

Prelude

When I return to our room with Des and Richard, they do not speak. I grow worried, not sure whether it was something I did.

"I'll...hit the shower," I say quietly and want to walk into the bathroom, but Des stops me by gently grabbing my arm.

"Do you know what you did there?" he asks and I frown, shaking my head.

"No."

"How did you know what you had to do?" Richard asks and I look at him.

"The...thing told me in my mind."

"Spectacular," Des whispers and holds his hand over his mouth.

"What is?" I am completely confused now.

"You just interacted with an extraterrestrial that we only heard rumors about before. Now that we know it is true, we *need* to buy it. I am not sure if S will give it to us with the service you have provided up until now," Richard explains and I frown.

"Isn't that the deal? I get them to do what they want, put on a show and we get to take them home?"

"Not exactly. Some monsters are more expensive than others. A werewolf is common. Even the ones they messed with so they can't turn back," Des says.

"I wondered why our werewolf wouldn't turn back," I admit, and he nods.

"He will be glad to have company. But still, I wonder what else they might have in store when they put the extraterrestrial in so soon." Richard scratches his chin. "We need to prepare you. You really need to be able to take *anything* they throw into the ring."

"Do you realize what this means?" Des asks, and Richard slowly nods. He turns around and walks into the bedroom, and I look at Des in confusion.

"I do not realize what that means. Can somebody explain?" I say, and he chuckles.

"That would spoil all the fun, wouldn't it?" Des strokes my cheek for a moment before he points to the door. "I will have to talk to S a little more. I will leave you to it."

Before I can even do anything, Des leaves the room again.

I sigh and look at the stupid chain around my neck. He could have at least taken that thing off.

After taking a long shower, I return to the room in my underwear, as this covers more than the slave out. Why exactly do we need to share a room? Do they think Des and Richard are a couple?

When I enter the bedroom, Richard is sitting on the bed, his hands neatly in his lap.

"Do you think you should sleep here?" he asks, and I raise my eyebrows.

"Shouldn't I?"

"That was the question. I did not mean to imply the answer."

"Well...it would be strange otherwise, don't you think? And nobody should come in here, so I could sleep here as well..."

"Do you enjoy sharing the bed with us?" he asks and now I'm totally irritated.

"Wait...you sleep in one bed?" I ask and Richard chuckles.

"Where else would the second one sleep?"

"But...I mean, I don't mind at all, but I just thought..."

"That your human concept of false shyness between two men would apply here as well?"

"Well...yes," I admit and feel extremely stupid.

"That is understandable. It is what you grew up with. But it does not apply to us. You humans would think of Mr. Sire and me as...what is the right term." He seems to be searching for something and I tilt my head.

"Best friends?"

"More like brothers," he corrects me and I curiously sit down next to him.

"Really? But you call him Mr. Sire."

"Because that is what he introduced himself with," Richard smiles. "Just like you introduced yourself as Cat."

"I really, *really* want to know what you are," I admit, and Richard laughs.

"What are you willing to give for it?" he replies, and this is the closest I have ever gotten him to answer.

"What do you want?" I whisper and lean forward a little, a smirk on my lips.

"What all of them want from you," Richard replies, and I open my mouth to an answer, but I am utterly confused.

Before I can react, Richard puts his hand on my neck and leans forward, kissing me passionately. He immediately lets his tongue explore my mouth, and I instantly sigh, waves of pleasure rolling over me. What the hell is this?

He leans forward, pushing me down on the mattress. I want nothing more than him inside of me now, but I muster up all the strength I have and put my hand on his chest, pushing him away.

Instantly, Richard removes his lips from mine, but stays very close.

"I...cannot do this."

"Why?" he asks neutrally, and I look to the door.

"I love Des. I cannot cheat on him with his...strange brother," I admit, and now Richard laughs.

"Why do you think he left the room in the...rst place?" Richard whispers and puts his hand back on my neck. "He wants us to do this. He needs us to do it. I am the key to what you have yet to learn."

I want to...ght it, doubt it, tell him that it's just a lie to get me to fuck him, but...

Fuck he's hot.

I lie on my back and welcome him between my legs. Richard bends over me, taking off my bra and carefully removing my panties.

"You are the purest being I have ever tasted," he says and I chuckle.

"I doubt that. I have been fucked by nearly every beast out there," I reply.

"For nothing else but their wellbeing and your own pleasure. You do not have one single bad thought in your mind and I want to show you everything that is possible with your...skillset."

"I have no idea what you are talking about." I laugh, but it turns into a moan when I feel Richard's bulge rub against my pussy.

"You will understand in time. For now, I just need you to...not be scared," he says and I tilt my head in confusion, "and scream my name."

He leans forward and licks my neck, kissing me again, as I can hear him take off his pants.

"RisqHat-Al-Egqpyei," he sighs into my ear, and there is no way I will ever be able to pronounce that.

He leans back again, and when I lay eyes on his cock, I inch for a second.

It is completely black with tiny thorns on it. What the fuck.

"You do not need to worry, it will..."

"I don't," I say and spread my legs far. "Take me."

Richard smiles warmly and towers over me, pushing my legs further down, while he slowly inserts his cock into my fucking wet pussy. Every inch is burning, making me moan desperately already. I grab my tits and start squeezing them tightly, but there is no release, as this elongated penetration is driving me crazy.

Eventually, I can feel his balls against my ass, and I sigh loudly, but it turns into a scream when he suddenly pounces. I can hear his balls slap against my skin, and the angle he has due to my wide spread legs is making it even hotter.

He thrusts again, but something is different. It's...

I dare to look, and when I see what it is, I gasp.

"Do not be afraid," he says, and I shake my head.

"I'm not," I moan and take his hand, sucking on his finger.

The thorns prevent his cock from slipping out of my pussy again, so his movement is very limited. And what feels like pouncing is in reality a movement sideways instead of in and out. His cock is thickening and thinning again and again.

I try to change position, but it is not possible, so all I can do is move a tiny bit and let my head hang over the edge of the bed.

I open my mouth wide and shriek with every time his cock pulsates.

Richard's finger finds his way to my clitoris and it is as if he's using it like a fucking joystick. He knows what to do, I feel him and squirm, grabbing the bedsheet and biting my lip before shouting again.

And when I orgasm, I scream his name.

"RisqHat-Al-Egqpyei!"

The second it slips out of my mouth, I feel...fuller. How I remembered that. It didn't feel like my voice and something changed inside of me. I feel...fuller.

Richard grunts and I can feel his semen fill me up.

And then he pulls out of me, his thorns disappeared.

"Do me again," I growl and Richard chuckles.

"Once is enough, we can..."

I interrupt him by turning around, kneeling before him, and presenting him my ass.

"Fuck. Me. Again." I demand, and he puts his hands on my ass, pulls my cheeks apart, and licks over my pussy, making me moan and press my thighs together.

"I have no idea what you are talking about." I laugh, but it turns into a moan when I feel Richard's bulge rub against my pussy.

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