

Alien Masters 161

Chapter 161

“Up, Ciara,” Master Evan commanded pulling on my hands and hair.

| struggled to move to my knees and finally succeeded. The pillows were removed and Master Kein lay before me. “Crawl over me, Ciara, put your ** over me,” he commanded.

| looked at him confused. He had used a word | did not know.

“Have we used a word our foul mouthed slave hasn’t Learned?” Master

Bane laughed.

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“Put your vagina over my penis, Ciara. Do you understand that?” Master Kein asked motioning.

| shuffled on my knees over him, but | still had my hands bound behind me.

“Master Kein, may | have my hands now?” | pleaded.

“Continue to irritate us and you will lose the use of your mouth, Ciara, unless we need it,” he said holding his cock straight up.

| straddled him and sank onto his length, enjoying the sharp feel of him. Moving up and down, | tried to fuck him, but it was difficult.

Master Evan grasped my neck and pushed me toward Master Kein on the bed. Losing my balance, | ended up laying across his chest and then | felt Master Evan pushing back into my ass. They were planning to share me, so | made a point to relax myself completely.

As I lay on Master Kein's chest I tried to say the things they liked to hear, but they were ignoring me. "Unbind the wrists, I wish to play with the new toys," Master Kein said.

Part of me felt relief as I leaned on my arms and part of me groaned.

My tender nipples would never survive today.

Master Kein was much more gentle with my body than it sounded like he would have been. He flicked the rings lightly and seemed to enjoy watching them shake. As he reached his climax he took a nipple in his mouth and sucked. I thanked him copiously for the care he showed.

Master Evan was not near done yet and continued to ride me from behind. My ass felt open and used when he finally found his release.

"Ciara, come take a drink," Master Bane commanded and SH

I] the knees on the floor.

"How many times do we have to tell you that you Master Damien asked exasperated.

I shuffled quickly forward until I was in the right spot and the men continued to stare at me. Oh please lean on your hand and kissed Master Bane's feet apologizing. "What are you doing Ciara?" Master Evan asked crouching beside me.

"I am apologizing, Masters," I told him, "for not being an obedient slave."

Chapter 162

They each moved in front of me and took an apology before they fed me the water.

Master Christof put me back on the bed after my break and took his time. He crawled over me and rocked me gently into the bed. It was like before, when it was just us in the middle of the night. It was better now, though, with his Brothers touching and stimulating any piece of flesh he wasn't.

After he was done it was another of them. They took me until I couldn't stand. By the time Master Christof took a second turn, I was reduced to a quivering mess. All I could manage was to whisper their names over and over again.

"It cannot take us anymore today, Brothers," I heard Master Kein say as long fingers inspected the wet, sore area between my legs.

"It did well," Master Damien commented lifting me out of the bed.

I was showered and the cream was applied as usual. The perfume was once again put over my neck. This time I knew what it meant and was happy to have pleased them so.

The men redressed themselves casually and sat talking by the fire. They lay me on the chaise where it was warm and I dozed, exhausted. A rapping at the door woke me up, but I kept my eyes closed. "Irs, you are here," the surprised voice said when the door opened.

"Yes, and we have an appetite. Where is our evening meal?" Master Damien asked.

"We did not think you would be here. Let us get it. We apologize, sirs," the man stammered out.

I heard bustling as the food was brought in and set on the table.

"We did not expect you to be here tonight, sirs. We apologize for the wait," the voice said still sounding surprised. "There is an item the human slaves take. You stock it in the kitchens, do you not?" Master Evan asked the man. ninjanovel.com

"Of course, an order will be delivered right away," I heard the man say.

Master Christof picked me up off the chaise and sat me between him and Master Evan at the table. I took what they gave me quietly and wondered about what the food delivery man had said. I looked silently up at Master Christof with the question still on my mind.

"Ask me, Ciara," he laughed leaning down and kissing my nose.

"Where else would you be?" I asked. "The man at the door sounded like he thought you would be somewhere else. You rarely eat other places."

"In the mountains, Ciara, celebrating," Master Bane answered.

"This is much better," Master Kein said, "no risk, all reward."

I thought my brain must have turned

off for a moment. "a go o didn't you just come out from there?"

"We used to celebrate by going to the mountains and finding females to!

p Master Bane told me.

"You don't like to go to the females..." now I was confused.

"They were our only choice if we wished to celebrate and we do enjoy the females, to andi vera go Vinton St family or two and subdue several women for our pleasure," Master Damien told me.

"It is how we know the mountains so well," Master Evan bragged. "We know many places the women like to stay."

“It was more fun when we went alone, without another family and we often did that,” Master Christof said. “There is always risk in the mountains though. We were taken and held by large gangs on several occasions.”

Aknock sounded at the door and Master Evan got up to answer it. “ever as much fun if that happened,” Master Damien commented. “because the women are mean,” | said trying to understand.

“No, if we got caught up there and didn’t return to our post on time the General would take a lash to us when we got back,” Master Evan said returning to the table.

“And not a Light scolding like you got,” Master Christof said, “a real beating.” | had thought what | got counted as a beating. It was apparently not that bad. Admittedly, they could take a lot more than | could.

“You did well today, Ciara,” Master Evan said handing me the bowl from the door, “you took each of us multiple times. We are pleased.”

| took the bowl and Looked inside. It was an orange, a Large ripe navel orange. Reaching inside | touched the rough skin and wondered at it.

“We do not know how to feed you this,” Master Damien explained from beside Master Evan.

“Show us how you eat it,” Master Kein commanded.

| picked up the orange and started to peel it. The scent of it filled the room and Master Christof wrinkled his nose. “What a strange odor,” he quietly commented.

ANGELA’S LIBRARY

Once the orange was peeled | plucked at the seeds to remove them.

“The man asked us to save those if the slave did not eat them,” Master

Evan said and had me place the seeds back in the bowl.

| separated the orange into pieces and the men were fascinated by it.

They each took a piece and examined it.

“Would you like to try it, Masters?” | asked.

“No, Ciara, this is your treat,” Master Evan told me handing the piece he had taken back. | showed them how | ate it and they fed me the pieces | had prepared.

It was wonderful. | savored each sweet bite. | never pented taste something ron Earth again.

He did have a little taste of the orange. Some of the juice oe down my chinyand Master van liked it off. While he didn't find it bad, he didn't understand why | enjoyed it.

After dinner the men played cards and | sat and watched them. Th game was much. mised Ontertaining newrihay) Ghiasiacs it. Master Christof even put me on his lap and Let me play his hand for him.

“Well, we should go help with the punishment,” Master Damien said stretching.

Chapter 164

| blanched and gagged. “What did I do, Masters?” | panicked.

“Not you, Ciara, we already told you we were pleased with you. The slave that ate the worms. It is being punished in the courtyard,”

Master Evan said rising.

The men dressed me in my panels and after glancing at my chest they put the covers over my breasts. | glanced down and saw what they did.

Despite the healing cream my nipples were red and puffy. They looked like they had suffered too much attention very recently.

It was near dusk and the yard was lit with torches. A warm breeze was blowing intermittently and lots of men were outside. Everyone seemed happy and relaxed after the last couple of days.

We walked down the steps to the courtyard and | hoped it wouldn't be too bad. | wondered if | would have to look. | did remember the one horrible time I'd been at the posts, | had seen slaves Looking up at me then. My owners would probably make me witness whatever they had done to Fuji.

The men stopped suddenly and | watched the backs of Master Damien's boots. "Ciara, Look up and tell us if you would wish this to happen to you," Master Bane ordered.

| steeled myself for the worst sight imaginable. My fists clenched in anticipation at my sides. Taking a big breath | looked up at what they had done to my friend.

Fuji looked miserable, but otherwise fine. She was up on the platform dressed in an ill fitting white dress that fell past her knees. One ankle bound her to a post. She stood silently shaking with her eyes closed.

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My owners Looked at me and | looked at them. If the question was, did | wish to wear clothes again, the answer was yes. Somehow | doubted that was the point of this exercise. | opted for being honest, because this didn't look Like punishment to me.

"I don't understand," | told them. Master Evan snickered and Master Damien raised an eyebrow. arth slaves aren't very observant are they?" Master Kein asked. "Perhaps the slave doesn't like our decoration," Master Bane commented touching the cuff on my wrist.

“Ciara has demonstrated it likes our symbol. We all remember the village,” Master Christof said as though reminding them.

I looked back up at Fuji and kind of understood. She wasn't wearing a collar or cuffs to haw(Qwrership. Her jeg de Boun to the post by a simple leather strap. Upon closer inspection the ill fitting dress was just a man's shirt.

My hand stroked the line of my collar and I remembered echprerthat I

h pened tomnen) én it wasn't présent.

“I like your symbol, Masters, and I appreciate the protection the collar gives me,” I said solemnly. Fujits outfit just didn't make any sense. What was the purpose of dressing her? I would love to be dressed. “It loses something when you have to tell them,” Master Evan said sounding grumpy.

Apparently, I should be horrified by the sightt in front of me. Maybe later, that would have horrified me.

Chapter 165

“No one is hurting her and she's dressed, Masters,” I finally said confused. “She's not even bound in a way that would be painful. I don't understand.”

They all stood Looking at me for a moment before Master Christof leaned in and spoke in my ear.

“That slave would not find being stretched out between the posts uncomfortable at all. Being covered in that smock means its skin is too hideous to be seen. You've seen how the flesh glitters in the light, correct?”

I nodded and he understood me.

“Its owners put that on it to accent its natural glow. On its planet the only creatures to cover up are ill and embarrassed by their skin.

Its owners are saying it is too hideous to look at. They are putting it out here for us to mock.”
ninjanovel.com “Will you touch her and hurt her?” | whispered.

“No, that kind does not feel pain the way you do. It would take the blade of a knife to make the skin suffer and that would leave a permanent scar,” Master Christof told me.

| watched, with my peripherals as a group walked by and commented how ugly the slave was. The men wondered who would claim such a horrid thing. They continued to talk until Fuji screamed her master’s names, begging them to claim her.

| heard one of Fuji’s owners say to the other men to move on and then he left. Letting my hair fall forward | Looked through it and saw her owners sitting in a small tent behind her. They were sipping on drinks and talking.

“Ciara,” Master Damien warned pushing back my hair, “you know you aren’t supposed to do that.”

“I’m sorry, Master Damien, | just didn’t understand where their voices came from,” | admitted to him.
“Will you say things to make Fuji upset?” | asked to change the subject.

“No, we keep this slave, we will not be part of punishing it,” Master Evan said and grabbed my chin so | Looked at him. “Do not look at other men, Ciara, only us.”

“I only want to look at you, Master, | just was curious where the men watched from,” | said beginning to fear they would put me up there also.

“Ciara, when you are curious, ask us and we will tell you,” Master Christof sighed. “Do not do things that you know will get you in trouble.”

“| apologize, Masters,” | said in a pleading voice hoping they would let this go.

“Follow me, Ciara,” Master Damien said, “and keep your eyes where they belong.”

Master Damien and his Brothers went to talk to Fuji’s owners. | knelt

ona pad in the sees and awaited “le they talked + éy were dis

cussing the hunt for the men that had been taken. | had never been in the mountains, but it sounded really intense.

As we Sat there one of those stupid silver bugs Landed on my thigh. | hated those bugs eee ited, atitit viciously; | st ak int gh with an “Fehon left a hand print, but the bug got away. | felt a tickle on my arm and thought it was another bug. | swung, but several sets of hands stopped me.

“Ciara!” Master Damien said pulling me up, “Do not punish yourself! You are forgiven!” “We will bind your hands if you continue to strike yourself,” Master Evan threatened. “You cannot be injured.”

“| wasn't,” | started to say and stopped; they looked upset. “! w

hit myself aerorekircns iat kindtof anit won't cause permanent damage,’ | told them. “| was slapping at a bug.”

They stared angrily at the red handprint on my thigh, so | rubbed at it.

Chapter 166

“It will fade, Masters, | promise that kind of hit won’t Leave a mark,” | pleaded.

The men sat back down to talk, but Master Christof pulled me on his lap. He held both my hands in one of his, presumably so | couldn’t whack myself again. | Lay may head on his shoulder and relaxed.

| sat quietly for a while, but soon wiggled free and was tracing the lines on Master Christof's palms. As | played with his long fingers | heard a sigh from Fuji’s owners.

“This is going to drive us mad watching you all. We wish to enjoy our Slave. This punishment is over,” one of them said and I heard them rise and leave the tent.

The Last man to leave told Master Damien they would see him tomorrow, but they were going to be occupied for the rest of the night. My men laughed outright at that.

This time, I asked. “What's so funny?”

“It is one of the benefits of that type of slave,” Master Christof said stretching out now that there was more room, “that slave can take them many times. Except for the temperature difference the sex organs mirror our females. It is not sensitive like you are, it is accustomed to having many male partners each time.”

“You knew I was used to having only one sexual partner at a time?” I asked him looking into his eyes.

“Yes, and my Brothers also knew with the proper stimulation you would respond just as favorably to us,” Master Christof told me. “You're better than the man I had sex with on Earth,” I blurted out. “I react more favorably here than I ever did there.”

“Of course,” Master Evan laughed, “we are a far superior race.”

Things were normal for a couple of weeks after that. My Warriors talked about a meeting that the General had scheduled and they were very curious about it. Unlike his usual meetings it was to be held at his private residence. That was unusual, but not unheard of.

The day of the meeting came and the men were very animated. They dropped me at the Keepers early. I noted each man was dressed in his finest attire. Being asked to speak with the General privately in his home was evidently quite an honor.

Something happened at the meeting, | was sure of that. My Warriors were subdued that evening and didn't want to talk to me. When | asked what had happened they told me it was not something | should concern myself with. It was a strange reaction and I didn't know what to do.

Life for me changed subtly. Something was very wrong, | soon knew. As the days passed | felt more and more left out. My owners talked about almost nothing in front of me. Except for cleaning me, they rarely even touched me. ALL of them watched me, as though appraising me for some reason.

My Warriors became more keyed up and anxious. They weren't sleeping well, which was strange. When | woke up in the middle of the night they were sitting and talking by the fire. As soon as they noticed me the conversations always stopped, though. | knew they were hiding something.

At lunch they'd come and take me to the forest. Everyday I'd try to talk to the Brother with me, but they told me to eat and watched me wistfully. Asking what was wrong got me no answers. Getting upset with them just earned me a rebuke.

"We enjoy you, Ciara," Master Kein had said once. "Can't we just spend time with you for our pleasure in it? Why must you act this way?"

The criticism startled me. Every time | wanted to ask again after that | redirected myself, Astaya should | always obey their Master's wishes and pleasure. | had to be what they wanted, so | stopped pressuring them.

The worry gnawed at the pit of my stomach, despite my decision. | bit one of my nails to Kose and Ry! Smaok\corstéint urt. It felt like | as reacting to their anxiety, which obviously | was. If something happened to them, | felt sure | would suffer also. It began to panic me.

One night at dinner | had suffered enough of the strange silence and odd looks. My anxiety got the better of me and | had to ask them. "What is going on? You all seem upset and you won't talk around me, what did | do, Masters?" | asked.

"You did nothing, Ciara, take your sustenance," Master Damien told me dully.

He had that same Look as when the problem with Master Christof had been going on. ‘s your bond broken? Did something happen?’ | pressed. “This is not your concern, Ciara,” Master Evan told me. “It is time for you to take your meal.”

“You are my concern!” | stormed standing up. “You are my Masters. You are the only reason | survive here and something is wrong with you.

Please, tell me what has happened, let me help you,” | begged.

“You have helped, Ciara, you fixed our bond. Now Master Damien is being considered for the position of General. If he is chosen, he will train to take the General's place in a Warrior compound,” Master Christof finally admitted.

ninjanovel.com “Oh,” | said deflated, that wasn’t so bad, “congratulations, Master Damien, that sounds Like an honor.”

Master Damien threw his plate and upturned the table in front of him. | backed into the wall and watched him. He’d never lost his temper Like this in front of me. It was terrifying.

“A General,” he said stalking toward me, “cannot own a slave. They take too much time. They distract him from his one endeavor, the good of the compound. My needs will be sated by our women, no more waiting for couplings. | need only ask my Mistress.”

| stood shocked looking at him. They were going to get rid of me. | always knew it was a chance, slaves were meant to be sold and traded.

Silly me, | had trusted their promise, though.

| put my hands over my nipples and felt their insignia burning into my palms. How many times would | be traded before it stopped hurting? | wondered. Next time | would not get so attached, | swore to myself.

Tears ran in rivers down my face and | bolted for the bathroom.

The food | had just eaten came back up in a rush. Someone held my hair back as | vomited. Once | was done, | curled over my knees and bawled.

The idea of being without them left me with a feeling of emptiness and terror. “We should not have told it,” Master Bane chastised.

“No, you should have told me. | would hate to be surprised with something like that. To be...sold is terrible. | need time to prepare for it. Thank you, Masters, for not surprising me with the auction,” | stuttered out trying to sound professional.

This was a business transaction for them. They were moving up in the world. | shouldn’t begrudge them this. | would deal with my own fear and leave them to their lives.

“We cannot sell it back to the slavers. | will not see Ciara sold to another,” Master Damien growled. “I will not do this. There must be a way..”

“It wears our brand in the hair on its stomach,” Master Kein said, “we could argue it cannot be sold to another with such a mark.”

“They will remove it, Kein,” Master Christof said, “or they will tell us to kill it, if it cagnatbasbith fepamicn b&ebInes General, the Administrators will make us part with Ciara.”

“Ridiculous,” Master Damien fumed, “| do not want this change, now. | happy. Our we are satisfied Rey will force us to make this change if they choose me. | do not know what to do.”

| sat up and watched them pace in the bathroom. Now | understood, they didn’t want to get rid at men that's | threw myself at Master Damien and hugged him. My breath probably reeked but | hugged all of them. hy do they want you, Masters?” | asked wishing to help.

“We are the best, Ciara,” Master Damien said sitting on the bench in the room, “I am the best fighter, Kein is the best tracker, Bane is strong as any two men, Christof makes the most girls, and Evan’s talent is unrivaled. Together we are a near unbeatable force.”

“The Administrators believe as General we would inspire the men to be more like us. We are always the best and always strive for excellence.

They want to make our family the paradigm for the compound,” he finished leaning against the wall.

Master Christof sighed and stroked my hair, “You are precious to us. We do not wish to lose you, but we do not know how to keep you. The vote is to be held in a Lunar cycle.”

“It’s a vote?” | whispered and they told me it was. “So there are other families you are running against.”

“Yes,” Master Christof said, “families we feel would be happy to be General. They are not as strong as us. We feel sure the vote will go our way, the General agreed.”

‘an’t you just tell them you don’t want it?’ | asked. “Ciara,” Master Kein said softly, “we discussed this with the General. ANGELA’S LIBRARY

He knows the same thing we know, namely how this world is run. The position of General is the position of head slave in the compound. We have no more choice in the matter than you did in coming here.”

My world was rocked and my head was reeling. Something they had said made me think. They had said they were the best.

“What if you weren’t the best?” | asked. “My uncles sucked at every job they did. No one ever wanted them in charge of anything. They showed up late, didn’t work when they were there, and Left early to go hang out with women. Can you act like that to avoid the promotion?”

“We have never acted like that,” Master Damien snorted, “it would be dishonorable.”

The rest of the men agreed with Master Damien about how ridiculous that idea was. They would never act in such a way as I described. It would embarrass and demean them.

I hung my head and wasn't surprised when I vomited a second time.

Whether they like it or not, they were going to be promoted. They didn't have the imagination necessary to buck the system. I would just have to watch as they were taken from me.

It wasn't surprising that I cried myself to sleep that night. They tried to shush and comfort me, but it didn't work. I finally fell asleep when they put a tiny amount of the calming cream on my forehead.

I woke up the next morning and the sun was high in the sky. My brain felt a little fuzzy from the calming cream, but I hadn't lost my memory. Slowly I rose from the bed and wasn't surprised when I stumbled a little.

Peering out into the main room I saw I had my own group of Keepers today. The men f okfetgnteddedd themselves such and proceeded to care for me. They fed and cleaned me, but they couldn't make me feel better.

Like a caged lion I paced the apartment. In my mind I battled with myself about how best to deal with this. The stress was monumental and I started vomiting again.

The Keepers made me eat the root and it settled my stomach, but I knew that was temporary! walked for a while blé and the vomiting started up again. My whole stomach and chest ached from it, but I couldn't relax.

The men watching me thought my pacing was making me sick, so they told me to be still. I yelled at them and told them to leave me alone. That was the wrong thing to do.

The Keepers grabbed me and forced me to eat a large portion of the root. Once they were done Psy opened the bed and placed me in it. I was tied in four point restraints face down and couldn't move. I struggled and screamed at them, but they wouldn't listen.

When they were sure I would not vomit again, they pushed the bed into the wall. Darkness overtook me. I yelled, but the sound was just swallowed up. This was horrible. It was like a comfortable tomb.

Chapter 169

Eventually, I calmed down and lay the side of my face against the sheet. Rationally I knew I couldn't spend a month like this, however long that was. I was going to have to just get over the fact they were going to sell me.

The problem, I knew, was that I trusted my owners. They did not like to hurt me and kept me well. Damien and his Brothers were the only safety net I had here.

Another problem was that I loved them. It started with Christof and even after he rejoined them, I still cared for him. He no longer had similar feelings for me, I was sure. I still remembered the times we had shared. In a way I loved the rest of them also. They were innocent and stubborn. I could not imagine life without them.

I probably would have suffered just as much the month before I left earth, if I'd known in advance. It struck me suddenly that maybe they should not have told me. Perhaps it would have been better if I just woke up one morning and was given to different owners. It wasn't possible to forget this now. I'd just have to deal with it.

I eventually fell asleep in the bed. I expected my owners when the tray was removed from the wall, but it was different men. They told me they were Keepers.

I was groggy and stiff as I walked out into the main room and saw Rose's owners. I jerked my head down, since no one had given me permission to look at them.

"Slave, we keep you and you may look at us while we are here. Where are your owners? Why did they ask us to deal with you this night?" Rose's owner, Basin, asked me.

ninjanovel.com "Should you be asking the slave?" the Keeper asked him aghast.

"Keeper, mind your own business. We hired you to watch this slave and that is what you will do. Earth slaves are intelligent; it may know where they have gone," Basin said angrily.

“They didn’t wake me this morning, sir,” | answered, “I woke up and the Keepers were here. | thought my Masters went to work.”

Basin cursed in volumes for a few moments, his other Brothers also seemed really angry. He pushed over a chair in the eating area and stormed out, his family right behind him. | could still hear him cursing in the hallway.

My night time Keepers fed and cleaned me. | was worried about my owners, but determined not to throw up anymore. | did Rose’s deep breathing in front of the fire and tried to stay relaxed.

The night got later and later. Granted, | had slept most of the day, but | wasn’t used to being up at night. | pulled the blanket from in front of the fire and curled up with my head on my kneeling pad.

Eventually, | was woken up as Basin and his Brothers came back. They gave the Keepers several stones and put out the fire in the fireplace.

One of them picked me up and carried me down to their quarters. They laid me in their bed and ordered me to go to sleep.

Rose was wide awake and staring at me. | didn’t know what to say or do, so | laid down. The men lay down but were up a moment Later.

“Where ** + + are they?” one man asked pacing back and forth.

He used so many curse words | could barely understand him.

“They disappear from their post, show up once we've started a search and claim to be feeding their slave. Their slave was at their home!

They never went there. Now they are gone again. Have they lost their ability to reason? TRe Genedrwit beat thahBldody. We couldn't hide it, it was too obvious. Slave, what are your owners thinking?” the man asked turning on me.

| knew what they were thinking. | knew | couldn't lie @ Idthe truth. : ey are thobSe what they do, sir, | said and he roared with anger.

Rose moved across the bed and wrapped herself around me. The man stared at the two of us crossly.

“Not another word should come out of your mouth slave. Lay dewn and

to sip@mDO Got ven speak to me if Task you a question,” the man said.

Chapter 170

That was probably for the best, | thought as | put my head back on the pillows. Anything | said that was the truth would just get my men in trouble.

The next day | was fed, cleaned, and dressed by Rose's owners. They took me to the Keepers with Rose. They told me if my owners couldn't be found to give me my meal, the Keepers would do it.

Rose was curious about what was going on. | told her what was happening and she sat with me. Fuji found the entire thing odd. They both stayed with me all morning and we spoke to one another quietly.

Master Christof showed up at Lunch very Late looking much worse for the wear. None of the other Warriors greeted him as he took his seat in front of me. | tried not to look horrified at his condition.

Master Christof was beaten up badly, one side of his face was so swollen it Looked like it belonged to someone else. | saw a teeth marks on his neck and his arm hung slightly funny on one side. | assumed he had been with the women.

Master Christof pulled a scrap of dried meat out of his pocket and shoved it in my mouth. | tried to chew whatever it was, but it was too tough. | just worked on it and swallowed Little bits when | could.

“That is what you brought to feed a human?” the man next to us feeding Rose asked. “It will eat what | bring, won't you Ciara?” he asked patting my face.

Angela's Library

| gurgled an answer.

"Cousin, we helped train you. You cannot feed that to a human. It can't chew that. It will lose mass and become ill if it is not fed correctly," the man said softly.

It struck me that these guys were good. They took being screw ups to a level | had never witnessed before. Not that | was really willing to die to prove a point, but we'd proved | could live without Lunch on at least one occasion.

"We have been busy," Master Christof told the man, "the slave will eat later or it won't. If it dies, we'll just get a new one."

| choked a little, but prayed this was still part of the game. The thing in my mouth was getting softer. | figured if | chewed long enough I'd probably get some nutrition out of it.

"Buy a meal from the Keepers, Christof, don't be ridiculous. An ill slave is dishonorable, you all do not need anymore problems now," the man said.

Christof laughed and told him | rarely got to eat a midday meal. They usually ate what they brought me and fucked me at lunch time. | was lucky | was eating today.

| nodded and put my face against his leg.

"You see," Master Christof told the man, "they are more obedient when they are hungry."

"We have seen it struggle with weight once, Christof, this is why. You are not doing a good job," the man said loudly.

Master Christof just ignored him and strode out of the room. He ordered me to come with iQ and tole it was intel fer thy noon time task. The other Warriors sounded really judgmental as we left and headed out the wall.

In the forest Master Christof took the stuff from my mouth and s tit agide. He pulled a his shirt and fed me. It was gross, worse than worms ever tasted.

"It is the worms, dried and preserved,

they don't taste as Hou way" he vi give you

"You might be doing too much," | whispered back to him choking down the disgusting meal.

"No, we are proving we are not trustworthy," he said quickly and shoved the original piece of stuff back in my mouth.