

A Sex Slavee To Alien Masters

#Chapter 1 - Read A Sex Slavee To Alien Masters Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Families always have problems, | know that. Mine just seemed to have more than most. My uncles had all spent time locked up and now they couldn't get work. My mother was a drunk and my dad had never been in the picture. To say we were dysfunctional was an understatement.

Somehow mom had managed to buy the house we were in. It was small, just a few bedrooms and a kitchen/ living area. It was full of people, though.

We became the crash pad for anyone in the family with nowhere to stay, which was pretty much everybody. They blamed the bad economy. | blamed the stuff they kept snorting up their noses. Fear of another beating kept me from ever saying anything Like that.

I'd had my own bedroom until my Last uncle moved in. Uncle Eddy told mom he "needed" to have a comfortable bed. He was creepy enough he probably wouldn't have cared if | stayed. My mother told me | could sleep on the couch, but she spent most nights there passed out drunk.

ANGELA'sLIBRARY

Occasionally | found myself sleeping in a chair on the front porch. It was a shock when | managed to graduate high school.

Once | finally turned eighteen I'd got out of there as fast as | could.

| took a job cleaning rooms several hours down the interstate in a seedy motel. My boyfriend drove me and my meager belongings to the motel. His payment was a quickie on the motel's squeaky, uncomfortable bed. Once he left, | never saw him again.

The manager at the motel was not exactly nice, but he took my money Same as anyone else's to stay there. | had my own bed and a little TV. | did the cleaning, so it was spic and span. Soon | learned to avoid Mr. Pensky, the manager, just like I'd avoided my uncles.

The work at the motel was hard and thankless. Mr. Pensky refused to buy me even simple things, like gloves. My hands were red and raw from the chemicals I used. After a couple months the dry cracks over my fingers and palms just became part of me.

The motel's clientele were mostly old grimy men. They tried to grope me daily, but I was fast. I'd learned years ago how to avoid my uncle's unwanted touches. I kept myself out of trouble.

The basics of living at the motel were still an improvement. I had food three times a day. For once, I could lock my room, so nobody stole what I bought. I rarely had fresh fruit or vegetables, canned foods kept better and were cheaper. I knew I couldn't eat like that forever. It was still an upgrade for me, though.

I loved my days off. I took the bus and went down to the coast. There was a place there that to 'ts 'tf you climbed the steep slope down, you had your own private rocky beach.

It was a shock when I managed to graduate high school.

Once I finally turned eighteen I'd got out of there as fast as I could.

I took a job cleaning rooms several hours down the interstate in a seedy motel. My boyfriend didn't like my ready-to-go longings to the motel. His payment was a quickie on the motel's squeaky, uncomfortable bed. Once he left, I never saw him again. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

The manager at the motel was not exactly nice, but he took my money same as anyone else's to stay there. I had my own bed and a little TV.

I did the cleaning, so it was spic and span. Soon I learned to avoid Mr. Pensky, the manager, just like I'd avoided my uncles.

The work at the motel was hard and thankless. Mr. Pensky refused to buy me even simple things like gloves.

My hands were red and raw from the chemicals I used. After a couple months the dry cracks over my fingers and palms just became part of me. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

The motel's clientele were mostly old grimy men. They tried to grope me daily, but I was fast. I'd learned years ago how to avoid my uncle's unwanted touches. I kept myself out of trouble.

The basics of Living at the motel were still an improvement. I had food three times a day. Nieman lock m foerny \$8 hots y'stole what I beught. I rarely had fresh fruit or vegetables, canned foods kept better and were cheaper. I knew I couldn't eat like that forever. It was still an upgrade for me, though. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)