

A Sex Slavee To Alien Masters

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

The more they touched me, the more freaked out I got. They were overwhelming. I pulled at my Limbs trying to curl myself into a ball.

“Please let me go, please stop, please don’t rape me,” I begged tugging hard at the extremities they were still holding tight.

“We can hold you down if you are not agreeable,” the dark haired man said, “and I will tell you only once. Do not use words from your first language or speak of your first home. I do not know the word ‘rape’ and I do not care to know it.”

He didn’t look angry, just stern.

I was panting in fear watching his eyes. Being tied down would make this worse, I had to calm down. It took a supreme effort, but I managed to slow my breathing to a more reasonable pace.

Tears started to form in my eyes again. I cast my eyes down to hide them and really saw myself for the first time.

I looked different. In my rapid survey of myself all I had noted was the lack of clothing. With the initial panic gone I could do a more thorough evaluation.

There was so much different about me now. My tan Lines were gone. The skin of my body was all creamy white Like I’d never spent a day in the sun. In addition, all of my body hair seemed to have been removed, including the fine hairs on my arms.

Without thinking I wrenched my arms from their grasp and grabbed my head in sheer terror. My long brown hair was still attached. Running my fingers through it, I made sure it was all there.

“We did not remove any hair from your head or face. Our cousins told us a human would want to keep that. We wish you to be a happy slave,” the dark haired man told me. “We will keep it for ornamentation.”

"Yes, thank you," I answered feeling dazed.

"You must call me Master every time you speak to me, Ciara," he said watching me.

I had to remember the rules. It was the only way I would survive, that much I was sure of. "Yes, thank you, Master," I whispered and he looked very pleased.

My hands drifted from my hair to my neck. I could feel the metal collar circling it. The collar wasn't too tight, but it wasn't loose. It seemed to be about an inch wide. Running my fingers along it I could feel it was covered with an intricate design.

"It is our symbol. Any that see it will understand we own you," the Dark haired man said.

I nodded mutely and inspected the metal bracelets on my wrist. They were wider, maybe three inches and they fit Like they had been made for me. Both of them were covered in the same pattern. I saw no way to remove them.

Glancing down, I saw two more identical cuffs encircling my ankles. The bearded man was Baking his time ekplari thy eet, so I didn't get a good look at them. I assumed they probably had the same design. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

My eyes turned to gaze back at my strange looking body. The men had reached my torso now, I watched their ro h-callansed hands glide over my chest and stomach. I still flinched as they Lifted and cupped my breasts. That didn't keep my attention, I was interested in farther down. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

That huge bush was gone, along with most of my pubic hair. What I had left made a motif on my lower stomach. I touched my belly and traced the mark. The dark haired man's fingers followed mine.

"It was Christof's idea, it is also our symbol," he said. "None will confuse who you belong to."

I stretched back to look at the symbol and the dark haired man pushed me gently until I was laying_on yack. I was lo ing up éntohi harcoal eyes feeling unsure again. His hair hung to his chin and I watched it catch the light. It

almost had a blue tint is was black. fou do not know what to call me, do you?"
he asked. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

"No...Master," | said almost not remembering.