

A Sex Slavee To Alien Masters #Chapter 21 - Read A Sex Slavee To Alien Masters Chapter 21

Chapter 21

“Ah,” sighed Master Evan watching my face, “there is the terror | have become accustomed to. | much prefer the humor, though. Brothers,” he addressed the group, “we take Ciara to market today and find something it likes. It preformed well for us on its first day. These slaves from Earth enjoy gifts. | say we give it one!”

| couldn't stop myself, me and my big mouth, “Why do you call me ‘it’? I’m a she, Master Evan!”

“Perhaps on Earth you were a she. There you could bear the young of a male of your species. Here you are an it. You will not breed with us, no matter what hole we use,” he finished and took a drink and then offered me the cup; | knew better than to refuse.

| was stunned | would never be pregnant. My mother had sworn I'd be knocked up within the year. Boy, wouldn't she have been surprised. | started to get sad thinking | would never see her again, but the discussion at the table got my attention.

“Ciara will need ornamentation when we leave it with the Keepers,” Master Bane noted. “Although | quite enjoy having it bare to us. | did not believe | would enjoy looking on the slave. | was wrong.” | blushed furiously when all the men agreed | was pleasant to Look on.

No one had ever called me pretty before, much less stated they wanted to have me walk around naked. | looked at the floor and tried to think of a reason why | should wear clothes.

“My breasts will sag without support, Masters,” | muttered to the floor. It was the truth, they were large. Without reinforcement they would start to look Like those women in National Geographic.

Master Damien cupped a breast and ran a thumb over the nipple, which responded to him immediately. “They will not act as they did on your planet. The pull of weight is different here. Still for a slave with such attributes, there is something we could purchase to help them stand out.”

The group murmured appreciation and it was settled, we were going to market.

| knelt on a pad in a small room filled with hanging clothes as the men dressed around me. They talked and Laughed as they fitted themselves with white linen shirts and brown leather pants. Each of them had several sets of boots and they seemed to pick out the nicer pairs to wear.

| recognized the symbol they each pulled across their chests. Thick leather criss crossed them and a metal breast plate held a replica of the mark | carried everywhere. | wondered if the intricate design had meaning past the simple explanation they had given me.

From a cabinet inside the room they pulled out weapons. Each of them took out a wicked looking sword and put it in a scabbard at their waist. Master Christof also had several small knives that he placed in the small of his back. Master Bane carried short knives in holders that strapped tightly around his thighs. They each were armed like they were going to battle.

| wondered what | would wear. They never addressed the issue. The men just finished and directed me to the door that led out of their rooms.

| stood naked and shocked as they opened the door.

"| can't go outside without clothes, Masters," | said hoping someone would appreciate | had pointed it out.

"You have no need for clothes, Ciara," Master Damien ante explained. "We are qqing tepuits se ofadthentation for you. Come, we must leave." The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

"Like this," | shrieked. "I can't go out like this. Everyone can't see me like this. I'm, I'm..."

They looked baffled by my refusal to step out the door. Tears started down my face again. | couldn't bear the shame of my nudity being displayed.

"Ciara, | do not care that the other Warriors look upon you. They will not touch you as long yoy followlour ryles, We will ste! you from the eyes of the greedy shopkeepers with a cover. There is no reason for all this fuss," Master Damien said Looking exasperated. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

"No | pleaded, "| can't walk outside naked! Please dress in some shirt, Master Damien," | begged, "please, just give me a shirt." The content is on

Read the latest chapter there!

Chapter 22

Fear battled with my shame in my mind and shame was winning. | screamed and fought as Master Damien started to pull me out the door. He stopped when | resisted, perhaps | had won this round.

Master Evan spoke as they stood and watched me, "I do not wish to carry an out of control slave through the courtyard. We are a respected regiment, our discipline is legendary, such behavior from our slave would bring dishonor," he said harshly crossing his arms.

The rest of the men agreed with him. They didn't want to carry me kicking and screaming through the yard. For a moment | had hope and then Master Bane raised his arm.

My uncles had hit me before, so had my mother. Suddenly | remembered how strong these men were, my whole being cowered waiting for the blow.

| was a slave and | was being an idiot. Now the beating would start.

The hit never came and | opened my eyes to look at Master Bane.

He spoke to me. "We will never hurt what we own. If you continue to act this way we will have to punish you, though." He had only run his hand through his short hair in frustration.

Punishment scared me and | figured that they could do anything they wanted. If they weren't beating me yet, | should do what they asked. | stepped out the door and wiped the tears from my face. My will to fight wasn't nearly as strong as my will to survive.

My arms sought automatically to shield my most private places. This displeased Master Damien and he demanded | stand straight and carry my hands at my sides. He and his brothers never cowered. | would never stand with such dishonor.

Thanking him politely for the rebuke | dropped my arms and straightened my back. Shame was not as important as survival, | tried to tell myself. I'd learn to deal with the nudity.

Their lodging was on the fifth floor. There was a single metal rail that ran along the edge of the walkway in front of the door. Beyond that | saw a girl about my age in the middle of a group of five men down in the courtyard.

I stared at the girl. She was dressed, sort of, with a panel attached to a chain at her waist. It covered the apex of her thighs to about half way down her legs, another panel covered her buttocks. Her hips were bare and so was her top.

Master Damien walked to me and | Looked up at him. "I will walk in front, you will follow me. The rest of my brothers know their place. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master Damien," | answered quietly.

"You will look at no man save us and speak to no man except us. This is an important rule. Do you understand?" he asked sternly.

"Yes, Master Damien," | softly replied.

| followed Master Damien down the steps and through the courtyard looking down. | used what yUnale Bob had caleg my' Corerals' to check out everything around me. The courtyard was full of men. They didn't seem to pay me much mind. Apparently a naked woman walking around wasn't such a big deal here. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

There didn't seem to be much vegetation in the courtyard just a couple small patches here and there. Otherwise ,it looked like it was very dry here. The walls to the courtyard were all lined with something though.

It grew low to the ground and Looked pink.

Despite the bright sun light the smooth cobblestone under my feet wasn't hot, which ycntsectrha had expeptadl seating heat on my feet, but it was just mildly warm. Since | was obviously not going to be getting shoes, | was grateful for that. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Master Damien was stopped by a Large man addressing him in the center of the cou yard hey staked totatk, burdiat Look up. The men shifted suddenly

and two tiny feet appeared in my frame of vision, “Hello, cousin,” she said. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

A small cushion for my knees was dropped at my feet. A similar cushion was laid down for her. The men stood talking in a tight circle around us.

Chapter 23

“Kneel, Ciara,” I heard Master Bane command. “It’s okay, cousin, you can talk to other slaves, they don’t mind,” the girl said as we knelt down.

I looked back and found the feet of my men behind me and looked up hesitantly. Master Evan reached down and patted my head. I was ready to cry I was so happy. I turned and looked into bright aquamarine eyes. She blinked and her eyes closed side to side. It was a little disorienting.

“You’re human?” she asked me.

I nodded but couldn’t manage to talk, she just continued to speak. I was fascinated as wispy bright red hair fluttered in the light breeze.

“My name is Fuji,” she said. “Is this your first day cycle here?” “Yes, where are you from?” I asked her.

“Oh, we didn’t have a name for the whole place. The village I lived in was called Batra. The slavers came and paid money to the men for their extra female children. My people got more for me than sending me to another village. Did your people get more for you?” she asked.

“I don’t think anyone got anything for me. I just walked into a bright light and woke up at the auction. I fell asleep there and ended up here.”

“You look sad. I have human friends. You look like they do when they say they are sad,” she said taking my hands.

Her hands were cool and I noticed her skin glittered in the light, all of her skin. Besides the engraved collar and cuffs, Fuji only wore several shiny gold chains around her waist and a bright purple sash over each shoulder. She was essentially nude.

"I'm not sad. I'm scared. I don't know what's going on. These men are all so large and strong. Are they going to hurt me?" I whispered to her.

"Ciara," Master Damien sighed above me. "We have already told you; we will not hurt what we own."

God, did they have supersonic hearing, too? "Yes, Master Damien," I answered him quietly.

Fuji threw her arms around me and the cold feeling got more intense.

She was like an iceberg.

"This is called a 'hug' according to my friends. It will make you feel better. You were free before, yes?" she asked me.

I choked up a moment before I answered. I had made a point not to think that word yet.

"Yes, I was free," I answered her.

"It was different for me. I am allowed more liberty here than I had at home. The treatment is better also. (eahhot understshOndwrit must be for you. When you come to the Keepers you will meet other humans. They will understand," she said. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

A male hand came down and tapped Fuji on her shoulder and she pounced up. I felt hesamelp &rd tried to

ribeds quickly. Fuji knew how to act,

so I wanted to copy her. The content

is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

In my haste to rise my gaze went up and I locked eyes with one of Fujits Masters. I was ate bs, looked More t rifying\taty the én that had bought me. I felt a hand on the back of my head forcing my eyes back down. I flushed pink in embarrassment. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

"I'm sorry," I stuttered out.

“Walk behind me Ciara and keep your eyes down,” Master Damien ordered.

Chapter 24

| felt awful for not doing the right thing and making them angry again.

| was paranoid they were going to punish me. The whipping post had been brought up once, | wasn't sure they wouldn't do that. They could do anything to me.

My breathing etched up another notch when | realized they could just resell me if | displeased them. | couldn't go through being sold again.

That was the worst feeling ever. Nausea started to overwhelm me. | always got nauseated when | got nervous.

My steps faltered and | stumbled slightly. | wrapped my hands around my stomach and pressed my nails in. Anything to distract from the horrible sense of dread | was feeling. If they let me, | would curl up and die right here.

Being owned was awful, being sold to new owners would be worse. At least these strange men seemed to care about my well being. If | was sold again, there was no telling how bad it could get.

| followed Master Damien's heels until | almost ran into his chest; he had turned around. | looked up and we were standing in a round alcove at the edge of the courtyard. My owners literally surrounded me.

“What are you so scared of Ciara?” Master Evan asked harshly pulling me to face him. “You are radiating fear. Our slave should be proud and defiant, not nearly falling over itself in the middle of the courtyard.”

“I'm afraid you'll whip me or sell me, because | looked at that other man. He looked terrible. Please don't sell me, Master Evan,” | begged him.

“You fear that we would sell you Ciara?” Master Damien asked. “Do you believe we would make such a mistake as to buy the wrong slave?”

“There is no right answer to that, Master Damien,” | answered him honestly still trembling.

He appraised me silently for several long moments with an unfaltering stare. I started when I felt Master Kein and Master Bane inspecting the small wounds I had made with my nails. When I looked up again Damien was softer.

“You have harmed yourself due to your...upset. That is inappropriate.

We would discipline you for this infraction, but I feel it would not have the intended effect,” he said thoughtfully. “Instead I will tell you this, we will not sell you. My brothers and I choose you and we will keep you. We will only discipline you physically when it is clear you need more guidance than mere words provide.”

The other men murmured agreement.

They softly admonished me not to cause myself harm with my nails. If I insisted on doing that they would wrap my hands. I would only get one warning, so I best not do it again.

I apologized like I felt a good slave should. The men petted my hair and shoulders in response. They weren't unreasonable, I soothed myself.

I just had to learn the rules before they reached their Limit.

I breathed easier and followed them to the main gate feeling more relaxed.

They dressed me to go to market. Why they couldn't have done this upstairs, I could not discern. I would not have fussed at all if they put me in this to walk downstairs.

The brown outfit they put me in was handed to them by a man at the large stone entrance. He placed éheir thark in the obifit) Because it was theirs now. They would put it on me whenever I left the Warrior's compound, they told me. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Getting into the outfit was complicated. The first thing they did was strap my kneeling pad around my waist OMT 9) sOreuate brown devets were laced up each leg to my knees. Master Evan slipped soft fingerless mittens on my hands that reached my elbows. A bulky dark brown tunic was pulled over my head. Lastly, a hood with a long veil was fitted over my face. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

The outfit | was in went down to my feet and the sleeves covered my hands. Oddly the Ola nsige. iO ME lo erheated. From inside the veil | could see very well. It was like having on sunglasses, which | didn't mind because it was bright in the sunlight. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Chapter 25

| imagined | must look Like a brown Lump from the outside.

"Ciara," Master Damien said facing me, "outside these walls are others who will not appreciate you. Having a slave is a privilege, most cannot afford it. Speak to no one, including us. You will be punished severely if you speak in the village. Can you do this?"

"Yes, Master Damien," | said.

We walked out a thick door nestled Low in the wall. The men allowed me to follow Master Damien out and then took up positions. The men were on either side and behind me; | was surrounded.

The way they moved and the tight grouping they held told me two things First, | couldn't run from them out here. It wasn't Like | had anywhere to go anyway. The second thing was that no one else on this street was going to touch me. Since running was out of the question and | felt safe, | was able to just look around,

The area was alive. There were men everywhere standing outside the large buildings that lined the narrow streets. Everything looked like it had been made out of putty colored sand. Strange paintings adorned the outsides of the buildings. | wondered if that wasn't their 'language.

| had shopped a lot at flea markets and it felt like that. The street itself was crowded with tent vendors outside the main buildings. No one said a word to our entourage. | made good use of my 'peripherals' and noticed almost all the vendors held something out toward my owners. It was a silent request to look. They never got in our way or spoke to us.

One man up ahead with a stand had what Looked Like earrings and they got my attention. Despite my circumstances, | still noticed the beautiful jewelry. Shiny things always grabbed my eyes. My mom had teased me about that.

| tried not to turn my head as we passed the earring vendor's cart and sort of succeeded. One pair had a silver loop with a blue stone floating in the middle. | liked those.

From behind me Master Bane made a sound and Master Damien stopped. He came to a stop in front of the vendor's cart and my owners rearranged themselves around me.

“Point to what you are Looking at,” Master Evan said gruffly under his breath.

| had tried to be sly, but | must have been obvious. | quickly gestured with my mittened hand to the set | had seen, but retracted it quickly.

The salesman had Looked curiously at it; like he wanted to touch me.

Master Damien bartered with the man and handed him several pieces of stone from inside his belt. He retrieved the earrings from the salesman and passed them to the back of our group. Master Christof placed them in a small pouch at his waist.

As we walked away Master Evan quietly asked Master Damien, “Do you know what we just bought, brother?” “No, but it does and the things are in our colors,” he answered and kept his brisk pace through the vendors.

We came to a Large wall and Master Damien didn't even have to knock, it just opened to us. | followed him past the guard at the gate. We were in a courtyard with what seemed Like Little shops all around.

| saw other groups of armed men present with Little brown bundled creatures in their midst. It was quieter here and only Warriors with slaves seemed to be present. These shops must cater to them, | thought.

The guard relaxed a little around me as we walked toward a large storefront. Light colgret fabrids' Blew inthe prdese Uultside. Now | was sure those symbols were a Language. They looked different on every building. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

We entered the store with all the fabrics and Master Damien was warmly greeted by an older man inside.

“So you finally gave in old friends. | wondered when yo world ie 11 | ghedgrabbitg aster Damien's arm. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

The room was full of fabrics and shiny metals. It looked to me like a woman's shopping paradise.

“So this is better than the Life of a Warrior, Fredrik?” Mastey Evanddcked curigustyleeking around. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Chapter 26

“Ah, there is peace here for my brothers and |. No more raids, no more fighting, and we spend all day with our Mia. It is a blessed life, cousins,” the man said.

As the man talked to my owners a brown bundle approached me with an outstretched appendage. | wasn't sure what to do, but Master Evan encouraged me to go with the other slave.

We went into a Little room in the back. It was opulent. There seemed to be a sitting area around a Little stage. The Little brown bundle took off her robe quickly and revealed a very humanoid looking creature.

She had huge oval eyes in a dark face. Right away | noticed she was bald. The woman wore a collar like mine, as well as, wrist and ankle cuffs. She smiled broadly at me, but | was too stunned to speak as | took her in.

Her clothing was all yellow gauzy fabric. Two strips passed over her shoulders and covered her breasts. On her waist hung an ornate golden chain, it held up a panel that covered the apex of her thighs and her buttocks. The same yellow gauze started at her waist and cascaded down her legs in strips that gathered at the ankles. Each time she took a step a beautiful dark leg came between the fabric.

“Do you speak, cousin?” she asked politely, starting to remove my covering. “Yes, who are you?” | asked her.

“Iam, Mia, the slave of these shopkeepers. They serve the Warriors and the Administrators. | have never seen your Warriors before, so you must be new. |

will help your Warriors pick out ornamentation for you,” she explained as she rapidly removed my gloves and boots.

“Thank you,” I said as she pulled my body covering over my head. The last thing to go was my kneeling place which she threw beside one of the chairs in the room.

I went from feeling totally dressed to totally nude. When I heard the men come in the room, I moved behind Mia instinctively to shield myself. I had the feeling it was a blunder. I just couldn’t stop myself from doing it. Mia coolly covered it up by turning and leading me to the stage.

“Don’t be so shy human, I’m sure they have seen all of you already. My Masters have seen every slave in the compound,” she whispered. “They will probably buy ornamentation to partially shield the places you would want covered. If you have pleased them, they will try to keep you happy.”

I knew she was correct but the fitting was still horrible. I stood on a little lighted platform as Mia wrapped me in different blue, silver, and white fabrics. It felt Like I was back at the auction as I modeled the filmy fabrics Mia wrapped me in.

The shopkeepers were five friendly men that rushed in and out of the room bringing in samples. They offered articles of translucent fabric and shiny jewelry to my owners. If the object was approved then Mia would take it and dress me in it. The shopkeepers never touched me, but I didn’t Like them Looking.

Nothing was ignored. Ornate pins and combs were used to decorate my hair. Mia demonstrated how it could be pulled and designed. For a creature with no hair of her own, she knew what to do with it.

I did well most of the time and reigned in the unnecessary panic of being exposed Like this. During short breaks the men would pull me to kneel next to them. Master Kein started to feed me a sweet liquid that made me a little giddy. I figured that was the purpose.

Eventually, I didn’t care about much of anything anymore. I was so relaxed they could have dressed me in a clown outfit complete with red nose and I wouldn’t have noticed. It took everything I had to follow Mia’s directions. Even understanding her was becoming difficult.

Just before we were to be done Master Damien asked Master Christof for the package we had bought outside in the street. He got up and handed me the earrings and asked me what they were for. I giggled like a schoolgirl and put the loops in my ears.

I was feeling really good by then, so I shook my head flirtatiously.

The metal was Light and the Little stones had a perfect weight

re honesty then the best thing anyone had ever bought me. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

I threw my arms around Master Damien's neck and kissed his cheek, "Thank you Master, they are beautiful," I slurred out. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

The men surrounded me instantly and I felt their hands pulling me away.

"No, no wait," Master Damien said placing his face back in front of mine and my hands around his neck. "It was alright. Do it again, Ciara," he commanded. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

Chapter 27

He was a ruggedly attractive man that had spent the morning fucking me;

I didn't need any further encouragement. Grabbing his shoulders I pulled him closer and planted soft kisses across his cheeks, over his eyes, and lastly across his lips. I closed my blurry eyes and concentrated on nibbling and sucking at his lips

Evidently Master Damien Liked it. I felt his organ thicken against my stomach and I giggled, stroking him through the fabric of his pants. He groaned and closed his eyes, his hand followed mine as I slipped it up and down over his length.

"Ah, yes, my slave told me you had bought it as a gift. I would like to know where you got these. They are quite hard to find, you know. Many of the slaves from Earth have places to hold these ornaments. We had Mia's ears prepared for it some time ago, though she is not from Earth.

Some have several places to put the ornamentation. Does this one?" he asked looking at my ears.

Master Damien didn't seem the least bit bothered that the shopkeeper had caught us. I blushed furiously through my blurry haze. "Ciara, how many places do you have for this type of decoration?"

Master Damien asked.

I felt my ears and tried to remember how to say the word in their language. It wouldn't come, so I held up two fingers. I felt a little confused.

Master Evan inspected my ears and I shuddered at the light touch. It wasn't really obvious I had tipped back and Master Bane was holding me until I looked up. The faces above me looked really worried, but for some reason I couldn't care less. Voices wove through my pleasant feelings and in no way disrupted them.

"Ah, yes," the shopkeeper said picking up Master Kein's jug. "Some Earth slaves are quite sensitive to the root drink. It is something they can get used to, but it takes time. No more than a couple of sips for most of them when they are new."

"It is Like this from the root drink?" Master Kein asked incredulously. "We take it all the time..."

"Yes, my friend, we are different you see. A bit of cocker dust will have it feeling much Like itself in a moment. We sell it, by the way.

Quite a few things are nice to have around when you are keeping a human."

"You'll need to feed it now, though. The dust will make it uncomfortably hungry. Maybe you could come back and shop more later. I will have what you have ordered delivered, of course," he mused and then called out, "Geoffrey, a sample of the cocker dust to Mia, please."

A moment Later, Mia poured the nasty dust on my tongue. I tried to spit it out, but Master Evan held my mouth closed. It was disgusting, Like rotten dirt. It cut through delirium quickly. I was blinking at the men and absolutely ravenous. My stomach growled. I felt headachy I was so hungry.

I was placed back in my brown outfit and followed Master Damien outside. He crossed the courtyard and led us into what looked like a small eatery. We entered into an alcove where several brown outfits were hung on the wall. As my brown outer layer was removed I was relieved to see they had left me dressed in something.

Much like Mia, I had two strips of blue virtually see through fabric that lay over my breasts, a piece of thin silver attached the fabric to my collar to keep it in place. The piece of the fabric hung at my waist attached to a shiny silver chain. It stretched from hip bone to hip bone and went halfway down my thighs. Looking at my butt it was covered in similar fashion. My hips were left bare. On my feet were delicate sandals that tied up my legs. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

The inside of the place we had walked into looked like an old pub. The walls looked worn as did the tile floor. Lots of empty tables were found. Several groups were seated and eating. A feminine creature was at all of the tables, kneeling inconspicuously between two men. We took an empty table in the back. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

My cushion was placed between Master Bane and Master Kein. I knelt obediently and prayed they would feed me soon then talked amicably amongst themselves as Master Bane petted my back and shoulders. Their touches had been good all day. Truth be told, I didn't mind all the attention from the four of them. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

It struck me suddenly that Master Christof had never touched me. I heard my Uncle Eddy's voice in my mind wondering if he was a queer. I had hated Eddy from the day he moved in.

Uncle Eddy had been horrible to live with. The fact I didn't date a lot meant he frequently asked my mom, while I was present, if I was a lesbian. Just because someone wasn't obsessed with the opposite sex didn't make them homosexual.

Chapter 28

Eddy had been merciless with picking at me. He made my personal life a topic of conversation with all my uncles when they sat and drank beer in the front yard. Before I moved, it had gotten to a point I snuck out my window and walked around the back of the house when I went anywhere.

The constant jibes and hurtful remarks were too numerous to take. | was scowling and staring at the floor when | felt Master Bane pinch a nipple. | Looked up at him shocked.

“Ciara, what are you thinking about?” he asked curiously offering me a piece of food that had obviously been delivered while | was daydreaming.

Oh God, | couldn't tell them what | was thinking about Master Christof.

That could be really offensive here. | stammered out an answer about a creepy relative of my mother's that this place reminded me of. That seemed to satiate them.

As we ate | took the chance to look furtively around the restaurant. | glanced at a girl at a table near ours that seemed to be human. She was sitting like | was, but she Looked up at the men that sat around her.

It seemed she never took her eyes off of one of them. Her attention seemed odd to me. Staring at someone openly Like that, | would consider rude. Perhaps that was the right way to act, though.

| did take careful note of her appearance and attire. She didn't look the way | thought a slave should. Her skin was clean and blemish free.

She was wrapped in satiny orange strip of fabric. Long, blonde hair was bound in a bun at the back of her head. It looked thick and cared for.

Her entire appearance seemed to exude health.

Looking down at my own hands | was embarrassed for some reason. Despite that strangely effective cream, | still had cracks on my palms and thick callouses on my fingers. Comparing myself to the beautiful creature at the other table | felt lessened for some reason. Hopefully, my skin would heal quickly.

| glanced back at the woman and she was still staring at the men she sat with. She seemed to spend a little time watching each of them, whether they were talking or not. It was very strange behavior.

When Master Bane pinched my nipple this time he also gave it a sharp tug. I looked up and my owners were staring daggers at me.

“What are you doing, Ciara?” Master Damien growled. “The girl in orange,” I stammered, “I was watching her, the way she acts. I’m sorry, Master Damien.”

Master Damien and his brethren all turned to look in the direction I had been looking. They did look less angry when they turned back to me.

“That is not a girl or a she,” Master Damien informed me. “That is a slave. You will notice it only looks at its owners, as is appropriate.”

“Yes, Master Damien,” I said quietly vowing to keep myself there in the future. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

We continued to eat and I continued to be fed. I made a point to eat my owner’s food, that seemed acceptable here. Again, I was offered food and drink until I thought I would pop. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

“Ciara, you must eat more,” Master Evan chastised from across the table.

“I can’t eat anymore. I’m full, Master Evan,” I said as I choked down another mouthful. Master Evan’s desire to feed me. “Why can’t you just feed me until I am full, Master Evan?” The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

“Humans do like to question, don’t they?” Master Kein said under his breath.

Chapter 29

Master Damien raised an eyebrow at me and laid his hands on the table, “Slave, are you telling us what is best for you?” he asked calmly.

It was the first time he didn’t use the name they had given me. The change terrified me. “No, I’m sorry. Please forgive me, Master Damien,” I begged.

I cursed myself for forgetting that despite their kindness, I was still their property. I couldn’t get used to it. Looking down at the floor and I prayed I would be forgiven. I still wasn’t sure what punishment would entail here.

“Ciara,” he said calmly, “you will lose mass here. You will waste away if we don’t give you enough to eat. We could not stand to watch this happen. You are ours.”

“Yes, Master Damien,” I said obediently taking food as it was offered to me by Master Kein. I didn’t know how much more I could eat, but I’d keep trying if it kept them happy.

After a while I had to pee. I was restless it was so bad. I was almost ready to ask. Master Damien looked at Master Christof after eyeing me.

“Take it to the facilities. Clean it afterwards,” he said.

Master Christof dutifully rose from his place and took my arm leading me from the table. I was sure they knew what I had been thinking about before. Master Christof was going to do something horrible to me. I glanced at him and he looked like he was touching me just by sheer force of will.

Master Christof led me through the tables into a small room. It had five lacquered pots like I had sat on before. Master Christof closed the door behind us and then removed the chain from my waist. The covering of my sex went with it.

“Sit,” he commanded pointing to the pots. I started to sit facing him and he said, “No, face the other way.”

Straddling the pot and facing the wall wasn’t uncomfortable, it just felt weird. In a way it gave me a sense of privacy and it was easier to do my business. I’d have to remember that for the future.

When I was done, a warm wet cloth was used to clean me. I started to get off and Master Christof said, “No, stay there.”

He moved my hands to a bar in front of me and quickly bound my wrists to it with a leather strap. I wanted to turn my head around, but thought better of it. Breathing slowly, I convinced myself not to panic. He could do anything he wished to me; I would have to wait and see what he wanted.

I felt his hands run across my backside and between my legs, without the cloth this time. He explored my pussy and ass completely using water to moisten his fingers. His breathing was heavy and it filled my ears. I heard him stand behind me and his clothing rustled.

I had heard my uncles masturbating enough to know what he was doing. I didn’t turn my face from the wall. Soon, I felt the warm ejaculate land on my bare back as he groaned. A damp cloth softly wiped it away and a second one

dried my skin. When Master Christof was done he asked me to stand and he took my arms off the bar. He re attached the chain at my waist to cover me.

| didn't look at him; | just stared at the floor. What had just transpired felt odd. Considering how today was going for me that was really saying something.

"Thank you, Ciara," he said in a strained voice as we left the bathroom.

That was a shock. No one had thanked me for sex Hee Be dint really e nyse ene an é said thank you! That made me feel guilty for thinking he was weird. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

"You're welcome, Master Christof," | said as we made our way back to the table.

No one mentioned how Long we had been gone and the table continued with light conversation' The Mehl got really ebiited When a small dish was brought out. The man bringing food to our table scooped five spoonfuls of granules onto the plate. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Master Kein carefully picked up the small plate and broyghtjit t6 fis\fdce. "wargh'sidra," He commanded. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

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Chapter 30

He stuck his tongue out and a Little of the stuff on the plate stuck to it. | was just glad he didn't snort it up his nose. He lowered the plate to my Level and | copied him.

| saw colors shooting in front of me. The walls of the restaurant seemed to be breathing with me. | grabbed onto Master Bane and Master Kein and held onto their legs to steady myself. If they hadn't taken me to the bathroom before, | would have pissed myself right then. | still had my presence of mind, but my senses were all screwed up. | felt Like | could taste color and see flavor.

Thankfully, the feelings didn't last long. They were fading as | saw Master Kein offering me the plate a second time and | risked angering them.

“Masters, I’LL eat anything else you want but not that. | don’t think it’s good for humans. | feel all screwed up when | taste it and my mind isn’t right. Please, Masters, anything else,” | begged.

“Doesn’t it taste good, Ciara?” Master Damien asked, folding his hands and looking at me.

“| don’t taste anything, Master Damien. The walls move and it feels like my eyes are exploding. | promise Master, I’ll eat anything else,”

| repeated my plea. The room was still spinning around just a little bit.

Master Bane tilted my face to his and requested | repeat what | had just told Master Damien. | did and he sat still watching me intently for a moment.

“Perhaps it isn’t good for humans. We should get something different for Ciara,” Master Bane said taking the plate from Master Kein and tasting it again.

They brought me a slippery thing that Master Bane had to feed me from the bowl. It reminded me of the time | had flan at a Mexican restaurant. It did not make me high and | enjoyed it, if not for that reason only.

Walking home with my owners the streets were much quieter. A few salesmen were still out, but it looked like everyone was packing up. | was surprised when a man stumbled out of a doorway and directly in our path.

The man now blocking our way was angry. He had a healing cut across his nose and a nasty look on his face. He clenched his fists and looked like he wanted a fight.

Master Damien calmly took stock of the situation. His brothers held their positions and seemed to be waiting patiently. When the other man didn’t speak, Master Damien did. love yourself, cousin, we have no quarrel with you,” he said simply.

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“Weaklings!” the man spat out taking a step toward us. “Do you not need our women now, Warriors? Will you leave us, the shopkeepers and the lowly men to them? So what if they take our brothers, eh? No concern of yours anymore is it? You have a precious little slave to tend your needs,” he sneered.

The men surrounding me didn’t even flinch during the man’s rant. | glanced at Master Kein, who stood beside me, and his face looked neutral. They didn’t even seem to be agitated.

“We take our turn with the women just as you do,” Master Damien answered calmly. “If you have lost a brother, we will search for him, just as we always have. The slave is not your concern. Now move out of our way.”

The aggressive man took another step toward us and my men did not move.

Master Damien spoke to him again. He instructed the man to desist, picking a fight with Warriors would only end up getting him hurt.

Whoever this strange man was seemed too upset to really understand what a bad idea this was. Looking between the two was easy to see— I would win a fight. The men surrounding me were built and toned. The aggressive man, although he was tall, didn't seem to have the same muscular physique as my companions. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

The angry man rushed at Master Damien quite suddenly. I cringed expecting a brawl. There wasn't one. Instead Master Damien brushed the man's flying fists away and shoved him back several steps.

“Draw your weapon, coward!” the man screamed running forward again.

The process repeated with Master Damien delivering a resounding open palm slap to the aggressor this time. He never drew his weapon and he seemed intent on not harming the crazy man. This enraged the already upset man. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

The third time the man approached Master Damien I barely saw the motion that snapped to his jaw to the side. Stepping groggily the man seemed much less angry and just dazed now. That punch would have shattered my face; I was sure of it. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)