find two choices. There was just certain death or death.

Cora peeled up the carpet and blasted through the wooden floorboards underneath. But Mayko had laid them only as a sick joke, for even more metal bars buzzed from beneath.

And all the while, the cage closed from the sides.

They were running out of time.

Ana bit her lip. “Fire in the hole!” She threw a grenade under the floorboards and they took cover in the corner of the room. The explosion sent the carpet and floorboards flying high, shaking the house. But when the dust cleared, the bars hissed in the same sapphire glow.

“Fuck,” said Cora.

All the while, the drone buzzed from behind the bars, fluttering up and down. Someone watched through that camera.

Nate felt a frisson of fear run up and down his spine. There was always a way out, but why couldn’t he see it?

They were clumped in the center now, the cage closing in.

“Tell me who you are!” Nate roared at the drone. “What do you want?”

But it just hovered, watching. As if amused by his distress, it flew closer, *through* the metal bars.

The sight was a jolt to Nate’s heart. If the drone could fly through, then some electronic devices could too. He unlatched his armguard immediately and tossed it

through the closing cage.

The armguard bounced on the floorboards. Every other armguard would be useless... but his held Isabelle.

“Izzy!” Nate exclaimed.

“On it. Pinging Isabelle our location and the urgency—” Her voice was interrupted by Lunar smashing through the ceiling next to his armguard, brick and mortar dropping as she fell. She rose, covered in blood, her gunblade dripping red, her frantic eyes searching for Nate.

“Apologies for my lateness, my Kyrios.”

“Quick, Lunar!” He ordered. “There’ll be a generator, an outlet, something powering this cage.”

This bars were close enough now that their sparks hissed just inches from their eyes, so close that they had to press against each other to avoid their lethal shock.

They watched, sweat dripping down their foreheads, as Lunar rushed out of sight. They heard her slashing something, heard the house shaking.

But still the power held.

The cage was inches from Nate’s nose — it felt like he could feel their heat. Ana squeezed his hand tightly.

The blue sparks flickered. And then died, the buzz flatlining as its power died. The house stopped rumbling. The bars came no closer.

And Lunar appeared — and embedded halfway on her blade, a whole generator box, slashed wires hanging limply.

“Was that the right generator, my Kyrios?” Lunar asked innocently.

Nate let out a deep breath, letting himself feel Ana’s warm hand, the reassurance they all still lived. Cora shot the recording drone down.

“Is that it?” Talia asked, face pallid.

“Lunar, can you get us out of here?” Nate asked tiredly.

She hesitated, glancing at her sword doubtfully.

“If I may suggest something,” Isabelle spoke from the armguard. “I believe that, without power, the cage is on a wheeled pulley system. Simply pushing it should be enough to—”

Lunar grabbed the cage firmly and pulled it. And with Nate and the other girls pushing, the cage slowly screeched back. From there it was simple to shoot the bars open with their plasma rifles — without power, the cage held no shield.

Nate grabbed Lunar in a tight bear hug. “Thank you, sweetie.”

“You are welcome.” She bowed her head. “Forgive me. Security proved to be time consuming.”

“Good work, Lunar.” Ana breathed out heavily, squeezing the Mediator.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Time to get out of here.” Nate pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Help! Is anyone there?” A voice shouted from somewhere, barely audible.

“I don’t know where—”

“Mom!” Talia yelled. She burst by them, through the villa, her footsteps stomping on the stairs.

“Talia?!”

Nate and the girls followed up the stairwell.

Where had she gone?

“Talia?” Nate asked into the silence as he reached the top step. And there she was — only she was being held around the throat by a muscled man, held aloft easily with one arm. She screamed into the man’s hand.

“Hey—” Nate got out before a fist shot out from the corner of his eye and jabbed into the side of his head. Nate’s head smacked back and when he blinked again, he was looking at five men in black bodyguard suits at the top of the stairs, masked by simple white ghostly masks. They each carried batons — these looked more like professional security than Madam Mayko’s grunts.

Her operation only got more weird by the moment.

Nate didn’t hesitate. He snapped his pistol up and fired a blast up the tight stairwell. Two identical blasts told him Ana and Cora had the same idea.

But their plasma fire sizzled harmlessly into the men’s extended batons — blue forcefields zapped from their side, like a tennis racket made into a handheld shield.

Nate was agog for one shocked moment. What absurd technology was this?

But he had no time to question, for their opponents leapt down the stairs and attacked. Nate grunted as he was flying-kicked down the stairs, his head thudding painfully against the wall. For a brief second, he had a glimpse up the stairs, saw Lunar swinging her gunblade but unable to unleash it fully in the tight space. He heard the loud *schwing* of Cora’s pincer blades unloading from her arms.

The girls would be fine. But he had his own assailant to deal with. His opponent was clean cut, a military man, and though he wasn’t huge, he moved with an easy grace.

Nate’s pistol had been smacked away but he still had the rifle on his back. He faked trying to reach for him, making the soldier rush forward, only to receive a patented Nate-punch to the face.

He didn’t even drop to his knee, but his mask fell, revealing thin eyes and a confident smirk.

Isabelle? Nate asked.

Running facial scans through the databases I have access to. Nothing in the Federation database, nothing on socials. Ah...no, here we are. Divorce court digitized papers.

Nate caught a punch but couldn’t evade the second jab as it glanced across his cheek.

Quickly!

Private security. Has three kids with three different women. Ah, let’s see. One kid is called Isaac!

“Hey, fuckface, how’s Isaac?” Nate taunted.

The man frowned. “Who the fuck is Isaac?”

“Really, bro?” Nate growled. “Be a better father!”

The security thug rushed him, but Nate was quicker, dropping into a squat and sweeping his leg. The man's leg barely moved an inch but it gave Nate the opportunity to rabbit-punch his crotch.

His fist thudded into a metallic clank. A metal codpiece?

"You have armor down there?" Nate gaped just before he was kneed cleanly in the forehead. He staggered back, holding his head.

"It saves me more than you know." The man laughed.

"Good to know." Nate grimaced. He backed off and found himself in the living room, next to the cage they'd just escaped. His foot knocked against the generator box that Lunar had stabbed through, tangling with the mass of slashed wires.

His back hit the metal bars and suddenly he had a flashback to the President on Jarek's ship, strangling the man with the rope of his cuffed hands.

If it worked once...

He knelt down and snapped a long stretch of cable wire from the box, making it taut between his hands as his opponent advanced.

The security officer had taken advantage of his distraction to launch a one-two punch that pounded Nate's head into the bars. It felt like his brain was bouncing in his skull.

Nate spat blood and when the man came again, Nate was ready. He jumped up and hooked his ankles between the bars, suspended in the air. But now, instead of catching punches to his head, he caught them in his groin instead.

"Guh!" Nate groaned. But he didn't fall. His taut wire wrapped around the man's neck tightly, cutting off his blood flow.

But the man's hands were unrestricted and he sunk blow after blow into Nate's crotch.

"Fucking stop—" Nate cried, wishing he had the man's codpiece as his member was battered. He gripped the wire even more tightly, watching the man's eyes bulge.

And finally roll back. Unconscious.

Both he and Nate slid to the floor.

"Owww." Nate groaned, holding his cock and balls through his pants.

"Nate?" Ana said. His girls descended the stairs. Lunar's gunblade was dripping blood. Cora had something gross and fleshy on her pincer blades. Talia's knuckles were bleeding. Ana, of course, looked the innocent princess as always. "Are you okay?"

"I—yeah. Just peachy." Nate stumbled to his feet, bent over. "Give me a sec."

"Are you hurt?" She patted him down worriedly.

"I...no. That chest armor you gave me, it, uh, was in the wrong place." Nate groaned.

"Nate, come quick." Talia bounced on her heels. "I found my parents!" She said excitedly.

"Guh...right behind you, honey." Nate grimaced.

With Ana's help, he limped up the stairs to follow her. And upstairs, they found Talia wrenching open another small cage. Inside, her parents stood, holding each other anxiously.

She wrapped them up in a tight hug, while Nate and the girls averted their eyes from

the sobbing trio.

“Gotta spring the trap to see who is behind the trap, huh?” Ana whispered to him, poking him in the chest.

“Not my finest idea.” Nate admitted, wondering if he could rub his bruised crotch without anyone noticing.

“I didn’t see any other options either.” Ana said quietly.

“We can do anything together.” Cora laid her head on his shoulder.

“That we can.”

“Dad,” Talia began nervously. “This is Captain Nathan Clancy. Well, Judge Clancy now.”

Her father was a grey-haired man with thick arms and a strong handshake. “I’ve never met a Judge before. I’m Ivan.” He said amiably.

“It’s a pleasure, sir. You have a very determined daughter. Did they hurt you?”

“A little underfed, but no lasting damage.” He rubbed his shoulders. “And yes, she gets it from her mother.”

“I can’t believe it.” Talia’s mother wept. “I thought I’d never see you again. Thank you, all of you.” She moved to each of them, hugging them tightly.

“Mom.” Talia said uncertainly.

“Call me Sasha.” She said as she hugged Nate. “Are we safe?”

“For the time being, but we should move quickly.” He recommended.

“You’re okay, sweetie? You look too thin.” Sasha peered at her daughter.

“Mom, you’re the one that’s been starved—”

“Oh, nonsense. Your father needed a bit of starving, to tell the truth. Now, what took so long? We’ve been in prison for months!”

Talia choked out a laugh. “Mom, I didn’t know where you were, they said they were going to kill you if I didn’t—”

“Natalia was very brave to go undercover,” Nate interjected. “And when she found out your location, she enlisted me and my crew to rescue you.”

Sasha studied him — she was a short woman but her gaze was fierce. “I see. You’re the handsome one from the news.”

“And this is Ana,” Talia interrupted. “She’s my friend and the Princess of the Lunari.”

“I’ve never met a Princess.” Ivan added cheerily.

“Delighted to meet you both.” Ana grinned. “Your daughter is very special to us all.”

“Perhaps we can return you to our ship.” Nate offered as he led them back downstairs and out of the house, carefully checking each angle with his rifle.

“Where are we?”

“Sapenza, Mom.”

“Ooh, I’ve been telling your father to bring me here for a shopping trip—”

“I hardly think is the time, dear—”

“Nonsense, you know how expensive the shuttles are, we’re not going to be back anytime soon—”

“But how are we going to get back—”

“Perhaps,” Ana took Talia’s hand in her own and Nate saw her slip a white credstick into her hand. “Talia will take you out shopping and for dinner, so you can catch up, and then she can pay for a hotel room here for a few weeks, just until we can make sure your home is safe.”

“Ana, I can’t take—”

“Well, that sounds just lovely, doesn’t it, dear?” Sasha declared.

“Can you really afford it, sweetest?” Ivan frowned.

“Uh, yeah, I can.” Talia ran a hand through her hair. “But I can’t after dinner. I’m with Nate — Judge Clancy’s crew. We have an important mission.”

“Do you now?” Sasha hummed thoughtfully, watching Nate. “Well, we can discuss that at dinner and you can tell us all about it. Mr. Clancy, would you like to join us?”

Nate smiled politely. “That’s kind, but we’ve all had a trying day and we need to heal up, rest, and check on a colleague who is very sick.”

“Very well.” Sasha turned slowly in the empty street. “How does one find a taxi-shuttle in this place?”

“I have requested two to this location.” Isabelle chimed from his armguard.

“Who said that?” Ivan jumped in the air.

Talia shook her head in embarrassment. “Thank you.” She gave him a tight hug, well aware that her mother was watching. “I’m so grateful. I’ll never forget it.”

“Think nothing of it.”

Talia stood on her tiptoes and whispered in his ear. “I’ll be back on the ship after dinner. And you’re going to pump me so full of cum that I look like I’m carrying twins.”

She pulled back, smiling innocently. Nate coughed.

When the two shuttles had separated them, he sat in the leather seats and watched Sapeza fly by, trying to process all the shock and emotion of the last few hours.

“Is our Kyrios okay?” Lunar asked, her knees brushing his.

“He’s fine.” Ana said wryly. “But we need to make lots of food for dinner — he’s got a big night planned with Talia. I believe the exact words were ‘you’re going to pump me so full of cum that I look like I’m carrying twins.’”

Cora and Lunar both giggled.

Ana smirked. “You’re going to make her belly button pop out, Nate.”

“That pussy is going to get reshaped, just like ours.” Cora sighed happily.

“Our sister will join us in full. She deserves it.” Lunar hummed, hand on Nate’s knee.

Ana’s hand dithered on his groin. “Maybe Sofia will want a taste straight from the source?” His cock jumped in her hand, like she knew it would.

“You girls are such teases.” Nate grumbled, even as he smiled. As Sapeza’s beautiful cityscape swam by, he knew there were a lot more concerns, things that would keep him up at night. Whoever had hired Mayko had sway, money and a vicious hatred of him, the sort that would only grow after today. A thorn in his side that he didn’t need while he was completing his mission to thwart the bugs.

But it was hard to worry too much when he had his girls, when Ana rested her head

against his shoulder and whispered into his ear.

“Not teases, Master. Tempresses, maybe. Teases don’t ever spread their legs, but we want to do nothing but. And tonight, you’ll have four of them, four obedient horny girls desperate to do your bidding.”

Nate swallowed. The night couldn’t come fast enough. He just hoped his bruised and aching cock would be ready.