

Alien Masters 171

Chapter 171

“Hurry and eat this slave. | wish to use you for your purpose,” he said loudly.

“You are out of time, Christof, we are expected back. The General requested we watch you to insure you return today,” Basin said irritably.

| heard several other men behind him agreeing.

Master Christof slapped my bottom and demanded | walk toward the compound. From the heat | knew | had a handprint there, but it would fade. The men behind me sounded horrified looking at it.

The General Lashed my owners the next day. They expected it and were pumped up and ready. In their younger days, they had evidently been lashed often.

“It's how we learned to get away from the women when we were in the mountains. It was great incentive at the time,” Master Bane told me.

When Master Damien came to feed me he was literally dripping blood from his back. It had soaked through his shirt and was falling in thick drops to the floor. | looked at him and couldn't think of what to say.

He fed me from a bowl slowly and carefully. | thought maybe this was the end of their defiance.

“You're making a mess of the floor where the slaves stay,” a man commented. he Keepers should clean it up then,” Master Damien stated.

“Some of the slaves cannot eat with you bleeding all over the floor,” a Warrior from my right said.

Master Damien ignored him and continued to feed me. When the complaints about his back started again, he took a different tact with them.

“When I am General, we will see what the slaves can tolerate,” he threatened.

The other men started to yell about that. Master Damien and his Brothers were acting crazy, there was no way he would become General.

A small smile crept across Master Damien’s face and I caught it.

The men stayed in their quarters and didn’t go to the bathhouse that night, due to their injuries. I fretted about their backs and begged them to let me put something on it. They had to suffer until they healed, that was part of the punishment.

“Could you call the Healers?” I asked softly petting Master Bane’s leg as he fed me dinner. “Maybe they would not tell and they could help you.”

He frowned down at me and fed me another bite. “We are strong men, Ciara. Weak men need the Healers’ touch, not us. We have not used the Healers since we were young boys.”

They were so adamant about it that I finally stopped asking. Over the next two days, I watched they skin heal

How the violence the General had inflicted they didn’t even scar. It made me wonder how vicious the marks they still carried must have been initially.

Master Damien and his Brothers behaved for two days after their punishment. It seemed they gave themselves just enough time to completely heal before they started again. It became a recurring pattern.

The result was always the same when they misbehaved, but it didn’t change their behavior. Maybe I did everything I could to disrupt the compound and irritate the General. My owners could be absolute devils if they put their minds to it.

“We have spent a long time containing Evan,” Master Bane laughed one night as they healed from their latest punishment. “Who knew what a benefit he would eventually be!”

The men found the entire thing amusing. Master Evan was devious and loved mischief, out yt vasr't' usually Bll6wed*He wasn't able to control himself and would go much too far. Now they gave him free reign and he was making up for lost time.

I spent a great deal of time with Basin and his Brothers, Rose's owners, when mine were acting out. | was a near permanent fixture in their home, it seemed.

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At first Rose's owners seemed angry and then they weren't. | lay in their bed one night worrying about Master Damien. | hated the idea they would be whipped again, but that seemed Like what they were aiming for.

The man named Karis was suddenly in my face telling me to relax.

"Your owners will come back for you, slave," he told me, "you needn't worry about them. We will care for you while they are off irritating the Administrators."

| froze on the bed and didn't even breath. No one else was supposed to know they were doing this intentionally. | couldn't let it slip. My wide eyes met Karis' and held them.

"We know slave, your owners told us what they are doing. It is an interesting plan. | am curious to see if it will work," he told me.

The General called my men to stand before him when they reappeared a day later. He didn't want to whip them this time. Basin and his Brothers weren't sure what he wanted to do to them.

Master Damien picked me up from Basin's apartment looking crushed. We walked upstairs and the men were all sitting morosely around the fire.

| didn't know what to do. | wrapped my arms around Master Christof and held him while | sat on his lap. "Please, tell me what happened," | begged softly.

“The General knows what we are doing and he knows why. It did not sway the decision. | am to be trained to be a General, my Brothers and | must sell you,” Master Damien said from across the room.

| did that deep breathing and tried to keep control. Despite that, tears leaked down my face. My voice cracked when | spoke and | settled for sobbing into Master Christof’s chest.

“We have chosen your new owners,” Master Bane said watching the fire. “We will not send you back to the auction.”

The men passed me around, each holding me for a while. | cried for each of them. By the time | got to Master Damien, | would have thought | was out of tears. | wet his shirt with my emotional outburst, though.

Angela’s Library

We didn’t sleep at all that night. | just moved between them, holding each of them. They didn’t have to tell me my new owners were coming in the morning, | knew it.

A knock at the door the next daybreak didn’t even phase me. Men came into the apartment and talked to Master Damien. | didn’t recognize their voices at all, but they seemed young.

Master Damien and his Brothers stood me up and removed my collar, cuffs, earrings, nipple rings, and ornamentation. The new men had replacements for all those things. Their colors were green and gold. | flinched when the new men touched me, but otherwise allowed them to ornament me.

“Rue and his Brothers are your new owners,” Master Damien said

“You may only look at us,” one of the new men said, Only speak to

| nodded and followed the men in a daze. Accidentally, I was back at my new owners forced my head down.

Tears blurred the colors as | took in the green and gold that now surrounded me. The truth sunk in as my breathing grew panicked. | had been sold.

The new men put me on a transport pad and it zipped toward the Keepers.

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They didn't speak to me on the transport pad. | followed them off and they walked me into the Keepers compound.

The rest of the morning passed in a daze. My friends didn't desert me and sat with me. | vomited once and the Keepers fed me the root. It felt like | was in shock.

At lunch | realized | had no idea what my owner's mark looked like. | asked the Keepers where | was supposed to be and one of them showed me.

Kneeling on the mark, | felt like a traitor.

| warily watched the dark haired man that came to feed me. He looked terrifying. | couldn't read any kindness in his eyes. The man fed me all that was in the bowl and left without saying a word.

As usual we went to the beach after lunch. The Keepers automatically stripped me, since | usually swam. That was when | realized | still had my old owner's mark on my stomach. | sat in the shallow water and started to pull the hair out one at a time.

The Keepers stopped me from proceeding with that. They took me back to the room in the compound and strapped me to the wall. Self harm was looked on as fighting at the Keepers. | was not permitted to harm myself.

Strapped to the wall | considered my life. | had promised myself | would make the best of this. Sure this new turn was bad, but | only had two options. | still didn't want to die. Time for mourning was over, | decided, | would make the best of this.

When the men came and got me, they didn't ask why | was strapped to the wall. They took me back to their home, which was on the fourth floor.

They fed me dinner and walked me down to the pool.

Oddly, they didn't undress me. They left me to sit in their alcove while they cleaned themselves. In my head | tried to think of all the reasons | liked these new colors.

Suddenly it struck me | had never had trouble with my other owner's colors. | hadn't really understood them at that point, though. | had just accepted they enjoyed those shades. They Liked them, so | Liked them. It would be better if | thought about it the same way now.

The men finished their bath and took me upstairs. The men fed me a meal and then we went into the sitting room. All of them were staring at me and it unnerved me.

"Slave, how did the slavers catch you?" one of them asked. The man asking the questions had long dark hair that flowed around his shoulders. "| was coming home from shopping-" | started to say and he interrupted me.

'ou shopped at home?" es, Master," | answered.

Where did you shop?" he asked Leaning toward me.

They wanted every detail of the night of my capture. | told them about the mini mart and wooded area, ene the me sed tersit Brkt atink They hBald about the bright light and the auction. They were interested right up until | started to talk about the auction. They didn't care what had happened after the slavers got me.

Soon, they wanted to know about the motel. | had to tell them what it was and what | did there. The men e confused becays4 lived itra place for transi kts | had to explain to them about the cost of apartments. They seemed to understand working for a living, but they still could not comprehend living somewhere meant for travelers.

| was made to describe the room | lived in. Describing television took

forever. Luckily, eyes runing | were hgjecso tat as much shorter discussion. They wanted to know about the room down to the linens on the bed, so the conversation took a very long time.

Finally, | sat staring numbly at them. | hadn't slept in two days and | was barely awake. If they wanted me to perform my purpose here, | wasn't sure | would stay up for it. Instead, they just undressed me and put me to bed.

| missed my old owners and | feared these new men, but | was so tired.

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Laying beneath the green blankets | fell quickly to sleep. | dreamed of Master Damien and his Brothers all night Long.

The next morning one of the men woke me. | asked him his name and he told me to call him and all his Brothers 'Master'. Evidently, | would not be talking to them much. The man that woke me took me to the shower and cleaned me completely.

My first shower with this new Master was practical. The man used the sponge to clean most of my body. When it came to the sensitive bits between my legs he used his fingers. | flinched and backed away inadvertently. This new Master just grabbed my hip and held me still as he cleaned every nook and fold. He was almost disinterested in the task.

| dreaded the plug. It was so degrading to be cleaned and prepared that way. | had no control over such a personal thing. It was awful.

This new Masters didn't really seem bothered either way. He did each step with clinical detachment. Once they were done he stood me up and moved right to the silky rub.

When Master Evan had rubbed me with the purple goo, he always lingered on the places | Liked. It was a morning massage as much as a skin treatment. This new man made no such alterations. It was rubbed in and then he was done.

"Come," he ordered walking out of the bathing room, "it is time to eat, slave." ANGELA'S LIBRARY

At breakfast the man across from me held up his bowl and asked me what | called it in my first Language. | told him and he repeated the word until he could say it. In between bites, | was instructed to teach them the names of all the things around us. It was a strange way to spend the morning meal, but it became my norm.

Time dragged on and it soon became obvious these men did not want a sex slave. They cleaned me and kept the annoying thing in my bottom, but otherwise did not touch me. | was glad, but | couldn't help but find it odd.

The first few days | had dreaded going back to my new owners' apartment at night. | waited for them to descend on my body the way Master Damien and his Brothers had. At some point | was certain they would use me. It never happened.

These men had no interest in my physical self, other than it was cleaned and fed. They made me tell them about Earth. These Masters wanted information.

Everyday some aspect of life on Earth was explored. They made me relive moments from the most mundane to the most exciting. | spent seven day cycles explaining the inside of a supermarket. It was like they wanted to be know my planet inside out.

For the first time in months | had to speak English. They ordered me to teach them the entire language. | was threatened that if they spoke it to another Earth slave and | had lied, they would have me whipped. | did the best | could.

When | wasn't teaching my new owners, they acted like | wasn't present.

If they weren't engaging in their Earth hobby, they had plenty to keep them busy. They were always doing something. Often I found myself sitting and watching their family like | was merely a piece of the furniture. | was useful when they wanted me to be and nonexistent when they had better things to do.

When they weren't talking to me, | was not to interrupt them. | learned that very quickly. Their conversations with one another were complicated and | was chastised if | interjected. The truth, | soon realized, was they only really enjoyed talking with one another.

My owners did things in their spare time Like take apart transport pads in the sitting area. They enjoyed difficult time consuming tasks and | was never asked to participate. Unless they were asking about Earth, they didn't speak to me. For me, it was a Lonely existence.

At home there wasn't ever a visiting slave to speak to. Unlike Master Damien and his Brothers, who spoke to almost NCU SE in the compound. Warriors would sometimes come by to ask a question, but they never stayed long. My owners seemed to talk down to almost everyone and most other men seemed glad to leave their presence.

Sometimes, as the jovial men walked off discussing the chuke game they were late to, | wanted acai'! them, | tiS8eH Walking around the compound with my owners and watching them play. Actually, | missed doing almost everything.

Since | wasn't really expected to do anything most of the time, | picked up a hobby. With my owner's permission Rose taught me to sew and knit. My skills quickly equalled hers, because | had Limitless time to practice.

The men actually seemed happy | was doing something and bought Limited supplies henseis it when | designs. When | was able to stitch their symbol onto their shirts they were ecstatic. It was the first and only time | ever really pleased them.

Most of the time, | was an annoyance to my owners. Their questions were so complicated. | frequently could not adequately answer them, so they punished me by making me sleep in the little box in the wall.

Eventually, they figured out | just didn't know how everything worked on my home world.

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My owners seemed disappointed to have purchased such a stupid slave, but they did not sell me. However, they barely acknowledge they owned me. | had one outfit they put me in every day. They didn't even name me. | was just 'slave'. My Masters did the absolute minimum to care for me.

They did make sure all my needs were met, though. | was fed and housed.

Reminding myself of how the life of a slave should work, | focused on being grateful. Really there was only one thing the men did that was unpleasant for me.

My new Masters plucked the hair on my stomach to remove my old Master's mark. They worked on it and kept it plucked daily. Secretly, | was glad they didn't have it removed by the jelly creatures. Even after they were done, | could still feel my first Master's insignia and that made me happy.

| often wondered what Master Damien had told these men to make them buy me. It was such a strange arrangement. Slaves here were used for sex, not information. We had names and were covered in ornamentation.

Finally | had the nerve to speak to my friends about it.

It took a lot of determination for me to face Rose and Fuji with my questions. | was happy my new owners never touched me, but | felt their lack of interest in me made me weird. Shrugging off the shame of being the only sex slave in the compound not used for sex, | approached my friends.

"They don't use me," | blurted out staring at the sand one afternoon.

Rose, Fuji, and | were resting beneath a large shade tree. The breeze blew and | played absently with the edge of a large root.

Both the other girls were quiet for a moment before Rose spoke. "What do you mean they don't use you?"

"They don't use me for sex. It's not that | want them to, it's just | feel it's strange. Have there been other slaves the Warriors didn't use for sex?" | finally asked.

"No," Fuji said staring at me. "That is why they buy us, Ciara. There is no other use for a slave.

"They ask me about my home planet," | told the girls. "I teach them to speak English. .

"We've noticed you only have the one outfit," Rose said softly. "It's getting frayed at the edges, because you wear it every day." Fuji spoke next. "Have you made them angry?" she asked. "Is that why they don't touch you or ornament you?"

"I make them angry all the time," I huffed. "They ask questions I can't hope to answer adequately. I know they must be smart, they understand things at a level I never have. When I can't answer questions they lock me in the box."

I pulled my knees up to my chin and looked at the waves

"Perhaps they did not really want a slave," Rose have gone to them before with problems.

I think they were just curious about you."

"Once the curiosity is gone, I wonder if they will se

That idea terrified me, but Fuji had said it with calm indifference. "I don't know," I answered her still staring out at the waves.

Being sold again was something I dreaded. I hated the We could and If I continued to obsess about it, I would be upset.

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Not for the first time on this planet, I made up my mind I would be happy. There was no point in dwelling over what might happen. In order to survive I just had to make these new men pleased.

My second owners were so different from the men I was used to. My first owners had been exuberant and boisterous. These men just seemed different. They preferred seclusion and quiet conversation. I finally decided, my new owners were quintessential nerds.

These men thought about everything and always seemed to be studying something different. Their quarters were crowded with the things they were Learning about. It struck me that's what I was too, a fun hobby when the mood took them.

Unlike Master Damien and his Brothers, my new Masters were very interested in how much my care cost. They talked about all the things | needed in terms of parts and fuel, which | found confusing. | didn't think it was my parts and my fuel they discussed.

The worms were the first thing to go. The men stopped feeding them to me and watched me closely. When | didn't get ill and didn't lose weight, they seemed satisfied that was something | didn't need.

They really detested the drink | took in the morning. The one with Long dark hair studied it one day using one of the strange devices they had made. He boiled it and appeared to distill it. He said it wasn't nutrients at all. Eventually, they stopped giving it to me. | didn't seem to be getting weaker or sicker, so | didn't worry about it.

They did take away other things | cared about, though. One day, for no apparent reason, they told me | was not to swim at the Keepers. | was to stay in my ornamentation at all times outside of their care.

My new Masters didn't like to hear me speak. They liked to hear me argue even less. Breathing deep, | agreed to this new rule.

When | was angry, | always made a point to remind myself | was fed and allowed to sleep in a comfortable place. Even if | wasn't happy, | wasn't abused. So they took away one more thing from me, | still had much to be thankful for.

After they told me | couldn't swim, | did find one thing to be glad about. They stopped pulling the hair out of the mark on my stomach.

Perhaps they had found the chore too annoying, | didn't know. | loved having it. Satisfied to feel one iota closer to Master Damien and his Brothers, | was grateful for the change.

One morning we walked onto the transport pad and | noticed it looked different. It was obviously new and it had my new Master's symbol etched onto the floor. | commented because | had never seen a transport with a Warrior's symbol.

"It is ours," one of them told me, "that is why we are driving it. We own this transport."

| complimented them on their new acquisition politely.

"We have a coupling today, slave," the man beside me said. "You will stay with another family until we return. Do not misbehave." Angela's Library

"Yes, Masters," | answered dutifully.

| was always glad to go to the Keepers. When | was at the Keepers | had a name. People spoke to me and didn't just fire questions. | always felt in the way at home, at the Keepers | had a place.

"So you stay with me tonight," Fuji said bouncing around.

| groaned inwardly. Her owners used her for her purpose every night. | had no idea where they got the energy. Watching them was beginning to be frustrating to me in a weird way.

I'd never masturbated much. My house on Earth had been too crowded for the Level S) | getting to where | wondered if | could try after my Masters went to sleep, though. | ached for attention.

Several months of frequent group sex had my body prepared to continue that way. | missed Master Evan and Master Goliad myself fantasizing about Master Bane's thick tool between my legs. | longed for the taste Master Damien left in my mouth after he had used it. They were gone, though, and had taken all that affection with them.

Watching Fuji with her men | had come to understand she had on

one place they Her Pier nyouth. Stull of tiny sharp teeth. The place she made waste could not be altered and it was much too small.

Still watching them with her reminded me of Master Damien and his Brothers.

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After the men finished with Fuji they laid me in bed and settled down.

| was so frustrated and so horny. The men were breathing slow and easy, the way they did when they slept. | decided to take a chance.

Sliding my hand down my stomach, | brushed past my old owner's mark. No one in the bed stirred as | started to rub my clit with the tip of my finger. Reaching down between those smooth lower lips, | gathered moisture on my finger and started to rub.

It was heaven and it was hell. | wanted to rub like mad, but | didn't S owners to my actions. Slowly and softly | pushed across that sensitive little bud.

In my mind, it was Master Evan's tongue on my clit. | could hear Master Damien promising to punish me for doing this and it turned me on.

Master Kein's fingers were on my rock hard nipples pulling on those sensitive rings. "Slave, that is not yours to touch," Fuji's Master interrupted me grabbing my hand.

My eyes flew open and | stared into his face. He was still terrifying to me, just as much as the first day. However, | had been so close.

"Please, Keeper," | whispered, "please..."

Of course, | couldn't finish with the five of them watching, but now | was more frustrated than ever. The men seemed to sense my dilemma and solved it for me. | slept in the box in the wall tied in four point restraints.

At breakfast Fuji's owners wondered what my Masters would do to me.

Slaves were not permitted to touch themselves. After laying awake and frustrated much of the night, | was snippy. "Who cares?" | spit out. "Put me at the posts."

"If it was us, we would," one man said, "but that would just advertise the secret."

Dumbly, | stared at the man as he smirked at me. | had no idea what he was talking about.

"What secret, Keeper?" | asked him.

"Earth slaves really are as mentally unprepared as it is said they are," one of the men marveled petting Fuji. "If we put you nude at the posts, what do you think everyone would notice?" he asked and | looked at him not really understanding. "That is why we have our little slave from Batra," he continued, "so much brighter."

| looked at Fuji and she rubbed on the man's hand. She didn't even | was had her, that was all she cared about.

When we got to the Keepers my arms were bound behind O8çk for the day, T he Started at my running down to my wrists.

It was uncomfortable and demeaning. "How do | get out of this?" | wailed to Rose, who seemed to think it was a little funny.

"You can't, they will punish you as long as they want to," she s id, m id-you actually that? You know they see everything."

"Yes, | was horny, but now my arms are sore. How do | make this stop?"

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| asked again. "Ignore it," she sighed and convinced me to watch a new dance someone was doing on the other side of the room.

By the time the Keepers got there at lunch everything ached. My shoulders, my wrists and especially my elbows all felt the pull. | begged the man on my knees to take the binding off.

“You are not on a kneeling place,” he said stoically. In my rush to talk to him, I'd missed my kneeling place by a foot. | shuffled forward and begged again. “This is the only punishment | can give you,” he said into my ear. “You will feel it until | am satisfied.”

| ate lunch without another word to the man. My distress wasn't going to sway him. Rose was right, | thought as | ate, | would just have to ignore it.

By the time to leave the Keepers, my hands were mostly numb. | knelt with Fuji waiting outside dejectedly. If they took the bindings off, I'd never touch myself again.

“I'll ask for you,” Fuji promised, but | knew that was not possible.

Fuji felt bad for me, but she would never be able to ask her owners to do something they didn't want to do. It just wasn't in her nature.

A flash of metal at my elbow surprised me and the bindings were cut right down the middle. My arms flopped uselessly at my sides. Now free of the leather my shoulders were spasming and | couldn't really control my motions.

“Will you touch yourself again?” one of Fuji's men asked me. “No, Keeper,” | answered him softly.

The men used Fuji again that night, but | didn't care anymore. Even as they each reached a climax | didn't notice. There was no reason to watch or Listen to it.

Physical affection was no longer part of my equation. In fact, | was denied any sort of affection. My owners kept me as an Earth encyclopedia and not a very good one at that. | was never going to feel loved again.

It took every fiber of my being to convince myself | could be happy. | had to be happy. I'd die if | thought about what | was missing and what | could never have again.

It wasn't that | only missed sex. I'd survived a Long time without sex.

It was the feelings Master Damien and his Brothers elicited in me. | felt loved and cared for. | wondered if I'd ever feel that way again.

My new owners came back from the coupling Looking worse for wear. They were happy and animated! through Nese rien enjoyed their time with the women. From the way they talked they wanted to stay longer.

Oddly, it sounded like they were going back and that confused me.

didn't like it when { their though. | just listened and went silently through my night time rituals.

The next day dawned bright and early. My owners were all very excited as they got me up and going. "Come, slave," one of them said holding up a dull brown outfit.

The men wrapped me in what seemed to be two brown tunics and walked me outside % They\were in high spirits, but they seemed to be trying to hide it as we moved onto the transport pad.

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We left the compound and passed the village. | wasn't sure where we were going. We travelled for what must have been hours. Suddenly | understood why | was in two layers though. It was getting colder. My owners were talking, so | did not interrupt, but | wondered where they were taking me.

The ground underneath us was rough and getting rockier. The small amount of vegetation was squat. Except for the chill in the air, | felt like we were going back to the village | had been placed in for punishment. There was no one around here.

Looking ahead | panicked, we were headed for the mountains. The Large grey slopes were looming closer and closer.

"Masters, why are you taking me to the mountains?" | asked loudly. You are not going to the mountains," the man with long dark hair said, "we are."

Obtuse, illogical creatures, | cursed silently. We were all heading to the mountains.

Eventually, a low building came into view. It looked old and as though it wasn't used all that frequently. The transport headed down toward it and stopped in front of it.

Two of the men went inside through a large wooden door. | waited with the three remaining Brothers outside for a moment. After some unseen command, we all went inside. They lit a fire in the fireplace and the room started to warm. They had brought bags on the transport and those came in with us also.

The men stripped me of my cover and then my sparse ornamentation. They even removed the nipple rings, the intimate touch shocking me. When they took off my slave collar and cuffs, | just stared at them.

"We are not your owners until we replace our marking on you," one of them told me. "That will happen in four day cycles." With that little bit of information they left the cabin.

After they were gone | looked at my naked body and wondered if this was my punishment for masturbating. Moving automatically, | opened the door and looked out. Bleak nothingness surrounded the small squat cabin. A frigid breeze blew in and | shivered. This would be one hell of a four days, | thought closing the door.

| knelt in front of the fire and pondered my own stupidity. Of course they would catch me. At least they had been kind enough to leave me warm while | was tortured.

Sighing and moving slightly, | realized the plug was still in my bottom. | wouldn't do well for four days if it stayed in. As | contemplated taking it out myself, | heard a low hum stir the air outside.

| recognized the sound of a transport immediately. | guessed my first tormentors were here. There was nowhere to hide in here and | couldn't run outside without freezing to death. Stoically, | knelt by the fire and waited.

Someone entered the dwelling, but | didn't look up. | stared at the floor as their boots surrounded me. They didn't move to touch me and | wasn't breathing. This would start when they were ready.

ALL my movement stilled as | felt hands on my hair and it was lifted off my back. A cool metal collar was slipped around my neck and fastened into place.

"You may speak to us and look at us, Ciara. We are your Masters for the next four day cycles," | heard Master Damien say.

My head jerked back and | drunk them in. | nearly managed to knock Master Kein over as he hugged his Legg, CRALBING Si Out, | hugged them all to me. Tears ran down my face and my words weren't making any sense as | greeted them.

It was an honest needy display, but they didn't seem to mind.

Finally, managing to stand | hugged and kissed each of them. They tried so hard to be still but | couldn't

stop touching their faces.

Somehow even with my excitement they managed to put their cuffs and ornamentation on me.

Master Bane wrapped me in his arms from behind and held me tight while Master Kein placed the Moats on the tissue watching it respond to his gentle caress. It was the first time in ages | had been touched that way and | moaned rubbing my cheek against Master Bane's beard.

"Ciara, have you missed us?" Master Evan asked with humor tinting his voice.

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"Yes, yes, yes I've missed you so much," | said wiggling out of Master Bane's arms, "I think of you everyday Masters. Tell me how you have been. Tell me everything you have done. Please, | need to know how you are," | begged.

Taking a minute, | really admired them. Master Damien now wore a thick leather vest across his chest. The rest of the men's clothing was finer with more ornamentation. Despite all the finery, they looked so tired.

"Was it a long trip to get here, Masters?" | asked stroking their chests. "Do you need to sleep? Should you rest? How did you get here? Did you run away?"

"Ah, the questions," Master Damien Laughed. "No, we did not run away, we have several days off. We told the women we wished to be alone with each other and no women. They agreed. This place was our decision."

| grinned up at him, they chose to come back to me. "Please, Master Damien, please tell me how you have been?" "We have been busy," he said simply Looking down at me.

The men watched, very amused as | took my time greeting all of them. | admired each of them individually and commented on the different new pieces to their clothing.

Finally, | had to ask, "Did you buy me back, Masters?"

They had said they had me for four days, but that didn't make any sense.

"Well," Master Evan said stretching out on a chaise with his hands behind his head, "we never really sold you." "That is a secret, Ciara," Master Bane warned. "If you can't keep it, you really will be taken to auction and sold." Angela's Library

My new Masters did not ornament me, they did not name me, and they never touched me. They left the old mark on my stomach. They treated me like they were my Keepers, which obviously is all they were.

"How...?" was all | could think to say.

“The men Keeping you are known for their ability to solve puzzles. They enjoy things that are complicated. Keeping you for ourselves, the way we wanted to do, has never been done. They enjoyed the challenge,”

Master Damien explained.

“You paid them,” | marveled.

“Yes,” Master Kein answered. “They also Liked having their own transport, Masters,” | said understanding where that money came from. “They have their own transport?” Master Christof asked wrinkling his nose, “Why would they want their own transport?”

“Who can track them now?” Master Evan asked grinning. “No goes mj sing gone as they please. Good idea, shame we didn’t think of it.”

“But they have to fix it,” Master Bane argued. “What if it away | detest fixing the transports.”

“| could fix them,” Kein stated, “Christof can, too. You only dislike the small parts. If we had We (iid Leaiin more: How many times have | coaxed ours to go when we thought it would run no more?”