

Alien Masters 241

Chapter 241

“When we used to come to the mountains to look for a Lost man,” Master Bane explained, “we often stayed until the man was found. We killed and ate things we could catch instead of returning to the compound.”

Memories flitted into my mind of hunting down supper. I knew where to look and how to kill what I wanted. My Warriors were masters of survival in the mountains.

The roasted meat was always a treat after many hours tracking. It melted on the tongue. The thick gravy the cooks used to prepare it here was not as pleasing. The stew took away from the natural juices. There were much better ways to prepare this dish.

The meal continued with my opinions over the food not being mine at all. For instance, I craved the rubbery green stalks in the center of the table. I'd never seen them before, but I knew they would be sweet and tangy. My fingers itched to grab one and devour it.

“And much too hard for you to chew, Ciara. You cannot have any,” Master Kein laughed taking and biting into one.

It tasted amazing. Master Kein had loved them since he was a small child. They were hard to come by in the lowland and common in the mountains. It was one of the few things the men liked when they were here.

Master Bane thought about the time they had found a huge patch of it. Master Kein made them go there every time they went near that area in the mountains. It had been a long time since they had gone to that place.

Master Evan liked the lake near there. It was clear, deep, and secluded. He could swim it all day and never be bored.

Master Damien remembered times when they had slept on the bank of the lake; it had been peaceful. They had really enjoyed their quiet nights there in the middle of hunts.

“Ciara,” Master Evan called and | Looked up.

| was so confused. It was too much stimulation to have all their thoughts and memories bombarding me. “Swallow and take another bite,” Master Evan commanded.

I did and he smiled down at me.

“You must relax,” he said petting my head.

He was right. Putting myself under more stress that | was already under was probably bad for the baby. | thought about Rose and her deep breathing.

If | didn’t think about it, their constant stream of thoughts was just background. The ebb and flow of emotions wasn’t as disconcerting if you didn’t fight it. Just go with it, | convinced myself.

“You find our bond uncomfortable?” Master Damien asked.

They expected an answer to be verbalized.

“Yes, Master Damien, I’m not used to having so much in my head at once,” | answered him.

They didn’t understand. None of them felt that anythi gywagintheir

cal deschBe it. My words left them confused.

“Take a bite, Ciara,” Master Damien commanded and the internal communication continued.

| became more relaxed as we ate. They talked and | listened, botinthe internal and, theent@ral cBnversation. The men could readily have both at the same time.

Suddenly, everything was quiet.

The talons clattering across the floor alerted me to Nu-reeh's presence. My head started down, despite the strong urge to watch her. The men waited quietly.

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"Did you eat a good midday meal, my loyal servants?" she asked. "Yes, Mistress," they replied.

I realized I had answered her also. There was an unearthly compulsion to do what she said. It wasn't apparent to me if the feeling was from fear, respect, or something else all together.

"Rue and his Brothers have been brought before us," she said simply. There was a long pause before she spoke again. "Damien, I will explain this to you only one more time. Your family is to look at me when I speak to you."

My head snapped up and I looked into her fanged face across the table. Looking away had been a sign of disrespect. If I didn't feel the need to watch her, I did not fear her. Anyone that did not fear the great female challenged her and she would crush them.

The group answered with me, "We apologize, Mistress."

"You will all be punished for harming yourselves," she said simply.

"You are under my protection and not to be damaged unless it is my decision."

Punishment meant a whipping. We could survive that, they could survive that, at least.

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"The human..." Master Christof said softly and I felt his concern.

The whips were too strong, I was too weak, and they weren't sure the women knew how much force to use. "We would take the slave's portion, Mistress," Master Damien said.

| wasn't worried about myself, but about the child. What if | was hurt too badly and it hurt the baby? "The child," Master Evan said, almost spitting the words out, "the human is full with the child, Mistress." He didn't like this talk of me having a child and being a woman. | was just so persistent about it.

"The human," Nu-reeh said, "will suffer with you, but only through your skin."

"Thank you, Mistress, The images flooded my head. They felt each other's pain. Nu-reeh would not hit me, but | would suffer just like they did. It was very small consolation to know | would not actually be harmed.

.we answered as a group, but | didn't understand.

Nu-reeh left us to finish our meal after her pronouncement. No one seemed that was really upset. Sure pain was promised eventually, but not right now. For the moment we were left in peace, So we enjoyed it.

The meal finished and with nothing else to do, we went for a walk. The men decided | would be curious. They wanted to see me experience this world, | was always so expressive.

We walked from the eating hall through a convoluted series of maze like passageways. They were there as regularly, So they knew where we were. It was So odd to have information at my disposal that should have not have been mine. | knew right where | was.

Clattering talons sounded and my Masters backed me against the wall. The voices in my head told me how to act. She may not even glance at us, but we should watch her.

'smaller than Nu-reeh,' was my first thought. Just as scary, though. The brown pelted creature walked past us hit's wall folded in the tight hallway. She looked at me and snorted. It sounded like she cursed. My presence here was not appreciated at all.

"We enjoy having you here," Master Evan said throwing back a smile once she was gone.

“We are complete now,” Master Christof said quietly.

They weren’t sure how the bond could reset itself so fast this time. | remembered the last time. They'd had sex with me and Master Evan had tasted them each intimately. This time seemed different.

“You pulled us together,” Master Damien told me, “we did not come together voluntarily, as we did last time.”

The voices buzzed in my head. That was unusual. | should not have been able to do that. Nobody controlled someone like that, it wasn’t normal.

Somehow | had found their wayward consciousness and forced them together. They’d never been bonded like that. Of course, they felt some relief, but it was still disconcerting to be connected to one another like that and then connected to me.

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Of course in a way it felt good to know | was bonded to them. I’d feared mental illness in myself for so long. It was a relief to know all those dreams and strange feelings had a reason. | hadn’t been crazy, but what I’d done was certainly not normal.

“Masters,” | stammered, “I didn’t know, | don’t know...” “Perhaps because you are human,” Master Kein suggested. “Or is it something in the mountains?” Master Evan asked.

Their curiosity over the strange bond was overshadowed by their desire to see my reaction. We turned a corner and were standing at an opening in the mountain.

It was amazing. The mountains stretched as far as | could see and the enormous one we were in was almost small. “The women like to mine above the cloud line,” Master Christof said pointing up.

“That is where Nu-reeh and her sisters mine.”

“We can’t go that high up,” Master Kein said stepping closer to the edge. “We can’t breath above the clouds.”

The cold wind in the mountains whipped around us and | was glad for my outfit. Someone lifted the hood up so my head stayed warmer. Master Damien took a hand and slipped a mitten on it. Master Bane did the same with my other hand.

They didn’t know everything about the mining. It was hard work, the men could not do it. Master Christof had been curious so she had taken him to see an active mine lower down the mountain.

Nu-reeh told them you earned the right to work. Once you were producing you may earn the right to mate. Once they were old enough some women kept men, like Nu-reeh and some women just rented breeders. If the women were Lucky those breedings resulted in offspring.

The men weren’t sure how the women put the boys together once they were born. ALL they knew was that once a boy was joined into a family the mothers sold the five of them. They were very particular about where their sons went. Women that owned men were strong and protective, that’s how it was always done.

| petted my stomach and frowned. If this was a boy, | didn’t know how | would raise him.

“He would go to the Child Keepers after being placed with his Brothers, Ciara,” Master Damien said.

It was obvious to them how a boy would grow up. There were-detdils to t ccundeLehd though Things | was sure were important.

“Who places the mark?” | asked frantically. “How would | do that for my child? How would | know who his Brothers are?”

Thoughts were whizzing around in my head. | felt faint. My child word not have the adyantige bf ‘nother within Kdwledge. My poor son would have no mark, no family, and could be claimed by any woman.

Master Kein stumbled a little and his foot slipped toward the edge. He looked sick! Master Kein started to fall and a scream caught in my throat.

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In a flurry of wings we were pushed away from the edge. Dinah was grabbing Master Kein and shooing the rest of us back. "What are you doing?" she thundered as Master Kein stared up at her. "You almost stepped off the side of a mountain!" She wasn't looking at Master Kein, though. Dinah was looking right at me. She knew who was responsible for their carelessness.

I started to speak and was silenced by Master Damien's hand on my shoulder. He would speak for us. That is what they expected.

"Thank you, Dinah," he said politely. "We were careless."

Dinah set a struggling Master Kein down and he took the strides that placed him with us. He looked like he wanted to wipe the places she had been touching him. It was taking all his fortitude not to look disgusted.

"Stay away from the edge," she ordered taking off. Now I felt awful for two reasons. I'd nearly killed Master Kein and my poor child...

"Ciara," Master Evan growled, "stop it. We will do whatever it takes to help the child. You worry too much. I feel like I want to lose my meal and I have never done that before."

Master Damien looked irritated and annoyed, too, even Master Christof looked upset. Master Bane leaned against the wall breathing heavy.

"What is this sensation in my stomach?" he asked rolls and comes into my throat. I do not like it. "It is as though it

Nausea, they felt my nausea and it was unfamiliar to them. | absolutely had to get control of myself. Think of Rose and breathing slow and steady.

“How do you do it, Ciara?” Master Christof asked.

“How do you connect to us so powerfully? It makes no sense. You are not of this world. A human cannot bond to us.” Master Evan huffed and slid down the wall sitting down with his arms resting on his knees.

“The same way a human cannot carry our child. What have we been told that wasn’t a Lie?”

Master Damien slid down the wall next to Master Evan and rested with him. It was strange and disconcerting what | seemed to be doing. In fact, it was unknown to them before they woke up bonded to me this morning.

They had been having the strange feelings seeping into their bond before that. The diearhs had been bizarre, tHthey had ignored them. It was just assumed they really missed me.

“We finally knew at the cabin,” Master Kein said Looking out over the opening in the ee ee apie aear Ge ge. “The anticipation of seeing you was greater than any time before and when you did not show up and we could not get to you...”

Master Christof finished for him taking my mittened hand. Cewere lost. Knowing me st Ove made this Bearable; we feared our treasure was taken from us for good.”

It was the most romantic thing someone had ever said to me. | was going to cry and my eyes were prickling. ‘s every feeling you have unpleasant all the time?” Master Bane asked.

“How are we to function? How do you function?”

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“Unbelievable! Master Evan exclaimed throwing his hands up and grabbing his head.

“We will not survive this,” Master Kein moaned sinking next to Master Damien.

It was hilarious. They were all upset and it was so silly. I laughed out loud. They Laughed with me.

“The slave will be the death of us,” Master Bane said holding his side and chuckling.

This wasn't funny to them. It was serious. Our Laughter subsided and they were all looking at me warily.

“Remember when Ronal told us this morning that he remembered human slaves having a child, Damien,” Master Evan said. “He seems to know about the human slaves that come to the mountains. We should find out if our cousins from the red mountains had the same..”

Master Evan faltered and the internal conversation took over. Being bonded to me was not necessarily a problem, he did not want to phrase it as such. It wasn't normal and it did pose a challenge, though.

“Perhaps,” Master Christof stated gesturing toward the sky, “they have not been honest with us.” The internal conversation took over. This may happen more than anyone knew. If it happened, no Warrior would admit it. We started back toward a different place suddenly and as a group. Master Damien needed to talk to Ronal.

We walked briskly through the large hallways. We moved through the labyrinth of tunnels toward the opposite side of the mountain where Ronal worked.

Ronal and his Brothers had been free Warriors, just Like Damien and his Brothers. One of Ronal's Brothers had been killed. The four wounded family members limped home to their compound and waited to die. The women had picked them up and brought them to the mountains.

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Ronal and his remaining Brothers had slowly healed. Their owners in the mountains had told them men could survive losing a Brother. Such talk was unheard of in the compound, which is why they were removed from there.

We walked into a huge hall that seemed like a factory. Master Damien walked us through the commotion to the center where Ronal stood.

“Damien,” the other man acknowledged my owners, “good to see you. Come to visit the sorting room have you?”

The men were very busy around us, putting pieces of rough metal of various shapes into different bins. They weighed, measured, and examined each piece carefully. It was quite a production.

..le’d like to talk tonight,” Master Damien said.

“My Brothers and I would be happy to, Damien,” Ronal answered. “Your slave could provide entertainment,” he offered.

My owners were shocked. No man ever requested such a thing of another's slave.

“Come now,” Ronal laughed, “we have seen many slaves here. They alkinave a talent for entertains. Does this ohe? We wish some compensation for our evening.”

I swiveled my hips experimentally. Yes, I could still dance, even with the belly.

“You see,” Ronal pointed, “the slave is bursting to show h xkils.dt'S mM settfed Nad Said smiling

Master Damien thought it best to spell out exactly what skills I wautd be showi g.Roreall iS Brothers. Bést leave no room for confusion later.

“The slave will dance for us,” Master Damien stated, “but only we touch our slave.”

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The other man laughed and agreed. He had no interest in sex with a slave, he assured Master Damien. His Mistress kept him and his Brothers quite content.

| was tired and my feet were sore as we walked back toward our quarters. "Nap?" Master Christof said in English and | gasp. "You understand English?" | asked and they grinned at me.

"The word was in your mind. There is not an equivalent in our Language. Rest is rest, no matter what time it is taken at," Master Christof shrugged.

When we made it home the men stripped me of my outfit. Much like a child, | was put to bed for a nap. Thick blankets were pulled over my body and tucked securely around me. | curled into the covers and was asleep in a matter of moments.

The dreams were back. We were sitting outside in the mountains. The men were sitting around a crackling fire Looking at me. "Why are we here?" Master Christof asked.

"Where is here?" | questioned. The men explained to me where we were. They pointed out the different places in the rugged terrain. | was curious, so it was a geography lesson.

| woke up to Evan's smiling face above mine. "You have strange dreams when you sleep," he said simply. "We find it quite distracting."

| was pulled to stand as | woke up. The places they took me in their memories were amazing. It wasn't necessarily intentional, but | did love it.

Evan pulled me to the closet where his Brothers were standing around. Since we were all dressed already, | didn't understand. "You belly dancing outfit will not fit you," Christof explained.

They had maintained a communication with the shopkeepers that outfitted the slaves. Fredrick had insisted they buy certain items last time he sent them a message. Namely, more chain for my waist and other strange clothing pieces. At the time they had found it odd, but he had insisted they would need it.

"That explains Fredrick's strong desire to sell us this blue cloth," | heard Kein say from the closet they kept their clothes in.

The men were worried about what I would wear tonight. They wanted me covered in front of Ronal and his Brothers. Frankly, I was shocked. I was never covered. They only let me wear the belly dancing outfit for fun.

"We dislike their interest in you," Damien said stiffly, watching Master Kein sort through fabric in the closet. "Apparently some men in the mountains are not like the Warriors in the compound."

Evan's face was twisted in a grimace as he remembered Ronal requesting I "entertain them". I had done that for many turns of the ringed moon. The honorable thing to do was ignore the slave. That's what Damien and his Brothers always did.

Kein emerged victorious a moment later. In his hands were several swathes of deep blue. "Fredrick said we would like it, now I see why," Kein said shaking it out.

It was a wrap around style skirt, the size could be adjusted for my belly by tying it in a different place. In place of the hip scarf several coins hung around the edge of the skirt. The waves of blue mimicked my belly dancing outfit. For a top, Master Kein wrapped me in an adherent blue gauze that clung to my curves only partially obscuring them.

It still seemed risqué to me, but the men were satisfied.

They stripped me of the new dancing outfit and let me march in my new clothes to walk to dinner.

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The dining hall was crowded with men now. They didn't pay my Masters much attention, except one group. I didn't look up as boots stopped by our table, but I knew who it was when I heard the voices.

"You are too weak to be her favorites," the man said. "No one is better at keeping her attention than we are. Soon she will understand what pathetic sniveling creatures you really are and sell your worthless selves."

Master Damien didn't even acknowledge them. He chewed thoughtfully and took another bite swallowing it down with a swig from his cup.

“Meat’s better tonight,” Master Evan said. Master Kein disagreed, “Still too heavy with the gravy.”

The man slammed what was most likely his fist on the table and Master Damien offered me a chunk of meat. | took it and chewed like | was supposed to, but the tension was rising in the air. This would not end peacefully.

My Masters were ready for a good fight. They just wanted this family to get a Little more worked up. Master Damien and his Brothers were rulers of their tempers. They knew men didn’t think right once the rage took hold of them.

The other men surrounded our table and | swallowed what had been in my mouth. Master Damien was very clear in his internal command. When the fight started, | was to get under the table and stay there.

One of the men swung out at Master Damien and | scrambled into my hiding spot. The fight started swiftly. The men were battling it out amid the shouting of their excited cousins.

Part of me was glad to be ignored and under the table. A Larger part of me wanted to be out there with them, tearing those guys up. | could feel it. My owners were having a wonderful time.

The men they were fighting were from a different compound. Their style was novel. Master Damien and his Brothers were fascinated at the moves they were using. Not to say the other men were winning, but my Masters were enjoying playing with them.

A roar stopped all the noise from the men. | peeked out and some women were entering the hall. The men separated like nothing had happened and everyone went back to their seats.

| waited until Master Damien motioned for me and | crawled back to my kneeling place. They fed me and talked as the women wove through the crowd.

“Fighting, young men?” Nu-reeh asked. “Yes, Mistress,” we answered as a group. “Did you enjoy it?” she asked.

“Yes, Mistress.

She seemed satisfied and walked off, her talons clattering lightly on the floor.

| heard the internal discussion as my men contemplated the women. Nu-reeh liked to see them riled up and fighting. When the men were fired up they were entertaining.

We walked back toward our rooms and were accompanied by Ronal and his three Brothers. Nace had a strange memory of a three-legged dog that lived down the street on Earth. The dog never seemed aware of his disability, but everyone else was.

My men had watched my internal musings with some amount of humor. They sensed that an Inangtengen was fitting, though. Ronal's loss was visible to everyone that saw them. The only men seemingly without issue with it were the Brothers involved.

Inside our rooms Master Christof whisked me into the back to change. He tied the skirt so my lower body was entirely covered. The wrap for my top was also looped around me several times.

| danced around the fire pit as Master Kein strummed his stringed instrument. Dancing, for once strange, MastexDarhien and his Bkothlers were torn between wanting to see my flesh teasing them and hiding it from our guests. | did my best to be conservative with my moves.

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When | became winded Master Damien called a halt to me and | knelt before him. He wanted me closer to him, so | crawled into his lap and rested.

“So, Ronal, you've seen a slave that had this problem before?” he asked stroking my stomach. “Yes, many lunar cycles ago,” Ronal said simply. “| believe they were from the red mountains.”

Master Evan was irritated. Ronal was being evasive and dragging this out. First the dancing and now he was giving the same information he'd already told them. Master Bane agreed and his anger started to rise. Their emotion was combining and mixing internally, readying to spill over.

Men don't think right when their tempers are up, | reminded them and the fire all receded into the background. "You've mentioned that, Ronal. What else do you know?" Master Damien asked calmly.

"Slaves," he said leaning forward, "become very attached to their young. The night the boy chose his family and they put the mark, the woman had to be kept tied to the bed. When it was sent to the Child Keepers, | thought we'd never hear the end of the screaming."

That made me feel better. The women would mark the child even if it was mine. It would not be an outcast. The bit about us being "attached" to our children wasn't really news to me, but it was to my men.

| felt the discomfort they all had about that part, but | ignored it. My curiosity had to deal with how they sold the boy. Who made sure his owners would be good enough?

Angela's Library Master Damien asked Ronal who sold the boy and the other man grunted.

"Your family's offspring are valuable. Mistress Nu-reeh will claim the child as hers. That's what the other woman did. She put the boy in a family. What | heard at the time was she handled the sale like it was her own," Ronal answered.

"Anything else about the men strike you as unusual?" Master Damien asked. "They seem to have any special attachment to their slave?"

"No more so than any of you that choose this Life," Ronal said looking confused. "You have some unusual attachment to your slave?"

Master Damien scoffed and cupped my cheek as though examining me, "Only wondering why this happened to us is all," he said.

| met his eyes and the understanding passed between us. The bond was unusual. That was what they had wanted to know and Ronal_ had inadvertently answered the question.

The rest of the conversation was pleasant and not that enlightening for me. My men had never seen things Ronal described, like nursing, but | had. They neglected to tell Ronal they were already intimately aware of what my breasts could produce. My Masters Listened intently as Ronal described the life of a child.

“How Long does it Last?” Master Evan asked.

For a human child | knew a mother kept them for eighteen years, but this wasn't Earth and this child wasn't human. “They kept it for six full turns of the small moon,” Ronal said. That had meaning to me now. About four hundred twenty days, if the calculation Master Damien did was correct.

| was sad and my eyes started to tear. A little over a year to KoQwimy child and release i theb this wild world forever. It was too soon, much too quick for any mother.

Water touched my Lashes and threatened to spill over as my body started to tremble, tyteok al fay a fartituddt6 Bl Stoically on Master Damien's lap as the men talked. I'd never lost anything this precious before.

Master Bane grunted and stood up. Master Kein made a show fo m stretchi Frexieitalypain and | was breaing. It would be better not to do that in front of these men.

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Master Christof moved from beside Master Damien and encouraged me to rise. He walked me toward the bedroom and into the closet to change out of my outfit.

“Focus on me,” he whispered into my ear. “| feel no emotion about this child. You will do better if you focus away from your pain.”

Christof was curious about what was happening, but he wasn't burdened by sadness. The idea of giving the child to Keepers was normal to him and made sense. | focused on that instead of my own impending sense of loss.

My outfit was changed back to my warm soft one and | was offered a drink of water. Once my men were sure | wasn't going to overpower their bond with my raucous thoughts Christof led me back to the sitting room.

Ronal was describing the strange way the female had spoken to the infant and the high lilting voice she had used.

.inging," | smiled and spoke to Master Christof, "she sang to the infant. You've heard me do that before. We do it on Earth. It calms the children."

The women here had found the melody did soothe the child and were impressed by it. The human had not been chastised for the care she showed the young one. She was as devoted as any mother should be.

"It was awful the night they took the child," Ronal said getting back to the point | dreaded. | focused on Master Christof and felt more at peace. He was right. | could survive this, outside of my own head.

"The human screamed for her child for many nights. She wailed worse than the child had. The women here feared they would have to do away with her if she could not be calmer. Finally she calmed and the men were able to take her back to the compound," Ronal finished.

It was Late and my men were tired. At least that's what they told Ronal and his Brothers. They ushered the other men out of the apartment and we conversed internally.

The bond wasn't normal, the other men had not experienced it. They had not advertised it at least. Master Damien understood why, his Brothers understood why, and | understood through them.

The weakest member of the family was the weakest member of the bond. It was a vulnerability and that was never advertised. My men guarded each other without exception. The death or injury of one would be the death or injury of them all.

They would have to defend me if it came to it and I should defend them. Five sets of eyes looked uneasily at me. No more breaking down, no more sadness at the loss of the child; I had to be as strong as they were expected to be. They weren't sure I was capable.

"I'll do it Masters, I promise," I said solemnly looking down.

I would be strong for my baby. Breaking down and screaming would only potentially harm the child. Children were brought into this world and left to the care of Keepers everyday. Mine would be safe that way.

I needed a distraction. This train of thought was disturbing to all of us. My men had a tried and true way to distract me. It was decided we would do that now.

Master Damien cupped my face his hands and turned my face up. Been brought his mophth dotwn fa) nine stroking my ee with his. His tongue pressed into my mouth and he kissed me deeply.

My men wanted to be close, I wanted to be close. We were bonded, but they wanted to do something together. There was one thing we were very good at doing together.

My outfit was gone in an instant, pulled roughly over my head and I shivered. "Light the warmer in the sleeping chamber," Master Damien ordered pulling me to his chest.

I wrapped my arms around Master Damien and pulled him close to me. My softness NS hissharddbady f t wondecsulferh oth sides. When aster Christof pressed against my back and ran his hands over my body, I shivered for an entirely different reason.

I tugged at Master Damien's shirt and helped him remove it. A kneeling place was eave ixfOnt of @é tha linet: DUR Ki his boots. They loved having me undress them. Each man took a turn as I slowly revealed their breathtaking bodies.

There were new scars. They had not rewrapped their injuries from earlier and | could see the healing cuts on their flesh. "You can't do this again," | said seriously, tracing the edge of a long gash across Master Evan's chest.

Hurting each other Like that was insane and ridiculous. They shouldn't lash out at one another. It caused me pain to imagine them hurting their Brothers. The family was safety and should be the antithesis of danger.

My men didn't agree. If their bond was broken, they didn't want to live. Being together kept them sane, they wouldn't Live on alone.

The pull of the emotional bond had me. | couldn't help but at Least acquiesce. There wasn't a good place in their minds to openly disagree and | was part of that now.

Their sexual arousal was flowing freely at me. They wanted me and I, in return, wanted them.

Damien carried me to their sleeping quarters and the warmer was doing an excellent job. The room was very comfortable. He sat me on my feet and stood looking down at me.

"What do you want, Damien?" | asked sliding a hand down his chest to grasp his thick tool in my hand. My mouth wrapped around him, that's what he wanted.

"Lay down," | said releasing his cock and pushing him toward the bed. Once he was stretched out on the surface | followed him and knelt over him. Kissing down his chest and stomach | crept closer and closer to his shaft.

Evan's consciousness was enjoying the sensation of my lips on Damien's skin. He loved that | was always so willing to put my mouth on them. As | flicked my tongue along the ridges of Damien's abdomen, it was Evan's pleasure | felt.

| decided to give Evan more of what he wanted. | tasted the thick springy hair around Damien's cock, nuzzling the shaft with my nose. Licking slowly | tasted until | was licking the head like a lollipop. | squeezed the shaft and tiny amount of pre cum appeared.

“Taste it,” Evan moaned watching very closely.

My mouth dropped over the tip of Damien's dick and | sucked. He tasted tangy and salty. | lapped at the tip as Damien bucked beneath me.

A hand wrapped into my hair and Evan pulled me up. He was glad they had kept my hair. Despite their dislike of the coarse hair covering their own women, my hair was different. It was thinner and softer, like theirs.

Evan pulled me to his lips and pressed his tongue between mine. He tasted me and he tasted Damien on me. The bond only got stronger as his Brother's flavor exploded in his mouth.

| felt the way Evan did for a moment. He knew exactly where each of his Brothers were in this room. He could have pinpointed their location without opening his eyes. It was a sense | didn't have and his Brothers didn't have.

It didn't work well in the mountains, something here disrupted his ability, especially if they were separated by distance. The sense in the compound allowed Evan to track his family continuously. He derived comfort from knowing exactly where they all were.

“My turn,” Damien demanded, pulling on my hand.

| returned my lips to his shaft and went down to taste his balls. Damien's hair was entwined on his groin. | licked them until they were wet with spit and glistening in the low light. My men didn't stop me as | sucked the large balls into my mouth.

No one seemed bothered by the exploration, so | kept going. The area under Damien's was sensitive! And he was sure what | was doing when | flicked my tongue down there. Evan knew, he tasted me like this all the time.

It was strange and new to have my tongue here. Damien wasn't sure what to think, but Evan loved it. He was in heaven.

Damien wanted me back on his cock and Evan wanted me on my knees. As my mouth settled back over Damien's thick rod, Evan separated my Lower lips. He couldn't wait anymore. I'd made him insane with need.

I opened as wide as I could and took Damien about half way into the wet confines of my papdthMe wanted to féelithe Srmth and wetness envelop him deeper. I sucked and he thrust his hips until his hair tickled my nose.