

## **Alien Masters 101**

### Chapter 101

“CIARA!” Master Evan boomed standing right in front of me.

| bounced up and nearly ran into Master Bane who had been leaning over behind me. “Have you Lost the ability to hear?” he asked sounding exasperated.

“It still has ears, brother,” Master Bane laughed, “I checked.”

Master Evan continued to glare at me until Master Kein patted him on the back, “It looks contrite and quite afraid of you. Do not be cruel, brother.”

Master Evan put a hand on either side of my face and kissed my forehead, which was an extremely weird gesture for him. In all the time I'd known him he'd never kissed me like that. “Please pay attention when we're speaking to you, Ciara,” he said pleadingly.

“Yes, Master Evan. I'm sorry,” | apologized.

We didn't go home first today. Master Damien had the transport pad drop us off at the bathhouse. The men stripped themselves and then undressed me hurriedly. | bathed Master Damien, as normal, but the rest of the men washed themselves. They had gathered their things and we were back in our apartment before | could blink.

Right away | noticed a difference. There were more chairs in the sitting area and the table in the eating area was expanded. My stomach fluttered with apprehension as | noted the chairs in the sitting room arranged around an open area. Obviously that was where they expected me to dance.

“Will that be enough room Ciara?” Master Damien asked when he caught me staring at it.

| nodded mutely and he Laughed at me. They were all in a wonderful mood. It was like they were looking forward to this. | wished | could have shared their anticipation.

When they got redressed | asked them if | could wear something specific. They dressed me as | requested. | asked them to tie a piece of fabric around my waist in addition to my panels.

When mom and | had taken the class we always wore what they called a hip scarf. The one | had at home had coins on it that shook when | danced. | was so nervous | told my owners all about it.

| described the outfits the belly dancers wore in detail, right down to the finger cymbals or zills. Nobody stopped me from talking; it seemed | was already entertaining them. Master Bane even asked about why | did this dance at home. They found the entire story interesting.

The food arrived in volumes right before Fuji and her owners did. The men greeted each other heartily and sat down to feast. | thought I'd be too nervous to eat, but the dinner was really good.

Master Damien and Master Evan fed me, but it was all from their plates. No bowls of worms were to be seen on the table. If dancing meant no worms | had to think it was a good thing.

After dinner the men sat and talked. Fuji's owners obviously didn't know the "campaign" against the women was a farce, because they wanted to discuss it. My owners debated strategy with them and never let on. | wondered if that was hard for them to know the truth and have to lie about it. | certainly wouldn't have enjoyed it.

Fuji and | kneeled in front of one another. She had specific songs she wanted me to play for her outa had alr dyvdiseus at. Again, she thade me repeat them until she was positive | remembered. Fuji knew | was hervous and she also knew humans forgot things when they got nervous.

When the men got quiet | jumped behind the Little drums Fuji had brought. Master Damien raised an eyebrow at me, out sidat Sy? abythiny. Gi quickly placed our kneeling pads in front of our respective owners. | thought that was an odd gesture. Fuji's owners called her to start dancing, which she did with flourish.

| played the songs she had asked me to, in the order | was supposed to play them. It felt a Little Like being, back at mysiatedrhph \tion. The exact same feelings were all there. All that time in band had paid off, my brain was hard wired for music. This part of the evening | knew | wouldn't screw up.

Fuji writhed and dipped, doing the traditional dances of her people.

She swung her hips and her hair wildly. | relaxed as | played, | was used to watching Fuji dance.

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My owners were not used to watching a female dance. They looked at her with mouths agape as she twisted and spun. Her knees went both forward and back, so she got herself in some positions | never would be able to.

Once she had finished she kneeled on a pad in front of her owners. Apparently that was how | should finish, | noted to myself.

Our owners let her rest for a moment and talked between themselves. | was right, Master Damien and his brothers had never seen anyone dance.

They were enthralled with Fuji's movements.

Master Damien complemented Fuji's owners on what a wonderful slave she was. Her owners took it all in stride and thanked Master Damien for his praise. They talked about how they had Learned to play an instrument.

Now they could play and watch her dance whenever they wanted.

For her part, Fuji looked radiant. She loved to have her owners speak highly of her, it was the one thing in life that made her happy. From what | had figured out all women on her planet were essentially slaves.

They were trained from birth to please the men that kept them.

"Ciara," | heard Master Evan call and | looked up. He was motioning to the center of the room. Fuji picked up the stringed instrument she had brought with her and started to play.

| moved into the open space and took a big breath. Looking at the floor | started to shift my hips side to side in time with the music. My feet knew the routine and of their own accord started to move. In my fear, | realized | wasn't moving my arms at all. Slowly, | started to make the sinuous movements | was supposed to. | had to look up when | did that, the men looked fascinated. No one in the room looked disgusted or amused.

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Slowly, | gained confidence. | shimmied my hips and started to roll my stomach up and down. My pelvis started to move in the staccato left right rhythm like it was supposed to. Inadvertently | found my fingers moving like they had zills in them.

As my movements became faster and more self assured, Fuji sped up the rhythm of her playing. Soon | was having a really good time, turning so they could see my ass jiggle as | shimmied and moving all over the little space. | spun and twirled putting myself directly in front of each of my owners as | danced for them.

The covers over my breasts were barely there when | was standing still, now they were both off to the side. Not like it really mattered, it just meant they could see me moving all over the place.

Finally, | started to feel winded. | looked at Fuji pointedly and she played me a nice exit. As the music stopped | dropped to my knees in front of Master Damien and Looked up at him. He Looked taken aback, but thankfully not Like he thought it was funny.

Fuji's owners rose to leave as they complimented Master Damien on me. My owners told Fuji's they appreciated the praise. Master Damien told them he would enjoy having them come over again

The men talked at the door for some time. | used it to get my breathing back in order. It took me a long time to get winded, especially considering my afternoon hobby. | must have been dancing a really long time. Hopefully, it wasn't too long and | bored them. Except for accepting the other men's compliments they hadn't said anything about my dancing. | was concerned.

"Ciara," Master Damien said sitting in front of me, "why didn't you tell us you could do that?" he asked.

| was surprised by the question. They were all looking at me expectant in so | had tagay, soraethin ; You never akéd, Master Damien,” was all | could come up with.

“You've been able to do that since you first got eS

a ed pulling in to Stand and touching my stomach.

“Well, sort of, we practice at the Keepers and | think I've gotten better, Master Kein,’ | angiered Watching him H aed around me feeling my hips, like something about them might be different.

The men made me do the dance moves as they laid their hands on my body.

## Chapter 103

They wanted to know what it felt Like. As | shook and shimmied in front of them, | watched their pants all start to Look too tight.

“We will get you an outfit Like you described to dance for us,” Master Damien stated as | rolled my stomach for him. “I wish to see you dance in the traditional costume.”

| started to ask him how he planned to do that, but the hungry look in his eyes stopped me. Master Christof was the first to start removing my skimpy coverings. His brothers weren't far behind.

Master Bane picked me up and walked quickly toward their bedroom. The men disrobed before they got there. As Master Evan pushed me onto the bed, | prayed they would let me get warmed up also. They surrounded me looking hungry and horny.

Master Christof was in a mood to learn tonight. He knelt between my thighs and started to lick as Master Bane and Master Evan spread my legs. Only Master Evan really got between them like that, the rest just usually watched him. Under Master Evan's tutelage Master Christof proved he was a quick study. On his tongue | got so horny | was begging someone to fuck me, which they did.

Master Damien was the last to climb on top of me and I was in a state.

I was covered in sweat and my long hair was stuck to my face and neck. Evidently given the right stimulation I could have multiple orgasms.

My body felt Like it was a mass of live wires. I screamed curse words at Master Damien in English and in his language when he started to move. He just watched me impassively and moved slower until I calmed some.

"You have developed an interesting vocabulary, Ciara," he said quietly.

I grunted a response as my eyes rolled back in my head. The spasms in my belly had never really stopped.

"You may not use those words outside this room," Master Evan said laying beside us and licking a bead of sweat off my neck. I just stared lazily at him, which seemed to irritate him.

"Did you hear me, Ciara?" he asked.

"Yes, Master," I grunted.

He hardly Looked satisfied with that response, but Master Damien was in the mood for completion not answers. He sped up his movements and whispered in my ear all the things they would do if I cursed in public.

I groaned my answer into his neck as my spent body continued to twitch beneath his.

I think they bathed me after they were finished. Since I passed out once Master Damien was done with me, I wasn't sure. Considering how sticky I felt the next morning, they might not have, though.

| woke before anyone else and wandered out toward the bathroom. It was one of those mornings where | would have drupk cuffed back-home. | felt lik Sombie. | was sitting on the pot before | realized there wasn't anyone to wipe me. As | reached for the rag on the counter, | was stopped. Master Christof laid his hand over mine and Looked pissed.

"What are you doing?" he asked. He towered over me the way Master Damien did when he was angry. 'm sorry, Christof...Master Christof. | forgot to get someone to come with me," | stuttered.

He'd never been so harsh with me. As he picked up the rag and cleanećine, it finall it me. founbone with your brothers is fixed isn't it, Master Christof?"

"We are bonded again, yes. It will take time to become as s reyğ asdb Was, HY ihisyedtHe 4 Swered cleaning

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## Chapter 104

It was my own private horror. My friend was gone, lost into the chasm that was their collective mind. All that trouble to save him and I'd helped to send him away permanently. A single tear ran down my cheek as | stood up.

"Why are you making tears, Ciara?" he asked curiously taking it off my face. "Sometimes humans make tears when we are happy about something. I'm really happy for you Master Christof," | Lied. | don't think he believed me, but he let it slide.

| was so depressed. The one person here that didn't insist | act like a mindless slave was now a mindless slave. | barely noticed when Master Damien let me choose between two different pieces of ornamentation to wear to the Keepers today. They'd never done that before, but | was too upset to give it much thought.

The men were still in phenomenally fabulous states of mind. They didn't seem to notice my mood, which was a good thing. It would have been impossible to explain.

After all the exertion Last night | was really thirsty. They had set me between Master Bane and Master Kein and | kept asking for a Little more water during the morning meal. Master Kein must have gotten sick of me, he handed me a full cup and went back to the conversation.

| just stared at him. Nobody else even looked at me. Tentatively | took a sip and looked up. They were still talking about a new sword someone had gotten. | drank the whole cup and handed it back to Master Kein, he filled it and asked if | wanted more.

| shook my head 'no' and he Laughed tousling my hair. It struck me to wonder if they could just stick to their own stupid rules. That would make my life so much easier.

| was still down when we got to the Keepers compound. They weren't though. Master Damien kissed my cheek and told me to have fun. He said we would go for a fitting in the next couple of days. | needed to describe to the tailors how the outfit | danced in was made. They were all acting so off, | couldn't figure it out.

The girls were sympathetic to my problem when | told them about it.

They didn't really understand though. Even Rose had forgotten what it was Like to have a special relationship with just one person. They tried to cheer me up, but it didn't really work. | was in a funk.

Master Christof came to feed me for lunch, in the Lunch room, of course. | ate what he gave me and didn't complain. He talked with the other Warriors about the campaign and who was going for a coupling next. They gave each other pointers on how to best subdue the women. He didn't seem at all upset to be Lying out his ass.

| missed him, the real him. | missed talking to him about how he was raised and what it was like to use a sword, all the stupid stuff we used to talk about at mid day. At some point during the meal | started to cry again. He brushed the tears away and looked at me questioningly.

Recovering quickly | told him | was thinking of my family again. He said the same thing Master Damien had, | wasn't permitted to think about them. They had not done a good job protecting me. In truth, | had to agree with him about that.

After Lunch | swam out my Little hole. | surfaced and saw the Keepers were busy with the girls on the beach. | was glad for the way they obsessed on us. It made it easier to disappear in the afternoons. They were always helping someone undress or walking them to the bathroom. It was stupid the way they acted Like we were all little kids.

| took a breath a dived deep. There were all these little yellow fish that hung out at the edge of the rock wall by the inlet. | chased them sometimes. | saw a cluster of them now. Swimming toward them, they scattered and then all went left. Weirdly enough, they all kept going and didn't go back to the wall, neither did |.

| was caught in the current. I'd forgotten it was higher up now. The undertow sucked me along at a rapid pace. Back at home, I'd been taught never to fight an undertow, but I'd never been in one this strong or fast. | remembered an old lifeguard telling me to relax and use my hands to guide me to the surface.

My lungs were burning for air and | couldn't tell which way was up. | let out a Little bubble and watched itas | flew past it. tilted, i

Gasping for breath | broke the water's surface and continued to be dragged along. | couldn't get out of e-rrent and | w ched thelsho dnd the réeky) inlet getting smaller and smaller. | screamed for the Keepers, but | was already so far out. Much to my dismay, | was being dragged out to sea.

It took forever to get out of the current. Finally, | was dumped unceremoniously on what was essentially a large sand bar in the middle of the ocean. | looked around and realized | was in the middle of nowhere.

| couldn't see Land in any direction. If | could tell which way home was | could swim toward it. The Gufreht' had twitterie'around for so long | wasn't even sure of that anymore. Not that | could fight the current to get back there anyway.

My eyes started to tear up, | was going to die here. No one would ever find me. | fought for control of myself and it was a losing battle.

## Chapter 105

As the sun set, the water started to rise. | had no idea how big the change in tide would be. By the time that awesome ringed moon rose into the sky the tide had risen significantly. There wasn't sand underneath my feet anymore, just deep dark water. | drifted aimlessly in the ocean trying not to panic.

| was thirsty, so thirsty. Televisions shows back home had taught me you can't drink salt water. This water tasted Like the ocean on earth.

| doubted drinking it would help me feel better. I'd seen some shows where drinking the ocean killed you faster.

Finally, my survival instinct kicked in and | concentrated on scanning the horizon for land. These currents would dump me on a\_ shore eventually, | reasoned, | just had to be on the lookout. Focusing my energy felt good. | was a survivor, | could live through this.

The first time | felt something brush my leg | screamed. Quickly, | realized it was my motion that was attracting whatever kept touching me. | floated on my back and tried to move as little as possible. | looked at the stars and did that breathing Rose had taught me.

The panic started to crest again. My options were not looking good. | could drown, be eaten, or die of dehydration. Fighting hard, | concentrated on watching the stars and breathing deep.

Looking to my right | thought | saw a light, so | moved and my feet sank into the water. | kicked a little to get higher. It was my imagination or the reflection of the moon. Nothing was out there, it was just me.

The touch on my leg was firmer this time. | stilled all my movement, but it was too late. | screamed and thrashed as something wrapped around my lower Leg. Slowly it started to pull me down. | took a big

breath just before my head was pulled under. Some part of me realized it would probably be the last air | would ever take.

| tried to fight, but it was useless. | was dragged deeper and deeper.

Whatever was wrapped around my leg was thick as my arm and slimy. It had a hold on me like I'd never felt before. Little stinging pricks went around my leg everywhere the thing touched.

Now | knew what would kill me, drowning. | fought the urge to breath; it was so strong. | needed air badly. That first breath underwater would be my Last. | put it off as long as | could.

| gave in to the urge and felt the ocean wash into my Lungs. The pain was immense, but it would be over soon. My throat slammed shut and | struggled with the lack of air. My body writhed in the water. The blackness overtook me and | was grateful for it finally.

| dreamed of Master Kein in that horrible abyss. He was in my face, his hair floating Like a halo around his head. Next thing I knew he was forcing a thick piece of slime between my lips. The thing he stuffed in my mouth was gross. It was so nasty and it was moving like worms. This was a horrible way to die. Drowning while worms crawl into you.

The worms were moving everywhere inside of me. They had long since forced past my gag reflex deep into my throat. | felt them in my nose, too. | tried to cough, but | couldn't. Really, | just wanted the worms out of me.

My strength started to return, it felt like | was breathing again.

Reaching up | tried to grab the slimy junk out of my mouth. Now Master Damien was right in front of me, his hair was plastered to his face. He shouted at me to Leave it. He held me in an iron grip.

My vision blurred and blackened for another moment. Master Bane was before me now feeling over my heart and shouting. | couldn't understand him. This was such a horrible, confusing dream.

Wind was whipping past my face; there isn't wind underwater. | was laying on metal. In my dream | wasn't underwater anymore. A sharp pain got my attention and | looked toward my leg. A giant pink mass was wrapped around it and stuck to it. Its tail end flopped and moved down by my foot. | tried to scream or move away, but strong hands held me down.

| watched as a man | didn't recognize brought what looked like a fiery brand down over the pink mass on my leg. Pain rocked thyougie!rine!

a saw that part fall away. The brand was reheated out of my sight and then he placed it back over the thing covering me. I'd never felt such burning as when he brought the fiery metal down over the mass, but each time he moved it away a little more fell off my leg.

Looking up | saw my owners standing over me. They looked like they were all seething. Glad-and soaked the skin. The pain radiated up from my leg again and | watched the moon slowly fade out of sight.

This was an awful nightmare, | just wanted it to end. Why couldn't | die like a normal person and not have a nightmare first? Finally, blackness took over and | welcomed the calm that it brought. se

| was back in my owner's bed in the compound. My brain felt muddled and clouded. I was used to waking slowly, but this level of confusion was annoying even for me. Turning my head slightly | saw bright blue eyes and long blonde hair.

## Chapter 106

Master Evan was watching me with unfaltering attention. He lay on his side in the bed looking at me. He had his head propped up on his hand as though he had been studying me for some time.

"So which horror is it to be this time, Ciara?" he asked brushing my hair off my forehead. "Though | know it serves no purpose, | will tell you again, you are safe and we are real."

What a bizarre thing to say.

| turned my head and saw the moon through the window. It was night. | couldn't figure how | got here or where | was supposed to be. | didn't remember going to sleep and no one else was in bed.

The men slowly came into the bedroom and sat around me on the bed. They were all dressed in their linen shifts. It must be bedtime. | couldn't figure out why | went to bed first.

"What has it said this time?" Master Damien asked taking a sip from the cup in his hands. God, | was thirsty, so thirsty.

"Master Damien," | pleaded and pointed to the cup. My voice was raspy.

"It recognizes you, brother," Master Evan said as he helped me to sit up.

They held me up and let me drink. | felt weak and dizzy. Inside the cup was water, but it burned going down. | coughed and sputtered, but | wanted more. | clung to Master Damien's arm so he wouldn't take the cup away. They fed me little sips until the thirst had gotten better.

| tried to move my leg and screamed as pain shot through me. Jerking the covers away | screamed again. My right leg was tattooed and raw looking. It looked like an intricate snake wrapping around my entire calf on the right.

"Ah, it is to be the waking dream of the tentacle again," said Master Bane quietly. 't doesn't have you, Ciara," Master Christof said petting my shoulder.

"We burned it off of your leg, there is no tentacle stuck to you. You aren't drowning. We cut the fleint's appendage and pulled you up," he said.

"What are you talking about?" | grated out. "Why did you mark my leg like this, Master Christof?"

They all just stared at me for a moment. "Is it awake?" Master Damien asked contemplatively. iara," Master Kein asked, "where are you?" in the bedroom," | answered confused.

“Do you know who we are?” Master Christof asked looking hopeful.

“You are my owners,” | croaked out.

They cheered and slapped each other on the shoulders. | ear going on around me.

Master Bane leaned forward and kissed the top of my Arpad I'd like you raw- we take to the village, I'm glad to see you back,” he said smiling.

“Why do you want to whip me? Why did you mark  
What is going on, Masters?” | asked in rapid fire succession.

“Ah, the questions,” Master Damien said laughing.

## Chapter 107

“And what’s wrong with my voice? Why do | hurt? What happened today?” | continued to ramble

“Today?!” Master Kein laughed. “Ciara, you have been feverish and delirious for nearly two day cycles. Brothers, bring it more to drink and something to eat.”

I sat in stunned silence as they bustled around getting me food and more water. | took what they gave me gratefully although my throat was really sore. | could not figure out what they were talking about.

My most recent memories were flashbulbs of nightmares: the deep dark black, a slimy pink tentacle, and their irate faces floating over me.

It took a while for the memories to solidify in my mind. As a rush, the timeline came back to me.

My eyes went wide when | realized. | nearly choked on what | had been eating. It hadn’t been a bad dream. | had been in the ocean, way out in the ocean. Something had grabbed me. | had been pulled under and | had been drowning.

Hurriedly | looked around and grabbed the closest man to me. He felt real. Master Evan felt like he always did, hard muscle and warm skin.

He was looking at me curiously.

Tears started to streak down my face when what Master Bane said made sense. They were going to lay a whip on me for what | had done. | retched and tried to keep the food and drink down. The root from before was presented to me and | took it.

“Please Masters,” | whispered, “how many times will you Lash me?” | was really crying now.

Master Christof wiped my face before he answered.

“It depends on how honest you can become with us. If we are satisfied we may not Lash you at all,” he said coolly. My head bobbed up and down and they Laughed at my gesture.

“How did you escape, Ciara?” Master Damien asked.

| answered them with absolute honesty. | told them | liked to dive outside the cove to explore. Without missing a detail, | described the hole in the grate. They watched me stoically and | rambled on without thought.

They heard about the current and agreed when | told them it had changed. As the ringed moon moved through its cycle in the sky, so did the current. Everyone in the room was already aware of that.

Master Damien calmly asked how long | had been going out in the ocean.

Their faces didn’t change as | told them since the first day at the Keepers. | apologized profusely. They just ignored me.

| asked hesitantly what the mark on my leg was.

Master Evan laughed, "You are Like us now," he said pigtiny tathe hark op his; ahotnder

"Yes," | insisted, "Il understand we both have tattoos Bat tpece aid" myine cde ben Masters?"

"You were grabbed by a creature in the ocean, we call it a fleint. It grabs it's prey and a it ewnc ones:

sumingitorics i aos to the bottom. It is shocking you were not grabbed sooner. They are everywhere outside the currents. The tentacle releases chemicals into it's prey.

In you those chemicals must mark the skin," Master Bane answered.

## Chapter 108

"Evan has determined it is the same chemical the women use to mark us," Master Christof said absently.

"Tell me, Ciara," Master Damien commanded. "How did you avoid the fleint before we arrived?"

| told him | had felt them brushing my legs. They didn't understood floating, so | explained laying still and flat in the water. iow did you find me, Masters?" | asked.

"You don't Listen, Ciara," Master Evan said, "I already warned you | have a sense for creatures | have tasted. | followed my sense to you.

We heard the scream and saw your bubbles rise from the water. We went down to find you," he finished stroking my arm. | thanked him, kissing his hand. They made me thank all of them individually, which | did. "| breathed the water, Masters. How did you fix that?" | wondered out loud.

"You screamed about worms in your sleep. We assumed it was the creature | put in your mouth. It went deep into you and pulled out the water, pumping in air. They are quite useful. The Fishers that took us to find you had one they allowed us to use," Master Kein answered.

Master Damien picked me up and moved me into the showers indicating an end to my questions. "We haven't been able to get you near water in two cycles, Ciara," he explained setting me on the floor  
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My leg hurt too much to stand on, so he let me sit. Master Evan helped him and they washed me head to toe. I fought when they tried to wash my right leg, so the other men came and held me as Master Evan cleaned it.

The leg was so sensitive it felt like they were washing me with needles.

Once I was dry they laid me back in the bed. ALL the attention to my leg had made it throb. I whimpered as they pulled a thin blanket over it and Master Christof looked curiously at me. He Left the room and returned with the foul smelling goop. He put a generous portion across my chest.

The effects of the stuff was nearly instantaneous. I relaxed and watched the men crawl into bed around me. It didn't take long for sleep to take me again.

I wasn't sent back to the Keepers the next day or the day after. My owners barely allowed me out of bed. Healers came to see me and marveled over my leg. Living through the attack of a fleint was quite a feat. They congratulated my owners on my continued survival.

As the swelling went down and the chewed on look got better the leg took on an exotic appearance. The marks started on the bottom of my foot and ran to just under my knee. Two parallel lines of deep black ran around my leg about 5 inches apart. Between them was an intricate swirling of lines and circles. Just under my knee it looked like the head of a snake, as the parallel lines got wider and semicircular.

I had my own group of Keepers that watched me during the day. They barely let me turn over on the bed by myself. One of them watched me at all times. If I slept one of them would sit by the bed and stare at me.

It was Like they expected me to jump out the window if I got a chance.

The second day the Keepers closed the leather door to the bedroom and I heard knocking around in the main room. I couldn't believe what was going on out there. I peeked out after they opened it back up. We must be expecting company, there were more chairs and the table was expanded.

My owners arrived home early that night. They didn't go to the bathhouse, but instead showered in the upstairs. They washed me head to toe. My leg had mostly stopped hurting, so I didn't fuss when they washed that.

They dressed themselves in crisp linen shirts and new looking leather pants. I even noticed Master Christof shine his shoes. Stupid me, I should have known who was coming.

The General and his brothers arrived at dinner time. After the food was delivered and set on the table, Master Tien carried me out of the bedroom. He laid me on a floating pad in the middle of the main room.

## Chapter 109

If I hadn't been so terrified of the General I might have been curious what held it up.

The General and his brothers were fascinated by my new markings. They touched all over my leg and explored it. The General even licked it. I would have thought that was odd, but Master Evan probably would have done the same thing. Eventually they were satisfied they had explored it enough.

"I wish to feed it," the General said.

My owners didn't hesitate and helped me off the floating table. I knelt obediently next to the General. He and his brother fed me thoroughly out the meal. I didn't play any games. I would have tried to eat the plate if he gave it to me.

After dinner the men retired to the lower sitting area. Master Christof pulled me to stand, which was good because I needed the help. My leg was starting to ache. I didn't know how much longer I could kneel on it. Limping slightly, I walked with him into the sitting room.

Thankfully, he pulled me to sit on his Lap.

“Your bond is repaired, | see,” the General stated.

Master Damien told him it was.

“The slave was of use then?” the General’s brother asked watching me. My owners all agreed | had been helpful.

“The Administrators are pleased,” the General said and then asked. “What do you plan to do about the slave’s escape attempt?”

Surprised, | Looked up. | wasn’t trying to escape. With wide eyes | looked at Master Damien and shook my head. A hard look from him made the comment die in my throat.

“We will take it to the village,” he said decisively. I'd been to the village. It didn’t seem that bad. | knew they wouldn’t let the shopkeepers touch me, so | wasn’t that worried.

| should have Known something horrible was going to happen. | might have prepared myself for it, but | wasn’t thinking. When they didn’t put the plug in the next morning, | was glad they forgot. They didn’t dress me, but | didn’t let it bother me. We got on a transport Like every other morning but it went the wrong way. ALL of this should have alerted me. | might have had the chance to beg them, but | didn’t.

We went toward the mountains. | watched as mile after mile of dry rough countryside passed underneath us. | just considered the beautiful scenery and didn’t wonder why we were going this way.

After a long while a building broke the horizon, it was surrounded by the crumbling remains of a town. We drifted to a stop in front of the building. Like Lightning, my collar and cuffs were off me and Master Damien pushed me from the transport pad. | stumbled down and turned to look at him.

The transport raised in the air so it hovered just outside of my reach. “You’re here you are,”

aster Evan smirked at me.

"No collar to indicate you Me ed, no

Master Damien continued. "Please, no," | said Looking around.

## Chapter 110

"You may explore all you wish," Master Bane said in a hard voice. "Careful of the Warriors that patrol the area," Master Kein warned.

"You are nothing to them, just a tool to use and discard."

| paled and reached for them. They couldn't be leaving me to the others.

"Perhaps if you are good enough one of them may choose to put their symbol on you," Master Damien sighed, "but | doubt it. They have no reason to take home and be burdened with what they can freely use here."

| screamed for them as the pad lifted off and they Left. Dropping to my knees on the dusty ground | cried like a baby. | couldn't figure out why they would go to all the trouble to save me just to kill me themselves.

Once the tears dried | looked around. This area once had been bustling, there were the foundations of innumerable buildings. A crumbling wall surrounded the entire area. | wandered toward the only building with a roof. There was no door, just an opening in the wall.

| reached out and touched the pink brown stone and it crumbled a little under my fingers, this place was falling apart. | stepped into the doorway and immediately stepped back out. A skeleton lay against the far wall. It was most certainly humanoid.

For a while | just stood and hyperventilated. The rational part of my brain decided to take over at some point. | tried to remember how long it would take for me to die. The lack of water would kill me first. If | was going to Last | would have to find water here.

As | walked around the rocks on the ground dug into my feet. The smooth cobblestones | was used to were cracked and broken here. | tripped and stepped hard on a broken piece and it went deep into my Left foot.

| sat on a stump and examined the wound. Blood seeped slowly from the broken skin and dripped to the ground below me. The injury was deep and touching it hurt. With nothing to clean or wrap it with, | ignored it.

### Angela's Library

| had to find water, so | walked around looking. The gouge was leaving bloody tracks where ever | went. | wandered all over and didn't see anything that looked like a well or a water source. Except for my sticky Little footprints this place was bone dry.

It was hot, warmer than the village | had called home. | was sweating profusely. The dust | kicked up was sticking to my damp skin and felt disgusting. Limping | moved back to the building with the skeleton. | crouched inside the doorway out of the sun and watched the bones. | wondered what she had done to get left to die out here.

| looked around the room and saw there was a small alcove off to the side. Wandering around the room | glanced into the recess, inside was a small jug that bore my owners' insignia. | hadn't been this thirsty since | was in the ocean. Glancing down | noticed several small bugs swimming in the jug. Picking up the dirty pitcher | looked closer inside and saw there was a small amount of water.

The water teased me. It was dirty, | could tell just looking at it. The container was filthy and there were little silver things swimming in it. | placed the jug carefully down and looked for something | could pour the water into. If | had a cup | could pick the bugs out.

| walked everywhere in the crumbling village, but there wasn't a cup or even another jug to be found. | did find more bugs. Swarms of the nasty silver things were everywhere. At some point | thought about the funny plants that lined the walls to the compound. They obviously had been placed purposely.

When | returned to the building | went straight to the jug. | was parched and dry, bugs or not I'd drink the water.

The jug was covered with the little silver things. The water was thick with them now. | sobbed and choked down the water, drinking a handful of bugs with it. They tasted disgusting. | wanted to scream and cry, but that wouldn't do any good. In fact, it would dehydrate me faster.

| sat in the room with the remains and watched the sun's rays move across the floor. My foot was throbbing and | tried to ignore it. There was really nothing else to do.

Just before sunset | heard the hum of a transport pad outside. | jumped up and ran out the dog Medved Locked wit? those of a massive blonde haired man. | ran back into the building and backed into the far wall.

| couldn't stop watching as the men came toward me. Most of them were large and well armed, obviously Warriors.

Five of the men entered the building and stalked toward me. | screamed for my Masters and jumped Qytan windo nthe eal they were on top ofmeé before | got ten feet away. It was a pointless struggle and they laughed heartily at me as they dragged me, by my hair, back into the building.

"Who are you screaming for slave?" one of them asked me. "Your owners left you here. I'm noyadie.whythey laft theiNrfark! on you though," he patted the mark on my stomach. "Do you think you are worthy of them coming back for you?"