

Summary: J/B H/R Other Pairings Earth lost their war for freedom and as a result, the survivors of the alien Prantell Empire find themselves changed.

Categories: [The Sentinel](#) Characters: Blair Sandburg, Daryl Banks, Daryl/Other, Ensemble, Henri (H) Brown, Henri/Rafe, Jim Ellison, Jim/Blair, Joel Taggart, Original Character(s), Rafe, Simon Banks, Simon/Other

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Challenges: None

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Prologue by Scorpio

In the year 2002, Earth fell to the Prantell Empire, a dominion built upon the blood, sweat, and tears of trillions and trillions of slaves. The Prantellians, master race and absolute rulers of this galaxy spanning empire control most of the charted star systems, including the planets and all the resources upon those worlds, be they living creatures or mineral resources. So far, none who opposed them have come close to putting a dent in their seemingly invincible armor. On April 17th, 2002, the planet Earth was claimed in the name of Ioskilow Ca of the Royal House M'Tossi, Emperor of all Prantell.

Many of Earth's military fought back bravely and with great honor. It was, in fact, the astounding acts of courage and intelligence of the warriors of Earth that determined their place in the hierarchy of slaves ruled by the Prantellians. Many rewards were lavished on Earth and her determined and brave children by the new overlords. The native name of the star that gave life to the system was officially recognized by the Empire, instead of simply giving it an alpha- numeric code. "Sol" was the life-giver of the "Terrans", which is what the Prantellians called all humans, regardless of race.

The Prantellians defeated the Terrans of planet Earth, in the star system of Sol, the same way that they had defeated all of the races they ruled over, with a breathable gas that numbed the central nervous system, thus rendering their foe unconscious. Unfortunately, this gas proved to be lethal to the female half of the Terran population. In an unprecedented effect, the 'sleep gas' bonded with the Terran nervous system in the brain and the system of glands throughout the body.

All Terrans became very ill and suffered alterations in the central nervous system making them impervious to changes in temperature. However, it was only the females who suffered from problems with the glandular bonding. Over three fourths of the female population died within the first month. Of those that were left, only a very few recovered completely.

The females that did survive were taken away by the Prantellians to be pampered and doted upon as gifts to the nobles of the highest stations. They had only one purpose in life. To breed.

In a wave of guilt for the unintentional mass destruction to the Terran race and a good dose of pragmatism for wanting to preserve what they felt was a superb example of a slave race with great potential, the Prantellians began a series of medical tests and experiments. At first, many of the test subjects didn't survive, but after a brief, but intensive study, that changed. After only three Terran years, a solution was found. The scientists of the Prantell Empire found a way to combine the DNA from two Terran males to form one living embryo. They also devised a way for this to occur repeatedly and naturally without intensive supervision. All it required was to surgically alter a male to modify his physiology so that he could carry a child to term and slightly adjust his hormonal balance and reproductive systems.

Once this technique was proven to be safe and effective, the Emperor himself ordered it into place. He steadfastly refused to allow the Terran race to die out. The Terrans were automatically given the best duty spots as it was, usually on the planets used to grow the food that fed the Empire, and they had proven themselves to be great workers. Now it was time to give them back something that they had lost,... hope for the future.

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Chapter 1 by Scorpio

Jim paced back and forth across the covered porch in front of Terran Barrack 3247-R. The hollow sound of his footsteps echoed in his ears. It was a precise cadence. Each step was identical to the one before it. Each footfall was the same distance from the last and in the same exact spot from his last crossing of the porch. Step, step, step, step, step, step, turn. Step, step, step, step, step, step, turn.

He made certain not to make eye contact with Simon Banks or Henri Brown. He knew he would lose the tiny control he had on his emotions if he did. He knew they would understand. They felt the same way. They shared the same fears, the same nightmares.

Instead, he concentrated on the other Terran Barracks situated along the wide strip of land dedicated to providing shelter to the slaves that worked the two massive farms to either side. Each Terran Barrack was essentially the same. A main gathering-dinning hall with a smaller kitchen area behind it. To one side of the dinning hall there was a bathing and laundry facility and on the other side of the dinning hall there was a recreation facility. On the second floor there was a series of small sleeping chambers. Two men per room, six rooms per Barrack. Only now, half of the men were missing.

Jim tried not to think about where the missing men were and he tried not to think about what was being done to them. No one knew why they were taken and all worried about it. Some worried about what had happened to their friends and family, others worried that they would be the next to disappear. Jim tried not to think too hard on what sort of agony the missing men might be forced to endure. He tried not to think about it even as he endlessly worried for Daryl Banks, Brian Rafe and most of all, his Guide, Blair Sandburg.

Daryl, Rafe and Blair had been gone for two months now. Two long and lonely months filled with heart crushing terror for his best friend, his Guide, his lover.

Suddenly, Mike Pender, former E.M.T. for Cascade General called from inside the Barrack that supper was ready. Jim stopped his pacing and stared out into the evening sky. The foreign stars were starting to feel familiar to him and for some strange reason that bothered him. With a deep sigh, the former Major Crimes Detective turned and walked into Terran Barrack 3247- R. Simon Banks and Henri Brown followed him with quiet sighs of their own.

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Blair Sandburg lay in his bunk worrying. Not even the soft snores of Brian Rafe on the bunk directly above him helped to ease his overactive mind. Out of the seventy-five billion men to survive the capture of Earth, a little over half of them were scheduled for reproductive surgery. The men from Farming Planet J2X83, of which Blair, Rafe and Daryl were a part, was the third batch to undergo the procedure.

It had only taken two months or so. After a thorough interview and screening process on the planet surface, half of them had been taken to a deep-space station in a slave transport. There, they had undergone intensive medical scans and tests. Out of all of the men there, only six were removed from the project. Then, came the surgery.

Even with the superior technology and vast resources available, it was a difficult process requiring intense supervision and a lengthy recovery period. It was also very painful. Medications, hormone supplements and rigorous physical therapy were all given without fail to everyone involved.

After the healing process was over, they were kept for observation to make certain that all of the hard work wasn't for nothing. Each one of them had been physically altered into hermaphrodites. Both male and female. Capable of not only siring a child, but also of becoming pregnant and carrying a child to full term. The Prantellians wanted the Terran race to continue and with almost all of the females killed in the invasion, this was their solution,... a third gender. One physically capable of both male and female reproductive responses.

They were kept long enough to go through one full menstrual cycle in order to prove that they were fertile. Many of the men were emotionally upset by this turn of events, but the Prantellians assured them that the new hormonal balance would make even those men who had been completely straight feel physical desire towards men now. This did little to reassure the Terrans, to the complete bafflement of the Prantellians.

Blair had other worries however. He did have a male lover and one that he loved with all his heart. He was worried that Jim wouldn't want him anymore. That this alteration to his body would repulse his Sentinel and drive a wedge between them.

Shifting around to get into a more comfortable position, Blair listened to the soft sounds of the sleeping hermaphrodites around him as he slipped into a familiar dream of his beloved Jim.

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A familiar sound stirred at the back of his mind and slowly caught his attention. Memory tugged at him for a second or two and then he realized what it was he was listening to. A deep space transport! Pushing the blankets away from himself and jumping out of bed, he quickly threw on his clothes. Finally dressed, Jim ran out of his room yelling at the top of his lungs.

"Simon! Henri! Mike! A transports coming! Get Warren and Doc! Hurry!"

Dashing out into the night, Jim's eyes were dazzled by the bright lights on the atmospheric shuttle craft that slowly descended from the stars. With a deafening hiss of hydraulics and a metallic clang that echoed off of the nearby mountain range, large landing gear dropped from the belly of the ship right before it touched down on the concrete-like landing pad just beyond the last building.

Men poured out of the surrounding Barracks and were closely watched by their Stragillon guards. Jim could clearly hear the release of the locking mechanism and the whoosh of air as the air-lock doors in the cargo bay were opened. A gently sloping ramp created from an energy field sizzled into place, flashed statically once, then solidified. After a brief pause, the missing men began to

walk, and a few ran, out of the transport and back onto the farming planet which was their home.

Jim's senses all strained to pick out the one person he most wanted to see. It was difficult. There was much excitement and everyone was loud and rowdy. Jim felt the edges of a zone-out threaten him as he desperately tried to filter it all out. Suddenly he heard the heart-beat of his Guide. Relief poured through him in a tidal wave.

Running and pushing through the crowd, Jim fought through until finally, finally, he saw Blair. With a low cry of happiness, Jim dashed up to his lover and grabbed on tightly. Enfolding him in a big hug, he buried his face in those auburn curls he adored and cried. His body shaking with the release of repressed fear and anger, he whispered the same words into the bejeweled ear over and over...

"I love you, I love you, I love you..."

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The celebrations had been fast and furious once they realized that everyone who had been taken away was now being returned. The tone of the reunion changed quickly enough once it became known that the Prantellians had permanently altered those missing friends and family members. The reactions to how they were altered was varied. Some didn't care, some were upset but grateful to get them back, some were furiously angered.

Simon, for one, was glad that Daryl was alive, but was beyond rage that anyone dared to perform unethical medical experiments on unwilling patients. That they had done so to his son fueled his anger into a white hot hatred.

Misunderstanding his fathers anger, Daryl had assumed that it was him that his father hated. Feeling lost and rejected, Daryl had run out into the fields, tears streaming from his haunted eyes. In a panic, Simon dashed out after him, desperate to explain, to repair the damage to Daryl's fragile ego. Even now, Jim could hear them talking, well, yelling to each other.

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Brian Rafe, once charming and outgoing, was oddly shy and quiet. The physical changes in him were easily noticed and he was aware of the strange looks he was getting. He seemed to be nervous in a way that he had never been before as he often cast sideways glances to the people around him. Usually one to push into the forefront, he had latched onto Henri as soon as he found him and then tried to hide behind his large, physically intimidating best friend and partner.

Henri had noticed this right away and quickly carved a path back to Terran Barracks 3247-R and led his slightly trembling friend to the room they had shared. Clutching Henri's shirt tightly, Rafe had blushed and stumbled the entire way home. Once inside and away from all of the confusion, Henri had bundled Rafe into a thick blanket and gently demanded to know what was going on. Jim could hear Rafe's quiet confession of fear of being physically assaulted by the unchanged men on Farming Planet J2X83.

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Not once letting his beloved go, Jim quickly ushered them to Terran Barrack 3247-R and then upstairs to the bedroom they shared. Once the door was shut and they were alone, Jim pulled Blair to him and kissed him. Their lips met gently at first, but then fear and hunger and loneliness surged forward once more and they deepened the kiss, feeding on each others lips and tongues in a sort of desperation.

Finally, they pulled apart slightly to gasp for air. Jim ran his fingers through the thick curls that

hung loosely around his beloved Guides face.

"Gods Blair. I missed you. I thought... I... I thought that they had ki..." Jim swallowed and shuddered at the images in his head. "I... I'm so glad that you're back Chief.

"Jim, I... They, uh,... They did stuff to us, to me. They, ummm..."

"I know Chief. I've been hearing snatches of conversations since you all left the transport."

Blair swallowed and his heart-rate spiked. A look of fear settled onto his face and his blue eyes opened wide. He shifted slightly in Jim's embrace and with that tiny movement, Jim's senses became aware of the differences in his Guide.

While no means the large breasts of a female, or even the obvious ones that Brian Rafe now sported, Blairs chest had the definite softness of small pert breasts. His hips seemed just slightly wider and his face had softer edges. Even his scent seemed a tad different, earthier.

Determined not to upset Blair the way that had sent Daryl fleeing into the cornstalks, Jim tried to catalog and accept the physical changes in his Guide. He told himself that they didn't change who Blair was on the inside. Blair was still his best friend, his Guide, and his lover. No matter what the Prantellians did to him, he would always love Blair.

Jim reached up and ran a gentle finger along Blair's cheek and slowly tipped his face up. Leaning down slowly, he kissed him softly, tentatively, letting his sense of taste open up to note the minute differences. As tender as he could, Jim opened Blairs mouth with his and let their tongues mate. He poured all of his love into that kiss and hoped that Blair would know that this didn't change them.

"Will you let me see what they did? Can I look at you?"

Blair swallowed hard and gathered his courage. This was the man he loved above all others. He feared loosing him, yet they had to do this.

"Yes..."

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Chapter 2 by Scorpio

Blair was filled with oddly conflicting thoughts and emotions. He knew that even if they put this off right now, that they would eventually have to do it. If not because of the nature of their relationship, then because of the extremely close living quarters. Blair for one would rather that Jim learned what had been done to him through the love and trust of their relationship instead of piecing everything together from quick furtive glances and overheard conversations around the farm.

Still, he was afraid. He was very aware of the changes wrought upon his body. He had, just as everyone else involved in the project, read the pre- approved written medical booklet that explained, in layman's terms, the surgical procedure. He had gone through physical therapy to help heal his altered body and the counseling sessions that were designed to help the men adjust to the idea that they could now get pregnant. Hell, Blair knew enough about psychology that he recognized that the counseling sessions were in place to try to convince the new hermaphrodites that they wanted to mate and have children, that it was their duty to ensure the survival of the Terran race.

Blair was honest enough with himself to admit that while the thought of being pregnant scared him six ways till Sunday, the idea of children was a nice one. He didn't mind the thought of being a Daddy, but a Mommy? That was a little frightening, but now, suddenly possible.

But when you got right down to the bare bones of it all, he was mostly worried about how Jim would react to his new anatomy. While the Prantellians didn't take anything away, they did add quite a bit. He knew this to be true, he'd read the books before surgery and then squatted over a mirror afterwards. Tucked neatly between his balls and his anus was his brand new vagina.

Blair had read all of the approved booklets and he knew that the female reproductive organs he now had were actually cloned from one of the two hundred and fifty thousand Terran females that had survived the Prantellian invasion. That was not enough to ensure the continuation of the species so the Prantellian overlords had come up with a way to prevent the extinction of their latest conquest. Since clones were basically mindless drones that tended to live the lives of coma patients, they were used for organ harvesting. The harvested reproductive organs were then transplanted into living Terran males. Simple, right?

Riiiiight. So why did he feel violated? Why did he wish he had been given a choice?

Because Jim was the center of his universe and if Jim rejected him, all the children in the world wouldn't make up for that loss. And here it was, the moment of truth. Jim wanted to see his body, to touch him, to relearn what he already knew and to discover that which was different. Blair trembled.

A part of him screamed to just latch on to Jim and never let go. It had been so long since he had seen his beloved Sentinel and he had missed him with a fierceness that cut right through him. Another part of him was shy and frightened, much like a virgin on her wedding night. A slight smile ghosted across his face at that thought. It was apropos, he was a virgin, as a female. And he did want to hold Jim tightly and make love to him all night long, but he didn't think he wanted to make love that way. He wanted Jim as a man, to a man.

Softly, he gave Jim permission to touch him, to see him, to explore his body. Jim must have sensed his nervousness, because he moved slowly and his touch was gentle and soft.

Slow, deep, languid kisses relaxed him as did the gentle hands that caressed his back and shoulders. He felt himself melt into the loving embrace, wanting to be loved, accepted, protected. The taste and scent of his beloved washed over him and he shuddered at the long denied pleasure.

A large powerful hand, all the more sexy due to the tender restraint behind the movements, reached up and tangled into his hair. Thick fingers rubbed at his scalp causing tiny shivers to chase away the tension he didn't even realize was there. Cherishing the affectionate display, Blair leaned his head into the touch, a soft moan escaping his lips.

Jim pulled back slightly, breaking their passionate kiss. Little gasps of air wafted across Blair's cheek as Jim rested his forehead against Blair's. One callused finger traced a gentle trail along his jaw line. Blair opened his eyes to look up at Jim and was slightly startled to see unshed tears glittering in his eyes.

"Oh Blair... I missed you so much. I... I never realized how much I depend on you for so many things. Little things, big things, silly things... all things. Things that I never even noticed until you were gone. Even,... even sleeping Chief."

"Sleeping?"

Jim quietly chuckled as if sharing a private little joke that was slightly embarrassing.

"Yeah, sleeping. At first, I didn't know why I was having trouble falling asleep, but it was you Blair. I was trying to find your heartbeat and it wasn't there."

"Oh Jim. Oh love, I am so sorry. I never wanted to leave you. Honest."

Blair grinned guiltily, and blushed lightly.

"I, uh... I missed you too. Ummm... They had some really young kids there at the medical station. As young as ten years old. Many of them were really scared about what was happening to them and I used to tell them stories about you and our adventures with the Cascade P.D. Even Rafe told a few of them as well... I,... uh... I don't know who it cheered up more, me or the kids."

Jim smiled at him sweetly and Blair returned it. He had tried to make light of it, but the truth was, it was the thought of being returned to Jim that had allowed him to get through it at all. He didn't even want to think of what it would have been like if he hadn't been returned here to his lover and Sentinel.

Jim must have noticed the change in Blair's mood, because he leaned down and kissed him again. Those soft lips and gentle tongue swept all thoughts of sadness from his mind as he felt himself get swept into a tide of love and longing.

Jim's hands began roaming across his back again and each stroke flamed his desire to reconnect and fanned the spark of his arousal. Moving slowly across the room, Jim carefully guided them over to the soft bed they had shared since being assigned duty to Farming Planet J2X83. Touching the edge of the mattress with his legs, Jim's strong arms came around him tightly and gently lowered him to his back. With a subtle grace that had always inflamed his passions, Jim climbed up to lay beside him.

Propped up on one elbow and leaning over him slightly, Jim was outlined by the dim light shining through the small window. It cast a silvery glow about his head and shoulders and Blair fell in love all over again. With a gentle tenderness that surprised and delighted him, Jim ran one thick finger along his jaw and down his neck. Reaching the edge of his blue workers jumpsuit, he traced the edge of the opening, his fingertip leaving a trail of goosebumps.

"May I?"

Jim's voice was soft and questioning. Blair could hear the love in it and after a quick flash of nerves, he nodded. So far, no one but the deep space station doctors and himself had seen the changes in his body. Jim would be the first non-medical person to examine him. Yet, he loved his Sentinel with all his heart. And he desired the big man to touch him like a lover once again.

Looking into Blair's eyes for any hint that he should stop, Jim slowly drew the zipper on the front of the jumpsuit down. Careful not to pinch skin or to go too fast, he helped Blair to pull his arms out of the sleeves. Bared to the waist, Blair lay back on the soft mattress and let Jim's senses wash over him.

He watched Jim's face as his eyes traveled down lower and lower to finally encompass his chest. He wasn't sure what emotions he expected to see flash over his lover's face, but the one he most feared, disgust, never showed up. Slight surprise, curiosity, and bafflement was all he saw. Slowly, gently, Jim ran the tips of his fingers along Blair's skin, down his furred chest to his stomach, and then back up again. His muscles twitched and jumped at the teasing sensation.

He glanced down at his own only slightly altered chest. His shoulders were still broad and strong and his abdomen was still muscled, but his chest hair was thinner now and he had the slight swelling of pre-pubescent breasts. More like a slight puffiness behind his nipples than true female breasts.

Jim flattened his hand and ran it down his chest again. This time he stopped at Blair's nipples to weigh and measure them with his palm. He turned his face towards Blair, the question shining

in his eyes.

"Uh... mammary glands. They designed us to be able to get pregnant and then give birth, Jim. Mammary glands produce milk to feed the child, so..."

Jim's one eyebrow raised up. It was a look of intrigue, not rejection, and for that, Blair was eternally thankful. He was having enough trouble with this as is was, he didn't think he could handle Jim freaking out over it. Suddenly, Jim flicked a fingertip across his nipple. A bolt of pure lust shot through his body to settle firmly in his groin. Pleasure rippled along his spine and his body reacted in ways that it never had before. Jim did it again. He gasped and arched into the touch. His brain was getting signals from both his twitching cock and his brand new, never been used, totally virgin vagina. Jim grinned at him and gently caressed the tender nub of hardening flesh.

"Well,... whatever they were designed to do, they sure are fun to play with."

Blair panted slightly with desire and flashed a quick grin.

"I'm glad that you like them. The doctors say they will continue to develop for another two or three months. And, of course, pregnancy will do what pregnancy always does to female breasts."

"I know that they are supposed to serve a serious function Chief, but I hope you don't mind if I use them for recreational purposes?"

Blair didn't have time to answer that. Jim leaned down and ran his tongue across the nipple his fingers had been playing with. Moaning at the wonderful sensation, Blair arched up into the warm wetness. Taking his cue, Jim latched his mouth onto the swollen nub and sucked on it gently. Desire rolled through Blair and he squirmed on the bed, mindlessly trying to bring more of his body into contact with his lovers. Some small voice in his head marveled at the intensity of the feeling. He had always enjoyed having his nipples played with, but now, with female mammary glands lying just below his skin, the sensations were magnified ten-fold.

Shifting slightly, Jim leaned over Blair and licked and nuzzled his way to Blairs other breast. He lavished the same sweet affection on it. Blairs whole body thrilled and hummed to the wet heat the suckled his nipple. Tingles flashed over his skin and a starburst of wet pleasure and desire flashed into life between his legs. A deep ache of longing and need opened up in him and he undulated against Jim's warm solid body.

Large hands caressed his skin, sending shivers along his nerves. Incoherent noises of pleasure and panted begging for more escaped his throat in an endless series of whispers. He felt his cock fill and expand as his desire for his lover rose.

Reaching up with shaking desperate hands, Blair began to rub and caress Jim's muscled body. Each touch enflamed him, each stroke a tease. Almost frantically, Blair brought his hands around to the front of Jim's body and tugged on the zipper to his blue jumpsuit. Pushing it down, he quickly slid the neck apart and over his lovers shoulders. Detaching his mouth from Blairs left breast with a final lick, Jim leaned up and peeled the cotton material off of his arms and away from his body. Flipping over, he toed off his boots and slid the jumpsuit completely off of himself.

Blair allowed his hungry eyes to roam over the beautiful form of his lovers body. How many lonely nights had he dreamed of being in his Sentinels arms, being held and loved and cherished. Now here he was, back with the man he loved. The beautiful, charming, sexy Jim Ellison. Blairs cock jerked in appreciation of the moonlight drenched man beside him.

"Come here lover,... let me touch you."



Jim rolled back over towards Blair and he latched onto the soft lips before him in a passionate kiss. He reached around with both arms and stroked along the naked flesh of Jim's broad muscular back. The warm skin sent slight tingles along his arms and he broke off the kiss to run his tongue along Jim's jaw and neck. The taste of his lovers skin washed over him and he began to wriggle in pleasure. Jim's hands caressed him, rubbed him and stroked him into a dizzy bundle of need. Finally, the big man's one hand rested on the zipper of his jumpsuit at his waist and paused.

"Blair?"

"Yes, Jim. Yes, just..."

Blair paused a moment and took a deep breath. He tried to get his desire soaked brain to form a coherent thought.

"I'm... I never... I'm a virgin, Jim. You know?"

"Yeah Chief. I know... I love you. I'll never hurt you."

"I know Jim. I know."

Slowly, Jim lowered the zipper the rest of the way. Leaning back on his heels, Jim carefully pulled the blue cotton jumpsuit off of him and removed the heavy boots until Blair was completely naked, completely exposed. He could almost feel Jim's eyes caress him a moment before his hands did just that. Gentle fingertips trailed over his flesh leaving swirling hot tingles of pleasure in their wake. Ghosting over his stomach, hips and thighs. Swirling around to change direction, Jim's hands traveled up to his throbbing and almost painfully erect cock.

Blair gasped and then moaned as he thrust into Jim's hot hands. The pleasure was so overwhelming that his stomach muscles trembled and his legs began to shake. The deep ache of emptiness and longing in him grew stronger and he didn't know what it was or what was causing it. He felt his vagina grow very wet and hot as his female organs began to throb with need in time to the pulsing desire thrumming through his thick cock.

Jim leaned down and ran his tongue along the length of Blair's straining shaft. He clutched the sheets tightly, threw back his head and howled his approval of the exquisite sensations running like wildfire through his trembling body. In answer to his need, Jim began a series of licks and sucking kisses along his flesh. Blair squirmed under the attention of his talented lover. An endless stream of verbal encouragement poured from his lips as he begged and pleaded for more.

Jim shifted slightly and took one of Blair's balls into his hot wet mouth, sucking gently before lavishing the same tender treatment on the other. Blair shivered and moaned in pleasure, thrusting into the touch. He could feel electric jolts of lust race up his spine into his brain and he mindlessly and instinctively spread his legs as wide as he could, displaying himself to his lover. With a last gentle lick, that wonderful mouth pulled away.

Jim gasped, pulling his lust soaked brain back from the edge.

"Oh Blair..."

A slight spike of fear and nervousness shot through him.

"Jim?"

"Blair,... you're... you're beautiful."

This was not what he expected to hear and it confused him greatly.

"Huh?"

"You're beautiful, my love. As an admittedly bi-sexual man, I gotta tell you, this is like having the best of both worlds. I,... I want to do something I haven't been able to do for many years. And I want to do it with you."

Blair was having a little trouble wrapping his brain around Jim's obvious and overwhelming acceptance of his altered body, not to mention his capacity for higher brain functions was currently at a limit due to extreme arousal. So, it was a great surprise to him when his lover shifted his big body even lower and then gently ran his tongue along his wet and throbbing vagina.

A startled gasp forced itself through Blair's lungs at the unexpected sensation. Jim leaned back in and licked a slow trail along the outer edge of his vagina. Shivery tingles rushed across the surface of his body and left exquisite pleasure in its wake. Blair moaned and clutched the sheets. The tip of Jim's tongue traveled forward slightly and flicked across his clitoris twice in rapid succession. Blair's entire body jerked in response to the lightening bolt of sensuality that raced along his nerve endings.

"Like that, huh? Good, me too."

Jim's voice washed over him for only a brief second before that wonderful adoring tongue was back to lavishing intense pleasure on him. Warm and wet, Jim stroked his sex with gentle tender passion. Blair ached for more, for this to never end, for release and for something he couldn't name. Need burned through him and he was vaguely aware that he was moaning and pleading for Jim to love him and to never ever stop.

The soft light licks were teasing and Blair wanted more contact. He wanted to bury Jim deep inside him, to fill himself up with his lover. Spreading his legs wide, he lifted them up and draped them over his Sentinel's strong shoulders and slowly thrust up into Jim's face. Jim pressed his lips against Blair's dripping wet sex and moaned his own pleasure. The vibrations traveled into Blair's body through the swollen nub of his clitoris and he arched into the touch with a cry of desire.

Jim opened his mouth and sucked the throbbing pleasure center into the wet heat. He sucked on it gently. A sizzling rush of white hot pleasure crashed over Blair and he bucked his hips up, grinding his swollen sex against Jim's mouth. Ripping at the sheets, Blair's body trembled violently and he came. Hard.

His cock twitched and pulsed as his seed spilled forth onto his stomach and chest. His internal muscles throbbed and contracted in time to the spurting semen shooting from his thick shaft as his vagina orgasmed at the same time.

Slowly, the sparks faded from before his eyes and his hearing returned to normal. Through the tingles racing across his skin in myriad patterns of lust and love, Blair was aware of Jim slowly crawling up his body. Reaching out with a shaking hand, Blair rubbed up and down Jim's solidly muscled arm.

"Oh my God Jim, that was amazing!"

Jim grinned at him in the darkness of their bedroom, his fingertips trailing through Blair's tangled curls. Leaning down, Jim kissed him, deep and passionately. Blair could taste himself on Jim's lips and tongue. It was a bizarre sensation to find the scent and taste of a female on his lover's

mouth, but it was himself he was tasting. He shivered slightly at the strangeness of it, but pushed it aside. He figured that in time, it would seem normal. Gently, Jim broke off the kiss.

"Blair,... I... I want to be inside you. I need you babe. I... How did you want to do this?"

Blair considered. He wanted to be with Jim. He wanted Jim inside him. Desperately. Was he ready to take that final step? Or did he want to wait and just let Jim take him like they always had done, anally? He looked into the clear blue eyes of his best friend and lover. He knew that Jim would never hurt him, and he knew that he could never give his virginity to any other man. Only Jim. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"I... I want you to make love to me. I want... I want you to have my virginity. You and no one else. Ever. I love you and I want you to be inside me."

Jim flashed him a look of such profound love and tenderness that if Blair hadn't already decided to give his virginity to his Sentinel, that expression would have changed his mind. Leaning over him again, Jim kissed him. Slowly, tenderly, with love and passion.

Blair still felt tingly and aroused from his recent double orgasm and it didn't take very much to fan the spark back into a roaring flame. He spread his legs open wide once more and let Jim shift his bulk in between. Blair tilted his hips up as Jim settled his weight down against him. The thick hot shaft of Jim's arousal pressed against the slick and swollen lips of his vagina, and the crown of Jim's cock poked his balls. Jim rocked back and forth slightly and they both moaned at the lovely contact.

"Uh, Chief. This might hurt a bit at first. I'll be as gentle as possible, but stop me if it's too much, okay?"

"Okay Jim. I love you and I trust you."

"Love you too Blair."

Reaching down, Jim took hold of his shaft and carefully lined it up with Blair's virgin opening. When Jim looked up, Blair nodded to him, giving a last final permission. With one quick, shallow thrust, Jim pushed the thick head of his cock into Blair and then stopped. Blair gasped at the bright flash of pain and bit his lip. Jim was braced above him on his arms, whispering a steady mantra of "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God" until finally, trembling slightly he stopped and looked into Blair's eyes.

"You,... you okay babe?"

Blair wiggled slightly and shifted his hips up a tiny bit more. He wrapped his legs around Jim's waist and reached up to caress his cheek.

"Yeah. Just,... go slow, okay?"

"Sure thing, love."

Slowly, little by little, giving Blair time to adjust, Jim slid into the tight hot wet sheath of his lover's virginity. Once he was all the way in, Blair gently reached up to pull him down for a quick series of kisses and nips.

Jim withdrew slowly until just the head of his shaft was still inside and then he gently thrust back in all the way. Blair shivered at the mind numbing pleasure this induced. All his nerve ending caught fire and golden warmth rolled up his spine like liquid sunshine.

Jim set up a slow steady rhythm of tender long strokes and Blair found himself matching that same tempo. Thrusting his hips up to meet Jim and then pulling back when he did. The deep tender strokes massaged places inside Blair that came alive for the first time and sensual pleasure dissolved the world around him until nothing existed besides his beautiful lover. The deep ache of longing he had felt was gone and he was filled with joy and love as passion roared through his soul.

Wrapping his legs and arms tighter around Jim, Blair felt all his worries and self consciousness fall away and he gave himself over to the pleasure. Electric tingles washed over him and love and lust swirled within him. Caught in the beauty of the moment, he matched movements with Jim without a thought as they sped up the tempo. The exquisite pleasure built up inside him to unbearable levels and he knew he was going to cum.

One final thrust and Blair was there. His toes curled up from the sensation of another double orgasm. Once again, his thick cock spurted his seed in long streams and his vaginal muscles clamped down on Jim's shaft, sucking on it and milking it. With a shudder and a soft cry of pleasure, Jim thrust deeply into him and came. Blair could feel the hot semen splash against the walls of his throbbing vagina and he shuddered again, his body trying to climax once again.

With a final gasp and a trembling that encompassed his whole body, Jim carefully lowered himself on top of Blair. He clung tightly to his lover, panting breaths escaping between kiss swollen lips.

"God, I love you. I love you so much. So very, very much."

"Love you too Jim, more than anything."

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Chapter 3 by Scorpio

~one month later~

Jim made another adjustment on the grain-harvester he was working on and then reached back to get a different tool out of the metal box lying between himself and Henri Brown. The big black man was in the middle of one of his favorite ranks. It was also one that only Jim and Simon Banks were privy too. It all boiled down to his concern and growing love for his one time partner and now dearest friend, Brian Rafe.

Once the initial shock of the unannounced gender reassignment surgery that had transformed half of the planet's Terran population into hermaphrodites had worn off, it had quickly become general knowledge that the Prantellian overlords had definite ideas about how the population should grow. Each of the surgically altered members of the project were expected to become pregnant within a year. If they didn't conceive, then they and their chosen mate were tested for infertility. They were then to be given another six months. After that, if they still weren't carrying a child, they would be randomly mated with a proven fertile male.

Rafe had come back from the surgery in a near panic that he would be physically assaulted, a legacy of working too many rape cases on the Cascade Police Force. To help soothe his partners nerves and to intimidate the many interested men on the farming planet, Henri had gone out of his way to make it perfectly clear that Brian Rafe was his lover and that anyone who tried to change that would face the combined wrath of the former members of Major Crimes.

While this worked for getting the other slaves to kept a respectful distance from Rafe, it was slowly wearing on Henri. His jealous boyfriend act was slowly changing into the real thing. Jim figured it was a combination of a strong libido that had been forcefully suppressed for almost four years mingled with a deep abiding friendship and true concern. Little by little, Henri was falling in love with Brian.

And Rafe was still uncertain and slightly freaked out about the surgery. He had, undoubtedly, the largest breasts of anyone in their particular sector of the planet and he was very self-conscious about it. Once an outgoing and flirtatious man, he had become shy and quiet, almost withdrawn. He also knew, both from overhearing it through the thin Barracks walls and from conversations with Henri, that Brian often curled up in his best friends arms at night and cried himself to sleep.

Henri was worried that if Rafe didn't adjust, that eventually, the Prantellians would take him away and force a mating on him. That would undoubtedly break what was left of Brian's spirit. The thing was, Henri had already accepted Brian as his mate, both publicly as well as deep in his heart. He wanted this to work out.

"Look H, I think you're doing the right things so far. You gotta give him the time he needs to get everything straight in his head. So far, of all the guys that went through the surgery, only half of them have come to terms with it yet. You know that."

Jim slid out from under the greasy machinery and briefly squeezed his friends shoulder.

"Brian has been talking with Blair a lot lately. Hell, ever since they came back from deep space. I'm telling you, he will come around. He's doing much better now then he did even two weeks ago."

"Yeah,... I guess you're right about that. I thought he was going to die from embarrassment when he got his period. I tried to tell him that was a good thing, that it meant that everything went well with the surgery and that he was in perfect health, but he was so upset I don't think he heard me."

Jim nodded his head. He remembered Brian's erratic mood swings very clearly. However, the bruise had healed quickly and Rafe was apologetic afterwards. Jim had never realized just how hard Brian could punch until then. Shaking his head to clear his thoughts, Jim turned back to his long time friend.

"I think part of Brian's problem is that he really is starting to feel for you and he thinks that you're just pretending, to keep the others off his back. I think he's afraid that you'll get rid of him if you find out how he really feels."

A spark of hope flared within Henri's dark eyes and a quick grin crossed his face.

"Really?"

"Yeah. Send out a few signals,... in private, that way he knows it's not just for show. Then see how he reacts. If he's ready, he'll let you know."

Henri nodded his head, lost in thought. Patting his friend on his shoulder once more, Jim slid back under the huge machine again. All personal problems aside, they still had to get this thing operational by the end of the week.

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Jim turned off the water, stepped out of the shower stall and grabbed his towel. Drying himself off, he turned up the dials on his hearing slightly to see if Blair was home yet. Instead, his ears got distracted by the sound of Simon and Daryl talking in the dinning hall.

Apparently, Daryl was interested in a young man about his age that was living in Terran Barrack 5297-G. Both he and his father were well aware that he only had a year to find a mate and get pregnant or suffer a forced mating. Conversations like these were pretty common around the settlement lately.

The young man in question was also unmated, of Asian decent and shared a room with his elderly uncle. He, like Daryl, was assigned to the Frunto Tree Orchard. It seems that Daryl wanted Simon to meet his friend and his friends uncle.

Jim winced inwardly at the tough position that Simon was in. How do you advise your nineteen year old son on choosing a father for the child he has to give birth to?

Deliberately turning down his hearing, Jim finished drying himself and wrapped his robe around his body. Slinging the towel over one shoulder, he opened the door to the tiny hallway beyond. Turning away from the dinning hall, he went up the stairs to his and Blair's room.

With his hearing dialed down, Jim was unaware that Blair had come home already and was waiting for him. Upon opening the door, he was assaulted by one hundred and fifty plus pounds of grinning and hugging anthropologist. Jim smiled at his energetic double armful of excited Blair and picked him up and carried him across the small room to the bed.

"Whoa Chief. What's got you so wound up? Someone slip you a happy pill or something? Just this morning you were complaining of having a stomach ache and demanding that everyone stop eating, and I quote, `stinky food'. What changed all that?"

"Jim... I... Sit down lover."

Jim watched as Blair practically bounced with happiness and slid over to make room on the soft comforter covered bed. Tucking a leg up under himself, Jim sank down next to his grinning-like-an-idiot, mate.

"Well?"

"Jim... I'm pregnant."

For a brief moment, shock and confusion swirled through his mind as he hurriedly tried to process this bit of information. The wheels in his head spinning madly, he tried to express his thoughts eloquently.

"What?"

Blair grinned even harder.

"I said, I'm pregnant. That's why I've been feeling a bit under the weather lately. I'm not sick,... well, morning sickness, but... I'm with child, in the family way. You know. You're going to be a Daddy."

Jim felt his jaw drop. Intellectually, he had known all along that Blair was going to get pregnant and that he himself was going to be the one to do it. There was no way that Jim was going to let the Prantellians take his mate away for some stranger to impregnate. But,... it was still a bit of a shock. They had only been trying for a month.

Suddenly, the information hit home. He was going to be a Daddy. Him. Jim Ellison. A Daddy. He couldn't help the big goofy smile that threatened to split his head wide open. Grinning like a fool, Jim reached out and grabbed Blair. Pulling him to his chest tightly, he wrapped his arms around his Guide and buried his face in the soft auburn curls he loved so much.

"Blair, oh God Blair. A baby. We're going to have a baby."

"I love you so much Jim. So very, very much."

"Me too Chief. Me too."

They hadn't said anything to their friends and Barrack-mates over dinner. Blair wanted to keep the news of his pregnancy just between them for a little while. Jim didn't think it was because he was embarrassed, but more because Blair enjoyed the intimacy of such a personal and emotional secret. So, even though Jim wanted to shout it out at the top of his lungs, he kept it to himself.

He was fairly certain that everyone noticed their strange behavior. All through dinner, Blair had this soft, dreamy look on his face and he kept making 'moon-eyes' across the table at him. Jim was also pretty sure that he was just as obvious. He knew that he was fluctuating from looking like a stunned ox and grinning like a love struck fool.

After the meal was finished and the mess cleared away, the men of Terran Barrack 3247-R all gathered in the recreation facility to watch the nightly Terran broad-cast. The Prantellian overlords showed a recording of Terran culture at the same time every night. Sometimes it was a movie, sometimes a musical concert, sometimes it was a series of short sit-coms and sometimes it was a documentary.

Tonight, they were showing a movie filmed after the invasion, as were **all** approved entertainment. It was starring B. A. Young, one of Jim's favorite actors. Claiming his usual spot on the cushioned viewing area, Jim pulled Blair down to sit between his thighs with his back resting against Jim's chest. Wrapping his arms around his Guide, he gently stroked the flat tummy that held the spark of life quickly forming into an embryo.

The film, like all the Prantellian approved movies, music, and literature, was propaganda, pure and simple. It was about a man who fell in love with a surgically altered hermaphrodite, then courted and won his love, got promoted to foreman of his work crew and had a beautiful child. Normally, Blair's anthropologist mind would pick apart the films as he pointed out the subtle and not-so-subtle attempts to influence the Terrans. Tonight, Jim wasn't the only one to notice that Blair's usually humorous commentary had been replaced by an emotional connection to the characters. Especially the pregnant hermaphrodite.

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Chapter 4 by Scorpio

The next morning found Blair being excused from his duties checking for and then removing weeds and foreign plants from the fields for the compost heap. Instead, he found that he was expected at the Med-Lab for a battery of tests and examinations. It shouldn't have surprised him. He was the fourth person to become pregnant since the gender realignment surgery a month ago, and in each case, the expecting hermaphrodite was subjected to medical exams the day after his condition was discovered

Making his way across the compound, Blair sighed. He had wanted this to be a secret shared between him and his beloved Sentinel, but there was no way that this would stay under wraps for long. Oh, he wasn't worried about being shunned as some abnormality or being treated harshly or unfairly. On the contrary, until the Prantellians had come up with this method for Terran reproduction, it had been the belief of all the slaves that the Terran race was doomed to die out forever. Now that was not the case. Many people saw this as nothing short of a miracle and most of the Terrans **wanted** children very badly. When one of the hermaphrodites became pregnant, he usually found himself being prized and cherished by all concerned.

While Blair had no problem with sharing this event with the fifty-odd Terrans posted here on this particular Farm, he had hoped for it to be just between he and Jim a little longer. A small smile graced his face as he realized that it sounded almost superstitious. With a quiet chuckle and a soft shake of his head, Blair stepped into the Med-Lab.

In the front waiting room there was a young Terran male who had been a first year medical

student behind the main desk and an armed Stragillon Guard over at the security station. Walking over to the guard first, Blair held out his left arm and held it steady while the Guard scanned the Prantellian computer chip implanted under the skin on the back of his hand. A medium sized screen on the wall behind the security desk and the small desk-style screen on the main desk came to life.

The display screens were divided in half. The left half showed two pictures of Blair. A three dimensional rotating close up of his head and face at the top and a three dimensional rotating full body picture on the bottom. On the right side of the screen, was a summarized record of who he was. His basic information was on the top and his accomplishments and qualifications were listed directly below that. There was a code assigned to him, and everyone else, which told the guards how dangerous he was considered to be. Below that was his capture date and duty listings. Because this was a Med-Lad, the scan also pulled up a complete copy of his medical record that was listed below everything else.

The guard entered in data concerning today's date and that the visit was previously scheduled and Blair had come willingly, without threat, coercion, or force. Glancing over the record some more, the vaguely insectoid creature looked up at him with it's crystalline eyes and graced him with it's race's version of a smile.

"Terran number 32245-L-51-X28 assigned to Farming Planet J2X83, born Blair Jacob Sandburg of Earth. Congratulations on your first youngling incubation period. Do you know who the sire of your child is? You have no record of listing his name or number, do you require a DNA screening of possible candidates?"

Blair blinked for a second. This question was unexpected and threw him for a moment. When he answered, he returned the guards 'smile'.

"No need for a DNA screening,... unless that is required procedure. I know who the father is. Terran number 89566-P-73-K62, born James Joseph Ellison of Earth."

The Stragillon Guard entered the data into his console and then his screen divided again. The top half held Blair's record and the bottom half held Jim's. The guard glanced over Jim's records and a slight 'frown' appeared on it's scaled face. A quick look at the screen showed the strange alien codes and markings throughout his lovers file that labeled him as a dangerous Terran. One who needed continuous watching to prevent escape or rebellion. Blair suppressed his urge to grin. Jim and he had both been at the center of many uprisings and rebellions and so they both had 'red flags' on their records, but Jim had been labeled as a Terran Warrior Class Slave long ago.

After punching in some data onto Jim's record as well and forwarding that to the maintenance and repair center where Jim was assigned, the guard waved Blair over to the young Terran waiting patiently.

The young man was humming softly and doing paperwork. Blair wasn't sure what his name or Terran number was, but he had seen him several times before and knew that everyone simply called him Tokyo. He was the only person of pure Japanese descent at this Farm and Tokyo was where he'd been born and lived up until the invasion. He didn't mind the nick-name, he said it honored *all* of his countryman to keep the city's name alive. Blair liked him.

"Welcome Blair. Many tests for you today. Doctor Wallace and Mike are waiting for you. Here,... fill this out and then I'll take you to them, yes?"

"Sure thing Tokyo."

Blair smiled and took the portable LTD screen and electronic stylus. Turning away, he went to sit

in one of the green padded chairs so he could fill out the questionnaire. Mentally rolling his eyes, he figured he could give up on keeping his pregnancy a secret for several reasons. First, when the Stragillon Guard entered Blair's declaration of patrimony into Jim's records and then forwarded the information to the maintenance and repair center, the guard there would have called Jim over to have the new data scanned onto his own imbedded Prantellian computer chip. Hence, everyone in maintenance and repairs was currently congratulating Jim on his impending fatherhood. Two, Mike was not only an E.M.T. from Earth, he was the doctors assistant here on the Farm. He was also one of Blair's Barrack-mates. Yep,... the news would spread fast now.

With a soft sigh, Blair bent to his task and answered the list of questions as best as he could. He blushed at many of them and had a brief moment of sympathy for all the women who had gone through this for untold years without question. When was his last period? When was his last ovulation? How frequently did he have vaginal sex? With how many partners and with who? Did his breasts ache? Itch? Feel hot? Swollen? Did he have problems sleeping? Urinating? Eating? Having intercourse? Did he experience any unusual cravings for food? Exercise? Water? Salt? Sex?

They went on and on. Blair blushed and answered, blushed and answered some more. Some of the questions seemed a little personal to Blair, but he figured that they were still learning about Hermaphrodites and how they reproduce, how pregnancy effects them, so... Still, he didn't think he wanted to go into too much detail about his sex life with Jim. He honestly felt that Dr. Wallace, no matter how nice he was, didn't need to know that this morning, before their duty shifts had started, Blair had been straddling Jim and riding his thick cock, shouting 'Jim, Jim, oh more, more, Jim oh fuck me, Jim please!'. Nor did the kindly Dr. Wallace need to know that two days before, it had been Jim straddling Blair while begging to be taken harder and faster.

Finally finishing the electronic medical form, Blair rose from his chair and walked back over to Tokyo. Flashing him a sheepish smile, Blair handed over the paper sized LTD screen. Tokyo stood up and led Blair through an archway into the corridor beyond.

Blair followed the young Japanese Terran into examination room ML3. Tokyo handed him a familiar style, thin paper, open-backed gown. Taking the offensive garment, he grimaced.

"So, does Dr. Wallace want it open to the front or the back?"

Tokyo grinned at the resigned tone of Blairs voice.

"The front. Sorry."

Blair shrugged and then grinned back.

"Don't worry. It's no fun either way."

Toyko chuckled slightly and then turned to the metal cabinet against the far wall. Opening it up, the young man quickly retrieved a vacuum tube and a plastic vacutainer with a 21 gauge double ended needle. Blair sighed. He hated having blood drawn. However, Tokyo was surprisingly gentle. He tied the rubber strip around Blairs arm to restrict the blood flow, and then inserted the needle of the vacutainer into Blairs vein before he cold blink. He placed the vacuum tube in place with a quiet snap and it quickly filled with blood. Blair, who was admittedly shy of needles, didn't even have time to do his usual routine of flinch and wince before it was over and Tokyo was placing the sample in the refrigerated storage unit.

Tokyo reached into the cabinet and pulled out two small, sterile plastic containers with air-tight lids. Turning, he handed them over to Blair and pointed to the small bathroom off to the side.

"Two urine samples. You know the drill."

The two Terrans, one male and one hermaphrodite, shared a shrug and a grin. Taking the plastic containers, Blair made his way into the cramped bathroom. That was one of the things about the Prantellian gender alteration surgery that had a lot of the Terrans baffled. The Prantellians had kept the female reproductive organs as intact as they possibly could when they transplanted them into male hosts. And in keeping with that thought, they also transplanted the female version of urine elimination. As such, hermaphrodites could go pee through their male organs as well as the female organs at will. Thus, two urine samples,... one standing up, and one sitting down. The only real useful thing about it was that it solved the problem of having to go pee while having a hard-on.

Finished, Blair went back into the exam room and placed the cups on the table below the cabinet for Tokyo. Going over to the specially designed exam table, Blair climbed up and tried to get comfortable in the chilly room with little covering over his body. The time he had spent at the deep-space station had forever cured him of any body shyness, but it *was* a bit cool in the Med-Lab and that said a lot. It was no secret that the powerful gaseous drug used to subdue the entire planet of Earth had altered *all* Terrans until they were hardly effected by changes in Temperature. After a quick thought though, Blair figured the temperature was deliberately kept low enough to make the occasional Mytillese visitor uncomfortable. The Mytillese were a furred race of slaves that had an innate sense of dislike for Terrans. No one was certain as to why though.

Blair's wandering thoughts were pulled back to the present by Tokyo and Mike entering the room, each pushing a metal cart filled with computerized diagnostic tools and scanners. The two medical personnel spent several moments setting everything up and speaking to each other in incomprehensible medical jargon. Finally, Mike turned and smiled at him.

"Okay Blair. Tokyo's going to take the samples of blood and urine that you gave us and do some tests on them back in the lab while I run a couple of scans on you. After that, Dr. Wallace will be in to give you the physical exam and answer any questions you might have. Okay?"

"Yeah, sure thing man. How did you need me arranged on the table?"

Mike grinned and walked over to arrange his body parts the way they needed to be for the first scan while Tokyo collected the specimens and quietly left the room. Once he was finally situated to Mike's satisfaction, the E.M.T. picked up a basic medical scanner and turned it on. Walking over to Blair, he aimed it at him and pressed a button. A faint blue glow emanated from the scanner and ran over his body twice. Satisfied with the data, Mike transferred it into the computer on the second cart.

"So, Blair... when were you planning on telling us about the big news? Hummm?"

Blair rolled his eyes at his friend and grinned, prepared for a full, but friendly interrogation. Taking a deep breath, Blair began to tell Mike about all the symptoms that had led to his going to visit Dr. Wallace the day before.

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Chapter 5 by Scorpio

~~~one month later~~~

Henri lay awake in the pre-dawn morning stillness absorbing the wonderful sensation of having a sleeping Brian Rafe in his arms. Brian's head was pillowed on his shoulder and the softly snoring hermaphrodite was draped half-on and half-off of him.

Henri adored the feel of his best friend's warm skin pressed against his own. He cherished the heavy weight of Brian's thigh tucked between his knees, and the firm globes of his breasts squashed against Henri's ribs were contact points of lovely heat. Soft wuffs of breath tickled

across his neck.

Henri was amazed at the depths of his feelings for the shy and sexually timid hermaphrodite sleeping gently in his arms. He was in love, felt total devotion, and he freely admitted it. While he wanted to take this relationship as far as he possibly could, he was privately amazed that it had gone as far as it had.

It was now two months since Brian had returned from the deep-space station where he had been subjected to the forced gender reassignment surgery. Two months since he had publicly announced to the slave compound that Brian was \*his\* mate and thus strictly off limits. It had only been three weeks since he had privately confronted Brian with his changing feelings and growing love for the man.

Henri had been very nervous broaching the subject with his best friend. Brian, like a lot of the hermaphrodites, was not comfortable with what had been done to him against his will. Due to this, Henri had expected Brian to be upset by his declaration of love and to reject him outright. Instead, he had admitted to having feelings for Henri as well.

Even so, they had both agreed to go slow and to give themselves time to adjust to their changing relationship. They were both becoming better at giving and receiving public displays of affection. As for private affection, well, they were slowly but surely exploring more ways to enjoy each others bodies.

So far, they had shared soul searing kisses and had tasted the salt of each others sweat and tears. Heavy petting and fondling had evolved into humping and rubbing against each other as well as mutual hand-jobs. Brian said he wasn't ready for oral sex, but Henri knew his lover well enough to know that he would soon change his mind on that.

However, Brian was still adamant that his female genitalia was off limits. Henri didn't push that point at all. There was time for that later. He didn't want to do anything that would destroy the trust and love between them or ruin the small, but growing, confidence and enjoyment Brian was learning to have with his altered body.

No. Henri vowed to himself that he wouldn't pressure Brian about that unless they got too close to the Prantellian imposed deadline for pregnancy. They had ten months until a forced breeding program would be implemented, and even then they would give them another six months to try it as a couple. Plenty of time yet to let this part of their growing relationship progress at a more natural and gentle pace. Brian needed it to be that way and Henri wanted Brian to be happy and secure.

Carefully pulling his love into a tighter embrace, Henri closed his eyes and sighed peacefully. Snuggling into the warmth of the blankets and Brian's love, he dozed off once again, a sweet smile on his lips.

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Simon Banks couldn't help but smile across the table at the older man across from him. Chin Lee was a good man, with strong morals and a strangely gentle heart. His nephew, Kevin, was like him in many ways. Younger. More energetic. And hopelessly smitten with Daryl.

The two boys, Kevin and Daryl, had been fast friends ever since the Prantellians had dumped them on Farming Planet J2X83 and assigned them to the same slave compound and then again to the same duties in the orchard. Daryl had always suspected Kevin of having a bit of a crush on him, but he had figured it was just because Daryl was one of the few Terrans close to his age, and out of all of them, he was the strongest and best educated. A new best friend who was afflicted with a bit of hero-worship had done wonders for Daryl's self-confidence after they had

settled into their new lives as property of the Empire.

Now, the two boys were planning to become mates in fulfillment of the Prantellian demand that all hermaphrodites become pregnant with offspring within one Earth year. Daryl had been one of the 'chosen' ones, and as such, he needed a sire for his children. He had decided that the only one he wanted to do this with was Kevin.

Daryl had confided to Simon that he was frightened of the whole idea of being the receptive partner in a sexual relationship. Simon could easily understand that. He knew that in Daryl's place, he would be frightened and off-balance as well. When Simon had stopped to think about it, really think about it, he decided that it was an act that would require extreme trust and faith that your partner would not hurt you. Physically or emotionally. It was a form of surrender, of acceptance. Simon didn't know if he could have done it.

With Kevin, however, it was different. Daryl trusted his friend and knew that Kevin would never do anything to hurt or alienate him. It was a combination of things really. First of all, Daryl was larger, taller, and stronger than Kevin, so he could not be easily overpowered. Secondly, Kevin was a gentle person at heart. There wasn't a need for violence or inflicting harm within him. Mostly, it was the fact that Kevin *loved* Daryl. It was like a light shining in his eyes whenever he saw the older boy.

It was obvious to anyone who saw the two together. Kevin hung on Daryl's every word as if it were the most important thing anyone had ever uttered. He went out of his way to do nice and romantic things for Daryl and always treated him with the utmost respect. Everyone that saw them couldn't help but smile at the picture they made.

And that is what led Simon to be sitting here with Chin Lee, Kevin's uncle. The older man had no objection to the match, in fact, he seemed quite pleased with it. He did, however, insist that they be given a ceremony. He didn't want his nephew in a relationship that had not been blessed. So, Simon Banks was trying to help put together the first marriage ceremony held on Farming Planet J2X83 for two Terrans.

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Blair knelt down in the dirt between two rows of pale yellow Crant'su plants that produced an edible root that was quite tasty. A woven grass hat that Jim had made him was perched on his head and a basket half-full of weeds sat before him. Being careful not to damage the delicate plant, Blair dug at the weed growing next to it. Bantho vines had to be removed as soon as they were spotted or they would eventually strangle the roots of the nearest plants. Crant'su roots were far too valuable to lose them to Bantho vines.

Slowly, steadily, Blair worked his way up and down the rows, gathering vines and weeds for the compost heap. His fellow Terran workers often stopped to talk to him when their duties brought them within speaking distance. Blair had to grin. He had always been popular because of his 'storytelling' abilities as well as the vast number of stories about the various peoples of Earth and how they had lived, but now his popularity was at it's all time high.

Blair was one of only nine pregnant hermaphrodites on the compound. That number was steadily growing, but for now it was still a miracle of modern science and a thrill to know that the Terran race would *not* die out. Everyone went out of their way to keep check on the 'pregnant ones' to be sure that they did not overwork themselves into a bout of sunstroke or something equally detrimental to the unborn child's health.

At one month pregnant, Blair still couldn't feel the baby growing within him, but his lover could. Jim was fascinated by it. And truth be known, so was Blair. He loved to watch the absolute look of delight settle on his Sentinel's face as he held his palm over Blair's stomach. Jim's eyes would

close at first, his concentration evident, and then he would find their child with his sensitive touch and those bright blue eyes would pop open in surprised joy. His features would soften into a look of awe and reverence, and then he would look up into Blair's eyes and Blair would find himself falling in love all over again.

With a soft sigh of happiness, Blair picked up his basket of weeds and moved on to the next row of Crant'su plants. Kneeling down in the dirt once more, Blair shielded his eyes from the harsh sun by shifting his hand woven grass hat lower on his head. Peering through squinted eyes, he could just make out the vague outline of the Maintenance Center. Imagining his lovers strong muscled body gleaming with sweat and streaked with Kloxtan Grease 10w, Blair grinned.

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Chapter 6 by Scorpio

~~~one month later~~~

With a gentle smile on his handsome face, Jim watched as Blair got dressed in his best clothes and donned his best handmade jewelry. As a Shaman, Blair was the closest thing to Terran clergy on Farming Planet J2X83, and because of that, Daryl had asked Blair to perform the ceremony of his marriage to Kevin Lee. To say that Blair had been thrilled and honored was a major understatement.

Blair had thrown himself into the idea with all of his generous and compassionate heart. He had taken the time to sit down and discuss it with Simon and Chin, then he had sat down and talked about it with Daryl and Kevin. Blair knew quite a bit about both of the boys traditional cultures, but had made sure that everyone understood that he was not, and had never been recognized by those cultures to perform religious ceremonies. He also, with help from Jim, explained about the Chopec and what it meant to be one of their Shaman's.

After much discussion, they had arrived at a solution of sorts. The ceremony would combine elements of both Daryl's and Kevin's cultures, but the main vows and blessings would be Chopec in nature. Different people had been invited to participate, to perform specific functions. Everyone else on the compound had been invited to be witnesses and celebrants. The Prantellian overlords had, oddly enough, been pleased with the concept and had granted a full day release from work duties to all those who would be in the ceremony, and a half days work to those who would attend as witnesses.

Once word had gotten around about Daryl's wedding and especially about Blair's status as a tribally recognized Chopec Shaman, many other weddings and ceremonies were planned. This trend became even more apparent once the Prantellians gave their approval and recognized Blair as an official religious personage. Almost over night, Blair had found himself to be the Shaman of the entire compound. His duties in the fields have been cut back, as he was now expected to care for the spiritual well being and morals of the Terrans on the farm.

After a day or two of bouncing between exuberant excitement and panicked terror, Blair had settled into his new role with the compassion and determination to succeed that he had always shown. Jim was proud of him. He knew that it was a lot of responsibility to drop on one man's shoulders, but Jim was positive that Blair was strong enough and smart enough, to not just do it, but do it astonishingly well. And tonight was Blair's first public ceremony as Shaman.

Jim looked over to see that his beloved Guide was finished dressing. Blair wore a loose fitting blue jumpsuit, just like everyone else. However, in his role of Shaman, he also wore a thin white, knee length vest that had silver and blue symbols embroidered on it. Blair had hand sewn the symbols himself. He had chosen to decorate the bottom edge of his 'robes' with small symbols of the many different cultures that he was familiar with. The twin edges that ran up his front held larger symbols for the elements and the spirit guides. These were interwoven with a flowering planet to represent growth and prosperity. Over his heart was the symbol of the Chopec.

The Chopec normally paint their faces with red ochre, symbolizing the sacred blood of the Earth. Farming Planet J2X83 did not produce red ochre, however, Blair found a suitable substitute that was found naturally on their new world. When ground to a powder and then mixed with water, it produced a bright yellow paint.

Jim took the bowl of yellow paint and carefully painted the mask of the Spirit World on his Guides beautiful face. Once done, he turned to the small mirror in their bedroom and painted his face with the ancient mask of the Sentinel. After Blair had mixed up some more of the paint, Jim carefully kissed his beloved without smearing either of their painted faces, then walked out of the room and down the hall.

Knocking on Simon's door, he found his former Captain and his son putting on the finishing touches of their clothes. Both wore their blue jumpsuits, but Daryl, as one of the grooms, had a white sash over one shoulder that crossed his chest and back to meet at his left hip. It too was decorated with symbols, though not nearly as many as Blair's vest.

Both of them smiled at Jim as he walked into their room. Both seemed nervous, but Daryl looked ready to climb the walls. Jim smiled at the display of cold feet.

"Hey Jim. Come to paint our faces?"

Simon seemed almost grateful for the distraction. Jim's smile grew wider.

"Yep. Who's first?"

After taking a searching glance at his pacing son, Simon made a quick decision.

"Why don't you decorate Daryl first, then you can do me? You can explain what the paint all means while you're doing it. Okay?"

Jim read between the words loud and clear. Distract Daryl. Get his mind focused on something. Anything. Jim and Blair had already explained about the painted masks and how they are meant to represent an archetype. The ideal or best of what one could be. After Jim was done here, he'd go across the compound to paint the faces of Chin and Kevin Lee as well. Still, if this is what it took to keep Daryl from pacing a hole through the floor, so be it.

"Sure thing Simon. Come on over here Daryl. Sit down and we'll get you painted up right."

Looking like he was about to run off in ten directions at once, Daryl made his way over to the chair and sat in front of Jim. Carefully, Jim began to paint as he quietly re-told the story of the ancient Chopec spirit that grants fertility and offers protection to all children.

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Brian Rafe stood back and gazed into his lovers face. Three bright yellow lines had been painted across his forehead to symbolize his status as a warrior. The single line that ran down his forehead, nose and chin was meant to represent that he was a veteran warrior who had fought many battles with the enemy and had spilled blood in the defense of the tribe. At first, Rafe hadn't understood why Jim had chosen to decorate the gentle man he loved as such, but then Jim had told him that the Chopec considered cops to be equivalent to tribal warriors or hunters, so it was very appropriate. In his secret heart of hearts, he thought it made Henri look even sexier than normal. He didn't actually think that was possible until Jim had painted his face.

All of the wedding party was in place and the witnesses were starting to show up at the small open field that the ceremony was being performed in. With one last quick kiss to his lovers cheek, Brian turned and made his way over to the front row of the witnesses on Daryl's side of the

audience. He was very aware that it was the side that was traditionally reserved for the family and friends of the 'bride'. Brian tried not to think too hard on how he felt about that. If he did, he'd have to face the fact that as a hermaphrodite, he would be considered a 'bride' as well.

To keep such thoughts as far from his mind as possible, Brian deliberately turned his attention to finding Mike and Doc, two of his Barracks-mates. Mike was an E.M.T. from Cascade and was currently working at the Med-Lab here on Farming Planet J2X83 and Doc was a Veterinarian that was assigned to care for all of the common Earth housecats and the slightly larger and very cuddly Bromisis, which was a ferret-like animal imported from Corris Prime. Both were excellent at hunting and catching the small rodent and reptile type creatures that threatened the plants harvested here.

Finding his friends quickly, Brian made his way over to them. They immediately made room for him at the front of the throng of wedding goers and Doc handed over the woven basket of wildflowers that he had been holding for Brian. After the ceremony, the audience was supposed to throw the hastily gathered blooms and throw them at the couple. He barely had time to thank the older man for watching them when Blair and Jim walked to the center of the main area reserved for the actual marriage. In bits and pieces, all the surrounding conversation died away.

Blair started things off by saying a few words in Chopec. For all Brian knew, it could have been a benediction or a curse. Since he found himself relaxing and smiling at his elaborately painted and decorated friends, he chose to believe it was a blessing over them all. Switching back to the broken mixture of Prantellian and English that most of the Terrans on the compound used, Blair began to explain that Jim was the Terrans 'Sentinel', whatever \*that\* was, although, when Brian stopped to think about it, it was an oddly familiar term that made him think about the time before Blair had joined the Department... Hmmmm?

Anyway, Blair went on to say that as our tribal Guardian, Jim was duty bound to watch out for and protect us during this holy ritual and beyond. Then, Jim stepped forward, announced that he approved of the joining of souls that we were there to witness and would protect their rights to become one family, instead of two. Brian suppressed a quick smile. Jim's expression made it clear that he really would fight anyone who challenged that right.

Jim stepped back to stand slightly behind and to the right of the new Shaman. No, Brian corrected himself, Blair had been a Shaman for a long time, it was just \*now\* that it had become public knowledge. A quick nod from Blair and a steady drumming sound arose from the back section. Looking up and around over the other slave's heads showed him that it was the entire gang who worked the Frunto Tree Orchards where Daryl and Kevin had met that was making the 'music'.

At that cue, Chin Lee escorted his nephew Kevin down the aisle between the two separate groups of witnesses. Once they reached the small area near Blair, Chin turned to face the audience. With grave dignity, he formally introduced Kevin Lee and recited his lineage for four generations. He then asked his ancestors to smile on the couple and bless them with another generation to come. The older man then lit one of the three candles up there to signify the burning light that was his family's honor. As different as it was to Brian and his knowledge of weddings, he found it oddly beautiful and romantic.

The drummers suddenly skipped a double beat and then began up again in the same precise measure as before. Turning to the back again, Brian watched as Simon escorted Daryl down the aisle as well. Once at the front, Simon also introduced Daryl and then called upon \*their\* family ancestors and recited Daryl's lineage. Then, he too, lit a candle to signify the Banks family honor.

Blair spoke a few words in Chopec and made a few broad sweeping gestures. Even though Brian \*still\* didn't understand the language, he knew that it was a blessing. Switching back to the Prantellian/English mix that had, over the years of enslavement become the standard language

of the compound, Blair spoke briefly about the need to cherish, honor, and support your partner in all things. He spoke of the desperate need for Terran children, and how the greatest gift that one could give a child was a loving family and strong community.

It was then that his lover Henri and another man called S.K., which was short for Samuel Kim, stepped forward. S.K.'s face was also decorated with yellow paint, but not in the warrior's mask that Henri wore. Brian wasn't sure what his mask signified, but made note to ask someone later. For now, he just watched and listened.

S.K. pronounced himself to be a long-time friend of the Lee family and asserted that Kevin was of suitable age and was worthy in both spirit and flesh to be wed. He also stated that any who felt that this was not true would have to face him, as he would champion Kevin and the Lee clan.

After S.K. had moved over to stand behind Chin Lee, Henri stepped forward. Brian felt his heart flutter briefly as he watched his beautiful lover. He had always been aware of Henri's good looks in an academic sort of way and he never doubted for a moment his partner's strength and fiercely loyal soul. He simply couldn't have been his permanent partner on the Police Force if he didn't have complete and total faith in him. But now, he could also see him as a lover and mate, a necessary and permanent part of his own future. It was a thrilling and often frightening thing, but at that very moment, Brian wanted to shout it at the top of his lungs. After a small internal battle, he decided to remain quiet.

With half his mind contemplating this sudden desire to ask Henri to marry him at some point in the near future, he listened as his lover swore to Daryl's worthiness to take marriage vows with Kevin Lee and then promise to do physical harm to anyone who said differently. Glaring around to make his point known, Henri then walked over to stand with the Banks clan as their personal champion.

Blair then spoke in Chopec to call upon the Spirits to bestow their blessings on the union and watch over them and any children they might have. Then Blair asked the two grooms to exchange vows of devotion to each other.

Brian found himself nearly reduced to tears. It was so simple and yet so touchingly beautiful. Kevin spoke of how much he loved and cherished Daryl. You could easily see it in his eyes that he practically worshipped the ground Daryl walked on. Daryl spoke of trust, faith and the need to believe in the kindness of a person's heart. He stated he had found all of that in Kevin. Then, as one, the two grooms lit the final candle from the separate family candles to signify that the two had joined to become one.

The two men then exchanged handmade jewelry. Kevin had carved Daryl a wooden bracelet and Daryl had fashioned a necklace from some polished stones that he had found. With a final blessing from Blair, the two kissed.

Jim was the first to officially welcome their new family to the tribe and pledged to protect them as well as any offspring they might have in his role as 'Sentinel'. It was a nice show of solidarity and strength to end the ceremony, but once again, Brian's mind clung to that word. Sentinel... Why was it so familiar?

Brian was pulled from his musing by the crowd around him erupting in cheers. Quickly getting himself back into the swing of things, he drew out a handful of wildflowers and tossed it at the only officially married couple on the plantation. Suddenly, he caught Simon's shining eyes and he winked. Laughing softly, Brian realized that he felt wonderful. For someone who had been suffering for months from depression, you couldn't have beat the smile off his face.

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The reception party was going amazingly well. While no one had seen a single drop of 'real' alcohol since the invasion, there *were* stills making hooch from various plants grown on the farm. Usually the Stragillon guards were strict about the consumption of what they called "skl'tar", but they made a point of looking the other way during the celebration. All in all, it was a festive evening.

Simon was congratulated numerous times. He was sure he was going to have a sore spot on his back from the number of people who happily thumped him there while spouting drunken speeches of well wishes and hopes for the future. Even Rafe, who was normally so quiet and reserved was enthusiastically dancing across the open bonfire lit field with Henri.

Going back to the side tables that were laden with food to grab just one more little nibble, Simon came across Jim and Blair. The younger man was slowly rubbing his still flat tummy and talking with someone about who knows what while Jim just watched him with a heart-warming goofy look of happiness on his face.

Slowly making his way over to them, he caught Jim's attention. Leaning down to whisper briefly in Blair's ear, he gently extricated himself from his lover and stepped around the excited gathering to Simon's side.

"Hey Simon. Congratulations about Daryl and Kevin. They make a good couple and I'm sure that before you know it you'll be talked into baby-sitting duty."

Simon couldn't help it. His smile grew wider at the thought of a grandchild to hold in his arms. For the longest time, he had thought that Daryl was to be the last Banks to ever be born. Now, that horrible future would not come to pass.

"Yeah. It was a lovely ceremony. Blair did a good job."

Simon chuckled at the automatic softening of Jim's face at the mere mention of his Guide and the way he quickly glanced around to run his eyes over the smaller, curly-haired man.

"You know Simon, Daryl looks to have the honor to be the first of many. So far, seven people have asked Blair to marry them. And they want to use the ceremony that you, Chin and Blair devised. Thanks to you guys, a new tradition has been born."

Simon let that thought wash over him. While he would prefer to be able to be home on Earth and back to the life he had always assumed would be his, he knew that would never happen. It would be generations before the Terrans would be even close to their previous strength, let alone strong enough to overthrow the Prantellians. Still, it was a wonderful feeling to know he had helped create a tradition that would most likely stretch that distance into the future without him, even if only here on Farming Planet J2X83.

Simon looked around Jim to watch Blair. The pregnant hermaphrodite was carefully avoiding the bootleg hooch, but he *was* holding court and gesturing wildly as he explained something which fascinated his audience. A sudden thought occurred to Simon.

"Jim. How is Sandburg holding up under the role of Shaman? I mean, I know that you took him down to Peru to visit the Chopec a year or so after he joined the Force and that they put him through rigorous training and testing, but that was never something he did openly. It was always something he kept between you two. It was sort of, I don't know,... private."

"Not really. Blair used his training all the time, but since no one really knew about it, they didn't notice."

Simon looked up at Jim in slight confusion. He was sure he would have known if Sandburg had

come into the bullpen with his face painted and started babbling in Chopec.

"You see Simon, Blair took his duties as Shaman of the Great City very seriously. The rituals were all done in private, just the two of us at home, yes. But that's not all there is to being a Shaman. A Shaman uses his knowledge and compassion to help guide his people to greater understanding and self awareness. Blair has always done that. It didn't matter if it was helping out as a volunteer at the homeless shelter or helping someone get the counseling they needed or working as a mediator to some conflict. Blair **is** and always **was** a Shaman. It's only now that there is no one else to do the actual rituals that he is stepping forward to do them."

Simon looked more closely at the young man in question and thought about what Jim had said. Unbidden, memories washed over him from the past. Both from the time on Earth at the Police Station and from the time here at the compound. Suddenly, things that he had just ignored as a 'Sandburg thing to do' made sense. It wasn't so much a Sandburg thing as a Shaman thing. He had never realized...

"I bet he has a whole bunch of ideas about what he wants to do as our official Shaman, huh?"

Jim grinned at him, pride shining in his bright blue eyes.

"Yes Sir. He certainly does."

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Daryl had thought for a while that he and Kevin would never be able to get away from the party. But here they were, finally alone, ensconced in the room that was to be theirs from now on. They were both giddy and excited as they had slipped away into the darkness, but now...

A stillness had settled over them. An intense and deeply emotional stillness. Daryl looked up into the eyes of his husband and saw a burning hunger tempered by a vast love. It was a look that spoke to him on a primal level and he felt his body respond to it.

While they had indulged in many exciting make-out sessions, they had never gone any further. Daryl had not been ready yet and Kevin wanted to wait for the marriage ceremony. Now it was time to consummate their relationship. Daryl found that he was nervous. Very nervous. Not because he was afraid of Kevin or what they would do together, but because it was so new.

Slowly, Kevin stepped forward and Daryl felt a tremor run through him. He didn't want to run away, but he couldn't step forward either.

"Shhhh... Love. It's all right. It's wonderful. You're wonderful and I love you."

Gently, Kevin reached up and cupped Daryl's face with one warm hand. Slowly he brought their faces together and he placed a loving and tender kiss on his lips. The nervous energy melted away suddenly and Daryl felt very loved and cherished. Wrapping his arms around his husband, Daryl Banks-Lee embraced his destiny with a heart full of love and not a single regret.

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