

Alien Masters 71

Chapter 71

| adored Christof and | did everything | could to show him that. As much as | could | talked to him about romance. He allowed me to hug and kiss him. Soon, he started to hug and kiss me without any prompting. It made me feel nice and normal for a change.

However, the more | got to know Christof the more he worried me. | could tell something was eating at him. Finally | decided to ask him about it, | just had to take the chance. Gathering my courage, | took a good guess about what might be bothering him.

“You might get mad at me, but I just wanted to know. Did the women take you?”

He sighed and took a piece of food from the bowl for himself. “Yes, | was sent by the Administrators to patrol a section along the mountains.

My brothers and | were ordered to split up to cover a larger territory.

The big one picked me up and flew off with me. She took me and kept me for a long time,” he answered. “She and her sisters needed female children and | seem to make those most of the time.”

| shuddered, “It must have been horrible. Were you able to talk to your brothers about it?”

He laughed and started to hit a bamboo like tree that was sitting next to us, “My brothers know nothing of my capture and, for the record, | was only treated poorly the first several days. During that time | was kept in a cell by myself, but she moved me to a place with other men after a very short while. She had decided to keep me in the mountains long term.” low did you get away?” | gasped.

“| thought | could escape from them. Finally, the woman in charge told me they owned me; | would never escape. The only men my brothers and | found were men they released because they no longer needed them. | still tried to get away, that’s when she beat me. | was miserable.” His face fell as he talked.

“She wanted me to live and be happy. My owner, Nu-reeh, said they had decided to take my brothers to be with me, the Administrators would send them on a job like I had been sent. I stopped being able to get erections; the thought of my brothers living that way upset me and I told them that,” he sighed.

“I told them if they sent me back, I would do what they wanted. I would keep to an increased coupling schedule, give them as many girls as they needed. They just couldn’t do that to my brothers.”

“The women told me if I did as they asked they would leave us alone.

They told me to explain the new rules to my brothers. If I started trouble, the women said they would destroy me.” I sat in stunned silence

“Your brothers will protect you, Christof,” I said pulling him to face me.

“They can’t protect me. No one here can protect anyone. We are owned by the women. We live at their discretion. I am as much a slave as you are. When they find I will no longer perform for them I will be deemed useless. They will destroy me,” he said starting to walk back the way we’d come.

“Well, you’re not useless, you can have sex with them. You have sex with me all the time,” I said trailing after him trying to process.

“You don’t understand, Ciara. I was raised to believe I was free, but they let me see the inner workings of our world at least a little of it. I listened to the other males they keep in the mountains. They control everything.”

“The women mine and sell the ore that make us a rich planet. They mark us when we are born, put

with others they-sehd ve Wwilt'get on welliwithY AS we grow, they watch us to make sure we do the job they set out for us. The Administrators and the General talk to them and hand their edicts down to us,” he continued at a brisk pace back talking angrily.

"I cannot preform for them, I cannot live like this. Let them destroy me." "Wait a God damned minute," I said stopping.

Christof turned to look at me quizzically. "You tie I wrong language, Ciara," he said.

"I'm cursing you," I shouted angrily in his language, "I'm sorry it's not good enough for you, but sometimes that's how it is. You can't just lay down and die because you.dortdiBe ic GoW would youFeal iF said that to you? I am a slave, I was raised free, and I'm doing just fine. You can't leave me. I care for you. Your brothers care for you," tears were streaming down my face by now. I knew a coupling was coming up for them. "You have to talk to your brothers," I cried to him. "You have to do what you are supposed to. Please, don't leave me."

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We were almost back to the compound and I could hear the other Warriors. The voices were coming toward us. I dropped my head as they came through the brush.

"Christof," I heard one say, "we heard shouting. Is everything as it should be?" the man asked. "Yes, all is well. Come Ciara, your mid day meal is over. You must go back," he said addressing me.

He went to take my arm and I moved away from him and stalked toward the compound. A masculine chest I didn't recognize was in my face a moment later.

"ALL does not look well, Christof," the voice in front of me said. "It is an earth slave, Basin. These things happen," Christof said taking my arm and leading me away.

The rest of the afternoon stunk. I swam out my private hole and spent hours in the deep water outside the inlet. I barely was back in time for the evening bell. The other girls asked what was wrong because I was acting so off. I told them I missed my family. Which come to think of it I really did, that made me more upset.

My owners took me to the bathhouse and I was unusually quiet and subdued. I couldn't believe Christof had decided just to give up. Life without him would be unbearable. He was the only person in my Life that I felt loved me and I wasn't enough for him.

Master Damien noticed my mood and asked me about it at dinner. | also told him | missed my family. He forbade me to think of them. He said if they had cared for me in the right way | would not have been enslaved.

That made me feel worse.

| knew he was right, my family hadn't cared for me. At home | had been a burden and in the way. They were only too glad when | Left and lived at that dingy motel. | bawled at the table and couldn't stop. Nobody had every Loved me.

"| have had enough of this," Master Damien finally said scooping me up. "You will preform your purpose now."

He carried me toward the bedroom. | really wasn't in the mood for that and struggled hard. They seemed to find my efforts amusing, that infuriated me.

| screamed and cursed at them in English, | didn't know bad enough words in their language. Flailing my arms and legs | struck out at them, but they were faster than me and just grabbed the writhing Limbs.

They lay me on the bed and opened my Legs wide. | screamed that | would pee on them if they got near my sex. Master Evan laughed at me.

"| have tasted your fluids before. They are not objectionable to me," he said settling between widely spread thighs. "Although if you leave water on the bed, we will make you stay in it until morning, even then we may not see fit to clean it off."

My eyes got wide when he said that and | allowed them to spread and restrain me. | didn't want to sleep in a puddle of urine.

"Should we use the bindings?" Master Bane asked holding both han

above using his other hand to torment a nipple.

"No bindings tonight then," Master Damien said holdi right leas " Master Keir Nell the left.

Master Bane forced my face toward his and | closed my eyes.

"Open your eyes, Ciara," Master Damien said

| wouldn't answer him. | would not open my eyes. Let them do what they wished.

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Tonight, | would not be participating. For all | cared they could put me out at the posts. It would just prove to me what | really meant to them.

Ahand pinching my nose and covering my mouth surprised me so badly | opened my eyes to see what they were doing. Master Bane grinned cheekily down at me, removing his hand.

"They are open now, brothers," he said as Master Evan started licking my dry center.

His tongue felt so good, his lips were warm and soft caressing each inner fold. The hands holding my legs weren't still either. Master Kein and Master Damien were rubbing my calves and the bottoms of my feet in slow, steady circles. Master Bane's free hand weighed each breast as his fingers played over the tips. Despite my best efforts | started to relax. My body was responding like they knew it would.

"Stop," | cried to them looking around, "please, you don't care about me. Please stop this. Get the oil if you want. Just use me and have sex with me."

| struggled against their hands again and it was of absolutely no use. "When have we not cared for you?" Master Damien sighed as his hand ran down the back of my leg to caress my buttocks.

Master Kein followed Master Damien's lead and soon they had pulled me open to further allow access to Master Evan's searching tongue. Master Evan licked and nibbled at the sensitive skin between my anus and my vagina for several minutes. It tickled a little, but overall felt very good. | wanted him higher or Lower and tried to move my hips to get him to choose a direction.

Lost in the sensation | shut my eyes again. Master Bane chuckled as he commanded me to open them. "The centers indicate it is ready now, brothers," he said looking deeply into my eyes. "What centers, Master Bane? What are you talking about?" | moaned.

Master Evan had chosen to go lower. | knew now he wouldn't get sick tasting my ass, but it still made me feel sexy and dirty all at once.

"We know your responses, Ciara. Your body has many ways of telling us when it is ready for us," Master Kein answered as Master Evan climbed up my body.

"How is it you believe we do not care for you?" Master Evan asked slowly grinding his hips against mine. "We feed you and bathe you.

Every day we make sure you get enough activity at the Keepers. Each night we bring you pleasure while we use you for your purpose," he said as he eased the head of his cock into my opening.

The fullness entered me a little at a time. | groaned and bit my lip in an effort not to feel the pleasure of it. He leaned down and Licked at my ear and | arched into him.

He pulled back and pressed forward, grinding his pelvis against mine.

An involuntary moan stole past my Lips. He was so big and so long, it was always almost too much

| couldn't argue with him. The steady motion of him sliding in and ouvir me wa op rquchitdsigrore. | moved my Kips to meet his thrusts, but was otherwise held immobile on the bed.

"Tell me, Ciara," he commanded, "explain to me how you are not cared for."

"It's not about the things you do," | struggled to explai ith panting! |

Master Evan. You feel nothing.”

Master Evan slid a hand into the hair at the nape of my neck and pulled my head back slightly He@lacéd his lips over pulse for a moment. “Right now | feel your racing heartbeat due to your excitement. | feel your slick walls gripping me.”

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“| feel the flush of arousal on your skin,” Master Bane said reaching between Master Evan and | to fondle a nipple. “I feel the blood rushing to the tips of your breasts.”

Master Damien and Master Kein agreed that they felt the same things. | obviously had no idea what | was talking about. | felt fine, better than fine, in fact.

| wanted to argue with them. They had it all wrong, but Master Evan was making it difficult. He bucked against me, plunging down with enough force | felt pinned to the bed.

Master Evan’s teeth started to grow and | watched with fascination. His hips continued to grind into mine for several more minutes before he found his release.

Master Evan switched with Master Damien and they allowed me to wrap my legs around his waist. Master Damien explained he felt the smooth muscles underneath my skin. The ones | got by swimming in the ocean each afternoon.

“While we go to protect the village every day we leave you in safe place. We care for you even when we are not with you. The Keepers provide you with companions, entertainment, and exercise. You feel healthy,” he explained.

That wasn’t the point of what | had said. However, | had been so close to orgasm when Master Evan was above me. Master Damien had a way of moving that brought me back to the peak and Left me teetering on it. He pushed his hips in a tiny circle each time he bottomed out inside of me.

The climax tore through me and I tried futilely to free my arms. My Masters just stroked my sensitive skin and praised me for taking the pleasure they offered. They didn't let me loose, however.

I wanted to hold Master Damien still with my legs, but they were separated and held by Master Evan and Master Kein. I couldn't stop the quaking tremors that rocked through me each time Master Damien ground down on me after that.

He didn't stop moving until he swelled and exploded inside of me. I sensed each little burst coating my inner walls. I was so sensitive, so stimulated. Master Damien removed himself and leaned down to nibble on my breasts.

"You have never felt this good," he said bringing his face beside my ear, "this cared for. That is why you do not understand it and it upsets you."

I couldn't disagree with him, because I didn't remember the argument anymore.

Master Kein slipped between my legs and felt the oil being pushed and rubbed into my tight dark hole. The plug had been removed before the bathhouse, as it always was. I stretched around Master Kein's fingers, bucking my hips against his hand. I craved these sensations now.

I knew the stretch and the cramp, they were always followed with the deep pleasure. Master Kein knew I liked it. He pushed the head of his long tool into the tight opening and then withdrew completely. He repeated several times. Shifting my hips up I sought to stop him from pulling away from me. I begged him with my eyes, not willing to say it out loud.

"We have taught you to feel pleasure here, where you only expected pain," he said pushing his entire length into me. "This feeling was our gift to you, to enjoy each time we ask it of you."

I moaned and let my head roll back. My eyes were shut as he slid in and out of me. It was a sinful indulgence. One I had been told multiple times on Earth was wrong and dirty. The knowledge that it was forbidden made it sweeter and more potent.

"Open your eyes, Ciara," Master Bane commanded. "We wish to watch you respond."

| opened my eyes and focused on the man above me. Master Kein's beautiful face contorted with his pleasure and | was glad it was me that caused it.

My mind felt dulled and clouded. When Master Bane took M sti) Kein's RAS {fet ene where he hd'dut them. There was no energy left to resist them.

Master Bane used his fingers to spread fresh oil around my well used backdoor. He ie ad (ato, mac eadily, He siretdhed an illed me to bursting. As he towered above me, | crashed into my second climax around his shaft.

Once he had finished with me, Master Damien picked me up. "How do you feel, Ciara?" Master Damien asked me as he carried me to the bathroom.

| was a little hazy on how the conversation had turned o t thiswway, but | k theranswerthe wanted. | fale Sire | wouldn't be up for another round of convincing.

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"| feel cared for, Master Damien," | told him.

Once | was clean and dry | took my place on the bed between Master Evan and Master Damien. | was tired, but still worried. The men had no such concerns and fell fast asleep. | Lay still and waited for the middle of the night when Christof usually woke to walk me to the bathroom.

Looking in Christof's direction for the hundredth time, he was finally looking back at me. | got off the bed and he followed me. In the bathroom | pulled him down to my Level and begged him.

"Please, go to the coupling," | whispered in his ear, "just try for me. They don't understand me Like you do. | couldn't survive without you, please."

He sighed and his hair fell in his eyes. | pushed it back and looked at him beseechingly. "| will try, Ciara," he said stroking my shoulders.

The next twenty days were hell for me. The coupling was getting closer and closer. | was worried Christof wouldn't go, worried he wouldn't be able to preform, and worried the women would take him again.

As often as he came to the Keepers | talked to him about it. He always said not to worry, he would go. | didn't believe him. The look in his eyes was one of defeat. Christof just wasn't going to argue about it, but he had chosen to die.

Overall, | wasn't sleeping and could barely eat. Now when they fed me too much | vomited on the spot; | just couldn't hold anything down. To make matters worse, | was jumpy. Master Evan thought that was funny initially, but tired of the game quickly.

The only benefit | noticed was my hips were slimming down. My tummy was flatter also. | didn't have a mirror to look in, but | could feel it.

My panels hung a little lower, too.

I'd never been so stressed it made me lose weight before. Usually | had the opposite problem. Unfortunately, another problem arose also. The last problem made my owners pay attention to everything.

Master Evan pulled me onto the bed and went down between my thighs one evening. He loved to taste me and | really enjoyed it also. Master Damien was caressing my neck and Master Kein was nibbling at my breasts. After several minutes Master Evan stopped and propped himself up over my belly. | ran a hand lovingly through his long hair.

"What's wrong?" Master Damien asked him Looking up.

"| don't know, brother, but it is not responding as it usually does.

The taste is different and there is no lubrication," he said continuing to watch my face. "No matter, Master Evan," | tried reasoning with him, "use the oil."

"I have seen illness in the eyes brothers. Look at them, they rest farther back," Master Bane said from across the bed.

"No, no, no," I argued trying to pull Master Kein back to my breast and pushing on Master Evan's head, "everything is fine. I just need more time. Use the oil if I'm taking too long Masters."

"It is losing mass," Master Kein noted touching my hips. "The vomiting I

not normal and isvdtbassing. I hayélta ¥t0 Basin and his brothers, they also keep an Earth slave. This one is ill."

"Call the healer," Master Damien said sitting up.

I couldn't beg them out of it and my solution of using the oil was ignored like it didn't exist. They wouldn't listen to me when I told them women on earth sometimes needed a little help. I begged them to use the oil.

Since my purpose was now on hold, I felt real fear. I wasn't sure they would keep a slave that wanted to leave. I followed Damien and tried to coax him back to bed. My terror wasn't lost on him and he stroked my head as we waited for the Healers.

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"You will not stay ill, Ciara," he soothed. "We will care for you and you will be better. My brothers and I do not wish to worsen your malady by forcing your use."

I wasn't sick; I knew that much. Without spilling Christof's secret, there was no way to explain that. It wasn't clear to me what they would do to fix a non-existent illness. Wow, how I wished they had listened to me and just used oil. The healer's advice was disgusting.

At the next meal after my usual vitamin drink the first thing Master Bane offered me was a slimy green worm about six inches long. It wiggled in his fingers as he held it. I backed off of my kneeling place and stared at it from the wall.

“Master Evan, that’s not funny,” | said addressing the most playful member of the group. If this was joke it had to be his idea.

“Ciara,” Master Damien chastised, “it’s not a joke. These are very good for humans. It will stop the illness and the weight loss. Kneel back down and take your sustenance.”

| continued to watch the thing move around and refused to move back to my place. Out of habit | was shaking my head ‘no’. At least they finally understood what | meant when | did that.

“Ciara, if you do not kneel down and take your meal from my brother | will hold you down while he puts it into your mouth,” Master Evan threatened.

| continued to refuse and Master Evan had me around the waist before | could blink. They laid me across the table and | screamed at them, in English | think. They did exactly what they threatened and it was positively the worst experience | have ever had.

They force fed me the worms. Master Damien pried my jaws open as Master Evan and Master Kein held me down. Master Bane chewed the worm and then spit the chewed up remains into my mouth. They would hold my mouth closed until | swallowed. By the third worm | swore to them | would eat anything they wanted. Christof asked them to let me try again.

Shaking head to toe | kneeled down and took three more of the disgusting worms. It was like eating blood mixed with rubber. Afterward Master Bane fed me the slime from the bowl they had been in. | gagged on it, but took it all. The salty ooze was also supposed to have healthful properties.

After the worms | was asked to eat a little of the meal they were having. Fearing it would be delivered like the first two worms if | refused; | took all they gave me. Master Kein commented what an effective way to feed me that had been and | just glared at the floor.

| couldn't stop the question from popping out in response.

“Why can’t they at Least be cooked?” | asked to no one in particular.

“Who are you speaking to, slave?” Master Damien asked pleasantly.

My eyes got wide as | realized my dual mistakes. | hadn’t addressed them as Master and | was asking too many questions. “I’m sorry, Master Damien. | was wondering why the worms can’t be cooked, Master Damien?”

“The creatures Lose the nutritional content when they are cooked. They must be eaten the way you just did. We will feed them to you frequently. | do not suggest you argue with us about this again,” he stated.

“Yes, Master Damien,” | answered him defeated.

The next day the men were scheduled to leave for heir took me and gave me to Fuji’s Masters.

They would be my Keepers while my Masters were away. Master Damien quietly told me to behave for them. | heard the threat in his voice.

Fuji was excited | was there with her. She said she had asked her Masters to get us.a set of drints)so4 fe could dance for them. It was hard not to be happy spending time with such a perky person.

We sat and talked quietly while her Masters got ready for their da Ay commotion attention: Ribs Warriors opened the front door and asked a passing man what the problem was.

The man said Christof had refused to go to the coupling again. The General had been alerted. | panicked and bolted out the door.

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| felt Fuji's Warriors behind me and one of them grabbed me. | screamed bloody murder and fought him. “| have to talk to him!” | screamed at the man holding me. “He will die if he doesn’t go. Please, Keeper, let me speak to him.” Shockingly the man dropped me and let me go. | felt him follow me, but he didn’t interfere.

Iran as fast as | could up the stairs to our dwelling. There was a swell of Warriors outside the front door. | wove between them and dashed into our apartment. Master Damien, Master Evan, Master Bane, and Master Kein were standing in the main room looking frustrated. | could see Christof in the bedroom.

Master Damien yelled at me to stop and come to him. | ignored him and rushed into the bedroom, pulling the leather door cover closed. The last thing | saw was my Masters' faces go from shocked to furious. | didn't have long.

"Christof," | panted, "you promised me. Don't do this. We all need you.

| need you. Think of me, you can get through this. Life is awful sometimes and you have to work through the bad parts to get to the good parts."

"Ciara," he said looking a little stunned, "shouldn't you be downstairs? How did you get up here?"

"Doesn't matter, | love you. Please just accept your Life isn't what you thought it was, but it's still good. There are still things you need to Live for. You won't win or prove anything doing this—"

| stopped talking when Master Damien's enraged face appeared in the door way.

The covering to the little room was thrown back and Master Damien stalked toward me. | remembered Andre and cringed. "It was worth it Master Damien," | heard myself say. "Some things are worth a beating."

"| will not touch you, slave," he ground out, "the General will take a lash to your back until we feel you have had enough," his face was indescribable it was so angry.

Angela's Library "Not now, brother," Christof sighed from behind me, "we don't want to be late for the coupling."

Uncertainty flitted across Master Damien's features. He hadn't been expecting that. Christof strode out of the room and called to his brothers to hurry up. Master Damien stood watching me for several Long moments. I didn't back away, but I flinched when he reached for my arm.

He passed me back to Fuji's owners as we walked by them on the walkway.

As we went downstairs I chanced a glance up and saw my Warriors talking with the General. I watched them finish their conversation and head out the wall of the compound. With all my staring I got the attention of more than a few Warriors and they started toward me. Fuji's owners forced my head back down as they escorted me back to their apartments.

The Keepers compound was subdued that day. Rose had seen the General administer one lashing and she didn't want to talk about it. All the other slaves looked at me with a mixture of shock and pity. Fuji paced around and prayed in her native Language.

All their concern was nice, but it didn't change anything. I would be beaten, probably within an inch of my life and Christof might still not come back. When the Lunch bell rang I was glad for it. At least no one could talk about it for the next Little while. I was wrong.

Fuji's Masters came to feed me and all the Warriors were talking about the morning excitement. Christof's refusal to go and his behavior, and exactly what a beating from the General would entail. I had no appetite, so it didn't really matter when they fed me the worms.

"Eat up, slave," the Warrior feeding me laughed, "you'll need the strength to heal once the General is done with you." I started to retch a little and held it down. Getting sick wouldn't make this any better.

After Lunch the Keepers took us to the beach. Straightaway, I went into the water and scoot through my spegtheo! In the afternoon diving deep outside the inlet. If I was going to be lashed I doubted I would be enjoying the water anytime after that.

When I went really deep I felt a strong current. I always managed to st

just above it. It let it pull me a little. The fun almost made me forget the horror that was coming, almost.

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Fuji's Warriors came and picked us up and transported us back to the Warrior's compound. They poked fun at me and made little comments; I didn't let it bother me. There was a good reason to act like I had this morning. I'd take the lashing if it meant that I got to keep my friend.

We went to the bathhouse as a group, but I wasn't asked to wash anyone. I just sat on the little steps by my Keepers and kept my head down. That didn't mean I didn't get attention.

Groups of Warriors would come over intermittently to inspect me. They didn't touch me, thank goodness. They watched me and tried to get me to respond to them. Most commented on my scene that morning.

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I was relieved when we finally left the bathhouse; perhaps my day was finally over. That was not to be. Fuji's owners wanted to see her dance, she had promised them.

The men had little drums in the apartment, like the ones I played every day. Dutifully I played the drums with a sensual, wild beat. Fuji moved her hips and swung her wispy hair every which way. Her owners looked like they were in heaven.

It wasn't surprising when one of them got up and threw her over his shoulder. I could see the erections grow as Fuji had danced. Sex was the obvious outcome, but Fuji's reaction was unexpected.

My calm, demure friend screeched and fought the Warrior who held her.

I'd never seen Fuji fight. She cursed him in their language and said she wanted to finish her dance. My hands were stopped in mid air over my drums.

Her owners laughed and started walking toward their bedroom. One of them pulled me to my feet and followed. I was too stunned to resist him. The large man thrust me onto a kneeling place inside the room and went to join his brothers on the bed.

The men held Fuji down to the bed and she continued to scream. One man got between her legs and started to lick her feet and suck her toes.

Two other men held her arms and played their fingers across her cool skin. | didn't want to watch my friend get raped by her men, but | knew | couldn't stop them. In defeat, | dropped my eyes.

ALL too soon the screaming from the bed turned to moans. | chanced a glance up and saw Fuji writhing in the hands that held her. She Looked like she was in the throes of ecstasy as a man with long dark hair grunted and thrust into her. She squealed beneath him and protested, but it didn't sound real. Her hips moved in time with his and | could hear the wet slapping they made as they joined.

The men passed her around, but whenever they let her go, she started to fight again. She wanted to dance and they were a series of words | couldn't understand. I'd never seen this side of Fuji, not that | really wanted to.

She was restrained and ravished by every one of her men. | wouldn't have thought to ask if her kind could orgasm, but by the sounds of it she did, over and over again. The scent of pungent sex filled the air and | tried to ignore it.

Eventually, everything quieted down. They wiped Fuji with a cloth and gave her a long drink. Once they were done, | watched them tuck her exhausted body into the covers.

One of the men came over and brought me to the bed. He forced me to lay down, which | wasn't comfortable doing at all. | tried to sit up and he got behind me and pulled me down. He brought my back flush to his front and wrapped strong arms around me.

"No more running," he said pulling me tight to his body as the covers were draped over us.

Inside me was a panic. | imagined all the horrible things re entaie could tomy naked dy. Much to my ulsmmay I'd seen what they'd done to Fuji and | did not want to be next.

After a while the sensation of fear faded because nothing was happening. The man holding me sounded and felt li Ray still and listened tothe man's breathing, slow and even. | felt his staff behind me, it was

completely flaccid. There was absolutely no danger of this man being interested in me. The worry melted away and | sunk into the strange embrace.

We rested like that for a while before he pike Seen co het you did.t he whispered quietly, “but it is why we let you go and I'm glad you did it

Amurmur of consensus went around the bed. It did make me feel a Little better that the Warriors weren't all mad at me. | yawned loudly and started to slide toward sleep.

Chapter 79

Sleeping with strange men should have been impossible, but | felt oddly safe with them. Master Damien would not have left me anywhere | would get hurt. That was abundantly obvious now. | slipped into a sound sleep almost immediately.

| woke in the middle of the night Like | was accustomed to doing. As | was restlessly trying to back to sleep with a full bladder, the man next to me woke up.

“Slave, what is wrong?” he asked sounding concerned.

| told him and he walked me to the bathroom. Once | was done he walked me back toward the bed.

“They will have to punish you, you know,” he said softly before we entered the bedroom. “Such defiance cannot be left alone.” “Yes, Keeper,” | answered dutifully.

“| do not understand what you have with Christof, but it must be important. He needs to share his bond with his brothers, though. It is essential,” the man said as we Laid down.

| was so tired the comment didn't make any sense. Before | fell asleep, | wondered if | should ask the man what he meant. Unfortunately, the thought was lost as | drifted off again.

Fujits bright eyes were in my face when | woke up. She was bouncing happily around the bed teasing me about being so deeply asleep. | let her Lead me to their bathroom, where | received my morning cleaning, my entire morning cleaning.

It was bad enough that | had to accept the enemas and the plug from my Warriors, this was so much worse. | was blushing from head to toe and wishing it wasn't happening. Fuji touched my face as | Lay over her Warriors lap and asked why it was that color. | shook my head and looked away while her Warrior Laughed.

"Earth slaves think this is embarrassing, don't you slave?" he asked me finishing up. Angela's Library

"It's where | make waste, sir. On earth only dirty men would touch it,"

| said shifting around.

It always took me a while in the morning to get used to the plug. They had removed it before we went to the bathhouse the night before.

"Hmm," he said Lifting my chin, "are we dirty men, slave?" he asked. "No, sir," | stammered out terrified.

The rest of the morning meal consisted of the Warriors discussing whether they were what | called 'dirty men'. | was terrified they would tell my Warriors, who were mad enough as it was.

"Please Keepers, | didn't mean it that way. Please, don't tell Master Damien and his brothers," | begged.

"If you were to behave the rest of the time they are gone, we may forget to tell," one of them offered. | nodded and pleaded with my eyes. Fuji interpreted and told them that meant 'yes'. | kept forgetting.

When we got to the Keepers | couldn't wait anymore to a k Aer pulled aside and asked her, "Why do your Warriors hurt you at night? Are you all right?"

Fuji bounced around and laughed, "They weren't hurting me, they just like it when | fight ees little Native Cc pling\fan them very violent, they have to battle the woman they are mating with. It makes it more real if | fight them. You worry too much, Ciara."

She told all the girls about my concern. | made a mental note that Fuji can't keep a secret Rose gna)
Tamia Ne ~Even Shi who

'Usually quiet agreed, the Warriors liked a struggle. Fuji did make a point to say they only liked it when they were not fresh back from a coupling.

Chapter 80

That conversation was quickly replaced by Rose's fretting over the lashing. Rose's family on earth had hit her with a belt and she talked about breathing through the pain

"I'm not sure if it's better to scream or if there is a set number of lashings," she mused pacing back and forth. "Why would screaming make a difference?" | asked her.

"Do you remember the posts?" she asked incredulously. "Your Warriors watched you the entire time, they stood out of sight. They choose who went up after you, if you panicked too much they tell their friends to stop. Your Warriors will never cause you pain directly, they will only ever be the one to stop it."

"That is so weird," | mused remembering that awful night.

The torment had only stopped when one of my Masters called a halt to whoever was harassing me. The torture had ended with Master Damien and his brothers taking me home and caring for me.

"Right, so | don't know if it would better for you to panic and have your men call the General off or if there will be a set number of lashes," she said back in planning mode. "If they want to see you scream, you need to wail. If there are a set number of Lashes, you need to control your breathing and get through it. Your Warriors will feel better about you if you act strong, | think."

We spent the rest of the morning practicing what | would call Lamaze breathing with Rose. She seemed so mature, but she didn't Look any older than me. | asked her finally.

"Rose, how long have you been here?" "Well, what year was it when you left Earth?" she asked me. "March 28, 2011 was the day they took me," I answered.

Rose's eyes misted over a little and she took a deep breath. "Well, it has been quite a while then. They took me in March of 1956; I was twenty then."

I sat and stared at her in shock. I did the math quickly in my head.

Rose didn't look or act like a seventy year old woman. She was calmer than I was, but otherwise was like a teenager. "Things work different here," she said stroking my hair, "just breath."

"But on Earth..

I stammered.

"You mustn't talk about it," she warned cutting me off. "They do not like us to speak of our home planets. We must only think of our Warriors now."

The lunch bell was a much needed distraction when it finally rang. I went in the Lunchroom to look for my Jittle pad, but it wasn't there. I tried to ask the others and they pointed to the courtyard. I nearly didn't make it to my place before the Warriors started to come in. I guessed the Keepers did not know my Masters were gone.

One of Fuji's owners stood in front of me a moment later. He motioned me up and picked up my kneeling pad. Confused, I followed him out the gate into the forest.

Eventually, he found a spot and I frequently stopped in. The man lay me kneeling to feed me. He sat on a stump in front of me. It was a place I liked most of the time, now I felt a little edgy.

The man cleared his throat and pointed out a yellow plant clinging to the soil. It grew sparsely around the trunks of the larger plants.

“That,” he told me, “is called a pana plant. The Leaves can be used to, make a and prepare it. The preparation is complex. It is very expensive to buy.”