Emancipation

Made a slave for the good of her people and subject to the whims of a creature of legend. Terrified and aroused. Far from home in another dimension and caught between her conscience and her carnal desires. Helena begins her young life a slave but ends it a Queen.

Notes

This is graphic in the extreme. Abject slavery at its best, inspired by the Gor series. It has an eventual happy ending but you'll have to wade through a lot of shit to get to it. It popped into my head one evening and just poured out of me. It is an entirely original endeavor and no, I'm not sorry.
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Made a slave for good of her people Elena is trapped in another dimension and far from home. Subjected to the whim of a mysterious creature she forced to deal with her conflicting desires. The attraction she holds for her master and the hatred she has for him. She begins her life a simple farm girl and ends it a queen.

Chapter Notes

If you are trigged by rape stop here. This is abject slavery, graphic and unforgiving GOR style.

The window above my bed reveals the moon bright over the tree line so it's still early, what woke me? I look over and see my sister is sound sleep, wrapped up like a Kebapche, one leg hanging over the side of the bed so she is not to blame. A sudden dull ache blooms in my belly, strong enough to make me roll over on my side groaning. Grabbing my pillow, I bury my face in it to smother the noise. I don't wanna wake Filipa she needs the rest, it's market day tomorrow and there's a lot to do. Another wave of pain grips me and I pull my knees up, biting my lip. If this keeps up I'll have no choice but to get mama. Pressing my hand to my belly I close my eyes and pray to the ancestors that won't be necessary.

The moons glow has nearly made its way across the floor to Filipa's bed and the pain hasn't gone away indeed, it is now a constant discomfort. There's a cool breeze coming through where I've propped open the glass with one of my old slippers but I'm dripping with sweat. I haven't managed to disturb my sister but it's apparent now I need to wake up mama. I throw the sheet back and sit up to reach for the oil lamp on the bed stand when I notice the dark stain between my legs. My finger shakes as I touch the wetness soaking the sheet, a sinking feeling in my stomach. I needlessly bring it up to my nose to scent it as if I need that final proof to tell me what I already know. My courses have come.

Were this not the Year of the Vekoven the arrival of my moonblood would be cause for celebration. Mama would invite all the women in our family to come and share in the joy. All over the valley and down from the mountains they would come for the feast. Wine would flow and laughter would fill the house until the rooster called the sunrise. I would be gifted with the sacred Corn Woman, a tiny doll fashioned from the dried husks and hung over the bed as a symbol of my burgeoning fertility. I would finally be free to be courted by the boys in my village and allowed to wear my hair loose instead of in the braids of a child. But it IS the Vekoven and so my world comes to a halt waiting for the appearance of the Patron's sigil above the bed. If I am chosen by him, not for me will they hold a celebration of womanhood. A wake it will be instead, a grave with no body and banners of black hung from the door. If I am spared, thankful tears for my family and pain for someone else's. I am aware of the weight of the sacrifice of our daughters. It's what pays for our kingdom's peace and prosperity. Every hundred years the Patron comes and chooses from among the newly blossomed women for his own and her life is given so that we may enjoy freedom from the strife that so often
consumes our neighbors. For untold years we have remained faithful to this holy compact and now it is my turn to stand on that precipice hoping to be passed over for another. I want nothing more than to let everyone go on sleeping including me. To pretend for a moment my life doesn't hang in the balance. No one knows what the Patron does with the daughters he chooses, they are never heard from again and only an empty altar greets the priests the next morning. I lean over and turn the wick with trembling fingers, grimacing when I see the blood in the light and decide against wakening anyone. I want them to enjoy the peace while they yet have it, if the sigil appears above my bed it will be interrupted soon enough. If I am not chosen it won't matter. I wrap myself in the sheets so I don't have to look at the evidence and watch the moon as it continues to drop behind the trees, trying to ignore the ache in my belly and the hair sticking to the back of my neck.

It feels like forever though I know by the moon's position not much time has passed when I sense a presence in the room. My eyes dart around, squinting to pierce the dark corners where the light doesn't reach but I can't make out a thing in the gloom. I slip from the bed and turn the lamp up more, holding it out in front of me, the glass mantle clinking with my nervous breaths. There's a loud crack followed by a groan when I stumble over the floorboard that sticks up over by the wardrobe and I freeze, hoping it wasn't enough to wake Filipa. I hear her shift but thankfully she only turns over to face the wall and I lift my foot from the board, stepping to the side and continue with measured steps across the room. Time passes at a snail's pace as I peek into the shadowed corners and wince with every creak my feet make on the boards. My heart pounds so fiercely in my chest I'm surprised my sister sleeps through it.

The light fails to illuminate anything out of the ordinary however and I attribute the sensation of being watched as a consequence of my condition. Quietly picking my way over to the wash basin I set the lamp down and dip a cloth in the water, wiping the blood from between my thighs with a scowl. A more thorough wash in the copper tub will have to wait till morning. I grab a loose ribbon from my jewel box, haphazardly tying my hair up for some relief from the bothersome sweat and moisten another cloth to lay on my neck. Heading back to my bed, I pause to pick up the dressing gown my sister left on the floor and drape it over her footboard. My mild annoyance at having to clean up after her again is cut short when I hear what sounds like dead leaves crackling underfoot. In the stillness, it's horribly loud and oddly accompanied by the scent of smoke. I trace it to its source and can't stop the wretched cry that erupts from my lips. Burned into the wall above my pillow is the stylized cipher of a hunting falcon in flight, the sigil of the Patron. I just barely set the lamp on the chair as my legs go weak and I drop to my knees.

Every year on the anniversary of the holy covenant we celebrate the favor the Patron has bestowed upon us and mourn the daughters we have lost. We tell ourselves to be chosen is an honor, that we'll face it with acceptance and grace but I can't find any of those things within me. I want to hurl the glass mantle at the wall, just to hear it shatter. I want to scream and rail at my fate but I sit there numb.

I hear a thump and look up as my sister tumbles out of bed onto the floor, she struggles to get free of the sheets and stands, breathless and wide-eyed.

"Elena by the Patron what is it?"

Bitterly laughing at the irony of her exclamation I wordlessly point at the sigil and her face crumples in anguish.

"Oh Elena no."

Reaching out she grabs hold of me and buries her face in my neck, her tears seeping into the white cotton. It's not long before the door swings wide with a crash and the rest of the family fills the passageway, a panorama of fright and concern on their faces. Papa, bless his stout heart, is standing
there holding an old pitchfork long retired from service, looking for the intruder he evidently thinks has broken in to ravish his daughters. I'm not equal to speaking just yet so I gesture to where the faded whitewash is now marred by the blackened visage of a falcon. Mama looks at it and walks over to lift the sheet, closing her eyes in resignation at the sight of the blood. She calmly looks over at my brother.

"Aleksandar, get dressed and go fetch the Priests."

He nods and quietly slips out the door. I know what comes next, the holy men will come and invade the serenity of my home. They'll bear witness to the sigil and the crimson stain on my bed. They'll hood me like a bird of prey and place me in a covered carriage so that no mortal may look upon me during my journey to the Great Temple. I will be purified, no hands but those of the highest order will touch me, no mouths but those of the same will speak to me. When I am cleansed I will be sealed inside a sepulcher and taken to the Holy Grove, there to be tied to the altar to await the coming of the Patron.

I'm pulled from my musings at Katerina's soft touch. The tears finally flow when I look at her swelling belly and realize I will not be there to see the birth of my eldest brother's child. Gently I disengage from my sister and push myself to my feet, heading for the wardrobe. I pull out a gift wrapped in wool and tied with a gold ribbon, giving it to Katerina with a wobbly smile.

"This was for the child, I would have given it to you when you......"

I stop, unable to continue as Katerina reverently unwraps the gift, revealing a crème and gold baby blanket richly embroidered with our family tree, a multitude of branches each one bearing a name with the newest one left blank. She runs the tip of a finger over the empty space and I know she imagines the day she can take a needle to thread and add their child to it. She sets aside the blanket and wordlessly embraces me. I can feel the tremors of her quiet sobbing and it makes me angry that in the grand scheme we are merely trading one pain for another. Over her shoulder, my beloved younger brothers Stefan and Andre, as alike in looks as they are unalike in spirit, hover in the doorway afraid to enter as if in doing so my fate will become real. I look at Papa who clings to the pitchfork in desperation with one hand and the trailing end of mama's nightshift with the other like a little boy whose world no longer makes sense. She, always the calm in the storm quietly tells him to go to the kitchen and start preparing for the guests. To my brothers, she gives instructions to go wake the aviarius and have him send word to the rest of the family. The room empties and is silent but for the weeping. Mama comes over and wraps me in a tight embrace. She says nothing, there is little point in platitudes and no time to say everything that is in our hearts. The scent of Peppermint, Lemon Balm, and Primrose fills my nose and it hurts my heart. Nothing gives me greater joy than easing an elder's passage when it's their time, bringing new life into the world or tending to a winter chill. Mama felt the calling of the healer as did her mama and her grandma before that. Now, the legacy is broken, I will be gone and my sister's passion lies elsewhere in the schoolhouse.

My tears have dried and the wick burned down another notch by the time I hear footsteps and look up to see Aleksandar coming through the door with the priest and two acolytes. Despite being woken from a sound sleep the priest is in full regalia, puffed up and full of self-importance. The extravagant cost of his silk and velvet robes would feed my family for six months. He looks around the room, taking note of the chipped wash basin, the crooked door on the wardrobe and the threadbare rug, badly concealed disdain on his countenance. It is no surprise; the priests have grown fat and wealthy as the mouthpieces of the Patron. When measured against the marble halls of the Great Temple, our home must seem like a pig sty to him. Papa comes in from the kitchen and the priest turns to address him.

"The sacred witnessing is for servants of the Temple only, take your family to the sitting room."
I can see him about to vociferously object and I rush over, taking his hands in mine and squeezing.

"Papa don't, it is Temple law."

He searches my face, sorrow defacing his and steps back in defeat. He knows he has no choice, so he quietly ushers the rest of the family from the room. Mama is the last to leave as the door closes and I hear her whisper.

"I love you, my sweet Elena."

Then the door closes and the sound of it locking is deafening.

The priest turns his eyes toward me, sweeping them over my body, blatantly lingering on the outline of my breasts and the apex of my thighs. I grit my teeth, wrapping the shift tighter around my body and stare at the floor lest he sees the contempt in mine. Through the fringe of my lashes I see him walk over to the bed and examine the blood, then the falcon burned into the wall. At some unseen signal from him one of the acolytes moves from his spot by the door and takes up position behind me, close enough I can feel the heat from his body through my shift and his breath stirring the hairs on my neck. Done scrutinizing the evidence the priest comes over and without warning reaches out with his hands and grabs the laces of my shift, rending it open from neck to hem. Shrieking I instinctively jump back but there's nowhere to go, the acolyte at my back immediately seizing my wrists in a rough hold, forcing me to cant my hips forward to relieve the pain of them being held at such an awkward angle.

There's a pounding on the door and I hear papa yelling. The priest glances at the door and then at me.

"If you don't wish to see your father thrown in the Temple dungeons I suggest you speak to him."

I swallow the sudden fear and steady my voice.

"Papa I'm fine, I was just startled."

"Are you sure skūpa?"

"Yes."

I hear mama saying something and after an interminable length of time, the sound of them walking back to the sitting room. I sigh with relief; the thought of Papa being subjected to their barbarism is intolerable. The priests of the Patron wield enormous influence in our kingdom and they brandish it with cruel relish. The priest looks toward the door as if still considering condemning papa. I see it and panic, if I wasn't restrained I would be begging on my knees.

"Please forgive my father Your Grace, he didn't mean to impose upon your holy works."

He takes hold of my jaw and I wince as he applies pressure, smiling viciously.

"You will be silent and you will be obedient and I will consider overlooking your father's lapse in behavior."

I cast my eyes down and adopt a meek manner. He steps closer and runs his hand from my jaw down the side of my neck and over the swell of my breast, pinching my nipple between the fingers of his left hand. Sighing he perfunctorily plucks at it regretfully.

"It's a shame you must be virgin for the Patron."
He flicks an amused glance at the acolyte over my shoulder who shifts to a one-handed grip on my wrists and brings his free hand around to cup my other breast. I squeeze my eyes shut and pretend it's the lazy current of the Tundja that caresses my skin and not the lecherous fingers of an old man and a perverted boy.

Gasping, my eyes shoot open when the hand that isn't kneading my breast abruptly slides between my legs and cups my sex. His lips curve upward in malicious glee.

"It is my sacred duty to verify you are pure. Girls your age are like bitches in heat, can't be trusted not to spread your legs for the first boy that takes your fancy."

He thrusts two fingers inside me, prodding until he meets resistance and I bite down on my lip with a whimper.

"Well, look at that, you're a good girl after all."

He pulls his fingers out, wiping them off on my nightshift and then reaches out to run them over my lips, tilting his head in lustful appraisal. I'm standing there humiliated, praying he's finished with his show of dominance when he takes a step back and undoes his robe, pulling out his member.

"On your knees."

I hesitate, I don't know what he wishes of me. He glances over his shoulder to the acolyte still at the door.

"When we are done here send word to have Elena's father picked up."

I push forward, fighting the hold the other acolyte still has on my wrists.

"Please don't I beg you!"

He looks at me as if I've been a naughty child and his patience is running thin.

"Very well, I will stay my hand but should you disobey again......"

Frustrated I snap at him.

"I'm not I just.....I don't understand what you want!

He peers at me for a moment, dubious for a moment that I honestly don't know and then quietly chuckles at my ignorance.

"Your innocence is truly a delight."

He nods and my wrists are released. I rub them, wincing at the ache and sink to my knees before him.

"Put it in your mouth."

I look up, shocked at his request. After she married our brother, Filipa and I pestered Katerina about the things a man and his wife did in the bedroom and after enough hard cider she shared that men derived much pleasure from being touched there. She never spoke of putting it in her mouth however.

"Come now, open up."
I lean forward and reach for it, tentatively wrapping my lips around the end.

"Good girl, now get it wet with your tongue."

My cheeks burning with anger and shame I lick the hard flesh, utterly repulsed. After an eternity he wraps his hand around the back of my neck with one hand and with the other, in a perverse parody of beauty ritual rubs the end of his shaft against my lips like he's painting them for a social engagement.

"Now put it in your mouth and suck on it, mind your teeth."

Thinking of the cost to papa should I balk I open my mouth and take it in.

"There's a good girl, just like those sweets you love."

He holds my head, slowly guiding his shaft in and out. I close my eyes and block out his moaning and the horrible wet sucking noises. After a while, I hear his breathing speed up and without warning, he grabs a handful of my hair and forces me to take in the entire length. It hits the back of my throat and I convulsively swallow, fighting the urge to vomit.

"Oooohh yes, you are a natural."

He holds my head there, the wiry hair between his legs scratching my face until he releases down my throat with a loud groan. I'm not prepared for it and I end up choking, his seed running from my nose and the corners of my mouth. He finally pulls out and I collapse onto my side, coughing. When the spasms have stopped and I can breathe again the priest drops one of the cloths from the wash basin onto the floor in front of me.

"Clean up."

I slowly get my feet under me and head over to the basin to wash my face off, cringing at the smell and taste, trying not to cry. He comes up behind me and hands me a gorgeous dark green robe trimmed in gold that looks like it came out of the Queens wardrobe.

"Remove your shift and put this on."

I lay the robe on the table and slip off the torn pieces of my shift, angry and self-conscious in equal measure. For as long as can remember there have been tales of the Temple priests acting inappropriately towards the younger girls. Whispered confessions in the night between sisters and friends during overnight visits. It was always limited to casual touches and never anything that couldn't be explained as an accident. I myself had endured their unwanted attentions before. Once when the Miter visited our stall at the market to purchase some fresh apples and pinched my backside while papa's back was turned and again during Temple devotions when a priest grabbed at my breast under the pretense of stumbling. I never bothered to tell papa, it wouldn't have mattered, the priests are above reproach and untouchable. I put the robe on and wrap it around me, tying the strings tight. Under different circumstances, I could have appreciated the rich, butter soft fabric. The priest reaches over and pulls up the voluminous hood, drawing it completely over my face and securing it to the front of the robe, cutting off my sudden exclamation. I feel him grab my arms and usher me to the door. I can hear the muffled sounds of it being opened, the strident voices of my family, the priest rapping out orders to the acolytes. I keep bumping into him, tripping over my bare feet and pleading with him to let me say goodbye. He ignores me and grips my arms tighter, practically dragging me outside to where I can hear the whuffling of horses and the jingle of tack. I'm summarily picked up and tossed into a carriage, the door closing and locking with an ominous click.
Struggling to get the hood off I have just enough time to glimpse my family out the window before the carriage lurches forward and snatches them from my view. I turn the knob on the door and find it is indeed locked from the outside, probably to keep us girls from panicking and running off. Who knows what the Patron would do if he came for his due and the priests were empty-handed, it's an amusing image. Now that I'm alone the pain of my courses reasserts itself and the thought of bleeding all over this nice fabric makes me snicker. It's the only defiance left to me and I savor it. Running my fingers over the plush seating I marvel at the luxury. If I am to meet death at least I am getting a comfortable ride there. Lacking anything else to do I lean my head against the window and watch the orchards and fields roll by. I spot the castle up on the hill in the distance, the white stone glowing in the pre-dawn light. The Midsummer Festival will be coming soon and mama will be baking her famous apple tarts to sell. Filipa will spend days agonizing over what to wear to the dances even though she isn't old enough to be courted yet. My closest friend Ivet will be plying her brother Danil with sweets and promises to do his chores if he uses his position as a soldier in the Kingsguard to get us into the castle to see the Royal Bard perform. Aleksandar and Katerina will be moving into the cottage he built on land in our south orchard papa gifted them with in honor of their handfasting.

My musing is interrupted when the carriage comes to a halt and the door is opened. The priest pulls me out, yanking the hood back over my face and guiding me over the cobblestones. I hear the petitioners in line waiting for an audience go silent for a moment and then burst forth in a mass of noise when they recognize what I am. Their excited chatter is thankfully muted and replaced by the echo of our steps on the cold marble when we enter the vestibule. I am quickly led through countless doors and down several flights of stairs made terrifying by my blindness. When my hood is finally removed I am standing in a small room heavy with the scent of incense. There's a table and chair for eating, a simple bed and side table and a stand with a wash basin. The room has one window high up on the wall and a small shrine to the Patron beneath it. The only source of light other than the window is a single oil lamp. Everything is white, the floor, the sheets, the furniture, the wash basin, even the fresh flowers on the shrine.

There's a brisk knock at the door and the Lord Vicar comes in, one of the senior priestesses with him. My escort bows and proudly gestures to me as if retrieving me from my home and bringing me to the Temple was a dangerous endeavor.

"Your Holiness, this is Elena the daughter of Petar and Brigita of the family Dragomirov."

The Vicar nods and waves his hand absentmindedly, dismissing the priest. Miffed that his Lordship doesn't seem to see him as important as he sees himself he leaves the room seething. The priestess smiles at me coldly and without so much as a by your leave, reaches out for the robe and tugs it off of me. The Vicar looks me over appreciatively, smiling indulgently when I attempt to cover myself.

"Elena, this is Agnesa. She will be preparing you for the Patron and instruct you on what to do. I will be by later to see that everything has been done to the Patron's satisfaction."

He nods at Agnesa and takes his leave. She hands me a white robe and waits impatiently for me to slip it on, taking me by the arm and down the hall to a private bathing room.

"You will be purified and escorted back to your room. You will remain unclad except for when you are outside your room. From this point on you will imbibe only water. Just before moonrise, you will be taken to the Great Hall for the ceremony after which you will be sealed in the sepulcher for your journey to the Grove. When you need to relieve yourself ring the bell by the door and a priestess will escort you to the middens. I suggest you use the time before the ceremony to meditate before the shrine."
Part of me wants to run back to the shelter of my mother's arms, away from this horrible place and this horrible woman who looks at me with scorn. But, I square my shoulders and follow her to what looks like a shallow cistern made of white tile about the size of a trestle table. In its center is a narrow wooden bench that sits knee high, it's attached to a second piece of wood that comes up to the waist. I am mystified as to its purpose when she guides me to kneel on the lower bench and drape myself over the taller piece. I find myself in the most ignominious position with my hindquarters in the air, hands clinging to a tiny ledge on the opposite side to keep from falling face first into the tile. Startled I yelp when she grabs my thighs, roughly pushing them apart.

"Keep your legs open and breathe!"

I don't even have to time to wonder what she means by that when her fingers unexpectedly push into my anus covered with what feels like salve. I instinctively shift away but she grips my neck, holding me down.

"Are you going to make it necessary to tie you down girl?"

I see the ropes on the bench and fight back a sob.

"Why are you doing this?"

"You are being purified for the Patron. Now, I ask again, do I need to restrain you?"

"No."

I lie there bent over the bench, mortified as Agnesa lubricates my back passage and then inserts a long flexible tube. I hear the squeak of a knob followed by a rush of tepid water flowing into me and I squeeze my eyes shut gripping the ledge till my knuckles are white. It's tolerable at first but then the cramps begin getting sharper by the minute, the pain making hard to breathe.

"Please! Take it out, it hurts!"

She ignores me and I feel the water filling me up, the pressure on my belly growing until I'm almost ready to scream, tears running down my face. Finally, she pulls out the tube and has me squat over a hole in the tile, expelling everything while she watches. It's humiliating and she forces me to go through it two more times until she deems me clean enough. I'm hoping the ordeal is over but she makes me bend over the bench again and inserts a second tube into my vagina, careful not to break my maidenhead and flushes it with water until she is satisfied. I'm woozy and shivering by the time it's finished and she walks me over to a tub, making me kneel in the hot water as she scrubs my body and washes my hair. I barely notice when she dries me off and wraps me in the robe, guiding me back to my room.

I must fall asleep because I wake up buried under the sheets a bit later to fierce hunger pangs. I drink some water and make an attempt to meditate at the shrine but I'm too restless. Restless and self-conscious of my nudity. The silence and unbroken white of the room are disconcerting. I drag the chair over to the window but it's too high up on the wall to get a view of the outside. Putting the chair back I spy my hair ribbon on the side table, the faded red triggering a flood of memories. I remember it was the Festival of the Snows and I had saved up all the coins I earned from helping our neighbor Yana. Mama would bring her, her medicine and I would collect the eggs from the coop and visit the market for her. I saw the ribbon in the dressmaker's window one day and knew that was what I wanted to spend my coins on. I felt so grown up walking into the store and paying for the ribbon myself. I wore it all through the days of the festival and on into spring and summer until the shine turned dull with age and it was retired to my jewel box. I still wore it on occasion and even when it became threadbare and frayed on the ends I couldn't bear to get rid of it. I tie my hair up and
wonder why Agnesa bothered to return it to me, she didn't seem the type to be moved by sentimentality.

With nothing else to do I wander back over to the shrine, picking up the offerings and looking them over. It doesn't look neglected; the Temple must make use of this room in the intervening years. Peeking up at the window I see the sun is up. The messengers will have delivered their missives to my family members by now and most of them will probably be arriving by sundown. I close my eyes and picture the last time our home was filled with so many Dragomirov's. It was grandma Aneta's eightieth birthday and she held court in our tiny sitting room, perched on papa's chair by the hearth. I was only ten at the time and I remember Filipa and me spending all day in the kitchen with mama, helping her make the moussaka and wine kebab and bean soup. We were allowed to stay up far past our bedtime and getting to play the Gadulka for grandma's special day was a joy.

My hunger pangs have morphed into a numb haze when Agnesa finally returns with the Vicar at midday. She closes the door behind them, turning the lock.

"His Holiness needs to examine you girl."

I'm beginning to look forward to my death, if only to escape this nightmare. I bite my lip, refusing to show any emotion and stand before them. I can smell the wine on the Vicar's breath as he scrutinizes me, brushing his fingers over my nipples, across my belly and down my backside. Leaning in he whispers in my ear as if I'm his lover.

"Lay down on the bed and spread your legs."

Thinking of my family and my people I resist the urge to grab the water pitcher and strike him over the head with it, laying down and opening my legs. I turn my face to the wall, determined to ignore him as he sits down next to my hip. I hear the rustle of fabric and then the Vicar is thrusting his fingers inside me, prodding a bit and withdrawing.

"Excellent work Agnesa."

"Thank you, your Holiness."

I hold out hope he's done but he slides his fingers into me a second time and begins to slowly move them in and out, his thumb rubbing the tiny hard nub I discovered brought me pleasure the summer I was fourteen.

"Tell me Elena, have you learned to pleasure yourself?"

I bring my hands down to push him away and Agnesa captures my wrists in a painful grip, pinning them above my head. Cheeks burning, I shake my head.

"Stop please!"

He laughs.

"I think you have. You're all secretly whores behind closed doors."

He pinches the nub and crooks his fingers upward pressing in and I cry out before I can stop myself.

"That's it."

He rubs and pinches and strokes me relentlessly until I'm whimpering, my hips moving of their own
volition. I fight to hold it in but I can't stop the natural responses of my body and I orgasm, clenching down on his fingers and releasing a flood of juices onto the sheets beneath me. He pulls his fingers out and wipes them off on the robe with a gusty sigh.

"It's a shame you won't be staying with us. You would do well among the courtesans."

I knew the priests enjoyed visiting the women in the balneum and the thought of this depraved holy man touching me that way makes me ill. Agnesa finally releases my wrists and gets up from the bed.

"I will return at moonrise to take you to the ceremony."

They walk out without another word. In a rush of defiance, I put the robe on but see the smear of blood from his fingers and throw it across the room where it knocks over the flower vase on the shrine, spilling water across the tile. Going over to the wash basin I scrub between my legs until I'm sore but I can still feel his fingers inside me. Overcome with a surge of fury I tip over the table and rip the sheets off of the bed screaming in anger. Anger at the Patron for his complete obliviousness to the abuses of his priests, anger at the possibility he knows and doesn't care, anger at the King for being so concerned about his throne he refuses to stand up to the Temple for the sake of his people, anger that my life and all it held is gone. The doorknob turns and one of the senior priestesses, drawn by the noise, looks in and sees the mess. She doesn't say a word, merely walks over and picks up the robe, righting the vase and the flowers, putting the table back and walking out. I slump to the bed, wrapping myself in the sheets, suddenly exhausted. The priestess comes back with a fresh robe, refills the vase and leaves again. I get some more water and lay down on the bed dropping off to sleep again.

When next I awake Agnesa is coming in the door and I can see from the window it's time for the ceremony. She hands me the robe.

"Come."

I wrap myself in the robe and follow her down the hallway past the bathing room and up a flight of stairs. I don't see another soul until we enter the Great Hall. I have been here for every day of devotion since just after I was born. In the mornings it's absolutely radiant, the sunlight bursting through the stained glass in a riot of colors. The white marble columns festooned with sweet smelling flowers and the benches filled with villagers, their voices raised in song never ceases to lift my spirits. Even in the face of my anger at the Patron and the clergy, I still found comfort in this place. Tonight, however, it feels like a tomb, oppressive and silent. Arrayed around the edges are all the most senior ranking clergy, in front of the altar I see the Lord Vicar and his Holy Council. Agnesa walks me down to the altar and removes my robe, stepping away to take her place amongst the clergy. I'm light headed from the cleansing, the lack of food, too little sleep and the incense that was burning in my room making the whole ceremony hazy. I dimly remember chanting, kneeling before the statue of the Patron and being anointed with oil on my breasts and between my legs. I remember being lifted up and held aloft, paraded around the room to be blessed with a touch by all the clergy.

At one point I think must have nodded off because when I open my eyes I'm in the sepulcher. The air inside is warm but there's a faint breeze by my head. I can barely move an inch there's so little room inside. I know I'm passing through the center of town because I can hear the chattering of the crowds and the Royal Guard marching alongside in escort. The bell in the Century tower will have been rung as soon as word reached the Temple, announcing to everyone in Starazagora that the Patron has claimed a daughter. My parents and siblings will be sitting with the King and Queen as all the families of the Chosen do for the procession. I wish I could open the lid and have one last look at them but the sepulcher is sealed shut as it has been for every journey to the Grove.

Eventually the sounds of the crowd and boots on the stones fade and is replaced by the song of the
crickets and the whispering of the trees. My stomach lurches because it's almost over and I'm not ready. All too soon the sepulcher is set down and the lid lifted. I blink in the sudden brightness of the torches by the altar. I look around and notice most of the clergy has stayed behind at the Temple, the only ones to witness my final journey are the Lord Vicar, Agnesa, the Holy Council and the bearers of the sepulcher. When they lift me out and I see the bindings hanging from the two columns rising on either side of the marble slab, all my intentions of standing tall and facing my fate with dignity are washed away by fear and my legs buckle beneath me. One of the priests who bore the sepulcher simply picks me up and sets me down on top of it. Agnesa and the Vicar bind my wrists to the columns, leaving me resting on my heels, arms stretched out to the sides as if in praise. I am given a final blessing by the Vicar and the incense bowls at the base of each column are lit, the heady scent filling my head and leaving me dazed. I watch with a detached sort of fog as he and the rest of the clergy turn to leave. Agnesa is the last to go and I see her pull something from the sepulcher before the priests put the lid back on and carry it way. I swallow the lump in my throat when she comes up to the altar and I see it's my red ribbon. She wraps it around one of my wrists and ties it off in a snug bow, squeezing my hand before turning and catching up with the others. They disappear into the trees and I'm left alone.

There's not enough give in the ropes to allow me to lie down so I fold my legs up in front of me and rest my head on my knees. The white marble is still warm from the days sun but won't be for long with the mountain breezes rolling in. I close my eyes and let my mind drift, wondering if my death will be painful and what form it will take. Wondering how long I will wait until he comes for me. I don't even know what he looks like, no one does, he's only ever communicated to us through voices and signs. His statue in the Great Hall is nothing more than a vague male form standing sentinel over the rows of benches. I think about all the things I'll miss, the birth of my niece or nephew, corn mazes at the Petrova farm, the smell of mama's apple tart, dozing on the shores of Koprinka Lake, the Festival of the Snows.

My wrists are beginning to get sore and the marble has gone cold when the crickets suddenly go silent. The torches start to wildly flicker and the air turns thick and still, I'm reminded of the hush that falls over our valley before a summer storm comes sweeping down from the mountains. Goosebumps break out all over my body and my heart starts racing. Just in front of the altar a roiling mass of shadow emerges from thin air and starts to grow. I watch as it begins to slowly rotate like the eddies in the rapids of the Tundja river. It continues to expand in size until it's as wide the barn doors on our stable and half again as tall. The darkness parts like a curtain and out steps the Patron. Well over six feet tall with skin as black as onyx, sporting a single thick braid the color of fish scales and just as bright. He's built like a plowman with a face that would induce swooning in every woman over the age of five if it weren't for the cold and forbidding look that graces it. More terrifying still are his eyes, they glow crimson from within like the banked embers of a fire. Unlike the ostentatiousness of his priests, he's dressed rather ordinary for a god. Barefoot and bare-chested with a simple wrap the color of twilight tied around the waist and draping to his ankles. Devoid of the vulgar display of jewels favored by the Vicar he wears a set of bracers fashioned of interlocking silver links similar to the scale mail our knights wear and a stunning torc shaped like a falcon in flight, its wings curving upward around his neck.

He steps up to the altar looming over me and I cringe when he reaches out thinking it's the end but he merely undoes the bindings on my wrists and takes each one in his hand carefully looking it over. I'm confused, to say the least, I wasn't sure exactly what to expect but this quiet perusal, this calm silence was not it. I summon my courage to address him, weighing my curiosity against what I have to lose which is little.

"Are you examining me for injury?"

He looks up sharply, surprise, irritation and then forbearance passing in rapid succession across his
"Yes."

"Why bother if I'm destined to die?"

"I do not desire your death."

"Then what do you want?"

He places his palm fingers spread wide over my forehead and everything fades into black.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Helena gives birth to the Jinn's children and he introduces her to the pleasure in pain.

My dreams are bizarre, dark things filled with tentacles, pain and pleasure. I'm not aware of the passage of time in my cocoon until a sharp cramp tears through me and my body jerks inside the breeding pod. I wake up in the cloying black and panic before I remember where I am. Long minutes pass as the larvae within me get progressively more restless. I start fighting the tube in my throat, twisting and turning but the skin tight cocoon has my limbs pressed tightly together. Suddenly I feel the cooler air of the cave hitting my body as the pod opens. There's a tug as the hood over my head draws back and I blink in the light. I almost throw up when the tubes are retracted from my nose and throat and the resulting coughing spell is agony. The Jinn picks me up out of the pod and lays me down on the floor. I immediately curl into a fetal position; the larvae have grown and the pressure is immense. My distended breasts ache brimming with milk, the skin stretched white and bloodless.

"I am pleased with your progress my pet. I am confident this will be the first of many successful birthing's you will have."

I'm gripped with a sharp contraction and roll over on my back, spreading my knees and crying out. He is gleeful.

"It is time!"

He reaches down and maneuvers me so I'm squatting on the floor, slightly leaning forward on my hands, thighs spread. I hear him speak to someone in another language. My head tilts back and I wail as another contraction hits me. I feel movement between my legs and look down to see the seal on my pussy being pushed outward from the inside. I can actually see an insectoid head twisting from side to side, trying to push its way out as the gel is stretched to transparency. Before the third contraction hits the same brunette from before is suddenly there with me. She works alongside the Jinn with brisk efficiency, him settling behind me to support my back and her taking out something slim that glows blue and cuts through the gel. I am frozen in horror as I watch the larva begin to crawl out of me. Gone are the white bloated maggots, they have transformed into creatures that look vaguely like giant black chitinous scarabs. The tiny adhesive nubs they used to propel themselves have transformed into sharp claws that sting as they make their way out into the light. They have doubled in size and my body instinctively begins to bear down, squeezing them out of me.

The first larva crawls out, piercing my skin as it travels up my body and I watch in fearful anticipation as it searches out my nipples. I scream when upon finding one, it latches on to my tender breast and burrows its head inside the tip like a tick, savagely sucking the milk out. Neither is my other breast spared, the second larva is even more aggressive.

"Please give me something for the pain!"

She takes my hand and squeezes it, handing the Jinn a cool compress to place on my forehead.
"I'm sorry I can't, anything I give you could endanger you and the children."

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

Long hours pass as I struggle to give birth to the Jinn's children and nurse them, by the time the last one is passed I am soaked in sweat and barely conscious. I hardly notice as he lifts my body and places me back in the pod. She follows and checks over me, her fingers gently probing my pussy.

"Doctor?"

"She has done remarkably well for her first birthing. She should recover quickly with rest. I wouldn't recommend any penetrative sex for at least 48 hours."

"Duly noted."

When I come to again my entire body is aching. I look it over, taking note of the traces of dried blood on my nipples and abdomen. Reaching down with my fingers I check my bruised and swollen hole and wince. I'm surprised the only real damage I find is from the claws, I thought for sure I would be horribly torn. It feels odd to have control over my body and to be empty at last though I know that won't be for long. I'm disgusted by finding out the pod is indeed a living thing but I'm too worn out to pull myself out so I doze fitfully in it until I wake up to the sound of the Jinn approaching.

"You must eat my pet, replenish your energy for the next birth."

He hands me a platter with something that looks vaguely like meat and some kind of vegetable along with a drink. At the smell of it I realize I'm ravenous and start tearing into the food which is surprisingly good. I eat every bite and slump back in the pod, my belly pleasantly full. My eyes start to droop shut and I barely notice when he takes the plates and leaves.

When next I awake I am feeling much better if still a little sore. It doesn't take long for the Jinn to notice I am up and he floats down into the oubliette with a huge smile on his face.

"Congratulations, you have given me thirty five healthy children. Well formed and strong, when they grow into adults they will seek out a kingdom and make a compact of their own with the villagers."

"Wait you mean other girls in other kingdoms will be subjected to the same thing?"

"Yes it is how we procreate, there are no females in our race. When my children are older they will develop the ability to take a humanoid form as I do and they will go forth and bring back virgins of their own to breed and enjoy."

I am horrified to find out this pact is not just limited to my kingdom. There are countless other girls dragged into countless caves, their bodies forced to play host to these monstrosities. I'm certain the priests have no clue the true price being paid for our kingdoms safety but I find myself wanting to know more in spite of my disgust.

"If you have no females where do the larvae come from?"

"It will not hurt to indulge your curiosity I suppose, you will die with the knowledge. They spawn from the bodies of our own people who have passed on. When we decompose we leave behind an accumulation of biological material that when exposed to our seed becomes larvae. They are then incubated inside a humanoid female where they absorb nutrients from her body and gestate into their mature form."
I am utterly revolted and roll out of the pod, backing away from the creature. He chuckles softly and my stomach twists at the sound. I reach the wall and hug it to maintain distance but it's pointless. So pointless he's not bothering to come get me knowing there's nowhere for me go. He turns his attention to the oubliette and summons thin tentacles from the floor and the ceiling directly above. They wriggle out pausing to sense their surroundings and vibrate in place like they are awaiting orders. The Jinn turns and holds his hand out.

"Come here."

I shake my head in denial.

"I can be merciful if I choose."

"I'm already going to live a life of pain that ends in the stomach of a worm, what possible motivation do I have to be obedient?"

"I see some bravery peeking out, how delightful. Very well, you have been honest so I will respond in kind. I don't need you to be capable of higher brain functions to breed or be my cock warmer. I can render you a mindless shell right now. I can empty your mind like you empty a cup, no memories, no self awareness, NOTHING. I've only ever done it as a final mercy for the countless females who have given birth to my precious children but I can always......adapt."

I stand there mute and stunned. The reality of my situation hitting me with the force of a blacksmith's hammer. He has no obligation nor inclination to consider my feelings at all. He can continue to forcefully impregnate me, rape me, beat me and I can't do a thing about it. But in spite of all the pain I've endured he hasn't done any real harm to me and as horrific as it all is a part of me understands this is the only way his race knows how to survive. I realize my only power in this situation lies in how I behave. If I am cooperative perhaps my living conditions can be made more pleasant. Decision made I slowly walk over to him my head bowed.

"I won't fight you."

He looks surprised for moment and then takes my wrist and brings me over to where the tentacles wait. It takes a supreme effort on my part not to flinch, to just surrender when the tentacles wrap around my ankles and wrists and start to retract.

When they are finished I find myself suspended, thighs spread wide and lashed to my ankles. My hips and upper chest have been pulled upward, forcing my body to hang in a slight U shape, arms secured against my lower back. I am completely supported and amazingly feel no pain other a vague soreness from the stretch of my muscles. I drop my head down and stare at the floor, terrified at what might come next.

The Jinn comes around to my front and lifts my chin up. My eyes widen as I take in his appearance. He still has the same human form however, instead of his lower abdomen ending in a formless white mist I am now looking at two well-muscled legs and an enormous, hard, pulsing cock. He sees the fear in my eyes and laughs, reaching down to caress his flesh.

"Do not worry my pet, I will prepare you just as I did with your impregnation. I wouldn't want you damaged."

He circles around behind me and I lose sight of him. I hang there in a welter of nervous anticipation when suddenly I hear a quiet whishing sound, a sharp snap and then a nasty sting explodes across my ass. Another blow quickly follows and another. I can't help it, I start to writhe in my restraints, futilely trying to escape the bite of the strap and crying out with every strike. Somewhere in the haze
of sensation I realize he's not hitting hard enough to really hurt clearly, he doesn't want to do me actual harm.

After what feels like an eternity I've almost gotten accustomed to the maddening little bites but I'm certain I have welts all over my ass. There's a brief pause where I'm left wondering what's next when he switches targets bringing the strap down right between my cheeks. I scream out as my anus is flogged over and over. Once again, he doesn't hit hard enough to really cause a lot of pain but it's enough to make my eyes water and my mouth to beg.

"Please no more!"

"I am nowhere near done with you my pet."

A few more strikes on my tender anus and he moves on to my pussy. The tentacles tighten under the force of my wriggling when the strap begins to lick at my lips and clitoris, forcing an endless stream of yelps and begging to disgorge from my mouth. The blows continue, my clitoris growing wet, swollen and ever more sensitive with each swing of the strap and I fight to keep the moans locked behind my teeth. He ruthlessly continues to flog me between my legs until my pussy spasms and my body locks up in the throes of an intense orgasm. As the aftershocks fade I hang there, out of breath. I'm eventually brought out of my pleasant drifting when I feel his fingers sliding into the wetness and beginning to work me open. I am thankful he has decided to be far gentler than he was last time. Perhaps my submission prompted the change.

Long minutes go by as his fingers slowly coax my pussy open. To my humiliation I am quietly whimpering and moving my hips with the penetration. I am close to another orgasm when he abruptly pulls his fingers out and to my horror I almost whine in disappointment. He comes around to the front and tilts my chin up again. His other hand takes a hold of his cock and brings it up to my mouth.

"Suck it."

I shut my eyes understanding this little act is a test of my obedience although I'm certain this won't be the last time he does this. I swallow, opening my mouth and immediately it's filled with the hard length. One hand grips my jaw and the other the back of my head. He slowly thrusts in and out of my mouth, fucking my face and going deeper with every pass.

"You will take me all the way in."

I nod as much as I am able to with his iron grip on my head and focus on trying to relax my throat. His cock is so wide it's just this side of painful as it forces my jaw open. A few more shallow thrusts and then he keeps going, sliding all the way down my throat. I gurgle as my gag reflex kicks in and instinctively I start to fight it. He tightens his grip and looks down at me impassive as tears gather in my eyes and I struggle to calm myself.

"I expect you to eventually learn to bring me to orgasm with your throat muscles."

I finally force my throat to relax and open up and I feel his cock slide down a little bit deeper. His pubic hair is tickling my nose and I can smell a surprisingly rich and earthy scent emanating from his pores. I had expected the typical stench of the men from my village. I convulsively swallow repeatedly dragging a genuine moan out of the Jinn. Thankfully he drags his cock out just as I start to panic from the lack of oxygen.

"You did well my pet, next time I will feed you my come."
I lightly cough and take a few breaths. I'm hoping the lack of any discernable taste from the little fluid I have in my mouth means swallowing his seed won't be an unpleasant experience. He walks back around behind me to stand between my thighs and I feel the wet tip of his cock brushing my pussy. He rubs the head around my clitoris, reinserting his fingers and spends some minutes lazily playing with my opening. When my hips begin to shift again he spreads my lips with his thumbs and slides his cock in.

It's big, almost too big. I wince as it stretches me open, parting my flesh and driving in like a nail, forcing my body to accommodate it. It feels like it goes on forever, delving deeper and deeper until it bumps up against my cervix. The Jinn pauses, groaning at the feel of my pussy spasming as it adjusts to the intrusion. When he deems me ready he slowly pulls back out, leaving just the tip in. Then it's my turn to groan when he pushes back in, completely filling me. Setting up a slow and deep rhythm he grips my hips, pulling me back onto his cock as he fucks me.

His cock is thick enough that with each thrust inward it rubs firmly against my clit and I cry out with every one as they get harder and deeper. The Jinn leans forward over my back and whispers in my ear.

"That's it......submit my pet."

I squeal when I feel two of his fingers come around my hip, slide between my legs and dip into my pussy just above where his cock is piercing me. He hooks them up behind my clitoris as if he's picking up a bucket handle and pulls slightly upward, squeezing the sensitive spot there between my pelvic bone and his fingers. I convulse, screaming as I am launched into an orgasm almost strong enough to make me blackout. I tremble through the aftershocks, my pussy clenching down hard on the cock deep within me and triggering his orgasm. I feel the hot rush of his release fill me and I go limp in my bindings.

The Jinn slowly pulls out, drawing a whine from me and a flood of come onto the floor. The wet dripping sound is a glaring reminder that I was just raped and enjoyed it. Would it have been easier to bear if it had been painful? Maybe I'm just a coward because I don't regret making the choice to submit to him. I wonder if the other girls had the same moral crisis. Did they eventually give in and learn to take pleasure in his touch? If I take some comfort in this existence is it wrong? The Jinn will do what it will with me no matter that I enjoy it or not. I have no choice here. I know some would tell me to fight him to my last breath, to refuse to submit but I can't or I'll end up a mindless thrall and he gets what he wants anyway. If I take some enjoyment in my enslavement I am blameless, it is all I have left, right? I will take the pleasure as it leavens the pain, I will be obedient to his commands, perhaps I will even initiate sex. I can at least show gratitude for when he does show gentleness and consideration, it might encourage more of that behavior.

The restraints have started to ache so I'm glad when he releases me from them. I'm surprised though when he lays me on the floor and starts massaging the circulation back into my limbs. I hiss through my teeth as the muscles are stretched out. I lie there blissfully drifting in and out until he picks me up to carry me to the pod. I take a chance and lay my hand on his chest.

"Thank you....for being gentler with me."

He looks down at me completely indifferent.

"Do not mistake my kindness for weakness. Your body is a tool, I take care of it as your people would their swords. As for your pleasure, you may have given yourself permission to enjoy what I do to your body but I can sense it still makes you conflicted and I relish watching that struggle."

With those words I realize I was foolish to hope he would show any compassion towards me. He is
incapable of feeling, has no concern for my pain and my pleasure is a game to him. He will treat me
as the sheepherder in my village treats his dog. Useful and worthy of being cared for in as much as it
provides a service keeping watch over his sheep. I just nod because what else can I do?

He lays me down in the pod and rouses me a few minutes later with more food. He insists on feeding
me this time and I don't fight it. In between bites I try and make small talk.

"Can I see how you will erase my mind?"

He smiles as if he knows what my reaction will be and I think about telling him to forget but I'm too
curious. He holds his palm out flat and as I watch what looks like a long scar opens up and out
slithers a tiny tentacle with a vicious looking needle on the end of it. I swallow down the
dread and take refuge in more mundane questions.

"How does it work?"

"My aren't you chatty, I don't recall any of my other brood mothers being this talkative."

I duck my head, showing contrition.

"I don't want to spend the rest of my life in silence."

"Fair enough. The needle pierces through your temple and into the brain where it releases a chemical
that deadens the cells. The first thing to go is your higher reasoning so you don't have the awareness
to be upset when your memories start to disappear. Your senses are next and lastly your motor
functions. It's painless, you go unconscious and your heart stops."

"Sounds very organized and.....considerate."

"We have been doing this for thousands of years. And there is no reason to purposely inflict pain on
a slave who has served us well."

My thoughts stray to the flogging and again he seems to read my mind.

"There are many kinds of pain my pet, I enjoy inflicting that kind. It does not matter, you will still
serve me in whatever capacity I choose. Now enough talk, go to sleep."

The last thing I see is the pod closing over me, this time loosely cradling my body in its embrace. All
the events of the day crash in on me and I drop off to sleep almost immediately.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Helena learns her fate and suffers her first breeding.

When I wake up I am lying inside what looks like a giant seed pod that’s been opened, looking up I see white stalactites hanging from the ceiling. The air is warm and still, no sound but the faint running of liquid somewhere. I must be in his lair. The inside of the pod is warm and slightly moist, I get the creepy feeling it's alive. I find that the paralysis has worn off so I grab the edge and try to haul myself out but instantly regret it. Sharp pain blooms deep in my pussy, the metal cage still within me has no flex to it and I quickly ascertain anything but lying down or kneeling back on my heels with my knees spread is painful. Thankfully the numbing agent is still active so all I feel is an uncomfortable fullness. I figure out the pod is pretty flexible so I roll over onto my side and use my weight to tip the pod over and gracelessly fall out onto smooth packed dirt. Gritting my teeth, I lie there and breathe deeply till the pain subsides. Looking around shows me I'm at the bottom of an oubliette in a cave. There are softly glowing lights spaced around the top rim that are unlike anything I have ever seen. Perfectly round and burning with a steady light, no flickering, no obvious fuel source. They are bright enough to unfortunately illuminate the bones of what are clearly humans littering the floor. I don't even want to know the story behind them though part of me has its suspicions.

The Jinn is nowhere to be seen so I make an attempt at escape. It's not easy, I find I have to come up on all fours and slowly stand. It's almost impossible to walk once I do, every stride pulls on the cage, tugging at the attachments still embedded in my flesh. It takes me longer than I like to get to the wall, the whole time I'm cringing at every sound thinking the Jinn is returning. White stone and warm to the touch the wall towers over my head. I try to stretch my arms to reach the rim but they fall short. I can't get a grip on the wall either, the stones are unbroken and smooth like well-fitted brick that’s just been laid. After a futile effort, I want to cry, all that soreness and exhaustion and there is no escape. This close to the wall I notice holes about as wide as my thigh all around the circumference of the base. I carefully get down on my knees and peek inside but all I see is a deep darkness. Something slithers inside and I back away, an unpleasant curling in my stomach. I slowly lower myself down, trying to find a comfortable position on the floor and end up on my back. My stomach growls and I'm reminded I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday evening. As if in response to the gurgling a shadow falls over my prison and I look up to see the Jinn standing over me. My throat has recovered enough that I can finally speak.

"Please, what do you want with me?"

He floats down into the oubliette; the white mist trailing behind him and says nothing.

"What are you going to do with me?"

He reaches down and wraps a hand around my ankle pulling me toward him. I wince in pain and the fear that seizes me drowns it out galvanizing me to fight. My efforts are completely ineffectual, the Jinn quickly employs his tentacles to immobilize me. He grips the back of my neck and seals his mouth over mine, exhaling more of the red mist into my mouth. Knowing what happens I hold my breath for as long as I can. Unfortunately for me, it seems he doesn't need to
breathe because he keeps his mouth on mine and continuously forces the mist past my lips until I have no choice but to suck in a breath. In an instant, the paralysis sweeps over my body and I go limp in his grasp. He lays me down spread open in the center of the oubliette and steps back, staring down at me dispassionately.

"You wish to know your fate human? I will tell you although I think you would have chosen to remain in ignorant bliss."

His voice is a deep vibration, foreboding and implacable.

"You will serve as your predecessor did as a breeder and my sex slave. Your womb is the perfect incubator for my larvae. You will lie there helpless, the cage keeping you held wide open as they enter your orifice. They will fill you to capacity where upon I will seal your opening shut and cocoon you in a breeding pod. There you will lie unconscious, a tube down your throat and nose keeping you breathing, fed and sedated until it is time to give birth."

My eyes widen in utter horror, arms struggling to lift up as if to ward off his words but he inexorably continues to outline my fate.

"When they are ready you will squat here on the floor as they crawl out of you. It will take some time and no doubt exhaust you, you will be bringing forth at least thirty of my children. For the week after you will nourish them from your breasts and then they will be released into the hive under the care of my older children. Between gestations when I wish to use your body to satisfy my urges I will take you. When I wish to entertain myself with your squeals and pleading I will take a strap to your delicate parts. You will spend the rest of your life belly swollen with my children, crying out under my lash and filled with my cock until your body can no longer sustain a pregnancy. When that happens there is only one use left for you.......to feed The Worm. You will end your life slowly being consumed in its gullet but do not fear you won't feel a thing but sublime ecstasy. Your mind will be emptied before you ever feel the acid begin to eat away at your flesh. Consider it my final gift to you for your service."

Overcome at facing death after a life of slavery I get angry but I can only lie there in impotent rage, tears running down my face at my helplessness. Again, I wonder why he bothered to give me such pleasure if I am nothing more than a womb, an object to be used for his pleasure. As if he read my mind he answers me.

"The pleasure I bestowed was my gift to mark the beginning of your life with me just as I will gift you at the end of it."

Movement catches my eye. I look over at the line of holes in the rock wall and panic grips me. The Jinn turns and smiles.

"It is time."

Crawling out of the dark holes are things from my worst nightmares. Disgusting, grotesque, bloated and corpse white they look like oversized maggots, trailing greenish slime behind them as they move over the dirt floor. The Jinn simply stands there, satisfaction on his face and watches as the larvae get closer and closer to my helpless body. A human woman steps up beside him and I wordlessly plead with her to help me. Surely being female and a human she will condemn what is being done to me? Her brown eyes convey sympathy but she doesn't intervene. Instead, she kneels down beside me and takes out an odd-looking stick with a knob on the end that glows blue. She sweeps it over my body, paying particular attention to my abdomen. There is a glowing square attached to the stick by some kind of twine that flickers and begins to list off words and numbers as if an invisible hand is writing them. She stands up and shows it to the Jinn.
"She is at peak fertility my Lord and BP, respiration, cardiac function it all looks excellent."

By the Gods, she sounds like old Harmond when he checks on the dairy cows that are ready to be bred.

It takes an interminable amount of time for them to cross the floor and I don't know which I prefer, for them to get it over with or to lie here and wait for the inevitable. They finally reach my feet and I watch in mounting terror as they crawl between my legs, closer and closer to my vulnerable pussy. I desperately try and close my legs, move, do anything to avoid my fate but the paralysis still has a hold on me and I feel the first of them enter the cage and start to make its way inside. I cry in despair as the sinister purpose of the metal cage reveals itself. Even without the paralysis, I can do nothing to prevent the larvae from penetrating me.

It moves through the cage and squirms deeper and deeper stretching my insides. I feel its feet stick to my flesh as it propels itself forward like the caterpillars I used to catch during spring. I can't tear my eyes away from the sight of my abdomen, I can see the bulge of its body under my skin. The sensation of it moving within me is maddening and a wave of burning pain hits me when it reaches my cervix and forces its way through into my womb. I look past the end of my legs and see the rest of them pouring out of the holes, a mass of wet squirming, squiggling things and I pray that I pass out. Unfortunately, I am not given that mercy.

After that, it's a blur, larvae after larvae pressing their way into me. I'm gritting my teeth at the feel of them moving through my passage, the soft tug from the bottom of their feet, the ache as they force their bloated bodies through. The pressure is unrelenting, my thighs open wider and my back begins to arch of its own volition as more and more larvae fill my body. My belly continues to grow before my eyes, the skin painfully tight as my womb is stretched bigger and bigger to take in more.

At this point my body is so stuffed it doesn't make any difference that the paralysis has worn off, I couldn't move if I wanted to. I tilt my head back and scream as yet another two penetrate me. My body twitches, cramps tearing through my lower abdomen as the parade continues. I've lost count of how many I've taken in and the pressure is beginning to make me woozy. The woman bends down and passes the stick over me again but clearly whatever she sees does not prompt her to stop what's happening. The Jinn raises a questioning brow and she shows him the glowing square.

"Still within acceptable levels my Lord."

"Please, no more I beg of you!"

"You can take more my pet, you WILL take more."

I'm certain my body can't fit anymore, that the skin of my stomach will split open like ripe fruit and I continue to plead with the Jinn and the woman. It has about as much affect as trying to hold back a flood, he just stands there monitoring the proceedings as if he's watching me knit and she is intent on her weird tools. Through the haze, I feel more larvae burrow their way into my body and he smiles with pride.

"Well done, you have broken your predecessor's record, you have taken thirty-five!"

I am spent, I can't even respond to pain anymore. I am so full breathing is difficult and I just lay there barely conscious, legs splayed open. The relief is so acute I wanna cry when the last larva has slithered inside me and it's over. The woman makes one more pass over my body and nods stepping off to the side. The Jinn reaches in and releases the cage from my flesh, sliding the tube out of me. I am so out of it I just lie there when he applies the gel to my pussy, sealing it shut. I'm like a broken doll when he picks me up and lays me back in the breeding pod. There is not even a token fight
when he grips my head and forces my jaws open for the tube that slides from the pod's stalk and enters my mouth, releasing a numbing substance that suppresses my gag reflex before sliding down my throat into my stomach with an awful wet sucking sound. It is followed by two more smaller tubes that slide into my nostrils to allow me to breathe. Even with the numbness my throat spasmodically swallows around the tube, trying to dislodge what's blocking it.

My head tilted back I watch as a viscous liquid oozes from the outer surface of the tubes and begins to slowly run down toward my face. When it makes contact with my skin it expands and spreads, merging at the back of my head and moving upward. It oozes into my ears, filling them and leaving me stone deaf. It continues to flow over my face, covering my mouth, my nose and lastly my eyes. When it is done my head is engulfed in a flexible coating like a second skin. I am smothered in blackness, kept company by the sound of my heart beating and the feel of the larvae shifting within me. I feel the Jinn run his hand over my swollen belly, dipping down to rub over the seal on my pussy. The pod slowly closes, its walls tightening and contracting to enclose me in a skin tight cocoon and then the tube in my stomach releases a cool liquid that renders me unconscious.

The Jinn looks at the pod and nods in satisfaction at his newest brood mother, tucked away safe and snug inside and growing his offspring. He did not tell her that her life here would last far longer than it would have had she stayed among her people. No, a delightful side effect the Jinn scientists discovered long ago was exposure to the chemicals secreted by the larvae during gestation results in a significantly longer lifespan for the breeder. This brood mother already showed promise in the number of larvae her body could be forced to take in and she would provide countless years of pleasure in her soft warm orifices. He was looking forward to taking a strap to those orifices and those luscious breasts. Her pale skin would display the crimson marks of her beatings quite nicely. She was extraordinarily healthy and if fortune smiled on him she would be able to breed for quite some time. She could birth many children before her body gave out and it came time for that last sacrifice. The Worm would undoubtedly enjoy the taste of her flesh but she would feel nothing as it begins to liquefy her muscle and skin. A brief moment of pain as the needles pierce her brain and empty her mind but then, she would be seized by endless waves of pleasure, rendered deaf, blind and completely unaware right up to the end. Her bones would then join the others at the bottom of the nest and he would pass through the portal once again to choose another girl.

The woman bows her head. Another girl taken from her family and forced to serve the Kailjit. She has been with the Prince for enough years to see this happen more times than she can count. Abundantly fertile, a remarkable tolerance for handling the rigors of a Kailjit spawning, easy to control and extraordinarily responsive sexually, these qualities had made human women prime targets of the Kailjit Empire. She herself was brought here as a war hostage to care for the slaves, specifically, the breeders. Being a doctor and specializing in human female reproductive systems she was highly sought after for her skills. She had long ago accepted that she would never be able to go home, that her indentured servitude helped purchase peace for her people. Countless birthing’s she has overseen and inevitably the slaves always beg her to help them. She feels terrible guilt for what they have to endure but not enough to risk her own people. She does her best to do what she can for them, establishing herself as their advocate, working to improve their living conditions, pushing for legal protections and standards of treatment. Most of the time she’s in the infirmary, researching ways to eliminate the need to use human females for breeding. She has to concede the Kailjit aren't really evil, they’re no worse than many of the races she's encountered and better than most. She can usually put out of her mind all the things she can't change but then there are the nights she walks in on him vigorously fucking his breeder slave on the table in the Great Room. Hear the sounds of the strap kissing flesh behind the doors to his chambers and her cries of intermingled pleasure and pain. Accidentally sees her laid out on her back in the oubliette, freshly impregnated by the pod, one hand on her swollen stomach, thighs splayed out over
his, his hips snapping as he drives his cock into her ass. Those are the nights she finds herself reaching for the bottle and the oblivion it promises.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Helena's first public outing with her Master comes with several revelations a humiliating orgasm and some insight into him and his people. She also endures her first discipline at his hands and more unpleasant truths as to what will be expected of her.

The next day I have more questions for him over breakfast. Luckily for me, he seems to take amusement in my inquisitiveness.

"The pod it's alive?"

"Yes, this one is centuries old. Its roots extend throughout the entire network of caves that make up my home, the pod itself is what you would call the blooming part of a flower. Our two species have long enjoyed a very symbiotic relationship. We provide it with safety and a place to mature its seeds, it, in turn, cares for our brood mothers during the gestation of our children."

He looks over at the pod and then looks at me and smiles.

"Your womb will be the ideal place for its seeds to grow."

I shoot to my feet fists clenched.

"You said I would be your breeder!"

"Yes but I never said I would be the only one to use you for that purpose."

I lose my temper and actually take a swing at him. A moment later I regret it as he dodges my blow easily and advances on me. I'm prepared for incendiary rage but what I get is ten times scarier. He doesn't say a word, silently and swiftly reaching out with his tentacles to restrain me. I am terrified of what his punishment will be and it turns out to be a truly terrible one. He brings his hands up and grips my head between them. I realize just a second before I feel the needles pierce my temples what is going to happen and panic, fighting the restraints. My struggle has no effect and I feel myself getting lightheaded. After a minute my body goes limp and he summarily drops me onto the floor. In the haze I realize I'm still alive, I still have my mind and I sob in relief.

"I took only some of your memories, specifically the ones of your eldest brother. I will use your body as I see fit pet, do not test me again or I will take all of them."

I close my eyes and try to bring forth my brother and find only blankness. What he looks like, his name, it's all gone. I still recall his wife and that he has a child on the way but the rest...nothing. He wanted to punish me and he did, quite effectively. If all knowledge of my brother had been erased I would have nothing to miss. As it is, my memories are gone but not my awareness he existed which is agony. I wrap my arms around my knees and weep with grief. The Jinn just leaves me on the floor, satisfied I have learned my lesson.

"When you have pulled yourself together and finished your meal you will nurse the children."

With that, he leaves me alone.
I find I cannot eat, my stomach is twisted and my heart aches. I can never get the memories of my brother back. The emotions they evoked, the joy, the comfort, the feelings of safety, the amusement, they are all still there but the events they were a part of are missing, like the frayed and broken end of a rope. In desperation I cling to the memories I still have left, my sister, my two other brothers, my parents. The pain hits me anew however when I find he has taken much more from me than just my eldest brother. All the memories I have of my family, they have been hollowed out by the blank space left by my brother. When I revisit last years winter solstice I see my sister blushing over her latest crush and trying to lure him to stand under the mistletoe. I see my youngest and middle brothers pelting one another with snow out in the backyard. My mother is fussing over the mincemeat pies in the kitchen and father is napping in his favorite chair by the fire like he always does. When I get to my sister in law she is laughing at someone and teasing them for talking to her bellybutton but there is a black nothingness where that person should be. I know it's my brother but try as I might when I reach for the memory of what he said, how his voice sounded, what he was wearing, who he was, it slips away like smoke. I tell myself that even if I can't recall my brother he is alive and well as is the rest of my family. My sacrifice has bought safety for them for the next one hundred years. It gives me the strength to wipe the tears from my eyes and face the new day in this grim existence.

I look up at the sound of the Jinn returning and he takes in the sight of my tear streaked face dispassionately. There's movement behind him and I'm jarringly reminded of the cold reality of my situation when I see the "children" following behind. I don't want to give him any more reason to punish me so I kneel down and hold out my breasts to their hungry mouths. The experience is as painful as the first time I did it and I console myself with the knowledge that I only have to do it for one week.

When the last child is fed and I'm hugging my breasts waiting for the throbbing pain to fade the Jinn brings forth a collar.

"You must be collared before we go into the city."

I am so shocked at the knowledge that there is more than just this cave that I overlook the collar for a moment.

"Wait, there's a city?"

"Of course. We are interdimensional creatures and there are numerous species on this world. We sit at one of the major crossroads for trade."

A tiny part of me gets excited at the thought of seeing a city in another dimension. He had mentioned other kingdoms before but it didn't dawn on me what he really meant. I'm wondering what I will see when he draws my attention to the collar again.

"This collar can only be opened by me, it will display your status as my breeding and bed slave. Healthy breeding slaves are considered extremely valuable so should you find yourself separated from me the collar will ensure you do not wind up sold to a lupanar."

"Lupanar?"

"A house for carnal pleasure, you would call it a brothel. It is not a place you wish to find yourself in, they are for Kailjit who cannot afford slaves of their own."

He shows me the collar before placing it around my neck and locking it in place. Slim and black, made of some type of reflective metal I've never seen, it reminds me of the stones back home that look like liquid silver. I find it fits snugly but allows me room to breathe deep.
"This collar also has a tracking implant should you be foolish enough to try and escape and I wouldn't attempt its removal unless you want to asphyxiate. Now put this on."

He hands me a red garment that looks similar to the chiton I was made to wear at the Ceremony of Sacrifice but is shorter, only coming down to my upper thigh. I have gotten so accustomed to him wearing no clothing at all or choosing to be in his half flesh, half mist form that it's odd seeing him dressed now. He is wearing a wrap similar to the garb worn by our desert neighbors. Black and worn low on the waist, secured at the hip and flowing down to the ankles. He has also adorned himself with new jewelry. This time bracers of gleaming bronze, chunks of emerald in intricate patterns flowing over them with a matching circlet and torc.

Reaching down he clips a leash to my collar and then picks me up bridal style in his arms, his lower body swirling into mist as we rise up and out of the oubliette. I watch with unwilling fascination as the mist transforms once again into the black wrap and well-muscled legs. My attention however, is soon caught by the rest of his domicile. Spread out before me is an enormous open space with the oubliette in the center. With the exception of the walls and ceiling which were allowed to remain somewhat natural the floor is perfectly smooth white marble. Looking around I get a glimpse of opulent splendor. Luxurious thick carpets, sumptuous couches, rich burnished tables of carved wood and in an alcove I spot a beautiful fountain, clearly the source of the running water I was hearing. Affixed to the walls in clear crystal globes and sitting on the tables in various shaped containers is more of that strange lighting. I still see no evidence of any fuel and I can't understand how it stays lit when it's sealed inside those objects like it is. Passing by one of them as we head for the door I notice they give off no heat and a far brighter illumination than fire. Reading my mind again the Jinn speaks.

"If you are obedient while we are at the market I will allow you to explore my home and answer the questions I can see piling up in your head."

I meekly duck my head.

"Thank you."

We reach the front door of his home and looking out I see endless sunset skies and a great cliff across the way with openings to what look like other homes. Taking my hand, he helps me to step down into what can only be described as a boat, except there's no water and to my dismay a frighteningly long drop to the ground. Oddly enough the boat reminds me once again of our desert neighbors as it looks almost exactly like the small skiffs they use when traveling the river. A wide wood bottom coming to a point in the front and back with a single square sail and a small wheelhouse sitting in the center. I take a peek over the railing and my stomach lurches at how tiny the trees look from where we are. As soon as the boat pulls away from the cliffside I scurry into the wheelhouse and sit down on one of the chairs. The Jinn looks down at me thoroughly amused.

"It's perfectly safe."

"We are in the air how can it be safe!"

"It is advanced science that is unfamiliar to you, you will grow accustomed to it."

Of course, I am soon distracted by what he is using to steer the boat. There's no wheel at all, nothing but a long table that is lit up from within with more of that strange light. He has his hands laying on shallow round depressions on the table and occasionally I see his fingers press down and the spot where they touch grows brighter momentarily. I notice the boat shifts directions and changes speed when he does. It makes no sense to me that a table with nothing but two dents in it can steer a boat but that's exactly what's happening.
Eventually, my curiosity gets the better of me and I wander back out onto the deck. Countless caves litter the cliffsides on either side of me, level after level going all the way to the bottom where there is an unbroken canopy of trees. Boats of all sizes float through the air and somehow they all avoid running into one another. From their differences and the decoration adorning all the front doors, I ascertain that the lower down the cliff you live the poorer you are. I wasn't expecting to see anyone else so I almost scream when I get around to the back of the boat and find what I assume are two soldiers who are of the same race as the Jinn standing at attention. Unlike him, they are dressed head to toe in black armor, wicked looking blades at their sides. They stare straight ahead and don't even seem to acknowledge my presence, not even when I say hello.

I eventually wander back into the wheelhouse because the movement of all the boats is beginning to make me dizzy.

"Are those your bodyguards back there?"

"Yes, they are. Although I don't need them it is expected for a Kailjit of my status to have them for appearance's sake."

"You sound like one of the Royals back home."

"I am one of the royals."

I blink, not certain how to process that information but finding myself wanting to know more about the Jinn despite him being my slaver.

"Do your people have the same royals mine do?"

He turns to me considering.

"I don't believe I have ever had a more inquisitive slave. Your predecessors tended to be meek to the point of muteness."

A wicked smirk blossoms on his face.

"The only words to come out of their mouths were pleas to go deeper as I thrust into them or entreaties for me to stop as my strap kissed their bodies."

My mouth snaps shut and I have no idea what to say to that. The Jinn watches me flounder with relish and smiles salaciously.

"I will enjoy making you cry out in ecstasy, squirm and implore and quiver as your body twists under my lash."

He steps closer until he is looming over me.

"My fingers, my tongue, my cock, my tentacles filling your every orifice, leaving you breathless and consumed with guilt for craving it."

He reaches down and grips the back of my head with one hand and slides the needle into my temple with the other before I can react.

"Let me show you."

My knees give out and I slide to the floor as my mind is overwhelmed with visions of lying stretched out underneath him on that decadent carpet, thighs spread wide around his waist as he fucks me, on
my hands and knees, gripping my hips as he thrusts, on my stomach ass raised as a tentacle slowly pushes in deep, blindfolded and gagged, hands tied to the bedpost as his cock slides into my ass.

He releases me turning back to the controls with a chuckle and I am left confused, guilt-ridden and unbearably aroused. As if the conversation had never been interrupted he continues talking.

"We have a similar ruling structure."

I struggle to clear my head and catch up with the conversation.

"The needle, you put images in my head."

"Yes, I can insert knowledge as well as remove it, if you please me I could be convinced to return the memories of your brother."

My head snaps up.

"I thought they were gone, why did you let me think they were gone?"

"Pain is an effective motivator my pet."

Tears of relief spill over and down my cheeks, my brother is not lost.

"I will do anything you ask, I just want my brother back."

"That is good to hear, your next test of obedience is about to begin."

I feel the ship come to a stop and step out onto the deck to see an enormous row of floating docks. Up ahead there is an archway through which crowds of people are passing. It's a lot like market day back home but I am struck by all the different species, quite a few whom don't look even remotely human. There's a woman striding by who looks vaguely like a bobcat, complete with pointed ears, slit pupils, and an actual tail. The guards who are clearly there to keep order I have no frame of reference for. They look as if they are constructed entirely out of metal. I find myself turning in circles trying to see everything at once. There's a sharp tug on the leash and the Jinn is striding towards the archway. His bodyguards immediately fall into step right behind us.

"You will have plenty of opportunities to see everything. We have business to attend to."

I swiftly follow not wishing to anger him. As we pass people bow to him, stepping aside and showing solemn deference. At the archway, another of the Jinn's race nods his head and gestures to the market with his arm.

"My Prince it is agreeable to see you, welcome. Is there anything I can do to assist you?"

"Thank you no, I am here to mark and pierce my new slave and provide her with an implant."

He looks over at me.

"May I my Prince?"

"Of course."

He slowly walks around me examining me like I'm cattle and I'm thankful he doesn't touch me.

"Very nice, she will no doubt bring you much pleasure. Has she had her first breeding?"
"Yes, thirty-five strong and healthy children."

"Impressive, very few humans can handle a gestation that large."

He steps back and bows again.

"Good luck in your endeavors my Prince."

Walking away I am left unsettled and with a sharp reminder of my place here and just how low it is.

Entering the market itself I am inundated with a thousand different scents, voices crying out in a thousand different languages, clothing, food, weapons, furniture, clerical artifacts, the market has more items than I could see in a lifetime. Going through the crowd I get a lot of leers and I convulsively tug my hem down, feeling uncomfortably exposed with no undergarments and very much thankful the guards are behind me.

We stop at a shop that reminds me of the Temple, all white marble and sterile. There is nothing but a long table with more of those odd round depressions in it. Standing behind it is a blue-skinned man, at least eight feet tall with overly long limbs and fingers. He has no mouth and eyes that are the size of dinner plates. Stranger still is I can hear him perfectly fine when he greets us.

"Welcome my Prince, what can I do for you?"

"I need a chip implant for my new slave."

"Did you want the full spectrum?"

"Yes."

"Very well come with me my dear."

He smiles kindly, holding out his hand and I am so grateful to have someone in this awful place treat me like a person that I have to fight back tears. He pretends not to notice and leads me through a door to the back of the shop. There's a steel cabinet along one wall and a chair with an arm and backrest that tilt forward. Stranger still is the round piece of padding with the hole through it and I can't even begin to ascertain the purpose of the padded bar at the bottom. He patiently guides me to put my knees on the bar and lay on my stomach over the backrest, resting my forehead on the round padding so that my face fits in the hole and my arms on the sides. It's amazingly comfortable even though I can't figure out what it's for.

He comes over with a metal tool that looks like one of the handheld crossbows some of the king's men carry complete with a trigger, just missing the bow and arrow part. He sees I'm nervous so he pulls up a chair and explains what's going to happen.

"I'm going to implant you with a knowledge chip. It's just a tiny piece of metal that stores information like a book. It will connect with your brain and allow you to understand all the languages we speak in Aldarion Prime and know all the species that make their home here. It will also assist you in understanding how our basic technology works and link you to the universal network so you can access the public archives should you wish to familiarize yourself with our society. You have nothing to fear, it is completely painless."

He gets up and goes around behind me leaning down and sweeping my hair to the side. I get a death grip on the armrest when his hand lightly grasps the back of my neck. I feel something cold sprayed on my skin, a moment of pressure and a tiny pinch.
"There, all done."

I sit up and touch the back of my neck but can't feel a thing.

"You won't be able to feel it my dear, it's been implanted fairly deep."

He smiles and hands me the tool he used.

"Try it out."

I look down at it and instantly understand the basic principle of how it works and its purpose.

"That's convenient."

He laughs.

"Well with as many different species as we have come through here it's necessary and many of the slaves like yourself come from more primitive dimensions so it helps to acclimate you."

I hand it back.

"So, he's a Prince?"

"Yes, there are seven in his family. They all oversee some part of the Kailjit Empire. Your Master serves the Emperor as General of his armies."

My shoulders slump at the word master and he comes back to sit down in front of me, tucking my hair behind my ear.

"You need not fear the Prince my dear."

"He took some of my memories!"

"And did he offer to return them?"

I look over at the wall.

"Yes."

"I imagine he did it to discipline you am I correct?"

"He's breeding me, like an animal!"

At this, his face turns stern.

"It is how the Kailjit procreate and it was no worse than what you would have endured bringing a human child into the world. Easier in fact because unlike a human pregnancy you slept through all of it but the labor."

He sighs.

"You need to accept your place; your life will be a lot easier if you do."

"I have to keep reminding myself it's for my people."

He stands up and brushes the top of my head.
"Do as he commands and you'll find yourself well cared for my dear."

I look at him incredulously.

"I'm sleeping in a plant!"

"That's not a permanent thing. The oubliette is only used when the slave first arrives to impress on upon them their status in the household. As his bed and breeding slave you will be quite pampered I can assure you."

I don't really believe him but I appreciate the sentiment. We head back out to the front where the Prince and his guards are waiting.

"Everything go smoothly?"

"Yes my Lord and may I say she is an exceptional slave."

"Yes, I am quite pleased with my choice."

He nods at the shopkeeper.

"You know where to send the bill, come Helena."

I smile.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome my dear."

We exit the shop and head back out in the crowds. Word has now apparently gotten around that the Prince is at the market and it makes me laugh to myself because despite being in an entirely different dimension it's as if back home and King Elian is visiting the bazaar. Everyone is staring and gossiping and pushing to get a better look. It's a touch of normalcy to know the presence of royalty cause problems no matter where you are.

We don't have to spend long amongst them as the guards from the market show up and clear a path for us to our next destination. Walking into the shop I'm delighted to see it's a magic emporium. Crystals, incense, clerical goods, jewelry, candles, books it's the polar opposite of the first shop. There's an oil diffuser on the table by the door giving off pleasant notes of musk and spice part of me wants to find a book and curl up in one of the comfortable looking chairs in the corner.

A bell tinkles somewhere in the back followed by an odd rustling and a voice that twists my gut and makes me want to hide. It hisses, vibrating like an echo, sending shivers down my spine and suddenly the shop doesn't seem so comforting anymore.

"My prince, it has been too long. Come let us have tea and I will take a look at your latest little mouse."

Coming around the corner is a creature from my worst nightmares and it takes everything I have not to run out the door. Something I had only read about in fairy tales, the dark Naga. Lidless eyes, a flattened nose, ear holes, a forked tongue and an abdomen tapering off into the sinuous body of a giant python. I take a step back when she reaches out to touch me, I can't help it. Her expression is hungry, mischievous and I have the unwilling image of those giant coils wrapping around my body and squeezing.
"Helena, you will allow Scheradezen to look at you."

I nod wrapping my arms protectively around my body and fighting to stay still as she circles me.

"Lovely. Such beautiful skin, pale as the moon."

Reaching out she runs her fingers through my hair, rubbing her thumb across the back of my neck.

"Hair as black as night and such a tempting neck."

"Indeed, I spent a year watching this one, waiting for her moon courses to start so I could mark her as mine."

Scheradezen chuckles.

"And was she a good girl or did she secretly touch herself under the covers?"

He looks up at the ceiling.

"No, she did not and you my dear Schera spend entirely too much time speculating about the sexual habits of humans."

"Hmmph."

The desire to flee is almost overwhelming when she slides her fingers under my chin and pulls my head back, flicking her tongue over my pulse point. I barely keep from flinching when her hands come around to slide inside my chiton and cup my breasts. She squeezes the nipples and a tiny bit of milk dribbles out, running down my belly and onto the stone floor.

"So fecund and lush."

She pulls the ties on the chiton allowing it to fall open and lays her palm over my belly.

"How was her first breeding?"

"Thirty-five children."

"You chose well Vaiku, perhaps this will be the one you finally allow my mate and I to breed."

"Perhaps. I've no doubt there will be a great many more requests for her when word of her fertility gets out."

The thought of this horrible thing impregnating me, the two of them discussing it in such a cavalier fashion, I can't stop the tears that escape.

"Oh Vaiku, she's weeping poor thing."

She tsks.

"You must at least let me play with this one for an evening. Such sweet tears and a body made for writhing under the strap."

She wraps an arm around my waist pulling me hard against her and starts nibbling on my neck. Her hand drifts down between my legs, long fingers sliding into my pussy. The Prince says nothing to stop her, pouring himself a cup of tea and sitting down to watch. My hand automatically comes up to push her away but one look from him and I freeze, dropping my eyes and submitting to her. She
grinds the heel of her hand into my clitoris, her fingers delving deeper, grasping my sex and lifting me up onto my toes. He watches, his crimson eyes burning as I lose the battle to resist the pleasure being forced on me. Writhing in her arms I'm mewling and grabbing at her wrist. She presses her fingers hard into the spot behind my clitoris and I orgasm hard, clenching around her fingers. She whispers in my ear.

"Good girl"

She smirks at him.

"So responsive."

I feel utterly humiliated and hide behind my hair.

"Oh no little mouse, do not be ashamed. Look at your master, see how aroused you have made him?"

I look over and see the creature I have been terrified of from the beginning suffering an all too human problem......an obvious and painful erection. Somehow that makes it a little better.

"Do you see? You may be the slave but who has the control now?"

"Schera don't corrupt my slave."

"Oh, you love the spirited ones and you know it."

She slides her fingers out of me, tasting them with relish.

"Mmmmm delicious, have you fucked her yet?"

"I took her last night in the bio harness."

"Did she come?"

"Explosively."

She strokes my hair and squeezes me.

"Poor little mouse, so confusing. He's your master, you hate him and yet he brings you such pleasure. Are you going to breed her with the pod?"

"Yes, it indicated to me it was nearing the end of its life. It is time for new growth."

She smacks me on the ass.

"Come let us decorate your slave."

She heads for the back and he takes my arm and follows. I know I heard him say piercing and marking and I'm hoping it's not what I think it is.

When we get to the back there is a chair waiting just like there was at the implant store but this one makes my stomach drop into my feet when I see the heavy restraints all over it.

"Please, don't make me do this."

Neither listens, each taking an arm and sitting me in the chair. They tip me back and proceed to strap
me down, ankles, thighs, waist, ribs, shoulders, and wrists all tightly secured. It becomes clear what he meant by piercing and where he intended to do it when Scheradezen maneuvers the chair so that my thighs are spread wide and out to the side and my breasts pushed out. Nausea settles in my gut when she lowers a circular piece of metal over my breasts and tightens them so they don't move. I start to cry in earnest when she takes what looks like tiny vises and clamps them to my nipples, my clitoris, and my belly button.

"Don't cry little mouse, you will look so pretty with your decorations."

She sprays a cool substance on the spots that will be pierced and my implant helpfully lets me know it will numb some of the pain. My entire body locks up with tension when she brings the piercing tool over and I watch holding my breath as she swiftly pierces my nipples, my belly button and my clitoris. The numbing agent takes away some of the pain but there's enough left that it pushes out of my mouth in a shriek. She doesn't even react, just checks things over, removing the clamps and spraying another substance that the implant tells me is a bio gel which will heal everything within twenty-four hours. Then she turns and picks up a long silver chain from the table by the chair and shows it to me smiling.

"Your master got you some very expensive jewelry."

Looking at it I can see it is indeed costly. A beautiful glowing platinum length, interspersed with tiny emeralds. At the moment though I couldn't care less if it was expensive. I'm angry and sore and fighting the urge to let my "master" have a few choice words. I look over and he's tapping the side of his head and that's all I need to remind me to obey and accept what he chooses to do to my body.

She hands the chain to him and he feeds it through the hoops, starting at my clitoris, running to my new belly ring, splitting in two for each nipple and then coming together again, on my collar. They unstrap me from the chair and she helps me over to a floor length mirror.

"See how lovely they are?"

She pinches my nipples between her fingers and tugs on the hoops sending sharp twinges of pain through my body and I know better than to resist. My clitoris is her next target and she tugs on the ring making me whimper but I don't move. In the mirror I see the approval on his face and I'm relieved.

"Now for your marking."

I follow her over to another chair and this one is exactly like the one in the other store but has two straps. One up by the neck and the other lower down about shoulder height. I look askance at it.

"What is marking?"

The Jinn holds up a metal rod with a pattern on the end that looks nauseatingly like a cattle brand.

"You will be branded with my symbol."

The prospect terrifies me far more than the piercing but I think about what I could I lose if I disobey and I bow my head and meekly allow Schera to strap me into the chair.

I lay there staring at the floor, clutching the arms and waiting. She brushes something cold over my skin that numbs the area and then I feel the press of the brand high up between my shoulder blades. I expect white hot agony but I'm relieved to discover there's a just a mild burning sensation and some itchiness. She helps me out of the chair and shows me an image of the brand. It's the perfect outline of a winged scarab.
"It looks like a winged scarab."

He looks at me.

"That's because it is. Where do you think your desert dweller allies got it? Much of your culture has been influenced by ours."

"How much?"

"We are a species that is immortal, we do not pass on until we choose to. We have been cultivating humans for generations."

It hits me exactly what he's talking about and it makes me vaguely ill. We are dogs, just like the ones that are bred for hunting, protection, rescue, attack. I recalled seeing numerous humans in the market and most were slaves of some sort.

"You are breeding us to serve."

"Not entirely."

He looks at me like he has an inkling it might bother me but doesn't really get it. Of course he doesn't, how can a millennia old being possibly relate to humans? We are born, age and die over the metaphorical equivalent of an afternoon for them. They witness the rise and fall of continents, kingdoms. They see death and life from an entirely different perspective.

"We do not direct the course of history, we subtly guide it. As self-destructive and foolish as your kind tends to be it would be imprudent of us not to."

My voice trembles.

"How much choice do we really have?"

"You all choose your own paths, we simply steer you away from the dangerous one's and encourage you to take the one's which would be of most benefit to you as a race."

He sighs.

"You're an important part of our survival, of course we're going to see to your well-being. Now come, I'm certain you are hungry and I have another two stops to make before we return home."

Schera winks at me as we head out of her shop and I follow in a daze. Despite the accelerated healing the brand and piercings are aching. I'm clutching my chiton tightly around me, my pussy is still sopping wet and throbbing, an embarrassing reminder that I was made to stand there in the middle of the shop for anyone walking in to witness as she brought me to orgasm. My head is spinning from the Jinn's constant mood changes. One moment he's indulgent and patient, brief flashes of humor peeking out. The next he is unfeeling, taking pleasure from manipulating me. My only certainty in this new world is that I am his slave, that what I want is of no consequence.

I'm pulled from my musing when I hear a woman crying. We're just coming up to some kind of clothing shop and I see a poor human girl on her knees by a display of chitons sporting a bloody lip. Her Master is Kushu, a race of bipedal bobcats like the one I saw earlier. He's about to strike her again when his wrist is grabbed mid swing. I only notice then that the Jinn has left my side and is now towering over the shop keeper, scorn in his eyes. Grabbing him by the throat he lifts him off of his feet.
"We do not abuse slaves in Aldarion Prime. NOT EVER. Am I clear?

The poor Kushu gurgles something that sounds like assent, pale faced and shaking. The Jinn drops him on the floor and turns to the cyborg market guards who have arrived.

"Take the slave and have her delivered to my domicile into the care of my seneschal. As for the Kushu...." 

At this he looks down in disgust at the shop keeper huddled at his feet.

"Revoke his slave rights, if he wishes labor for his shop or home he will have to pay an employee to do it."

"Yes my Lord."

He walks back over to where I'm standing in shock, the guards silently flanking me.

"Come."

He walks off clearly done with the whole thing, I follow, looking back over my shoulder in time to see two other slaves being escorted out along with the one who was victimized. The Kushu is still sitting on the ground, no doubt trying to figure out how to run his shop without the slaves he was apparently so dependent on.

We come up to another clothing shop and are greeted by a female Dangyun, like the one at the implant shop.

"My Lord it is agreeable to see you again. Are you here to clothe your new slave?"

"Yes we will need a full wardrobe. I intend to take Helena with me to society events and into the field should I be called to service."

"Of course, I'll take her measurements and if you like I can send a tablet with you to peruse at your leisure. In the mean time we have some clothing you can take home now."

"Yes thank you."

She comes over and escorts me to the machine that takes my measurements. Even though I now know the science for it I can't grasp that there is an invisible light that can pick up the shape of objects and record it. It's a world away from standing on a stool for a half an hour with the seamstress, a notepad and a bunch of pins. The Prince has already chosen some clothing for me by the time we finish and I turn red with embarrassment seeing how scanty they all are. It gets worse when the shop keeper makes some suggestions for undergarments and he unequivocally states I won't be needing any. My mouth speaks up before my brain can put the brakes on.

"Why are you even bothering with buying me clothes at all?"

Fortunately for me, he chooses to be amused.

"Do you wish to be naked? That can certainly be arranged."

"Uhhh no."

He crowds me up against the counter and leans in close.

"I am a jealous Prince my pet, the sight of your nubile flesh is not for public consumption but I do
enjoy teasing others with what I have and viewing it pleases me. The brief glimpses of the swell of your breasts, the curve of your ass, I savor the anticipation of the feast awaiting me at home that they engender."

My heart is racing and a tiny part of me can't help but respond to the overwhelming masculinity, the raw power he exudes. The scent of his skin, smoke and earth tickles my nose. I stand there trembling my anger at him for being the chains that bind me clashing with a more primitive emotion, the one that craves his dominance. He turns away and strides to the entrance leaving me wrongfooted AGAIN.

When we leave the clothing gets placed in a teleporter and sent to the Prince's home. I stand there stunned. I understand the principle but the idea of an object getting broken down into miniscule pieces and put back together in some other location, it's amazing but I can't help but think about all of my people it would put out of work.

Next stop is a café where I am thankful to be confronted with something I don't need the implant to understand. We immediately get escorted to a table in the back where it is quiet and I'm hugely grateful. After everything that has happened, between the attention he gets where ever he goes, the technology, I'm more than ready to take a breather. Being able to sit unobtrusively seems to make the Prince more open to conversation so I take the opportunity to ask some more questions.

"You mentioned your people chose when they pass on?"

"Immortality is an incredible gift that comes with an enormous price. After millennia all our people eventually fall into a deep ennui where they wish to withdraw from life and its burdens. When it's time we travel to the Ashrai Temple and we allow our lifeforce to be passed onto the next generation."

"How long have you been alive?"

"I am relatively young among the Jinn, I've walked the dimensions for a little over five thousand years."

I can't even fathom living two hundred years.

Our food is brought to the table and again I'm pleasantly surprised at how delicious it is.

"So, the Dangyun who implanted my chip said you were one of seven princes of the Empire. With the way you procreate how does that work?"

"When the Emperor passes he chooses his heir. The seed from the chosen heir is what fertilizes the genesis left behind. Larvae from that genetic spawning are the current reigning princes."

"How many times can this genesis occur?"

"There is only one for each of us."

"What is the difference biologically between providing the genesis and providing the seeds?"

"Both Jinn are considered biological parents."

"But then one of you has to literally die for it."

"Yes."
I really don’t want to know the answer but I have to know.

"You said I would breed numerous times, if there is only one genesis......"

"As a prince I am given the opportunity to contribute my seed to multiple legacies."

It takes me another half an hour before I’ve wrapped my hand around it, I should be disgusted by the whole thing but I have to admit it fascinates me.

"Then who is the heir?"

"There isn't one, not yet, they aren't chosen until the Emperor decides to pass on."

"So the children I gave birth to aren't princes, that title goes to whomever is born to the heir chosen by the current Emperor."

"Correct."

I work through it in my head and a thought occurs to me.

"Because no one knows who the heir will be, you can't count on being chosen to be the next Emperor and your children have no royal inheritance even if you are, so you're not likely to attempt a coup."

For the first time I see a genuine smile directed at me.

"That my pet is exactly why our succession laws were designed that way."

I watch as a shadow passes over his face.

"We spent countless millennia fighting over the throne in our infancy, many innocent lives were lost. An entire dimension was rendered uninhabitable because of the Succession Wars and thanks to our complicated means of procreation, they nearly wiped us out. Our leaders eventually sat down and created the laws of succession to prevent further bloodshed. The first Emperor of the new era was the one who led those efforts."

"It makes sense now."

"What makes sense?"

"Why you insist on babysitting us."

"Yes well, it's proof that wisdom does not always accompany age."

"So why my people?"

"Humans have proven to be ideal for our needs. You are an extraordinarily fertile race and can handle the rigors of procreating with us. You are sexually and biologically compatible and physically quite pleasing."

"You said to Scheradezen that you had been watching me before you chose me."

"We are always watching; the royal family has chosen its breeders from your kingdom for some time. I myself chose you a year before you had your first blood."

This was my chance to learn why I was chosen above all others to be subjected to this life of
servitude.

"So why me?"

"I desired you, and your family, in particular, has provided mine with many breeders over the centuries."

"Wait, WHAT?"

"Your family line has been very fruitful. You should feel honored; your bloodline has produced several Emperors."

A terrible thought occurs to me. Was that why my mother looked so horrified and my father so resigned? Did they know about this? Did they choose to keep it from me? A part of me can't blame them. If I knew there was a good chance my daughter would be chosen for the sacrifice I might have left her in blissful ignorance instead of making her live with that threat hanging overhead.

"Your parents didn't tell you, did they?"

"No."

"It was for the best I think."

I nod.

"If you're finished let us return home."

We head back outside to the boat. My mind spins in circles with all the revelations of the afternoon and every cliffside door we pass that brings us closer to his home twists my stomach tighter and tighter with nervousness. Wondering what will happen when we get there.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Helena meets her the other slaves, tries to get settled into her new life and learns more about Kailjit society.

We return home and are greeted by another Jinn, unadorned and garbed in a similar flowing wrap but in shades of blue.

“My Lord, the new slave has been settled in with the kitchen staff and the Emperor wishes to speak with you as soon as possible.”

Vaiku turns to me.

“Helena, this is Izulok my Seneschal. When I am not in residence you are to obey his word as if it were my own.”

“Yes........."

I hesitate, I don't know what to call him. The poor girl at the clothing shop called her owner, master. Part of me doesn't want to use that word because that would mean accepting my new reality. The other part thinks maybe it would make things more bearable.

"Yes, master."

"Do not call me master, only the insecure and egotistical insist on being addressed in that manner, I am neither. Nor do I need reassurance that you belong to me. You may call me by my given name."

"Yes.....Vaiku."

"Izulok will take you to Therona, she is in charge of the house slaves."

With that Vaiku leaves me alone with Izulok who it turns out is not particularly interested in conversation, promptly taking me to Therona and leaving.

Therona laughs at his retreating back.

"It's nothing personal, Izulok is somewhat of a snob. He doesn't like to talk to the slaves. I'm Therona."

She holds her hand out.

"Is this right? Isn't this what humans do?"

She has a hesitant smile on her face and I can't help but smile back, the tension leaving my shoulders.

"No, you're right, a handshake is good. I'm Helena."

I shouldn’t be surprised Therona is so friendly, she's a Korrin. The slender, blond elf like people
are well known for their open and welcoming nature according to the database. It makes sense that Vaiku would put her in charge of the slaves, Korrin are very empathetic and gentle creatures.

"How about a hot bath? You went straight into breeding when you got here so I'm guessing you wanna get cleaned up."

The thought of a bath makes my entire body limp just thinking about it.

"That would be really great."

When we get to the bathing room, I don't know what to expect. Back home it was a sealed wooden tub and a whole bunch of trips back and forth to the hearth. Filling the tub took longer than the bath and when you had a sister, three brothers and two parents you had to share it with, you learned to do it quick. As a slave, I didn't think I'd get much better so when I see it I just stand there stunned. The floor is rich and glossy planks of teak, sanded down smooth as a baby's bottom, the ceiling natural rock like the room with the oubliette. Interspersed among the stalactites are colored lamps hanging down giving the room a soft, warm golden glow. The tub itself is big enough to fit twenty people and looks as if it was carved right out of the cave floor. Crowding the plentiful wooden shelves are oils for the skin, creams for the hair, costly powders for the face, bottles of fragrance, soaps, thick soft towels.....I've never seen such luxury.

There are already three girls in the bath chatting and lazing around in the water when we come in and Therona introduces them.

Pointing to the other Korrin, Therona introduces her as Odobi.

"Odobi is one of Vaiku's hostesses. Every time he has a party or a diplomatic function all the guests have to be entertained. Food, sex, alcohol.......keeping them happy is exhausting. She's the one who gets to deal with it."

Odobi smiles and nods.

"Welcome."

Therona points to a buxom red headed human sitting on the edge and swinging her feet in the water.

"That is Biljana, she runs the kitchen. You don't wanna mess with her, she yelled at Vaiku once for eating a pastry she was saving."

I look at her shocked and all the girls nod.

She introduces Rishi a red skinned and yellow eyed Eurayal who runs the household.

"Rishi here keeps the madhouse running."

The girls don't look like slaves, they look like they're having a sleepover but I can see Vaiku's brand on every one of them. The Jinn's version of slavery is very much not what I expected. Seeing I'm confused Therona grabs us towels and soap.

"Did you expect cells and chains?"

"Well no but I didn't imagine this."

"Vaiku is a bit more indulgent than most slave owners true."

She slips off her uniform sliding into the tub and after some consideration, I join her. The water is
pleasantly hot and the luxury of being able to stretch out in it is amazing.

"Oh this is nice, I can actually stretch out."

Biljana smiles at me.

"Far cry from a stove and a sponge bath huh?"

I laugh.

"Yeah."

"So, you're the new whore."

We all turn around and see a human woman standing in the doorway arms folded.

Therona's lips compress.

"Jana."

Jana flips her blond hair over her shoulder looking me up and down with disdain.

"I can't imagine what he sees in you."

With that, she walks out.

Odobi shakes her head.

"Ignore her, she's pissed Vaiku has not chosen her to drink from the Well."

"The Well?"

Biljana cocks her head.

"The girls chosen to carry the children of the Kailjit are naturally gifted with long life thanks to their pregnancies but the rest of us have to be rewarded with it by being allowed to drink from the Well."

"I don't understand."

Therona launches into an explanation after grabbing a bottle and starting to wash my hair.

"The Kailjit maintain their immortality by drinking from the Well. The stories say their creators left it as a gift for their children. In scientific terms, the substance in the Well allows the body to continually regenerate its own cells long past the point they would normally lose the ability to. When a Kailjit reaches maturity, they stop aging and as long as they visit the Well periodically they never will. The genesis of every Kailjit is stored in the Well until a legacy can be completed with the seed of another Kailjit. The larvae absorb it from the Genesis and pass it to you during gestation."

Thank goodness for the implant or Therona would have lost me after the second sentence.

Rishi speaks up.

"Repeated exposure will stop your aging."

"Stop my aging?"

"Yep."
"How long exactly are we talking?"

"I think the longest living slave was two thousand years."

"So, I'm enslaved for hundreds of years and then when I'm no longer useful my mind is erased and I get eaten by a worm."

"We all end up as food for the Bishingon even the Kailjit. There is no burial in Aldarion Prime, everything is returned to the earth from which it came."

Therona squeezes my shoulder.

"Wiping your mind is a mercy Helena, once exposure stops all the aging that was halted catches up, PAINFULLY."

"Does everyone get the mindwipe?"

"No, for the rest of us the exposure is minimal like it is for the Kailjit."

"Oh, lovely."

I don't even know what to think. I wanna go take my anger out on him but I can't. I wouldn't even be granted death.

"Vaiku is generous with the Well, we've all been allowed to drink from it."

"So why didn't Jana get to join the club?"

"Because she is hateful and jealous. Sooner or later Vaiku will lose patience with her and sell her to someone else."

Therona washes my hair out and starts on my back.

"I know it's a lot to take in and it seems horrible but because of you, your people are protected from a fate far worse than the one you endure."

"How is that possible?"

Biljana slides back into the tub and speaks up.

"Our race is highly coveted as slave labor throughout the dimensions. Chained to a bed sixteen hours a day as a sex slave, worked in the mines where we never see the light of day, the insect races use us as breeders keeping us drugged and constantly pregnant, we're sold as food and eaten ALIVE....We are continually fought over and when the wars get bloody and destructive a lot of our kind get caught in the middle. Ever since the Kailjit laid claim to our dimension we have been protected from the other races. Enjoyed peace and the chance to prosper and the only thing that is expected of us is one girl every hundred years."

"So how did you end up here?"

"I was chosen long ago by Vaiku. The breeding failed with me, turns out I'm barren. Vaiku offered to send me home but I asked to stay."

"Why?"

"Because the only things I had to look forward to at home were black eyes and bloody lips. Here I
was safe, cared for, I didn't have to live in constant fear. The day Vaiku chose me was my emancipation."

I sit there in silence, all that information running through my head.

"Helena, I know Vaiku can be cold and unfeeling but he takes good care of his slaves."

"Who's the doctor?"

"That's Catia. She's an Asidon. Her kingdom made a play for some territory in this dimension and she was part of a hostage exchange that ended the hostilities."

"I thought she was human."

"Asidon are almost identical to humans genetically and no scientist has been able to suss out how your two species evolved the same but in entirely different dimensions."

Therona washes herself off and grabs a towel.

"Ok ladies time to get out."

After telling me they'd see me at dinner, the girls get dried off and dressed, heading back to their duties. I finish cleaning up and Therona shows me the privy and then points casually to another small tiled room next to it.

"That's where you clean yourself out."

I'm confused for a second before it hits me what she's referring to. My face turns completely red when I recall that night in the Grove and how surprisingly pleasurable it was to have that part of me touched. The thought of Vaiku taking me there leaves me equal parts disgusted and aroused. Therona mistakes my silence as ignorance.

"I am sorry but....oh I don't know how to say it, my last owner didn't have any bed slaves!"

I decide to spare her before she gets any redder.

"It's ok, I get it I have to keep myself clean."

She laughs.

"Oh thank goodness, I really didn't want to have to explain it to you."

We get dressed and she takes me on a tour of the house. Thanks to the implant it's easy to figure out all the technology. Touch sensitive sliding doors, the artificial intelligence that monitors the house, the lights, the communications center, the online database. There's a swimming pool which I have never seen before and is my new favorite thing, a library that I know I'll be spending a lot of time in, a gymnasium, an enormous kitchen/mess hall that feeds the slaves, the assorted staff and the household guard and countless other rooms. We pass through the great room with the Oubliette and the sight of the pod sitting in the bottom of it makes me cringe.

"Your pregnancy, was it painful?"

"Towards the end, it started to hurt."

"It's the only way they know how to procreate but Catia is actually researching coming up with a means of doing it without having to use girls like you."
I really don’t want to talk about things like impregnation anymore so I change the subject.

"How did the rest of you get here?"

"We were all originally bought at the market, changed hands and wound up with Vaiku. He's kind of unusual for a Kailjit, he tends to keep his slaves."

"He confuses me."

She laughs.

"I can understand why, he doesn't act like the other slave owners or even much like his own kind. But you aren't alone ok? You got us. Now let's go grab dinner and then let me show you Vaiku's chambers, they are spectacular."

Dinner is an enjoyable event, I get to meet a lot of the rest of the staff and slaves and with the exception of Jana they are all very welcoming. Some of the household guards are like Izulok and refuse to talk to me but the majority are nice enough. It's kind of embarrassing to meet everyone when they know why I'm here. What goes on between a man and woman is usually private and not discussed where I'm from but this entire room of people is fully aware Vaiku brought me here for sex. And then there are the pregnancies. But, turns out I didn't need to worry, they treated me as just another slave, no awkward questions no weird looks.

After dinner, Therona resumes her tour and she wasn't exaggerating about Vaiku's chambers. For one thing, it's a series of rooms that take up an entire wing of the house. The section has its own staff of guards and servants and entry is restricted to certain individuals. I'm happy to learn Jana is not one of those allowed in. She takes me through each room and I'm astonished at the amount of wealth on display. It's all very tasteful and subtle but clearly costly. Vaiku has his own private pool, library, gymnasium, even a small kitchen but the bedroom puts it all to shame.

The floor is a lustrous crème marble, scattered across it are thick rugs in beautiful muted colors, soft as rabbit fur. The bed is big enough for six people and drowning in throw pillows and silk. I can see subtle hints of the culture of my neighbors and my own people seamlessly melded in the decorations. I'm taking it all in when Therona points up with a smile. The walls have been left natural like the rest of the house but carved out of the stone ceiling is a huge pane of perfectly clear glass through which you can see a magnificent panorama of the night skies. It's absolutely breathtaking.

She grabs my hand and drags me over to the bed, lying down and looking up through the glass.

"Come on, check out the view!"

"Are we going to get in trouble or something?"

Vaiku's voice cuts through the quiet.

"No one is getting in trouble."

We both look up and he's standing in the doorway.

He flicks his gaze at Therona.

"Therona."

"Vaiku."
"Is she settled in?"

"Yes. She has all her access codes, she's met everyone and all the clothing you purchased was delivered."

"Good, thank you."

Therona gets up and heads for the door ignoring my desperate and silent pleading for her to stay. She smiles and mouths "It'll be ok."

Suddenly I'm alone with him and I'm terrified.

"Relax, I'm not going to take you tonight, you still need to heal."

The knot that was in my stomach unwinds at hearing that, I don't think I'm ready. With everything that happened that first day and as fast as it unfolded it was a blur. Now I'm rested and clear headed and acutely aware of my situation. I'm not paralyzed, riddled with hormones, drugged or tied up and I know what's expected of me. But, if half of what Biljana says happens to my race in other places is true I am fortunate to have been born in my dimension and not another. If I have to live in a cage at least it is a gilded one and if I have to sacrifice my freedom, it's given in a worthy cause.

I sit on the bed and watch as Vaiku lets his wrap slide to the floor revealing miles of muscular skin. He glances at me over his shoulder.

"Come I want to look at your piercings and brand."

I remind myself he's not going to expect sex tonight and follow him into his private bath. He sinks down into the water holding his hand out. After a moment's hesitation, I take my chiton off and join him. He directs me to sit on the side and lay back, gently parting my thighs so he can look at my piercing. I'm gritting my teeth as he lightly pulls on the ring and rotates it. He doesn't say a word when he finishes and has me sit up so he can check my nipples and belly button, doing the same thorough inspection on them. Then he has me turn around so he can look at the brand. I flinch when he suddenly leans in and whispers in my ear.

"You should be all healed by tomorrow afternoon my pet, I look forward to playing with your body."

He holds the back of my neck and bends me over the edge of the tub sliding two of his fingers down between my cheeks and into my ass.

"I take it Therona showed you the cleanser."

I squeak as his fingers slowly pump in and out.

"Y...yes."

"Good I expect you to keep this clean I will be making use of it frequently."

It's a stark reminder once again of what I am. It's embarrassing, vaguely uncomfortable and I'm squeezing my eyes shut waiting for it to be over but he keeps thrusting his fingers in and out in a slow steady rhythm. He pulls them out and I think he's done but he slides them back in, this time coated with a slippery substance. After a while the motion almost becomes soothing and I feel my muscles relax and open up.

He reaches off to the side to pick something up and the next thing I know he's inserting something
hard into my ass. It's slim so it doesn't hurt but it's awkward and mildly irritating. It slides in fairly deep and then tapers off at the end. I reach back and feel a flat part sticking out on the outside before Vaiku grabs my hand.

"This is an olisbos, a fake cock, you will leave it in. You need to be stretched before you take mine in your ass. Each night you'll take a bigger size until I'm satisfied I won't tear you."

I guess I should be thankful he's being so circumspect but it's still horrible to be bent over the side of the tub and made to wear this olisbos.

When he's satisfied it's secure he turns his attention to bathing himself and doesn't say another word to me. I get out of the tub and dry off and it takes me a few minutes to figure out how to walk with it inside me. Thankfully, the way it's shaped I don't have to work to keep it in. Just to have something to do I wander into the closet to see what he bought for me. There's a multitude of tasteful formal wear, the kind of thing I would never have had reason to wear back home. Sleeping shifts made of the softest satin, more chiton of various sizes and styles, a fur lined cloak, sandals, boots, slippers...it was more clothing than I would have seen in my lifetime. I choose a deep purple sleeping shift for tonight, made of whisper thin satin and it feels like feathers against my skin. Leaving my dirty chiton in the hamper I'm once again thankful for the implant that helps me understand all this technology.

He's still in the bath when I come out so I wander around his room looking at the books and objects of art on the shelves. The olisbos constantly rubs inside me making me fidget and I'm wondering how I'm going to sit down at the table during meals with it. I'm praying it's not noticeable because it's embarrassing enough that Therona and the girls know about what Vaiku does to me, this would make things worse.

I've found an interesting book on crystals and have managed to find a comfortable spot on one of the settees when he comes out. I'm nervous that he might be mad I touched one of his books so I start to put it back. He comes over to the settee and sits down on the other end. Part of me has to admit he looks appealing in nothing but a simple loincloth.

"You may peruse any of the books I have, you have been granted access to the database as well. Except for the communications room and the soldier's wing you are free to roam my domicile. You do not need my permission to use the pool or any of the other recreational items. Breakfast is when I have my meetings so you may dine with Therona and the girls. The mid-afternoon meal is changeable. I expect you to dine with me for the evening meal. For the time being, you are not allowed to leave unless you are accompanied by me, however, if you are obedient I will allow you go with other slaves on their social outings. This is now your room as it is mine, you will be sharing my bed."

"Yes Vaiku."

He scoots closer and takes my head in his hands. I feel the needle pierce my temple and my heart stops. I'm praying that he hasn't decided to take something else from me. Suddenly there's a wave of warmth and the memories of my brother are glowing brightly in my mind again. I start to sob, thanking him over and over. The relief is so acute I almost pass out.

"Helena."

I look up through my tears.

"Yes?"

"You belong to me. I want there to be no doubt in your mind about that but if there is I WILL
reiterate the lesson. I take no pleasure in doing it but if it has to be done......."

I shake my head no frantically; the first lesson was more than enough.

He moves in closer, settling between my legs and forcing me to lie down thighs spread wide around his waist, my ass in his lap. Reaching out he cups my breasts, giving them a firm squeeze.

"These are mine to do with as I please. If I wish to play with them till you sigh with pleasure or color them with my strap till you are in tears you will submit."

His fingers trail down to my pussy, dipping inside and tugging on the piercing.

"This is mine to do with as I please. If I wish to fill it with my cock, my fingers or anything else, if I wish to take the strap to it you will submit."

His fingers move down and tug on the olisbos, twisting it and making me squirm.

"This is also mine to do with as I please."

"Yes!"

I clutch at the settee cushion until he mercifully takes his hands away.

"I plan on breeding you once with the pod. You will incubate its seeds and you will give birth to its offspring, that is final. It will not be as taxing on you as carrying my children, the incubation period only lasts for a month and you do not spend it cocooned. I'm also told the impregnation process is a very pleasurable experience. Of course, I also expect you to continue your duties to my children."

I just nod because I have no other choice.

"You may do with your time what you will, I do not expect you to attend upon me every minute of the day if you wish to avail yourself of the educational opportunities available you may, but when I call you will be prompt and you will do as I command. I enjoy begging and pleading in the right context but you will not question me nor refuse me is that understood?"

"Yes Vaiku."

"I do not condone abuse as you have seen. Whatever I choose to do to your body I will not draw blood and I will not bruise you. You need not fear that from me."

"Thank you."

With that, he gets up and holds out his hand drawing me to the bed. Sliding in he pulls me snug up against him, his chest to my back. I can feel the bulge of his cock pressed up against my ass through the loincloth and I lay there wrestling with myself. The thought of tomorrow night scares me but at the same time, I find myself looking forward to it. I vividly remember hanging in the oubliette and the feel of him filling me, the immense pleasure that seized my body. The secret thrill of being restrained. When I wandered his room while he bathed, I couldn't help but notice the cuffs bolted to the headboard, the harness hanging from the center of the sky window. There was another room in the corner where the door was left ajar but I didn’t dare go in. The brief glimpse I got of what was inside made my stomach flutter in nervous excitement and trepidation. Thinking about everything my mind just won't shut down. I wanna move, change position, get up, do something...my body is stiff as a board but I don't want to wake Vaiku up. The choice is taken from me though when I feel his hand come around and press over my eyes and everything goes black.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Helena is taken shopping by the girls and learns a lot about her new world. Vaiku teaches her more about the art of pain and pleasure.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When I wake up the next morning Vaiku has already left and Therona is standing by the bed munching on an apple.

“It’s time to get up, we have a lot to get done today, the early bird catches the worm and all that!”

I roll over and glare at her.

“By the Gods, you’re one of those people aren’t you.”

“What people?”

“Those who are annoyingly cheerful in the morning.”

“Come on, we convinced Vaiku to let you leave the house with us!”

“To do what?”

“Go shopping! You didn’t get to see any of the market except Scheradezen’s shop and one lousy clothing store oh and the implant lab but that doesn’t count.”

Biljana pokes her head out of the closet.

“Morning, Odobi and Rishi are waiting, we’re gonna grab breakfast at the market.”

I realize the two of them are not going to let me go back to sleep so I roll out of bed. Unfortunately I forgot about the olisbos and am abruptly reminded it’s there when I stand up. Biljana sees me wince and immediately knows what the issue is and switches with Therona, telling her to go pick out something for me to wear. She takes my hand and leads me into the bathing room.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed Helena, I went through the same thing before Vaiku gave me kitchen duties.”

She reaches for a bottle on the shelf.

“This is lubrication should you need it. I don’t think you will though, the olisbos is self-lubricating.”

“Ugh, I can’t believe I’m talking about this with you.”

Therona comes wandering in.

“Anal sex is incredibly pleasurable you know with the right person, I should know.”
Biljana looks at her exasperated.

“What? I’m a Korin, exceptional hearing or did you forget?”

“Can we not talk about things being put in my ass right now?”

Therona puts her hands up laughing.

“Ok.”

She wanders out and Biljana hands me a blue chiton and some silver sandals.

“Here put this on.”

I get dressed and we meet Odobi and Rishi at the front door. Rishi is waving her wrist in the air and I can’t tell what has her so excited until I see the credit band on it.

“Today’s shopping trip is on Vaiku.”

I shake my head.

“I really don't get it.”

A tall and elegant Kushu strides into the foyer with Izulok just in time to hear the tail end of our conversation. She walks over and reaches out, twirling a strand of my hair through her fingers.

"It's really quite simple my dear, a well-treated slave is an obedient one. There are those Masters who revel in a slave's pain and fear but your Master is not one of them.”

Therona steps forward cause she can tell I'm getting uncomfortable with the woman touching me.

"Lady Samira if you'll excuse us we have shopping to do."

With that, she takes my arm and we head outside to the boat. Therona looks contrite.

"I know it upsets you but unfortunately humans are the bottom of the food chain in Aldarion Prime, it's a consequence of being technologically behind all the other races. Things are changing though for all slaves, have been for a while. The younger generation of Kailjit like Vaiku doesn't follow the old ways."

We all board the boat, Rishi taking the controls and easing us away from the domicile and into traffic. Odobi sits down next me picking up where Therona left off.

"Slaves used to be locked up when they weren't working or being used. Most of them were kept naked except for when it got colder. They were beaten when they were disobedient. It was horrifying."

Biljana speaks up.

"At least now we get to sleep in a nice bed, we have the freedom to go out and it's against the law to beat a slave."

Everything they say sounds so reasonable and I suppose I should be thankful. I'm treated relatively well and my enslavement has a purpose although I can't help but think the Kailjit can choose to protect my people without demanding slaves. I understand they use us for procreation but there has to be a better way. A small part of me just cannot accept that this is my life now. I'll obey Vaiku to
avoid punishment but that's not going to stop me from getting my freedom someday.

Biljana drags me out of my thoughts.

"So what did you want to do if you hadn't been chosen?"

"My mother was an herbalist and a healer, I was going to follow in her footsteps."

"Hey, maybe you can work with Catia in your free time."

"They have medicine here far more advanced than anything we had back home, my knowledge would be useless."

"Actually, when it comes to medicine the Kailjit prefer to be as natural as possible. I mean there are some instances where modern medicine is used but for the most part, they avoid artificially made medicines, they see it as poison."

"You don't think he would mind if I practiced with Catia?"

"Not at all, I mean he told you that you were free to do what you liked when you weren't serving him right?"

"Yeah. I just...I've seen slaves from other places and they weren't treated this nice."

"Let me guess, the Pashmali."

"Yeah, they brought their circus through Starazagora every year."

Therona speaks up.

"So, who were the Pashmali?"

"They're a tropical kingdom north of us. A lot of them tend to be nomadic and they make their fortune with their traveling circus. They have animals doing tricks, dancing, acrobats, fortune tellers, craftspeople. They depend heavily on slaves to keep things running and they're notorious for being cruel to them. Sometimes we would get runaways crossing into our land, the king always took them in."

"Sounds like a good king."

"He is and he was never a supporter of the Temple Sacrifices. He goes out of his way to take care of the families who have sacrificed a daughter."

Biljana gives me a big hug.

"I miss home too."

We pull up to the docks at the market and step off the boat. It's even busier today than it was yesterday. The Jinn at the entrance smiles in recognition and greets us all.

"Good morning ladies. Ulon has brought in a shipment of Goya, I'd make haste if you want any."

As soon as the word leaves his mouth Therona grabs my hand and takes off into the crowd, the other girls swiftly following. I'm left confused and running awkwardly, the olisbos shifting inside me.

"What is Goya and why are we running like thieves from the scene of a crime?"
Therona shoots me a grin.

"Only the most wonderous fruit in all the universe."

We get to what is obviously Ulon's produce stall and Therona shoves her way to the front completely ignoring the complaints of the people she's practically running over. One of them puts his hand on her shoulder.

"Get to the back of the line slave."

She just smiles sweetly and says in a voice that carries over the whole group.

"Fine, I'll just tell Prince Vaiku I couldn't get him any Goya."

As soon as everyone hears the name Vaiku they all step back and give us a wide berth, including the one who grabbed Therona.

"You're Vaiku's slave? I apologize please, take my place in line."

Rishi, Biljana and Odobi are all giggling as we make our way to the front. Ulon insists on giving us the fruit for free, packing it up to be delivered home. Therona graciously accepts, promising to send his regards to Vaiku and hands me a piece of the fruit. As soon as I take a bite I understand what all the fuss is about. I can't even describe the taste. It's like multiple flavors have been layered into the fruit so every bite is different. I taste peach, strawberry, watermelon, orange, all these disparate flavors somehow compliment one another. We all share a Goya and then clean the sticky juice off of our hands before heading to a café for breakfast.

The deferential treatment doesn't stop at just Ulon's produce stall, we get it everywhere we go. As soon as we get to the café the proprietor ushers us to a nice table on the top floor that sits on a balcony overlooking the markets lower levels. I notice all the stares.

"Is it always like this when you come here?"

Biljana laughs.

"Pretty much. Vaiku is famous in his own right as the General of the Emperor's army but the gossip on the street is that he will be the Emperor's chosen heir."

Rishi plays with her napkin, shaping it into a bird.

"Since we are Vaiku's personal slave's everyone is extra nice to us. No one wants one of us to complain to him that we were treated badly, they know how he feels about slave abuse. Plus, everyone is scared to death of him."

I nod.

"Well, he is pretty intimidating."

Odoba speaks up.

"When we get back you should peek in on him in the training room. He takes about an hour every day to spar with the soldiers. He wears just a loincloth and he gets all sweaty and.."

Therona throws her spoon at her.

"Odoba!"
"What, you can't deny he's attractive."

I take a sip of water to cover the blush.

"So have you?"

Odoba looks at me questioningly.

"Have I what, slept with him?"

"Yeah."

"Oh no, he's umm, he's kind of unusual."

"How so?"

"Well, most of the other slave owners tend not to restrict themselves to just one of their slaves. Vaiku, on the other hand, is monogamous, he'll only sleep with you."

"Oh."

"Of course I should warn you, the Kailjit have very strong sex drives sooooo.."

My blush darkens and spreads down my neck and into my cleavage. Rishi launches her napkin bird at Odoba's head.

"Odoba!"

"What I just want her to be prepared!"

I choke on my water. It's then the waiter chooses to show up with the buffet of breakfast items. There's eggs, sausage, fruit, pastries, potatoes, bacon, and toast. He sets it down in the center of the table along with pitchers of milk and orange juice and bows himself out. I try and put what Odoba said out of my mind and focus on enjoying breakfast. Everyone serves themselves and we spend an enjoyable meal making small talk and watching the crowds below.

After breakfast, I follow the girls as they show me their favorite shops and introduce me to all the vendors. One of the shops that intrigues me is the music shop. I have never seen so many different kinds of instruments, Therona points out each one and tells me what dimension they are from. She's in the middle of showing me the song players that you can electronically put music on to take with you when I see a Kaval from my own dimension. I run over and lift it from the case, running my fingers down it and smiling. Biljana comes up next to me.

"Ah, a Kaval from your kingdom. You should buy it, can you play?"

I try and speak past the lump in my throat.

"My grandfather taught me how to play it."

She gives me a side hug and gestures to the vendor to ring it up.

"No Biljana come on."

"Nonsense, you should have a piece of home with you. And we want to hear you play"

I look up to see four identical pouts and laugh.
"Alright, I'll get it."

We wrap up the flute and one of the music players loaded with songs I picked out and head off to the next shop. I'm so wrapped up in the Kaval I don't notice where we are until I smell the incense.

"This is Scherdezen's shop!"

They all look at me weird. Therona comes over and puts a hand on my shoulder.

"You came here for your marking and piercing, right?"

"Yes."

"You said you were interested in herbalism, this is the best place for herbs."

I'm about to explain when the Naga herself comes around the corner.

"Ladies good afternoon. Oh, hello little mouse."

I duck my head and mumble a greeting.

They all look from her to me and back and she smiles wickedly.

"Helena is a bit uncomfortable with me I think, when last she was here her master let me play with her. Her moans of pleasure were delightful and she tasted so sweet."

Therona frowns at her and looks at me.

"Did you want to go to another shop? There is another herbalist."

I look over at Scheradezen and she's smirking. I clench my fists and wander deeper into the store.

"No, I'm fine."

We explore the aisles of herbs and despite my dislike of Schera and my lingering discomfort, I'm impressed with her selection of herbs. I end up picking quite a few to take home. Herbal tea mixes, pain remedies and what I need to make my mother's medicinal mixes. Rishi goes and pays and takes care of having it delivered home so I don't have to deal with Schera and I'm hugely thankful, it's embarrassing enough the girls know what she did to me.

We get outside and I can tell they feel bad.

"It's ok."

Odobi frowns.

"It's not ok, I can't believe he did that."

Biljana comes over and hugs me.

"We haven't been with Vaiku that long, well I have but Schera never approached me like that. If we had known we wouldn't have taken you there."

"It's alright, from what I could tell him and Schera are close friends and clearly he shares his THINGS."

I can tell by the looks on their faces that Vaiku was going to hear about it when we got home.
"Please don't say anything to him."

Therona rolls her eyes.

"Fine."

We head to the next shop which is clothing. I beg off picking anything, I never had a whole lot growing up and now I've got an entire closet full. I can't imagine needing any more so I trail along behind them, offering suggestions and giving my opinion when they try them on. We spend a good hour there before it's off to get foodstuffs for the kitchen. Biljana cuts through the crowds picking vegetables, spices, meat and fruits and haggling for it like professional. It gets set aside for delivery and then it's off to lunch.

We get a nice spot by the fountain, the mist from the water lending a nice breeze.

"So Biljana do you mind my asking who was it that was hurting you?"

"My father, he hurt my mother too. He didn't used to be that way when I was little, I don't know what started it."

"What would you have done if not for that and if Vaiku hadn't picked you?"

"Probably a cook. It's what I love to do, what I've always loved. Part of that was probably because the kitchen was one of the few places father avoided. Cooking and baking always made me feel better and it kept me occupied. Mother died just before I was chosen so coming here was a good thing. When we discovered I was infertile and I made the choice to stay I asked Vaiku if he could put me in the kitchen. When it came time for the old cook to retire I took her place."

I look over at Therona.

"So what about you?"

"Odobi and I were picked up by the Illikai. They're a group of interdimensional nomads, they make their fortune kidnapping people and selling them into slavery."

I look at her in horror.

"Everyone knows they're secretly financed by some group that pays for all their gear after all slavery is a lucrative business. There's a masking tech they use to disguise themselves as whatever race they're raiding from so they blend in and they like to stick to the smaller towns to draw less attention. They'll come in and scope the place out looking for the best people to sell and then they plan out the raid. When they approach the house, they use this sonic emitter that renders everyone unconscious and then they go in grab whoever they came for. By the time everyone wakes up in the morning it's too late. They bring the victims to the slave market on Dolgin and sell them off."

"I'm guessing the groups that are preyed on are the ones who are not as technologically advanced as the rest right?"

"Yeah, unfortunately, slavery is pretty common and accepted, the more powerful races like the Kailjit, the Dangyun and the Kushu are not in any hurry to abolish it. The Korrin, humans, and Eurayal get victimized all the time, none of us are strong enough to fight back."

"So what does Vaiku think of all of it?"

"He may be more liberal in his treatment of slaves but he doesn't see anything wrong with slavery."
The Kailjit do what they must for their people and the rest are to be either used or allied with. They see their race as superior to all others and between their immortality, technology and military might they can back it up."

"How did you wind up here Rishi?"

"The Eurayal are bred for slavery."

"What?!!"

"Our dimension is occupied by the Hainemonen, has been for centuries. We have a ruling family but they're just figureheads, everything is run by the Hainemonen military. Part of the population is kept home to breed more of us and keep everyone fed and clothed but the rest are sold off to slavers."

I sit there in shock and realize despite having to go through the horror of breeding my kingdom is truly fortunate. For these girl's slavery is an everyday way of life whether they are born into it or go to bed every night fearing it'll be the night they get taken. The other human kingdoms suffer as well but why is it my kingdom is the one that is spared?

"So how come my kingdom is the only one that is free from slavery except for the sacrifices?"

Rishi fiddles with her drink.

"Because the Kailjit declared it off limits to everyone but them."

"Why? Not that I'm not appreciative that my people are spared but why?"

Biljana speaks up.

"I asked Vaiku about that one time and he wouldn't say much, just that our people are incredibly fertile and we tend to produce exceptional Kailjit."

I look at the other girls.

"I am so sorry. Now I understand why you keep saying it's not so bad."

Therona smiles.

"It's ok, none of us have a choice but we do have each other. Now come on, I wanna show you the fun part of the market."

We head out and Therona takes my hand and leads me to the center of the market. There's a huge skylight over a circular space the size of six ballrooms and you can look up and clearly see the multiple levels of the market stretching up to the sunlight. In the middle of the space is a group of musicians playing a lively tune and scattered all around towards the edges there are craftspeople selling goods of all kinds.

Therona points out the booths.

"This is where all the hobbyists come to sell their handmade stuff and the musicians switch off every twenty minutes so you get to experience all kinds of music. In the evenings they move the booths so people can dance."

We spend another two hours leisurely strolling around the craft booths and snacking on homemade candies. I see some things I like but since I don't have my own room I don't get them. Of course, Therona insists I get what I want so those things also get delivered home. The sun is starting
to throw shadows down the walls of the market center when we decide to head home. I stay in the control room again on the way back and pester Rishi into showing me how the controls work. Needless to say, I discover for the time being I'd rather leave the driving to the experts.

As soon as we get home Odobi drags me to the training room and sure enough, I can hear the sounds of sparring. Peeking in the door I see the Kushu named Samira fighting with Vaiku. I watch as they move around the room, picking up weapons to use, switching to unarmed combat, using acrobatics and wrestling. It's like watching an elegant dance, Vaiku is clad in a loincloth and Samira a pair of shorts with a sleeveless top and I can see every muscle as they move and flex. The two look fairly evenly matched but Vaiku eventually catches Samira with a false move and stuns her with a blow to the head, following her to the ground and pinning her until she gives up. He stands up and I can't help but stare. From his chest to his legs his body looks like it was carved by a sculptor. Samira gets up and they bow to one another looking over and noticing Odobi and I standing in the door.

"Odobi."

"Vaiku."

She waggles her brows at me and leaves me standing there and I remember her comment about the sexual drives of Kailjit and my thighs unconsciously squeeze together. He comes up and towers over me.

"How was your trip to the market?"

"It was good, I, I got some music and a flute from my homeland."

"Your things are in the bedroom."

"Thank you for everything."

"Your welcome."

He gestures to Samira.

"This is Samira, is one of the Kushu ambassadors and my sparring partner, you'll see her frequently."

I nod at Samira not sure what I'm supposed to do.

"Good to meet you Helena, Vaiku I'll see you next time."

I'm thankful she didn't make any comments about my breeding ability or want to touch me. Vaiku takes my wrist and heads in the direction of his chambers. I step inside and my heart sinks when I see the container of larvae sitting on the bed.

"You will feed them and then we will take a shower and have dinner."

I bow my head to hide the tears and go kneel down on the bed. Immediately the larvae swarm out of the container and begin to feed. It's not as painful as the first time but it's still not a pleasant experience. Much to my despair, the piercings make the process take longer but I sit and bite my lip and wait it out.

When it's over a servant comes to take them back to the hive and I sit on the bed holding my tender nipples. He gives me a few minutes to recover and then he's gesturing to the bathroom. I follow him with a huge jumble of thoughts in my head. I can't deny he's sexually
attractive and the thought of being underneath him and taken by him is arousing but I'm also hoping I'm not completely healed so I don't have to go through it. He reaches out, takes off my chiton and has me lay down. I stare at the ceiling as he spreads my thighs and looks over my piercings, tugging on them and rotating them slightly till I'm squirming.

"Your piercings have healed."

He slides his fingers inside my pussy and starts pressing behind my clitoris, slowly rubbing over it on the outside with his thumb until I'm quietly moaning and shifting my hips with the movement of his fingers. He slides his fingers out, standing up and I barely hold back a whine of disappointment.

"Turn over."

It takes me a second to get my body moving but I finally roll over. I feel him take out the olisbos and slide his fingers into my ass, pressing down on the walls until again my body relaxes and opens. He inserts the next one into my ass this one a quarter again as big, fucking me with it a bit before pushing it all the way in and making sure it's secure. My whole body is tingling from the play and my heart is racing because I don't know what to expect. He takes my hand and helps me off the bench, guiding me over to the shower. Turning it on he takes the soap and starts cleaning my body with it. His big hands are all over me, squeezing my breasts and lightly tugging on the rings, dipping his fingers into my pussy and pulling the olisbos in and out and soon I'm panting.

When I'm all clean he turns me to face him and points to the floor.

"Kneel."

The pleasurable haze is swept away by trepidation and I shakily kneel on the floor, coming face to face with his cock. He takes my jaw in his hand and slowly feeds it into my mouth. His other hand comes around to the back of my head and firmly grips it. Slowly he starts to thrust in and out, gradually picking up speed and depth. As before when he slides down my throat my gag reflex kicks in and I have to fight to relax. I'm thankful he's at least pausing between thrusts so I can catch my breath.

"When I come, you will swallow."

I nod and brace myself. He slides his cock all the way down, holding my head in place as he comes down my throat. I squeeze my eyes shut, clenching my fists till it's over and he pulls out. I stand up and swallow a bit of water to soothe my throat.

I'm thinking he's done for the night but I look down and see he's still hard. He backs me up until my knees are bumping into the teak bench in the shower and I have to sit down or fall over. In one swift move he pushes me onto my back and grips my thighs, spreading them open. I barely have time to react before he's pulling my ass to the edge of the bench, hooking his forearms under my knees and thrusting inside me.

He leans forward dropping his hands onto the bench on either side of my hips which forces my calves over his shoulders and my thighs to stretch wide open, letting him thrust deep. The ring on my clitoris is getting tugged on every time he pushes in, peeling back my hood and rubbing the underside of it sending waves of pleasure through my body. I'm clutching the sides of the bench, my head thrown back moaning as he fucks me while the water pours down over us.

It's not long before I come hard, clenching around his cock and that pushes him over the edge. He waits a moment and slides out leaving me to recover on the bench while he cleans up. I eventually get up and let the water wash his come away. I'm embarrassed to have enjoyed that as much as I did.
We dry off and he gets dressed in a pair of loose pants while I throw on my sleeping gown. Dinner is already laid out on the table and we sit down to eat while he asks me about my trip to the market.

"Therona told me about the Illikai."

"Mmmm yes a bunch of bottom feeders."

"You don't like them?"

"They operate outside the law. They take slaves from anywhere they choose, sometimes from someone else's house, they pick up runaways and don't return them to their legal owners, they force them to live in horrid conditions till they are dropped off at the market. For legally purchased slaves there is a paper trail if you will. Medical records, place of origin, certifications that they are currently healthy and not in fact stolen property. Even you have a record."

"I have a record?"

"Of course, all the women chosen to carry our children are examined. Personal preference on the part of the Jinn is taken into consideration but ultimately the physical results take priority."

"I don't remember being examined."

"Do you remember the day you entered into the Holy Accord and consecrated yourself to the Benefactor?"

"Yes."

"When you entered the Vault for your prayers you were scanned."

"I didn't see any tech."

"That's because it's hidden in the pillars in front of the shrine."

I think back to the day I did my Holy Accord. I remember there was a group of eight of us that year participating in the ceremony. After being presented to the statue of the Benefactor each of us went alone to the Vault and laid the paper on which we had written our prayers in the brazier to burn. There were two enormous marble pillars I passed through before kneeling at the shrine.

"Do the priests know about it?"

"No, they do not, we don't reveal our tech. It is better your people's culture progresses naturally."

"What happens to our prayers, do you read them?"

"It would be a waste of time, we cannot answer your prayers and we choose to follow a policy of no contact."

"What if you were just honest with us about everything instead of this whole farce."

"If we told you all the truth, that we were a race from another dimension and what exactly is required of the women what do you think would happen?"

"Utter chaos."

"Exactly, it is better for your people to continue to believe what they choose to believe."
"So how did the whole Benefactor story start?"

"The original compact was simple; we came to your dimension with a party of representatives and offered our protection in exchange for the sacrifice of a woman once a century. We employed a masking technology to alter our appearance so we would be less intimidating to them and we told them what we could offer. We did not divulge what becomes of the women, only saying that they would be well cared for and your leaders accepted. Over the years it was your people that developed it into an entire religion."

One of the kitchen staff comes in to clear away the dishes and pour more wine, leaving just as silently and swiftly as they came in.

"Why haven't the Illikai been stopped?"

"They are backed by some powerful patrons, unfortunately. Legal slaves come with guarantees and those guarantees make them more expensive to maintain, more expensive to buy, stolen and kidnapped slaves are cheap."

"Therona told me she and Odobi were taken."

"Yes, they should have been sold through proper channels but they serve me now and I can be certain they are properly cared for."

"Rishi told me about the Hainemonen, the database says they are reptilian?"

"Yes, they're a lot like the lizards that are so prevalent in your neighbor's desert kingdom."

"Ewwwww. No one cares that they took over a whole dimension?"

"The Kailjit do not get involved in matters of social justice we defend our home and our subsidiary dimensions and that's it. Being that the universal trade hub is here as well as the governing seat of the Alliance Consortium starting a war would be problematic."

"What is the Alliance Consortium?"

"It is a council made up of representatives from all the races. They deal with matters that concern multiple dimensions as well as mediate any conflicts that arise between races. I am one of the Emperor's representatives on the council, you will be attending with me when we are next called to order."

"So why out of all the kingdoms in the human dimension is mine the only one protected?"

"You have not earned those answers yet pet."

One of the kitchen staff comes in and clears the dishes, pouring more wine and leaving as quietly and quickly as they came in. I drink a bit more wine to settle my nerves because I've run out of questions and I'm sitting there playing with my napkin. He sets his glass down.

"Disrobe and get on the bed."

I get up from the table and make my way over to the bed, tucking my hands between my knees to hide the shaking. I watch as he goes into the mystery room and comes back with a blindfold, the strap, a gag and some rope.

"On your knees, hands on the headboard."
I move to the head of the bed and grip the headboard. I really want to run from the room but I remind myself what happened the last time I was disobedient. He kneels down on the bed next to me and binds my wrists to the headboard, running his fingers beneath the rope to make sure it's not too tight.

"Open your mouth."

I open up and he places the gag in my mouth securing it behind my head.

"Can you breathe ok?"

I nod yes. Then he takes out the blindfold and puts it over my eyes.

"Spread your knees nice and wide."

He taps the inside of my thighs and my lower back until I'm spread wide open with my ass raised high on obscene display.

"You will hold this position until I say otherwise."

I frantically nod, tears leaking out from underneath the blindfold. I kneel there in a welter of anticipation, twisting my wrists in their bindings and unconsciously chewing on the gag. Then I hear a familiar swishing noise and a snap and the strap connects with my ass. The next blow lands right on my clitoris and the next lands on my anus nudging the olisbos and forcing a squeal from my mouth. I grip the headboard as Vaiku continues swinging the strap, leaving little stinging bites on my pussy, my anus, and my ass. He spends some time focusing on my clitoris until it is swollen, wet and twitching and my hips are shifting in circles. Every strike on my pussy sends a wave of bliss through my body. I find having the blindfold on and not being able to speak makes the sensations so much more intense and before I know it I'm actually moving my hips into the blows and moaning continuously behind the gag. A blow to my anus followed by a snap right on the tip of my clitoris shoves me over the edge and I scream as I come hard. My pussy is still spasming in orgasm when I feel the bed dip and Vaiku's cock slide into me. He grabs my hips and pulls me back on his cock fucking me hard and the feel of his balls slapping against my clitoris with every inward thrust eventually launches me into another orgasm.

He leans in and grabs the headboard with one hand and reaches down underneath between my legs with his other hand to tug on my ring and squeeze my clit between his thumb and pointer finger. Alternating between playing with my clit and pulling on my nipple piercings he pushes me to another two orgasms before he comes, filling me with his hot release. By this time, I've slid down onto my elbows, my whole upper body collapsed onto the pillows and only his grip on my hips is holding the rest of my body up. I am covered in sweat, moaning quietly and completely limp. My pussy is still spasming in orgasm when I feel the bed dip and Vaiku's cock slide into me. He grabs my hips and pulls me back on his cock fucking me hard and the feel of his balls slapping against my clitoris with every inward thrust eventually launches me into another orgasm.

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"How do you feel?"

"I'm a little sore and tired but ok."
"There's a glass of water on the side stand when you're ready."

I feel the bed dip as he slides between the covers and I pull the blindfold off. Everything has been put away and Vaiku is sitting next to me with a tablet in his hand. I slowly sit up and grab the water, taking sips and trying to figure out my own mind. Pain is pain and you would think it would be something you'd shy away from but there was a point during the strapping when the pain changed into something else and my head got kinda floaty like when I used to have to choke down grandma's tea when I had a cold. Tonight, I found myself craving the pain if only to keep that hazy feeling going. I wasn't sure what to think of the fact that I wanted it.

"You look like you're thinking about something weighty Helena."

I duck my head.

"Well I just, I don't..."

"I have a feeling I know what is bothering you and you don't have to ashamed."

"Why did the pain feel good, I don't understand it's PAIN."

"It's the endorphins, they counteract the pain and increase your pain threshold. The more you are pushed the more endorphins are released and at higher intensities adrenaline is released and can result in higher states of consciousness."

"Oh."

He sets the tablet down and looks at me.

"Sadism, bondage, I have many fetishes I enjoy that you will experience."

He sees the panicked look on my face.

"You are my slave and you will submit to whatever I choose to do with your body, however, I will take into consideration your limits and I will never harm you Helena."

"The breeding hurts!"

"That I cannot help, anything given to you for the pain can harm the children. Before they mature enough to take bipedal form they are vulnerable. I will not apologize for putting our species survival first Helena but I will do what I can for you. I told you from the beginning what was expected of you and that still holds. If you have any questions about Sadism or bondage you can access the database."

He slides out of bed and goes to put a robe on, laying the tablet on the table with the remains of the wine. It feels like I pushed and he's annoyed but I'm angry too.

"I will obey you but I will not apologize for speaking up Vaiku. Yes we learn about the compact and are fully aware we may be chosen and we do enjoy the rewards of our sacrifice but that doesn't erase the fact that you took me from my family. I had a life, I wanted to follow in my mother's footsteps and become a healer. I had envisioned getting married, having children, growing old. Now I will live for centuries birthing your people's children and never have any of my own. You say this is about putting your people first, well that's why I'm here, to put MY people first."

His face is unreadable and I can't tell if I really crossed over the line or not. I sit there looking down at the bed covers waiting to be punished or locked up or something. He comes over and picks up the
water glass and refills it, setting it back down on the side table.

"You will tell me if you are injured before, during or after these sessions and you will ensure you get plenty of water after."

He looks down at me like he's searching for something and then appears to come to a decision.

"I will not punish you for speaking your mind."

With that, he walks out of the bedroom with the tablet leaving me shaking in the aftermath.

I'm wide awake thanks to the confrontation so I get out the tablet he gave to me and read up on the different fetishes until I fall asleep.

Chapter End Notes

NAMES:
Vaiku is pronounced v EYE ku
Therona - Theron as in Theron Greyjoy with the a pronounced as anna Ther AH na
Scheradezen - cher AHD ehzen
Biljana - Bill JAHNA
Odobi - OH doh bai
Izulok - eh ZOO lock
Ulon - EW lahn
RACES:
Korrin - CORE in
Kushu - KU shoo
Kailjit - Kahl JEET
Illikai - Ill eh KAI
Dangyun - Dang YOON
Eurayal - Yor ah YALL
Hainemonen - Hahn nem oh NEN
Pashmali - Posh MAHL ee
LOCATIONS:
Dolgin - Dahl GIN
Starazagora - Stahra Zah GORAH
Aldarion Prime - Ahl DARE eon Prime

Olisbos - an actual word, ancient Greek term for dildo
(All the words are made up except olisbos. I loosely based Helena’s country on Bulgaria and her neighbors on Turkey.)
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

A day in the life. Helena gets peppered with embarrassing questions from Ododi at breakfast, officially meets Catia and starts her training in medicine, learns a few secrets, meets the Emperor, gets a glimpse behind Vaiku’s princely facade and finally finds out what’s behind the mystery door in the bedroom.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next morning Vaiku is absent again and there’s a beeping noise coming from my tablet. I pick it up and see that he left me a note.

I HAVE DINNER AND A MEETING I MUST ATTEND WITH THE EMPEROR THIS EVENING, HAVE ODOBI HELP YOU DRESS SUITABLY. I WILL BE BY AT SUNSET TO PICK YOU UP.

I grab a quick shower and throw on something loose and flowing, heading down to the kitchen where I find the girls getting ready to sit down for breakfast. Therona looks up and smiles.

“Morning, I was just coming to get you. Vaiku says you sleep like the dead.”

I blush at the reminder that everyone in the room knows I sleep with him. Odobi slings an arm over my shoulders.

“So how did last night go?”

"I............."

Biljana shoos Odobi out of the way.

“Go grab the bacon you pervert.”

“What? I’m currently not with anyone, I have to get my fun from somewhere even if it is vicariously.”

She grabs the bacon and plunks herself down next to me.

“So, how was it, what did he use?”

“What?”

“You don’t have to be embarrassed, Vaiku is hardly the only Jinn who enjoys tying his slave up.”

Therona shoves a piece of toast in Odobi's mouth.

"You'll have to excuse her, she has no filter and you don't have to tell her anything."

"You guys never let me have any fun."
I have to admit a part of me does want to talk about it as embarrassing as it is. Odobi seems to know something about it and I certainly don't want to ask Vaiku anything. Before I lose my nerve, I spit it out.

"He tied my hands to the headboard and uh put a blindfold and gag on me."

Odobi grins.

"Mmmm sounds fun! Taking away some of your senses always makes everything more intense. You should go full sensory deprivation sometime."

"Full sensory deprivation?"

"Yeah, your gagged, blindfolded and your ears are filled so you can't hear."

I shove a piece of toast in my mouth to cover up my reaction. The thought of being utterly helpless and rendered completely unaware speaks to something in me. It doesn't make a bit of sense though, I'm a slave I should want more freedom not less. Odobi gets my attention.

"Hey it's perfectly normal, two entirely different kinds of enslavement. One is given the other is taken. I'm not surprised it appeals to you, it's the only part of your captivity you have some amount of control over."

"That makes sense."

"So, what else did he do?"

"He used the strap on my....you know."

"How many times did he make you come?"

Therona rolls her eyes exasperated.

"Odobi, honestly!"

"It's a perfectly reasonable question!"

She stares across the table at me nibbling at the bacon like she's a rabbit, her eyes huge in her face and her elf ears twitching, she just looks so funny I can't help but laugh.

"What?"

"You, you look like a rabbit Odobi."

Biljana snorts.

"What's a rabbit?"

I bring up a picture of a rabbit on Therona's tablet and show her. At first, I'm worried she'll be mad but she just laughs and forgets her last question to me thank goodness. As much as I like the girls I'm not quite comfortable talking about what I do when I'm alone with Vaiku.

"Vaiku wants me to come with him for dinner and a meeting with the Emperor, he said I should get you to help me find something suitable to wear."

Odobi grins and rubs her hands together.
"This is going to be fun, we'll do your makeup and your hair!"

Rishi smiles.

"You've just made her night."

"Well it's a good thing she knows what she's doing because I don't. My idea of a fancy hairstyle is a ponytail."

Biljana laughs.

"You and me both. So, what's the plan for you today?"

"I was thinking of going to see Catia, I wanna start learning medicine from her. He said I could do what wanted with my own time, I'm taking him up on it."

Therona throws her arm around my shoulders.

"Good for you!"

We finish up breakfast and Therona, Rishi and Biljana head off to their duties. Odobi takes me to the medical wing to introduce me to Catia. When we enter the infirmary there's a young Kushu on the table with an obviously broken arm. She can't be any more than eight and judging from the way it's twisted the wrong way it has to be excruciating but there isn't a single tear. Catia looks up from scanning the arm and smiles.

"Odobi did you need to see me for something?"

"No, just thought I'd officially introduce you to Helena. She would like to begin lessons in medicine."

At this Catia's eyebrows rise to her hairline.

"You would like to learn medicine?"

"I was learning to be a healer from my mother before I was taken by Vaiku. It was something I really loved, I'd like to continue it here."

"Huh."

"What?"

"I can't say that I've ever seen a slave of your particular position have a desire to explore something outside serving Vaiku's needs, or any Jinn's needs for that matter."

"I have a brain, I happened to be pretty good at medicine. I'll be damned if I'm going to spend the rest of my life lounging around half naked waiting on Vaiku."

"Well, ok then. I'm assuming since your mother was a healer you've set a bone before?"

"Numerous times. We lived in the highlands, it's practically a rite of passage."

"Good then come over here and show me how you would set this bone based on what the scanner shows you."

I head over with Odobi curiously following behind. Catia hands me the scanner and I look over the
image of the forearm.

"Uh well judging from the image it looks like it was twisted as it broke so it should be pulled and rotated before setting it in place."

"Very good. I'll take Maja's elbow and you take her wrist. We'll go on three."

I firmly take her wrist and Catia takes her elbow, counting to three we both pull and twist and I wince when I hear the snap of the bone rotating back into place. Astoundingly Maja still hasn't made a sound.

"Ok Helena I am going to hold her arm, you grab the cellular regenerator and inject her right above the break."

"Oh wait this is...I don't know...I just....."

"It's ok, you can't mess it up just press it into her skin above the break and press the button."

I grab what she's talking about and press the lighted end against her skin and press the button, praying I don't screw it up.

"Ok, now take the scanner and look at the break."

I grab the scanner and activate it, waving it over the break. When I look at the screen I can't believe what I'm seeing. The bone is literally mending itself within seconds as I watch.

"How is this possible?"

"Biotechnology on a molecular level. The serum you injected contains thousands of nanobytes, they work just like your red blood cells do to create collagen which rebuilds damaged tissue. Except, what would take collagen six weeks to heal, the nanobytes repair in seconds. They bind to the injury and use their own matter rebuild the tissue. They have the capability to transmute themselves into whatever is needed, whether it's bone or blood or muscle and they become part of the body, completely indistinguishable from the native tissue."

"Wow."

I turn around and Odobi is standing there utterly fascinated.

"I knew it worked but I didn't really know how it worked you know?"

I nod.

"It's pretty impressive."

Maja rolls her eyes and gets down from the table.

"Can I go now?"

Catia runs the scanner one final time over her arm to make sure it's completely healed.

"You can go but be careful, this serum doesn't come cheap you know."

"Yeah yeah so you've said a million times."

She walks past Odobi and waves, disappearing around the corner.
"She's charming."

Odobi laughs.

"She's a juvenile Kushu, they're all like that at that age."

"So how the heck did she keep from screaming?"

Catia puts the scanner away and comes over.

"Kushu have the enviable ability to block pain signals at will. It comes in handy considering the vast majority of them choose to serve as soldiers."

Odobi picks up one of the scanners and pokes at it.

"So doc, what else can you teach us?"

She raises an eyebrow at Odobi.

"If Helena is interested I can start testing her to see what she knows already and then move on to the basics. Helena since you're already familiar with herbalism you'll do well with the Jinn, I don't know if any one told you but the Kailjit as a whole stick with natural medicine. They wouldn't ever use the serum because they see it as artificial."

"So I've been told. I am curious about something though, sometimes people refer to the Jinn as Jinn and sometimes Kailjit what's the difference?"

"Vaiku is both Jinn and Kailjit. Jinn is his I guess you would call it sub race? There are numerous races within the collective species called Kailjit and they are all genetically related so people use the terms interchangeably."

"Huh ok. Well, when would you like to start I don't want to interrupt you if you're working."

"We can start now. If I get a patient you can help me out, learn by doing."

I go over my knowledge of herbs with her and I can tell she's impressed. Odobi wanders off not too long after we start saying she'll come get me for lunch. Catia just smiles.

"It's Odobi, being the coordinator for the social gatherings she's used to multi-tasking a million things all at once. Sitting in one place like this is torture for her."

"I could tell."

Catia and I spend a good deal of time going over the different tools of the trade and I get my chance to help her out when she gets a call for assistance from one of the other doctors reporting a containment leak. She goes and grabs her med kit and waves me over.

"Before we go down we have to remove your collar, the radiation will destroy it."

She takes out a slim wand from her med bag, touching it to the collar and it springs open.

"Vaiku said he was the only one who could open it."

"Of course, he didn't want you to get any ideas. All the doctors have the ability to remove the collars for medical emergencies."
She puts the wand away and gestures to me to follow her. We head to the engineering section which according to my implant houses the fusion battery that provides power to the house.

"Exactly how big is this place?"

Catia grins as we enter the transport and head downward to the lower floors.

"As a Prince, Vaiku has his own dominion and a standing army. The small part you've seen is just his personal household, the rest of it houses about three thousand troops and their support."

"If the Princes have their own armies what's to stop them from overthrowing the Emperor?"

"It would turn into familial war between the brothers who support the Emperor and the ones who don't. The resulting devastation would weaken the Kailjit and believe me, there are plenty of other races out there who would love to bring the Kailjit to their knees."

We exit the transport and are met by two Dangyun engineers and a Jinn doctor. The engineers hold out what look like bracelets.

"Here, put these on. One of the regulators failed and overloaded, there's been radiation leakage. Everyone suffered pretty nasty burns."

Catia puts her bracelet on and then slides mine on and we follow the engineers and the doctor in, where we find about twenty other engineers with various injuries. I can see the hole where the explosion occurred and the emergency forcefield separating everyone from it. Catia hands me one of the cellular regenerators and instructs me to take care of the ones who were burned so I make my way around the main reactor room and administer the nanobytes where they're needed. Between the smoke and the debris littering the floor it's not easy to pick my safely through to the patients. I'm not familiar enough with the medicine to tell them it's ok to leave when I'm done so I just instruct them to stay in place and rest for the moment. When I finish I hunt down Catia and find her and the other doctor frantically working on a patient who clearly took the brunt of the regulator explosion. They've managed to stem the flow of blood for the most part but they only have so many hands to apply pressure so without thinking I kneel down and start covering the wounds they haven't gotten to yet. The Jinn looks over but doesn't say anything, just injects the serum while Catia and I slow the bleeding. Between us we manage to keep him stable long enough for the serum to do its job closing his deep chest wounds. The Jinn does a last check and declares him well enough to move and more medical staff come in to transport the injured to the infirmary where they can finish their recovery. They finally shut the alarms off and my ears are ringing in the sudden silence.

We're in the engineering infirmary cleaning up when the doctor looks towards the door and abruptly straightens up. We turn around and Vaiku is standing there, covered head to toe in mud in what looks like armor except its completely form fitting. He comes directly over to me and holds his hand out.

"Bracelet."

I show him the bracelet wondering what it is he's looking for. He flicks his gaze over to Catia and I watch as his eyes go completely black. Judging by the sudden draining of blood from Catia's face and the fact that she's stepping back I'm guessing he's furious. He lets go of my wrist and swift as a snake grabs Catia by the throat, lifts her off the floor and speaks very quietly.

"You knew you were putting her at risk. You knew the damage the radiation could do to her if she were exposed to enough of it but I suspect that was your plan."
He lets up on his grip enough that she can squeak out a response.

"I can't stand to watch her go through the breeding again!"

"I can't imagine you'd want her death on your conscience so you thought you'd expose her to enough radiation to render her sterile and I would send her home just like Biljana."

He drops her on the floor.

"When the leak was reported you saw your opportunity. You figured in the chaos and without her collar no one would notice who she was and any problems with her fertility would crop up long after the radiation would have been detectable."

"She would have had her freedom!"

"What if you had miscalculated the exposure Catia, YOU COULD HAVE KILLED HER!"

He clenches his fists so hard I can almost hear the bones cracking and Catia is cowering on the floor in the face of his rage. He impatiently gestures to the soldiers behind him.

"Take her to a cell before I end her right here."

They take her out of the room as one of the engineers hesitantly approaches.

"My lord.."

Vaiku puts his hand up.

"Wait, check her first."

The doctor comes forward and takes me back into the infirmary, Vaiku following behind looking thunderous. He runs a scanner over my body and gives a visible sigh of relief. I stay seated on the table not sure what to do and not wanting to make Vaiku angry.

"Minimal exposure, no sign of damage."

He looks at the engineer.

"Good now, continue."

"All the personnel have been accounted for and will recover. The radiation has been contained and we can have the regulator repaired and running by the end of the week. We can safely reroute the energy to other sectors with no loss of power to the castle until this regulator is back to full capacity."

"I am relieved there was no loss of life. What caused it?"

This is where the engineer starts to look nervous and Vaiku raises an eyebrow.

"Our preliminary findings indicate sabotage."

Vaiku closes his eyes like he's not surprised in the least.

"My lord I don't understand what the point of sabotage would be. We have so many safety measures and redundancies in place it would be impossible to take out the system or even cause widespread serious injury."
"It was not meant to Daron."

"My lord?"

"It was a friendly message from my brother, letting me know he could. Do whatever needs to be done."

"Should we post guards?"

"There's no point, my brother made his. Helena come."

He strides off without a word leaving me to scramble after him.

"What happened!"

He steps into the transport still not saying a word.

"Hey what is going on!"

He comes out of the transport and heads in the direction of his private wing. I stop in the middle of the hallway and wait. He gets almost down to the entryway when he notices I'm not right behind him and turns to glare at me.

"I'm not moving until I get some answers!"

He stomps down the hall back toward me and promptly picks me up, throwing me over his shoulder and heading into his private wing. When he finally sets me down he immediately goes and pours a drink and his hands are actually shaking. My instinct tells me it's not just anger but I'm still annoyed at being ignored.

"What is going on Vaiku!"

"I wanted to wait till we were in private to discuss it Helena."

"Well why didn't you just say that instead of treating me like I'm a sack of goya's!"

He lets out a huge sigh.

"You are the single most annoying slave I've ever owned."

I fold my arms and glare at him.

"You picked me."

He sets the glass down with a loud crack and comes over reaching out to undo my chiton.

"Hey what are you.......?"

He pulls the chiton off leaving me naked and points to the center of the room.

"Really? You want sex now?"

He rolls his eyes.

"I want to physically check you for signs of radiation poisoning. I know the scanner cleared you but this is for my peace of mind."
"You know it would help if maybe you led with that."

"I'm beginning to regret telling you that you could speak your mind."

"Too late to take it back now."

I stand up in the middle of the room where the sunlight is coming in through the skylight and wait patiently while he looks over every square inch of my body but I still have a million questions. As if he knows he quietly speaks up.

"You can ask your questions when I'm done."

"Ok."

When he's finally satisfied I'm perfectly healthy he picks up the chiton and hands it to me, going over to pour another drink.

"What did the girls tell you about Catia?"

"Only that her people tried to take some territory in Aldarion Prime and she's a hostage now."

"Catia is a member of the royal family of Asidon, specifically their crown princess."

"What!"

"I am telling you this because we will be discussing it with the Emperor when we dine with him tonight. You are not to tell Odobi or any of the others girls any of it, Catia's social status is to remain a secret is that understood?"

"Yes."

I grab a glass of water and sit down at the table watching him pace in front of the rear window. He starts to speak but the door chime goes off and he goes to answer it, coming back with my collar.

"I won't expect you to wear this when we are at home but since we are going to the Citadel tonight it's imperative that you do."

"Alright."

He snaps the collar back on me and continues with his explanation.

"Taking Catia as a hostage was the only way to stop the Asidon from continuing their foolhardy quest for a piece of Aldarion. We could very easily have stopped their advance permanently but we had no interest in inflicting the level of damage it would have taken to achieve that nor did want to risk anymore of our own. Asidon do not surrender and they do not stop until they've won or are destroyed. Their one weakness is the esteem in which they hold their ruling Matriarchy. They are considered sacred, descended from their Goddess and worshipped fanatically. As the heir to Asidon's throne Catia's value is without equal so in order to avoid having to annihilate them we took her hostage. They will not renew hostilities as long as we have her in our custody."

"I'm guessing what she did today complicates things."

He huffs a sarcastic laugh.

"She endangered a breeding slave, a crime punishable by death."
"Oh."

He polishes off the drink setting it down on the sill and turns to me.

"I don't think you understand Helena. After they come out of Genesis the larvae have a limited amount of time to be implanted in your womb for gestation, if they are not placed in time they perish."

"OH."

"The Genesis itself can be sustained indefinitely inside the Well but as soon as it is fertilized by our sperm and the larvae are formed they must be implanted within forty-eight hours."

"I....I don't...that's..."

I trail off not knowing what to say in response to this massive revelation.

"Do you understand how precious, how critical you are to our survival? If I had already fertilized a Genesis and Catia had succeeded with her plan those potential children would have died. Our race hangs on by thread Helena, we have to wait until one of us is ready to pass on before a genesis can be created and with a race that is immortal it doesn't happen often. It's why we zealously avoid engaging in any kind of conflict, a Genesis can only be formed through a special end of life ceremony, a soldier who falls in battle however, leaves no legacy."

I find myself completely floored at the sheer struggle his people have to go through and I wonder how it got this way. I think back to my own people and how blessed they are to be able have children so easily. I have to admit my burden doesn't seem like much in the face of his.

"I may not enjoy the breeding and I can't say I agree with the slavery but I get it. Morality is easy to set aside in the service of survival and I can't really hate your race for it. Is....is Catia going to be executed?"

"No, it would start a war. She'll be censured and sent elsewhere in Aldarion, we can't return her home or we lose leverage."

"What about her research?"

"She can continue it, it did show promise and it is in our best interests to encourage it. She'll just be placed somewhere she has no contact with active breeding slaves."

"I guess in her own mind she thought she was saving me. Is that what happened to Biljana?"

"No, her infertility was natural."

"How did she do it?"

"Do what?"

"Catia how did she expose me?"

"She deactivated your bracelet. We were lucky the majority of the radiation had already been filtered out. The bracelet is a redundancy measure, it creates a forcefield around your body that can be programmed to filter out different substances."

"She took the collar off."
"All medical personnel have the authority to unlock them in the event of an emergency, she knew with the collar there's no way the engineers would have allowed you in."

"Are you mad I went with her to engineering?"

"I told you, you were welcome to do as you pleased with your time when you weren't serving me, if you wish to learn medicine I won't stop you. As for going into engineering, you had no way of knowing the danger Helena I don't blame you for that. Another doctor will be brought in to replace Catia and I will introduce you. And yes, you can tell the girls what happened with Catia and about the sabotage, they'll find out soon enough anyway."

"I'm sorry Vaiku."

"For what?"

"For how hard it is for your people. When mine have a baby it's...it's such a joy but we take it for granted. Your people, you have all this technology and immortality but yet having a child is such a monumental struggle for you."

I look up and the look on his face is one I can't even interpret.

"Helena...."

"What?"

He reaches out and slides his hand around my waist, pulling me up against his armored chest. His other hand cups the back of my neck and he brings his mouth down on mine. I'm bewildered, I didn't expect kissing. I'm a slave, a slave with a liberal owner who gives me quite a bit of freedom but a slave nonetheless. I'm expected to submit but a kiss is for lovers, for wives and husbands, for people who are courting, not for a slave and her owner. He licks his tongue along the seam of my lips, coaxing me to open my mouth. I open it without thinking and he deepens the kiss, pushing me against the windowsill and sliding his knee between my legs. For someone who has no females in his race he seems to know what he's doing, my body certainly enjoys what he's doing, my head is spinning and I'm embarrassed to find myself starting to rub against his thigh where it's pushing up against my pussy. I have never kissed a man before, I didn't get a chance to before I was chosen but my first kiss is turning out to be a good one.

He pulls back and runs his tongue down the side of my neck, sucking at my pulse point and laying kisses over my collarbone. I tilt my head back and encourage him, gripping his shoulders. I can't get a good grip though because of the armor. I push him away and start trying to find the clasps or whatever holds it in place. He sees what I'm doing and steps back, swiftly undoing the body fitting armor and letting it dump to the floor. Before I can even complain about the mud he got all over my chiton from it he's already pulled it off and gone back to sucking kisses into my neck. My hands are not idle, wandering all over whatever flesh I can reach. He pushes his knee back between my legs, lifting one up and to the side, sliding his fingers into my pussy and wrenching a loud moan from my chest.

He fucks me with his fingers, tugging on the ring and rubbing his thumb over my clit until I come with a shudder. He pulls his fingers out, licking my juices off of them and then picks me up, laying me down on the bed before slowly pushing into me. There's no bondage, no roughness, no hard grips and forceful thrusts this time. Just kissing, gentle touches and a leisurely rhythm and it confuses the crap out of me. I have sympathy for the tribulations his race faces and I'll still obey him for the sake of my people but is it betraying who I am fundamentally if I find myself participating in this? Sure, I responded to his touch before but am I crossing some invisible line by reciprocating, by
actively participating? Who really would I be betraying other myself? If I'm the only one affected then I'm the only one it matters to and right now it doesn't matter.

He leans down and starts tugging on the rings with his teeth, sucking on my nipples and setting off sparks of pleasure. I bow my back pushing my breasts into his face and wrap my legs around his waist. In a moment of boldness, I reach down and grab his ass with both hands and move my hips into his thrusts encouraging him to go a little harder and faster. He responds and starts going deeper, swallowing my moans into his mouth. With every inward thrust he drags the rings on my clit and my breasts, rubbing them against his body hair and before long I'm coming hard, clenching down on him and bringing him with me.

We lay there for a moment, letting our breathing and heart rates slow. When we come down he slides out of me and rolls to his back, to my surprise pulling me to his chest and tucking my head under his chin. I don't understand what brought on this sudden indulgence, he's never shown this level of emotion, he usually just takes me and then withdraws. I'm afraid to ask cause I don't want to push him too much so I opt to simply lay in silence. Of course, me being curious that doesn't last long.

"What was going on with the mud? You look like you'd been rolling in the pig trough."

He sighs.

"You can't just enjoy this can you?"

"I could have asked when you were kissing me, I didn't wanna ruin the moment."

He rolls his eyes.

"One of the engagement areas we use for training got hit by a bad rain storm last night, it was still pretty well soaked this morning."

"Will you tell me about what's going on with your brother?"

"Later on tonight when I speak with the Emperor."

We lay there watching the sunlight's progress through the skylight until the door chimes.

"Who is it?"

"It's Odobi, I've come to get Helena for lunch and they said she was here."

"I'll be right there."

I sit up and look over at Vaiku. He's still got his arm around my waist and I can feel his thumb idly caressing my hip.

"Um I...I wouldn't object to.....this was, I liked this..."

I lean over and peck him on the lips before rushing off to the sanctuary of the bathroom, I'm not sure I want to know his reaction. If this was just a momentary lapse of reason, if he ends up regretting it it's back to the status quo, if he wants it then I have to confront my attraction to him. Honestly, I'm not sure which outcome I'd rather have.

I throw on a clean chiton smiling when I see all the mud Vaiku left on the other one. Cleaning up I come back out and see he's left already, he must have slipped in when I was in my closet. I can't deny that hurts a bit, must have been a fluke. I head out and find Odobi standing there with her
I can tell she's dying to know but she nods and keeps her peace till we're all sitting at a table in Biljana's private rooms cause I didn't really want anyone else to overhear anything.

"So what happened?"

"Did you hear about the accident in engineering?"

"Yeah they said one of the regulators exploded."

"Well first of all the explosion was sabotage, Vaiku said it was his brother sending him a message."

They all nod knowingly and Odobi shakes her head.

"Not surprising, Kelon has always been jealous that Vaiku holds the Emperor's favor. He's been stepping up the nastiness though since finding out Vaiku will likely be the next Emperor."

"Yeah but considering what I just got told about how hard it is for them reproduce and all that, isn't attacking his brother a bad idea?"

Rishi speaks up.

"Yeah which is why they undermine each other instead. Kelon probably wants to push Vaiku into screwing up so he can either get the Emperor to reconsider or force a vote of abdication from the other Princes after his passing." I laugh at that and they all look at me funny.

"I find it amusing, the Kailjit never stopped fighting amongst themselves, they just do it through other means now."

Odobi bounces in her seat.

"So what happened with the explosion? Tell me!"

"Catia tried to make me sterile so I'd get to go home like Biljana."

Utter incredulous silence.

"She took me down to help her with the injured and she deactivated my bracelet, she was hoping the radiation would make me sterile. She said she couldn't stand to see me go through the breeding again. Vaiku is sending her somewhere else to do her research cause they can't send her home and they can't execute her."

Odobi starts sniffling and everyone looks at her puzzled.

"I should have stayed with you! I got bored and I left, if I had stuck around I could have stopped her
from taking your collar off, I could have stopped her from deactivating the bracelet!"

I scoot my chair over to hers and put an arm around her.

"You couldn't have known Catia was going to do that Odobi, it's not your fault. Did you for one
minute, think she'd do that?"

"Well no."

"Then don't be silly. I got a clean bill of health and we're all good."

She wipes her eyes and in true Odobi fashion bounces right to the next topic.

"So why was Vaiku in such a hurry?"

I look around at the girls and sigh.

"We were talking after the accident and I said I was sorry his race had such difficulty having children
and he looked at me like I had another head. Then he kissed me and did this thing with his fingers in
my.....anyway not important.....we had sex but it was, more like making love. I...I think he regrets
it."

Biljana is the first to speak.

"Maybe it just scared him."

"You think?"

Rishi sits back and shrugs.

"This is new territory Helena. The Jinn when they use a bed slave it's in and out pardon the pun.
They take care of them sure but there's no emotional attachment. Vaiku is no different or at least I
thought he wasn't."

"Well we'll see what happens tonight after we come back from dinner with the Emperor."

Odobi claps her hands together.

"That's right! We need to start right after lunch. We'll go out to the pool and get some sun and then
we'll come in and get you ready!"

I look over at Therona.

"Am I going to regret this?"

"Absolutely not, Odobi is a genius with cosmetics and clothes."

We finish lunch and spend a leisurely afternoon by the pool. I swam in the creek back home but
this is a whole new experience for me swimming in an artificial pond and it's fascinating. It looks like
it's completely natural but the water is perfectly clear and filtered. The whole thing extends out to the
very edge of the cliff and the surface is perfectly even with the lip so it looks like the pool just keeps
going right out over it. The gardens surrounding the pool are spectacular, a riot of flowers in every
color imaginable. Walkways paved with stone meander through and tucked in quiet corners are little
babbling fountains filled with bright fish and teak benches to rest on. All of Vaiku's castle has
painstakingly been carved out of the cliffs and the pond and its surrounding gardens sit on top of a
sheer cliff face that juts out into the air. Standing at the balcony you can see the forest canopy a half a
mile below, the rivers winding through it like glittering silver snakes broken only by other cliffs thrusting toward the sky. If I squint I can see the subtle shift in the air where the forcefield sits, protecting the castle. It is breathtaking and I put Vaiku completely out of my thoughts and just have fun until it comes time to come back in and start getting ready.

I walk in with the girls and see the basket sitting on the bed and my shoulders slump. A part of me knew I would still have to do it, they needed to be fed and an understanding between Vaiku and I wouldn’t change that. Therona comes over puts her arm around me.

"I'll stay and help, if you like?"

I nod and she looks over at the others.

"Why don't you guys head out, I'll come get you when we're done and then we can get her ready."

The other girls file out, pausing to hug me before leaving. They look uncomfortable and I don't blame them one bit. This is as new to them as it is to me after all. We head over to the bed and are getting started when Vaiku comes out of the bathroom with his clothing for the evening. He sees us and nods.

"I'm getting ready in the barracks; you girls can have the bathroom. I'll meet you in the foyer at six."

We both watch him leave without saying a word and I can tell Therona is mad.

"Thanks for being outraged on my behalf but it's ok, it's better this way."

"How can it be better?"

"I'm a slave Therona, no matter how he feels or I feel that doesn't change. I'm here to breed his children and satisfy his sexual needs. I don't want to hope for anything more."

She hugs me and guides me over to the bed, sitting with me as I feed them, making small talk to keep me distracted. When I'm done she rings for their caretaker to come get them and heads into the bathroom, coming back out with a tiny nanobyte injector from the first aid kit.

"Catia said that stuff is really expensive I can't use it for this!"

"Nonsense, you're feeding his children it's the least he can do and it's only for a week take it."

I sigh and grab it, there's no point arguing with Therona and she smiles at me as if she knows it. I use the injector and she goes and sticks her head out the door to holler for the girls who come back in and fuss over me like I'm a new grandchild and I have to laugh.

"Guys it sucked but I'm ok."

Biljana puts her hand on her hip and looks at me like she's not so sure.

"Well if you say so."

Now that feeding is done I'm back to being nervous about the Emperor, I don't want a repeat of what happened with Scheradezen.

"Have any of you met the Emperor? Is he going to touch me? I don't..."

Odobi puts a hand on my shoulder and squeezes.
"You don't have to worry, Vaiku would never allow the Emperor to touch you. Besides, our esteemed ruler has his own bed slaves."

And with that Odobi buries herself in my closet after telling me to go shower. When I get out she's waiting for me with a stunning floor length off the shoulder chiton in a dark red. I look at it with trepidation.

"That costs more than my entire wardrobe at home! What if I spill something on it?"

Therona laughs.

"Vaiku will just buy you a new one."

"Ugh!"

"Helena you'll be fine and if you're that worried just drink water now sit down so I can so do your hair and makeup."

Having my hair and makeup done is another experience I've never done before, I didn't think I'd ever seen anyone from home wearing it except maybe the Queen. I fidget a lot cause all the swiping and plucking and brushing on my face is annoying and Odobi has to remind me to stay still several times. When she's done though and I'm standing in front of the mirror I'm stunned at the transformation.

The sun I got gives me a subtle glow that contrasts well with the dark red of the gown which shows tantalizing hints of the curves underneath. My lips are tinted with just a hint of rose, Odobi choosing to focus on my eyes instead, lining them in black and painting the lids shimmery gold to contrast with my blue eyes. My hair has been plaits and looped around my head to form a crown, leaving a single braid hanging down my back. Biljana comes out with a case of jewels and Odobi picks through them, choosing an elegant brooch for where the chiton gathers at my shoulder and twin gold arm bands opting to leave everything else looking natural. Rishi kneels down and puts a pair of gold sandals on my feet, wrapping the cord around my calf and tying it off. Odobi sighs happily.

"There, you look beautiful!"

Therona nods.

"I dare say you'll outshine the Emperor's own breeding slave."

I stop for second realizing something.

"Wait, with the way they breed that would make her Vaiku's mother, right?"

Rishi frowns.

"Uh the current Emperor fertilized the Genesis of the last one and his breeding slave gestated them so yeah, that would make her Vaiku's mother why?"

"You don't think it's kind of awkward meeting the mother of your umm owner when she knows you're you know having sex with him?"

Odobi cocks her head thinking.

"I suppose, I mean if you were in a normal relationship and he was introducing you to his mother and you guys were sleeping together and she knew it, it would be awkward but you're both in the same boat, you're slaves."
I throw up my hands in exasperation, clearly, they don't get it. Therona looks at the clock and starts shooing everyone to the door.

"It's time."

We head to the foyer and Vaiku is waiting by the door with two bodyguards. He looks incredible in a loose robe in midnight blue, draped over one shoulder falling into a long kilt down his legs and belted at his waist with gold cords. Underneath he has on a beautiful short sleeved crème tunic shot through with tiny threads of gold. This time his circlet is a thick band of hammered gold and set with Lapis and paired with full bracers that run from wrist to elbow. Around his neck is the outstretched wings of a diving falcon, the gold feathers interspersed with rows of tiny red and blue beads. His hair has been braided into one long plait down his back. He's holding a teakwood staff topped with a falcon's head and banded with some kind of whitish silver metal. When he looks over and sees me his eyes get big and I can practically hear the girls smirk behind me.

"You look stunning Helena."

"Thank you, you do to I mean you look good."

He takes my arm and we head out to the boat to the very loud and embarrassing choruses of the girls telling me to have fun. Tonight, the boat is a lot fancier, instead of the sail being a plain white it's midnight blue with the emblem of the falcon emblazoned across it. The control room is divided into two sections, one for the driver who is a valet tonight and the other a private sitting room with a comfortable couch, chairs and a table. We settle into the private room while the guards post themselves outside the door. As usual they don't say a word.

"After what happened with the explosion your bodyguards make a lot more sense now."

"I am in no danger personally, but yes they are necessary and you will have them every time you leave the house."

"I didn't have them when I went shopping with the girls."

"Yes, you did, you just didn't see them."

"Oh." He sets the tablet down on the table and pins me with his gaze.

"I want to you understand something Helena, your bloodline makes you very valuable and as my breeding slave you will be a target for my enemies. I know you have fun with the girls and I don't mind that but be aware that Odobi is sometimes reckless and takes chances. She's the ringleader of your little group and the other girls follow her. Therona I can count on to be the voice of reason but not always so when you are out with them please be aware of your surroundings. Your collar constantly transmits your location to the security station at home so if you get into trouble we can find you but I'd prefer you not take any unnecessary risks."

"You sound like my father."

"I doubt very much your father does the things to you that I do."

My mouth snaps shut at that.

We arrive at the Citadel at the private entrance on the topmost level and are met by a Jinn dressed in a uniform similar to what Vaiku was wearing for the training but without the armor. He bows to Vaiku and gives me a courteous nod of acknowledgment.
"My lord the Emperor is waiting in the Imperial Room, this way."

We head down the hallway following him and I am floored by the obscene wealth on display. Marble floors, gold leaf on the walls, costly woods, ivory, silk, precious gems, decadent furs. It's a little overwhelming and I'm frankly thankful that Vaiku prefers things a bit more understated. He leans down to whisper in my ear.

"When you meet the Emperor do not speak until spoken to and when you make your obeisance slightly bend your knees, then bow your head and extend your arms out toward him, palms up. Wait until he has touched your hand before standing back up. He will have his breeding slave with him Calona. You do not need to make obeisance's to her, as a slave she has no royal status but it should interest you to know she is distantly related to you."

I stumble and almost fall into the wall at those words. He catches my arm and continues down the hallway while I am left tottering after him, my mind reeling. At the end of the hall a set of doors is opened as we approach and the Jinn announces us.

"His Royal Highness Prince Vaiku, Helena."

We walk in and I see can see the family resemblance between Vaiku and the Emperor, both have severe but handsome faces, tall and imposing. Where Vaiku is in blue and gold the Emperor clearly favors black and silver. As he gets up from his chair and approaches us, I bend my knees and head and extend my arms. I can see out of the corner of my eye Vaiku is doing the same. I wait until I feel the Emperor lay his palms over mine and then slowly brush his hand across them and over my fingers before dropping off. I watch as he does the same to Vaiku and then hugs him.

"Please have a seat, Calona will be in shortly."

We sit down and I'm not quite sure what to do with myself so I just sit and try not to fidget.

"Asalon, this is Helena."

"Another from the Dragomirov bloodline, excellent choice."

The Emperor looks at me.

"I hear you did well your first breeding, you have my gratitude."

I nod.

"It wasn't pleasant but Vaiku explained to me how trying it is for your people to reproduce. I...I"

"Please speak your mind."

A servant comes in with wine and an assortment of appetizers and quietly sets them on the table. I take a sip to settle my nerves and continue.

"I don't condone slavery, I'm sure there are slaves out there who think your race dying out would be no less than you deserve but I'm not one of them. My freedom is a small price to pay for your people's survival and the safety of mine."

The Emperor raises an eyebrow and peers at me as if he can't quite figure out if I'm real.

"How very unselfish, it seems that kind of altruism runs in your family."
"My family?"

"Calona is much the same way, I assume Vaiku informed you, you are distantly related?"

"Yes, I'm, I'm stunned to say the least."

"While those of the merchant, soldier and laborer castes are bred from women taken from various other human settlements our nobility breeds exclusively with your kingdom, your family in particular has birthed many of our Emperors."

"Is that why my kingdom is shielded from people like the Hainemonen and the Illikai?"

"Yes, your people are valuable and we don't share."

A side door opens and a woman who looks like my grandmother comes in.

"My apologies for being late, domestic issues!"

Both Vaiku and the Emperor stand and I figure I should follow along. She hugs Vaiku and gives the Emperor a kiss before turning to me with a big smile.

"Helena such a pleasure to meet you!"

"You look like my grandmother!"

"Our blood runs strong, even with the inclusion of those who marry into our family the Dragomirov blood is always dominant."

"How far back, how old......."

"I would be considered your aunt many times removed."

I look over at Vaiku.

"How long has my family been making these sacrifices? Do you keep track of us like old man Harmond does with his dairy cows? By the Gods my parents knew, they knew and never said a word!"

Calona puts her hand on my shoulder.

"They didn't know everything, only that our family is favored by the Benefactor."

"Obviously the Benefactor isn't just one of you so do you take turns?"

The Emperor speaks up.

"Yes, we balance our populations needs with yours."

I laugh bitterly.

"We ARE dairy cows."

I stop and look up wide eyed, thinking I've pissed them off but the Emperor just looks at me as if I were a petulant child.

"You are new to your slavery and I don't object to you expressing your anger Helena it is to be expected. As for your dairy cow reference let me give you some perspective. Vaiku will be my
chosen heir which will make him the next Emperor and any children you breed the next line of royal princes from which Vaiku's heir will be chosen. As Emperor I rule an Empire that stretches across fifteen dimensions in which thirty-five different races call home. I see to the prosperity and safety of over a BILLION souls. As a member of the Alliance Consortium I am allied with another twenty-eight races that control forty-five dimensions between them so you see my dear, you are important but your life is a tiny cog in a vast machine."

I look over to see Vaiku's reaction to being chosen the heir and his lips are tightly compressed but he doesn't speak out against it. I sit there trying to collect myself until the valet comes in and gets the Emperors attention.

"My lord dinner is served."

We head into the other room where there is a cozy table set for four by a picture window overlooking a magnificent garden. The windows have been left open to the sounds of the fountain and the smell of the orchids growing below the sill. It's an invitation to stop and exist in the present, to enjoy what is in front of you and it only serves to make me feel more keenly the lesson the Emperor just imposed upon me, that I am both precious to his family, giving life to those who take care of so many others but also insignificant in the grand scheme of things, my enslavement a drop in an ocean of countless other losses and pains. I look back from the window to find the Emperor watching me and I lift my chin.

"Thank you for the valuable lesson in perspective but I can't accept my enslavement as inevitable."

The Emperor smiles and nods in approval.

"I would expect nothing less from a Dragomirov."

Calona is smiling and I look over at Vaiku and he's tapping his finger on the rim of wine glass, an appraising look on his face.

"You continue to surprise me Helena."

"So do you."

The Emperor raises his wine glass.

"A toast then to judging a book by its contents and not its cover."

We toast and the servers bring in dinner, roasted quail with potatoes and grilled asparagus. I find my gaze drifting back out to the garden and the Emperor notices.

"Do you enjoy gardens?"

"I do, we had one back home. It was mostly herbs since my mother was the village healer but we did have some blooms, nothing quite this spectacular though."

"Thank you but I'm afraid I cannot take credit nor can my gardener, that is Vaiku's work."

I look over at Vaiku imagining him on his knees in the dirt planting flowers and he's studiously filling his glass with wine.

"Really?"

"Yes, the previous garden suffered a beetle infestation and had to be burned to prevent it
I grin, filing that information away for later, fully intending to interrogate him about it.

"So your mother was a healer?"

I smile at Calona.

"Yeah I was going to start learning with Catia but well that didn't work out."

The Emperor speaks up addressing Vaiku.

"Yes I heard she tried to irradiate Helena. That is a diplomatic nightmare that will have to be sorted. Asidon will need to be notified that she is being censured and moved elsewhere."

"I have already started the process, I sent a message to Ambassador Nogin requesting his presence for the discussion. Catia is being held in the detention center until then."

"Good and her research?"

"It will continue, I see no reason to shut it down."

"I concur."

"The accident was confirmed sabotage."

"Yes, your brother believes he would make a better Emperor."

"He wants to get you to reconsider or force abdication after you're gone."

"I had asked you here to tell you I had chosen you as my heir and the next Emperor. I have spoken to your brothers and with the exception of Kelon you have their support. I will be moving out of the Citadel with my staff within the next six months. I do not plan on entering the Ashrai Temple just yet, I will stay and help you transition as my predecessor did for me. I know you'd rather remain my General but things are changing and you must the one to lead our people through it."

Vaiku lets out a sigh and bows his head.

"I am honored by your faith in me and will do what must be done."

The rest of the meal passes in silence, everyone simply enjoying the food. When the dishes have been cleared the Emperor rises from his chair and gestures to Vaiku.

"Come we have things to discuss. Calona, Helena if you'll excuse us."

They exit the room and Calona takes me out to the gardens to enjoy the last of the sun.

"I still can't believe you're my aunt, how old are you?"

"It's been one thousand four hundred and thirty-seven years since I was chosen by Asalon."

"How could you not get bored!"

She laughs.

I had my children after they learned human form, I had the opportunity to travel all over the
dimensions, I was able to learn so many things, how to paint, how to garden...."

"Ummmm after Asalon is gone."

"Go on it's ok."

"Vaiku said I would be given to the worm when I couldn't have......"

"That is the way it used to be, Vaiku is young but he's a bit of an anachronist. His belief system is more in line with his youth, at least in terms of how he treats his slaves but the rest he tends to hide in the past. You were just another slave among many so he was clinging to the familiar. You will eventually go to Bishingon as I will but not when you can no longer produce healthy children."

"It sounds horrible."

"Does it really, is it any worse than dumping the bodies of your loved one's in dirt? The Bishingon serves a purpose within the ecosystem, it maintains balance. We nourish it with our bodies and it keeps the forests and the fields healthy. Everything has a purpose, everything is recycled, all Kailjit are returned to the soil from which they came."

"How exactly, Vaiku told me a little."

"You're administered a sedative to relax you and then a chemical that shuts down your higher functions, you become no more aware than a newborn. Then they lay you down at the entrance to the Bishingon's lair and while you wait for it the chemical proceeds deeper into your brain and begins to erase your memories. When it comes out it injects you with a substance that induces massive euphoria and you fall into an orgasmic stupor while it swallows you. Then the chemical shuts down your senses, all but your ability to feel pleasure. You can't see, you can't hear and by this time it's pulled you all the way into its stomach. The last thing you feel is sublime ecstasy and warmth as its stomach contracts around you and then the chemical renders you unconscious and your heart stops. After that it secretes an acid that breaks down your body."

"What if you've already died?"

"You're still given to the Bishingon."

"So then after Asalon's Genesis is removed...."

"He will be given to the Bishingon. Everyone still gets a memorial you know, even though there's no grave. They have remembrance vaults you can visit, little alcoves that people leave flowers and trinkets in."

We find a nice bench over by the edge of the balcony where we can look out over the city. A mass of twinkling lights and sleek boats riding the air and down below the blackness of the forest canopy weaving its way through the cliffs.

"It's an incredible view from up here."

"I sense a but Helena."

"As beautiful as it is nothing compares to a midsummer night lying in the hayloft looking out at the stars from the upper window. Listening to the crickets, watching the fireflies."

Calona laughs.
"I miss hayrides and my favorite horse. I'll you what I don't miss though is lugging buckets of water back and forth to the tub."

"Yes, and trying to make sure you got all your peeing done cause there was no way you were trekking to the outhouse in the middle of the night in winter."

She almost falls off the bench.

"Oh and stumbling around in the dark, we could have really used those illumasticks they use down in engineering."

"Don't forget the raccoons, the skunks and the BUGS!"

Half an hour later Vaiku and the Emperor come out to the garden to find Calona and I have had a bit too much wine and we're up to our knees in the fountain. The bottom of my dress is soaked and I can hardly stand up straight, Calona is trying to remember the lyrics of an old Anhulgáir drinking song but she keeps getting stuck on the first verse. Vaiku shakes his head and comes over holding his hand out.

"It's time to go home."

"Come on Vaiku, take off your shoes get in the water it's great!"

He leans down and grabs my sandals and then promptly reaches in and picks me up out of the fountain setting me down. I look over and see the Emperor helping Calona out as well. Vaiku kneels down and grabs the hem of my dress wringing it out while I stand there with my hand on his shoulder trying not to fall over. Calona is giggling sitting on the rim of the fountain because Asalon is trying to wring out her dress as well but she's ticklish. The Emperor heads inside and comes back out a minute later with what looks like a cellular regenerator but is secretly a fun ruiner because as soon as we're injected with it, instant sobriety. I frown at Vaiku.

"What was that for?"

He rolls his eyes.

"Saving you from the consequences in the morning."

"You could have just as easily done that in the morning."

"I'd rather you not get sick in my boat."

I put my sandals on and hug Calona getting a promise from her that we'll get together again. I say my goodbye to the Emperor a good deal more formally and we head out to the boat.

Sitting in the private room on the way home I can tell Vaiku is upset.

"Thanks for the shot thing."

He gives me a faint smile.

"You really don't want to be Emperor?"

"Not really. I like my home, it's not cluttered like the Citadel. I like my solitude, as Emperor I'll have a million people clamoring for my time. I like the simple brotherhood I have with my men, training drills, perimeter checks, clearly defined enemies. At the Citadel it's diplomacy and manipulation, dealing with ambassadors. I don't like the complications."
"It's probably why you're best suited for the throne. King Elian is that way, my father always says the one's best suited for power are the ones who don't want it."

"Your father is a wise man. I don't have a choice however, Kelon would be a disaster and my other brothers are not up for the task."

I get up and go sit next to him, taking his hand.

"Well I might not be a diplomat and I'm no royalty but I got two good ears."

"And a mouth apparently."

"You picked me."

He smiles and I feel a little better having made him feel a little better. We get back home and the house is quiet, the girls having already gone to bed. Of course, I'm certain I'll have to give them the run down on everything that happened tonight, at breakfast. I slip into the bathroom and take my hair down, get all the makeup off and throw on a loose chiton that comes to the knees. I come out and Vaiku is waiting with the olisbos. I sigh and walk over kneeling down, bending over the bench. Everytime I think I've gotten to a different side of him he retreats back to the facade. He slides the olisbos out and replaces it with the next biggest size, sliding it in and pulling a groan out of me.

"Are you in pain?"

"No."

"Two more sizes I think and you'll be ready to take my cock."

My whole face turns red at the vulgar statement. I slowly get up, shifting my hips to adjust to the bigger size and follow Vaiku out to the bedroom. I can tell he's in a mood and I want to help so I go take his hand to guide him out to the private garden but he slides his hand out of mine and heads for the mystery room I've never been in. He unlocks the door and turns to me.

"Come."

I follow him into the room and nervously look around. In a corner there's a giant wooden X made of wood with restraints at the top and the bottom. Some kind of contraption made of leather and chain hangs from the center of the ceiling. There's a bench covered in padded leather with multiple restraints all long its sides. Everywhere I turn there's tools to restrain, to silence, to blind, to deafen, to strike, numerous olisbos in every shape and size. My implant can't identify most of the things in the room and I don't know if that's a good thing or a bad thing.

"Helena."

I turn around and he's standing there holding a gag, a blindfold and something that reminds me of the leather hoods they put on hunting falcons.

"Disrobe and come here."

I try and look for some hint of the man who made love to me last night, some hint of the quiet vulnerability I saw at dinner but all I see is the forbidding creature I first met the night I was chosen. I slip my chiton off and come stand in front of him. He gestures to the contraption hanging from the ceiling.

"I'm going to put you in suspension and play with your body. You will be in full sensory deprivation
but I will not leave the room while you are restrained. I want you to snap your fingers if you're in distress."

I nod and he guides me over to the harness. By the time he's done I'm completely suspended from ankles to head face up with my arms and legs spread open, I find myself blushing at how exposed I am. I test the bindings and discover there's some flexibility, I can move a little and I'm comfortably supported. He holds up an injector.

"This will temporarily deafen you, it can be reversed immediately if needed but generally, it's better if your hearing is reintroduced gradually. I am going to gag you first, then use this and then lastly place the hood over your head. If there's a problem you need to let me know, understand?"

"Yes."

He puts the gag on and waits, I nod and he proceeds to inject my ears. There's no pain and it causes instant and profound deafness. He shows me the hood waiting for my go ahead before sliding it over my head and zipping it closed, leaving me in total darkness and absolute silence.

The first thing I feel is something soft like rabbit fur being brushed over my nipples, between my legs, across my stomach. He teases me with it, barely skimming my skin and making it tickle. When I squirm, he switches to firm strokes, petting me until I'm relaxed at which point he starts teasing me again. Just before I start to get accustomed to the sensations I feel a flash of heat followed by rapid cooling in one small spot and then another somewhere else. Something itchy and flaky lingers on my skin after the cooling and it takes me a few times before I realize he's dripping hot wax on me. It's not painful, just hot enough to bite. He plays around with this a bit, establishing a routine and then when I expect another bite of hot wax I suddenly get freezing cold. I can tell he has a piece of ice and he drags it all over my body, paying particular attention to my nipples and my pussy. Then he steps it up and randomly switches between the hot and the cold. I'm groaning behind the gag and tugging on my restraints, my skin lit up with sensation and my nerves jangling. Not being able to see or hear anything, not even my own cries is making everything I feel that much more intense. There's no distraction from any of it.

He leaves my body alone for the space of a minute and I think maybe he's done but my body jerks in sudden shock when I feel the strap catch each of my nipples. Then I feel it on my clitoris and curling under to snap against my anus. He's not swinging it hard enough hurt, just enough to sting. He's randomly picking his targets, not giving enough attention to my clitoris to bring me to orgasm with the strap but enough that I'm becoming wet and aroused and starting to beg behind the gag. He focuses on my ass for a while, swinging the strap underneath and catching my cheeks till they are burning and then it's back to little snaps on my clit and anus.

There's another pause while my body shakes and twitches and I tug on the restraints. When I feel his touch again it's on the olisbos as he starts slowly sliding it and out until my ass relaxes and then the fingers of his other hand begin to tease my pussy, pinching and rubbing my clitoris and curling up inside to push against the sensitive bundle of nerves. He works both my ass and my pussy until I'm moaning continuously and futilely trying to get him go deeper, harder or anything to push me over the edge. He pushes me to the brink of orgasm and then stops, works me to the brink again and stops, then proceeds to repeat until I'm almost crying with frustration. Then he must step away for a moment because I feel nothing and I hang there breathing hard and quietly whimpering until I feel his cock hard and hot slide into me. He grabs onto my hips and starts fucking me with deep thrusts and I scream behind the gag as I immediately orgasm. He fucks me through it and by the time he finally releases I'm oversensitive from coming a second time.

He slides out and after a moment I feel him wiping me down with a warm cloth, getting all the wax
and sweat off. Slowly pulling the hood off he puts his hand over my eyes, telling me without words to keep them closed. I feel the injector slide into my ears and as he’s removing the gag and cleaning off my face my hearing slowly comes back. He leans over me and talks quietly.

"I've turned down the lights but give it a bit. You're coming out of almost complete sensory deprivation so you may be bit disoriented. I'm going to leave you in the restraints for a minute."

I just nod, my head fuzzy and my body worn out. He finishes cleaning me up and lowers the harness, uncuffing me from the restraints and helping me to stand up.

"Are you ok Helena?"

"Umm yeah just a little sore and fuzzy."

"It's to be expected."

He guides me out of the room and sits me down on the bed, goes to the side table to pour me a glass of water and stands over me while I drink it all. When I've had my fill, he takes the glass and slides my chiton over my head and then tucks me into bed.

"I'm not tired yet." I slur.

He snorts.

"Give it a minute."

Sure enough as soon as my head hits the pillow I'm out.

Chapter End Notes

Catia - pronounced Cat tee a.
Anbhulgáir - the Irish word for Bulgaria, I used it for the name of her people as her country is loosely based on Bulgaria.
I have restarted the story with more descriptives and a few changes. Don't worry there will still be plenty of smut. I have rewritten chapter one, let me know what you think.

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