

A decorative banner at the top of the page features a bookshelf with various books. The central part of the banner has a textured, brown background with the author's name and a quote in white cursive script. The books on the left include 'OVER THE MOON' and 'Coming Together 5.11'. The books on the right include 'GAMMA' and 'THE DARK MOUNTAIN'.

Jude Mason

*Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare!*

## *Seeds of Tomorrow*

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Allgaard was a land of monstrous cruelty, the likes of which humankind could never fully comprehend. War between varying factions of demons was the norm. The desolate, blackened lands and foreboding ebon crags attested to the horror of their conflict. Mankind was in its infancy, still hiding among the ruins of the ruling beasts, watching, awaiting their time.

Gorgon was a one of the ruling beasts and had was the honored Commander of an impressive army of an even more bloodthirsty race of demon called the Denar—huge, insectoid soldiers who had withstood battle after battle, and returned with mountains of treasure after each conflict. Treasures that included slaves.

Gorgon stood on the outer-most precipice, with his back to the wind and gazed across the charred, pitted fields of grain. Slaves worked the fields. Slave handlers, on riding beasts, circled the fields ensuring the poor abused souls never rested. He'd heard it said that a good slave lasted a season. When they dropped, dead of exhaustion or starvation, their remains became fertilizer for the food their masters required. Slaves were cheap, plentiful and easy to obtain.

A small percentage of the slaves taken were human. Filthy, terrified, captured when Gorgon's Denar warriors raided the villages of enemy demons, they fared badly among the larger, more ferocious breeds. Not many survived the capture and forced march to the enclave, and those who did rarely lasted the first year. Man was weak, and often became prey to the other species of slaves when hunger overcame all else. The slave handlers stopped that only if the headcount grew too low to bring in their quota of produce.

Once in a long while, the Denar took a woman. Most often women didn't survive the journey. But, always there was a handful that did. The strong, the determined, those that hated enough, managed to make it to the fields. Of those few, there were some who, if trained or beaten enough, made marvelous playthings.

That was what Gorgon was looking for. One of his underlings had mentioned a dark-haired beauty he'd seen among the latest arrivals.

He scanned the near field, dozens of naked, whip-scarred backs lurched down the rows. Pulling weeds or thinning, the young or the women poured water for those toiling, while still others picked the ripened fruit. All under the watchful eyes of one of the handlers, who would as soon lay their backs open with the whip as breathe.

Gorgon didn't spot her. Not until he shifted his gaze to the next field. Ah yes, long dark hair, finely chiseled bones on brow and cheek. The remains of her garments did little to conceal her charms from him, or anyone else with the penchant for buxom women.

She was hauling water to the work slave. The huge hide flask slung across her shoulders bowing her back as she trudged down one row after another. She stopped at each bent form and offered the dipper, then turned and waited while they took their single ladleful.

When she got to the end of the row, she turned and straightening her back, gazed up at the bleak fortress. If he hadn't known better, Gorgon would have sworn she looked directly at him.

A shiver gripped him. Scowling, he turned to one of his slaves and snarled, "Bring her, the dark-haired one."

\* \* \* \*

Mira straighten her back and groaned, her cramped muscles straining against the weight of the enormous water bag. Sweat dripped down her sides and off her chin, she stank of manure, and worse. With one begrimed hand, she pushed the tangled matt of hair off her face, shuddering when she looked up at the fortress and saw the beast called Gorgon watching her. From the rumors she heard, he was always on the lookout for women of her race. He was apparently searching for something special, someone special. What for, she was afraid to ask. Her imagination, and the remains of those who'd been taken to him, was enough to terrify her.

"You—girl," one of her fellow humans called.

She turned too fast and almost fell under the weight of the water bag. A shaggy, dark-haired man motioned for her to approach. His body was covered in scabs and scars from the many beatings he'd endured. A tiny scrap of hide, tied around his waist, was the only clothing he wore.

She staggered towards him, and heard a sob from skeletally thin wretch she would have given water to next. Without it, she doubted he'd last the day.

"I have work," she said, but he silenced her with a hard look.

"Your work here is done, Master Gorgon wants you."

The man's calloused, scabby hand was around her arm before she could turn and run. He reached out with his other hand and pulled the end of the rope holding the water cask on her back. It dropped with a dull thud to the ground behind her. Free of its weight, she twisted, trying to pull free of the steel grip that was the only thing between her and blindly fleeing a fate that terrified her. A harsh slap across her face sent her spinning to the ground. The entire side of her face felt crushed and she fought back tears as a hand flew up to test for damage. Damage meant death. Fortunately, there wasn't any, but she knew she'd have a new bruise shortly.

"Don't be stupid," he snarled at her and looked towards one of the slave handlers nearby. "Keep it up and you get one of them interested."

The warning was clear and Mira slowly climbed to her feet. Now was not the time to try an escape. She'd suffered at the hands of a handler only once, and it wasn't something she wanted to repeat.

"Follow me," said the ragged man and he headed towards the fortress.

With no choice but to comply, Mira clambered to her feet and trudged after the man. They crossed the corner of another field, this one being harvested by more of the half-starved slaves who did all of the labor, or all that she'd seen in her short time as a slave. Climbing out of the last drainage ditch before arriving at the huge stone fortress, she marveled at the size. It seemed to be as big as one of the mountains surrounding them, but it had a much more sinister feel about it, as if darkness somehow reached out from its very walls. Still, there was no escaping, and as timid as a field mouse, she hurried after her guide.

The man stumbled up the few steps that led to the huge wood doors and she followed as rapidly as she could. He didn't knock or ask entry, just pushed the door open wide enough for them both to squeeze through.

Upon entering, a darkly beautiful woman met them. She was clean, that was the first thing that Mira saw and wondered at. Her guide respectfully kept his eyes averted and nodded insistently for her to go with the woman. The silent, obviously terrified woman grabbed Mira by the arm, and while she tried to take in the enormous grandeur of the entry hall, dragged her towards a small doorway at the side of the room.

Once they reached the doorway, the girl pushed it open and hauled Mira through. Confused and afraid, Mira allowed the silent brunette to strip the filthy rag off her and push her into a tub of scalding hot water where she was gently scrubbed clean of the grime from working in the fields. Her hair was washed with flower-scented soap and brushed until it gleamed, the first time the knots had been worked out of it since her capture. Each time she tried asking a question, the woman ran, whimpering to the door, and peered out. She returned and placed a trembling finger to Mira's lips. 'Quiet', she mouthed, not making a sound.

Dragged from the tub, she stood dripping wet, while the quiet woman handed her a gossamer-thin wisp of cloth and in a husky whisper told her to dress.

"Please—" Mira tried again to ask what was happening, but the slave woman slapped her to silence. And again, the finger placed over her lips and the mouthed, 'Quiet'.

The woman turned and bent to clean the tub, leaving Mira no choice but to slip into the tiny bit of cloth. Barely there, spider web soft and about that much cover, it took her but an instant to slip it over her head. A whisper of wind sent the material fluttering away from her and made her shiver. The straps at the shoulder were the most substantial thing about the garment, and even those threatened to part as she pulled carefully at the edges, trying to cover as much of her nakedness as she could, but without any success. There just wasn't enough there. As long as she remained standing, it covered her bottom, but she was sure that if she bent at all, or if another gust of air caught it, she'd be exposed. Even so, her nipples peaked through the lacey openings, puckering as if with a life of their own and against her will.

Done with her cleaning chores, the slave woman rose from her knees and nodded, acknowledging her compliance. Taking her by the arm, she led her from the room. Mira, pulled back, again terrified of what was going to happen. She remembered Gorgon watching her in the field and the tales she'd heard of him. Fear gripped her and loathing for the demon Master who must own her.

"Come," said her guide, as she urgently pulled on Mira's arm. "Now!"

With no choice, she followed the woman, but not eagerly, not at all. Down hallways and through huge chambers, many of which housed slaves of all description, she trudged. Dressed in nothing but the slip of gossamer, she felt more naked than if she'd had nothing on at all.

When her guide came to a set of huge wood doors and knelt, Mira's fear became palpable. Trembling, scarcely able to breath, she dropped to her knees beside the other woman. They waited, side by side, for hours or so it seemed. Time enough for knees to become sore, backs to ache, but not enough for her fear to leave her.

Suddenly, from inside the chamber, came a bellow that rattled the hinges of the great doors. Mira cringed and would have fled, but she knew there was no escape. Her best chance of survival was to do as she was told.

"Come!" a deep baritone voice roared from within and the women instantly looked at each other. The terror she saw in the other woman's face must have mirrored her own. Feeling as if her heart was going to leap from her chest, Mira tried to take a deep breath.

A touch on her arm and a nod towards the big doors urged her to move. She struggled to her feet, then looked down at her terrified companion for a moment before pushing open one of the doors.

The chamber was enormous. Dark but for the dozens of candles strewn around the floor, it seemed more like a cavern than a room. Walking ahead, her feet made a familiar pattering sound on the stone floor. She gazed around, looking for an escape route, or somewhere to hide. She found neither.

"Come!" The voice came from somewhere behind her. Her instinct told her to run, to beg, anything but obey. Before she could do any of them, he had her.

"No!" Desperately, she tried pulling out of his grasp. His talons dug into her upper arms, then her waist as he pulled her close. Crying out her anger and fear, she swung her fists back at him. Her balled fist connected with something hard and bony then slid across scaly flesh. "Dear Goddess, save me!" she cried even as she felt claws scrape down over her ribs. One of the beasts' hands cupped her breast as the other found its way around her neck and down between her breasts.

Mira kicked back, catching the demon's shin with her heel. The only response to that was a grunt. Hot, sweet breath brushed across her cheek as a deep voice whispered, "Behave or you'll be my feast."

Shocked into immobility, Mira stood frozen, while Gorgon petted and stroked her soft flesh. She was so unlike his own species, it must have been a treat. But, to her, it was agony.

She felt his transformation as he became more excited. Something she'd heard of, but never thought she'd see—or feel. Long, reptilian fingers softened just a little. The scaly flesh of his arms became more humanlike, but the nails still dug in, and the sweet smell of his breath wafting around her made her stomach want to rebel.

The most remarkable change came when his cock slid between her thighs. No longer the spike of a beast, it sprung human-like and warm against her nether lips. His belly pressed against her bottom and he ground into her.

"Easy girl," the monster whispered in her ear and she shuddered.

"Please, no!" she cried but knew it was no use as the transformed beast held her hips and thrust himself back and forth between her thighs. Insistently, his hands guided her over his long, hard, prick. Her fear faded, as he moved his hands over her. Unbelievably, she felt her hips moving against him, his hands guiding her.

"Let it happen, girl."

The soft voice seemed to enter her soul. She fought it for a moment longer, but the unrelenting pressure of his hands and his cock sliding over her labia took its toll. She found herself arching her back, pushing her bottom against his belly.

Hair dripping from her bath, sweat and water trickled down her face and arms, even her thighs. A moan surprised her, low and deep in her throat as if in answer to his guttural beast noises. When she felt his hand slide between them, then his prick realigned, she held her breath. Would it happen? Would there be pain, as she feared?

The rubbery tip split her nether lips. She shuddered. She held her breath as Gorgon sawed back and forth, his prick barely entering her. And then, he was inside her. Pushing, easing his enormous shaft into her hot wetness. Automatically, her hands went to where they joined, to sooth the stretched, full feeling that was unfamiliar, yet suddenly craved.

He lunged forward, going deeper. With his hands on her hips, and hers buried in the V of her sex, their lustful dance began in earnest. His cock hit the deepest part of her and she yelped in surprise. Gently, almost tenderly, he gyrated his hips, all the while holding her firmly as he rode her.

The wet slap, slap, slap as his body collided with hers, echoed off the chamber walls. Her sighs and his grunting echoed the beat of their bodies. His talons had torn her gossamer coverings, until she was dressed in tatters. But no matter as her body

answered his. Lust built, pleasure soared, as both reached for the precipice. Each shuddering breath took her a step closer to release. Each deep lunge ahead, forced the air out of her and she heard his gasp in response.

They were close. She felt the pulsing of his shaft, and its bloating, as he neared his climax. Her clitoris hummed with pleasure. She gushed her fluids down his thighs and sobbed as the first waded rose over her. He slammed into her just as she exploded.

His fiery essence filled her to overflowing. He lunged again and drove her higher. His roar of release came then and brought a scream from somewhere deep inside her. An answering primal cry of bliss, one she'd always remember.

If it weren't been for his hands on her hips, she'd have fallen. So weak and senseless, she couldn't tell if she were upright or laid flat, she wallowed in her pleasure.

Once breath and awareness returned, she sobbed at how easily she'd fallen prey to Gorgon's ploy. Her body had betrayed her, or so she told herself. A demon he was, and it was horrifying to think she'd lain with him. But she had, and in the end it had been willingly.

"Girl," Gorgon crooned. "What are you called?" He spun her around and looked down at her. The face that had been ugly and cruel, seemed now much different—still alien, demon, but somehow less brutal.

"Mira, if it pleases you," she whispered, the fear of the demon returning now the coupling was done.

"Mira," he said, with an unusual rolling of the 'r'. "A fitting name for my consort."

She froze, uncomprehending. Consort, what could the demon possibly mean by that? Demon's had slaves, not consorts—and least of all consorts such as her. She'd as soon

drive a dagger into his hide as...as... Her thoughts returned to the feeling of his hands on her, his cock thrusting into the depths of her body and the pleasure he'd given.

His body shifted behind her, muscles moved under his flesh, firming up, tightening and bulging. She refused to turn, afraid of what transformation was taking place.

The demon beast pulled away, leaving her to her thoughts, while it went to a huge chest off to one side. She heard him lift the lid. Then out of the corner of her eye, she watched him rummaged inside, tossing cloth and scrolls to the floor.

"Ah ha!" he roared. Mira jumped in fear, but held her ground. "Yes, this should do nicely. Pull that scrap of cloth off you."

Mira eagerly pulled the torn garment off, and stood proud in her nakedness before the demon. He leered at her, his beak and fangs elongating, even as she watched. There was no softness to his body, no sleek fur to soften the harsh plains of him, of his face. Eyes bulged, talons reached for her.

She stumbled back a step, before she regained her composure. Terror stopped her scream; even her breathing was in short hard inhalations.

Gorgon held out a new bit of cloth, but this time there was beads and medallions of bronze to decorate both her and her garb. Little more than strips of hide, she wound it around herself, and once more felt more naked than if she'd remained bare.

"Yes, that's it," Gorgon murmured from her side, where he again rummaged in a chest. This time he came out with a mirror. Poorly fashioned and of little use, he held it up and showed her.

With his head peering over her shoulder and his claw like talon on her arm, she had no choice but to look into the flat metal mirror.

"You, my lovely, shall be the first one." He stroked her arm, and as she gazed into the shiny metal, his visage shifted once more. Demon horror melted away to become something closer to human, but only in the mirror.

"The first one what?" she dared ask finally. Turning her head, she looked at him, not the image.

"The first of the race that will inherit the world. Demonkind is dying. Humankind is on the rise, and you will be its mother. But, you will carry a part of me into that tomorrow. Even now, my seed rushes inside you, eager to begin its task. Together, you and I may not be able to create a life, but my seed will infect your newborns. Demonkind will not die completely."

Terror should have blotted out everything but the horror of what he said. But, somehow, she knew that it was right. Demonkind, for all its cruelty, had ruled Allgaard for millennia and deserved to go on, even if it was just a tiny germ in the new order, Mira thought. And she would be the mother of the new order. She would be the one to rescue her people from slavery.

Life was good.

The End

## *About the Author*

Jude Mason's imagination frequently leads her astray, and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least not get caught. For those of you who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy, whose only desire is to please. As diverse and as richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic situations.

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