

Alien Masters 211

Chapter 211

Master Damien and his Brothers had chosen these strange men to care for me for three reasons. Firstly, they were curious to learn about Earth, but had no desire to use a slave. Secondly, they were distant from the other Warriors, so | wouldn't be noticed. The last reason was they were not powerful Warriors. They knew, as well as Master Damien knew, they would not survive a fight with my real owners.

| should not have known any of that. Before a moment ago, | didn't know any of that. It was all comforting, but hardly normal | should be aware of it.

"Watch your errant tongue, slave," one of them said as they restarted the transport, "you will sleep in the box tonight."

| went quietly the rest of the way to the Keepers. Once | got there | made friendly conversation with Rose and Fuji. In the back of my mind | wondered at where these strange thoughts were coming from.

Later in the morning the girls were all gathered and talking on the far side of the room. | sat staring out the window and Rose touched my arm.

Fuji had wandered off some time before, so | sat alone for the most part. "You've been distant all morning," Rose whispered, "and you've been gone for two days. What happened?"

"| keep waking up sick to my stomach," | told her. "At first they thought | was ill, but | get better as the day wears on." "What did the Healers do?" she asked.

"They didn't call the Healers," | said and she gasped. "The Healers are expensive," | continued to explain.

Rose looked around making sure we were truly not being watched. The Keepers were all busy on the other side of the room. The other girls were all busy learning a new dance.

“Ciara, my owners are correct, these new men should not have you. If you are ill, the men will find out. Your fake Masters are not doing an honorable job,” she said. You sound like one of the Warriors,” I said trying to distract her.

“Are you planning to grow up to be one?” “Not funny, Ciara, I’m just telling you what everyone already thinks.

They may be right. Humans need special care, the men you were left with aren’t doing the things they should. I’m afraid you’ll get sick,” she urgently whispered.

“I promise, I’m fine,” I assured her. “It’s not unusual for people to get a little ill from time to time. I know my...current Masters are not the best, but I won’t get sick. I love Master Damien and his Brothers.

It would have destroyed me to lose them. This is acceptable to me.”

The men picked me up at night and I cleaned the apartment as was normal. When I was done and they were ready for bed, the men opened the bed in the wall. They had told me I would sleep there for my morning infraction, I had forgotten.

I hated the box. The close confines made me feel anxious, but I knew I could survive it. The last thing I wanted as for the men to find a different way to punish me. My fake owners were smart. They couldn’t be allowed to invent a new way to torture me. I was sure they could be devious if they put their minds to it.

With that thought in mind, I quietly lay in the box and allowed myself to be slid into the wall. The click of the latch (Was latched and then there was silence. Nothing to do now but wait for morning.

I was standing along a trail surrounded by jeering men with swords.

They were laughing because I was so outnumbered. The thieves dared to tell me how they would torture, My Brother, befriended us. Their threats didn’t bother me, I knew how hard my family trained. We were not in any danger. The jeering men just needed to be a little closer before we struck.

The battle was swift. My favored sword arm was ready and the men fell before it. Thieves that threatened our Lives had no right to live, that was the law. Dealing out this justice was my right.

When the first one was struck down, | saw his Brothers cry out. Now | knew who belonged to which family. It was a mercy kill to end the lives of his Brothers quickly.

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The second family ran when the first family fell. We would catch them before they hid their trail. Kein was an excellent tracker, they would not escape in the forest as they planned to do.

We walked into the woods with confidence, Kein and Evan leading. The forest changed as | watched. The trees shifted and became rock walls.

Instead of a forest we were tracking in the mountains.

| felt dread. | hated the mountains. Women could hide in the craggy pits and drop upon us without warning. | heard the beating of wings, but my vision was narrowed and | couldn't tell where it was coming from.

Christof screamed and | tried to find him. My feet wouldn't move fast enough, | seemed to be running in thick mud. No one was with me now, | was alone in the mountains, divided from my Brothers.

| woke up a little and pushed at the walls of the box | was in. The panic of being trapped in here started to mount, spurred on by my strange nightmare. To calm myself | thought of Master Damien and his Brothers. | concentrated hard on them and felt myself almost leave the box.

| was in the mountains again, running with all my might. The women were coming, their wings were everywhere; | just could not see them. If | could just find my Brothers, | would feel better, for now | was all alone.

Enough of this, | thought to myself as | woke up sweating and nervous again.

| took deep controlled breaths. There was no need to fear. | wasn't in the mountains, no one was chasing me. Instead, | thought about the day Master Damien and his Brothers took me to the canal.

We were all there again. The men seemed confused to find themselves on the bobbing wooden platform. | looked up at them and for some reason, I'd left them dressed and with their weapons on. This was a dream, | thought to myself, I'd prefer them naked.

The men's clothing dissolved and they sat down watching me.

"Swim with me, Masters?" | asked the men in my dream. "Show me fun things like you did before." Master Damien bounded into the water and | followed him in. | loved to be in the ocean.

They took me deeper than | had gone that day. Master Kein showed me the bottom of the canal and the things that lived there. He spoke underwater and told me they could swim much deeper than | could. They had wanted to show me this the day we came, but they knew | wouldn't be able to swim so far down.

| loved the water, the quiet gurgle in my ears as | swam. We stayed under water forever. This was a dream, so | didn't have to surface for breath. We just swam and played in the canal.

The dream seemed so real. | watched with awe as the men zipped through the water. They moved Like some strange sort of eel, undulating up and down. It fascinated me, just as it had the first day | saw it.

The men found the worms and ate them underwater. They were so good. | caught and ate the worms with them. Marvelous, wonderful, sticky creatures that bled on my tongue. | couldn't get enough of them.

How had | ever thought the worms were gross?

We continued to swim and my mind drifted to Earth. | thought about the coast | am from | was elated. The cold water and sea air called me home.

"Ciara, where are we?" Master Damien asked standing naked on the beach. "Rocky Point Beach," | told him, "I used to come here to play in the water."

The men looked around. They picked up the rocks and watched the sea birds that fluttered in the breeze. Master Christof picked up the book bag | always brought and went through it. He found the money | would use to pay my way home.

"Don't lose that," | warned him. "I use it to pay the bus

fare here"

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Instead Christof picked out the sandwich | had made and looked at it. | explained | brought food with me when | came here and he tasted it, as did his Brothers. They also tasted the applesauce and pudding cups I'd brought. They found the flavor not very interesting, but the texture of the applesauce was disgusting to them.

"Come into the water," | ordered laughing. "That's where all the fun is!

| dove into the churning ocean and went down deep. The men followed and | pointed out the fish in my memories to them. They wanted to go in the caves deeper down, but | couldn't show them that.

"| never went that deep," | told Master Christof underwater, "and if | got stuck in the caves | wouldn't have a way to breath."

We crawled onto shore and | looked down at myself. | was dressed Like | always was when | came to the beach. A faded grey t- shirt soaked and stuck to my skin and an old pair of cut off jeans.

"What is this?" Master Damien asked touching the torn denim fabric. "Jeans," | said Luxuriating in the sun, "I used to wear clothes all the time. No one on my world walks around naked."

"We ornament your naked body, because you don't need clothes," Master Evan said crouching in front of me. "My Brothers and | protect you, you do not need such thick fabric. We ornament you to show you in our colors. That is how we wish to see you."

Looking down, my outfit was changed. | was in my collar and cuffs. My torso was wrapped with a gauzy piece of blue fabric. This was much better, | agreed.

“Still,” | told them, “this outfit would not have been good to wear at the place | Lived and worked.” They didn’t understand, so in the dream we were there.

It was midday at the motel. The sign that permanently read “Vacancy” flashed along the roadside. The men understood the sign through me.

As we walked through the squalor that had been my Life, | felt the men judging it. Albert, the motel’s most senior resident drunk, was sitting outside his door in a lawn chair asleep and drooling. The place was dingy and they sensed my discomfort at walking here with no clothes on to shield me.

In my memories they saw the pointless violence | had witnessed in this place. They saw the bloody beer bottles | had cleaned up. As we passed room thirty two we all remembered the body of the overdosed heroin addict | had found one morning.

| took them the Long way around to my room. There was a short cut through the building down a dark hall, but a woman had been brutally raped there one afternoon. After that happened | never walked that way again. Even in the dream, | feared that dark secluded hall. The men felt my unease, but said nothing.

In my small room at the hotel, | showed them the things | was proud of.

The money | had scrimped and saved was hidden in a plastic bag in the toilet tank. Damien asked why | put it there. He understood it was an odd place for something | considered of value.

“People would steal it, if they knew where it was,” | told him, counting the ae On bills in m memory Mithpride, | Igceked. Neon every day, but that wouldn't stop most of the people that would want to come in here and take it.”

Damien and his Brothers did not understand. Men on their world were honorable. The few. e5 that would be as well and kept far from the villages by the Administrators. They had never had something like a door lock and they found my use of one odd.

"People aren't always honorable," I tried to explain, but the men still didn't understand.

I failed miserably trying to describe how humans could be. There was no Administrator here that could remove thieves from society. Some humans were honest and some weren't; it was a choice.

"It has value?" Master Bane asked taking the stack from me and examining it.

This looked like nothing to them and they didn't understand how it was important. In my mind they saw what I did with this. Much like the stones, money here was a representation of wealth with no real value in itself.

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It gave the men a new appreciation of the stones they used. Christof sat on the end of my bed as he considered the matter. "This is where you slept?" he asked passing his hand over the rough faded comforter.

"Yes,"

"It isn't comfortable," he said and moved around making the old springs squeak, "and it is very noisy."

I shrugged. It wasn't that bad if I didn't toss around at night.

"Where did you get the money?" Kein asked as he walked around the room.

I explained the concept of a paycheck to them. Mr. Pensky paid me less because I lived here. The money in the toilet tank was whatever I didn't spend on bus fare, food, and clothes."

The men followed me back outside to look at the dingy swimming pool on the property.

“| see why you Liked the place you took us first,” Damien said looking into the still, murky water.

“This place is unpleasant,” Christof said looking around. “You felt fear here constantly. There was no pleasure in your life.” Evan hugged me from behind, pulling my back flush to his front. “We gave you better than this. Come back with us,” he stated.

| melted into Evan and left willingly. They took me to the mountains, to the untouched beauty of Pateria. With them, in this world, | felt peace.

It was all good and relaxed. No more nightmares plagued the dreams the rest of the night. We were together and we were happy.

“Wake up, slave,” my fake Master said loudly.

Groggily, | remembered hearing him yelling at me. I'd been in such a wonderful, peaceful sleep. It took me Longer to wake than usual.

The men commented on my slow progress and pulled me to the table to eat. They fed me all they usually did, but what | really wanted was some of those worms.

“Why don't | ever have worms, Masters?” | asked.

The men stared at me with fury on their faces.

“They are expensive, slave. We do not see the need for you to lave them. You wil epvietibx agan tonight or your impudence,” one of the men growled.

| stayed silent and looked at the floor. Before last night, | Ores

t worRgs,rl6Wel Was asking for them. It didn't make any sense.

The Keepers was like it always was, we played inside in the morning.

Strange catches of feelings assaulted me throughout the day. Boredom while | played the drums, for instance, and that didn't make any sense.

| concentrated on the weird sensation and Looked at Fuji. She shouldn't eat the worms a éheiw as obsess ith keh ski "These were things" already knew and Learning more about this slave did not interest me. dara," Rose called in a singing voice, "what are you doing?" hinking," | answered trying to act normally.

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"Can you play and think at the same time?" she laughed. "Of course," | blushed and started to beat out their favorite rhythm again.

In the afternoon we went to the beach. There were several games being played but | wasn't taking part. Even after having spent the night dreaming of swimming, | still wanted to go into the water. Perhaps next time my owners had me, we could go somewhere swimming.

| remembered a place then, a place I'd never been to and never seen. It looked Like a Lake, surrounded on every side by tall mountains. Water from the mountains washed into the body of water from a several streams. Master Damien and his Brothers often stopped there to play as they left the mountains.

"CIARA feet. "You could have just thrown it back to us. Come on, we need another person for this game to work." an annoyed Fuji said, grabbing the ball that had landed at my

| apologized and walked over to join my friends. My mind was all over the place today. Hopefully | wasn't having some sort of a mental breakdown.

As | cleaned the apartment that night, | thought about all the strange feelings and strange dreams. They were consuming and came out of no where. It was almost impossible to think or do anything with them plaguing me.

| panicked a slight bit as | considered the issue further. One of my cousins on Earth had schizophrenia, at least Mom had told me she had it. The girl thought aliens were invading and wore a classic tinfoil hat most of the time. Even with the best of medications she was not able to think clearly.

It made me smile sadly now. Poor girl, she really wasn't wrong.

Perhaps it was the box, | thought. Maybe all those days with the calming creams stuck in the box had driven me mad. Strange it would just pop up suddenly, so many day cycles later.

My rag touched a clear jar of liquid on the table and | caught it just before it fell over.

"Slave," one of the men barked, "pay attention to what you are doing.

You almost knocked over one of our experiments. You spend another night in the box."

Dropping my head submissively, | apologized to the man.

He was right, | was not being cautious. | shuddered to think how many days in the box | would get for ruining their work.

Later that night, tired from cleaning, | crawled into what was becoming my permanent bed. It slid shut and | shuddered at the quiet darkness.

The only thing | could hear was my breathing. All | saw was black.

Perhaps | would fall asleep soon and not be subjected to the desolation of this punishment.

The dreams came again that night. This time | dreamed | was on Earth scrubbing my mot rehouse My:

uncles walked! ro d dropping food and other things on the carpet, watching me clean it up. It was an annoying repetitive dream, just like it had been when | had lived it.

Suddenly, the dream changed slightly. Master Damien and his Brothers were watching me work. It was embarrassing they should see what slovenly piles of crap my family was

| couldn't seem to stop cleaning, even with my owners standing and eon around. | swept, MOREE en, and ae serygbeu, put' Aine never got cleaner. Dirt and grime appeared out of thin air or my uncles made another mess.

My uncles had destroyed the house for the fun of watching me try to put it back together. In my dream, when my Uncle Eddy oy drone ta large bile ofcheedy dip 'on the carpet for the

fifth time, Master Damien struck him. Uncle Eddy flew across the room and smashed against the wall and Slid down unconscious. Suddenly the floor, the walls, and the entire house looked clean and fresh.

| sighed with relief and stood up.

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Everything evaporated as | stared at Master Damien. How | had wished to do that very thing many times over, but | didn't know how to knock out aman my uncle's size. Desperately, | wanted to learn.

"It's easy," Master Damien told me. "We've been learning to fight since we were very small."

It was the strangest dream I've ever had. | watched as my young Masters learned to fight. It was like they invited me to share their memories, by morning | felt Like a Warrior.

| was awake and nauseated by the time the men Let me out of the box in the morning. | leapt up and ran for the bathroom. Had I spent one more moment in there | would have thrown up on myself.

That afternoon at the Keepers | crept along the dunes until | was mostly alone. The other girls that came down here did so for quiet. | wasn't making noise, so they ignored me.

It had been a strange dream, but | felt like | knew how to fight. | searched my mind and found memories from the dream. | swung and kicked the way | had seen the men do. It seemed | had the right idea, just no strength or practice with the movement.

Fuji and Rose came down and wanted to know what | was doing. As soon as | saw them | stopped, but they stayed. 's it a new dance, Ciara?" Fuji asked.

"No," | said trying to figure out what to call it. "I was just fooling around. My...uncles taught me to fight and | was just doing the moves they showed me."

It was a plausible lie. "Show us," Rose encouraged settling down.

| demonstrated the moves, but | was far less adept than the figures in my dream had been. We all laughed as | struggled to get better. It was a fun and distracting way to spend the afternoon.

The men came and got me at night as usual. We went into their rooms and they stood at the threshold staring at me. Usually they went down the bathhouse now, but they didn't look like they were getting ready to go.

"When will it come?" one of them asked me. don't understand, Master. When will what come?"

"The menstruation," he pronounced carefully. "It has been seventy day cycles since the last one. We are being patient. You told us this was a regular cycle. They should be even."

A terrible thought came to me then. The sickness every morning was not illness.

"Yes, it should," I said raising my hands and taking a step back. I was sure they should not know. "It's not something I control. My body does it when the hormones-"

"What is that word?" the long haired man interrupted me.

I tried desperately to explain, but this was one of those times. They locked me in the box that night, but being honest, they seemed they just preferred to sleep without me. For once I was glad to be alone and panic on my own.

My period was late. The men didn't know what that meant, but I did. A late period meant something very different from what they feared.

My mother had suffered morning sickness with me. She'd lost weight and had to be placed on COMPLEMENTS. My grandmother had suffered the damned sickness with every one of her many children. This seemed so much like what they described.

It couldn't be, I assuaged myself. Master Damien had said this should not happen, he heard facts had been so sure, but the truth was hard to refute.

I had menstruated, which was odd. That must mean I was fertile again.

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The morning sickness was hard to contest, even if I wanted to. Very little else could cause the daily illness that went away on its own. It was all adding up to a point I tried desperately to avoid.

The men were wrong. My hands felt my lower stomach as though the nonexistent bulge would suddenly begin to form. I was carrying a child.

When I finally drifted to fitful sleep the dreams came again. Children were on my mind and I dreamed of them. I saw the men as children growing up with the Child Keepers. There was an older family who tormented them. In the dream, I was larger than the boy picking on Master Christof. I kicked the other boy hard and the scene melted away.

“why do you come to us every night?” Master Evan whispered in my ear. “We have become accustomed to you in our dreams. Don’t stop coming.”

| turned and wrapped my arms around him. Our lips touched and he dove his tongue into my mouth. My fingers ran through his hair.

He loved the sensation of my hands in his hair and shuddered slightly.

The way | did it, especially when | bathed it and twisted the Locks was the greatest pleasure he knew. Master Evan had never felt anything like £830

“Perhaps | miss you,” | said pulling back and then placing a kiss on his chin. “We miss you as well,” he said.

Dream sex was much better than real world sex, | soon discovered. Our clothing melted off and | stood holding a naked, aroused Master Evan.

The scene around us also changed until we were in their old bedroom in the compound.

Master Evan backed me toward the bed and | pulled his larger body down over mine. He never was much for kissing, but | loved to kiss. There was a slight hesitation before his mouth settled over mine.

He wanted to taste, to run his tongue over my frame. Master Evan adored me sweaty and wet, so every lap of his tongue picked up my subtle flavor. He settled for my mouth, because that’s what | wanted.

“Perhaps | want to taste you, Master Evan,” | smiled when we separated. “Look around,” he commanded, “this is our bedroom. In this domain | am not your Master and you are not my slave.”

| smiled at him and kissed his chin, using my tongue to taste the flesh.

Evan loved that. No one had ever tasted him, except me. In his opinion that meant | was the only one that truly knew him. Again, I'd never been aware he felt that way about it.

Pushing on his broad chest he rolled and took me with him. | tasted him everywhere and did everything to him

had some idea of my ears to his toes | Licked and sucked. When | made it back to his throbbing erection and sucked a second time, he came in my mouth.

I smiled and swallowed him down. Before moving onto his Brothers | took the moment to whisper love into his ear.

Bane was next. He sank into me and | brushed my fingers through his short beard. | used MmAgne the Kir to cBhitol Nira he kissed me deeply. Nothing mattered except him grunting and huffing on top of me.

| ran my hands down his torso to his muscular buttocks and sank my nails in. Master Bane liked spath pain,

remembered him from women and he loved to be inside the women. My dull, human teeth sunk into his neck, but couldn't penetrate the skin. He growled with pleasure.

Just the hint of pain was exciting and made it more pleasurable. The women didn't understand that and hurt him too much. | was perfect. He rode me hard before filling me with his seed.

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When | told him | loved him, he pulled me tight into a hug burying his face in my neck.

Kein spent his time playing with my breasts. He Licked, sucked, and then softly bit the supple skin. That | enjoyed his attention made it even better.

This was the first thing he saw at the auction. My large chest jutting out so proudly had called to him. When | had fought the air currents and showed them spirit by cursing at them, he had nearly cheered. It was a family decision to buy me, but it was Kein's certainty that sold E30

Right now with his hands and mouth full of my chest, his cock was demanding satisfaction. | felt him slip into my ass as though he had oiled it. He felt the tight walls clench around him and groaned.

| wanted hands on my clit and in the dream, | felt them there. Master Christof's long fingers played over me as Master Kein rode me. | got closer and closer to oblivion writhing against my lovers.

"Come for us," Master Damien demanded and | did.

My world shattered into sparks and then it happened again. Connected to them in the dream, | felt Kein's orgasm Like it was my own. He bucked and writhed as | did beneath him.

"| love you, Kein."

Christof was next. Had it been the real world, he would have been hugging the breath out of me.

"It has been too long," he murmured into my ear, while stroking along my sides. "I have missed you so much." "You have no idea, my friend," | whispered back to him.

My hands wrapped into his hair as | pulled his lips down to mine. We kissed and the scene changed. The sounds of the forest filled the air and | was on the ground with him over me in our favorite spot outside the Keepers.

"| think of you and wish we could come here again," | said stroking his cheeks. "I enjoyed our time." "It isn't a secret anymore," he said nibbling my neck with his Brothers sitting around us. "We could all come here."

His mouth dipped Lower down the line of my sternum across my belly. | grabbed him and wrestled with him. In the dream | was strong enough to pin him to the ground. Laughing, | impaled my flesh on his pole.

Stretching out across his body | made slow, languid Love to him. Master Kein noted my swaying breasts and flicked the rings with each swing. We rocked and kissed as the others stroked my back and buttocks. He came with gritted teeth and a low moan.

“| love you, Christof,” | told him as he recovered.

Crawling off Christof, | looked at Damien. | was i Cwrestie hirh dew abd fa What | See

“Oh really,” he said lifting an eyebrow. “You think you can take me.”

| grinned wickedly, pinning Christof

had been easy. Da’d be down

before the count of five.

The dream changed and we were | stood in fabric and as decked in his wear.

“You think you can dress me like this and | won’t win, Master Damien?”

| grinned, “I think not.”

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| wanted to be dressed Like him, so | was. He growled low in his throat and took a fighting stance. Copying him, | held my pose until he rushed me.

We battled and somehow, | knew what | was doing. | parried and swung like a real Warrior. Damien had superior strength, even in the dream and soon had me pinned. Panting and struggling, he pressed me into the sand covering the ground.

“Change into what I want to see you in,” he growled in my ear. “I won.” I wrapped my self in blue and silver. The gauzy dress tied in the front with a large bow. A present to my conquering hero.

Master Damien had no patience right now for my humor. A slim silver knife appeared in his hand and he sliced the fabric away from me. His eyes glinted with lust as he peeled the remainder of the gauze from my body.

I was lifted from the ground and we walked out of the stadium and into the bedroom. It was a strange transition, but it made perfect sense in the dream. Damien was not going to let me control this and make him take his pleasure outside. He tossed me onto the bed and stood watching me.

Righting myself, I got to my knees. Damien was panting with a mixture of lust and post fight adrenaline. Fighting with me had riled him in ways he enjoyed, we’d have to do it again.

“You won,” I purred crawling toward him. “Let me undress you and pleasure you.”

He wore pants that laced up the front in my dream. Using just my teeth, I tugged at the laces holding his breeches together. Damien’s beautiful cock slowly emerged from his pants.

Much like our first blow job, I flicked my tongue over the tip. A bit of Damien’s essence appeared and I pressed my tongue to it, sucking and tasting. Strong hands grasped my head and the fleshy Length pressed into me.

“Look at me,” Damien rasped. “Look at me while you take my cock.”

I’d had my eyes done once for a school dance. The woman at the salon had applied long fake glittery lashes to my real ones. In the dream I had those eyes. Beautiful, glittering green eyes begged Damien for more.

He gasped at the sight and fucked my mouth harder. I sucked and licked feeling the texture change under my tongue. Damien’s tool was not a mystery in my mouth. I knew what he Liked and it was easy to provide.

Large hands controlled my head as | made Love to Damien with my mouth. Faster and faster he moved me, cramming himself into my throat with each thrust. It made my eyes water and my pussy clench.

| was tossed back away from him before he finished. My body sprawled on the bed and | struggled to sit up. Damien attacked me, pushing me down.

He towered over my form and forced himself between my thighs. He dared me with his eyes to try to deny him.

Licking my Lips, | stretched out beneath him. My arms raised above my head and my thighs parted giving him access. "I am yours, Damien," | said softly, "take anything you wish."

He never needed permission, but he liked it. The willingness to be ta

by him and be canthalled by tin was beatttif Damien. It made the taking sweeter as his cock slowly sank into me.

We rocked together in blissful harmony. My body had longed for, the sensation of Damiex'scbck fing nye. le a8 perfection. | grabbed at him and called his name as | came undone beneath him.

"| love you, Damien," | cried as he and rocked into me.

| loved them completely. In their warm embrace, in red the remainder of the night.

Chapter 220

The nausea was strong the next morning when | woke in the black box. | turned my head to the side and retched in the closed bed. It stunk and | was lucky to get it out without choking myself. When | retched a second time my head hit the top of the box and | felt a bump forming.

The smell just made me sicker.

That's how my fake Masters found me when they pulled the bed out. | was covered in vomit and had a bruise forming on my head. It was the worst situation I'd ever woken to and | include the day | woke to enslavement .

The men cleaned me with concern on their faces. Something was wrong, they just couldn't figure out what. Still, they debated about calling the Healers.

"If it is unusual, they will want to study it, the same way we wish to study it," one of the men said.
"Damien and his Brothers. talking. another Brother said and then stopped

| knew the end to that statement by the Looks on the faces of the other Brothers. Master Damien would be very displeased if | was taken for study. He would destroy these men just for fun if that happened.

| would have to heal myself, they finally decided. No Healers could be called in.

The room reeked of my vomit, so after breakfast | cleaned the box. | realized as | cleaned there were two messes in there. The vomit was one, the second was the wet sticky goo from my dreams.

Chuckling to myself, | thought about the dream. It had been wonderful. If that was insanity, I'd gladly take it.

Once the bed was cleaned up the men put their ornamentation on me. The chain around my waist was slightly tighter. It had to be shifted up a little farther than was usual.

The men reasoned | must be healthy to be gaining weight, despite my nausea. That made them feel better about not calling the Healers. As we left for the Keepers their mood seemed up.

Things settled into a strange rhythm for me over the next fifty three days. The emotions and errant thoughts that came, | did my best to ignore. It took time, but | got better about not faltering every time one struck. At least that meant | appeared more normal, even if | didn't feel that way.

The dreams came every night. | spent my time asleep with Master Damien and his Brothers. | saw fantastic places in my dreams. It felt Like the men were showing me their lives.

A magical world existed in my dreams. We roamed through the mountains and swam in the streams there. | cheered as they battled other men and learned all their moves. | imagined every place they had ever been on this world. In my dream world, we made Love and showed each other how much we cared. We were one happy family.

At night, | was connected to Master Damien and his Brothers. We did everything together. | hungered to go to sleep every night and spend time with my lovers and friends. | knew it was just a fantasy, but it was a wonderful fantasy.

The box was what my fake owners used to punish me, but | came to love it. In the privacy of eo | if y. insane fantasy. No one could say | wasn't right as | spoke out loud to the figures in my dreams. My favorite personal world existed in that box.

In the day, there were things that stressed me. The nausea, thankfully, subsided, but the weight gain continued. | watched myself grow with trepidation.

The weight gain my owners had initially been pleased with, but as

time wore on they one a out it\The kept aving to add chain to my waist. Soon they had to buy larger cuffs and collar for me. | was costing them more than they liked.

My body protested the rapid growth of my belly also. Stretch marks appeared over the prominent The men treated them daily with the cream, but they always seemed to reappear the next day.

| couldn't deny it as | petted my gravid belly. No one could deny what had happened. It terrified and shocked all of us that understood.

"Have they understood it yet?" Rose asked quietly one day when the Keepers weren't around.