

Alien Masters 191

Chapter 191

“How is it you were able to buy a slave?” “This is not your concern,” my owner said stepping out of the pool.

For the first time, my owners seemed uncomfortable. | judged it was due to the amount of negative attention they were getting. Usually everyone just ignored them or was put off by their cold, contemptuous answers.

Their usual tactics to evade the attention of the other Warriors were not working.

| watched as they came toward me. The other men had not Let up and were actually following them. When they got close enough to me, | spoke up.

“Masters, | am so glad you returned. | missed you so much,” | said as authentically as | could. In truth, | imagined how | would sound when | saw Master Damien and his Brothers again. “Of course you have missed us,” one of them said, as he bent down and scooped me up.

The interaction seemed to surprise the surrounding men. | suddenly realized | never spoke to the men | called Master and they never touched me. Using the moment of confusion, my owners exited the pool and walked me upstairs.

They sat me down once we were inside and never mentioned the bath house. No one ever said it had been a good idea. | don’t think these men could admit someone else had a good idea.

The men took out the plug and then returned to the eating area. A man brought food to the table and we sat to eat.

“Slave,” one of them addressed me, “you said your men-stru-ation comes each lunar cycle on your world. How Long is a Lunar cycle?”

“Twenty eight to thirty days, Master,” | told him, “but the bleeding usually only lasts for four or five days.”

“Things are different here,” the man said directing his comments to his Brothers, “time is different here. We can anticipate it will not follow the lunar cycle we are expecting it to.”

The men talked so long at the table, | thought the conversation would never end. Having learned not to interrupt, | just sat as they determined what they would do with me when the bleeding came.

Eventually, they came to a decision.

The men decided fairly rapidly they couldn’t put me in the box every time. | was weak and obviously ill from that experience. Men with human slaves had told them using the box for too many days caused that problem. It was a well known issue for men who kept humans

“It has told us it cared for itself at home,” they kept

S ; Keeper Safe Not necessary.”

“Do you know what happens to slaves that run?” one of them asked me suddenly.

“Yes, Master, | was spared the whip, but taken to the vi found,”

“What if your Masters had not found you?” another asked pointedly.

“The men that found me could have

used me however Wee have sold me

sex with me, Master.”

“Or killed you if it pleased them to watch you die,” the man added.

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"Many that do not keep slaves would find it interesting to watch a slave die. It would be too expensive to invest in a slave for the entertainment, but to use another's.

My horrified expression stayed on my face and the men watched it.

"So you understand, slave? You know there is no escape. If you wish to survive, which I believe you do, you will Listen to us," he said.

They spoke to me then, in a way I'd never been spoken to on this planet. They told me what I would be doing and explained no one would be watching me. If I did what they told me wrong, I would suffer.

My fake Masters were smart men. Their apartment was full of their studies and experiments. When I bled they would tell the men that cleaned they could not enter. They would say their work could not be disturbed by other men touching it. Me and my bleeding would be left in the apartment alone until I was done.

"If you are unable to care for yourself, we will reconsider the box, perhaps without the creams," I was told. "I will do as you ask, Masters," I said solemnly.

The men retired and started to tinker on a small device they had been working on. I was ignored. Knowing it would anger them, I had to ask just one question.

"Masters, may I please ask a question?"

They were upset. If they hadn't been afraid of more weakness, they'd put me in the box. I knew not to ask questions. "Perhaps it will interest us," one of them finally said and gave me permission to ask.

"why am I bleeding now and not before? Why can't anyone know?" I asked.

They were silent. | couldn't tell if they were irritated or pondering the questions.

"We don't know why you bleed," they finally told me. "It isn't normal for an Earth slave here. No one can know, because it happens to no other slave. If you were taken for study, Damien and his Brothers would no longer pay us for our service. We have come to enjoy the money this endeavor has brought us."

| thanked the men and knelt down in the room they were in. They continued to play with what they were doing, completely uninterested in me.

The day had been long and | was still weak from the box. Despite my best efforts | ended up leaning on the furniture, sound asleep.

It took time, but | got strong again. | think it took longer because | no longer swam. My fake Masters were quite clear that the mark on my stomach could not be exposed. They even bought a thicker panel for my front that further disguised it.

Instead of swimming | started walking the beach. The area we were allowed to roam 1, Wwag as | tjed toll but my Large breasts made that uncomfortable. Instead | played games on the beach and paced the area every afternoon.

Forty seven days later, my cycle came again and my Masters did just what they said they would. They left me alone in their rooms. For the first time in forever | was left to my own devices.

When they came at lunch the first day, | think they were surprised | was still there. They fed me and es

for the they had net Idcke he in the box, | would have done anything to make them happy. | picked up the apartment, made the bed, and did all the things | imagined the House Cleaners usually did.

The men were thrilled their area had been cleaned. They ordered me to clean every day | was left here alone. In a small closet | had never seen they showed me where the brushes and buckets were. That was what | could use to clean.

| was good at cleaning. At my Mom's house I'd been the only one who cared if dishes sat Ps the "eh

the house livable had fallen to me. In the motel, it was my occupation. It was my job once again.

My owners realized | could save them money, as well as, make them money. They told the men they paid to clean up they no longer needed them. | would secretly be doing the cleaning.

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The story my owners made up was quite believable. The cleaners had interfered with a delicate experiment, my owners wanted to do their own cleaning now. It was an oddity in the compound, but as a rule, my owners were an oddity. They only demanded that the supplies be brought to them once every eight days.

During the day | still went to the Keepers, but at night | was truly their slave. Once we were back in the apartment they stripped me of my one outfit and | was put to work. | scrubbed and cleaned the apartment top to bottom as they engaged in their research.

My temporary owners had carefully debated if | really needed to go to the Keepers at all. They could save that money entirely if | just stayed in their rooms. Lucky for me, they decided that would be too obvious. The other slave owners might notice if | disappeared altogether.

The men brought out the brown outfits early one morning and | squealed with delight. They found the sound annoying and told me never to make it again. The smile never left my face despite the scolding. We were going to see my Masters.

Their transport went faster than the other transports in the area.

Several Warriors raced them as we headed to the mountains. These men had made the transport they owned far superior to anyone else's. | knew that it pleased them to win the little races, in their own way, they were very competitive.

| clasped and unclasped my hands waiting anxiously for the time | would get to see my owners, my friends, and my lovers. | wished | had a gift for them. If I'd thought about it | could have sewed their

symbol onto a piece of cloth and given it to them. Quite quickly | rejected that idea, it would be in the wrong colors.

The transport slowed and unlike the Last time | bolted for the door. My temporary owners stopped me and made me wait for them. They started the fire and inspected the Little dwelling. It took forever in my opinion, but they finally removed my outfit from me.

Before my collar came off | wished them fun with the women in the mountains.

“Five days we have without you, slave,” one of them said sounding happy. “Five days of women and fighting, we are very Lucky men. | have no idea what you do for Damien and his Brothers, but | assume they are happy to have these five days also.”

With that said he removed my collar and they left.

| paced the little room for several moments. | tried to kneel, but | was too excited. After checking outside for the third time and letting the hot air out, | decided to try to do something.

The cabin was ill used. Men must come here occasionally, but not often.

| found the little room with the cleaning supplies and started to sweep. Soon | was singing and cleaning to my heart’s content. | decided the cabin should and would be nice for my Masters.

The bedroom was as bad as the main room and | cleaned and straightened it. Since | was alone in the bedroom, | was still singing my song. A sound stopped me cold, it didn’t sound friendly.

| turned and looked into five sets of eyes | barely recognized.

Master Damien and his Brothers looked horrible. Their clothing was still fine and nice. Their features just looked angry and tired.

"Masters, I'm so glad you're here," | said putting the broom behind me. "I wanted the cabin to be nice for you, clean..." They stalked toward me and | dropped my eyes. | couldn't look at them without thinking how awful they looked.

The collar clipped around my neck and the other metal bands also affixed an les. jerked my chin up and glared down at me.

"What are you doing? Don't you know

you should not? That is an

slave worth?" he asked.

| was stunned and then it hit me. My neck had been without thei gallan when | Pit had been else | looked at, | would have been in trouble.

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"Your mark is always on me, Master Damien," | said soothingly touching my stomach. "I know that you care for me everyday. It never occurred to me that without your collar, you would not think of me as yours."

They were silent and | chanced a glance up. Their eyes were softer as Master Kein placed the jewelry in my nipples. My argument had worked.

"We are not Master in this room, Ciara. Did you forget that?" Damien asked instead.

"Hello, Damien," | smiled looking up at him.

| touched the lines of strain around his eyes and they softened slightly. | pulled on his shoulders until his lips came down to mine. "I love you, Damien," | whispered before | kissed him, "I have missed you."

Walking in the room | greeted each of them with a kiss and spoken affection. They relaxed and took off their weapons. Still dressed they settled on the bed and pulled me down with them.

We talked on the bed for a Long time. Well, they talked, | listened. | only spoke to get more detail or to agree. Otherwise, | stayed silent and gave them someone to talk to.

They hated the women and their new Life. Damien did not want to be a General. A General led the men, Damien didn't mind that. He hated knowing every order he gave came from the women. They were slaves to the demands of the women and they despised it.

"Do they harm you?" | asked concerned.

The level of dislike they had had to stem from something. Perhaps pain and humiliation was at the root. Slaves could be treated in any way at all. | had to help them, so | had to know what | was dealing with.

"No," Evan grunted sprawling across my Lap, "we are not hurt." "Do they feed you?" | asked stroking Evan's hair. "Are you kept in a comfortable place?" "It's not that," Kein complained and | ran a hand up his arm in comfort.

"We don't wish to be stationed in the mountains with them. We don't want to be sold to their cousins in the afternoons," he said. "We were not meant to be slaves."

"We were free," Christof said laying back and throwing a hand over his eyes.

"We could fight them," Bane said, "perhaps we could be free again."

| was in an impossibly strange situation. Slavery, at it's root, was wrong. Fighting it would be honorable. But it would probably get my men killed. The women would overpower them, | was sure of it.

The sight of that massive woman in the street overpowering ten men still haunted me. She had not even been deterred by their show of force that day. | imagined the mountains were loaded with women. My five men would never win.

"Sometimes," I started, "fighting is not a good answer. There may be other ways. Perhaps you could barter with them."

The men looked at me strangely for a moment. Evidently I had said as much. Damien Lay back and stared at the ceiling.

"You think the women would kill us," he said morosely. "You think it is not a battle we can win."

I didn't answer him, but the truth was probably written all over my face.

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"They would win," Kein agreed watching me. "The other men in the mountains, I talked to them. There have been uprisings before, the men involved are killed if they cannot be broken. You have all seen the women, how they outnumber us."

Evan snorted and stared at me as he spoke, "It is weakness not to fight, whether we are outnumbered or not. We should fight them to our deaths, it is the only honorable way to end this."

I shuddered in fear and gripped his hand. "Evan, I have seen the women fight. Their weapons are terrible. Don't choose to die like that. There must be..."

"There is only this and death, Ciara," he said looking over at me.

"Those are the only choices."

I could not lose them, so I bargained.

"Perhaps you are spending time doing reconnaissance work now. Perhaps you learn things so you can find a way to escape them," I said almost pleading.

Christof huffed loudly and stared at the ceiling. "We are learning they are more powerful than we will ever be," he said solemnly. "They have weapons we cannot best."

"Ah, yes, the venom," Bane said looking contemplative, "Remember when we saw the man as he angered his Mistress and she dropped a bit of her venom on him?"

"The man that died screaming before the moon shifted?" Evan asked. "I remember. We had to hear the misery of his family as they died one by one. It was awful." hey have venom?" | whispered.

"In their teeth," Damien explained. "Nu-reeh told us they do not waste it on men, it kills us every time. They use it when they fight one another."

"Why?" Christof asked, "Why raise us free and then take us and tell us we are slaves? It makes no sense." "You know why, Christof," Damien scoffed. "They like us to have spirit."

Have you seen the women when they come back from the couplings with the free Warriors? They love it. They come to us now for specific reasons, but do you see the same joy on their faces when they are done?"

The men murmured agreement. The women Liked to go to the couplings with the free men. It was a pleasurable experience. The men they kept in the mountains didn't bring out the same fire in them.

"| wonder why they don't send you back to the compound?" | asked out loud.

"Nu-reeh promised us a certain number of times as payment to a group of women," Damien said and continued to explain. "She owns us. Our owner mines the mountains and she wanted to mine a certain tract. We are valuable to her when we are available for sale every day."

It made sense when they explained it. They were being trained so Damien would be a For newith Split their time between learning and satisfying their owner's debt.

"Do you have free time to enjoy yourselves?" | asked.

| knew how much they loved chuke. If they couldn't game, ha Sure I would upset them.

"The evenings are ours," Bane told me. "Sometimes we go to the arena. Other times we stay in our rooms or walk in the mines."

They talked about their quarters. It was much Like the compound, but the rooms were cut the dia"! mines. Thee WSs almost limitless space, so much of it wasn't used. Damien and his Brothers spent hours wandering the forgotten shafts.

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The men were depressed. | didn't think the small dark room we were in was helping. It probably reminded them too much of their new home.

"| want to go outside," | said pushing Evan off my lap and springing off the bed.

"Why?" Christof asked sullenly.

"| want to be in the sun," | said pulling at Bane's boot, "and you need to be outside, too."

"Why?" Christof asked again.

"The sunshine is good for you," | said with authority, although | didn't really know. "You've been moping around for too long. Get up and come walk outside with me."

Damien cocked an eyebrow at me. My tone was completely inappropriate, obviously, but nobody else noticed. "Well, if you aren't going, I'll go myself," | stated heading for the door. They didn't stop me. Christof sat up, at least.

| watched them through the huge arched doorway to the bedroom as | donned my long brown leg covers and two brown outer layers. Now it seemed Like a dare, they were all sitting up on the bed looking at me.

Stopping would probably be a good idea, but I didn't.

I turned toward the door and put my fingers on the handle. Perhaps it wasn't smart to anger them this way, I thought. I turned to face the bedroom and they were all right beside me.

Their countenances each held the same blank look. It was the same Look they had the night they decided I should go to the village for escaping. Suddenly I knew walking away from them had been a mistake. "Joining somewhere?" Master Evan asked. "Outside, Evan...Master Evan," I answered, shuddering lightly.

"You seem to have become quite independent," Master Kein said.

Master Damien took Master Evan's place in front of me and I felt my stomach drop. I must have pushed them too far and they were angry. The color drained out of my face and some sort of an answer squeaked out of my mouth,

Master Damien's face broke into a wide grin. "Do you plan to stand in the threshold all day or are we going outside?" he asked.

Grinding my teeth a little because they fooled me so completely, I opened the door and stalked out. They were slapping each other on the shoulders and laughing at my reaction.

"I like the noise you made, Ciara," Master Kein joked as we walked. "Can you make it again?"

"Only if you scare me, Master Kein, and I won't fall for that again Gaid I

kicking Bistall Stone.

Master Kein took a running start and kicked the same stone a hundred feet away. He turned to grin at me.

"I could do that, too," I said raising myself up to my full height.

Actually no, | could not do that. | had no idea what ma EplaimOPdduld. They\todk @elub on it.

Chapter 197

Master Bane ran around and picked up small stones all about the same size. He lined them up and then looked expectantly at me.

“What will you give us, Ciara, when you Lose?” he asked.

“Akiss, Master Bane,” | said realizing | had very little to offer otherwise.

“Fine,” he smiled, “let's begin.”

“Wait,” | demanded. “What do | get if you lose?” erhaps the same thing?” Master Christof offered into my ear. “Sounds good,” | said watching his mouth with breathless anticipation.

| was forced to prove | was weaker than them five separate times. They each had some random bet with the others about who could kick farther.

Master Evan won the entire contest.

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"I could do that, too," I said raising myself up to my full height. Actually no, I could not do that. I had no idea what made me claim I could. They took me up on it.

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Master Evan won the entire contest.

Master Evan took payment on my lost bet first. He wrapped his hands in my hair and pulled me against his chest. Our mouths met and he wasted no time on pleasantries. Master Evan tasted my mouth completely before releasing me to Master Bane for his payment.

When they finished | was ready for sex, but they were still having fun.

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When they finished | was ready for sex, but they were still having fun outside. Now they were having a throwing contest. Seeing the joy on their faces again, even for such a simple reason, made me feel good. | encouraged each of them as they noted who threw better.

We ended up walking between two large stone walls, so the men had a long straight passage to throw in. Much further down the rock walls turned, but here it was straight. They tossed stones of varying weights to determine the winner. They would throw and then run to their stone to mark its distance.

When it came to upper body strength, Master Damien usually came out on top, but it was close contest with Master Bane. I was the prize for throwing Longest and kissed Master Damien deeply. Resting my hands on his chest once I was done, I looked up at him. He had completely befuddled me with his kiss.

The five of them were beautiful sex gods. Even better, they were fully vested and trained in pleasing women. I didn't know what the matings were like, but no wonder Nu-reeh wanted to sell them every day.

I looked at the fine clothes they wore and knew she treated them well. They were kept men, but perhaps not in the way they thought.

"You aren't slaves," I said suddenly getting everyone's attention.

You're courtesans, Masters."

I could tell by the look on their faces they wanted to be depressed but they were nervous.

"That is a word from your first language, Ciara," ©) Christof told me. (We YORE understand it."

"It means you are companions to society's elite. You need special services for people in charge, Master Christof," I said.

"We are slaves, Ciara. We are not the word you just said," Master Kein argued.

Perhaps they were right, but I chose to see this my way for their sake.

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"You stay in a nice place?" I asked instead. "The bed is made like it was at home, Masters?"

"Yes, it is a nice place in that regard. Our furnishings are very comfortable," Master Bane said looking at the other men for agreement, which they gave.

"Do you clean it yourselves, Masters?" | asked, hoping they did not. "No, other men have that job," Master Damien told me. "You have days off from your work, Masters?" | pushed. "Of course," Master Bane said motioning. "We are here are we not?" "Do they pay you?" | asked next and held my breath for the answer.

That was the crux of this argument and | wasn't sure. | thought they must be, because Master Damien and his Brothers still seemed to have funds.

Master Damien huffed and the other men made disgruntled sounds. "You seem to still have money, Masters. | assumed you must get something," | pushed feeling my argument falling apart.

"It is worthless," Master Christof explained, "the shiny stones we use to trade are the cast off from what the women mine. They found we Liked it and would use it to barter with one another. It has no inherent use.

"So they give it to you still, Master?" | asked.

"Nu-reeh always gives it to us. Once she found we still wanted it, she brings us pieces regularly," Master Kein said staring at the long rock walls beside us.

"Then you are paid, Masters. You are servants or courtesans, you are not slaves," | said decisively. "It doesn't matter," Master Evan said. "We do not want to be there."

"Well, tough luck, Masters," | blurted out, taking a breath | continued. "You are servants. You may not Like your job, but you must continue to do it well. It is dishonorable the way you are acting, Masters."

| felt the cool wind blow between the stone walls and for a moment | wanted it to take me away. My owners stood and faced me with mixed 'looks of anger and shock.

It was pure selfishness on my part. They protected me. Even more than that, | loved thepa ald QvaSn@willing t@ldse . They had to change their mindset. No going back now, | decided.

"You are well paid for your services, even if Nu-reeh does not understand the value of what she gives you, To talk of rebellionawhea (Ou: Sréso Ae wena is dishonorable. Would it be better to be without a job and be worthless to your Mistress? | think not, Masters, | believe it is better to be like you are now," | finished and held my breath.

"It is better," Master Damien said slowly, "to be a slave?" "They pay you, Master, you are not a slave," | argued holding my ground.

"They do not wish to pay us," Bane said irritably, "Nu-reeh told Swen would t peedet, tk e Liked the storids so much she continues to bring them."

"Because you are not slaves," | told Bane, "you are servants. Servants can demand things like payment or days off, Masters."

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"We cannot leave without permission," Christof reminded me.

"Just Like you could not leave the compound?" | asked. "When that was your job, weren't you told to stay? Was it honorable to leave the compound when you didn't have permission, Masters?" | asked.

"This is not the same," Master Evan said. "We are not free men allowed to roam. We are slaves, tethered to our Mistress's wishes."

"Slaves are not paid, Master Evan," | said shaking my head. "Slaves do not have days off. You are given things a slave does not get."

The men considered what | said, but still looked doubtful. | hoped it would make a difference. They would not succeed if they did not accept this life.

Asmall motion at the end of the turn in the walls got my attention, though. | thought | saw something move. As | watched intently the men all turned to Look.

"| thought | saw something move," | said quietly.

Master Damien and Master Bane bounded in that direction and the rest tucked me against the wall to our right. The men stood at the ready and then relaxed.

"Nothing there, Ciara," Master Evan told me, but Master Damien was still all the way at the end of the passage with Master Bane. "How do you know what he saw?" | asked. "There could be something there."

"We have a bond, Ciara," Master Christof said. "Damien and Bane saw nothing there. Were you just trying to distract us?"

"No," | huffed, "I really saw something, Master Christof."

"No tracks," Master Bane said, "nothing there, the slave was only trying to draw our attention away."

| argued with them all the way back to the cabin that | wasn't trying to distract them. | only stopped talking about it because they offered me a drink. | took the water and then they each took some.

"There are better ways to turn our attention, Ciara," Master Kein told me.

"| wasn't trying to turn your attention from anything, Master Kein," | argued as they stripped me out of my brown cover and soft foot covers.

"This for instance is a good way," Master Kein continued to insist as he pulled at my nipples.

| tried to step toward him to take the strain off them. Master Bane stopped me by trapping my arms behind my back and halting - Master Kein continued to pull and twist the rings on my nipples until they throbbed in time with my heartbeat. The hot sting shot to my cunt and | started to feel soaking wet in my folds.

Master Christof took the chain at my waist and unhooked it. He we and the panel asi IGted Se Master Kein tormented my breasts. They didn't undress themselves, so | wondered where this would go.

Suddenly, they released me. erhaps a meal, Brothers," Master Damien said heading for their bags "No," | roared launching in front of Master Damien. "I need you, Masters, now."

"You are being punished for being a willful slave," Master Damien grinned. "We have learned ahyfrom ane other meanGr Yh& mountains about humans. Being denied release is a tactic used in other compounds. We thought it would be very effective."

"| can make my own release, Master," | said cockily and immediately regretted that comment.