

O to a New World

"Richard?" I ask, and Des nods.

"Although he said he wouldn't want to set one foot into that place ever again, he has grown quite fond of you. I'm sure he would accompany us, for it would make it easier with him around."

"What place are we talking about, exactly?" I ask, and Des tilts his head.

"It's...something like a...kindergarten for monsters."

"Why do you hesitate?"



"Because it is not a nice place. Richard sold it to the first one asking, because he couldn't keep watching what people do to monsters."

"People?" I frown. "Are we talking about humans here?"

"Among others, yes. There are those who know of us. Governments, rich societies, secret brotherhoods... all those things they show you in movies—just so you don't think they could ever exist. And they buy monsters and send them to this place. Training them. Breaking them," he explains, and I can see how sorry he feels for those beings.

"Then we should go and set them free!" I exclaim, but Des smiles.

"We can't set them free. We are talking about hundreds, if not thousands of creatures. There is a limit to this place."

"So you want to let them die in some horrible monster school?!"

"No, I'm saying we should buy those we *can* save. We have to make a choice."

"Buy? Do we have the money for that?"

Now, Des laughs a little.

"In a monster world, we don't pay with money, love. We pay with whatever the monsters or their owners want."

"And what is that, exactly?"

"Have a guess." Des smiles and gently pinches my nipple, so I raise my eyebrows.

"They all want to fuck?"

"Mostly. They are desperate, aggressive, lonely. Some want to fight as well, but not all of them."

"Well, I won't be able to fight!" I shriek, and Des looks surprised.

"You...want to fuck them? All of them?"

"All we can save." I nod.

"Do you know what this means, Cat? They are not like our monsters. They have often never seen a human before, they could rip you apart."

"Well, good thing I have a dragon at my side then." I grin and lean forward, kissing him. "And I can simply...shapeshift so they won't be able to rip me apart."

"That...might be an idea. But only humans are allowed to challenge the monsters," Des states, and I shrug.

"Then we won't tell anybody I'm not anymore." I sit on his lap.

"You would have to pose as my prisoner, like my...currency."

"If you put chains on me, I might even enjoy it," I moan into his ear and start pushing my crotch against his.

We were able to convince Richard to follow our plan. He is not amused but just like Des said, I was able to make him accept. I didn't even know he liked me; he barely talks to me.

But here we are now.

Sitting in a private plane, flying to somewhere I don't know and never heard of before, after leaving Lazaros and Mehdi in charge of our home. It felt weird to leave them behind, especially the dragons, but Des ensured me that he was able to communicate with them at all times.

Now I'm looking out of the window, some ocean below us, while a flight attendant is serving us dinner and alcohol.

"You should eat," Richard says, and I just look at him.

"I will, if you tell me what you are," I whisper, and he chuckles, shaking his head.

"You really don't feel hungry anymore, do you?" he asks, and I shake my head. "A nice side effect of all the semen you take in orally, I guess."

"A nice way of putting it," I smirk and look back out the window.

"You should get dressed in your slave outfit, love," Des reminds me. I nod and stand up. He points to the toilet, which is really more like a bathroom.

I enter and find some clothes neatly laid out for me. I take off the jeans and shirt I'm wearing and unfold the things that I am supposed to wear.

What the hell? It is one tiny black, leathery skirt with a belt—as if that helped anything—and some black and white bra without straps, pushing up my boobs anyways. And some golden earrings. Wow.

When I am done putting it on, I look at myself in the mirror. I am officially a sex slave now.

And fuck, it's making me wet already.

I return to Des and Richard, who look me up and down, faces typically expressionless.

"That will be convincing enough," Des says, and I chuckle, sitting down on his lap. "This not so much."

"Let me enjoy you for now. Who knows when I will be able to do that again, right?"

"This is a wise decision. We cannot blow our cover by a action. From when we leave this plane, we will not address you and if so, not in a nice way. You cannot take it personally," Richard says, and I nod.

"I know. I don't mind a little dirty talk." I grin, and Richard smirks, while Des seems not as convinced.

"We'll see how you think about this after the first round."

"Round?" I ask, and he tilts his head.

"It's like an auction. Just one with monsters fighting and fucking and everybody cheering them on," he explains, and I have to stop myself from grinding against him.

I am really messed up by now.

But on the other hand... I raise my hips again, fumble for Des's pants and open them, being greeted by his huge cock, which is immediately erect.

"Here?" he asks and points to Richard. I raise my hips higher and look at Richard while sliding onto this spear.

"He can leave if he wants to." I keep my eyes locked on him while I start riding and grinding. "But he can also watch."

I take him in completely, moaning and sighing in response, leaning back and pulling up my skirt, so Des can see my pussy, play with my clit.

I keep looking back to Richard, who just returns the stare emotionless. Challenged by this, I stand up, lean over the table that Richard is sitting next to, and offer Des my ass. Des stands up and starts fucking me hard, so I have to grab onto the table to not fall. I moan and press my boobs onto the wood while I keep my eyes locked on Richard's. There is nothing. No response at all.

And when Des switches from my pussy to my ass, I open my mouth wide and squeal, taking Richard's finger and sucking on it. He lets me proceed, no reaction whatsoever. What the fuck!

When we land, Des puts a heavy chain around my neck after putting on some goddamn dog collar. I would be humiliated if it wasn't him; it's really turning me on this way.

Before exiting, he kisses me one last time until he steps out of the plane, pulling me after him.

We are greeted by huge gorillas—not real ones, obviously, the human-ish kind. I can't be too sure here—who bow a little before either of them, not sure if it's Des or Richard.

They don't really talk; they just follow the guys.

We are somewhere on an island. I can hear the waves crashing against cliffs or whatever, but I don't see the ocean anymore. When I turn around and look over my shoulder, Des pulls the chain once, quite hard, making me stumble forward.

"Mr. Sire, Mr. Dunkins, what a pleasant surprise!" an incredibly beautiful woman comes out of what seems to be an enormous castle. She is barely dressed, just a red set of lingerie-like underwear, some chains and rings hanging here and there. Her nipples are pointy and pushing the thin fabric, making it impossible to look anywhere else.

"Miss S., it's always a pleasure to see you," Des says, but I can tell by his voice that he's not telling the truth.

"Have you brought me a present?" the mysterious S woman licks her lips when she lays her eyes on me. "A young, untrained human, judging by her curious eyes wandering around. Where did you find her?"

"I'm afraid she's not for your personal pleasure. I intend to put her into the auction," Des answers, and S raises her eyebrows.

"And you approve of this?" she looks at Richard, who nods.

"I have lived among humans for many years now. I have grown tired of their antics and fragility. I don't mind seeing one suffer for once. Like in the good old times," he says, and I would applaud him if it wouldn't blow our cover.

"Well, let's get her ready, then. There's a first auction coming up soon, you may want to decide whether you want to throw in your money or not." She grins in my direction. "I hope it's good money."

Richard takes the lead and brings us into the castle. But inside, it's nothing like a romantic castle with stone walls. No, it's all metallic, loads of cages, chains and all sorts of strange devices I have never seen before.

I'm getting chills by looking at it. Good chills.

"Let's settle in our apartment first," Richard suggests, and Des nods. He doesn't even look at me, he's really good at this. It would almost convince me, if it wasn't for his gentle hold of the chain I'm attached to.

Only when we enter the apartment—which looks basically like every other sex club—he lets go of the chain immediately and turns around, takes my face into his hands.

"I hate having to treat you like that," he whispers, and I see Richard smile but give us space.

"Well, I don't." I chuckle, and Des seems confused. "I really don't mind. It's exciting and new, and I know that I can't get hurt due to the shapeshifting. It's all good, Des."

"I hope you won't change your mind about this." Des sighs deeply.

"Sorry to interrupt. I'll just find out what the first monster is and if we're interested." Richard goes back outside and when we're alone, I look at Des intently.

"What?" he asks, puzzled.

"Now that we're alone...maybe you want to further prepare me?" I ask, and Des chuckles.

"I'm sure you have all the preparation you need, you endured my dragon form multiple times and survived."

"That was an euphemism, Des. I want to be fucked by you. Now," I say directly, and he looks surprised.

"Oh, well in this case..."

He wants to take off the chain around my neck, but I shake my head and take a step back.

"I'm officially your slave now. Treat me as one," I whisper, and he raises his brows.

"I'm...not sure if I can do that."

"Humor me." I go down on my knees, looking back up at him. "Master."

Slowly, he walks toward the bedroom, backward, pulling the chain. I crawl after him and feel aroused already.

But before he actually goes into the bedroom, he looks to another room, with the door closed. Now, a grin on his face, he goes there, pulling me a little harder.

When we enter, I gasp a little. It's like a...torture chamber. There's a wooden cross in the middle of the room, with straps to hold arms and legs. And there are multiple 'toys' lying around, some that look more like the tools of a torturer. I can't wait to have Des try them on me.

"This is where you will sleep. Chained up to the cross. Slaves are supposed to never relax, at any time of the day or night, their masters can come in and do whatever they want with them. Are you looking forward to that?"

"Yes, Master," I whisper, and it's not even a lie. Fuck, I'm so horny right now. I let my hands lower down to my crotch, carefully slipping underneath that very short skirt, but before I can touch myself, Des pulls at the chain, making me fall down on my hands and gasp.

"You don't get to relieve yourself. Out there, the monsters will decide, in here...I will," Des says, and it seems like he's starting to enjoy this, turning me on even more.

"Yes, Master," I reply, and just as I'm about to keep talking, the door opens again.

"The first auction is for a werewolf," Richard says out of breath, and my eyes grow big, making him smile. "I thought you might want to join in on that."