

20 Minutes into the Sci-Fi Future,
Federation athlete Earthbear,
betrayed by his lover,
is captured and sold at...

BEAR MARKET

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Earthbear shifted his big, muscular body uneasily. His blond fur shimmered. His golden beard was beaded with sweat. He could remember nothing from before the Final War. Not his parents. Not any particular home. Nothing. He had been born, he had been taught, as part of the New Cycle. But in his young ursine hand, hardening, the teaching had shifted, divided, confusingly. Earthbear had been reared to obedience by the Breeding Matrix. But early, because of his handsome, wild good looks, other voices had whispered to him, telling him of a Wastral Outlaw Life beyond the Matrix.

Earthbear had at first been confused. He knew no certainty beyond the bruin balance of his own brawny body. He attended to the teachings of the Breeding Matrix more than he listened to the Outlaw whisperings. He suspected that something lay beyond the Perfect Circle of the Matrix, but he had not meant to veer off the Circle. He was, after all, a superior athlete in the Federation Games. Earthbear had always been eager to please.

Ultimately, he knew, his very physical perfection would cause the Breeding Matrix to torture him slowly through the Process of Perfect Harvest. Earthbear was tied in total bondage.

Earthbear understood the New Order of Things. The

World Federation had reinstated the death penalty. Not in the old way. Not in the wasteful way of the old revolutions with their guillotines. Not in the cruel and unusual manner of the ancient States of the old North American continent. The Federation had shown him Holographic documentaries of the old wasteful barbarities.

The day of his own sentencing, the day the Federation Didax had stared straight down into Earthbear's blue eyes to declare him unfit, perhaps, for anything but Harvest, they had immediately hosed him down, blown him antiseptically dry, curried his fur, brushed his beard, and led him stripped into the Experience Therapy Chamber.

The Elite of the Federation Guards tied him naked into a contoured lounge-rack. Its leather surface was warmed from within. They strapped down, in the Name of Didax, Earthbear's ankles, thighs, waist, chest, neck, and forehead. They attached small electrodes to his long thick unclipped dick, to his large furry sack of blond balls damp with sweat, to his nipples rising defenselessly on his large hairy pex, and to his wet tongue, and to his ears. Earthbear quivered.

The Federation Guards stepped back from the lounge rack. On a signal, they showed him they could raise or lower the lounge in any part. They could rotate his big bear body, spotlighted under multiple laser beams, on its base. Another signal sounded, and the well-muscled Elite of the Federation Guards checked his bindings once more.

The door to the Experience Therapy Chamber opened automatically. The bare-chested Guards—an aisle of hairy pex—made way for a Federation Medax. He was like the others: perfectly built, furred on belly and chest, and neither kind nor cruel. Efficiently the Medax pulled apart the lower and upper lids of first Earthbear's right eye, into which he dropped a warm solution, and then the left.

Earthbear tensed every muscle in his huge bound body.

At the Medax's signal, a brawny guard worked toward the lounge, his big commanding dick swinging down

nearly the long length of his hairy thigh. He held a pair of Contagoggle Lenses that with his big meathook-hands he slipped neatly beneath the upper and lower lids of each of Earthbear's eyes. Earthbear realized he could no longer blink. They had taken away from him his ability to look away. The Medax signaled the guards and followed them from the Experience Chamber.

Earthbear, tied into the contoured leather lounge rack, heard the door *shush* closed. The blue lighting that came from nowhere returned to nowhere. He lay unable to blink, alone in the darkness. He knew they wished to discipline him, even to the point of torture. They wished to edge him to repentance, to re-entry to their Circle.

He had been at the time of his capture, two days before, the most celebrated and handsome stud-athlete in the Federation.

The lounge began to undulate beneath him. He grew warm in the fetal darkness. Comfortable. He heard a faint hiss and smelled an unidentifiable smell from his childhood when he had been a hairless cub. The lounge moved slowly, unpredictably, like some live leather beast beneath him. His body began to flow along its hot contours like slow lava inching down a crevasse. In his darkness was no up or down. This was, Earthbear had been told, the "Preparation." Before he was to be "Harvested," he was to see, the Federation Didax had sternly warned him, the "Enormity."

Earthbear had dared to be different.

The Federation knew that he had thought Tangentially. The Wastrel implications (and the whole Tribunal had agreed with the Harvesting Judge) were heretically enormous. Earthbear, they accused, had not conserved. He had misappropriated psychic energy from the Federation's single-mindedness. Earthbear, the prosecutor said, had thought "Tangentially." They called it that. They said he had "strayed from the thinking of the Perfect Circle." He had been surprised. He had never really taken the Outlaw

whisperings seriously. What he had been thinking, he had presumed was merely a distraction, an idle Seed-Spill, a kind of day-dreaming, the way he was day-tripping, bound naked and alone, with his eyes held uselessly, uncontrollably open in the darkness.

Holographic Cinema had been his pleasure since childhood. He was excited then as he was relaxed now: almost against his wish. The Holocinema had always automatically altered the viewer's consciousness. The Didax Committee had regularly transported each Youth Compound Cadre to the Holographic Cinema Domes where the Cadets witnessed Cosmic History and learned the myth and thought of the New Conservationist Culture. Earthbear's Compound Cadets had lain about helter-skelter or sat cross-legged watching in every direction inside the Dome. They had sighed almost with a single voice as the battery of lasers, hidden in the circling walls, burned silently into life.

The first two beams intersected and at the point of their intersection a chair was projected. One boy, one of a set of Six Clonic Brothers, had tried to sit on the chair which his eyes and ears convinced him really existed. But he had fallen quickly to the padded floor of the Dome. The other Compound Cadets laughed at him. One big-armed teenage brute, already downed with body fur, even punched his shoulder, but he seemed not to notice. He was dazed by the short circuit between what his senses told him existed and what his experience proved did not.

"The chair," a Voice intercommmed softly, "is a Hologram. A projection actualized in thin air by the intersection of laser light."

The Cadets lying obediently about sat up. Interested. They were at the time old enough. The Didax Matrix had programmed this crop's sexual and asexual breeding some years before. The Cadets were perfectly formed with the hard bodies of strong young mancubs, and they recognized within their Compound the clear superiority in the walk,

talk, and bruin looks of the young Earthbear. Something in the slower, moseying way he moved.

“To the chair,” the Voice intoned, “is added a table.” Two more lasers glowed on. “And on the table, ancient writing instruments: a fountain pen and a bottle of ink. Spread beneath the table is a layer of Old Planet hay.” Another pair of lasers criss-crossed the Dome. “You may, the Matrix suggests, perceive the scent of the new-mown straw.” Earthbear, palming the hairy crevasse between his young pex, inhaled deeply.

“Concentrate,” the soft Voice counseled. “Become the smell of the hay.” Earthbear stared straight into the golden yellow straw and smiled.

“In our Cinema Sensorium,” the Voice easefully continued, “each of your senses will be stimulated to consciousness levels recognizable by your mind. Until this century, the Cosmos was new. Many things lacked names. The Federation Didax makes a simple matter of waking your consciousness.”

Laser light interlaced the Dome, knitting the six dimensions into projected reality: height, width, breadth, time, sound, and transcendence. Didax recreated whatever the Cadets called for. They reached for apples and their strong hard fists closed around nothing. “You must become the apple,” the Voice said, and across the Dome floor the Cadets rolled and wrestled in hot panting harvest. They stretched their naked bodies to chase a laser of a running miniature bearcub. Their hands stroked nothing.

“The bearcub is,” shouted a Dark Cadet with a beginning of fine black hair across his strong pex, “a handsome animal.”

The Holographic film unreeled through the lasers. The bearcub padded fast in circles through the Dome with the Cadets whooping behind him.

“Catch him! Catch him!” the winded Cadet shouted. “Feed him the apple!”

A large boy—it had been himself Earthbear remembered—had made a flying leap to the bearcub’s back. He had wanted to please the darker, hairy, muscular Cadet, but he had only fallen through the projected laser bearcub. and landed in a heap on the Dome floor.

The Dark Cadet had looked down at him. For a moment, their eyes locked. Earthbear felt a stirring in his young dick. He focused hard on the hairy built body, straddling frontal as a Seed-Bearer, over him in well-hung heat. Earthbear felt droplets of sweat form on the dirty-blond bristles of his thick young moustache. The Dark Cadet slowly groped his own large balls, smiled, and said in his quiet deep voice: “You’ve frightened him off.” The laser light and direction had changed.

“The bearcub’s hiding in that cave,” the third of the Six Clonic Brothers shouted.

The Cadets slowed from their chase and milled about. Lying on the floor where he had ignominiously fallen, Earthbear tried staring straight through the laser projection. He wanted to see behind it, through it. But the Dome was filled with nothing else. The floor beneath him began to undulate.

“Come on then,” the Dark Cadet said, offering Earthbear his calloused hand. “Get up and follow with us.”

“Why?” Earthbear asked, and the floor convulsed beneath him.

“Become one,” the Voice said, “with the cave and the darkness.”

“Why?” he asked the taller Dark Cadet.

“Be with us,” he said. “Circle in with us as Didax has taught. Be not willing to disbelieve in the Sensorium.”

Earthbear raised himself from the floor. “I will believe,” he said.

The Dark Cadet smiled. His whole body flexed fully frontal with a triumph of authority.

Earthbear watched the Dark Cadet glow in the purple

laser light of the cave. He reached for the Cadet's hand. The Cadet held steady. He closed his big furry hand around Earthbear's own large fist. He was, Earthbear knew from the heat of the Dark Cadet's hard touch, no thin-air laser projection.

As the Cadet pulled Earthbear to his feet, the other Cadets shouted at what they saw. Awed. They stood stock still, crowded together, huddled, in the roaring center of the Sensorium.

The laser cave with its dark horrors faded in around the Cadets. New lasers burnt thick into the gloom. High-pitched screams surrounded them. The rolling floor toppled them into sweating, cowering heaps. The temperature in the dome rose sharply and the air grew steamy with the Old Planet's poisonous vapor. Earthbear was certain, above the shouting, he heard an ancient auto horn honked by the ghost of a long-ago incinerated cabbie.

There was no ancient word or sound or sight that the Federation's Reality Retrieval Synthesizer could not in all authenticity reconstruct on computerized Hologramovies. Earthbear crawled on his belly through the naked writhing Cadets. He looked for the Dark Cadet who had towered over him. He found him.

"Believe on all this," the Dark Cadet whispered so close into the beard on Earthbear's face that he could smell the fresh warmth of his sweet breath. "Become one with it."

The Cadets choked. The air had become unbearable.

An ancient subway train roaring through the cave deafened them. In its windows, mummies of the Old Planet hung wasted and dead faced by one hand or the other from metal poles. Their green fluorescence shrank away to a red pinpoint in the cave of shadows. Again the floor quaked and the cave burst open to the rust-gray blood-sky.

What had happened to the Old Planet was happening now: buildings exploded; bodies rocketed through the flaming air; bridges swayed and collapsed as rivers reversed in

their course; the crust of the land burst apart at its seamy faults spewing up the layered detritus of a million buried civilizations; the oceans simmered with atomic boils, melting oil tankers and warships and igniting the sails of white pleasure sloops. Thick green clouds of poison broke from buried city mains, roiling up to the atmospheric smog-shell where they burst into a firestorm.

The Six Clonic Brothers curled fetally close to each other, a litter again of cubs, whimpering. The other Cadets lay frozen in Armageddon terror. One of the clones rose to all fours, retching into a Sensorium bag. Earthbear and the Dark Cadet sat cross-legged, face to face, frontal, with their arms around each other's big shoulders, furry chest to furry chest, nipples erect. Absorbing everything. Their big dicks lying head-to-head down on the floor between their hairy thighs.

The sound of the firestorm cued under, the evil projections dissolved into a single green mummy-face dialing desperately from a melting phone booth.

That too faded away. The lasers tuned out. The conditioned air returned to normal. The floor of the Sensorium came to rest. After a moment's silent debrief, the naked Cadets began laughing, quietly at first and then wildly, like furless boys who have braved through an initiation of terror. The Sensorium Dome echoed with their laughter. The Dark Cadet laughed too. It was the way his laugh began as a cruel snarl of upper lip under his black moustache, that prompted Earthbear to ask: "You were frightened?"

"Frightened?" The Cadet quietly, firmly wrapped the palm of his hard hot hand around Earthbear's big dick. He continued to laugh. "Frightened? Of the Old Wastrels?" He gripped his hand tighter around the lower half of Earthbear's Breeding Tube.

That was the moment, Earthbear remembered, that his Tangent had first sprouted on the outer circumference of the Perfect Circle of Didax and diverged from the World

Federation of the Ultimate Breeding Matrix. That was the moment he first Spilled.

Earthbear reached back. He wrapped his own hand around the dark-rooted Breeding Tube of the older Cadet. He gripped the big hot shaft hard and felt the Seed Veins roll under his pressure.

“You’re hurting me,” the Cadet said. He laughed and squeezed Earthbear equally hard.

“*You’re hurting me,*” Earthbear said.

They both smiled, tightened, and relaxed their grip.

“What is your name.” Earthbear did not say it like a question.

“I can become anything,” the Dark Cadet said. “What difference in a name?”

“A difference to me,” Earthbear said.

“Today,” he said, “call me *Merar*.”

The Cinema Sensorium exit swung open and Merar had risen, stretched his full young-bear height, soothed his dick back down to some engorged softlike thickness, and walked off to join three other older Cadets from the Federation Compound.

Earthbear had seen Merar twice since, both times, memorable, heroic, at the Federation Olympic Games; and curiously, a third time in a beautiful Cinema Sensorium Hologramovie of Merar’s winning physique performance, hairy muscle rampant. Earthbear himself, as part of the same programmed Matrix, had grown strong and golden and ursine. He lay awake at night with images of the Dark Cadet pounding in his head and in his Breeding Tube.

The superb athlete, Earthbear, was the genetically engineered Perfect Circler, so the Federation Coach had written to Didax. The sheer ability of his legs and torso and head had been honed to perfect Balance. To the digital Holograms of his golden physique, powerful and hairy and defined, Didax had himself personally responded the way an emperor long ago responded to his Champions.

Shortly, the official Federation Sculptor had requisitioned Earthbear for the central figure in his heroic triptych commemorating the Rise of the World Federation. The Olympic Vidtex had provided the sculptor with symmetrical Hologramovies of Earthbear in motion; but, the sculptor had insisted, Holograms would not suffice. For a painter, maybe. But a sculptor must touch. So Earthbear had been ordered to the sculptor's studio where he was stripped, oiled, kneaded, and curry-combed from head to toe, each joint and muscle and bristle carefully scrutinized, manipulated, curled, studied. Upon finishing his examination, the sculptor had pronounced Earthbear: "Magnificent." He in his long flowing robe stood back from Earthbear's naked body as if he had himself sculpted his flesh and detailed his fur. "Magnificent!" he repeated.

Earthbear said nothing, but the sculptor took no notice. Earthbear was losing, despite himself, the center of their Circle. The Tangent in his mind grew away from the others' common ellipse in fits and starts of illegal micrometers. He knew the penalty of Bruin Torture.

Unsettling dreams of the night crept back to Earthbear: two horsemen broke the flat horizon. Their heads rose in the distance against the blue. They rocked easy in their ancient saddles. Their horses surged against the reins. The men were bruin warriors, dark and bearded. Their helmets caught the sun. The bruin men and horses were armed with fur and leather. They rose proudly against the full line of the horizon. Earthbear saw behind them a trail of dust as they moved in the slow-motion dream opposite him. A rope stretched taut behind the second horseman. Gradually he made out the rope's burden: first the bound wrists, then the stretched arms dislocated from the bleeding shoulders of the hairy muscled bearman who was naked and dying but not dead.

Silent above the sad procession a great bird hung motionless, following the bruin horsemen trawling the wastrel side of human male-flesh. The bird caught a draft

and circled timeless above the horsemen. They rode evenly onward, across a ridge above a still lake. Wavy in the noon-sun shimmer, they doubled in the placid lake reflection. The descending hooves of the upright horses met precisely the rising hooves of the inverted water horses. Below them and above them the carrion bird circled noiselessly. In the mouth of the bound musclebear, thin wires rolled his tongue into a cylinder swelling purple from his mouth. His fingers, balls, and Tube had been tight-wired the same. The horsemen, breeder-proud and straight, dragged the Tangential bearman, his muscle-flesh-fur scraping raw, off into the noon brightness, because in noon was no shadow Tangent.

Earthbear had thought the dream, not a premonition, but only a memory from his secret nightmares. A sudden shift of the recumbent lounge rack to which he was bound jerked him back into the Full Circle of the Experience Therapy Chamber. The procession of Bruin Torture had frightened him in his sleep and now again. He had not noticed when exactly it was that the Sensorium lasers had slowly faded into the dark Experience Therapy Chamber.

He registered no surprise that the Federation cinefiles contained Hologramovies of his most private dreams.

His mouth grew dry. He could neither blink nor turn away from the replay unreeling all around his bound body. His fur glistened wet, matted with sweat to the contours of his belly.

“As a Tangential Thinker,” the soft Voice floated through the Experience Chamber, “you must try hard to refocus your increasingly short attention span on the Perfect Circle of Federation Consciousness. Without the perfection of the Circle, you are not whole. You are parts. Without rehabilitation into the Circle, your Tangential Parts will be harvested by the Federation for redistribution throughout the Breeding Matrix by Didax’s order.”

Laser light scanned Earthbear’s naked body: patches of red and violet glowed from his head and groin. His immense

chest radiated magenta; his powerful legs orange; his fur sun-yellow. Earthbear tried to will to blend his rebellious Outlaw energies into the Perfect Blue. His were the forbidden Rainbow colors of Tangential Distraction. He strained to project the Ideal Didax Blue of Circular Consciousness. He truly wished to waste not; to Spill not; for without his contribution of energy, the Circle suffered.

He begged to understand. Always he had known the Whole was greater. Yet Didax, with all the power of the Matrix behind him, would label him a Spiller, an Outlaw Wastrel, and mark him for Harvest. Earthbear had obediently by day fit tightly into the Circle of Didax, programmed, to all their close scrutiny, quite properly; but by night the wild Rainbow dreams he could not control had leaked, Tangentially, he guessed, from some atavistic activity of his pituitary. His fur grew in other, wrong directions. Earthbear had been alarmed, afraid of the cold sweats of his naked sleep giving him away. He was hardly surprised when the Compound Night Monitor had cautioned him suddenly one morning, almost before even he was aware that nocturnally the Dormitory Scanners indicated that his Circular Energy Flow had shorted out with more than one Spill.

“Help me,” Earthbear had said then. “Help me now,” he called into the void of the Experience Therapy Chamber.

Somewhere a generator started with a whine. Earthbear recognized it as a recorded sound from a Holographic history unit on industrialization. A new lesson. Multiple Transcendence Lasers criss-crossed the Sensorium Chamber.

“The warden and other officials have already assembled,” the soft Voice said. “Observe the Wastrels’ nervous anticipation. The rest you will experience completely. Totally. With all the old Wastrel feeling. We are here to help you. Aversion to the Wastrel old way of life may aid, even at this late moment, your return to the Federation Energy Circle. Your senses shall become one with the linear

Wastrels of the Old Planet.”

In was led the Holographically retrieved bear-prisoner. He was stripped, searched, and showered. Wetness filled the chamber. The prison barber shaved the top of his head like a monk, then in utter shame shaved the prisoner's body. The condemned man pulled on his own burial clothes: a clean khaki shirt, a short jacket, khaki pants with the leg slit to the knee. He felt, feels, the washed softness of the unstarched khaki.

Behind the one-way window stands the executioner.

The guards and a chaplain march in with the prisoner. He is young. No more than a cub. He is handsome. He feels their hard ugly hands firm on his big arms. The warden addresses him by his first name, Ursus. He has nothing to say.

“Then,” says the warden, “have a seat, please.”

The uniformed guards strap in the shave-stripped bear very quickly: his arms, wrists, ankles, and his chest. Such taming is familiar. They attach electrodes to his head and leg. They stuff his nostrils with cotton to trap the blood. They tighten the leather mask over his face where his beard had been. They step back from the bound bear cub.

The generator whines again. An exhaust fan whirls above the chair. A guard signals the executioner. The switch is thrown. The muscular, handsome prisoner lifts and strains against the straps. His fists clench. His blood boils. His head explodes. His body slumps to a relaxed position. They do it again.

A doctor opens his shirt, touches the shaved chest of the bear prisoner, and listens through an antique stethoscope. “I declare,” he says, “this man legally dead.”

Redness flushed through Earthbear's whole being. His own fists clenched. Didax and the Matrix had paced him through the program of the other bear's old-fashioned Wastrel execution. Yet the Medax and the Elite Federation Guards pretended to be neither kind nor cruel.

“Linearity,” the Voice came through many filters, and

no longer sounded capable of human passion, “is imperfect. Beyond the Line is the Circle.”

Earthbear focused intently, but his energy no longer converged at all with the program. His laser-scanned flesh was a disintegrated spectrum of glorious color displeasing to the cool Blue of Didax. “The Circle is vicious!” Earthbear shouted. “It feeds on itself. Beyond the Circle,” and he paused as the hot Rainbow Tangents crossed in his head, “is the Spiral! The Spiral is greater than the Circle!”

The lounge rack shook violently. Earthbear felt he was strapped to the back of a horned-skin, cold-blooded muscelizard whose long neck could rise, turn, and devour him in its hot, wet, salivating mouth.

“Alternation!” he shouted.

The Holographic Sensorium faded fast to black. Only the soft disembodied Voice remained: “Alternation merits Alteration.” The sentence, Earthbear knew, was irrevocably pronounced. Time had taught the Federation the necessary use of everything. Generations before, they had nearly exterminated themselves with Waste. Only slowly had they recovered at all: regrouping out of the Old Wastrel ruins, focusing first the Old Planet’s interior energy, then the energy of the Old Planet’s one star, and finally the unified energy of the small human circle surviving the end of the terrible plaguing Waste.

It had happened. It was recorded. One day a woman, two years plugged to a dialysis machine, asked the courts, not for much, she said, just one kidney from her incurably insane brother. At first, the court had refused; but the woman was insistent, demanding. She pleaded against the foolish Waste. Her brother needed but one kidney. Other sympathetic survivors of the on-going Waste picketed, lobbied, pressured the judges. Before the onslaught of the harridan women, the courts that had once protectively declared the brother’s sanctuary of insanity, bowed, and declared him suitable for Harvest.

The woman became the symbolic center of the New Energy Matrix. The judges of the court, themselves survivors, granted her rights to her brother's living body. She excised his kidney, and he smiled dumbly at her on a live satellite show. She auctioned next his eyes, right and left, and the hammer and stirrup in each of his ears. She sold his hands which to him, blind and deaf, were useless and wasted. Finally, in one grand auction, she bartered off his remaining kidney, both his lungs, his gonads, his marrow, and his heart. She was inspired that the New Federation Medaxes had perfected the transplantation genome.

She died, finally, a very rich old woman, by her own hand, peacefully passing in the presence of Didax. In the early days of the Federation, she was venerated as the Mother of Harvests. Her energy, the Breeding Matrix pronounced, had given central focus to the Perfect Circle from engineered birth to scientific Harvest.

Thereafter, a Rainbow caste of Outlaws—rogue males living in caves—was segregated aside, hunted down, kept in camps for taming. They were arrested Tangentials, Spillers, who, because they refused to Breed wholly, were Harvested partly. Only clones were bred for specific parts and were in demand by only the most narcissistic or barren. Earthbear knew he had somehow become one of the criminal Tangentials, shorted out for malfunction, for a Spilling malfunction, the Matrix diagnosed, and for excellent Outlaw reason, he for the first time thought. Outside the Breeding Matrix, outside the Perfect Energy Circuit of the Great Blue Didax, lay a different, alternate world.

The world of triumphant Spilled Seed!

Earthbear had to laugh. Out loud. Even bound immobile, he laughed. The Enormity indeed! Because he had once been so Elite, his parts would command the bidding of only the wealthiest and most influential Harvesters. He laughed again, unblinking, in the silent and dark Sensorium where, hidden, he knew they were all listening. He

laughed louder, for above him on the perfectly circular Dome were appearing the glowing red digital letters of his final computerized sentence.

Earthbear was a Tangential Thinker, far outside Didax's humorless Circle, and he roared at the absurdity: they, who so darkly conserved, condemned him. He read aloud each of his body-parts as its title appeared for sale on the Market Screen. He wished that his wrists were not shackled so he might applaud the prices as the Federation bidding rose higher and higher on his Harvest Futures.

He neared convulsive hilarity as the names, the famous names of the highest bidders locked in next to his auctioned parts. Earthbear had been a Champion Circler at the Federation Olympic Games and his parts, the envy of many, had not been forgotten. Even his bear-ball testes were sold to an aging intersolar shipping magnate.

Then seizure!

The Federation power began to drain him through the electrodes the Elite Guards had clipped to his Seed Tube, sack, anus, navel, nipples, tongue, and ears.

Didax's suffocating Blue filled the room and stung Earthbear's unblinkable eyes.

The Elite Guards pretended to be neither kind nor cruel. They watched his torture. They were hung and hard. They were what they were: whole and Seeded against him, laughing and jibing at the magnificence of his auctioned body parts.

In the Blue Dark of the beginning Harvest, Earthbear spied one Dark Face, more powerful in its square-jawed manhood than it had been even as a Cadet, hand-pumping his enormous dark meat, hardened at the sight of the perfect blond musclebear strapped down at the mercy of the Elite Guard.

"Merar!"

The Dark Face over the sensuously moving dick seemed to say: "Though you seem to be lost and in the shadow of

death, fear not, for my secret Rainbow energy is ever with you, and will never leave you to face your perils alone.”

The last lock-together of look was wordless. Effortless. Lightening.

Grinding his big body down into the hungry Dark Blue, Earthbear steeled himself and laughed. He laughed loud and long.

At the thought of Merar, his Seed shot, Spilling, wastefully, triumphantly.

He laughed as long as he had life to cum and spit and piss and fart and shit against them.



Roman Soldier, Slave, *Beyond the Valley of the Gladiators*
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