



His Little Moroxite (Eleadian Mates #11)

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Category: Fantasy

Description: It's Eden's turn to find out what it means to have a Papi of her own.

Eden has been living a life of lies since the day she was born. She's so sheltered and innocent that when she finally escapes from the compound where she was raised, she's stunned to find out the real world is nothing like she'd been taught.

Tonight is Retmor's first night on Earth. It's not until Club Zoom closes and everyone has left that he scents his mate. What is she doing sleeping behind the stage?

Eden has had only a small glimpse of how humans live before she finds herself whisked off the planet. She enters a new world where nothing is familiar, especially not the man who claims her as his mate—the man who makes her heart race and does things to her she never dreamed of.

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Chapter One

Eden

Don't chicken out. Keep going .

I've never been more nervous in my entire life. I'm taking a huge risk, but it will work. It has to work.

Just be patient. You can do this .

I take a deep breath and watch from where I'm crouched next to the women's dormitory as the van I've been expecting pulls through the front gates and backs up to the kitchen.

I've been waiting for over an hour. I don't have a watch or a phone, so I have no idea what time it is. I've watched this van come and go every Tuesday night for months. The same man is always driving. He's not very old. At least I don't think he is.

He arrives after ten at night when most of the men and all of the women are asleep. He does the same thing every time. He rounds to the back of the van, opens the doors, and unloads supplies directly into the kitchen.

Amos—one of the leaders of the compound—always meets the driver, opens the double doors that lead into the kitchen, and disappears inside. The man is in his seventies. I've never known him to be very energetic. He certainly doesn't help the driver.

I've planned this for weeks. I've already chickened out two Tuesdays in a row. I'm running out of time. It's now or never. What's the worst that could happen?

I shudder as I run through the possibilities. There are a lot of things that could happen if I get caught. I would certainly be whipped, probably in the middle of the compound where everyone could watch an example being made out of me.

After my beating, I suspect I would be put in solitary in one of the cells in the basement. I've never actually been in the basement, but I've heard about it. Anyone who disobeys the rules of the compound ends up in one of those cells. Sometimes they're never seen again. I don't know if they're excommunicated or...worse.

As usual, the man opens the double doors at the rear of the van while Amos opens the back of the kitchen. The man starts unloading boxes. He goes in and out of the kitchen like clockwork. I've counted how many seconds each load takes him many times.

I wait for his second trip into the kitchen.

It's time. I have to go. Now.

Grabbing the front of my full skirt, I lift it and run as hard as I can to get to the van. I've seen the inside because one time, the driver opened the side door. I pray he won't do so tonight. It would ruin my plan. All of my hopes lie in the driver removing everything through the back.

Holding my breath, I open the front passenger door, climb into the van, and pull it closed. I'm shaking hard and breathing so heavily I worry he will hear me.

I squat down to the floorboard in front of the seat. For once, I'm grateful for my small size. It might mean the difference between life and death tonight.

Folding my hands in front of me, I pray. I don't know if there really is a God. I've had my doubts lately. But if there is, I hope for once He's listening.

The driver makes four more trips before I hear him speak to Amos. "That's everything," he says.

"Good," Amos says, having returned from wherever he goes. "Your payment is all here as usual."

I've watched Amos hand the driver an envelope every week.

"Thanks, man. Have a nice night." The driver slams the back doors.

This is my cue to hustle over the console into the rear. The back of the van is completely empty now. It doesn't have any seats. I manage to huddle into a ball behind the driver's seat before the man opens his door and climbs into the van.

I don't dare make a sound. I pray no one has seen me. There are cameras mounted around the compound. I know where two of them are. I shouldn't show up on any of the footage.

The driver starts up the van and puts it in drive. It feels like we're moving in slow motion, and I squeeze my eyes closed and try to be invisible as he pulls up to the gate. This is an important hurdle. I have no idea what the night watchman does each week when this delivery guy leaves. My fingers and toes are all crossed that he simply waves the driver through the gate. If he checks the van first, I'm in deep trouble.

The van slows as we approach the gate, and the next thing I know we're pulling through without a word. The nightwatchman must have simply opened it to let the van out. Blessed angels.

I want to let out a long exhale and slump against the door, but I can't. I don't know this man. If he finds out I'm in the van, he might turn around and take me back.

My first hurdle was definitely getting out of the compound, but now I also have to escape this food-delivery guy. I didn't plan past this part. I had no way to. I have no idea where we're going or what I might encounter when we arrive. I'm winging it from here.

I've never been outside of the compound in my life. I don't know a thing about the real world. Every bit of information I have is from the times I've inadvertently walked through a room where the television was on.

Women aren't permitted to watch TV in my world. There are no televisions in the women's dormitory. My exposure extends only to times when I've been cleaning in the main building or serving food to the men. I would never pause and actually watch the screen. If I had, I would have been punished. But occasionally, I have lingered, pretending to scrub the floor or dust in order to catch peripheral glances.

A minute or so after leaving the compound, the driver touches the dials on the dashboard in front of him and music starts playing. It's jarring to me. I've only heard music a few times when it was played on television. Music is banned from the compound. According to the elders, it's evil and leads to sin.

I'm stiff as I listen to it, worried about my soul for a minute until I decide that I rather like it. The driver is swaying to the tune, and he taps the steering wheel in time with the song.

My head is filled with so many lies, and I've been questioning everything I've ever known for months. I'm going to add music to that list. It's so pretty. How could it be sinful? What sin is being committed here?

I sit very still, holding my knees up to my chest, trying not to rock too far in any one direction to avoid detection. My heart is racing. I have to get away with this. I can't go back. I won't. I'd rather die than return to the compound.

I'm not like other girls. Something is different about me. Several of the older women have said so on many occasions. For years, I've been chastised for being too curious, for questioning my elders, for dreaming too big.

I'm twenty years old. By the standards of my brotherhood, I'm old. I have not produced heirs for the brotherhood yet. The leaders are concerned that I'm barren.

I've heard the women in my compound whispering about me behind my back as though I'm defective. There are women without children in the compound, but not many, and they're often ostracized.

A few months ago, I learned some things I'd never known. Things that have made me think. Things that have led me to flee the compound.

With every mile we move farther away from my own personal prison, I breathe easier. I'm scared out of my mind about what will happen when the van comes to a stop. I'll likely get caught by the driver. And then what?

I know nothing about this man who is my unwitting savior. I don't know how tight he is with the brotherhood or whether or not he will drag me back there.

I have no idea how much time passes, but I imagine it's been about a half an hour before we finally come to a stop. There are so many lights coming in through the windshield, illuminating the empty space around me.

I've never seen so many lights. Red, yellow, and green stand out. I'm confused when the driver doesn't get out. In fact, he starts up again about a minute later. Why did he

stop?

I tip my head slightly to try to see, but I don't want him to notice me. It's too risky.

He stops again. More lights. And then again. I don't know why.

Finally he pulls over and turns off the engine.

Heart pounding, I wait to see what will happen next. He opens the door and jumps down from the van, shutting the door behind him.

I wait for long seconds before lifting my head and looking out the front windows. So many lights, I think again. It's loud outside, too. Voices. Lots of them. What are all these people doing outside in the dark this late at night?

I don't see the driver. Maybe he went into a building and he's not coming back. That's my hope. I scramble over the console and climb into the front passenger seat. When I look out the window, I gasp. People are everywhere.

It's so confusing, but I need to get out of this van, so I open the door and quickly exit, shutting it behind me. It's cold. I'm not wearing a coat. I didn't think of that. It's getting later, thus the chill in the air.

I move toward the closest building to put some space between me and the van. If the driver comes back, hopefully he won't realize I exited behind him. He's never seen me before. There's no reason he would recognize me.

Except, as I look around, I notice no one is dressed like me. Not a soul. I gathered from the small amount of television I've seen that other people in the world don't dress like we do at the compound, but to see it in person is shocking.

I tip my head back and see the bright sign above my head. Club Zoom . I'm not the greatest reader, but I can read those two small words. They don't mean anything to me, though.

There's a long line of people waiting to go into the building. No...just women. Dozens of them. And they're dressed nothing like me. Most of them are wearing black. Many have on tight skirts that barely cover their private parts. Most have on the strangest shirts I've ever seen. Not even shirts. Odd blouses that are see through. Black lace under them that covers their breasts.

I'm mesmerized. My face heats with embarrassment. Not for me, for them. Don't they know how sinful they look?

I shake that thought from my head. Sin is a word that's been pounded into me for my entire life. In the brotherhood, everything is a sin. I've heard that word dozens of times a day.

Until recently, I believed every word. Then I changed... Now I'm questioning everything. I doubt these people are sinning. I've been lied to.

People walk by me in both directions, hurrying. Some people come out of the place called Club Zoom, and every time they do, the big man at the door lets a few more people inside.

When I spot the driver of the van coming around the corner, I suck in a breath and flatten myself against the wall. If he sees me...

He has his arm around a woman who looks to be about my age. She has dark hair that's cut short around her face. I've never seen short hair on a woman before tonight. I've seen all kinds of hair in the last five minutes.

The woman is giggling, and she rises to touch her lips to the man's mouth.

He chuckles. "So, I guess you didn't get chosen?"

"Nope. I'm still here."

"I hope you worked that shit out of your system, babe. You're not going back there."

She giggles again. "Okay, okay. I just wanted to see what all the hype was about."

They reach the van, and my driver opens the door I climbed out of. He helps the woman up into the seat and then leans in and puts his mouth on hers again for a long time.

She grabs his face and holds it while he continues. He sticks his tongue into her mouth. Gross. Why? But she seems to like it. She moans and angles her head better, letting him reach deeper into her mouth.

I can't even blink. I feel so unbelievably ignorant.

When he finally breaks off the contact, he asks, "Were the men as tall as they say?"

"Yep. Taller. And not like a basketball player. They're huge. Like proportionately larger humans."

"Except they aren't humans," he says, chuckling.

"Right. Whatever. They look like humans," she argues. "And they're dressed like they're going to a wedding. Suits, ties..." She flattens the back of her hand over her forehead and sighs.

The man laughs. “I’m fucking glad you didn’t get chosen, babe. That’s it. One night. We agreed.”

She cups his face. “Yes, honey. I won’t go back. I promise. There’s only you.”

“That’s right, babe. There’s only me. I hope you didn’t see anyone’s cock so you don’t spend the night comparing it to mine.”

She shakes her head, giggling again. “No cocks. Take me home so I can see yours, though, yeah?”

He touches her lips with his again briefly. “You got it.” And then he backs out of the door, shuts it, and jogs around to his side of the van. He never glances my direction, and I’m grateful.

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Chapter Two

Eden

I stand very still against the side of the building for long minutes, processing what I just witnessed and heard. My brain is running in ten directions. I don't have the foggiest clue what a cock is. Never heard the word. I'm digging into the recesses of my mind to come up with something, but I'm drawing a blank.

Also, what did she mean when she said the men inside weren't humans? That made no sense at all.

I'm so relieved the driver either didn't see me or didn't grasp that I looked out of place.

I definitely look out of place. The longer I stand here, the more I feel like I stick out like a sore thumb. I know I do because people keep staring at me as they walk by. A few have even commented.

"What century did you come from, girl?"

"It's not Halloween, freak."

"Is there a remake of The Little House on the Prairie happening nearby?"

I people watch for a while, noticing how many women come and go from the club I'm in front of. They all come out giggling and saying things similar to the woman

who just got into the van with the driver.

“So the rumors are true.”

“Fuck, those men are huge.”

“Do you suppose his cock was as proportionately large as the rest of him?”

The word cock catches me again. My curiosity is piqued, and I wish I wasn't so unworldly.

I don't know what time it is, but it's got to be after midnight, and I'm baffled by the fact that the streets are still filled with people. Hundreds. In the compound, we all go to bed soon after dark. Using electricity after the sun goes down is considered wasteful. We do so sparingly. There's a small light in the women's bathroom that gives just enough illumination to see well enough to get the job done. That's it.

It's loud out here, too. After a while, I want to put my hands over my ears to block out some of the noise. Cars go by constantly, their engines blaring. There's honking in the distance and sirens. Most of the vehicles that go by have music playing like the van I was in, and I can hear it from the sidewalk. Many of them have a window down, making it even louder.

Laughter stands out above every noise. People don't often laugh inside the compound. It's not specifically forbidden, but feeling pleasure is frowned upon. Frivolous happiness is sinful.

There's that word again. I'm questioning everything I've ever been told was sinful.

After a while, I back into the alley behind the strange club. I'm exhausted. It's late. I've never been up this late. I'm also facing a reality I'm not prepared for. My entire

focus has been on getting away from the compound. I've thought of little else in months. Escape. Escape. Escape.

I'm so relieved, but at the same time, I realize I have no plan. I have no money and no food. I have no place to go, nowhere to sleep. I had no idea what to expect when I stepped into the real world, so I had no way to prepare.

I nearly jump out of my skin when a door opens in the dark alley. I gasp and flatten my hand over my heart as a man steps outside. He spots me and frowns. "Are you okay, miss?"

I nod. I don't know this man. I don't trust anyone. "I'm fine. Thank you."

He hesitates and then walks farther into the alley. He's carrying a large bag, and I watch as he flips the lid up on a giant metal box and throws the bag over the top. When he returns, he pauses again, looking at me. "Did someone scare you, ma'am?"

"No, sir." I swallow. He's scaring me, but other than that, no one else has.

He glances around. "Are you alone?"

I nod slowly. Maybe it's a mistake to tell him, but I can't lie. I don't have it in me.

He sets his hand on the door. "It's getting cold out here."

I nod again.

He looks toward the door and back at me. "My boss would kill me if I let you inside, but you look like you could use warming up."

I stare at the door he came through. Loud music had filtered out when he'd opened it.

It must be part of Club Zoom since that's the building I've rounded. What is this place? I look back at him and swallow.

He sighs. "Come on." He nods toward the door as he opens it.

I don't know if I should trust him, but I don't have a living soul in the world I can trust, so I have no choice. I wring my hands together as I follow him inside.

He holds a finger to his lips. "You'll have to be quiet. I'll get canned if anyone finds out I let you in." He nods toward a chair. "We're behind the stage. The place is open for another half hour, still. If you wait back here, I'll bring you something to drink."

I shuffle toward the chair. "Thank you."

He stares at me another moment, brows furrowed, and then hurries off.

I sit, looking around. It's dark back here, but it's warm. Music is playing loudly on the other side of the wall. I feel the beat through the floor. It's weird.

After a few minutes, the man returns. He's holding two bottles, and he offers them both to me. "I wasn't sure if you'd like water or soda. Or both." He smiles. "Were you at a costume party?"

I shake my head. Maybe I should lie to avoid more questions, but I just can't.

He frowns. "Please tell me you left a boyfriend or something." He chuckles.

"Yes, sir," I mutter. How does he guess that?

His brows lift high, and he smiles broadly. "You don't have to call me sir. My name is Matthew. I work here. Obviously."

I open my mouth, but it doesn't seem prudent to tell him my name. What if he turns me in? So, I say nothing. The two bottles he gave me are freezing. My fingers are so cold that I set them on the floor. Why are the drinks so cold? I think I've seen drinks like this in individual containers on television, but I've never seen them in real life.

"Well, I get off in half an hour. If you want to hang out here until then, maybe we could go have a coffee or something?"

I hold his gaze. Coffee? I've never had coffee. Do women in the real world drink coffee? In the compound, only men do. I've prepared it for them hundreds of times. I've never tasted it. It doesn't even smell good.

"Or something stronger if you'd like," he adds.

"Thank you," I say, uncertain how else to respond.

He seems pleased by my answer, though, and he beams before nodding toward the door he'd come through. "I must get back. You'll wait?"

"Yes."

After he's gone, I pick up the two drinks again. One of them is water, I think. The other is a dark drink in a clear bottle. It has bubbles. The label is red, but I don't know what it is. Taking a chance, I screw off the top and smell it. It's sweet. It's probably forbidden, but that thought empowers me to take a sip.

I cringe. It tingles in my mouth. And it's more than sweet. It's like syrup. I don't think I like it. I put the top back on and set it on the floor before opening the other bottle. One tentative sip tells me it's definitely water. It's refreshing, but why is it so cold? I take a long drink and end up with a head rush.

Time ticks by. The man hasn't come back yet. I eventually stand and wander around behind the space he called the stage. Sometimes I hear announcements. Finally someone says, "This is our last song of the night, ladies."

I flinch when a resounding course of women groaning meets my ears. They don't like that it's the last song. What does that mean for them? Will they go home now?

The farther I wander behind the stage, the darker it gets. In the dim light, I notice a small sofa. It looks comfortable, and I make my way over and sit. I'm so tired. Surely it won't hurt to lean against the arm of the loveseat.

I curl up, tuck my hands under my cheek, and continue to listen to the noises as the volume lowers. The song ends. Men speak, both through the microphone and just loud shouting.

"Time to go, ladies."

"You can try again tomorrow."

"Yeah, yeah, I know you were hoping."

The men are chuckling. I have no idea what they're talking about. As usual since I left the compound, everything around me is confusing. I fear I'm going to be startled often in this new world. I also have no idea what I'm going to do next. How will I survive out here? I'm obviously wholly unprepared. The real world is far stranger than I expected.

I've been lied to all my life. It's maddening.

My eyes are very heavy as the noise dies down.

I hear the man from earlier call out, “Hello? Are you still here?”

For some reason, I don’t answer. I’m too tired to go get coffee or a drink. Maybe if I just don’t respond... Is that a sin? Probably. I’ve certainly always been expected to respond to my elders. But is this man my elder? I think he’s close to my age.

“Well fuck,” I hear him mutter. A door opens and closes. I assume it’s the door I entered through. I guess the man has left without me, thinking I didn’t wait for him.

I lie very still, not hearing anything else. I close my eyes and let sleep drag me under.

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Chapter Three

Retmor

“Long night?” Tekfan asks me as I drop down onto one of the chairs in the second-floor control room.

I sigh and run a hand over the top of my head. “I don’t think I’ll ever get that noise out of my head. How do you do this every night?”

I just arrived on Earth this morning. I moved into the fifth-floor apartment. I was excited and eager when the night began. After all, I’m here to find a mate. I’ve made the sixth-month journey to Earth to meet the perfect Little girl for me and bring her back to Eleadia to be my life partner for the rest of our days.

There are eight of us staying in the apartments above Club Zoom right now, but the only Eleadian male I knew before arriving is Tekfan. We’re from the same neighborhood on Eleadia. He arrived five nights before me.

He chuckles. “It is loud. That’s for sure.”

I scrunch up my face. “Loud? Loud is when birds screech in the sky or someone’s Little girl howls in pain when she falls on the playground. That stuff they call music downstairs shook my teeth inside my head.”

Tekfan nods, still grinning. “You’ll get used to it.”

“I don’t think so. I could feel the floor up here vibrating even before we went downstairs.”

“You don’t have to go down there every night if you don’t want,” he informs me. “I’ve heard of men easily finding their mate right from this control room. They spot her on the monitor or even sense her in the building.”

“Really?” I rub my chin. The idea is tempting. It was fun at first, entering that dance floor and being flocked by females. I felt important. But it grew old fast.

The majority of the females who come to the club every night do so out of curiosity. Their own males are shorter and smaller than Eleadians. They want to see what all the hype is about.

I’ve met several human males because they manage and work at the club. All of them are nice and very helpful. They even try to keep the females from climbing all over us on the dance floor when it becomes necessary to intervene.

Eleadians are a peaceful people. We aren’t accustomed to conflict, nor do we tolerate it, so we tend to be polite even in the face of what appears to me to be sheer chaos every night.

“How many nights of this will I have to endure before I find her?” I ask, mostly to myself.

“Hard to say. Some of our men are here months; some find their mate the first night.”

“Oh, if only I had been that lucky.” I lean back in my chair. “There must have been hundreds of females down there tonight. Is it always that crowded?”

“Yep. John says there’s often a line outside that reaches several blocks.”

I shake my head in shock. “Just to get a glimpse of one of us.”

“Yep. Most of the females have no interest in being chosen. They’re taking a risk. They know the odds are slim, so they come to get a look and then leave when they’ve had their fill. It’s just as well since we would know as soon as they enter if they were our mate or not. The quicker one female leaves and another comes in, the higher our chances are that the right female will step onto the dance floor.”

I draw in a deep breath and sigh. “I can’t grasp what it will feel like to just know.” Tekfan can’t either of course. Until it happens, there’s no way to explain it. I get that. It’s perplexing.

Zack, the club manager, comes into the control room and pulls up a chair next to us. The rest of the Eleadian males have gone up to their apartments to sleep. I’m still wired from the excitement that was my first night at the club.

“How’d it go?” Zack asks me.

I wince and reach up to shake my ear lobes. “What?” I shout, playfully. “I can’t hear you. My ears are ringing.”

Zack laughs. “I get that a lot. Apparently you don’t have dance clubs on your planet.” He shrugs. “Of course, why would you if you don’t have any women? The entire invention of the dance club was to create a space for men to pick up women or vice versa.”

I lean back in the chair. “Nope. We have nothing like this.”

“But you have music? I hope so because one of my musicians was recently chosen.” Zack’s brows lift.

I nod. “Yep. I heard about that. I haven’t met her yet because I was on my way here, but you must be talking about Sara.”

“Yes.” Zack grinned. “She left with Raevion.”

I nod again. “He’s a great guy. I’m sure she’s very happy.”

“I hope he doesn’t stifle her music. She really loves to sing.”

Tekfan chuckles. “No fear of that. Raevion is a producer.”

Zack sits up taller. “Really? I didn’t realize that. I’m so glad. I rarely get to find out what happens to anyone who leaves Earth. Do you happen to know about the woman who fainted and was whisked off by a man named Kalbrac? I’ve been worried about her. She was sick.”

I smile. “We know Kalbrac, too. They’re on their way back to Eleadia. She had a pituitary tumor. The doctor on the mothership removed it. She’s totally healthy now.”

Zack grins wide. “So good to hear. I guess you guys have full communication about all kinds of things even while you’re en route to and from Earth.”

I nod. “We do.”

Zack’s phone buzzes in his pocket, and he leans to one side to pull it out. “Sup?” he says into the speaker of the device.

“Boss, it’s Roger. We have a small problem down here.”

I remember Roger as one of the bartenders.

“What’s up?” Zack asks.

“There’s a woman sleeping behind the stage.”

Zack frowns as he stands. “Did you wake her?”

“No. I went back there to get a case of water to restock the bar and saw her. She didn’t move. I didn’t disturb her. I was kind of freaked out, to be honest. I hope she’s just sleeping. She could be drunk and passed out or worse, I suppose.”

“Be right there.” Zack turns to us. “Sorry. Gotta go sort this out.”

He opens the door to the control room, and all the blood drains from my face. I jump to my feet.

“What’s wrong?” Tekfan asks.

I draw in a deep inhale. And I know. “It’s her.”

“Seriously?” Tekfan rises and follows me as I jog after Zack. A part of me wants to turn around and tell him to stay behind because my instinct is that I don’t want him to steal my girl. But then I remember that’s not possible. Fate lines up just the right female for each of us. She’s not ambiguous about it.

I catch up with Zack.

He glances back at me. He must read something on my face because he comes to a stop. “She’s yours?”

I nod. There’s no doubt. It’s more obvious by the second. Now that I’m on the move, I can scent her stronger. I wonder why I hadn’t noticed her scent earlier.

Zack shakes his head as he continues to lead us down the hall and into the stairwell. “I hope she’s not drunk. I hate it when a drunk woman gets chosen. It always worries me that she won’t feel like she consented when she sobers up.”

I glance at him. “I thought all of them fill out consent forms when they come in.”

“They do. But when they get drunk, they aren’t as aware of what’s happening. It’s too late, of course, but I worry.”

“There’s no need to worry,” Tekfan says. “The bond is deep and quick. It doesn’t take long for any female to know it was the right thing no matter whether she signed something, got drunk, or fell on her head.”

Zack winces. “All three of those things have happened.”

I chuckle. “Someone fell on their head?”

“Yep. She was a cleaning woman I hired to work after hours. That’s when I learned that was a horrible idea because one of your men saw her after hours and claimed her in the middle of the night. Her name was Christine.”

“Ah.” I smile at him. “She’s happily mated to Strogan. Someone didn’t sign?”

Zack winces. “Clara. She left with Kalbrac recently. She passed out when she entered the building and didn’t have a chance to sign. That didn’t stop Kalbrac, and he insisted it didn’t matter.”

“He’s right,” Tekfan says. “It makes no difference. Who was drunk?”

Zack winces. “Kendra. She left with Bialar. She drank far too much. He followed her into the bathroom where she was vomiting.” Zack glances at both men. “I hope I’m

not giving away anyone's deep secrets. I guess you all know each other."

I nod. "We know everyone you mentioned, but don't worry. We'd never say a word. It doesn't matter anyway."

Zack shakes his head. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, the bond. It's mindboggling to us. The connection you all have with your women is so foreign to us. You never get divorced?"

Tekfan shakes his head. "We don't even get married. Our bond just is. It's not breakable."

"So no wedding rings?"

I glance at Tekfan. We can't tell Zack everything. We have to draw the line here. "Nope. No wedding rings," I say. It's true. We don't have wedding rings. That's not what marks our Little girls as ours. We mark them in a far more intimate way than a simple wedding band. Zack does not need to know our secrets.

My heart rate picks up as we step out of the stairwell onto the first floor. I take a deep breath. Her scent is stronger than when we were upstairs. I don't need anyone to point me in the right direction. I follow my nose, exiting through a door next to the stage.

The lighting is dim back here. It's clearly behind the scenes. Roger is standing behind the door, and he points toward the back of the stage.

I don't need him to do that. I'm clear on where my Little girl is, but I nod toward him and turn to glance at Zack and Tekfan. "I've got this."

Zack nods, his brow furrowed, but he doesn't argue or try to follow me. He hangs back with Roger. Tekfan leans against the wall and mutters, "Guy's been here one

night and already finds his girl.” He’s grinning, though.

I turn and head farther behind the stage. Every step brings my Little girl’s scent deeper into me. It’s so strong now that it nearly brings me to my knees. When I finally spot her curled up on a small couch, I flatten my hand on the wall next to me, bracing myself.

She’s sound asleep. It’s very poorly lit back here, but I can see her fine. I certainly didn’t see her on the dance floor earlier. I would know for two reasons. One, I couldn’t possibly have avoided her scent. And two, I didn’t see a single female dressed like her.

I step closer and drop to my knees. My heart is racing. Fuck, she’s so precious. I guess I would think so no matter what she looked like. Her hair is brown and curly, and it’s longer than any female I saw tonight—down past her waist. I don’t have any other experiences to compare her to.

In addition, she’s dressed differently from any female who entered this club tonight. Most of the females I saw in this club were scantily dressed in short skirts and tiny tops. See-through clothes were the norm as if they thought they could attract one of us with their sex appeal.

The females on Earth have no understanding of what attracts an Eleadian male. For one thing, nothing does. The bond we feel is instantaneous when the right female walks through the door. We have no control over it, and neither do they. For another thing, we don’t care what they’re wearing. They won’t be wearing it for long.

My Little girl is dressed in a long skirt that reaches her ankles. She has on a strange blouse. It’s thick. Not see-through. And I think there are more layers under it.

Her small hands are tucked under her cheek, and she’s breathing through her mouth.

She's so deeply asleep that she has no idea I'm watching her. I almost hate to wake her and ruin her peace.

As soon as I rouse her, she will panic. I've heard it's normal. She won't understand the connection. It will make her very nervous. I get it. We Eleadian males are educated on what to expect. We're prepared. Human females are not. They're blindsided.

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Chapter Four

Retmor

I lift a lock of her hair and stroke it, admiring how soft it is. So pretty. Several females on the dance floor tonight rubbed against me. None of them had hair as soft as my girl's.

I notice another difference. My Little girl is not wearing makeup. Nothing mars her face. None of the pink stuff on her cheeks, no colors on her eyelids, nor black on her eyelashes.

She settles in deeper on the couch, drawing in a long breath. Suddenly, her eyes bolt open, probably because her inhale drew my essence into her. She makes a piercing squeak and pushes to sitting.

I remain kneeling in front of her, not wanting to send her into a panic by my size any more than necessary. I don't touch her. I set my hands on the couch cushions on either side of her hips. "No need to worry, Little one. I won't hurt you."

She's panting now, her eyes wide. "Who are you?"

"My name is Retmor. You'll call me Papi."

She frowns, still breathing heavily. She glances around. "Am I in trouble?"

"No, Little one. Why would you be in trouble?"

She meets my gaze again. Her eyes are the prettiest shade of deep blue—the same shade as moroxite. That thought shakes me to the core. Visions of adorning her with moroxite jewels fill my head.

“I didn’t mean to fall asleep. I shouldn’t be here. I’m sorry. I’ll go.” She leans forward a few inches, but I’m trapping her with my arms. Not by touching her. I’m in her way.

“Deep breaths, Baby girl. What’s your name?”

She licks her full lips. “Eden,” she whispers. A moment later, she covers her mouth, her eyes widening in horror. “Please don’t tell anyone I’m here. If they find out…”

I frown. “Tell who, Eden?”

She lowers her hands, fisting them together in her lap. She purses her lips for a moment. “Please don’t send me back. I’ll do anything.” She glances around. “I’m great at cleaning. I could clean for you. It’s very dusty back here.”

She’s right about the dust, but what is she talking about? “I don’t work here, Little one. I’m your Papi.”

Her little brows furrow. “What’s a Papi?”

“It’s what Little girls call their mates on Eleadia.” I lift one hand and settle it over hers gently. “Can you feel the bond between us, Eden?” I don’t know how strongly human females feel the connection initially.

“Eleadia? Is that where I am?”

I frown, confused. “No, Little one. You’re still on Earth. I didn’t move you yet. You

fell asleep here behind the stage of Club Zoom. I'll take you upstairs with me to my apartment where we can get to know each other before we leave for Eleadia."

"But I don't know you. I can't go anywhere with you. You're a man, and it's not right. And...where is Eleadia?"

I stare at her. How does she not know where Eleadia is? That seems unimaginable. Everyone on Earth is familiar with our presence. It's impossible not to be aware. Even the most remote inhabitants can see our spaceship hovering above Earth. It's enormous and creates a cluster of lights. Only blind people have not seen it. And even then, someone has told them about the mothership.

"You're... You're too close to me. You shouldn't touch me. I don't know you. It's a sin."

I look down at where my hand is covering hers. "A sin?" I know what a sin is. I've studied as much about the human inhabitants as is available to us, but my understanding is that very few are true believers in any particular religion, and it's within the various religions that sin is mentioned.

"Is everything okay?"

I turn to look at Zack as he flips a switch, illuminating the area better. His brow is furrowed, and it draws together even farther when he sees my mate. He cocks his head to one side. "I didn't see you in the club tonight. How did I miss you?"

She looks at him. "I wasn't in the club."

Zack flinches. "How did you end up back here?"

"I, uh..." She winces and bites her lower lip as though she fears she will be in

trouble.

“Did you come in through the back door?” Zack asks.

She nods. “I’m so sorry. I was cold and...” Tears run down her cheeks, and she covers her face.

My heart is cracking. I hate that she’s so distressed. I can ease her stress. I know exactly how to. For one thing, I learned precisely what to do in my studies, but more importantly, it’s instinctive. The quill behind my front teeth is practically throbbing with the need to pierce her. As her stress increases, my quill’s presence becomes more and more pronounced. It’s been there, lying dormant for one hundred twenty-seven years, and suddenly in this moment, I know what to do with it.

“So you didn’t sign a waiver,” Zack states. “Fuck,” he mutters.

Eden flinches. “A waiver?”

I glance toward Zack. He’s running his hands through his hair and tugging on it. He’s at least as distressed as Eden. It’s not necessary. I don’t give a fuck if my girl signed a waiver or not. It changes nothing. “It doesn’t matter,” I tell him. She’s mine no matter what, and she’ll understand that soon.

Zack draws in a deep breath, his nostrils flaring. “It matters. There are rules. If anyone finds out about this... Shit, the paperwork alone is a problem. I have to turn in the paperwork to both my government and yours.”

I narrow my brows. “Did you have a waiver from the female who worked here? Chrissy?”

“Fuck, yes. She had to sign just like anyone else who steps through the front door.

Except this woman snuck in the back door.”

I shift my attention back to Eden.

She’s biting her lip. Tears are running down her cheeks. “Please don’t turn me in.”

“Turn you in to whom?” I ask her.

“The brotherhood. If you send me back there...” She shudders as though the prospect of being returned to whoever the brotherhood is scares the hell out of her.

I squeeze her hands. “You’re not going anywhere, Little one. I promise.” I turn toward Zack. “What if she signs the waiver now?”

He sighs. “Yeah, I guess that would work. Let me go find John and grab a clipboard.” He spins around and hurries away.

I’m glad. I’d rather be alone with my Little girl. I sense that Tekfan has left. His scent is no longer nearby. He probably went upstairs to his own apartment.

“I need to go,” Eden mutters.

I move my hands to her thighs. The material of her skirt is rough to the touch, and it seems like she has on several layers. Why? To stay warm?

She gasps and stiffens, leaning back. Her small hands come to my forearms, and she pushes against me. “Please.”

I’m not sure why she doesn’t want me touching her. She should already be craving it. Maybe she is, and she’s fighting the need that’s growing between us. I haven’t even pricked her skin yet, and the pull to claim her in every way is increasing by the

second.

“Where did you need to be, Little one?”

“I...” She bites her lip again.

“Is someone expecting you?”

She shakes her head. “They won’t know I’m gone until morning.”

“Who? Who won’t know you’re gone?”

Her breath hitches, and her cheeks turn bright pink as though she’s afraid she’s revealed too much. The reality is she’s revealed nothing. I’m baffled by everything she says.

I change my tactic. “Did you come here with anyone?”

“No, sir.”

I like the sound of that, but I’d rather her tone imply something entirely different. I’d rather hear the capital S in front of that word. Sir can be so flippant when it’s not being used as an indication of submission.

I cock my head to the side. Eden is deeply submissive, but something is off. Her submission feels...misplaced. I can’t put my finger on it.

“Where were you planning to sleep tonight?” That seems like a simple question.

She looks down, fisting her hands in front of her between my grip on her thighs. “I don’t... I don’t know. Here?”

I ponder her words, trying to make sense of them. “Where did you come from?”

“The compound.” She flinches again and jerks her gaze up. “Don’t send me back. Please. I’ll do anything.”

“Eden, Baby girl. I won’t be sending you anywhere. You’re mine now. You’ll always be with me. Whoever hurt you will not touch you again.”

Her eyes are wide. Her mouth opens. No words come out.

I didn’t mean to so blatantly claim her so quickly. I’ve startled her. But she seems to need some sort of reassurance that I will not send her back to whatever she fears.

She blinks at me. “You’re very big.”

I chuckle. “Yes, I am.”

“I’ve never seen a man your size.”

“Well, that’s because you’ve never seen anyone from Eleadia before. We’re all large.”

“Where is Eleadia? I’ve never heard of it.”

I hold her gaze. She’s not kidding. She has no knowledge of my people. How the hell is that possible? I don’t want to answer that question directly, yet. She will freak out. “It’s far away. How far did you come to get here?”

“I don’t know. I think it was about a half an hour.”

I’m stunned. What sort of place is within a half an hour of here and the inhabitants

don't know about Eleadia? Was she perhaps a prisoner? Held captive underground or something without human contact? It's farfetched, but not as crazy as her not knowing about my people.

"Did you escape?"

She nods slowly. "Please. Will you help me?" She suddenly brightens up, hope in her wide eyes.

"Yes, Little one. Where did you escape from? Who was holding you?"

"The compound. Women aren't permitted to leave."

I sense Zack's return. I hate him interfering, but on the flip side, I think I need his help understanding. I glance at him. "She says she came from a compound. What does that mean?"

Zack frowns. "Like a cult?" he asks her.

She slowly shrugs. "I don't know what that is."

"You don't know what a cult is?" Zack asks. His brows furrow deeply.

"No, sir."

Zack grabs a folded chair from against the wall, opens it, and sets it next to me. "Do you want to sit?" he asks me.

I shake my head. I'm not moving from this position. I don't want to take my hands off my girl's thighs.

Zack sits. He looks at her. “Was this a religious compound, Eden?”

She stares at him. “I guess.”

“Do you have leaders who speak of God and the Bible?”

“Yes. Of course.”

I’m starting to understand. I’ve heard of cults. But I don’t know enough about them. We don’t cover that topic deeply in our studies.

“How many people live there?” Zack asks.

“Uh, maybe two hundred. I’m not sure.”

“How many women?”

“Uhh, about seventy-five, I think.”

“How many kids?”

“Almost a hundred maybe?”

I’m smart enough to realize that makes no sense. The proportions are off. I know better than anyone what that means. There are no females living on Eleadia except the ones brought there from Earth. That’s why I’m here. To find a mate.

The population of Earth is close to fifty-fifty male and female. It makes statistical sense. Not three to one.

Zack asks the question on the tip of my tongue. “Do the men have more than one

wife?"

"Sometimes." She looks down, embarrassed. "It's the way of things."

It's definitely not the way of things, I want to shout. I keep my mouth shut. Zack is getting more information than me because he knows what questions to ask.

"Do the women have a lot of children?"

She swallows hard and nods.

"Do you have any children, Eden?" Zack asks.

I hold my breath. That would be complicated.

She shakes her head. Tears run down her cheeks. "I... I'm barren."

"Barren..." Zack stated. "That's a very antiquated word, and how do you know that? You're so young. Did a doctor tell you that?"

She shakes her head harder.

Zack sighs.

My emotions are stronger than his. I want to throw something. I'm so frustrated. I can tell this female is very uninformed about most things. I just don't understand why.

"I see," Zack says. "Does anyone know you left the compound?"

"No, sir," she whispers. "They'll find out in the morning."

“Okay. How did you get away? On foot?”

“No.”

We wait for her to say more.

Zack encourages her. “Car? Did you drive here?”

She frowns deeply. “Women don’t drive.”

I flinch. She’s right. They certainly don’t drive on my planet. But they most definitely do on Earth. Something is very, very out of the norm.

Zack licks his lips. “But you came in a car?”

She bites her lips hard. “I don’t want him to get in trouble.”

This time I ask the question. “Someone helped you? Someone drove you away from the compound?”

“He didn’t know. I snuck into the van. Please, please don’t tell anyone.”

“No one is going to tell anyone anything, Baby girl,” I inform her. “You have my word.”

Her shoulders lower as she relaxes. “Thank you.”

Zack leans back and turns toward me. “I’m at a loss. This is very unusual. You’re not going to leave her, are you?”

“No.” That’s definitive.

He swipes his hand down his face and holds out the clipboard he brought with him. “She needs to sign this. I can grill her for information all night if you want, but it won’t change anything, will it?”

“No.” I take the clipboard.

Zack winces and turns back to Eden. “Do you have ID?”

“ID?” she asks, brows furrowed.

Zack rolls his eyes and groans. “Fuck. Just fuck.”

I have an idea. “What if no one ever knows?”

Zack cringes.

The plan is coming together in my head. “I mean on Earth. What if we don’t tell anyone. Only Tekfan is aware of this interaction. He wouldn’t tell a soul. No paperwork. No record of her ever being here. Who’s going to ask?”

Zack hesitates and then looks toward Eden again. “The man who drove you here didn’t know you were in his van?”

She shakes her head. “No. I hid behind the seat and waited for him to walk away before I got out.”

Zack slowly nods. “Did anyone else see you?”

She swallows. “Lots of people walked by me on the street. And that guy let me in the back door.”

Zack winces. “Who let you in the back door?”

She thinks, brows coming together again. “Matthew. He was being kind. He let me sit back here while he finished.”

I look at Zack. “It couldn’t have been for long or I would have sensed her. I went up to the control room about a half an hour before closing.”

“Matthew left you back here when he got off work?” Zack stiffens.

She shakes her head. “He didn’t know I was still here. He thought I left. He called for me and then left.”

Zack blows out a breath. “It might work,” he tells me. “It’s not like Matthew is ever going to come tell me he let someone in the back door. Though I do want to strangle him. He caused this problem.”

Eden gasps. “Please don’t kill him.” She looks horrified, eyes wider.

Zack chuckles. “I won’t kill him, Eden. That was a figure of speech. I just meant I’m mad at him for letting you in. It was risky. I promise nothing will happen to him. I’ll never mention it. If he thinks you simply left, all the better. The van driver never knew you existed. No one else specifically saw you.”

I nod. “It will work.”

Zack nods. “Especially because she’s most likely not registered as existing.” He shifts his gaze back to her. “Were you born in the compound, Eden?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Have you ever left it?”

“Not until tonight.”

“Then no one knows she exists. Not the government anyway.”

“She’s mine, Zack,” I tell him. “I’m going to take her upstairs now. This never happened.”

He draws in a deep breath and rises to his feet. “Okay. Good luck.” He glances once more at Eden. “I’ll let Retmor explain everything to you. Have a great life.” He turns and shuffles away, muttering cuss words under his breath.

I can’t blame him. This situation is a mess. But what choice do we have? Eden is mine, and no one from this planet will ever know I took her from Earth. I might have some explaining to do when I get to the mothership, but they certainly won’t make me leave her behind. It’s not an option.

“Come, Little one.” As I stand, I tuck my hands under her and lift her into my arms.

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Chapter Five

Eden

I grab on to Retmor's neck out of necessity. I've never had a man pick me up or carry me. I don't even remember being held like this as a baby. I assume someone held me, rocked me, and fed me, but I was too young to remember.

He's so huge. I hold him tighter, afraid if he lets go of me I'll get badly injured falling. I'm so far off the floor. "Where are you taking me? I can walk."

He smiles at me. "Upstairs to my apartment. You won't walk for a long time, Little one."

I frown, confused. What does he mean by that?

We enter a white hallway, and Retmor presses a button on a wall next to some strange silver doors. A moment later, the doors slide open on their own, and Retmor steps inside.

I gasp as I glance around. We're in a tiny room. "What is this?"

He narrows his gaze. He does that a lot, as if he's more confused than I am. "It's an elevator, Little one. Have you never been in an elevator?"

I shake my head and then grip him harder when the doors close and the box we're in shakes. It's moving. A squeal escapes my lips.

Retmor holds me closer. “You’re okay, Eden. It’s only for a few seconds.”

Suddenly, the box stops moving, and the doors slide open again.

I breathe easier when Retmor exits the metal box and steps into a room. I look around. It’s lavish. The room is spacious. The furniture is huge, much larger than any furniture I’ve ever seen. Why would anyone need this much space?

“Where are we?” I’m scared. I’ve never been alone with a man, except for my first husband. That thought brings bile to my throat, so I shake it off.

“My apartment. Well, I just got here today, so I guess it’s not really ever going to be mine. I won’t even sleep in the bed.” He chuckles.

I have no idea what’s funny. “I don’t understand.”

He draws in a deep breath and continues walking toward the massive windows on the other side of the room. “There’s a lot you don’t understand, and that’s going to make my job ten times more challenging than I expected.”

I gasp when we get close to the windows and squeeze his neck harder than ever. I struggle, pushing against him. “Please... Put me down.”

He hesitates. “Are you afraid of heights?”

“I... I don’t know... How are we up so high?”

“It’s only the fifth floor, Baby girl. It’s not a skyscraper.” At least he has stopped moving. In fact, he squats down closer to the floor and sets me on my feet. He wraps his arms around me, though, holding me against him.

We're only a few feet from the window, and I start shaking. "So high..." I say as I peer over the edge.

"Nothing will happen to you, Little one. I promise. Nothing will ever happen to you. From now on, I've got you."

"I don't know you," I murmur.

"You will, Baby girl. You will." He points up into the sky through the window. "Do you see those lights?"

"Yes. The stars."

"No. The cluster of lights."

I glance at him. "Yes. Those are the stars that lined up in rows a few years ago."

He blinks. "Who told you that?"

I shrug. "The elders."

"Who are the elders?"

"The leaders of my compound."

"They told you those were stars?"

I nod.

"Well, they're not stars, Little one. Those are lights on the mothership."

I gasp. Is he crazy? I push against the arms he has wrapped around my waist, but he doesn't budge. He's far too large for me to fight against.

"Eden, that's a spaceship. It came from Eleadia. I landed there on a transport vessel a few days ago before I came down to Earth in a pod."

I shake my head. "There's no such thing as spaceships."

He frowns. "Even your own scientists have spaceships, Little one. Many of them. Humans have been traveling in space for decades. They've even landed on your moon."

I inhale sharply. "Those are lies."

He slowly shakes his head. "They're not, Little one. I fear many things you've been told were untrue."

I'm breathing heavily as I turn in his arms to stare at him. He might be right. In fact, with every passing moment, I fear he's telling me the truth. I'm certain some of what I was told was false, so why not all of it?

Tears start falling down my cheeks. I'm suddenly very tired. I lean into the man who's holding me. I don't understand what his plan is, but I don't have anyone else to trust, so I need to hope he's telling me the truth.

He picks me up again and carries me to a huge armchair, where he sits, arranging me across his lap. He fingers the material of my skirt. "Do all the females where you come from dress like this?"

"Yes. Modesty is important to my people."

His jaw tightens as if this information upsets him. He lifts one of my hands to his face and rubs my knuckles over his smooth skin. He has shaved recently. I'm not used to seeing shaved faces. The men in my compound do not shave their beards.

I hold his gaze while he slides my fingers to his lips, mesmerized when he flicks his tongue over the middle one. I gasp and try to pull my hand away. This is so inappropriate. He's not my husband. He shouldn't take this kind of liberty with me. It's not right.

His hand is much larger than mine. It's larger than any hand I've ever seen. And he easily holds my fingers captive as he parts his lips and lets my finger slip into his mouth.

Something pierces my finger, like a thorn. I yelp and tug my hand, but Retmor doesn't let me go. Instead, he switches to my pointer and brings it into his mouth, too. Another strange pierce makes me cry out. "What is that?"

He lowers my hand, still holding it. "My quill, Little one. It's behind my front teeth. I'll use it when I feel it's necessary to calm you."

I stare at him, eyes wide. This is madness. I look down at my fingers. They look fine. And oddly, I do feel calmer.

Retmor cups my face with his other hand. "That's my good girl. Deep breaths."

I find myself obeying him, inhaling long and slow and releasing it.

"I know you're going to be confused a lot in the coming hours, Little one, but I need you to always remember that I will never let anything bad happen to you."

"I shouldn't be here," I whisper. "It's sinful to be alone with a man."

“Is it sinful if that man is your husband?”

“No.”

“Think of me as your husband then, Little one. On Eleadia, we call our females mates. You’re my mate.”

I frown.

“Mates are predetermined in my world. Fate chose you for me. We’ll never know why, but you’re mine. Can you feel the connection between us?”

I nod because he’s right. I feel the pull. It’s so odd. I’ve felt it ever since I opened my eyes and saw him staring at me. It’s stronger now. I feel safe with him. I want to snuggle against him. I’ve never experienced this sensation before.

“Tell me why you escaped your home tonight, Eden.”

I feel compelled to be honest with him. For one thing, I’m not capable of anything but honesty, but also, I’m drawn to him specifically. I believe him when he says he will keep me safe. “I was married to one of the elders in our compound for five years.”

Retmor’s eyes pop wide. “How old are you?”

“Twenty.”

“You were married at fifteen?”

“Yes.” I’m not sure why he’s so shocked.

“Humans don’t marry that young, Little one.”

I lick my lips. "My people do," I tell him.

He's very stiff. Even his hand around me tightens. "Go on. You said you were married. What happened?"

"He died."

Retmor's eyes grow even wider. "From what?"

I shrug. "He was old. I think he had a heart attack."

Retmor blinks. "How old?"

"Seventy."

Retmor gasps. "You were married at fifteen to a sixty-five-year-old human male?"

"Yes. Is that weird?"

Retmor starts laughing. "At the risk of being the pot that calls the kettle black, yes. Very strange for humans. Is that something they do in your compound?"

"Yes." I've recently realized maybe it wasn't okay, but I didn't know that before. "Why are you laughing?"

He stops laughing and rubs my back. "I'm far older than your husband was, Little one."

I frown. "You look about thirty."

"We age very slowly on Eleadia. I'm one hundred and twenty-seven."

I stare at him. Surely he's kidding. Just as I think maybe I'm making a horrible mistake in trusting him and start to push away, he lifts my hand to his lips again and pierces my two remaining fingers. It happens so fast I don't have time to react.

A strange calm washes over me. The information hasn't changed, but I don't feel as panicked. "Don't do that," I say, tugging on my hand.

"I will do whatever it takes to protect you, Little one, including from stress."

"Where did you say you were from?" I ask.

"Eleadia. It's a planet far away from here. Our transport vessels travel very fast, but it will still take us six months to get home."

"You're going to take me to another planet?"

"Yes, Baby girl. As soon as the doctor on the mothership clears you for departure."

"People don't travel to other planets," I tell him.

"They do, Little one. They have been for some time. Ever since you first noticed our spaceship above Earth. I'll take you to the mothership in a while. You'll see."

I look toward the window. "You're going to take me to those lights in the sky?"

"For a short while until we leave for Eleadia, yes." He touches my fingers with his lips again, not pricking them this time. "Tell me more. Tell me what happened to make you flee your compound."

I lick my lips. "When my husband died a few months ago, the elders decided I would marry another man. Marcus. I'm supposed to marry him this Saturday."

“And you didn’t want to?”

I shake my head. “He has three wives. I overheard them talking about him a few months ago. He’s very mean. He hits them. He also...”

After a few seconds, Retmor speaks. “He also what, Baby girl?”

“He...” I look away, my face turning red. I don’t want to talk about this.

“Tell me, Little one. I need to understand.”

“He holds them down and does things to them they do not like.”

Retmor’s jaw tightens. “He rapes them.”

“I... I don’t know what that means. I don’t know what the women were talking about. I just know one of them was crying, and the other two were comforting her.”

Retmor is stiff. His jaw is ticking. “Did your first husband treat you that way, Eden?”

I shake my head. “He didn’t mistreat me. Mostly he left me alone.”

Retmor rubs a hand down his face.

I look down. “I was scared because Marcus is already angry with me.”

“Why is he mad at you?”

My face heats. “Because I’m barren. He didn’t want me to be assigned to him because I’m useless to him.”

“But a doctor never confirmed this, right?”

“We don’t have doctors. We have a midwife.”

Retmor rubs my back. “It’s possible it wasn’t your fault that you didn’t get pregnant, Little one. It might have been your husband’s fault. He was very old. Maybe he couldn’t get you pregnant.”

I stare at him. “Really?”

“Yes. Likely, in fact.” His brow furrows, though. “Did you want to have children, Little one?”

I shake my head. “No. It scares me. The women scream for days sometimes when they give birth. Sometimes they die. Plus, they’re so tired. They have so many kids. We all try to help out, but the women with lots of kids look very sad and worn out. I never wanted that. I was glad I didn’t get pregnant.”

“You won’t ever get pregnant with me, Baby girl,” he says.

I’m shocked. My mouth drops open.

“Although I look like most human males except for being quite a bit larger, our species aren’t compatible enough for us to impregnate our mates. It won’t be because there’s anything wrong with you. We simply can’t produce offspring together.”

For some reason, this pleases me. I find myself smiling. And then reality seeps in. “You’re going to be my husband?” He has said so, but I’m still trying to grasp it.

“Mate, Little one. Yes.”

He seems nice. Nothing like Marcus or my first husband, William. Maybe I should accept this new fate of mine. “You won’t hit me?”

“Never. Never ever.” His face scrunches up a moment later. “Well... Let me rephrase that. I would never strike you in anger. Eleadians are a peaceful people. We do not spank our mates out of frustration. We don’t even feel the sort of anger I’ve learned humans experience.”

He taps my nose, making me giggle.

His smile grows. “I like that sound, Eden. I hope I can make you laugh a million times in our lives. But let me clarify. I don’t want to mislead you. Eleadian males are extremely overprotective. When we find our mates, we do not let them take chances with their safety. I will do everything to protect you, and that includes insisting that you follow many rules that are in place for your safety. If you break Papi’s rules, I will spank your naughty bottom to remind you to obey Papi.”

I squirm on his lap at the thought of him spanking me. My bottom lip quivers. “I don’t want you to hit me, Papi.”

He sets his lips on my forehead and makes a funny noise with his mouth. “Not hit, Little one. There’s a difference. Most Little girls actually enjoy being spanked. You’ll see.”

I shake my head. “It will hurt.”

“Sometimes, yes.”

Now I’m worried this arrangement isn’t better than the one I left.

Papi cups my face. “I don’t want you to worry about spankings right now, Little one.

We'll cross that bridge later. I need you to know that I would never injure you."

"Marcus uses a switch on his wives."

Retmor...Papi furrows his brows. "On their bottoms?"

I shake my head. "Their skirts are too thick. He hits them on their backs or their arms usually. I see them wincing when they work in the kitchen after a beating."

"What does he strike them for doing?"

I swallow. My face heats again. I've never spoken of such things. "Usually for bleeding."

Papi blinks. He doesn't seem to know what I mean.

"Their uh...monthly," I mutter. My cheeks are so hot.

Papi hesitates for a moment and then sucks in a breath. "He beats them for not getting pregnant?"

I nod. "It's a woman's job."

"To get pregnant?" His voice rises.

"Yes, sir."

"Eden..." Papi takes a long deep breath. "Females cannot control when they get pregnant. And again it's probably Marcus's fault anyway. Same as your husband's. Not theirs."

“Well, I’m not there now. He can’t touch me. Right?” Hope wells up inside me. “And I’ll be good, Papi. I won’t break any rules. I’ll cook and clean and lie with you and do everything you say. I promise.”

Papi’s face softens. He pulls me closer and rocks me gently. “You will not cook and clean, Little one. Papis take care of their Little girls, not the other way around. I will service you, Baby girl. Forever and ever.”

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Chapter Six

Retmor

Fuck. My Little girl has had a very strange life. It's hard because I don't fully understand. Zack said she must have been in a cult. I don't know much about cults, but she was obviously not exposed to the modern world.

The most mindboggling thing I've learned is that she had no idea there was a spaceship hovering above Earth. That was such a red flag that now I'm beginning to realize there are many things she has no knowledge of, and the things she does know are mostly lies.

"Did you ever leave the compound, Little one?"

"No, but one of Marcus's wives did. She was gone for two weeks. She eventually came back because she said it was too hard to live out in the real world. She was punished severely for her sins."

"Did she tell you anything about the real world?"

She shakes her head. "No, but I eavesdropped on her one day when she was speaking with a few of the older women who weren't born in the compound. I shouldn't have listened. It was wrong. It was a sin. But I couldn't help it. They didn't realize I was nearby, so I sat very still."

I stroke her fingers, wondering if I should pierce their tips again. "What did you

learn, Baby girl?”

She bites her lip for a moment before releasing it. Every time I ask her something new, she seems hesitant to tell me as though I might be angry with her. I need to remember to remain perfectly calm at all times. I’m beginning to suspect that she doesn’t have the ability to lie or even withhold information.

“She was crying, and the older women were comforting her. They kept telling her she needed to forget what she saw. They said the world was not a safe place, and she was better off back in the compound where the elders could protect her.”

I nod, encouraging her to continue.

Eden snuffles. “She rambled on about cars and lights and noise. She said there was no way she could get a job because she had no skills and no paperwork. She was hungry and scared. She thought perhaps we were the strange ones instead of them. So many people living a different life while just a few hundred of us were hiding in a compound.” Eden looks at me. “I began to question if our life was truly better or even safer, especially if Marcus was regularly going to beat me. I knew if I ran it would be hard. I knew I would need to find work and a place to live, but I had to try.”

I run my palm up her back, tangling my fingers in her hair. “You’re right, Little one. You had to try. I’m so damn glad you did because if you hadn’t, I wouldn’t have found you.” I hold her chin with my fingers, wanting her to listen carefully. “Though Eleadians have similar physical features to humans, our way of life is very different. It will be challenging to you for a while as you learn our ways, but I promise in time you will thrive in your new environment.”

She licks those fully pink lips again. “You’re really going to take me to another planet?”

“Yes, Little one.”

“The elders won’t be able to find me there?”

“Never. They will never even know where you disappeared to. There is no record of you.”

That idea pleases her. I can tell by her pulse, but she’s still scared out of her mind. “What if you decide you don’t like me? I don’t have many skills. I can barely read. I don’t know math. The only job I could ever do would be cleaning.”

I let my fingers thread deeper into her hair. “Eden, you will not need skills to be my mate. You will not clean. Not ever.”

“What will I do?”

“Play, read, learn new things, enjoy life. You’ll always be by my side. Our bond will grow stronger by the hour and the day. You can feel it growing already.”

She nods slowly. “I don’t understand it.”

“I know you don’t, Little one, but you will over time. You were fated to be mine. Fate does not make mistakes. She led you to Club Zoom tonight and put you in my path. The moment I scented you even from one floor up in the club, I knew you were mine. Our bond is permanent and unbreakable. We will be together for centuries.”

She gasps. “Centuries? I won’t live nearly that long.”

I smile. “You will, Little one. Our planet is cleaner. The environment is healthier. Our water, air, and food are pure. Your body will stop aging at the same rate as it has on Earth. You will grow very old with me.”

Her mouth drops open. “This can’t be real.”

“I know it’s hard to process. It’s difficult even for regular human females, but doubly so for you because you’ve been so sheltered from the real world. I’ll do everything in my power to help you learn and understand.”

“Could I learn to read better?” She sits up taller in my lap, eager. There’s an excitement in her I haven’t seen until now.

“Baby girl, you may learn anything you want. I promise. I’m actually a historian on my planet. I research our history and write about it. But I also research the history of Earth and write about it, too. It unnerves me that I know so very little about the way of life you’ve come from. I will dig into cults more extensively while you’re in stasis on the ship.”

“Stasis?” She tips her head to one side and frowns.

“You’ll be asleep during the six-month journey. Your body is not capable of withstanding that length of travel through space. I will keep you asleep, and you will awaken when we arrive.”

She searches my face. “I’m struggling to believe there are other planets.”

I chuckle. “Well, you’re not alone in that regard. We only arrived a few years ago. It took time to develop a relationship with the many governments on Earth before they permitted us to remain in Earth’s atmosphere and use these clubs all around the globe so that our citizens can find mates.”

“Why don’t you just marry women from your own planet?”

“We don’t have any. There was a disturbance in the atmosphere about a hundred

years ago. All of the females died out, leaving only males. It took us many years to find a planet with compatible beings living on it. Making the year-long journey to and from Eleadia to find a mate is a serious commitment. When we find our mate, we cherish her in every way so that nothing ever happens to her. You will be coddled by me in ways you've never experienced. I will smother you with my love and affection because our bond will be so very deep and powerful."

"It's confusing," she murmurs.

"I know it is, Little one." I pick up her hand and bring it to my lips again, piercing her middle finger before she can protest.

"Ouch." She tries to pull her hand away. "Why do you keep doing that?"

"It's helping our bodies align. Even without the prick of my quill, we're becoming one. You can feel it just as strongly as I can. The serum I inject into your body is helping you feel closer to me."

She stares.

It's time to move to the next step, and I fear she's going to balk. I need to remove her clothes, bathe her in Eleadian water, and feed her. I'm concerned about her modesty.

"Tell me about the clothes you're wearing. Do all of the females in your compound dress this way?"

She nods. "Yes. I didn't know other people dressed differently until tonight. I'm shocked by what I saw while I stood on the sidewalk outside of the club. The women in line were wearing so very little. My people would be appalled. It's sinful to dress so provocatively. They were trying to attract the attention of men."

“We do not practice an organized religion on my planet like those on Earth. You may not know this, but there are many religions on Earth. They worship many different deities.”

She gasps.

I nod. Her shock is going to intrigue me for years. I’m going to enjoy teaching her the ways of both her people and my own. I never expected to find a mate who knows so very little about her own planet. After a few weeks on Eleadia, she will know more about my planet than her own. I will have to use pictures and books to teach her about Earth. Educating her will be my pleasure, assuming she’s as eager to learn as I am to instruct.

“My planet is a peaceful place where nature is at one with the beings residing with her. We do not mistreat our people, our animals, or our land. We do not worship anything.”

Her eyes are huge and round.

I take a risk in telling her, “God is a human construct we simply don’t have.” I don’t want to upset her on this issue further, so I guide the conversation back to her clothing. I pluck at the itchy skirt on her lap. “I’ve studied enough to know that some religions on Earth are more modest than others. I’ve never delved into the sort of cult you belonged to, but I’m gathering you’ve kept your body covered most of the time.”

“Always. Women do not show their ankles or wrists.” She tugs at the sleeves of her blouse as though realizing I might have glimpsed more skin than I should.

This is going to be challenging.

“You take your clothes off to bathe, though, right?”

She shakes her head. “No. We still wear a shift over us when we bathe.”

Oh boy... “And when you were with your husband? I assume he undressed you?”

She gasps, her face turning bright pink. “Never.”

I frown. How the hell did they... I picture her husband lifting her skirt and sinking into her without touching her or seeing her. He probably kept the lights off, too. What an asshole. I bet she’s never known the kind of pleasure I will show her. That fact pleases me.

She takes a deep breath and her lips part.

“You may ask me anything at any time, Eden. Always.”

“How many wives do you have?” she blurts out.

This Little girl is going to shock me often. “None, Baby girl. Only you. We do not have multiple mates on my planet. Most of your planet does not either. In fact, on Earth, it’s not even legal in most places, including where you live. Men may only have one wife. Your cult is breaking the law.”

Her wide-eyed, stunned expression is going to happen over and over. Her heart rate increases. “It will only be me and you?”

“Yes, Little one. Always and forever.” I can’t emphasize that enough. “Eden, I’ve never been this close to a female before. Like I said, we don’t have any on my planet except for the Little girls who’ve been claimed and returned to Eleadia from Earth with their mates.”

“Oh.”

I lift her fingers and pierce three of them again, pleased when she doesn't try to jerk her hand out of mine. Her heart rate calms.

“Eden, there are no specific rules about how long we may stay here in this apartment, but it's best that we take care of everything that must happen so we may leave for Eleadia soon.”

She looks toward the window. “I'm scared.”

“I know you are, Little one. I will do everything in my power to keep you calm. I will hold you at all times. The closer we are to each other, the calmer we will both feel. Eleadians thrive on physical contact. The more of our skin is touching, the stronger our bond will be.” I cover her entire hand with mine. I need more of her.

Her breath hitches. “You're already touching me more than anyone ever has.”

I hate that for her, but it changes now. And how the hell was she married for five years without having more skin-to-skin contact than this? Her husband must have been a real dick. Granted, he was fucking old. I'm not certain about the sexual abilities of human males in their late sixties, but surely they can still have sex and please their wives.

I draw in a deep breath and let it out slowly. She's going to panic at my next words. “I need to undress you and bathe you in Eleadian water, Little one. It will wash off the impurities from your planet. You will feel much better after you've been bathed. Then I will feed you. When was the last time you ate?”

She inhales sharply. “You can't give me a bath. It's not...done.”

“It is done on my planet and among my people, Little one. I will always bathe you.”

“But my shift... It will cling to my body, and you will see my...my...my sinful curves.”

Heavens. My Little girl. My stomach clenches. I bring my face to her neck. It's hard to get contact with her skin because her blouse goes all the way up her neck, leaving almost no skin to nuzzle, but I manage to rub my nose behind her ear, inhaling her personal scent and tickling her skin.

She whimpers but doesn't push me away. She can't. She's under the same spell I'm under. I love the soft sounds coming from her.

As she softens, I swipe my tongue over her skin and then prick her with my quill. This time, my serum isn't meant for calming. This time I give her a bit more aphrodisiac. I need her to feel the connection deeper and crave what I'm going to take from her.

She flinches and grabs my arm. “Retmor...”

“Papi.” I pull back. “Call me Papi, Baby girl.”

She swallows. “Why do you call me Baby girl?”

“It's a common endearment among my people. I will cherish you and nurture you as my Little girl.” I'm leaving out so many details she isn't ready to hear.

Her heart rate increases and her cheeks pinken. My serum is working as it should. I rise, holding her in my arms, and carry her into the attached bedroom. There's an enormous bed in here that I've never slept in and never will. Before long, we will move to the mothership and begin the departure process.

But first things first. I need to get these clothes off my Little girl. I'm practically

shaking from the need to have more contact with her. She feels it, too, but she doesn't understand the sensation, and she's fighting it.

I lower her onto the bed, leaving her feet hanging over the side. I thread my fingers with hers and lift her hands to place them above her head, holding her down as gently as possible.

"Papi..." Her voice is breathy, and she's finally calling me Papi.

"Your body is aligning with mine. It's natural. It would happen on its own no matter what I did or didn't do, but my quill is helping you understand."

She squirms, squeezing her legs together and arching her chest. Her arousal fills the air, increasing with every inhale. "What are you doing?" she whispers.

"I'm going to take your clothes off, Little one, and then give you a bath."

She shakes her head, whimpering. Her pulse increases. If she were any other human female, she would be shredding her clothes off for me at this point, but her teachings have led her to believe it's wrong to be naked with me.

I will quell that nonsense, but it will take some finesse. "Look at Papi, Little one."

She arches her head back, moaning. She's totally covered with so many layers of scratchy material that I can't even tell how large her breasts are. I can't see her puckered nipples either. It's killing me.

I nuzzle her neck again. The other side this time. I will use my quill in my favor even though I'm coercing her. It's necessary.

She tips her head to the side, offering her skin to me. She's probably unaware. She

can't help herself. "Papi..."

I kiss her neck behind her ear and then pierce her again, lingering, letting even more of my serum enter her bloodstream.

Eden moans louder, writhing now. "Too hot..."

I release her hands and move mine to the front of her blouse. Her head rolls back and forth as I unbutton the coarse material, starting at the top. The first glimpse of her neck makes my cock hard. It's red and splotchy from her arousal. She has no idea how unbelievably sexy she is.

Suddenly, she grabs my wrists. "Papi, no. It's wrong. You can't..."

I kiss her briefly on the lips, startling her.

She gasps, eyes wide. "Why do you do that? You made that noise against my forehead earlier."

Noise? I'm confused as I stare at her. "My kiss?"

Her face turns a darker shade of red. "Kiss..."

"Have you not been kissed, Baby girl?"

She slowly shakes her head.

My girl is so very innocent. It's mind boggling. How has she had sex without ever doing any of the fun parts?

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Chapter Seven

Eden

Kiss ... I've heard that word before, but I didn't know what it meant. I feel like I'm floating out of my body. I don't understand what's happening to me or what I'm experiencing. I'm warm, and I can't stay still. Restless. I keep squeezing my legs together. There's an odd pressure between them. My breasts feel heavy.

"Do it again," I whisper. I don't know who I am. Did I just ask this man to kiss me again? I want to feel his lips on me. I liked how he kissed my forehead and then my neck, but it felt even better when he kissed my mouth. Do people do that?

Papi smiles at me before lowering his mouth to mine again. He makes that same sound with his lips, like he's smacking them together. He's...tasting me. He moves his mouth all around mine and then flicks his tongue out to lick my lips in different places.

I don't react. I'm focused on the feel of him. I think I like it. It's odd. Do people put their mouths on other people's? I realize I saw the driver of the van do it to the woman he was with. He kissed her several times. He even put his tongue inside her mouth. They both liked it.

"Open your mouth for me, Baby girl," Papi murmurs.

I part my lips, curious and unnerved when he dips his tongue into my mouth. He strokes my tongue with his, and I find myself responding, joining him, tasting him.

It's so strange, but I definitely like it. I feel close to him.

He's smiling when he pulls back. "You're so sweet, Baby girl. What do you think of kissing?"

I shrug, embarrassed, my face heating.

His hands come back to my buttons, and he finishes opening my blouse. When he parts the two sides, he sighs and then chuckles. "Somehow I knew I was going to reveal nothing by removing this blouse. How many layers are you wearing under here, Baby girl?"

I clench the front of my shifts. "You can't..." I'm panting. I want him to take this off me. My body is burning up with the need to get these clothes off. It's madness. I don't get it.

Papi tugs on the end of my sleeve, dislodging my hand to pull my blouse off my arm.

I shudder as he does the same to the other side, leaving me in a thin long-sleeved shift over a short-sleeved one. He can see my arms through the material. It's more revealing than my blouse.

After removing my other sleeve, he guides me onto my side. I don't understand why until his hand comes to the button and zipper at the back of my skirt.

I try to dislodge myself from his grip, but he has one hand on my hip, holding me firmly. There's no way to stop him. A moment later, he rolls me onto my back and quickly tugs my skirt, freeing it from me entirely and tossing it on the floor.

I'm panting as he removes my shoes and then my socks, leaving me in the two layers of shifts. I'm still mostly covered, but part of me no longer wants to be. I stare at him

with wide eyes.

He sets his hands on my hips and slides them upward until he's gripping my torso.

I have my arms pulled together over my chest, my hands clasped between my breasts, but his hands are so much larger than mine. He's able to span my entire torso. His fingers stroke my back, and his thumbs graze the undersides of my breasts.

I can't breathe. I've never felt anything like this. My vision blurs as my body responds to his touch. What's happening to me? "Papi..."

"I'm going to take the rest of these layers off, Baby girl. You won't hide from Papi. Not ever."

I'm trembling. "I can't."

"Yes, you can, Little one. I promise you'll get used to it. It won't seem so strange after a while."

I lick my lips. "It's just for the bath, right? Then you'll put my clothes back on?"

He draws in a breath. "No, Little one. You'll never wear anything like this again. It's not our custom."

My lip trembles. "What will I wear?"

He gently circles my wrists and lifts them over my head, clasping them together with one of his hands. The position makes me feel exposed and vulnerable. My nipples harden as I squirm, causing them to rub against my shift.

Papi lowers his mouth to one of my covered breasts and kisses the tip.

I arch and writhe. It feels so good. How would it feel if I weren't wearing anything? He hasn't answered my question, though, and I need to know, so I ask again. "Papi, what do women wear on your planet?" I can't believe I'm asking such a question. Am I seriously going to leave this planet?

"They wear a soft material around their bottoms, Little one, and rings through their nipples with dangling stones. I think you will look so very pretty with blue moroxite stones. They will match your eyes and bring out the color."

I stop breathing and purse my lips. I have no idea what he's saying. None of it makes any sense.

Papi nuzzles between my breasts, making it hard to think. He's able to so easily distract me. "One thing at a time, Baby girl. Focus on my eyes."

I find myself meeting his gaze. It's hard to disobey him. I'm not wired to be disobedient to anyone, especially not men, but the pull I feel toward Papi is different from anything I've experienced before.

Holding my wrists with one hand, he uses the other to grab onto the material of my shifts and pull all of it up my body.

I don't have time to protest or react before every stitch of fabric is swept over my head and disappears. I gasp and tug at my hands. "No. Please. No. Papi..." I can't breathe. My vision blurs.

Papi cups my face. "Eyes on mine, Baby girl."

I squeeze my eyes closed and shake my head. I've never defied a man like this before, but I'm so mortified, and I can't look at his face.

“Eden...” There’s a warning tone in his voice. “Look at Papi. Do I need to spank your naughty bottom already, Baby girl?”

All the air leaves my lungs as I force myself to meet his gaze. My bottom lip quivers. “Please don’t spank me, Papi.”

He smiles. “There’s my good girl.”

I’m scared out of my mind. My body is doing strange things.

“Take a breath, Eden,” Papi orders.

I try, inhaling shakily.

“Good girl.”

I like it when he calls me his good girl. It makes my body tingle.

He lowers his gaze slowly to my naked body. “You’re so beautiful, Little one. You have no idea how pretty you are.”

My nipples harden. I’m mortified.

Papi lowers his head that direction and plants a kiss on the tip of one breast, making me cry out. “So pretty.” He flicks his tongue over the hard bud and then shocks me by drawing it into his mouth, sucking.

“Papi!” I cry. What’s he doing? I know babies nurse from their mother’s nipples, but men don’t suck them.

He releases my nipple with a pop and switches to the other.

I'm spiraling. Falling downward. My body is reacting to every touch in ways that make me crave things I've never felt. I grip my knees together and draw my legs up. Something tingles between them. My private parts are pulsing and...wet.

I yelp when Papi pierces my swollen nipple with his quill.

He lifts his head. "That feels good, doesn't it, Baby girl?"

I shake my head. "No. It- It- It- hurts." It's throbbing now, but in a good way. My nipple feels warm and... I want him to do it again. Prick my skin again.

He chuckles. "You'll learn to crave my quill, Little one."

I already do. I can't tell him that.

Suddenly, he releases my hands and stands. "Leave your hands where they are, Eden," he orders.

I don't dare disobey him. He already threatened to spank me.

I watch with wide eyes as he removes his tie and then his shirt. I'm mesmerized and scared. Why is he taking his clothes off?

Papi drops his clothes one item at a time on the bed next to me. He kicks off his shoes next, while I stare at his chest. I've rarely seen a man's chest. Boys sometimes, but not men. And Papi is huge. Two times bigger than the elders in my compound.

I'm grateful that he stops before removing his pants. I don't know much about the male body, but I don't want to know either.

Papi bends down, scoops me up, and cradles me against him.

For a moment, I squirm, feeling extremely awkward with his skin touching mine, but he rolls me closer so that my breasts are pressed against his chest.

Papi inhales deeply, smiling. “That feels so good. I’ve wanted to do this from the moment I first saw you.”

I don’t know why he would want to press our naked chests together, but it does feel good. I’m internally panicking from my nudity, but I’m also aware that his touch calms me. The two forces are at war. Neither is winning.

He carries me back into the living room and across to the kitchen area. When I glance toward the windows, I scream. “The windows, Papi!”

He rubs his nose against mine. “No one can see in them, Baby girl. We can only see out.”

“Are you sure?” My voice squeaks.

“Yes, Little one. Positive.”

Just in case, I curl into him, trying to cover myself, but my butt is exposed. I clench my cheeks together.

I hear water running, but I don’t look. My face is buried in Papi’s chest. I like the scent of him. I keep breathing it in. It’s calming me the same as our touch and his quill.

After a few minutes, he says, “I’m going to lower you into the basin now, Baby girl.”

I jerk my head around to see what he’s talking about and find there is indeed a huge basin filling with water right in front of us. It’s at the level of the counter, which is

way higher than any counter I've ever seen. It's at a height for someone as tall as Papi.

"Why do you have a giant sink?"

He eases me forward and lowers me into the water. "It's for giving you a bath, Little one."

"Why can't I just use the tub in the bathroom?" I sigh as my body submerges. The water feels so good. My hair floats all around me. We hadn't put it up. It's too late now.

Papi eases me back so that most of me is submerged. He gathers my hair to one side. "We don't have bathrooms like you're used to on Earth, Little one. I will always wash you in a basin in the kitchen."

"Where will I, uh..."

He smiles and taps my nose. "Pee and poop?"

My face heats. He's so blunt. People do not talk about such things out loud. "Yes," I mutter.

"I told you about the soft material I will wrap around your bottom, remember?"

He mentioned something, but it made no sense. I frown. "What do you mean?"

"You'll evacuate when you need to into the wrap, Baby girl. I'll change you."

I stiffen. "A diaper?"

He lifts one of my hands and pricks my finger. Darn him. “Yes, Baby girl.”

Tears gather in my eyes and run down my cheeks. “I don’t wear diapers, Papi. Only babies wear diapers.”

“I know that’s true for humans, but on Eleadia, all of our females wear diapers. It’s part of how I will care for you. I will do everything for you, Eden, including changing you when you fill your diaper.”

I scramble to sit up, but he stops me with a palm between my breasts. I shake my head. “No. I can’t do that.” I’ve never been so defiant before. This isn’t the first time I’ve defied him either. I keep telling him no , and that’s a word that’s not tolerated from women.

“You’ll adapt, Little one. Every female does.”

I try to remember what else he said at that same time. I stopped hearing him when he mentioned some kind of piercings. Now I’m nervous. “What else will I wear, Papi?”

“Nothing, Little one.” His voice is soft but firm. “Our weather is perfect. We don’t cover our Little girls.”

“I’m not little,” I argue, though I guess I am, compared to him.

“It’s our custom, Baby girl. I will only wear loose comfortable pants, too.”

I instinctively cover my breasts with both hands, shuddering at the thought.

He releases my chest to circle my wrists again. “We don’t let our Little girls play with their nipples, Eden. It’s a rule. I know it feels good to stroke them. You probably enjoy pinching them and tugging on them, but you won’t do so anymore. Your

pleasure will come from Papi. I'll decide when to give you the release you crave. Do you understand?"

No. I don't. I blink. I'm lost. When I try to bring my hands back to my chest, Papi takes one over to the edge of the basin and wraps something around my wrist, securing it.

I tug and whimper as he does the same to the other wrist. "Papi..." My heart is racing. I'm scared and, and, and I don't know what else. Hot? Something is wrong with me. It's not something I can describe.

Papi cups my breasts and then pinches my nipples between his thumbs and fingers.

I arch and buck, my entire body coming alive in a way I can't explain. Water sloshes out of the basin, but he doesn't seem to care.

"Have you never played with your nipples before, Little one?"

I shake my head, moaning. I can't focus.

"And your husband didn't either?"

"No. Papi, what...?" My husband? He never touched me. He certainly didn't play with my nipples. I didn't know it was a thing or that it would feel good. I'm coming unglued.

When Papi stops and releases my swollen buds, I whimper and squirm. "Papi..." I need something. What do I need?

He kisses me gently on the lips. "Have you ever had an orgasm, Little one?"

“A what?”

He sighs. “Have you ever played with your pussy, rubbing it until it felt so good you exploded?”

My face is on fire. I’m not sure what he means, but I’m also not sure I want to know. Still, I ask. “Pussy?”

His face is tight as though he’s angry about my ignorance and questions.

I turn my head to the side, embarrassed.

He cups my face and brings it back to center. “I’m not mad at you, Little one. It’s not your fault. I’m furious with your husband. You were married five years, and he never gave you an orgasm?”

“I- I- I- I don’t know.” I don’t know what an orgasm is. Or a pussy.

Papi sets his hands on my knees and presses them wide, opening up my most private parts. I’m so mortified I can’t process words. My mouth falls open, but nothing comes out. And then my eyes roll back, and I stop breathing.

Papi slides his hands down my inner thighs and touches me where no one has ever touched me. “This is your pussy, Baby girl. Did your husband not stroke it with his fingers until you fell apart?”

I shake my head wildly. My hair is tangling all around me. My hands are restrained now, so I can’t gather it. And I’m feeling things I do not grasp.

Papi releases my legs, and I immediately close them, gasping for air.

He tucks a hand behind me and helps me lean forward. “I’m going to pour water over your hair, Little one, so I can wash it.” His voice is so very gentle. “After that, I’m going to wash your body and show you what an orgasm is.”

My breath hitches, and I shiver. I’m not sure I like this plan, but I’m also very curious. I close my eyes as Papi massages soap into my scalp. It feels so good. “Can you release my hands, Papi?”

“When I’m done, Little one. You’re going to squirm nearly out of the basin when I stroke your pussy. I don’t want you to be unsafe. Plus, you might find you like it when Papi restrains you. A lot of Little girls enjoy being strapped down.”

“I don’t,” I insist.

He chuckles. “Your scent suggests otherwise, Baby girl. I can smell your arousal. It’s filling the entire apartment. It increased as soon as I cuffed your wrists.”

“You can smell me?”

“Yes. I have a heightened sense of smell, Eden, but you’ll notice yours will get more pronounced over time, too. You’ll know when I’m approaching you. Your body will respond automatically, preparing for my touch.”

I say nothing. Half of what he tells me sounds like a foreign language.

Papi rinses my hair before he grabs a washcloth and pours some soap on it. The water is making my skin tingle. It feels softer than any water I’ve ever touched. If that’s possible. “The water…”

“We bring it from Eleadia, Little one. It’s cleaner and purer than water on Earth. It will make you feel better. It tastes better, too, and it will be good for your digestive

tract.”

He washes my back, my arms, my legs, and finally my chest. When he lingers on my breasts, my breath hitches. “Papi...” It’s like I’m pleading with him over and over, but I don’t know if I want him to stop or continue.

“I know it feels good, Baby girl. My touch will always feel good. You’re already learning to crave it.”

He’s right. He gives my breasts another swipe before sliding the cloth down between my legs. “Open for me, Eden,” he orders.

I whimper. “Papi...” I look at him. This is so forbidden. I can’t stop thinking about my sins and how God will judge me. But were the elders lying to me? “Pleasure is a sin.”

“No, it’s not, Baby girl. I don’t know much about deities or sins, but I can tell you if there is a higher power in the universe, it absolutely would condone pleasure. You will experience great pleasure with me every day of your life, Eden. You will learn to let go of the lies you were told.”

I don’t know if he’s right, but I do know that his touch sets me on fire and makes me crave more.

“Spread your legs, Eden. Open for Papi. Let me show you what it will feel like to be loved by me.”

I obey him, parting my thighs. It’s like I’m under a spell he’s cast over me, and I can’t stop myself from trusting him and doing as he says.

“Good girl.” He strokes over my private parts with the cloth but then drops it and

touches me with his fingers.

I clamp my knees around his arm.

He ignores my disobedience and cups my chin, holding my gaze while he touches a tiny part of me that sends shock waves through my body. I've never been aware of that bundle of nerves before. It's like it wasn't even there before today.

I grip his arm harder, but he doesn't complain. He smiles. "Let it feel good, Eden. Don't fight it. Let your body accept my touch. I want you to come apart for me."

I'm panting. I don't know what he means, but something is happening. I'm climbing a mountain. It's so steep, but I'm racing to the top.

"You're so gorgeous, Eden. Let it go. Don't fight it," he tells me again. "Let it feel good. Come for me, Baby girl. Come on Papi's fingers."

I tip my head back as my vision blurs. I can't see him any longer. I'm shaking on the edge of something. I grip the sides of the basin with my restrained hands. My entire body stiffens, and I hover somewhere I never want to leave for long seconds before I suddenly explode. My private parts pulse and throb against Papi's fingers.

The strange nub he's touching grows sensitive, and Papi eases away from it. He kisses me even though I can't return the gesture. "You are perfection, Eden. My perfect Little girl."

Chapter Eight

Retmor

My Little girl shivers as I release the water from the basin and hurry to dry her off before wrapping her in another towel and lifting her into my arms. She might be a bit cold from the cool air hitting her wet skin, but she's mostly in shock from experiencing her first orgasm and embarrassed from being naked.

I hold her close to my chest as I grab a bottle from the refrigerator and heat it up. Her very long hair is swaying loose around my arm. Some of it is trapped under the towel. I'm going to need to learn how to take care of it.

She has no idea what's coming until I settle in the recliner and lean her back a few inches to meet her gaze.

"When did you last eat, Little one?"

She furrows her brow as if in thought for a few moments. "I had some toast this morning."

I frown. "That's all you've had to eat today?"

"I was... I was nervous about my plan. I couldn't."

I nod. "Okay. I'm going to feed you now." I rock her for a few seconds before I bring the bottle up and guide the nipple to her mouth.

She flinches and stares at it. “What’s that?”

“A bottle, Little one.” I tap her lips. “It’s good. Try it.”

She keeps her pretty lips closed, eyeing the bottle.

“We have very different foods on Eleadia than you’re used to, Baby girl. The formula I will feed you for many months is tested and has proven to be the perfect combination of nutrients you need. Not one human female has ever had an adverse reaction to it. I won’t introduce our solid foods for quite some time, and when I do, it will be slowly to ensure you’re not allergic to anything.”

She shifts her gaze to me, but she loosens her mouth.

“Please, try it for me?”

She finally licks her lips and parts them.

I slip the nipple inside and smile broadly at her.

Eden takes a moment to settle the nipple comfortably in her mouth and then begins to suck.

My heart almost can’t take it. I’ve read about this moment. Every Papi talks about the moment they first feed their Little girl. If I weren’t sitting, it would bring me to my knees.

I’m here. Holding my girl. We have a long road in front of us. She is not like other humans. She has a lot to learn. But I have her. I found her. Fate saw fit for her to run from an unsafe situation today and right into my arms. I will cherish her for the rest of our lives.

Her eyes droop as she sucks. That's good. She needs to nap, but I jiggle the nipple to encourage her to finish the bottle first. When it's finally empty, she snuggles into me.

I take several minutes to rock her close to my chest, stroking her cheek, staring down at her pretty face. I can't sit here like this forever. I need to diaper her before she wets herself. She might not, but there is always the possibility she won't have full control of her bladder after all the times I pricked her skin and taking in her first bottle. Plus, she's exhausted.

I finally rise, carry her to the bedroom, and gently lie her on her back. She whimpers and squirms as I quickly reach for a pacifier from the nightstand. When I pop it into her mouth, she settles.

Precious.

I leave the towel over her chest to keep her from getting chilled while I carefully slide a diaper under her and spread her legs. The hair on her pussy is soft and curly, but I need to remove it. I consider leaving it for the doctor to deal with after we reach the mothership, but that will just prolong what will already be a stressful visit for my girl.

So I grab the cream that will remove her hair permanently and spread it on her pussy. She makes little purring noises and wiggles some, but I gently hold her thighs open so that the cream can sit for several minutes.

Eden sucks harder on the pacifier. She's out of it, though. Her hands are resting at the sides of her head, and she's oblivious to the fact that I'm holding her legs open. I doubt she's ever been in this position, so she really must be deeply asleep to not be aware.

And yet... How has she had sex without being in this position? It's mind boggling. I try to imagine what sort of experiences she had with her husband. It would seem he

never touched her breasts or perhaps even saw them. He definitely didn't take the time to ensure she got any pleasure. I'm wondering if he even helped her get lubricated or if he simply took her dry. The thought makes me wince. That would be painful. I'll ask the doctor to make sure she hasn't suffered any damage from years of unlubricated sex. There could be scar tissue.

What did he do? Lift her skirt, fuck her, and then leave her? Maybe he took her from behind and didn't even look her in the eyes. What an asshole.

I wipe the cream away as gently as possible and take a few minutes to examine my girl while she's asleep and not so deeply embarrassed. Her pussy is pink and healthy looking. I'm no expert, of course. I've never seen a pussy before other than pictures. She looks like perfection to me. Her little clit is adorable. I can't wait to suck it and make her writhe.

Apparently my exploration was a bit more than my Little girl could manage without rousing because she suddenly moans and arches her hips.

When I look up at her face, I find her staring at me. Her hands come to my head where I'm hovering over her. She opens her mouth, and the pacifier falls out. I doubt she's even aware of it.

Her eyes are glazed. "Papi..."

I kiss her pretty pussy, making her arch higher and moan, so I drag my tongue through her folds and flick it over her clit.

"Ohhh..."

I like that sound. Her legs start shaking. I hold her thighs open and suck her clit, knowing she would fly into the air if I wasn't holding her.

Her fingers dig into my scalp. I love it. I love her reckless abandon that tells me she's mostly unaware of what she's doing. I love how she tips her head back and moans loudly as I increase my efforts and suckle her stronger. I love how her chest bows off the bed when I flatten my tongue on her clit to drive her mad.

And lastly, I love how she screams as her orgasm consumes her, her voice echoing against the walls loud enough to shake all loose items.

Eden is panting as I release her. She doesn't even bother to pull her legs together or cover her nipples. She's a vision all sated with a huge smile on her face. "Papi..." The soft word is drawn out for long seconds.

I can't stop watching her.

Eventually she slides a hand down to her pussy and touches it. "Where is my hair?"

"I removed it, Baby girl. So it won't collect moisture in your diapers."

She sighs and lets her hand fall back to the bed.

I grab the front of the diaper and pull it up over her pussy, fastening it at her hips while she still tries to catch her breath. When she's secure, I press against her bladder.

Eden moans and lifts her knees.

"You haven't peed for a long time, Baby girl. Relax your bladder." I don't know when she last peed, but I suspect it would have been before she left the compound. Hours ago.

She shoves at my hand, but she can't dislodge me. She'll never be strong enough to push me away. I ignore her attempts and continue to palpate her tummy where her

bladder is until she finally groans and stops fighting me.

She holds her breath and turns her head away while she pees. Her submission is so precious.

“That’s my good girl. Let it all out.”

When she’s done, I pop her pacifier back into her mouth and quickly change her. After cleaning her soft folds, I apply diaper cream. She doesn’t argue with me, but her pulse kicks up as I touch her clit.

Precious.

Mine.

I cover my Little girl with a blanket and then scoop her up into my arms. I want to hold her while she sleeps. I don’t care how long she’s out, I want her warm body against mine, her soft breasts nestled against my chest. I want to listen to the purring noise she makes while she sucks and watch how she squirms every now and then to get more comfortable.

Every Papi has gone through this stage, but now I understand how very amazing each moment with my Little girl is. I’m grasping why Papis have so many strict rules and why they spank their Little girls’ bottoms when they misbehave and break those rules.

My primary concern in life is now keeping Eden safe from any danger, and that includes tripping over her feet, touching hot surfaces, climbing up onto furniture, and choking. I’m going to wrap her in bubble wrap and give her about a ten-foot range from me.

I get it now.

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Chapter Nine

Eden

“Where are we?” I ask when I open my eyes. I can see we’re in a small compartment of some sort. It reminds me a bit of the elevator, but it’s smaller, and it has seats. Papi is holding me in his lap.

“We’re in a pod on our way to the mothership.” He grins and tips me up so I can see out the window next to us.

I gasp. My heart rate picks up so fast it’s going to beat out of my chest. “You weren’t kidding.”

“No, Baby girl. I’ll never lie to you.” He points. “Look that direction, and you can see Earth.”

I turn my head. “Holy moly.” I blink several times. We really are traveling away from Earth.

Papi points the other direction. “You can see the spaceship better now. From Earth without binoculars, it just looks like a cluster of lights. That’s why your elders were able to lie and tell everyone the lights were stars.”

I’m fascinated by the size of the spaceship. It’s huge. When I lean back into Papi’s arms, I say, “Are you sure the elders lied? Maybe they didn’t know.”

“They knew, Baby girl. There is no way they didn’t know. I did a bit of research while you were sleeping. I even suspect where you came from. There’s a cult about a half hour north of Club Zoom. It’s the only one known to be in the area. Does it have a large iron front gate with ornate biblical scenes?”

I nod. “Yes.”

He grins. “The FBI has that cult on their watch list. They have long suspected there are many women and children being held against their will, brainwashed, or even abused. The leaders—the ones you call the elders—often leave the compound to get supplies. They are well aware of the laws they are breaking and what’s happening in the world. They lie.”

I draw in a long breath. I’m not shocked. I’m angry. I’ve been lied to my entire life. I wonder how many things I’ve been lied to about. I guess I’ll find out in the coming weeks as Papi informs me.

“Eventually they will have enough evidence to raid the compound and rescue the women and children.”

It’s hard to fathom. “Most of those people will be so shocked. They won’t even be able to function in society. They have no skills, not enough education, and no Papi to save them from themselves.”

He smiles. “I know, but the government will help them, Baby girl. They won’t be abandoned.”

“Okay. That makes me feel better.”

He lifts me higher and kisses my forehead. “No one will ever know what happened to you.”

I think about the possibilities. “They might figure out I escaped in the delivery van, but that driver knows nothing, so he won’t be able to tell them a thing. I could have also climbed a wall and run off on foot into the night.”

“Did you have friends or sisters you left behind, Little one?” Papi asks me gently.

“I wasn’t very close to many people. I never really felt like I fit in. I was always too inquisitive and had bigger dreams. Mostly I kept my thoughts to myself, but I’ve wanted to leave for years. I wanted to see what was outside. I learned to keep that dream to myself to avoid punishment, but I always watched and wondered how I might escape. When I found out I would be married to Marcus soon, I knew I had to get away before he had a chance to hurt me.”

“I’m so glad you did, Baby girl, and so proud of you.”

I smile. I like how he looks at me and how he listens. No man has ever paid this much attention to me. No man or woman has ever looked me in the eye or cared what I had to say. I’m not used to the way he focuses on me and leans into my every word as though I matter, as though what I have to say is worth hearing.

I have concerns, starting with the fact that I’m only wearing a diaper. It feels so strange wrapped around me, but having the rest of me exposed is far more unnerving. At least he has a blanket wrapped around me. It’s very soft. I’ve never felt anything this soft. The clothing I’ve been wearing my entire life was not comfortable. It was itchy and rough. I don’t think we were meant to enjoy anything in life.

I turn and stare out the window, mesmerized as we grow closer to the spaceship and eventually fly into it and dock. Papi holds me close as he carries me out of the pod and into what looks like an extremely sterile building. It’s all shiny silver and gray. So clean and modern.

I snuggle into his chest because I don't want anyone to notice me, but everyone does anyway. Every man we pass congratulates Papi and offers me a warm smile. They are all shockingly tall and large like Papi.

There are no women, but Papi told me there were no more women living on his planet. I have to assume that extends to this spaceship.

Finally, we enter a room. An office, I think. A man stands behind the desk. "Hey, Little one. So nice to meet you. I'm Jefared. My job is to get your information entered into the system and clear you for transport to Eleadia."

Papi sits as Jefared does.

Jefared looks at the screen in front of him. I think it's a computer. I've seen them in the offices at the compound, but this one looks far more modern. "I understand you have no identification?" he asks, glancing from me to Papi.

I shake my head.

He frowns as he clicks away on this machine. "We've never had a female arrive with no ID, so we're going to have to come up with a way to get her entered and coded."

Papi nods. "She escaped from a dangerous situation. She was born there. There is no legal record of her existence. Only a few people knew she entered Zoom. An employee let her in the back door. He thinks she left on her own. The manager and Tekfan are the only other people who are aware of her being inside the club."

Jefared leans back in his chair and taps his lips. "So we're going to break our commitment with her government and not record her?"

Papi sighs. "I don't see another way. The cult she escaped from will eventually write

her off as a runaway and never know what happened to her.”

I grip the blanket around me and sit taller on Papi’s lap. What he’s saying is sad and depressing, but it’s true. “They won’t look for long because people who escape are rarely accepted back into the compound. Now that I’ve run away, I understand why. Especially women. If they leave and see things, they might come back and tell people what’s outside the walls.”

After all, a woman who did exactly that was part of my inspiration to flee.

Jefared nods. “Contacting them to get information about you wouldn’t even do any good. They wouldn’t give it up, and they have poor records anyway.”

“Yes.”

He taps his lips again. “I hate to move a female off the planet with no record. I’m waffling between entering her as a Jane Doe or not at all. If your government were to find out we took a female without recording it...” He sighs and rubs his eyes with one hand.

Papi leans forward. “Here’s the thing, no one is going to declare her as missing.”

Jefared nods slowly and looks toward me. “Do you think that’s true?”

“Yes. It would bring too much attention to the compound. They don’t like outside attention. Not many women run away, but boys do. They never search for them.”

“They don’t call the authorities? The police don’t come?”

I shake my head. “Never. They don’t trust the police. Or at least that’s what they say.”

Papi chuckles, but it doesn't sound like he's humored. "They can't call the police. If they did, they would risk being exposed for whatever crimes they are committing, and I suspect it's many."

I nod.

"Tell me about the man who saw you enter the club."

"He was taking out the trash, I think. And I was in the alley trying to figure out what to do next. He let me in to warm up."

"Did you tell him your name?"

I shake my head. "No. I was afraid he might turn me in. I told him I would wait for him, but then I moved deeper behind the stage and when he came back, he thought I'd left."

Papi speaks again. "He was breaking every rule in the book letting her into the back. There's no way he'll ever tell a soul he did it. He would get fired."

Jefared nods. "And did anyone see you escaping the compound?"

"No. I snuck into a delivery truck. The guy never knew I was in the back. When he stopped and left the van, I got out."

"So that leaves Zack and Tekfan?" Jefared confirms.

"Yes," I say.

Jefared lets out a long sigh. "Okay, let's do it." He sits forward again. "I'll enter you as Jane Doe with no details. Please tell me you're over eighteen."

“I’m twenty.”

“Blessed heavens,” Jefared mutters. “Any allergies?”

“No.”

“Medical conditions?”

I glance at Papi. “I’ve never seen a real doctor, but I can’t have children.”

“Okay. Do you not have a uterus?” Jefared asks.

“I don’t even know what that is,” I murmur.

Jefared smiles at me. “No worries. That won’t preclude you from going to Eleadia. Nothing would, really. Our on-board doctor, Dankin, will figure out exactly what’s going on. If something needs to be fixed, he will do it. If you were born without a uterus or fallopian tubes or ovaries or something, that won’t matter at all.”

I look at Papi again, eyes wide. I have no idea what Jefared is talking about.

Papi cups my cheek. “Don’t worry, Little one. It will all be fine. If you want to know what all your body parts are, I’ll teach you one day.”

I grin at him. I like that plan. I’m curious now. I’ve never asked many questions because no one would have told me the answers anyway. I would have been punished for trying to understand things that were not meant for girls to know.

Papi says he will teach me anything I want to know, and I’m excited by the prospect. In fact, I suddenly want to know something. “Do you have books? Can I learn to read them?”

Papi smiles broadly. “I will teach you to read better, Baby girl, and you may read anything you want.”

I’m so happy that I wrap my arms around his neck and then gasp when the blanket falls down to reveal my shoulders. I snag it back up over my chest. I can’t even look up. Jefared might have seen my breasts.

Papi rubs my back. “It’s okay, Little one. Jefared has seen many naked Little girls, but he didn’t see a thing this time.”

I nod against him, trying not to panic. I hold on to him tightly, hoping we’re done here.

“Okay,” Jefared says, “I’ll figure out how to upload Eden into the system. You two can go on through to the exam room.”

Chapter Ten

Eden

Papi pats my back as he stands. He carries me through a door into another room. A second later, he lowers me to sit on something and tips my head back with a finger under my chin. “I need you to be brave, Little one. Dankin is the doctor on this ship. He’s going to have to examine you thoroughly to make sure there’s nothing medically wrong with you that might need to be addressed before we travel.”

“I’m not sick,” I tell him.

“I know you’re not, Baby girl, but there could be things you don’t know. My people are very careful about the health of our Little girls. You will see a doctor frequently to ensure you’re always healthy.”

I look around. There is a room in the main building of my compound where people go when they’re very sick. It looks kind of like this.

I flinch when a door opens and someone else joins us. He’s also huge. I grip the blanket around me. The man smiles like everyone has since I met Papi. “Hi there. You must be Eden. I’m Dankin.”

“I’m not sick,” I tell him.

Papi lifts my chin and leans in to meet my gaze. “What did I tell you?”

My lip quivers. Am I in trouble? Tears form and then trail down my cheeks. Will I get in trouble for crying, too?

Papi slides his hand to the back of my neck. “Baby girl...” His voice is calm and caring. He doesn’t sound mad. “Eden...” His brow furrows.

I start crying. I can’t stop myself. I’ve never been this emotional, nor have I ever had permission to cry. I’ve never felt safe enough to let anyone see my emotions. I feel safe with Papi. I hope he’s not mad, though. “Are you going to spank me?” I ask, fighting back the urge to sob harder.

“No, Little one. I’m not sure I will ever spank you. I don’t like the fear I see in your eyes. For now, there will be no spankings, okay? No punishments at all. I want you to know you can trust me to keep my word. I get the feeling you’ve never had anyone you could trust before.”

I sniffle.

“You do now. I will never let you down. We’ll talk about discipline again after we’ve been on Eleadia for a few weeks. However, you have no choice about letting the doctor examine you. It will embarrass you, and I need you to be a good girl for me and cooperate.”

I nod, trying to be brave.

“If you fight us, I will not punish you, but I will use my quill to calm you. If I need to, I can use my quill to put you to sleep.”

I shudder. “I don’t want you to put me to sleep, Papi.” That sounds worse than enduring whatever the doctor is going to do. Not knowing makes my skin crawl.

“Can you be a good girl and cooperate with Dankin?”

“Yes, Papi.” I will try, even though I’m scared.

Papi gives me one of his huge smiles and kisses my forehead. “I need to take away the blanket, Baby girl. Dankin sees naked Little girls all the time. He’s a medical professional. His job is to examine you.”

I shudder as Papi removes the blanket. I want to cover my breasts with my hands, but Papi guides them to my sides, and I remember he told me not to touch them.

Dankin strokes my head. “What pretty hair. It’s so long.”

“I’ve never cut it,” I whisper.

“Can you sit up tall for me, Eden? I’m going to listen to your heart with this stethoscope. Has anyone ever listened to your heart before?”

I shake my head. “No.”

Papi taps my back, reminding me to sit up taller.

I do as I’m told, but it’s hard, and I’m so nervous. I can’t believe I’m sitting here on this really high table almost naked. If the elders knew about this, they’d have a conniption. They will never know, though. I’m not even on Earth. I’m inside a giant spaceship they lied to me about.

The fact that I’ve been lied to all my life makes me want to do things that aren’t permitted, like expose my naked breasts to strangers. Papi isn’t a stranger anymore, but Dankin is. And besides, women don’t expose themselves to anyone. The women in my compound don’t even breastfeed in front of other people.

Dankin sets a cold metal disk on my chest. It has a tube running from it that splits and runs to his ears. He seems to be listening. When he's finished, he says, "Do you want to hear your heart, Little one?"

I perk up. "Can I?"

"Yep." Dankin removes the earpieces and puts them in my ears. He sets the disk on my chest again.

I hear a swooshing noise that happens over and over. I grin at Papi. "That's my heart?"

Papi nods. "It sure is. Is it working?" he teases.

I giggle.

After a few minutes, Dankin takes the listening thing away and picks up a small flashlight. "Tip your head back for me so I can look in your eyes, nose, ears, and throat."

I let him manipulate my head around so he can look, feeling less scared. This doesn't hurt. I'm okay.

When he's done with the light, he sets a hand on my back. "I need you to lie down now, Little one."

I tremble as I lean back, my gaze shooting to Papi.

"I'm going to lift your arms over your head, Eden," Dankin says. "I need to secure you so you don't move around while I examine you."

Papi held my hands over my head earlier. He also cuffed them to the sides of the tub. This is different, though. I don't like it. I feel so helpless, and I start to panic when Dankin secures my wrists, forcing me to lie stretched out and exposed.

Papi pulls my hair to one side and then sets a palm on top of my head. He shocks me when he lowers his mouth to my breast and sucks one of my nipples.

I'm assaulted by so many feelings at once that I can't speak. I can't believe he's sucking one of my nipples in front of the doctor. And my body reacts like it does every time he touches me, especially with his mouth.

I squirm, arching my chest, trying to dislodge him to no avail. Suddenly, he pricks my skin with his quill, and I cry out. It hurts, but it feels so good at the same time. I don't understand what's happening to me.

With a hand on my tummy, he switches to my other breast, sucking, licking, teasing, and eventually pricking me. I'm panting heavily when he lifts his head to meet my gaze. "You'll be a good girl," he says.

I nod. I don't even know why, but I nod. Whatever he injects me with alters my mood. It turns me into a ball of need. I need him to do that thing where he sends me out of my body while he touches me between my legs. I need it so badly I don't care that Dankin is in the room.

"That's..." I lick my lips and glare at him. I've never glared at anyone. I would have been beaten to within an inch of my life if I had. But I know I can glare at Papi. I know it in my soul. He won't hurt me. "That's mean."

He smiles. "I know, but it's effective." He doesn't even mention my glare.

Dankin pulls a strap over my hips next and cinches it tight. He stands on the other

side of me from Papi and reaches up to touch my breasts.

My face heats. I'm mortified, partly because I can't believe he's seeing them, let alone touching them. In addition, I'm reacting to every touch. That's Papi's fault, but it's beyond embarrassing.

"I'm going to examine your breasts, Eden. Take deep breaths for me." He starts pressing on them, all over. Deep breaths are not possible. I stopped breathing as soon as he touched them.

Papi is stroking my head, but I'm not looking at him. I'm squeezing my eyes closed. I'm trying to think of something else and ignore the fact that a man is touching my breasts. It's so foreign to me that it's unimaginable. I think about the lights of the spaceship and how many times I stared at them from the compound, believing they were a cluster of stars.

Every time I think about the lies told to me, I feel rebellious, and currently I choose to assert that rebellion in the form of letting two men touch my naked, sinful body. I also choose not to think of it as sinful. After all, it feels really good, and when I acknowledge that, I feel angry all over again. I was lied to about pleasure, too.

"You'll feel pressure, Eden. I'm going to pinch your little nipples."

I moan loudly and draw my knees up when Dankin grips my nipple and squeezes it. Like the piercing, there's a mix of pleasure and pain that's confusing. Wetness leaks out of me.

He switches to the other nipple and pinches it just as hard, making my eyes roll back. When he's done, I'm panting as he moves down my body. He pulls something out from under the side of the exam table and lifts my leg.

I twist my head to watch as he guides my bent leg up onto a metal extension. I gasp when he straps my leg to the device in three places, trapping me.

Papi helps by doing the same to my other leg after he watches Dankin. He cups my face next. “The doctor is going to remove your diaper and examine the rest of you now, Eden.”

I shake my head. “No, Papi.” I’ve never told anyone no in my life, but I’m getting used to it.

“Yes, Baby girl. It’s not optional. I need you to take deep breaths while Dankin examines you. He’s going to be thorough.”

What does that mean? I’m shaking, and my teeth start chattering as Dankin removes my diaper. He sits between my parted legs and sets his hands on my inner thighs. His face is inches from a part of me no one has seen before tonight since I was a baby.

“Prick her again,” Dankin tells Papi. “I don’t like her anxiety this high.”

Papi lowers his face to my private parts, like he did earlier.

I buck and moan and struggle, but I can’t move. I’m strapped down. Why is he kissing me there? He sucks my special nub and flicks it with his tongue before capturing it between his teeth.

And then he pierces the sensitive bundle of nerves.

I scream. It hurts. And wetness runs out of me. I’m going to detonate like earlier. Explode. My body is going to fly apart, and parts of me are going to blast against the walls.

Papi suckles my little nub for a moment before piercing it again.

I shatter. My eyes roll back in my head as my body dissolves into goo. Waves of my pleasure pulse through me over and over. I can't catch my breath, and when I finally do, I remember the doctor just saw everything.

I moan. I'm going to die of embarrassment.

Papi releases my special bud, slides up to my face, and kisses me. He thrusts his tongue into me immediately, making me taste myself on his mouth. My heart races. It's so forbidden, and I love it so much.

"Good girl," he murmurs when he releases my lips. "Your sexual health is as important as the rest of your health. The doctor needs to see you orgasm. Now we have that out of the way. He's going to examine you, Eden. And you're going to look at me, take deep breaths, and be my good girl."

I nod slowly. I can't deny him. Especially not after what he just did to me.

"I see you have already removed her hair," Dankin says. "Any particular concerns?"

Papi glances at Dankin. "Yes. She was married for five years to an older man against her will. Her elders believe she's barren, which might mean she has some issues with her uterus, ovaries, or fallopian tubes. It could also simply be that her husband was impotent, of course. My concern is that it's come to my attention that he never prepared her for any sexual encounter. He never touched her breasts or her clitoris. He never made her come. She had her first orgasm with me tonight. She says he didn't see her naked, so I'm worried if he thrust into her without preparation, he might have injured her. There could be scar tissue."

Dankin gently rubs my inner thighs. "Okay. I'll look for evidence of trauma."

I don't understand most of what Papi said, but I can't begin to ask questions. I wouldn't know what to ask first.

"How often did your husband force you to have sex with him, Little one?" Dankin asks me in a kind voice.

Sex? "I don't know," I answer honestly.

Papi's brow furrows. He looks confused.

I purse my lips, embarrassed.

"Do you have your period regularly every month?" Dankin asks.

"Uhh." I look at Papi. Why do they keep using words I don't know?

Papi smiles. "Do you bleed once a month, Little one?"

My face heats. I nod. "Yes, sir," I whisper.

Papi beams. I think he likes how polite I was. I'll remember that.

Dankin pulls my private parts open. It's so hard not to beg him to stop. It's hard not to cry. But whatever Papi injects me with is working. I'm a bit floaty and not as upset as I'm certain I would be otherwise.

"Do you use pads, Eden? When you have your cycle?" Dankin asks.

"Uh, we use cloths and then wash them."

Dankin prods closer, holding me open with every finger. He pulls my parts wider.

Can he see my brain through the opening by now?

He dips a finger through my wetness and then stops moving. His breath hitches. He releases me and pats my inner thighs.

“What’s wrong?” Papi asks.

I lift my head, nervous. Is something wrong with me?

“Eden, Little one, do you know what sex is?”

My face heats. “Uh...no.”

Dankin smiles politely. “Did your husband ever touch you between your legs, Little one?”

I shake my head.

He comes to my side, and I lower my head back down when I can see him easier. “How do you think females get pregnant, Little one?”

I swallow. “They lie with a man.” I know that’s true. I’ve always heard it.

“Did you lie with your husband?”

I nod. “Yes.”

“How often, Eden?”

“Once or twice a week.”

“Where did you lie?”

“On his bed,” I murmur.

“With all your clothes on?”

“Yes. It’s not proper to take our clothes off and expose ourselves.”

Papi gasps.

I shift my gaze to his. I’m worried. “What’s wrong with me?” My lips quiver again.

Dankin pats my shoulder. “Nothing is wrong with you, Little one. Nothing at all. In fact, you’re perfect.” He looks at Papi. “She’s never had sex.”

“What’s sex?” I ask, confused. No one has told me that yet.

Papi smiles broader than I’ve ever seen. He’s so pleased. It calms me. “Sex is when a man penetrates his mate or wife, Baby girl. There’s a special hole on your pussy between the hole where you pee and the one where you poo. It’s your vagina. A man has to put his penis inside you and orgasm like you just did in order for you to get pregnant.”

I blink. I’m trying to follow.

He steps back and shocks me by pulling the front of his loose pants down just far enough for his manhood to pop out.

I cry out, my body flinching. It’s so huge. What is he suggesting?

“Have you ever seen a man’s penis, Eden?” he asks as he palms his thick member.

I shake my head violently.

He puts it back in his pants. “Mine is fully engorged, erect, because it wants to be inside you. Inside your vagina, your pussy, Eden. It will be like that most of the time because now that I’ve found you, it can’t help itself.”

“It’s...too big.” I swallow.

“It’s not. I will be gentle with you when the time is right. I will stretch your pussy with my fingers first to help your opening get larger.”

“But my husband never did that. He had to put his uh... thing inside me for me to get pregnant?”

“Yes, Little one.”

“Did he know that?”

Papi chuckles. “Yes, he knew. I suspect he was impotent, which means he couldn’t get his penis hard. He couldn’t have sex anymore for whatever reason. He probably could when he was younger, but not later. He didn’t want the elders to know he was impotent, so he told them all the reason you weren’t pregnant was because you were barren, as though something were wrong with you instead of him.”

I think about his words and then growl. “What a... What a...” I don’t know what to call him. I’ve never used bad words in my life. The men sometimes did, but women were not allowed to.

“An asshole,” Papi says.

“Yes, that. So, I’m not barren?”

“I doubt it,” Dankin says, “but it doesn’t matter because no matter how often you have sex with Retmor, you will never get pregnant. You’re not compatible.”

I remember he told me that, but I didn’t understand at the time. I blow out a relieved breath. I don’t want any babies. Ever.

Papi kisses my cheek. “You’re so precious.”

Chapter Eleven

Retmor

I'm so relieved on so many levels, and I'm elated that Eden hasn't been touched. I hated the thought of her having been raped and abused. I was worried she might have emotional trauma that would make it difficult for her to accept me into her body.

It will still be a tough road preparing her for me to enter her, but she wasn't raped. She wasn't touched at all. My relief is tremendous.

I hold her torso down while Dankin inserts a catheter inside her to collect her urine. He's quick about it, and I don't even tell Eden what's happening. There's no reason to upset her.

Eden seems almost as relieved as me. For her, it's partly because she just found out nothing is physically wrong with her. But also, she's inside her head, thinking about everything she just learned. It's a lot. She's not focusing on the catheter or the examination of her clitoris or her folds.

Dankin glances at me. "Her hymen is mostly intact. That's how I knew she hasn't been penetrated by anything. You'll need to address it with the doctors at the clinic when you get home. It's not a serious issue, but you'll need to break it and then stretch her frequently before you use anything larger. Chadka and Thabo will know what to do."

"Thank you."

Dankin stands and picks up the probe. I've been dreading Eden's reaction to this part. He shows it to her. "This is an anal probe, Little one. I'm going to put it up inside your bottom. It will take your temperature and collect all kinds of data for me. I need you to be brave while I do it."

She stares at him. Her face turns red.

"Would you like me to pierce you again, Little one?" I ask, rubbing the underside of her breast. I slide my fingers to her nipple and twist it. "I could do it here, if you want."

She shakes her head. "No, Papi. I'll be good."

I hate how she squeezes her eyes closed and braces herself for the insertion. I need her to be familiar with anal probes and learn to accept them. But I don't like it when my Baby girl is distressed, and even though I've injected her several times, she's still upset by all these invasive procedures she's not used to.

I cup her face and kiss her on the lips before rubbing my nose against hers to distract her from the probe. "Look at Papi."

She frowns.

"Good girl. See? It doesn't hurt, does it?"

"No, but it's icky."

"It's not icky, Little one. It's just a part of your body. Papi will help you get used to your body so that nothing seems so foreign and forbidden to you."

"I don't want to get used to my body," she pouts.

I grin. “You don’t have a choice, Baby girl. Think of it this way, your compound had a way of life you were used to. Rules and punishments, right?”

“Yes.”

“Well now you’re moving to a new world where there are a different set of rules and punishments. You’ll have to adjust to a different way of looking at things. And can I tell you something else?”

“I guess.” She’s still pouting.

“You would have had to adjust to the rules that existed outside your compound if I hadn’t snatched you off your planet. You would have had to learn to dress differently and accept a totally different set of societal norms.”

She pushes out her bottom lip. It’s adorable.

“All done,” Dankin declares.

Eden blows out a breath. “I didn’t like that.”

I chuckle and kiss her again. “You barely knew about it.”

“Well, I still didn’t like it.”

“You’ll need to get used to it because every time we go to the doctor, he will put that probe in you to collect data.”

Dankin holds up the wand next.

“Not another test,” Eden protests.

It's hard to keep from laughing. My girl has changed so much in such a short time. Hours. There is no way that when I first met her earlier in the evening, she would have dared speak that way to me or to a doctor. She's getting comfortable expressing herself, and I'm so grateful.

"This one is easy, Little one," Dankin tells her. "I'm going to hold this wand over your feet and then slowly move it up your body. It won't touch you. It won't hurt. You won't feel a thing. It's going to take pictures of your insides so I can make sure there's nothing wrong with you internally."

She glances at me.

"He's telling the truth, Little one. Be brave one more time. It will be over soon."

Dankin turns the wand on and hovers it over her foot before easing it up her body.

I watch as he scans every inch of her. Inside I'm holding my breath, begging the heavens that she is healthy and can travel home to Eleadia soon.

In a few minutes, Dankin is done. He sets the wand down and stands at a monitor where I assume he downloaded the data. "You can put a fresh diaper on her while I read the scan."

I round to between Eden's legs, slide a diaper under her bottom, and spread a healing cream on her before fastening the diaper at her hips and releasing all the restraints.

She blows out a tremendous breath when I pick her up and cradle her against me. "Can I have the blanket back, Papi?" If she knew how to twist herself around my finger, she would be batting her eyes at me.

I wrap the soft material around my girl and meet her gaze. "I won't always let you

have a blanket, Little one. There will be times when I will not allow it. You'll get used to having your chest exposed."

"I don't think so." She shakes her head.

I kiss her nose. "You will because there are no other options."

Dankin turns back to us. "All clear."

I beam. "No issues at all?"

"Nope. Obviously there's nothing wrong with her uterus or any other sexual organs. Everything else looks healthy, too. I'll clear you for transport as soon as you're ready to go."

"So my elders lied to me about being barren, too," she grumbles.

"In this case," Dankin says, "I'd say the only liar was probably your husband. He didn't want any of the elders to know he wasn't having sex with you, so he told them all you couldn't get pregnant. You were never going to conceive a baby without having sex."

"The man I was supposed to marry as my second husband was furious because I was barren."

"He was furious because he was also lied to," I point out.

She humphs. "That wasn't going to cause him to ease up on me."

I nod. "I'm pretty sure it wouldn't have taken long because your second husband was younger and having sex with his other wives. He would have learned you had not had

sex the first time he tried to enter you. Then he would have realized you indeed probably could conceive.”

My girl turns more fully toward me and wraps her tiny arms around my neck. “I’m so glad I escaped and found you.”

I rub her back, choked up with emotion. “Me, too, Little one. Me, too.”

“So we’re going to get in another one of those pods and go to your planet?”

“Soon, Little one, but it will be a much bigger ship. A transport vessel will take us home. You won’t see it. I’ll put you to sleep before we board and wake you up in six months when we arrive.”

“I won’t be able to look out the window?” She sounds disappointed.

“No, Baby girl. I’ll show you pictures, though, some day.” My girl is incredibly curious. I’ll indulge her in every way imaginable. I’m so happy, I can’t stop grinning.

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Chapter Twelve

Six months later ...

Eden

“Papi...” I whine. I do this a lot. It’s so foreign to me—the idea that I’m free to express myself. I’m free to do all kinds of things I’ve never done before in my life. I can look Papi in the eyes. I can argue with him. I can whine. I can complain. I can be defiant.

Papi chuckles because he thinks it’s funny that I find my new life to be filled with freedoms. Apparently most of the other wives—he calls them mates—find this life on Eleadia to be extremely restrictive. I suppose it is. After all, Papi has firm rules about not running in the house, not opening doors, not touching the stove or oven. I’m not permitted to stand up in my playpen or my crib. The list is long.

The thing is none of that matters to me. What makes me feel free is being allowed to disagree. I won’t win most arguments, but knowing I can voice my opinion makes all the difference.

Currently I’m whining because Papi wants to take me to the park. I’ve been here two weeks. I just started walking yesterday. Since we arrived, I have only left the house to go to the clinic. I shudder every time I think about those two visits, and I know another one is coming soon.

Papi gives me his indulgent chuckle. “Most Little girls beg their Papis to take them to

the park.”

I’m standing next to him in my nursery, holding on to his leg for stability while he folds a pile of clean diapers and stacks them on the shelf under the changing table.

“I’ll go if you let me wear a dress.”

He taps my nose, still smiling. He’s unflappable. He never gets mad at me. Never ever. “Do we have dresses on this planet?”

I sigh. “No, Sir,” I breathe out.

“What do Little girls wear?”

“Diapers.”

“Do you think I’ve misinformed you and we might get to the park and you’ll find all the other Little girls wearing dresses?”

“No, Sir,” I grumble.

“Trust me. You’d feel out of place if you were wearing clothes.” He squats next to me. “You’re already going to feel out of place because all the other Little girls will have their nipples pierced.” He steadies me with one hand on my waist while he tweaks one of my nipples with the other.

I whimper and lean closer to him. In my head, I want to pull away and tell him not to touch me like that. But my head doesn’t make rational decisions any longer. My pussy does. I’ve even started using the word pussy—but only in my mind. I can’t say it out loud even though Papi thinks it’s funny and he tries to get me to say it.

I jerk upright and narrow my gaze at him. “So, wait... Are you taking me to the park so that I’ll feel jealous of the other girls and decide I want my nipples pierced?” My voice rises as I speak.

“Yep.” He chuckles again before he wraps an arm around my middle and lifts me into the air. He holds me so that we’re chest-to-chest, my feet dangling—like a mile from the floor.

“Papi...” I press against his shoulders with both hands because my nipples tingle when they’re against him like this. And that makes my pussy pulse.

He holds me tighter and feigns ignorance. “What’s wrong?”

I roll my eyes—another thing I would never have dreamed of doing in my past life. I would have been beaten with a switch and locked in solitary in the basement for a week if I’d even thought of rolling my eyes at someone in my compound. Now, it’s commonplace.

Papi lays me on the changing table even though my diaper is not wet.

I sigh dramatically as he lifts my arms over my head and straps my wrists to the table. He adds a band around my body just under my breasts next. And lastly, he bends my knees and fastens my legs open wide with the restraint system that extends from under the changing table.

I’m panting by the time he’s finished. “My diaper isn’t wet, Papi,” I grumble.

“It’s about to be,” he informs me.

I frown, but he’s devious. He sets his fingers on my bladder and pushes down.

I groan. “I don’t like that.”

“And I don’t like for my Little girl to hold her pee pee in. It’s not healthy. Ever since you regained control of your bladder, you’ve been holding out longer and longer before you wet yourself.”

“That’s because it’s icky,” I mutter.

Papi opens a drawer beneath me and pulls something out. He holds it up for me to see.

I frown. I don’t know what it is. A root vegetable of some sort. Like a purple carrot. “What’s that?” Is he going to make me eat it?

“It’s called yooka. Have you ever seen ginger root before?”

I think and then shake my head.

“It’s a plant on Earth similar to yooka. When it’s peeled, the meat of the vegetable burns when it touches sensitive skin. The yooka is the same way.”

I flinch when he pulls out another one. The first one is narrow and small. This second one is thick and long. I think I should be nervous.

Papi sets the narrow one down on my tummy and holds the larger one closer. “Some Papis use these to discipline naughty Little girls who don’t do as they’re told. They peel the outer skin off to release the oils and put the thick root up into their Little girls’ bottoms, making them hold it there for a while.”

I clench my butt cheeks together. I don’t want that in my bottom. My face heats, and I shake my head. “Owie,” I murmur preemptively.

“Yes, owie.” He puts the huge root back in the drawer, pulls on a pair of protective gloves, lifts up a knife, and begins peeling the small one.

“What are you doing?”

“Releasing the oils.”

“What...for?”

“You’ll see.”

I purse my lips and lie very still, my heart racing.

I stiffen when Papi opens my diaper. He removes one glove and sets that palm on my pelvis, holding me securely to the table. I gasp when he opens my folds with his fingers. “Papi?”

Ignoring me, he brings the small tip of the purple root toward my pussy. It’s cold when it touches me, but only for a second. A moment later, it starts to burn.

I gasp when I realize where he’s touching me. I only recognize the sensation because twice a doctor has put a tube in the tiny hole I pee from. I whimper. There’s no fighting Papi. He’s too strong. There’s no arguing either.

I enjoy arguing with him. I love the fact that he lets me. He never raises his voice, nor does he show any signs of being angry. Mostly he chuckles because he thinks I’m cute. But I don’t win ever.

I hold my breath as he pushes the tip of that root into my tiny hole. He doesn’t linger. He pulls it out quickly, wraps it and his glove in a protective cloth, and closes my diaper.

Everything burns. The sensation is unlike anything I've ever experienced. My bottom lip trembles. "Papi..."

He sets a hand on my tummy. "Wetting your diapers is not optional, Eden. It's unhealthy to hold your pee. We won't be arguing about it for weeks on end. I'm going to nip this in the bud now, so we can move on."

Tears well up in my eyes. "It hurts."

"It will stop hurting as soon as you pee. You will flush it out, and your urine will neutralize the oil of the root."

I sniffle. The burn is increasing. It stings as though he slapped my pussy hard.

"Do you know what would make it worse?" he asks.

I don't answer.

"If I opened your diaper again and spanked your pussy."

It's like he read my mind. I gasp. My body is shaking, and the burn is growing. It really hurts now. All because I'm being stubborn.

Until I met Papi, stubborn wasn't something I'd ever been in my life. It wasn't permitted. It wasn't even a consideration.

Papi is still as calm as he always is. He brushes hair from my temple and kisses my forehead. "You're the most important thing in the entire universe to me, Eden. Keeping you healthy and safe is my number one priority. If you don't keep your diapers wet all the time, I will have the doctor put an open catheter in you so that your pee pee constantly trickles out of you. Would you like that?"

I shake my head.

He lowers his mouth to my nipple and suckles me. I love it when he does that. It makes my pussy swell. He only started touching me intimately like that a few days ago. He said he wanted me to be fully mobile and in control of my body before he began pleasuring me like he did before we came to Eleadia.

Suddenly, he pierces my nipple.

I arch my chest and cry out. The combination of pleasure and pain is intense. It's coming from both my pussy and my nipples. My pussy is swollen and greedy while also burning from the mean root. My nipple has joined that odd combination of owie and oh so good.

Papi switches to my other nipple, sucks it hard, and pricks it like its twin.

All the blood goes to the little nub Papi calls my clit. It's pulsing now. When Papi sets his huge hand over my diaper between my legs and presses against my swollen, sore private parts, I cry out.

My brain is split in two. Half of me wants to come. Half of me wants to tear the room apart from the burning. The two sensations are working in tandem with each other. Feeding off each other.

Papi looks at me while he uses his free hand to pinch and twist one of my nipples. "My girl is enjoying the pleasure/pain."

I moan. He always knows what I'm thinking. It's unnerving.

"Do you need more, Little one? Do you need Papi to give you a bit more pain to help you obey me?"

I suck in a breath, hesitate, and then nod. I don't know what's happening to me. Why would I want him to make it hurt more? But I know. It's because the more it hurts, the tighter this ball of need grows in my tummy. Eventually it's going to explode. I'm going to shatter all over the room. Does Papi know this?

I haven't had an orgasm since I woke up two weeks ago. He showed me what it would be like before we left Earth, and then he has done nothing but tease me since then. I know he wanted me stronger, but I'm stronger now, and my desperation is tremendous.

He holds my gaze and kisses my mouth. "My Little girl is desperate to come."

"Yes, Papi," I agree. I'm squirming as much as I possibly can with all the restraints.

He pulls something else out of a drawer and holds it up. I don't know what it is. It's a strange stick of some sort with a flap on the end. "It's a crop," he says. "Have you ever seen one?"

I shake my head.

"You mentioned Marcus used switches to punish his wives. Was that common?"

I wince. "Yes, Sir."

"I will never do that to you. It would cause a trauma response. Okay?"

I nod.

"But I'm going to use this crop. If you like it, I'll use it regularly. If it causes you to panic because of what you've been through in the past, I won't do it again."

Like it ? He's going to swat me with that thing, and he thinks I will like it? Did he misspeak?

When Papi opens my diaper, I suck in a breath. He's going to spank me there? Between my legs?

He presses the soft material of the diaper against my pussy, making me squirm harder. The burn... The pressure... The throbbing... I didn't realize how badly I needed release.

He leans over from between my legs. "Eden..."

I suck in a breath and look at him.

"I'm going to swat your pussy so you'll know how it feels. After I do, you're going to pee for me. After you pee, I'm going to let you come."

I nod vigorously. I like the end goal here. I'll do whatever he asks.

"After you come..." He narrows his gaze. "We're going to the park."

I swallow. Funny how he managed to manipulate me into going to the park. When the stakes simply involved me voluntarily wetting my diaper, I was all on board. But the sneaky man had to go and lump in a visit to the park.

I'll be embarrassed. There's no way to avoid it. No one has ever seen my wrists or ankles, let alone my breasts. I've gotten over Papi and the doctors seeing me naked, but the entire planet?

He's waiting for me to respond. Finally, I nod. "Yes, Sir."

Chapter Thirteen

Retmor

Eden is the most precious Little girl ever born, and I'm the luckiest man alive. She has come so far so fast. She has fully recovered from the trip without fuss. For the past two weeks, she has worked hard every day to get stronger, to regain her speech, and eventually to walk.

I can tell she has a cheery disposition. Instead of panicking over every little thing that involves her submission, she seems to feel fortunate that she no longer lives in the world she came from. She's relieved and therefore embraces her new life with a bit more finesse than some Little girls are capable of.

She had less to lose than other females. She still doesn't know much about life on her own planet, but what she does know is so awful that whatever I require of her is a drastic improvement.

She has fisted her hands together above her head. Her little nipples are hard and pointy. I can feel the throbbing need between her legs even through the diaper.

I'm not sure what I'm going to do if my Little girl decides she likes having her pussy swatted. We'll have to come up with something. I will not permit her to hold her urine in order to get her pussy spanked. Holding her pee pee back ends today. One way or another. I'll have to make that clear to her after I swat her clit a few times.

"Last chance to wet your diaper, Eden," I warn.

She purses her lips and defies me. She's so adorable when she's defiant that it's hard to keep from chuckling. But I manage.

"Okay." I open her diaper, exposing her angry, heated skin. I tried to keep the root from touching more than her urethra, but the oil got on the surrounding areas, too.

Her clit is swollen and pushing out of the hood, but I want it larger, so I pinch it, making her cry out.

"What a naughty Little girl," I say.

"Papi," she blurts.

"I want this clit hard and exposed when I spank it," I tell her.

She sucks in a breath. Her cheeks are a lovely shade of pink. She's nervous, but I'll never give her more than she can handle. We wouldn't be in this position in the first place if she didn't crave this experience so badly.

I stroke her swollen nub. "My naughty girl needs her pussy spanked, doesn't she?"

She moans.

"Tell Papi. Ask me to spank your naughty pussy, Eden."

She gasps, her eyes wide.

"Eden..." I warn as I pinch her clit again. I've only added this new requirement because I can tell she thrives on the embarrassment. I believe she will embrace the same humiliation of having her breasts exposed at the playground, too. It's so taboo for her. Her cheeks are hot, and her nipples are rocks. Copious amounts of wetness

are leaking from her cunt.

I stroke a finger through her folds, and she bucks her hips. “Please, Papi. Please spank my naughty pussy.”

I smile at her, bend over to kiss her tummy, and then use my fingers to hold her folds open and the hood off her clit. I’ll give her one firm swat and judge her reaction.

When it lands, she shudders. Her body relaxes slightly now that the unknown has passed.

“Another one, Eden?”

“Yes, Sir.”

I let the second swat land harder. It has to sting.

She cries out unintelligibly. Her clit is more red and swollen than before.

“One more,” I tell her. I lift the crop and let the final spank land perfectly over her clit and pussy.

Eden’s body shakes violently. “Papi...” Her head rolls back and forth. “Need to come.”

“I know you do, Baby girl. I’ll give you what you need after you wet your diaper for me, Little one.” I pull the front of the dry diaper over her pussy and hold it in place. I don’t need to fasten it. I press my enormous palm over her.

Eden is breathing heavily. “It’s hard, Papi,” she whines. “Will you turn away?”

“No, pretty Little girl. I will not. Peeing is a perfectly natural part of life. Keeping your diapers wet is part of how you will submit to me and show me your devotion.”

She shivers and closes her eyes. I can see her straining. Finally her lips part, and she releases her bladder. The warmth against my palm pleases me.

“Such a good girl. I’m so proud of you. See? That wasn’t hard.”

She lets out a long sigh, and I know it’s mostly because the burning has stopped.

I reopen her diaper and remove it before cleaning her skin off gently with wet cloths. Gently is not what she wants, but I take my time, making her wait, making her squirm.

By the time I set the cloths aside, she’s panting. I can see her pussy pulsing. I’m as eager to give her what she wants as she is. It’s been brutal waiting two weeks to reacquaint myself with my Little girl’s pussy.

For me, it’s actually been six and a half months. For her, it’s only been two weeks. I’m crawling out of my skin. Her pheromones distract me with every inhale, but the distraction has doubled in the last few minutes because she’s hornier than she was before this incident.

I slide my hands down her inner thighs, pull her folds open, and lower my face so I can inhale her scent as deeply as possible.

Eden purrs. “Papi...”

I drag my tongue through her folds. Fuck, she’s so delicious. She’s like an addictive drug. At least I assume. We don’t have addictive drugs on Eleadia, but we have Little girls, and they are all-consuming.

I suck her clit between my lips and flick it rapidly with my tongue.

Eden comes. I'm not surprised. She's been needing release since she woke up two weeks ago. Now she can have all the releases she wants. I'll happily make her come as often as she begs me to.

She's moaning and writhing as she pulses against my lips. I lick the entrance to her pussy and press my tongue against her. I haven't entered her with anything yet. Chadka examined her narrow passage on the first visit when we arrived. He agreed with Dankin that nothing is physically wrong with her. She simply hasn't ever done anything that caused her hymen to tear.

Eden arches her chest when I push the tip of my tongue through her tiny opening. It's tight. I need to break through the barrier before I can start stretching her pretty cunt.

I suck her entire pussy, distracting her from the tight sensation, driving her arousal back up.

She twitches involuntarily as her folds swell. I don't want to hurt her, nor do I want to blindside her. So I lift my head. "Baby girl, I'm going to pierce the entrance to your pussy to anesthetize it so I can break through your barrier without causing you pain."

Her bottom lip trembles. "Okay, Papi."

I lower my head to lick and tease her entrance. I want her to come again. It will help her relax and not worry about what happens next. After capturing her clit with my teeth, I prick the swollen nub, filling it with an aphrodisiac.

Eden groans loudly.

I nip at the little nub several times, tormenting her. Her body stiffens a moment

before she gives me another precious orgasm. The spasms shake her body. Fuck, I want to be inside her. I can't even begin to consider that notion until I have stretched her pretty cunt, but I'm salivating at the idea.

While she's still riding the waves, I lower my lips to her entrance. This time when I pierce her, I linger, numbing her. When I'm sure she's sufficiently prepared, I lift my head and lean over her to cup her face with one hand.

"Look at Papi, Little one."

She meets my gaze. She's shaking, partially from the aftermath of two orgasms, but I can smell her fear.

I nudge at the barrier with one finger. "Can you feel this, Baby girl?"

She shakes her head.

I push a bit harder. "This?"

"No, Papi."

I thrust my finger into her, forcing past her barrier. I can feel the tear as it gives way. I hold my breath. I don't mind spanking my Baby girl's pussy because she wanted it. I also don't mind letting the yooka oil burn the entrance to her tiny urethra or even her bottom if need be. Those are health concerns. But I really don't want my girl to hurt while I stretch out her vagina. It could scare her enough that she would be traumatized about sex.

"Did you do it, Papi?" she asks in a soft voice.

"Yes, Baby girl." I smile. I'm so relieved. While she can't feel the pain, I push my

finger deeper. She's so fucking tight. This is just one of my fingers. My cock is damn bigger than one finger.

When I touch her cervix, she sucks in a breath. "Oh."

I freeze. "Does that hurt?"

"No. It feels good. Mostly it's just pressure."

Thank heavens. I press my finger against the soft place along the top side of her channel—the part of her I've studied extensively called the G-spot.

She slowly smiles. "What are you doing now?"

"Teasing my girl."

"I like it."

I pull almost out and add a second finger, pressing the two of them together as I slowly ease them into her. "Tell Papi if it hurts, Eden."

Her eyes roll back. "Doesn't hurt," she mutters.

I'm surprised she's able to get so much pleasure from this contact considering the numbing I gave her. I suppose the anesthetic isn't keeping her from feeling the stretch.

My fingers are long. I can touch the end of her channel. I'm aware most human males can't reach that deep, but Eden wouldn't know the difference anyway since no human ever touched her pussy at all.

I find myself grateful for the asshole of a husband she had who never touched her. I know he made her life difficult and caused everyone to think she was defective, but he also made it possible for me to be the one to teach my girl about sex. I'll make sure Eden enjoys every moment and never thinks of it as a chore. I will always ensure that she gets at least twice as much pleasure as I do.

"How do you feel, Baby girl?"

She licks her lips. "Tight."

I smile. "It's going to be tight. I'm going to work your pussy open a bit more every day until you're able to take my cock without it hurting."

"Okay, Papi."

She's so obedient when it matters. I love this Little girl so much. Is she ready to hear those words? I don't think she has the same understanding of love as other humans. I don't think anyone ever loved her, nor did she ever love anyone else. It's an emotion she doesn't fully understand. I doubt she's ever said it.

When I pull my fingers out, I suck her juices off them. No way am I going to wipe them on a cloth and waste her essence. There's a hint of blood, but when I look down, I see it's not much. I easily clean her up, put a protective ointment on her skin, and slide a new diaper under her.

"Does anything hurt, Little one?"

"No, Papi."

"The yooka isn't burning anymore?"

She shakes her head.

I finish up, unfasten her, and lift her into my arms.

She wraps her tiny legs around my waist and holds my shoulders, hugging me tightly.

I rub her back. “Did you like the feeling of the root oil inside your pee-pee hole, Eden?”

She shakes her head and leans back to cup my face. “No, Papi. It hurt.”

“But you did like it when I spanked your pussy.”

Her cheeks turn pink, and she shrugs. “Maybe.”

“If you want Papi to swat you sometimes with the crop, I will, but not as a punishment. It wouldn’t even be effective.” I narrow my gaze. “However, the next time I find your diaper dry and your bladder full, I will take you immediately to the clinic and have Thabo or Chadka put a catheter in you. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I’m not going to bend on that issue. It’s not safe to hold your pee pee.”

“Okay, Papi.”

“Good girl.” I slide her to the floor. “Now, let’s get your hair up in pretty pigtails and go to the park. Do you want Papi to put it in braids and then do the loops?”

She smiles. “Yes, Sir. It’s so pretty when you do that.”

Chapter Fourteen

Eden

I'm more nervous about meeting other women at the park than I have been about any other step of this process. Being alone with Papi in his house no longer makes me panic about my nudity. When we first arrived, I couldn't do anything about it at all, including argue. By now, I can argue, but it doesn't change anything, and I've stopped caring if he sees me naked.

But strangers... In public...

Papi feeds me a bottle before he puts me in the stroller and straps me securely. I want to ask for a dress, but I've had this conversation with him several times. No matter how many times I ask, there are still no dresses to be had.

"Maybe I should have a blanket, Papi. What if my skin burns?"

He taps my nose and pushes the stroller out the front door. "It's too warm out for a blanket, and your skin will never burn here. There are properties in all of our food and your formula that protect your skin naturally."

Darn. That was the last argument I had.

It's hard to be angry because it's so amazingly pretty outside. I'm in awe every time we go out. The colors are so vibrant, and the sky is bluer than I've ever seen. The air is clean, just like Papi told me it would be. It's so pure with no pollutants that every

inhale seems to bring more oxygen into my lungs than on Earth.

In a few minutes, I hear giggling and lean forward to see women playing in the distance. They're running and squealing next to some equipment. I recognize the swings. We had one behind the compound, though I hadn't used it in years. It's for the kids. After a certain age, swinging is no longer appropriate. Apparently it is here.

I tip my head back to look at Papi. "Can I go on the swing, Papi? We had one at the compound. I went on it as a child."

"Of course, Baby girl. I'll push you."

I clap my hands together. "What are the other parts? What's the thing with the ladder?"

"The slide?"

I shrug and then gasp when I see a woman sit on the top of it and slide down to the ground. No wonder it's called a slide. "Oh! How fun! Did you see that?"

Papi is frowning. "You've never seen a slide, Little one?"

I shake my head.

He grits his teeth. It makes him angry on my behalf every time we encounter things I never knew or never saw or never did. I'm only twenty, and according to Papi, we will live for centuries, so I'm not that far behind. In a few years, I'll know everything I missed. After I learn to read better, I'll catch up fast. Papi already has books chosen to improve my reading and math skills. He's going to teach me to use a computer, too.

When we get closer, I grow nervous. I look back at Papi again, gripping the sides of my stroller to keep from covering my chest.

“What’s the rule, Little one?”

“No playing with my nipples,” I mutter. It’s not playing if all I do is cover them, but Papi says all touching is playing because no matter the reason, it feels good to stroke them. He’s right, darn it.

Two women spot me, speak to each other, and then skip toward me.

I hold my breath. What if they don’t like me? What if they think I’m weird? I’m not like other women.

My fingers ache from gripping the stroller. I want to cover my chest so badly. Even though both of the women are bounding forward with no regard for the fact that their breasts are bouncing, I feel unnerved. And my stress rises when I spot the piercings they both have dangling from their nipples.

I stop breathing as they arrive.

They stop. The one with the brown, wavy hair says, “Hi. I’m Clara.”

The other woman has lighter hair. “I’m Sara. We’re so glad to meet you.”

I bite my lip.

“Are you going to introduce yourself, Little one?” Papi asks.

I flush as I release my lips. “I’m Eden,” I whisper.

“That’s a pretty name,” Sara says.

It’s impossible not to lower my gaze to their chests. Both of them have distinct characteristics. Sara has tattoos. Some of the men in my compound had tattoos, but I’ve never seen tattoos on a woman before. The hoops dangling from her nipples have purple and yellow stones.

I jerk my gaze up, embarrassed to have been staring.

She giggles. “Don’t worry about looking. It’s odd at first. We’ve all been in your shoes. It doesn’t hurt any of our feelings if you want to look at our piercings.”

Papi unfastens me from the stroller.

I shift my gaze to the other woman’s chest as he lifts me onto my feet in front of them. Clara’s nipples have dark red stones, but what stands out even more is that she’s wearing a bejeweled necklace with something hanging from it between her breasts. Both of the pieces have the same red stones.

“Your necklace is so pretty,” I say because it seems appropriate.

She giggles just as a man comes up behind her. He flattens her back against his front and slides a hand down to her chest. He casually picks up the jeweled part that dangles between her breasts and gives a slight tug. Still holding it, he tips her chin back so that she’s looking up at him.

“Is this a necklace, Clara?”

“No, Sir,” she whispers.

I’m mortified to have misunderstood. I turn to Papi. I want to cry and run from this

place.

Papi squats down next to me and pulls me into his embrace, holding me so that I'm facing Clara.

Clara's cheeks are dark red as she lowers her gaze to mine.

"I'm sorry," I say softly. I want to fall into a hole.

Sara steps closer. "Don't feel bad. I didn't know what it was the first time I saw it either," she says.

That makes me feel better. I guess.

Clara's Papi—I assume he's her Papi—gives the length of chain another tug and holds on to it at her throat.

Clara's breath hitches. She meets my gaze. "It's a collar and a leash. My Papi likes to keep me very close, and I feel safer when he attaches me nearby or holds the leash in his hand."

My heart races. A collar and leash. Like the leather kind I've seen on dogs. But on a human. "Oh. Well, it's very pretty." I'm embarrassed, but I know my manners, and hopefully I can smooth over this awkward introduction. I'm very confused, though.

"I'm Kalbrac," her Papi informs me. "We're glad you're here, Eden. Clara has been asking me when she could meet you for days." He smiles warmly. When he finally releases the length of chain so that it dangles between Clara's breasts, he slides his hand over to cup one of her breasts and plays absently with the ring through her nipple.

I've fallen into another universe, and that thought nearly makes me laugh since I really have entered another universe.

Clara squirms. "Papi..." she whines.

He chuckles and bends over to kiss the top of her head. "Be good."

Her nipple is swollen now. It's bigger than the other one from him touching it. That's what mine look like when Papi torments just one of them. It's maddening. I bet she's at least as embarrassed as me. That calms me a bit.

Papi sets his lips on my neck behind my ear, and I know in a second, he's going to pierce me. I don't even have time to react before he does. I'm starting to recognize the types of injections he gives me. This one is a combination of calming plus arousal. I'm squirming because my pussy gets wet, but I'm also less likely to run away.

Another man joins Sara. "Hey, Little songbird." He squats down behind her like my Papi. One of his hands immediately comes around her, cups her breast, and fondles her piercing. I guess this is a thing.

I can't imagine how much more aroused I will be all the time if Papi has my nipples pierced and then plays with them. It seems like I would lose my head. Both women look like they're going to shortly.

Papi rises, pulls a blanket out of the back of the stroller and shakes it through the air so that it lands in a big square on the grass. I guess it's grass. Nothing on this planet is exactly like Earth, but this green covering on the ground is similar to grass. Like it's a variety I'm not aware of.

Papi comes back to me, lifts my chin, and kisses me. "Would you like to sit down

with Clara and Sara for a while and talk? I'll take you on the swings and down the slide in a bit, okay?"

Clara and Sara shake free of their Papis and plop down on the blanket, so I join them. I'm nervous as I sit.

"Be good," Clara's Papi says with a lifted brow.

"Papi..." she groans.

He leans over her, lifts her leash, and tugs it just hard enough for her to have to sit up straighter. "Do you want me to bring you with me so you have to sit and listen to me talk with Retmor and Raevion?"

"No, Sir," she whispers.

"Are you going to move an inch from this spot?"

"No, Sir." Clara shakes her head.

Kalbrac kisses her temple and then follows my Papi and Sara's to a bench. They can still see us, but they're far enough away that I can't hear what they're saying, which means they can't hear what we're saying either.

"It's so hot when he does that," Sara mutters.

I look back to find her fanning herself with her hand. Is she hot? Then it occurs to me. She's pretending to be hot from that exchange between Clara and Kalbrac. I understand because I have to agree. I'm squirming a bit from how unbelievably dominant her Papi is.

Sara turns to me and giggles. “Her Papi is so over the top. She’s the only Little girl I’ve ever seen who has a collar and a leash. Sometimes she wears a harness, also bejeweled with the pretty red stones.”

“Why?” I ask, hoping I don’t sound rude.

Clara shrugs. “He worries more than other Papis because I was really sick when I met him. I had a tumor in my head. The doctor on the mothership—I’m sure you met Dankin—took it out, and now I’m fine, but it made Papi very nervous, and he’s overprotective.”

Sara rolls her eyes. “All Papis are overprotective. It’s in their genetic makeup or something.” She holds up her thumb and pointer with a tiny bit of space between them. “It’s just that Kalbrac is a teensy bit more worried than the others.”

Clara seems embarrassed. She doesn’t look directly at either of us for a moment, she fidgets with imaginary lint on the blanket, and her cheeks are pink.

I don’t like her being uncomfortable, so I say, “I’m sorry about your sickness. I’m glad Dankin fixed it. What, uh, what’s a tumor?”

Both women stare at me, blinking.

Now my face heats to a thousand degrees. “I’m sorry,” I whisper. “I’m not from...” I don’t know how to explain myself.

Sara gasps. “You’re not from Earth?”

Clara’s eyes pop open wider.

I swallow and shake my head. “I’m from Earth. It’s just that I was raised in a

compound. Papi says it was like a cult. Do you know what a cult is?"

They both nod, which is a relief.

"Well, I never heard of a cult before I escaped. And there's a lot of things I've never heard of. Like tumors."

Both women scoot closer before they reach out and take my hands.

"I'm sorry," Sara says. "You must be so confused with all the changes."

I nod, trying not to get emotional. I've never had any real friends. I need some. Tears slip down my cheeks, and I pull my hands back to swipe at them.

Clara pats my knee. "Don't cry. We'll help you learn stuff. Everyone will." She twists around to look at the playground where they came from a few minutes ago. "See all those other Little girls? They're all so nice. Everyone we've met has been kind. No one will judge you or make fun of you. I promise."

Sara nods. "We all come from different backgrounds and places. Some of us were poor. Some were rich. Some are educated. Some are not. We're all equal here. No one is better than anyone else. It's not a thing."

Clara squeezes my knee. "I think Fate chooses only nice girls to come to Eleadia. Otherwise, how come there are no mean girls?"

I smile. "I'm nice."

They both grin.

"How long were you away from the compound when you went to the club?" Clara

asks.

“About thirty minutes.” I giggle. It’s kind of funny when I say it out loud. “I escaped in a delivery van. That’s the only time I’ve ever been in a car of any sort. The man driving it didn’t even know I was in the back. He went to Club Zoom next. I think his girlfriend had gone there for the evening, and he picked her up.”

“Yikes, he’s lucky she didn’t get chosen.” Sara winces.

Clara tips her head to the side. “So you went inside the club?”

“I went in the back. A man let me in.”

“Oh, wow. You must have been really scared,” Clara says.

“Scared out of my mind, and shocked when Papi found me. He was so big I thought I was hallucinating.” I giggle. This is fun. This is what it feels like to have friends. To laugh and talk without anyone hushing us and telling us not to sin.

Sara looks at my hair. “Your hair is so pretty in those loops. It looks like it’s really long.”

“I’ve never cut it.”

“Oh wow.” Sara’s eyes are wide. “I guess when I think of cults, the women never cut their hair. Did you wear skirts and dresses?”

“Yes. Always.” I kind of like that they seem to know about where I came from even though it’s weird that I don’t know anything about where they came from. It’s just more proof I was lied to.

I lower my gaze to their chests again. “Did it hurt?”

“Nope.” Sara shakes her head. “Your Papi will numb your nipples. It’s so fast and painless.”

“Isn’t it strange having something dangling from your, uh...”

Sara looks down. “It’s definitely strange. I’m still not used to them. They sway with every movement, and Papis are very strict about not letting us touch them.”

I’m aware of that already. Papi has told me not to play with my nipples more times than necessary.

Clara holds up both hands and squeezes her fists. “Sometimes it’s so frustrating. They tingle and drive me mad with the need to touch them.”

I would assume she’s right.

“You’ll get used to them, though,” Clara adds, “eventually.”

There are a few moments of silence, and then I ask, “Would you mind teaching me stuff? About Earth I mean. Papi says he will teach me everything I want to know, but he only knows things from studying. He wasn’t even on Earth more than a few hours.”

Both women nod.

“We’d be happy to,” Sara says, “I’ll ask Raevion to set up times we can get together at one of our houses.”

“Thank you.” I feel teary again. They really are kind.

A shadow falls over us, and I look up to see Papi and the other two men returning.
“Who’s ready to go on the swings?” he asks.

Chapter Fifteen

Eden

I feel lighter and freer than I've ever felt in my life as Papi straps me back into the stroller. I'm kind of disappointed we have to go home. I was having so much fun. I laughed and even squealed.

Noises of delight were not permitted in the compound, especially among the girls and women. We were to be meek and serious. What a pitiful existence.

"Did you have fun, Little one?" Papi asks. He knows I did. He's grinning.

I nod. "The swings were my favorite. Thank you for pushing me for so long. I liked the slide, but it was kind of scary."

He leans forward and kisses my nose.

"Can I get my hair cut, Papi?"

His brows furrow, and for a moment I worry he will tell me no. I suppose I can live with my hair the way it is, but I noticed that no one else on Earth or here on Eleadia has hair as long as mine. It makes me feel weird.

Papi cups my cheek. He's still squatting in front of me. "Of course, Little one. I can take you to get it cut anytime you want."

I light up. “Really?”

“Yes. It’s just hair. If you don’t like how it gets cut, it will grow back.”

I can’t keep from smiling so big that my cheeks hurt. I reach out for him. I can’t lean forward because I’m already strapped in tight.

He leans forward to hug me.

“Thank you, Papi. Thank you so much. I’m so glad you found me and brought me away from there. I didn’t realize how hard it would have been for me to live on my own. I never would have survived.”

He holds my face with both hands. “I suspect you would have thrived, Baby girl. You’re bright and resourceful. You would have managed, but I’m damn glad I found you, too. If I hadn’t, I would still be in that noisy club waiting for you to come in one day.”

“Maybe you would have met another Little girl and brought her home instead.” The thought makes me sad.

He shakes his head. “Nope. Fate picked you out for me, and She sent you to me at the exact right moment.”

“Sara said it won’t hurt when you get my nipples pierced. She said you will numb them first.”

“That’s right. You won’t feel a thing, Little one. Would you like to go by the jeweler’s house and see some stones?”

I hesitate, biting my lip.

“I already called him last week. I told him I was thinking about moroxite stones. His name is Ekert, and his Little girl is Sophie. She has an amazing eye for gems, so I bet she already picked out the perfect pair for you.”

I glance around at the Little girls still playing at the park. All of them have pierced nipples. As weird as the practice is, I don’t want people always looking at me, wondering why I don’t have mine pierced. It’s like my hair. I don’t want to stand out. I want to fit in with the other women.

“Could we go there?” I ask, my voice soft.

“We can. Are you sure you’re ready?”

I draw in a deep breath. “Do I have a choice, really?”

“Yes. There’s no hurry. You don’t have to get them yet if you’re not ready. It can wait.”

“But not forever,” I point out.

Papi lowers his hands to my breasts. My breath hitches when he cups them and thumbs my nipples. “You won’t want to wait forever, Little one. Eventually you’ll ask me for them. They’re a symbol of our commitment. On Earth people have wedding rings to symbolize their love. Here, we have nipple piercings. They’re a sign that you’re fully committed to me as my submissive, my Little girl, and my mate.”

I am fully committed to Papi. I can’t imagine life without him. I’ve only known him technically two weeks, but already it seems longer. In many ways, I know Papi more than I’ve ever known another human. My relationship with him is far deeper than any I had with anyone at the compound.

It's weird that I've spent twenty years not fully living. I've felt like an outsider much of that time. I don't know why. Maybe because I was always meant to leave and find Retmor.

He's everything.

When he talks to me, he looks me in the eyes. He listens intently to everything I have to say and never gets angry even when I'm pushing my boundaries.

He gives me his full attention nearly every waking hour. I'm important to him. My feelings and thoughts are important to him. I don't know what it feels like to love someone, but I think I love Papi.

He makes my heart flutter every time I look at him. He also makes my pussy pulse, but it's hard to tell if that's not just manipulation from the serum he injects me with.

I know that's not entirely true though because there are lots of times I feel my heart pounding and that tight knot in my tummy when he hasn't pierced me at all that day. Just watching him move around the house makes me want him to touch me.

"I think I understand, Papi," I tell him.

"How about if we go by Ekert's house this afternoon and look? You don't have to make any decisions today. We can just see if you like the stones Sophie's picked out. How does that sound?"

I grab Papi's face. "Thank you, Papi." He has no idea how much it means to me that he's not going to pressure me to get my nipples pierced.

"First, you need a bottle and a nap."

“Okay.”

He kisses me before he rounds to the other side of the stroller to push me. Strollers are strange. It's hard to grasp having someone take care of me so deeply that I don't even walk on my own two feet. Papi says it's because human females are so small it's hard for us to keep up. But also he hates the idea of me tripping and falling along the way.

Today is the first time I've taken any steps that weren't hesitant. I watched the other Little girls skipping and even running through the grass. I'm not quite steady enough to do that yet, but I'm looking forward to it.

It's been a long time since I've run. It's not considered proper to hurry in my compound. Not for adults. Children run outside, but grown women do not rush.

It's hard to get used to the extent of safety measures Papi takes. The straps holding me into the stroller are so over the top. But I feel oddly secure. When I was listening to Clara talk about why she enjoys a collar or harness, I understood on some level. There's an odd calmness that comes with being mated to a man who puts my safety above all else.

Certainly no one in my compound ever put my safety first. In fact, I have no doubt Marcus would have found a reason to beat me within the first hours of our marriage. I'm so glad I escaped that fate. It's part of the reason why I don't mind Papi being so overprotective. He cares. That's what I keep reminding myself. Papi cares.

When we get to the house, Papi lifts me out of the stroller and carries me on his hip while he heads for the kitchen and uses one hand to prepare me a bottle.

I cling to him as he settles in the rocking chair in my nursery. I want to be closer to him in a weird way. I want to crawl inside him. I don't quite understand what I'm

feeling.

“You okay, Little one?” he asks as he rubs my back.

I nod. I’m kind of choked up. I think the trip to the park has changed my view on things a bit. Seeing all the other women and their relationships has made me realize my good fortune on a deeper level. They are all so happy.

Life on Eleadia is a strange existence, and I don’t even grasp the full meaning of it because I never truly lived on Earth. Not in the real world at least. Being alone with Papi in the house for two weeks was an isolating experience. I couldn’t know for sure if other Little girls lived the same sort of day-to-day life. But they do. All of them.

Papi leans me back in his arms. “Let’s get a bottle in you and get you down for a nap. You’re probably overly tired from playing so hard and learning so many new things. I bet you’ll feel better after a nice nap.”

I look at him. “I want to learn things.”

He smiles. “I know you do, Little one. I’ll help, and I bet the other Little girls will help, too. They will know more about Earth than I do. They have real-world experiences. I was only there a few hours.”

I throw my arms around his neck. “Thank you, Papi.”

He cradles me in his arms again and taps my lips with the nipple.

I accept the bottle and start sucking. It’s soothing. I love when he feeds me. He holds my gaze most of the time, smiling and rocking me. He strokes my skin, which makes my body tingle all over.

I want more. That thought keeps coming to mind. Ever since he put his fingers inside me, I've struggled to avoid thinking about what it felt like. The pressure. The closeness. I want him to put his member in me.

His cock.

Papi lazily circles one of my nipples with a finger while he feeds me, making me squirm and arch for more contact. He chuckles, but he doesn't give me more.

My diaper has been wet for a while, but I pee again while he feeds me. He notices and palms between my legs. He's pleased. I like it when he's pleased.

"Such a good girl."

My cheeks heat. I want to be his good girl. I didn't like the burning sensation from the yooka. I could be defiant about wetting myself, but I won't win. In the end, I will have to wet myself. Seeing all the other Little girls with wet diapers reinforced the fact that it's a way of life here. Not optional. He wasn't exaggerating about that.

When my bottle is empty, Papi takes me to the changing table and gently lowers me onto my back. He kisses me before he restrains my wrists above my head as he always does.

"Why do you cuff my hands above my head, Papi?"

He smiles as he draws another strap across my ribs, right below my breasts. "Safety, for one." He bends over to kiss one of my nipples. "But also because it arouses you."

I frown. It does. He's right.

He reaches up to run a hand down my arm from my wrist to my breast, making me

shiver and arch. “That’s why. Little girls feel vulnerable and submissive and needy when they have their arms stretched above their head and restrained. It makes your heart rate increase. You start panting as soon as I cuff your wrists.”

I squirm. I get it. My pussy swells and gets wet as he talks.

He bends my knee and wraps a strap around it, forcing my heel to almost touch my thigh. When he’s done, he fastens that leg to something under the table, opening me very wide.

He takes his time while I watch. When he has the other knee also bent and secured, I’m so aroused I’m struggling to breathe.

He kisses my tummy. “This is why, Baby girl.” He strokes my inner thighs. “You’re so needy right now you can hardly think.”

I groan and tip my head back.

“The house is filled with your scent. Your pheromones. It’s so intoxicating. Do you have any idea how hard my cock gets every time you smell like that? It’s like I’m torturing myself when I restrain you.” He chuckles.

I turn my head toward him. “Show me.” I’m being so bold. He showed me his member once before, but I want to see it again. I want to touch it.

He slides his fingers along the edge of my diaper between my legs, making me gasp. His touch, so close to my pussy, drives me crazy. “The next time I take my cock out for you, it’s going inside you, Little one. Don’t tempt me.”

I think I want to tempt him. Part of me is scared to take him into my body, but my curiosity grows by the day, and after this morning, my need is building.

Papi opens my diaper and proceeds to clean my skin.

I watch him as he takes his time, my arousal growing. He can wipe my folds over and over, but they will still be wet, because every time he touches them, wetness leaks out of me.

I moan loudly when he pulls the hood back from my clit and circles it. “Papi...”

“What do you need, Baby girl?”

“Put your fingers inside me again. I want to feel them without the numbing.”

He obliges me by sliding his hand down and pushing one huge finger into me.

I groan loud enough for it to echo off the walls. My eyes roll back. I’ve never felt anything so wonderful in my life. He has touched my clit and made me come, but nothing compares to the feel of him stroking my clit and the inside of my pussy at the same time.

“Fuck, you’re sexy,” he mutters. He adds a second finger, and the stretch is tremendous but not painful. I like it. I like how tight it feels.

Papi turns his hand sideways and strokes my small forbidden hole with his pinky.

My breath hitches, and I clench my bottom.

Papi sets his other hand on my breast and pinches my nipple. “Relax your bottom for me, Eden. You’ve had my fingers in your rectum before.”

Not while he was also touching my pussy. It feels wrong. It feels incongruent. I don’t like how it feels...good.

My arousal is so intense that my wetness is running down to my tight hole, giving Papi more than enough lubrication to enter me.

I cry out when he penetrates my bottom with his pinky. His small pinky is bigger than any finger on any human. It makes me clench down on all his fingers.

He smiles. "That's my good girl. Let it feel good." He rubs my clit and then presses his thumb against it. "Come on Papi's fingers." He tweaks my nipple again.

I shatter, my orgasm more intense than any previous one. My body convulses around his fingers filling both of my holes. I think I scream. It seems like the sound is reverberating through the room.

"Such a good girl..." Papi continues to stroke me, easing his fingers in and out of me.

My need doesn't abate. It barely subsides for a second before returning. I buck and squirm. "Papi..." I tug on my arms. "Please. I need...more."

He slides his fingers out of me and cleans them while he watches my face.

"I need more, Papi," I say again with force. "I need your cock." The word is so foreign coming from my lips, but I say it anyway. I'm shaking as though he didn't let me come. I need to come again. He hasn't even injected me lately. This is all me. My need. My drive. My desire.

Papi removes all my restraints without putting a fresh diaper on me. I'm hopeful. When he's done, he helps me sit up and then lifts me by the hips and into his arms.

I wrap my legs around him and grind my pussy against his stomach. I'm soaked and desperate. I'm also scared, but not enough to stop him. My arousal is stronger than my fear.

Papi carries me into his bedroom and lowers me onto the mattress, scooting me back and climbing over me.

My breaths are frantic as I grip his shoulders. "Please..."

"Okay, Little one. Are you sure you're ready? This is a big step."

"I'm ready, Papi." I know it in my soul. Suddenly I need this more than I need oxygen.

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Chapter Sixteen

Eden

“Don’t you want to nap first?” Papi teases.

The last thing on my mind is sleeping. I narrow my gaze at him. “Take your pants off, Papi.”

“So bossy,” he teases as he lowers his pants over his erection and drops them to the floor. “Happy?”

I shake my head. “I’ll be happier when you enter me.”

He crawls up between my legs, hovering above me, not touching me. His gaze holds mine. “It’s going to hurt, Eden. Just the first time, but it will hurt. Would you like me to numb you first?”

“No. I want to feel it. All of it. I don’t care if it hurts.”

“Such a brave Little girl.” He kisses my lips gently. “I need to tell you something so you’ll be prepared. Do you know how even more wetness leaks out of you when you come?”

I nod.

“Well, when a man comes, long jets of semen comes out of his penis. It will fill your

pussy. You might not notice precisely when I orgasm, but when my come gets on your skin, you will feel ten times hornier than you do now. It will drive you bonkers. I will have to put you in the basin and wash it off you as soon as possible.”

I frown. I’ve never heard of that before. Granted, I was so naïve I didn’t even know that men put their members inside women to get them pregnant. But I’ve never heard of any of the women in my compound experiencing anything like what I’ve already felt and certainly not like what he’s describing will happen. “I’ve never even heard a woman so much as whimper in my compound. I don’t think any of them enjoy lying with their husbands.”

He smiles. “The frenzy is not the same among humans. Semen doesn’t affect your females.”

“Oh.” Frankly, I don’t much care what happens to the women in my compound. I’ve decided they’re all missing out, and their lives are pitiful. I’m so lucky, and I’m about to get luckier.

I reach up to run my hands over his chest and down lower until I wrap them around his...cock.

He hisses.

I freeze. Did I hurt him? “Does it hurt?”

He shakes his head. “No, Baby girl. It feels like heaven. You’re the first person to ever touch my cock. I’m going to fly off this planet from your sweet touch.”

I stroke his hard length. It’s so huge. I don’t understand how it’s going to fit, but I trust him. He says it will be tight, and it will hurt. That much is obvious. I’d be concerned if he told me otherwise.

Papi stays very still, though his arms are trembling a bit. “See the slit in the top?” he asks in a rough voice.

“Yes,” I whisper.

“The wetness leaking out is my semen. A lot of it will come out when I come inside you.”

“Can you also come when you’re not inside me?” I’m not sure how this works.

He chuckles. “I’ve come not inside you about four times a day since I met you.”

“Oh.” My face heats.

“The thought of you keeps me hard, Baby girl. The scent of you in our home. The little noises you make. Staring at you on the monitor while you sleep in your crib. Holding you. Feeding you. Kissing you. Eating you. All of it keeps me hard.”

I reach for the tip, wanting to touch the slit and his semen, but he lifts one hand and stops me, grabbing my wrist.

“Sorry,” I murmur. It’s like there are rules, and I don’t know them. I’m embarrassed.

Papi brings my hand to his lips and kisses my fingertips. “Look at me, Eden.”

I meet his gaze.

“You’re not in trouble, and you didn’t do anything wrong. There is nothing you can do that’s wrong. You’re welcome to touch me however you want anytime you want, Baby girl. After I’ve been inside you, you will sleep in here in this bed with me at night. I will hold you and torment you, and we won’t get much sleep.” He grins.

I bite my lip.

“The reason I stopped you is because if you touch my semen, it will make you lose your mind with need. Once you’ve touched it, you’ll understand, but I don’t want you to be blindsided. You may touch it anytime you want, Little one. You may also taste it. Lick your fingers or lick my cock directly. But it will drive your lust through the roof.”

“Okay.”

“Ask me more questions, Little one. Ask me anything.”

“Have you done this before?”

He kisses my fingers again and then lowers them back to his cock. “No, Little one. Never. Remember, we don’t have any Eleadian females. You’re the first female I’ve ever touched—if you don’t count all the girls on the dance floor at Club Zoom who tried to climb up me like a tree before I met you later that night.”

I stiffen. It’s silly, but I hate that other women touched him. He’s mine. How did I get so possessive?

He chuckles. “I see jealousy on your face, Little one. None of them had a chance to get this close to me. I was wearing a suit, remember? I’m all yours. I’ve only ever been yours.”

I smile and lower my gaze. “Will you show me how you make yourself come?”

“Mmm. Now?”

“Yes. I want to understand before you do it inside me.”

He rises onto his knees, dislodging my hands, and leans over the edge of the bed to grab something. It's one of the soft towels he uses to dry me after he bathes me. He folds it in half and sets it on my stomach.

When he leans back on his heels, his cock is lower. I watch, mesmerized, as he wraps his palm around the length and eases it up and down. If it's possible, his cock grows larger and harder.

I'm fascinated. I had no idea. I could have gone my entire life without knowing the things I've learned from Papi. He's so patient with me. The white stuff leaks out of the tip and drips out onto the towel.

I lift my gaze and find Papi staring at my face.

"You're so beautiful, Eden."

"You are, too, Papi." He's the best-looking man I've ever seen.

His eyes roll back, so I shift my attention back to his cock. He's gripping it harder now and moving his hand faster. I reach up and set my hand on top of his, wanting to participate. I want to feel his strength and warmth.

He sets his other hand over mine, sandwiching mine between the two of his as he keeps pumping.

I'm panting as I watch. I love how engrossed he is. It makes my heart race.

Suddenly his mouth falls open and he stiffens further, tipping his cock down toward the towel.

I hold my breath as a long spurt of white comes out of him. It happens again and

again. I can feel pulses of his release waving through him much like mine do, and with every pulse, more of his semen shoots out the tip. It lands on the towel.

Most of it. The final stream of it misses a little and hits my breast.

Curious, I reach with my free hand to wipe it off with a finger and bring it to my mouth. He said touching and tasting it would drive me bonkers, but he didn't say I couldn't do it. I'm drawn to do so with a force that's out of my control.

It's salty with a hint of his essence. I hum as I swallow, but a moment later, I'm blinded by need.

I gasp and grab Papi by the biceps. My vision blurs.

Papi sweeps the towel out of the way and brings his mouth to mine. He holds my face while he kisses me. This kiss is nothing like the small pecks he's given me since we arrived. It's filled with passion and desire. He moans into my mouth, and I moan in return.

When he lowers his body down between my legs, his cock lines up with my pussy as if it's meant to be there and knows what to do on its own. I can feel the tip at my entrance.

Papi grabs my hands, threads our fingers together, and holds mine down against the bed above my head. He's breathing heavily. "Eden..."

I shudder at the tone of his voice. So reverent.

"Do you know how much you mean to me? How much this means to me?"

I nod because I do know. It means the world to me, too.

He kisses me again. We're both panting when he releases my lips. "I'm going to thrust into you, Baby girl. All the way. As deep as I can. It will hurt. Your pussy is so tight. Your body will accept me, though. In a few minutes, the pain will ease. Pleasure will replace it."

"How do you know?" I ask softly.

"Because every single Papi and Little girl has confirmed it. I promise."

I swallow. Evidence is nice. It calms me.

"I could pierce you first. I could pierce your neck or even your pussy."

"No. I want to feel all of it. I want it to be natural."

"Okay." Another kiss. "This bond we feel is going to increase tenfold. We'll fuck all the time for a while."

I smile. That sounds fun.

"Are you ready for this next step, Little one?"

I love that he gives me a choice. I don't really have a choice. Not in anything. I'm drawn to him by a higher power. I'm drawn to submit to him. To obey him. To accept what he decides. I'm drawn to get my nipples pierced. And I'm drawn to have him inside my body. He's like a drug I've never tried. I'm salivating for him.

"I want you, Papi."

A second tickles by, and then he thrusts into me. It takes my breath away. The pressure is more than I could have imagined, followed by pain. It's not unbearable. It's more

of a throbbing sensation.

I hold my breath, willing the ache to ease.

“Look at me, Baby girl. Eyes on mine.”

I blink, trying to suck in air, failing.

“Good girl. Take a breath. I know it’s tight. So fucking tight, Little one. You’re strangling my cock.”

I suck in a breath and let it out slowly. The pain is easing. The pressure is not, but I don’t want it to. I like it. I like how it feels for him to be inside me. It’s like we’re closer. I didn’t think we could get closer. After all, we’re always shirtless, and he holds me against him for hours every day, but we’re closer like this.

I craved it. I wanted more. I didn’t know what more looked like, but now I do. As I adjust, my breasts begin to tingle. They feel heavy. My nipples are hard. Every time Papi breathes, they rub against his chest.

“Fuck, you’re amazing. The most amazing Little girl on the planet. I’ll never get enough of you.”

I squirm. “Do it again, Papi.”

He smiles slowly and eases partway out of me before thrusting back in.

Oh, heavens... It feels so good. I thought his fingers felt good, and his mouth. But this...

Papi rocks his cock in deeper, rubbing the base against my clit.

My eyes roll back as an orgasm consumes me. It happens so fast. I didn't know it was coming. Suddenly I'm milking his cock with every muscle inside me.

Papi groans. "Eden..." He eases in and out, causing my orgasm to keep pulsing through me, or maybe it turns into another orgasm and another. I'm not sure.

It's so good. There are no words. My lips are parted, but I can't control them to speak or kiss.

Papi grinds against me again. I scream as I come again. He grunts as he arches his entire chest up in the air and cries out. The sound is primal and loud. I've never heard a noise from him like that.

His body jerks, telling me that he's reached his own orgasm. He's right. I can't specifically feel his semen filling me, but I do know when it happens because his body pulses with every release from his cock.

As his orgasm comes to an end, I gasp. Everything changes. I grip his fingers with mine. My heart races. I need more. I need him to move. I need to come again.

"Eden." I can hear him faintly, but it's like he's calling from another room or outside. I can't respond. I'm in a frenzy of desperation. I don't know how many times I came, but I need to do so again.

I roll my head back and forth, bucking my hips against Papi. My pussy is throbbing as though I haven't had a single orgasm and I've been denied.

Papi pulls out of me, leaps to his feet, and scoops me into his arms.

I fight him, pushing against his chest. "What are you doing? I need more." My pussy aches for him. I reach down and cup myself. The lust is fierce, and I can't keep from

pushing my fingers into myself. Anything. I need the contact.

I've never touched myself like this, and Papi has forbidden it, but I can't stop myself. I have no control. I'm uninhibited. I don't even care that he's watching me finger myself. I grind the heel of my palm against my clit and arch so far it's a wonder he doesn't drop me.

I hear water running. In the back of my mind, I remember him saying he would bathe me in the basin after we had sex. I don't care what he does. I only care about feeling good over and over.

I add more fingers and thrust them in and out, spreading my legs even though I'm in his arms. I'm so wanton and uninhibited. I have no modesty. It's all fled the house. I have a singular goal—reaching another orgasm. And then another.

Papi doesn't stop me. He lets me finger myself while he lowers me into the water.

I'm panting, gasping, desperate for oxygen and orgasms.

When the water rises above my pussy, Papi wraps his fingers around my wrist and tugs. "Let me wash you out, Baby girl."

I shake my head. "No, Papi. Can't."

He doesn't force me. He lets me continue to rub my pussy, but his lips come to my ear. "You're so fucking sexy like this. I could watch you masturbate all day, Baby girl, but you need to let Papi wash the semen off you."

I whimper. The water is easing my mad drive for more pleasure. I blink several times, trying to focus on him.

He smiles at me. "Can I have your hand now, Little one." He's still giving a gentle tug.

I finally obey him, but a shudder wracks my body as I remove my hand.

Papi puts soap on his palm and washes my fingers before reaching between my legs and washing my pussy.

He lets the water out and turns the faucet back on. He takes the head from the nozzle and brings it between my legs. "Wider, Little one. Lift your feet over the edges of the basin. Open your pussy for me so I can get everything off you."

I shudder as I obey him. I'm so exposed in this position. My brain cells are returning to my head. I'm trembling, but my lust is coming under control the longer Papi holds the nozzle against my pussy.

"Such a good girl. Deep breaths."

I widen my eyes and start crying. I'm so happy.

Chapter Seventeen

Retmor

I've been watching my girl sleep for over an hour. I can't leave her. Even though she's napping, I put her in my bed after her bath, after I finally got her to calm down, after I got a diaper on her and a pacifier in her mouth.

It was the pacifier that helped her relax and fall asleep.

I've been next to her, propped on one hip the entire time. I can't move. I can't even blink. I need to watch her sleep and breathe and whimper. My heart lurches with every tiny move she makes.

I covered her legs, but I left her chest exposed so I can stare down at her perfect nipples while she sleeps. They're hard. They've been hard for the past hour even though she's asleep.

If I get her pretty nipples pierced this afternoon, they will remain hard for the rest of her life. The rings running through them will keep her at a low-level arousal all the time. She'll forget what it was like before when she wasn't craving my cock.

I want to see the hoops running through her pretty tits. I want to be able to lean over and lick them, tormenting her with my saliva.

"Papi..." Her voice is clear, and when I lift my gaze to hers, I realize she's probably been awake for a bit. She's been watching me stare at her breasts.

I smile and bend to kiss her nipple, something I've wanted to do for an hour.

She arches. "It's time."

I look into her eyes. "It's time for what, Baby girl?"

"Time to get the rings. I want them. I want to be yours. I want everyone to see them and know I was brave enough to get my nipples pierced to show how much you mean to me."

My breath hitches. She's so perfect. She's my everything. I kiss her nipple again. From now on, her little buds will never be bare. When I kiss them tonight, they will be adorned with jewels. "Okay."

I shove off the side of the bed, gather my girl in my arms, and carry her to the nursery. I change her diaper quickly, not lingering. If I do, we'll end up fucking again instead of heading to Ekert's.

She's pouting as I fasten a clean diaper on her.

I chuckle. "You wanted me to spank your pussy?" I joke.

She rolls her pretty blue eyes. "No, Papi. Silly."

I lift her and carry her into the living room. I settle her in her stroller and grab my shoes. I don't even bother to put shoes on her. Her feet won't be touching the ground outside. Not during this trip.

She's panting when I return to tuck her arms into the harness, and she squirms so much that I decide to secure her wrists at her sides, too.

“Papi...”

I smile. The restraints will keep her fingers away from her nipples while we walk to Ekert’s house, but she’s so aroused that she might even reach into her diaper. I’m not sure she’d care if someone saw her.

I washed my semen off her the best I could, but some lingered. It’s not possible to get all of it. The frenzy that will exist between us for a long time to come has begun.

I send a quick text to Ekert, letting him know we’re on our way, relieved when he immediately responds that they’re ready for us.

Ten minutes later, we’re at his door. I lift Eden out of her stroller and settle her on my hip.

As soon as I knock, the door opens. Ekert smiles. “So good to see you, Retmor.” He shifts his gaze to my Little girl. “You must be Eden.”

He’s holding his Little girl in his arms. “This is Sophie.”

Sophie waves a hand at Eden. “Nice to meet you, Eden.” She squirms in her Papi’s arms. “Can I get down now?”

“You can be patient, Little one. You took your naughty pills this morning,” he teases. “Do you need some time in the corner with a piece of yooka in your bottom?”

Eden gasps. Her face is bright red when I look at her. Not surprising. She stiffens and then squirms in my arms. She’s probably imagining what it would feel like. I’ve only used the yooka at the entrance to her urethra. I know Ekert uses it in his Little girl’s bottom. I remember him telling me she was abused before he found her, so he does not strike her. In a way my Little girl has that in common with Sophie. I’m not sure I

can spank Eden either. I've swatted her pussy, but that's not the same as taking her over my knees. Plus she's such a good girl she hasn't required that level of discipline.

Sophie shakes her head. Her complexion is very white, and she's as red as Eden now. "No, Papi," she mutters.

"Come inside," Ekert says as he backs up. He's fighting a grin. He's not actually angry with his Little girl. He wouldn't be. I understand why. It's not in our nature.

I lower Eden to the floor at the same time Ekert sets Sophie on her bare feet. "Are you steady, Little one?" I ask Eden.

"Yes, Sir," she whispers.

Sophie pouts. "Eden probably doesn't even know what yooka is, Papi. You've scared her."

I chuckle. "Eden knows exactly what yooka is, Little one. She has experienced it already."

Sophie gasps, her eyes going wide. "I'm sorry," she tells Eden.

Eden winces. "It wasn't in my bottom, though." She rubs her backside over her diaper as though the thought makes her hurt.

Sophie cocks her head. "Do I even want to know where he touched you with it?"

Eden shakes her head. "No."

Suddenly, the two girls giggle. My heart soars. They're going to be close friends.

“Come on back.” Ekert nods over his head and leads us through a door into the room where he keeps the jewelry.

Eden gasps.

Sophie skips forward. “Your Papi was right. Your eyes are the perfect shade of blue for the moroxite stones. I picked some out for you. I hope you love them, but if you don’t, we can always switch them.”

Ekert chuckles. “Slow down, Little one. You’re talking so fast.”

Sophie is still bouncing as she stops next to a display case.

Eden is giggling. She rubs her bottom again. “I don’t think I’d ever misbehave if I were you. I don’t like that yooka plant at all. I’m going to avoid it.”

The girls are too short to see the display case, so when Ekert lifts Sophie up, I lift Eden.

Sophie points to a pair of moroxite stones already set with hoops attached to them.

Eden gasps. She leans over closer. Her heart is racing. I’m not surprised. It’s hard when Little girls first see the stones they will wear.

“That’s the best matched pair we have in that size. They’re a good weight, too. Not so heavy that they will tug on your nipples, but not so light that you’ll forget you’re wearing them.” This explanation comes from Sophie.

I’d heard she has an amazing eye for stones. Apparently so.

“They’re so pretty,” Eden whispers. “They look heavy.” She glances at me. Her eyes

are wide.

Ekert picks one up and holds it out.

Eden takes it from him.

“They’re almost the same weight as mine.” Sophie leans back in her Papi’s arms, proudly presenting her nipples.

Eden stares at them. “Okay.”

“If you’re not ready, Baby girl...”

She sets it back down. “I’m ready. Let’s do it before I have time to think about it.”

I hug her close and kiss her temple. “Okay, Little one.” I’m not going to argue with her.

Ekert leads us into the adjoining room.

Eden is trembling as I set her on the special reclining chair where Ekert will do the piercing. She whimpers when I lift her arms above her head and restrain them out of the way.

Her arousal is heavy in the air as Ekert straps her entire body down in four more places.

Sophie stands on a stool next to Eden’s head. She smiles at Eden and strokes my Little girl’s arm. “It won’t hurt at all. I promise.”

Eden gives a slight nod. Her lips are pursed. She’s nervous. I’m sure all Little girls

are when they come here.

I hold her breast in one hand and bend over to suckle her nipple, flicking it with my tongue a few times before I pierce it with a numbing serum. I quickly do the same to the other breast and then kiss her lips.

Ekert grips her pretty breast, lines the piercing gun up with her nipple, and a second later, a small pop sounds.

Eden flinches.

I know she didn't feel it. She heard it.

"One down, Baby girl," I tell her. My heart is in my throat. Fuck. So pretty.

In moments, Ekert has the other nipple pierced to match its twin.

I take deep breaths. I can't believe how stunning the stones are or how well they match her eyes. Her pretty blue eyes are going to pop forever and always now.

She has them squeezed shut, though, and doesn't open them while we remove all the straps and help her sit upright.

"Are you going to look?" I tease.

She draws in a deep breath. "Scared."

I reach out and touch one of the stones, causing it to sway. She won't feel the pain because of my serum, but she should be able to feel the weight and the pressure.

"They're so pretty," Sophie tells her.

Finally she looks down. Her breath hitches. “Oh, wow.”

I cup her breast and make the little jewel swing in the light. My cock is hard. I love this Little girl of mine. I just need to tell her.

Chapter Eighteen

Retmor

“Are you going to keep me naked in bed for the rest of our lives?” Eden asks, her voice teasing.

“I’m thinking about it.” I set her in the middle of the bed and took away her diaper as soon as we got back home. “Spin around and crawl toward me, Baby girl.” I’m feeling exceptionally kinky.

Eden giggles as she does my bidding. She even sways, making the stones jiggle as they tug on her nipples. “I can’t believe I’m doing this. Two weeks ago, I would have laughed in someone’s face if they’d told me I would be on another planet, naked, horny, and crawling toward my mate, wearing giant hoops through my nipples.”

“You wouldn’t have laughed because you weren’t allowed to laugh until two weeks ago. Plus, you didn’t know about other planets, nudity, arousal, or seduction,” I tease.

She giggles again. The sound is delightful. “You’re right.” She reaches the edge of the bed and rises up onto her knees, lifting her arms above her head in a seductive move that makes my cock ten times harder. “How long can we stay in your bed? When do you have to go back to work?”

“It’s not my bed. It’s our bed, and we can stay here another week. When I work, I do so from my home office. I won’t be leaving you. You’ll be right next to me all the time. I’ll set you up with a computer and all the information in the universe at your

fingertips so you can learn everything you want.”

She smiles. “I like that idea. Maybe I can sit between your legs sometimes.”

My cock twitches again. “When did you get so naughty?”

She shrugs. “When I met you.”

I come to her, grip her hips, and bend to reverently kiss her nipples, one at a time. I meet her gaze. “I love you, Eden. I love you so much it hurts. I’m so fucking glad I found you.”

Her smile lights up the room. “I love you, too, Papi. I’m the luckiest Little girl in the universe.”

When I lower my lips to hers, I know we’re going to be kissing for a long time. Kissing and then licking and then sucking and then fucking.

My life is perfection.