

SPYDER'S TRUTH

THE LADY & THE SPYDER BOOK TWO

BY KORIN I. DUSHAYL

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Spyder's Truth

Book II of The Lady & The Spyder

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CHAPTER ONE

Spyder knelt naked in front of his owner, who reclined on pillows covering the bunk in the largest cabin of the spaceship she had given him to command. Layers of satiny, pale green, blue, and lilac silks covered the lovely Lady Cassandra's buxom beauty, teasing him with glimpses of her dusky skin.

A dark-skinned, branded and tattooed slave lavished attention on the Lady's ring-covered toes while keeping his back to Spyder, ignoring his conversation with their Lady. Like Spyder, he wore the Lady's mark on his right shoulder and her steel ring collar around his neck.

Spyder suppressed a twinge of jealousy that Pig, not he, had the privilege of caressing her exquisite feet with his tongue. He cautioned himself that if he enjoyed the taste of his Lady's skin, the metal tube encasing his cock would grow uncomfortably tight. He wondered how Pig endured that.

"Xoriyan? They're on Xoriyan now? If the *phalatu* Pietists have gained a foothold on that lawless outlier planet of all places, there isn't anywhere in the system that can escape their meddling."

Spyder bowed his head, his dark red hair falling over his eyes. Although he had no more control over Pietist infiltrations than she did, he had upset her by bringing this latest intelligence to her attention.

"I just don't understand what the cult's appeal is."

Pig tried, to no avail, to calm her down by sucking all her toes into his mouth.

"Why in the worlds do people want a bunch of angry decrepit men telling them how to run their lives? Especially when they insist that any pleasure is evil?"

Spyder shrugged. The conversation repeated, with minor varia-

tions, each time they learned of another planet succumbing to Pietist ploys.

“First Linistor, then Terranon and Aargine, now Xoriyan?” The Lady shook her head hard enough that the brilliant blue, red, and green gemstones and beads braided into her luxurious long black hair jangled. “Half my clients are already too afraid to come aboard my ship. The other half spend as much time dodging and ducking to avoid getting caught in my presence as they do with me.”

“At least so far no one has refused to allow *Truth* landing credentials, my Lady.” Spyder settled back on his heels and tightened his abdomen so his muscular chest would show to advantage. Three of his Lady’s slaves could take him in a wrestling match, and all of them made his skin look excessively pale, but he made an effort to stay in shape and remain pleasing to her discerning eye.

“True, but ninety percent of the cargo we transport originates from or is delivered to Solzin Kaizel on Ginsor. How long before someone in the movement recognizes our connection?”

“Creeper’s pretty good at staying under the radar.” Spyder would never get used to his Lady using the crime lord’s name with such blithe indifference. Most referred to Kaizel by the nickname that described how he made them feel. “And he has connections on every planet.”

“Still, how long before even his influence can’t keep the Pietists out of Ginsor politics?”

“We just need more government officials like Sir Demanding, er Prefect Frazel of Aargine, the kind who stay bought once you pay them.”

She smiled, erasing some of the worry lines encroaching on her slanted, bright blue eyes and at the corners of her blue-painted lips. “Rith Frazel does seem to have nailed the weakness they’re exploiting.”

Spyder mimicked Sir Demanding’s annoying alto. “Too many government officials operate under the mistaken belief that they can reason with people and convince them that the Pietist movement negatively impacts their living standards.”

His Lady rewarded him with a vivacious laugh that sent a shiver of delight down his spine.

“If more politicians adopted his attitude — that you can’t expect rational thought from fanatics — the Pietists wouldn’t have gained so much power.” She shook her head and the corners of her mouth turned down again. “But, how am I supposed to care for all of you if I can’t entertain my clients? With the price of fuel escalating, Solzin’s fees barely cover *Truth*’s operating costs. I still have to feed everyone. And how will my clients survive without me?”

She pulled her feet away from Pig and he whimpered.

“How long do I have before we land on Slixoon?” She reached for her datpad, the gemstones on her fingers sparkling blue, red, and green as she tapped the screen.

“Tomorrow evening.”

“Salshi sent the security codes?”

He nodded.

“Pig, go find Bunk, Tamara, and Toad. Tell them I want them in here to discuss strategy. Then you may return to your galley.”

“Yes, my Lady. Thank you, my Lady.” Pig backed away until he reached the purple and gold tapestry hiding the hatch that led into the ship’s corridor, stopping to pull a coverall over his naked body.

Spyder was grateful that his Lady, even though she now owned everyone aboard *Truth*, had decided it more appropriate to keep her slaves clothed outside her quarters. As natural as it seemed to kneel naked before her in the cabin draped with black cloth, the floor covered with thick, blood red, wool rugs, he didn’t relish the thought of commanding a spaceship with no clothes on.

As if reading his thoughts, the Lady nodded. “Since this meeting will be strictly business, you may get dressed.”

While he pulled on his coverall and secured his boots, the Lady activated the vid screen on the wall next to her bunk to display the information she had on her datpad. Tamara entered the cabin and the muscles of her face relaxed when she saw Spyder was wearing clothing.

Spyder wanted to assure her that if she were naked, it still wouldn’t distract him from what she had to contribute as the ship’s engineer and mechanic. Even with her waist-length black hair, which she usually

kept braided in a bun at her neck anyway, her skinny figure and dark brown skin had no appeal compared to the Lady's voluptuous, dusky beauty. But somehow he didn't figure she would appreciate *any* comment from her captain regarding her appearance.

The wiry, light-skinned Toad and burly, swarthy Bunk arrived at the same time, a deadly pair despite the difference in their appearance. The four of them knelt before their Lady.

"You're all aware of the situation on Slixoon." She waved at the screen. "What's our best option for a bloodless rescue?"

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THE LADY & THE SPYDER BOOK II SPYDER'S TRUTH

One by one the Righteous Order of Piety Purists takes over settled planets and colonies, enthraling governments to imprison their citizens in a sexless, joyless existence. Forced into exile, compelled to form a morally questionable affiliation with a crime lord, the Domimatrix Lady Cassandra struggles to protect her slaves and clients from the encroaching Pietist threat.

But liberating a devoted collaborator spirals into a violent confrontation. To protect her allies, Cassandra and her slave captain Spyder, take the Order's so-called representatives into custody. Although they claim piety and peace, the prisoners' heavily armed presence aboard Cassandra's spaceship Truth, endangers both the crew and the ship.

Pursued by ships equipped with sophisticated tracking equipment and weaponry, Spyder must use his wits, his crew's talents, and everything he can demand of Truth to keep them all alive. Because of the Pietist's disproportionate reaction, Lady Cassandra questions the Order's priorities and goals. She discovers the roots of the movement entangled with her own history and realizes the Pietists will sacrifice anything and anyone to destroy her.

<http://transgressivewriter.com/spyder.php#truth>

AND

Don't Miss

THE LADY & THE SPYDER BOOK I
SPYDER'S TROUBLE



As the shadow of a repressive piety movement spreads across the system's free worlds, the Lady Cassandra and her slaves must flee home. The Dominatrix persuades her loyal clients to smuggle her out of the city where she lives. Exiled to the desert, she contacts Spyder, captain of the spaceship *Trouble*, who offers her only hope for salvation.

When he rushes to her aid, Spyder's troubles follow him. The delay caused by Lady Cassandra's rescue angers the influential and overdue government official on board and infuriates Creeper, the powerful criminal who owns the cargo in *Trouble's* hold. Spyder struggles to make up time and meet his commitments, but Creeper accepts no excuses and suffers no delays. He sets a reward for his illicit shipment's return and bounty hunters chase the ship from one end of the system to another. When rumors of the stolen cargo reach the authorities, they join the hunt for *Trouble* as well.

Pursued both by the law and the lawless, Spyder and his navigator exploit every evasive maneuver and smuggler's trick they know. But, Spyder's troubles find the ship's location with uncanny precision. With a price on his head and his ship, Spyder sets *Trouble's* course for the only planet in the system out of reach of criminals and cops alike. There one crew member's past catches up to her. When another disappears, Spyder learns the true meaning of trouble.

<http://transgressivewriter.com/spyder.php#trouble>

AND
Coming in 2016

THE LADY & THE SPYDER BOOK III

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



As a FemDom, I.G. Frederick knows first hand the beauty of symbiotic D/s relationships filled with love. As an observer she sees the many ways BDSM turns ugly. She writes about abusive and tragic interactions as Korin I. Dushayl.

I.G. Frederick trades words for cash, specializing in erotic and transgressive fiction and poetry since 2001. Her erotic short stories appeared in Hustler Fantasies, Forum, Foreplay, and Desire Presents, as well as electronic, audio, and print anthologies. Her novels receive high praise from readers, critics, and other authors.

Ms. Frederick, owns the man she adores who although dominant in the rest of his life, demonstrates his love by serving as her submissive.

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