



His Theo (The New Neighbors Book 5)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: "You're so submissive, some lucky alien is just going to carry you off like 'Me Tarzan, you Jane.'"

Theo isn't expecting much when he gets invited to make some new friends and possibly find himself a mate. He knows if he's lucky, he'll have a nice dinner and only come across as slightly awkward. But the one thing he isn't counting on is meeting the Dom of his dreams right before hitting the floor.

When a cutie with confidence issues meets an adorably awkward Dom, they'll learn that sometimes you have to find your mate to find yourself.

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“I’m not...are you sure this is a good idea?” Smart people could talk people into stupid shit and I was afraid I’d ended up in one of those situations.

Nicholas snorted and rolled his eyes. “Yes.”

He was so helpful.

His partner on the other hand tried to be helpful and patted my head with one of his smaller tentacles, even though it made him feel weird to touch someone else because of the mating bond. “You are a submissive human with a preference for tentacles instead of arms. You will be highly sought after for conversation or pleasure.”

I’d worked with him long enough to know what that translated into...

Don’t worry. You like tentacles so at the very least someone is going to feel you up.

Sadly, that would’ve been the best date I’d experienced in a very long time. “Thanks, Larry.”

We should never have sent the Three Stooges into space.

“You’re hot. You’re so submissive you’re going to ask someone what you should pick for dinner. And you’re turned on by them, not creeped out. You have nothing to worry about.” Nicholas glared at me, looking a lot like he did when I saw him at work. “But you’re going to anyway.”

Yep.

How he was a submissive I'd never know, but his mate wasn't human and was perfectly convinced of Nicholas's submission, so I didn't question it.

“Um, you said it was a steakhouse. I don't go to those kinds of places on a regular basis so you're going to have to help me pick out something good.” Even working for a big research university, janitors didn't get paid shit.

Ha.

No. I had to focus.

Aliens wouldn't want scattered-brained subs any more than the human kind of Doms did.

Evidently getting easily distracted during a scene was rude.

Nicholas glared at me before sighing and losing some of his frustration. “You're so submissive, some lucky alien is just going to carry you off like ‘Me Tarzan, you Jane.’”

Was that supposed to be a bad thing?

“Yes, please.” Hiding that desire seemed counterproductive since I was going to a meet-and-greet for aliens and humans to mix.

Nicholas didn't seem to know what to say to me but he didn't have that problem with his mate. “What are you so happy about?”

Larry puffed up and looked like he'd just made a discovery in the lab. “Our human will be highly superior than the others that are brought. He is exceedingly submissive and eager to mate.”

It sounded like he thought they were bringing the best dessert at a potluck...but I was the dessert.

Me.

Nicholas threw his head back and laughed which just made Larry even more pleased about the whole situation. They were both so distracting I forgot to be embarrassed about the dessert comparison.

I was no peach cobbler, no matter how good my ass looked...but I appreciated the compliment.

Finally getting his laughter under control, Nicholas nodded. "You're badass, baby. He's going to be the best. You're right."

Evidently the highly competitive thing wasn't just about scientific discoveries and Monopoly.

"I have also been told by several students and faculty that he is attractive by human beauty standards as well. That will place him on a higher social standing with other humans. They will see his physical shape as something to envy." Larry had an excitable, humans are fascinating tone to his voice that was making his mate snicker again.

"Oh yeah." Nicholas sent me a teasing leer that had me finally remembering how to blush and how insane the conversation had gotten. "He's a hottie. We're definitely bringing the best human."

They were ridiculous.

There were going to be a ton of humans with better jobs, more money, more

interesting lives, and countless other things. Hell, there were going to be humans in there who could pick their dinner and kneel quietly without starting to plan what they were going to clean first at work the next day.

Scientists were a mess.

“You guys have lost your minds, but I still appreciate being asked to come.” It wasn’t every day that I got asked to go to a humans and aliens mixer.

Nicholas rolled his eyes again, seeing right through me. “They won’t care what you do for a living, and if you get wiggly, they’ll just wrap you up in a tentacle. You’re worrying over nothing.”

Giving me a stern glare like he sometimes gave his boss, he was looking at me like I was a student who’d asked a stupid question. “I’m only going to say this one more time. They’re aliens. Duh.”

He was such a pain in the ass.

But he was a smart pain in the ass and he knew single aliens and was happy to share...so I was going to be polite.

“Alright.”

Lying was always acceptable when people were being ridiculous, but his groan said he’d seen right through it. “Inside, before I kill you and we lose out on bringing the best human because I have to bury your body.”

Larry sighed dramatically.

He didn’t approve of Nicholas’s habit of threatening to kill people on a daily basis

but he'd stopped asking if his mate was seriously considering it. They'd definitely made progress as a couple.

“We shall be late if our conversation extends in duration.” Giving his mate a little push and me a nod, Larry started moving us toward the restaurant. “We will make the appropriate greetings to introduce our human friend Theo to others he may be interested in mating, and then we shall find a place to sit where he can visually inspect the perspective mates.”

He made it sound like I was picking out my favorite stripper at a club.

I managed not to groan but I was so red I was probably purple. “Thank you for explaining what will happen next.”

“You're welcome.” Larry was so pleased at my good manners he patted my head making Nicholas giggle. “I will also be happy to provide assistance if your submission requires help in picking out the right meat to consume. Nicholas does not find that to be too intimate, so you need not worry about our relationship.”

Was it weird that I wanted my own awkward alien Dom to overexplain shit?

Probably.

And I'd clearly been hanging out with them too often if all of their insanity made sense.

“Thank you, Larry.” I wasn't sure what my tone or hormones were saying but I tried not to look like I thought I was stupid. “I appreciate the help.”

Larry got confused when he thought I wasn't appreciating myself enough and I didn't want to have to live through that conversation again. Thankfully, whatever I was

radiating was either confusing enough or mixed up enough that self-deprecation wasn't the primary thing he noticed.

“You are welcome, our human friend Theo.” My worries hadn't dimmed his excitement because he was still puffed up like he'd won a Nobel prize. “There is no need to worry. Your attraction to tentacles and eagerness to mate will be obvious, so you will not have to attempt to communicate those intentions.”

I didn't have to talk about being horny and liking tentacles because they'd already know that.

Great.

Nicholas was back to snickering as we finally got up to the door and he gave his mate a kiss as Larry opened it for us. “Thank you, baby.”

“You are welcome, my mate.” Larry gave Nicholas a multi-limbed caress as his human mate walked in the door.

I got a smile because you just didn't wander around caressing other humans once you had a mate, but I appreciated it. “Thank you.”

I had every intention of shifting to small talk and trying to look functional at the very least but my brain skidded to a halt once I took everything in.

There were so many people and so many tentacles.

Logically, I knew Nicholas had said that a large group had gotten together and rented out the restaurant because it was a local favorite, but I just hadn't realized how many people would be there. The mix of humans and non-humans said everyone had done their best to bring their favorite human sub to show off.

The wide-eyed stares around the room indicated I wasn't the only human who was feeling out of their depth at the moment.

But man.

"So many tentacles, so little time." Nicholas's whispered teasing made me groan.

"I'm not... I can see the person. It's not."

Shit.

Larry didn't see the issue even though my rambling made enough sense that I knew Nicholas had tried to explain my worry. "Our limbs are much better than a human's. Understanding that and admiring them is not shameful. They are exceedingly useful and come in a variety of colors that humans do not. We are highly attractive."

And not modest at all.

"You're right." He liked hearing that so much it never made me frustrated to have to admit it. "They're very practical too."

And hot as fuck.

"Yes." Larry was very Larry as he responded. "We are designed for ultimate caretaking of human submissives. We can spank, restrain, and pleasure all at the same time."

Several humans around us started to blush but the aliens were nodding like it was completely factual information.

We'd definitely been too loud.

Part of me was hoping to have a heart attack and just die quietly, but I knew there were too many doctors around and someone would be helpful and resuscitate me.

Smart people could be very dense about stuff like that.

They'd think they were being supportive and then I'd have to say thank you, and they'd feel good about themselves and then they'd ask questions and want to talk about my feelings. God help me if it was an alien that brought me back to life because that'd just get even weirder.

"Oxygen is a requirement for human life." The way Larry patted me on the head and frowned at me as Nicholas started snickering again made me realize I was holding my breath. When I was functioning again, Larry nodded. "Good human."

Not good enough, evidently, because he turned to Nicholas and frowned. "We must find a Dominant partner who will keep our human friend Theo healthy."

Because I couldn't be trusted to breathe on my own.

Great.

"I agree." Nicholas took one of Larry's smaller limbs in his hand and smiled at his Dom. "Let's start mingling and find someone he likes."

"Yes." Nodding, Larry studied the room. "We have attracted attention and appreciative reactions to our human, but I do not sense any potential mate bonds forming yet."

Huh?

I really should've asked more questions.

Oh, more tentacles.

“Let us walk.” Keeping a tight hold on Nicholas and a light touch on my back, Larry moved us toward the back of the restaurant where more people were mingling.

When they’d said they’d rented out the restaurant, I’d assumed they’d been talking about renting out a back room or something. No. They’d taken over the place and that was probably a good idea because there had to be at least a hundred people of both species milling around.

A lot of them were clearly mates based on the amount of touching and hand-holding going on, but there were a startling number of single people. Thankfully, the wide-eyed humans and the clearly curious aliens were easy to spot and made it obvious who was unattached.

It wasn’t until I had a second to think that I realized knowing who was single and who was taken made the whole situation a lot less stressful than I was expecting. I wouldn’t have to guess who was single. I wouldn’t have to guess what someone thought of me because everyone like Larry would just flat out tell me.

“Our human friend Theo is highly...confused?” Larry was obviously addressing Nicholas like I was their kid and he needed his mate to explain what their confused teenager was up to.

Hmm.

It might’ve been how he saw me.

Great.

“I think he’s just going to need a moment to take it all in.” Nicholas looked like he

squeezed his mate's limb. "There are a lot of Doms here and a lot of people that are his type. So, yeah, he's slightly overwhelmed and thinking about a lot of different topics at the moment."

Understatement of the year...on all counts.

"I don't just like tentacles. I want to know the person they're attached to as well." I knew the moment the words came out they'd been too loud because about a quarter of the room smiled and waved a tentacle in my direction.

As I hoped to just die right there, several subs around me giggled and moved to hide behind who'd ever brought them...probably to prevent them from saying something equally as stupid.

Nicholas gave a wicked grin. "At least now we know we don't have to explain that tentacles won't be a turn-off."

Someone just needed to shoot me and put me out of my misery.

I was too impulsive to be in a restaurant full of Doms.

Shit.

Nicholas was my ride.

Clamping my lips shut, I tried to take a subtle deep breath and stop radiating so much ridiculousness.

I was calm.

I was relaxed.

I was peaceful.

I could be a functional human in public.

I just had to focus and not say whatever came to my mind. It would be hard but I could do it because I did it at work on an almost daily basis. I'd be polite and professional and then I'd go home and take a nap.

Repeating the words over and over...especially about being polite and professional...I followed Nicholas and Larry through the restaurant, smiling when they pointed out people that they knew.

I was polite.

I was relaxed.

I was quiet and didn't say anything stupid.

Somehow that was a challenge to the universe, though, and it decided to test me.

A younger-looking alien came up and gave a polite nod toward Nicholas and Larry before turning his gaze to me. "I must ask if you are above the legal age for physical pleasures."

Shit.

I didn't have enough self-restraint for this.

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I stood there dumbfoundedly for just a bit too long, so Larry decided to step in. “That is not a conventional greeting.”

Damn right.

“Stature and even facial hair do not designate age.” The alien gave a liquidy shrug and his features pulled into what I knew was a confused and slightly frustrated expression. “I have been approached by several for the purposes of mating who are not of legal age.”

Oh.

Horny teens.

Got it.

“It is understandable, but you must research more appropriate ways to gain that information from potential human partners before you are ready to be a caretaker.” Larry gestured toward the door in an I don’t make the rules kind of way. “Please come back when you have practiced more social interactions.”

The new guy didn’t seem to find it offensive because he sighed. “I must agree. I shall look for ways to interact with more humans.”

As the guy walked off, Nicholas rolled his eyes. “He clearly doesn’t work with enough humans.”

“I must agree with your assessment.” Shrugging, Larry frowned thoughtfully. “Some of our younger people have been slower to build appropriate social bonds.”

Oh yeah.

But I clamped my lips together and just nodded instead of letting anything escape.

Nicholas gave me a side-eye that said he knew what I was doing but Larry didn't seem to notice I was being weird and just kept us moving as he scanned the space.

I had to admit to it taking entirely too long to realize we weren't just randomly wandering the room, but I had no idea what he was looking for so I turned to Nicholas and did my best to actually whisper that time. “What are we doing?”

We were starting our second lap around the room and I was starting to wonder if it was some kind of alien OCD thing.

Larry was very particular about how I cleaned the lab and I was the only one of the janitorial staff that he'd let near his equipment... Was that more than me just being the only one who could follow directions?

Or who hadn't come on to him?

As I thought about how important that part might've been, Nicholas chuckled. “He's watching their reactions to you. I'm not as good at reading strangers as I am Larry, but I think at least two have indicated that you smell really good.”

Oh wow.

Two?

How many guys would I need to meet before I found one who didn't think I was annoying?

I knew the human Dom to me ratio, but I wasn't sure those numbers would translate to this situation.

I was trying to do the math when Nicholas sighed and I realized he'd been expecting some kind of reaction. "Um, I don't know what to say to that."

Rolling his eyes, Nicholas let out a huff. "I'm not even going to ask you where your mind was."

Good.

"I would like that information, please." Larry was serious judging by the look on his face. "Mental wandering in humans has not been highly researched."

Oh, good grief.

Smart people.

"Um, well." He wouldn't ask unless he really didn't understand it, so I kind of thought I should answer even though Nicholas was snickering. "I was trying to do the math on how many Doms like you that I'd have to meet before one liked me. I know the ratio with human guys, but I'm not sure how the math looks in an...in an intraspecies relationship."

Was that even the right way to phrase it?

No one laughed so it couldn't have been too wrong, but as Nicholas sighed, Larry gave me a curious look. "Every single male of my species in the room would enjoy

giving you human sexual pleasures. However, fleeting pleasure is not our goal, so I will be narrowing down those who I will introduce you to. We will primarily focus on those with the strongest hormonal reactions. Although, there are other factors to consider.”

What?

“Then we can select for submissive compatibility.” Larry went on talking like finding me a mate was a new scientific endeavor and I told myself I needed to remember that he was a legit genius scientist.

It somehow seemed like a bad move to have forgotten that part.

“Humans sometime require significant amounts of personal space to be happy.” Larry gave Nicholas a look that said he didn’t appreciate such a ridiculous human idea.

Nicholas just ignored it and kept his gaze on me. “Just remember that they like submission so don’t hide what you want. That’ll just fuck things up.”

Nodding, I slowly let out a breath and tried to tell myself to stop worrying. “I read up on the information you showed me.”

Not that I’d understood most of it.

“Submission good. Lots of submission better. Don’t let them take over my life unless that’s what I want.” That was what I wanted, so I wasn’t going to push back on that too much unless it was utterly impractical. “Oh, and verbalize boundaries clearly or they’ll pretend not to notice them.”

Evidently boundaries were just vague ideas unless you specifically spelled them out.

Larry's very human-sounding huff said he was the one who'd inspired the boundaries need to be verbalized clearly rule. "Humans do not always recognize what will provide them with contentment and security."

Well, he wasn't exactly wrong, but I was saved from having to hear what would be a stressful debate between those two by several tentacled gentlemen moving closer. I was pretty sure they didn't want to hear the argument either, but they might've been hungry.

It looked like we weren't going to sit down for dinner until the mingling had gotten a bit more productive, so maybe they just wanted to hurry things up. But the way Larry had stopped us after our second round of the room might've been a sign they were waiting on too.

In some ways it was so much easier than hanging out with human Doms, but in others it was so much more confusing.

"Interesting." Larry jumped off the argument train and studied the guys who'd moved closer like we were back in his lab. "I am not familiar with everyone who is interested in you. However, I do recognize several potential suitors."

Was that a good thing or not?

Suitors?

What had they been watching lately?

Wait. Did knowing them mean he'd worked with them?

I wasn't sure I could handle any more scientists or professors in my life...they were all insane just in different ways.

Before I could decide how I was going to figure out any of those questions without actually asking any of them, Larry had us moving again...that time toward the guys who were getting closer.

My suitors.

They were mostly different shades of blues and greens, with one who had grays in his coloring as well, but that was all I could tell at first glance. No one looked happier than another and no one was giving off flirty Dom vibes, so it was hard to tell that they were interested in me.

Especially with how many other subs there seemed to be.

But as I tried to see how many humans were in the group, I realized there were more alien Doms than human subs. Did that make me look better? Usually when I'd gone out, there were always more subs than Doms.

This had to improve my odds, right?

The way Larry was weaving us through my suitors didn't give me confidence in it.

"Human privacy customs vary, but would it be acceptable to explain that you are a submissive that could tolerate higher levels of caretaking than average?" Larry said that with such a straight face, I had to look around him and focus on his giggling partner.

"He realizes he just said that out loud, right? He's fucking with me?" The question got giggles from several humans around us but a few of the tentacled cuties seemed to realize how funny it was too, so I knew they'd been around humans more than some of the others.

“Yep. He realized he said that but he’s exploring the different ways humans use language to get what they want without actually saying what they want.” Nicholas looked like he was thoroughly enjoying the situation. “It’s really cute as long as it’s not aimed at me.”

Great. He was proud of his mate for learning to fuck with people.

Sighing, I shook my head and reminded myself that I knew he’d overshare. It was just what he did. Sometimes it was accidental and sometimes it was because he was really curious. Now it seemed like it was because he was being pushy at the very least. “It would not be oversharing in this social situation.”

Just this once because it made sense.

He’d finally learned to stop asking me questions about his research when he saw me in the hallways, so I couldn’t complain about it now. This was at least a reasonable space to be talking about my submission and my submissive reactions.

“And good job on exploring new ways to use language.” Might as well praise the dork because he’d done it pretty well.

Yep, he got all puffed up and proud of himself as Nicholas just went back to snickering.

But something about the ridiculousness shifted the way some of the Doms saw me because the group changed. I lost a few that’d been hovering near the back and gained a few new onlookers who were watching me carefully.

What’d happened?

“Interesting.” Larry’s comment said he’d noticed it too but it didn’t give me any

context.

I was going to ask...probably...but a broad-chested guy with tentacles that looked larger than average somehow shifted closer and gave Larry a polite nod. “I would request an introduction to the human you have called a friend.”

Larry spoke really good human English because he had fun talking with all the students on campus when he was taking a break from his experiments, but this guy spoke like he hadn’t interacted with quite as many humans.

“It would be an honor.” Larry inclined his head and gestured toward me. “Please be introduced to our human friend and colleague Theo. He is a member of the university staff that is involved in maintenance and caretaking.”

I wasn’t sure I’d have phrased my job description that way, but it wasn’t wrong.

“He is patient with others and dislikes confrontation. He also needs guidance in making daily decisions and is highly respected for his homemaking skills.” It was the strangest introduction I’d ever been a part of and Larry didn’t let it end there. “He appreciates mild pain in human-based sexual pleasures and finds tentacles highly erotic.”

Oh God.

He sounded like I had a fetish for them.

I didn’t.

They were just...

I was just...

They...

Shit.

As the world grayed out around me, my last thought was that I was going to kill Larry.

When reality tuned back in, my first thought was about killing Larry again, but my second thought was that I wasn't on the floor.

Oh shit.

Tentacles rippled around me and I was rocked from side to side. "Human brains are wired to find this movement soothing. You must relax."

Because my brain said so?

I wasn't sure if him being right was frustrating or not, but once my heart stopped going a thousand miles an hour, I relaxed into the rocking movement and sighed. "Thank you for helping me relax."

And for catching me, more than likely.

Nothing hurt besides my pride and I was pretty sure that was because my new friend had caught me before I could hit the ground.

"You are welcome, human." He kept up the rocking and rippling motions, clearly not having any intention of putting me down, so I focused on what I could hear and feel.

He was strong.

He was carrying me and after a moment I realized he was walking us somewhere.

He also wasn't panicking about me being broken like I'd seen some of them react.

So he was level-headed?

I liked that idea even if it wasn't logical, so I moved on to other things I could sense.

We were still at the restaurant.

I could hear the sounds of the party even though they seemed further away and I realized I could smell something that seemed like steaks cooking in the kitchen.

As he settled himself lower and we stopped moving, I realized he'd sat down somewhere. "Humans are inquisitive, so I will explain that we are in a small office that has been designated as an employee lounge. We have a modicum of privacy. However, your voice will be heard if you raise it."

Kind of had privacy.

People would come if I screamed.

Got it.

"Thank you for explaining that." Since he seemed happy to be making the decisions and wasn't being mean about it, I just stayed put.

I liked being cuddled and he seemed thoughtful.

"Can you keep doing the ripply thing?" If there was a better word for the movement, I couldn't find it at the moment. "Unless you don't want to?"

Maybe that was too personal to ask?

I'd never had anyone hold me like that and even Larry wouldn't have picked me up unless it'd been an emergency.

Before I could get deeper into my worries, his body started moving again and I couldn't help the way every muscle responded to it by going soft. My new friend made a low, almost humming sound. "I am very proud of you for not panicking and you are what is called a good boy for indicating your preferences."

He thought I was a good boy?

How could I panic when he was so sweet?

He hadn't even made me open my eyes or put me down.

"I have limited first-hand knowledge of humans in this category of situation, so your verbal responses will be necessary until I have become educated about your needs." Something in his voice had me nuzzling against him and my fingers started barely caressing one of his smaller tentacles that were holding me carefully.

"If...if you don't have a lot of first-hand knowledge about situations like this, then I should probably make sure you know you can put me down if you want to. You...you don't have to take care of me if you'd rather be someplace else."

Or with another sub.

My new friend didn't stop the way his tentacles were massaging me, but he did make a thoughtful kind of hum that made me think he was confused. "Holding you is pleasurable."

Okay.

Wait.

That was it?

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Yep, that was it.

Okay, he liked holding me and I'd told him that I liked being held.

Had he thought that was enough of a response since that was what I'd said first?

Well, they didn't lie, so I didn't need to worry about reading into what he'd said. He'd made sure I knew I was safe and he'd explained that he didn't have a lot of human social interactions.

Hmm.

How not a lot was not a lot?

"Can...can you explain what you're thinking?" How had I turned into the person who was leading this discussion? "Um, I just want to make sure I understand what you want."

And what he thought would happen next.

It'd been a long time since anyone had cuddled me, and I had no desire to be put down no matter how casual his intentions were. But I didn't want to read into something that wasn't there just because we both needed someone to hug.

"Yes, trading information on thoughts is important at the beginning of a relationship. Humans especially need that verbally because of your blunted senses." He sounded like he'd been reading a Humans for Dummies kind of book, so I just nodded since

he wasn't wrong.

"You require knowledge of my thoughts and emotions since you cannot sense them yourself." He seemed like he was really thinking about how to answer my question because one small tentacle started stroking my head. It felt almost absent-minded on his part and made me smile.

I liked being his fidget toy while he was thinking.

It was kind of cute.

"Your bonding process is also significantly different than our own because of your biology." He seemed to be talking to himself more than he was to me specifically but I nodded anyway. "Evolving from cooperative prey animals would have an impact as well."

Yep, definitely not talking to me.

"Our biology is unique from yours and holding a submissive while participating in caretaking activities induces the chemical reaction that produces pleasure and emotional attachment." His tone warmed slightly as he gave me a hug, making it clear that now I was actually in a conversation. "So, my explanation of finding pleasure in holding you was accurate but should have been expounded upon."

True statement...just too short.

I agreed with that completely.

"Thank you for explaining that part in more detail." Yes, praise for what he'd done right. Nicholas had mentioned that in some of our first conversations about having a Dom who wasn't human.

Oh yes.

I got more pets and firm cuddles.

He liked that.

“You are welcome, human.” He went back to caressing my head as he paused thoughtfully. “I was also processing what I knew about human dating rituals as well as monitoring your vital signs. Your loss of consciousness was unexpected.”

Yeah.

“I’m sorry about that.” And I was embarrassed about it. “I knew Larry was going to share stuff about me but when...but when it sounded like I was fetishizing your tentacles, I panicked.”

I also might’ve been holding my breath.

“Hmm.” The adorably human thinking sound that came across like he’d seen it in a sitcom said he was trying to decide what to say...but it was so cute. “Fetishizing...as in a desire moving from a preference to a stronger form of arousal that is seen as inappropriate.”

Kind of.

“I do not understand how a preferential desire for a higher quality can have a negative association. Please explain.” He gave my head a pat like he was prompting me to be a good boy and it made me blush as tingly pleasure swept through me.

His quiet hum said he’d noticed but he was dead set on understanding the fetish comment and didn’t get distracted.

“Um, well, I don’t know how to explain it. I’ve never had to.” It was just one of those things everyone seemed to know. “I...well, it’s more about being hyperfocused on one attribute and that turning into a negative thing.”

I was missing huge parts of that explanation but he didn’t seem to care.

He huffed and it made me want to laugh. “Having a strong focus and desire for a superior product or attribute cannot be negative. Tentacles are highly superior. They are more dexterous and can provide a range of pleasures that humans cannot replicate. I am more confused by humans who find them...wiggly.”

Someone had definitely compared him to something icky.

“I don’t think you’re wiggly.” Or anything else gross. “You’re soft and strong.”

Petting the tentacle under my fingers more firmly, I nuzzled against his torso again. “And I’ve researched a lot about how flexible you guys are. It’s very impressive.”

That was a good way of explaining I’d watched lots of porn without actually saying I’d watched a lot of porn, right?

“You’re also very focused on taking care of your mates and you...you like making your mates feel good.” I wasn’t sure that was the way I should’ve taken the conversation but it was what’d popped out, so I tried not to worry about his reaction.

“Caretaking comes in many forms...especially for humans.” His humans are kind of odd tone made me fight back laughter. “Pleasure also comes in many forms for humans, but I have read that the physically based erotic pleasures are necessary for a significant portion of humans.”

He had been doing a lot of research.

“Yeah, most of us like that but there are people who are asexual or who need different kinds of things.” But that wasn’t me and I didn’t want there to be any misunderstanding about that. “I like the physically erotic kind, though. A lot.”

My honesty got me another hug and one tentacle started stroking low on my back, right above my ass. I wasn’t sure if he’d known what that would do to me but I knew he could sense how good the tingly pleasure made me feel when he made that thinking sound again.

“I find I am glad you have a preference for erotic pleasure.” He was so glad his limb inched down lower and I barely held back a moan. “I did not understand their effects.”

On him?

Oh.

Larry had said horny humans smelled good.

I smelled good.

Shit.

There’d been no reason to hide my moan...he knew how I was feeling.

Fuck it.

“It’s...it’s good effects, right?” I almost couldn’t breathe as his tentacle shifted lower again, obviously testing the water to see what I’d allow.

“Yes.” There was no hesitation in his voice and that was sexy even though he

probably didn't understand why. "Your pleasure gives me...there is a word but humans do not have it in English...strong happiness."

He was reacting to turning me on.

"I...I like making you happy." I must've lost a few brain cells along the way because that just sounded stupid, but he made a pleased sound and finally ran his tentacle over my ass before patting it.

I didn't even try to hide the shiver that raced through me as I let out a breathy moan. "That...that feels good."

Had to communicate.

He'd said that.

He needed words to be confident.

"You...you're making me feel so good holding me tight. I...I like cuddling." Yes, I could tell him what I liked. He wasn't a regular Dom. He wouldn't think I was stupid or saying the obvious like a moron. He needed the obvious until he could read me better.

Oh wow.

My reward for using words was for him to tighten his hold just enough to make me go boneless and the tentacle on my ass started making wide circles over it.

Rewards were awesome.

"You are highly adept at communication. I am very proud of your good behavior."

The words might've sounded silly if it hadn't been for the warmth in his voice and the way his pride came through in every word. "Making your needs clearly discernable will allow me to provide for them more easily."

More words equaled more pleasure.

Got it.

"I...I liked it when you were carrying me and...and I like the way you're caressing me." Yes, that wasn't hard to admit and he probably already knew both of those things. "I...I like that you're so sweet to me and you kept me safe."

I had a split second to wonder if that'd been stupid before I knew his reaction.

He liked it.

My new friend made a deep, pleased sound and I got another full-body hug.

"I am happy to provide you with safety and emotional security." Limbs rippled over me, making it clear how happy he was. "You are a human who should be protected and who should have their submission nurtured. It is my pleasure to provide that for you."

That definitely seemed to indicate we were both moving in the right direction, so I turned my face into his body and peeked my eyes open. I wasn't brave enough to pull away and meet his gaze yet, but he stroked my head again and cuddled me tighter. "Good boy. Your trust is not misplaced, human Theo."

"I...I've never even dated anyone of your...your species before and my track record with human guys is...well...it's terrible." There was no point in hiding that. "So you need to tell me if I'm doing something wrong or something that you don't like. I...I

won't know how to make you happy if you don't explain it to me."

Limits list.

Rules.

Something so I wasn't blindly guessing all the time.

I didn't think that was so hard, but the last couple of human guys I'd tried to date who said they were Doms thought I should be able to read their minds or have some kind of behavior list already memorized. It'd been so stressful I'd ended up with a small ulcer and the doctor said I had to get rid of the stress in my life.

So I'd broken up with the guy I'd been seeing at the time and stopped dating completely...and my stomach had finally healed.

But maybe I wouldn't end up single forever if I didn't date humans?

"I do not completely understand the human concept of submission. My instincts are for you to submit and me to provide care and structure. You submit. I care for your submission. You are not required to make me happy. That is...that is contradictory to my biological imperative."

Oh.

That was why Nicholas didn't drive Larry insane.

"I want you happy too, though, so...so you'll tell me if you don't like something that I'm doing or not doing or just..." Realizing I was rambling, I tucked my face into what probably would've been his shoulder if he were human.

There was still a nice indent to hide against, though, so I didn't care what it was called. "I submit. You care for my submission. I'll do my best to remember that. But I need you to be happy too. It's part of my biological imperative. It's part of being a human submissive."

Not the same species.

I had to remember that.

We were not the same species even if we were crazy compatible.

I got more pets and soft thinking sounds as he processed what I said and eventually something about his movements changed and I knew he'd figured out what he wanted to say. "There will be what I think humans call a learning curve as we process adapting to such distinct cultures and instincts."

Oh yeah.

The understatement in that sentence was so big it could rival Mount Everest.

But I was polite and just nodded since being snarky wasn't a good start to any new relationship.

"I will do my best to take my happiness into consideration as well, but I have not been trained to process emotions or thoughts in that way." He paused and he was quiet enough that I eased back just enough to see him frowning off into the distance.

After a few seconds, he tuned back in and realized I was looking at him. "My brave human."

More snuggly caresses seemed to make him more relaxed because it didn't take long

before he was a lot less stressed...even though I had no idea how I knew that...and he was back to being his chatty self. “I have spent long stretches of time alone. I may need you to help in deciphering my happiness from yours.”

Oh, my questions had questions.

“I’ll help you.” Feeling brave and probably stupid, I kissed his cheek before snuggling back into him and finally realizing for the first time that we were in the restaurant’s employee lounge. “We can figure it out.”

I wasn’t sure how I’d know what made him happy if he didn’t know, but he seemed smart and I knew scientists, so we’d figure it out.

Hopefully.

We just needed a starting point.

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Yes, starting point.

I knew I'd eventually find one but I was glad when he gave me another hug and started talking about what made him happy.

“One aspect of happiness I can decipher is physical touch. I am confident that holding you and providing comfort increases my happiness.” He said it so matter-of-factly that I almost glossed over how cute that was.

“I like physical touch and cuddling too. Not just...not just the sexual kind of touch. I like being held.” I knew that could end up with him carrying me around everywhere, but I was confident I could create a good boundary if it got that far.

He made a happy sound and patted my head. “We will have much in common, but appreciating mutual physical contact is a good foundation for any relationship where caretaking will occur.”

Yes, that was a good place to start.

Oh, starting point.

“Um, speaking of starting points, I want to make sure we talk about a few other foundation kinds of things. Like...what's your name?” Had anyone already mentioned it? “If Larry said it right before I...lost consciousness, then I'm sorry but I didn't hear it.”

My new friend went very still before letting out a very human and dramatic sigh.

“No. He did not. I apologize for missing that step in the human custom for social introductions. I am used to being known.”

Huh?

Nope, first things first.

“It’s okay. The drama was a distraction and then we got involved in talking about other stuff.” Like about cuddling and about how I was brave when I managed to look at him. “We’ll just do that part now.”

“I have taken the human name Jerker.” Before I could mentally walk through how he’d pronounced JER-ker, he kept going. “Again, I apologize for not making that known.”

“You’re used to being known. It’s fine.” He seemed worried about fucking up our introductions so I straightened and kissed his cheek again. “But why are you known?”

That sentence was terrible but I found myself mirroring his words unless I really thought about it.

“I was...” He paused, clearly working on translating an idea or a word. “Hmm. I do not think there is a single word translation. I was... The human language is fascinating.”

Oh yeah.

“I will say I was part of our group-captain-decision-makers.” He went quiet again, rolling the idea around in his head before making a rolling shrug. “I am not pleased with the translation, but it is the closest that I can find without additional research.”

Well, it wasn't bad as long as I was understanding the combination right. "So you were part of the decision-making group that's closest translation would be captains? Like running the ship as a group?"

Wait.

Had I heard that right?

It wasn't until I thought about what he'd said that the reality hit me and it wasn't just a word game of figuring out what he meant.

"Yes. That is an accurate description." He gave me a pat on the back like he was proud of me for working out the details. "It makes me known."

I could see that.

I was back to my questions having questions again.

"Um, are you still in that position?" I wasn't sure if that was a stupid question or not until he shook his head and treated it reasonably.

"No. My term has finally ended and another has taken my position." His answer was so casual I had a feeling he thought I already understood more than I really did. "I am ready to interact socially with humans and to be a member of your society. Do not worry."

Well, I hadn't been before, but now I had more questions at the very least.

"You're doing a very good job interacting socially with me." He'd been helpful and polite and he'd made me feel good. "I'm not worried."

I was a bit confused, and kind of turned on, but not exactly worried.

“I am very adept at learning new information. I will be able to be a good caretaker for you.” Patting my head, he seemed like he thought that was very important to point out. I was trying to work through what he’d meant exactly but then he distracted me. “I have researched human pleasure and I understand the different ways to give you the physical and psychological submission that humans require.”

Oh.

Um.

“You...you don’t mind the physical part, right?” That wasn’t what I should’ve asked but it was what came out, so I tried not to have a heart attack.

“Human pleasures are very...potent. I will be a good provider of sexual pleasures.” He must’ve thought seeing was believing because the tentacle that’d been slowly caressing my ass gave it a firm pat that wasn’t quite a spank but was just enough to have my imagination flaring to life. “Yes, I will provide excellent physical pleasures.”

It finally occurred to me that as a leader of his people he was probably the Type-A of Type-A people.

He was going to be more trouble than dating a scientist.

Damn it.

How had I done this to myself?

“I...” There was no reasonable response to what I thought he was saying or doing, so

my brain kind of turned off. “I like physical pleasures.”

Especially since it seemed like he was going to keep me.

I had a Dom.

Pushing away all the logical issues with how we’d gotten to this point, I focused on the way he was holding me and how he wanted to be a good caretaker for me, and he obviously wanted to spank me.

Evidently, good Doms spanked because he did it again, and when I moaned and hid against his body, he chuckled for the first time. “Yes, good boy, my Theo. You must turn to your Dom for comfort during stressful sexual pleasures.”

There was a crazy mix of desire and submission and embarrassment running through me but the soft, pleased sounds Jerker kept making said he was thoroughly enjoying whatever he was sensing from me. “Good boy.”

Giving me another firm spank, his limbs tightened around me in a wavelike motion that was soothing and arousing. Without thinking about it, I tried to rock and rub against his tentacles, but he kept me firmly in place. “Consent is important in human domination-based relationships. I have been made aware of that very clearly.”

Damn it.

Someone had told him we had to talk about shit.

“I consent.” Yes, that was clear. “I consent. Green.”

Fuck.

“That means I’m good.” Had anyone told him about safewords?

“Safewords. Yes, good boy.” I got another head pat and I could hear almost parental-like pride in his voice “Those are very important to humans.”

Part of me wanted to laugh, but I nodded and did my best not to do anything that would distract him. “Yes...they’re...they’re part of human communication in...in domination-based relationships.”

“Because humans are not able to discern enough information based on nonverbal data.” His smiling, matter-of-fact tone sounded like he’d read it in a book.

And one that he thought was cute...or something close to that.

“However, humans do not always have the ability to process known information accurately when their hormones are...adjusting.”

We didn’t think when we were horny.

He wasn’t wrong but I didn’t want either of us thinking at the moment.

“Your increased desire has made it difficult for your brain to keep track of important information.” Giving my bottom one more light spank, he shifted me around on his lap until I was sitting up on two of his larger limbs. “Without clear consent, human rules dictate I must not provide sexual pleasures in public.”

Looking around the employee lounge, he had a thoughtful expression on his face. “This may be considered public. I am not certain of that fact when it comes to how humans see privacy, but on my ship, I would consider this...what is the word...half public?”

“Semi-public. But half works.” Shit.

Crashing my face into his torso, I sighed before straightening. “Yes, this is at least semi-public and we shouldn’t be doing...sexual stuff in here.”

I’d started to just give a euphemism, but decided at the last minute he wasn’t the kind of guy I should be vague with.

“I am pleased I understood human customs in that regard.” One smaller limb stroked over my head and it took me a second to realize his nubs were fixing my hair. “Social etiquette seems to indicate that we participate in the ritual consumption of food before we can leave.”

He didn’t seem pleased with that idea either, but as the captain-ish person, I was pretty sure he’d gone to a lot of events he’d wished he didn’t have to.

“Yeah, you’re right.” And logically, I knew I should get to know him more before I asked him to spank me.

An hour would be enough time for that, right?

“Then we can have privacy and...” How should I say it? “Um, and explore domination-based pleasures?”

Hmm, being clear was important.

“And I would like to be spanked.” Yes, I couldn’t die of embarrassment if he needed the words to be confident.

I was his first human...well, it seemed like his first human anything. And since their submission was complete and kind of crazy-sounding, I told myself again that

communication was going to be very important.

“To some human submissives, spankings provide a combination of pain and control-based caretaking, as in boundary setting and punishments.” His Humans for Dummies tone made me want to smile. “To other humans, it provides pleasure, pain, and invokes control-based caretaking that has a happy, owned undertone.”

I knew where his question was going but I still let him ask it anyway.

“Based on your physical signs and vocal tone, I have made an educated guess, but please indicate which category your desire for a spanking falls into.” Jerker waited, giving me a look like he knew he was smart and he wanted me to confirm it.

He was going to be a pain in the butt once he could read my mind.

Well, read my emotional and physical responses.

But I’d seen Larry do it to Nicholas and there was definitely mindreading involved, no matter how they described what they were doing.

Trying not to sigh or give him mixed signals so early in our relationship, I did my best to keep my tone even and not dramatic. “I like spankings in the happy owned way.”

Yep.

Well, in for a penny and all that... “It makes me aroused.”

His body shifted and if he’d been human, his chest would’ve puffed out. “I am glad to see I have already started being able to reliably read your signals.”

I'd seen Larry have similar looks when he was right about stuff, but Jerker took it up a notch. I had a feeling I was going to need to remember that captains were just a bit more interesting than the average alien.

"Me too." There was no point in ignoring how fabulous he thought he was, so I kissed his cheek. "It makes me feel special that you're learning to read me so quickly."

He was nearly floating he was so proud of himself.

"Keeping you safe, happy, and physically content are the most important things to me, my Theo."

My?

I was already his my?

Wait. Had he already said that?

Oh...I should've listened closer to Nicholas when he'd said he met and moved in with Larry in the same afternoon.

"Thank you, my Jerker." Well, it wasn't like I was going to let the perfect Dom walk out of my life just because we hadn't known each other very long.

Besides, he was polite and cuddled really well too.

And making him happy couldn't be as hard as he seemed to think it would be.

Puffing up again, he gave me a full-body hug with every limb. "You are such a good submissive human and make me very happy. I must explain that. Come."

Oh.

Lifting me off his lap, he stood me carefully on the floor before his smaller limbs fixed my clothes and combed through my hair again. “Humans wilt easily. No. Rumples. Yes, that is the word.”

We just wore more clothes than they did.

Wilted kind of made sense though...especially with the way I was trying to convince my cock to deflate.

He wasn't cooperating.

But Jerker didn't seem to think that was a problem because he just shifted my erection to the side as he did his straighten me up pat-down thing. “Yes, now you are proudly displayed so that others may know you are being well-tended.”

Great.

That was something I hadn't thought to figure out a boundary for.

Nicholas should've prepared me for finding the alien of my dreams better.

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“You were serious about that whole you met Larry and within a few hours moved in together story, weren’t you?” Nicholas snickered and nodded but Larry and Jerker pretended not to hear us.

It seemed like along with explaining BDSM, someone had explained a few other social niceties to my new...something.

“Yep.” His eyes twinkled as he grinned and waggled his eye brows, looking more like a naughty frat boy than the genius scientist that he actually was. “Congrats seem to be in order.”

Rolling my eyes was my first reaction, but after a second, I shrugged and nodded. “Probably? Jerker is...well, he’s going to be taking care of me.”

It wasn’t until Larry laughed and a few other humans around us snickered that I realized how that’d sounded.

Gesturing toward him with my fork, I glared at the giggling lunatic. “Not that way.”

Nicholas wasn’t contrite and kept laughing. “Oh yeah, that way. But several other ways too.”

Ugh.

“Fine.” There wasn’t any reason to deny it since every human in the room was at least curious about BDSM and every alien in the room had dreams of taking care of their own human sub. “We’re going to be getting to know one another.”

That got more giggles from the people around us at the table, but I barely blushed that time because half of them were making eyes at the tentacled cuties they were fantasizing about too. “He’s very sweet.”

Nodding, Nicholas’s smile got less frat boy with a dirty joke and more understanding. “Yeah, he seems very sweet on you.”

He was not helping my blush, so I decided to change the subject. “It seems like more people paired up while we were talking.”

And cuddling.

And teasing.

Ugh, I was still hard just thinking about it and I knew it wasn’t going to go down anytime soon because every time it did, Jerker would reach over with one of his smaller limbs and pet my back or my leg. I wasn’t sure what his motivation was, but it was definitely deliberate and making me slightly insane.

Back to smirking, Nicholas nodded as he looked around the restaurant where the groups were broken up at several long tables. “Yeah, it’s going pretty good so far. There’s no way of knowing how much is just horny and how much is hormones, but I think it’s a success.”

There was no reasonable response to that...and probably not a polite one either considering we were in a restaurant...so I just ignored the weird part. “I’m glad. At the very least, it seems like everyone made some new friends.”

And not just in the naughty, euphemism way.

When we’d first walked in, most people were standing around awkwardly like we

were at a middle school dance, but as we were eating, everyone I could see around us was chatting and looked like they were having fun.

Of course, some people's fun was naughtier than others.

I could see several tentacles that seemed to be wandering and more than a few blushing human faces.

Hmm, maybe Jerker was behaving himself better than I'd given him credit for.

"So, you moving in with the captain or is he moving in with you?" Nicholas was trying to keep a straight face but I could see he was thoroughly enjoying fucking with me.

"Our plan is to spend the evening together and we'll go from there." I was not even going to give Jerker any ideas that moving in together was something that humans did on the first date.

Especially since he'd gone very still on the other side of me.

"Then we'll have to plan our next date. I'm looking forward to spending time with him." His body slowly came back to life as another tentacled Dom on the other side of him leaned in close and whispered something to him, but it was the way one limb started petting my thigh again that made it clear he approved so far.

Just that tiny bit of approval went right to my head...both of them actually...and gave me confidence I wouldn't normally feel considering we'd just met. "And I need to share my limits list with him while we have a conversation about it. Communication is important."

Oh, he liked that too.

His tentacle went from patting my thigh to caressing my dick and I had to work at keeping my face neutral. “He’s already been very clear about what he’s thinking and I appreciate that.”

God, he was rewarding me when I said good things about him.

Was it a domination thing or a it made him happy thing?

Did it matter?

No.

Nicholas’s gaze dropped down to my lap but other than a faint smirk he didn’t give away what Jerker was doing to me. “Communication is very important and I’m glad you guys are planning on talking about limits.”

It wasn’t really a question but he raised one eyebrow.

So it was a question?

Oh.

“We’ve already addressed some things and I will remember everything you said about boundaries.” To remember that I needed them and not get railroaded by a sweet Dom.

He probably should’ve given me that lecture a few more times because Jerker was really sweet.

“That’s good.” Nicholas dropped his gaze to my lap again, barely shaking his head. “I’m slightly jealous of your conversations, though.”

That one sentence was enough to have Larry tune back in, and before I could blink, he had one tentacle playing with his sub's dick as he went back to some kind of conversation on hormonal variations and how the university wouldn't let him do sexual research.

Nicholas rolled his eyes and groaned. "I should think before I talk sometimes."

"Yep." My new goal in life was to think more than he did, but since I was also getting played with at the table, I didn't have high hopes.

I did, however, have an interesting new friend and a hard-on that might kill me.

So...the night was definitely looking up.

"Human dating rituals regarding safety indicate that I must ask one additional time if you are comfortable with me entering your establishment." Barely waiting a breath, he frowned. "I do not understand why that question must be repeatedly asked. You are highly communicative."

Huh?

Jerker's words took me a few seconds too long to answer, and it wasn't until I could see that he was starting to worry that my brain took over.

"Yes, I'm comfortable with you coming into my apartment." What else had he said?
"Um, I think it's to make sure that people who aren't good at communicating are both agreeing with what will happen."

Maybe?

“Some people don’t say what they mean and confusion happens.” Oh. “But I won’t do that to you.”

Even if it killed me.

God, if he wanted me to answer questions, he had to stop caressing me.

“We both understand communication and I won’t confuse you by saying one thing and meaning another. It’s not what a good BDSM relationship looks like either.” I had a feeling there was another sentence in the middle that would’ve connected the two ideas better, but one of his smaller tentacles was caressing my hip and it was so distracting.

I would’ve been able to function better if he’d been jerking me off, but the unintentional teasing was making my brain glitch like one of the cheap computers in the lab that Nicholas was always screaming about.

I thought I sounded rambling and kind of stupid, but Jerker beamed at me and stroked over my head. “Good boy. Yes, we remember the importance of accurate communication.”

We had to get inside before one of my neighbors decided to be nosy.

“Thank you.” Giving him a quick peck on the cheek, I fished out my keys and opened the door. “Let’s go...let’s go sit down and talk.”

Anything to get us out of the small hallway because I could hear footsteps coming down the stairs.

Thuddy ones.

I lived in an interesting neighborhood and I wasn't sure Jerker was ready to meet my neighbors.

"I approve of that activity." Giving me a cute head pat, he pushed open the door once I'd pulled the key back and we made it into the apartment before I figured out who was thumping down the stairs. "You have a generous sitting appliance. I am grateful to see that."

He was so grateful he picked me right up as soon as I set my keys down on the little thrifted table that I'd found when I'd first moved in.

Sucking in a breath as he held me like a princess he was rescuing, I wrapped my arms around him. "I...thank you."

Maybe?

I wasn't sure what a good response would've been but I didn't mind being carried inside so I didn't want to send mixed signals.

"We are no longer in what is considered public, my Theo." He looked very pleased about that as he settled on the couch with me on his lap. "Public is more difficult than I had anticipated."

I wasn't sure if that was about finding a partner or just about peopling in general, but I couldn't argue with him. Public was difficult sometimes, so I snuggled closer and nodded. "It is, so I'm glad we've got privacy now."

Because I had questions, and I wanted to be rewarded again, and I wanted to come.

And I'd probably want to do all of those things several times.

Jerker seemed to understand at least some of that because his caresses weren't as innocent as they had been just seconds before. One smaller limb was already moving up between my thighs and he petted my dick as he made a thoughtful sound. "You were hard for me earlier, my mate."

Was he pouting?

I was still half-hard.

"I'm getting there again, don't worry." Driving had taken a lot of thought and he'd been a great Dom and hadn't felt me up while I was driving the death machine he thought was insane.

Jerker hadn't gotten used to cars yet.

"I am your dominant partner and will help with the situation." Jerker's limbs tightened around me before I could figure out how I felt about my dick being called a situation.

It fixed the situation.

"Good boy, my Theo." The pulsing motion he made over my cock brought it back to full mast and got a moan from me, making my Jerker even more happy. "Yes, you enjoy pleasures."

Yep.

And the way he appreciated it made it impossible for me to be embarrassed about it. "I like the pleasures you give me."

Communication was important and I didn't want him to forget how much I liked his

touch.

“That...” Shoot. My words were wandering off. “That feels good and...and I like being held tightly.”

It was like the sexiest full-body hug I’d ever gotten. I didn’t have another way to describe it even though that didn’t seem like enough.

“Can...” Damn it. Words. “Can I wiggle and try to escape? But...but don’t let me? Please?”

Jerker made a thinking sound as his tentacles rippled over me in an almost unconscious gesture. “Prey instincts. Yes.”

He wasn’t talking to me yet, so I did my best to stay still and soak up the pleasure he was already giving me.

“That is an understandable desire for your species and subject as a submissive human. However, before we continue, I must insist on the use of safewords going forward.” He waited until I nodded to finish his thoughts. “You must also articulate your needs for post struggle pleasures.”

Shit.

Articulate needs.

Got it.

He wasn’t a mind reader yet.

“I...I’m feeling needy and aroused.” Yes, I was going to stick to the facts so my new

Dom didn't get confused. "After...after I struggle, I would like to come...to orgasm."

Yes, euphemisms bad.

"We...we talked about giving me a spanking." Thank God. He was sweet and there was definitely something special about him, but I wasn't going to ignore how much I wanted to be spanked. "But...but you could also explore my body and figure out what we both like. There...there are lots of things we could do."

His wonderfully flexible limbs slowly tightened around me. "Once the different variations of pleasure have been applied to you, my submissive, additional conversations must be held. That is nonnegotiable."

"Deal. Yes." Oh wow, he was so strong. "I agree."

"Good boy." He rewarded my good behavior by jerking me off faster, the limb on my dick moving at a faster rate than the other ones, like the sexiest game of pat my head and rub my tummy ever. "You must also do your best to answer any questions I have as I apply pleasure to you, my Theo."

I couldn't hold back a groan, but it didn't piss off Jerker.

"You have the human trait of being dramatic." He seemed to find that cute but he didn't let it distract him. "I must ask questions. I do not have a limit list as of yet. How will I know if you appreciate painful pleasures to your genitals if I do not ask?"

Fuck.

Jerker kept making words more and more difficult and more and more important.

He was definitely a Dom.

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“Your physical reactions indicate that pain would be appreciated, but from my research, that is something that must have additional communication.” Giving my cock a squeeze just to make sure I knew what he was talking about, Jerker didn’t seem like he was going to rush through the conversation part.

“Activities such as impact play and the stimulation your people have labeled lightning require discussions and I may not make assumptions.” Someone had definitely given him a weirdly accurate list of stuff that he had to talk to humans about.

“Yes...” Ugh. Words. He looked so serious I knew he wasn’t going to do anything interesting without another conversation. “Um, for now...until we talk...communicate...let’s say small pain to my genitals.”

I was going to come just talking about it.

“Mild pain in spanking my ass and lower thighs.” Was that a good explanation? What did he need to know? “As long as I’m still hard and feeling pleasure it will be fine.”

Ripples were so distracting.

He’d know if I was feeling pleasure, right?

That was some kind of chemical reaction? Wasn’t it?

“I...” Couldn’t fight. Had to pay attention. “No lightning yet. But...but you can take my clothes off.”

Yes, naked pleasures would be good.

Wait.

Hadn't he already understood that was the plan?

I just couldn't remember anything and his grip finally getting tighter didn't help any. Thankfully, the time for long sentences seemed to be over and his limbs constricted around me until I moaned. "Can you escape me, my human?"

No.

God, that was so perfect.

"Humans have many fantasies of being chased by monsters in the darkness." His tone said he was fascinated by that and didn't seem to mind being the monster in our current scenario. "You have been caught, my human."

Squirming in his grip and trying to free myself even though I really didn't want to, I shook my head. It was the only free part of me that could move and just realizing that turned my desire up a notch.

The best part was that I didn't have to explain it to Jerker.

He just knew.

"Your pleasure is delightful, my captive." Still keeping his grip tight, his limbs rippled over me. "You are mine. Restraining you this way pleases my instincts."

Hearing something in his voice that almost sounded like desire had my dick throbbing as it tried to get even harder. I loved that he was enjoying it, but the subtle

reminder that he was predator not prey sent crazy emotions spiking through me and the aching need in me had me fighting against him.

No matter how I squirmed, I couldn't get free and I couldn't get more friction against my dick. "I've got to...I need..."

Squeezing my eyes closed, I whined and fought as crazy sensations whirled through me. But Jerker didn't let anything distract him and he didn't second-guess what I wanted. The closest thing I'd ever gotten to this level of perfection had been once years ago when I'd first started exploring BDSM. There hadn't been enough of a spark or trust between us, and he'd quickly decided he didn't care for that type of play.

But I'd loved the tiny bit I'd been shown and Jerker was taking it to a-whole-nother level.

"I have to..." Escape. Come. Something. "I can't..."

I almost moved my hips, every muscle in my body working against his to do it, but that was only because he'd relaxed two smaller tentacles and I managed to get the tiniest bit of leverage.

Oh wow.

One thuddy spank over my cock sent a wave of pleasure and pain crashing through me. As the sensations had me melting into him, Jerker made a rough sound and huffed. "Escape is not possible. You are trapped, my captive, and must learn your place."

Yes!

Someone had explained fantasies and dirty talk to him.

As I realized that we should've had that conversation before we'd started playing, I figured out why he'd relaxed his hold.

To take off my pants.

Quickly stripping me and leaving me in just my shirt and socks, his limbs rolled me over so I was ass up and restrained again before I could think. All I had time to do was to suck in a breath before the feeling of being his captive got even more incredible.

As one smaller tentacle came down on my ass, he sighed and used his amazing body to push my ass up. It definitely made me feel like his captive, but it also sent embarrassment and desires firing through me. "Your pleasant submission is required, my human captive. You must not fight me. Learning that lesson is a priority."

That lesson came with several wonderful spanks, each one coming down across my ass and moving lower like he was decorating it with stripes. "Education is sometimes difficult."

That was a spectacular understatement that came with more hot pleasure flooding through me as he spanked the underside of my ass. "I will help you learn to accept your place. But do not fear, I am persistent and will not be distracted from my goal."

The fantasy he'd built and the pleasure he was forcing through me had reality getting scrambled in my head. My body tried to keep fighting but it was exhausting and made me feel almost lightheaded as I finally gave in to being his captive.

As my body relaxed, submission came floating through me, and as the floaty feeling wrapped around me, he stopped spanking me and I was turned over again. He moved

me like a rag doll and there wasn't a doubt in his mind about who I belonged to.

Him.

Captive. Mate. Boyfriend.

However he was defining me—because some of it actually seemed incredibly hard to believe—he was confident that I was his.

“Yes, your role is simply to submit, my captive.” Jerker's tone deepened and he sounded like a top predator as one thinned-out limb draped over my eyes, forcing the darkness on me that time. “You will not be allowed to forget.”

Moving his captive around, he spread my legs, giving him access to every inch of me and leaving me wondering if he'd really do it. Just the threat of the pain that might be coming was enough to have my dick bobbing and begging for attention and the way he had me displayed made it all even more mind-blowing.

Would he do it?

Somehow I'd forgotten that aliens never lied about what they wanted.

An almost whip-thin tentacle slapped the underside of my dick and fireworks burst through me. I jerked, fighting against it instinctively as he spanked the head of my dick with the slender tentacle that time. “Submission must be complete, my captive.”

My body seemed to agree with him because with just one more incredible-feeling smack, the mix of pain and pleasure took the decision out of my hands completely. The buzzy pleasure vibrating through me totally overwhelmed me, and it was like I was wrapped in a warm blanket as reality drifted away.

But as incredible as it'd been to find subspace, coming out of it was even better.

As the world tuned back in, Jerker was wrapped around me again and the nubs of one tentacle were caressing my dick, keeping me hard enough that all I could do was moan. "Yes, good boy. You must now have the completion of your pleasures."

My brain didn't quite understand what he meant but the little head knew what the plan was. It throbbed as Jerker's almost finger-like appendages tickled over me before deciding that my slit was the best place to play.

Thank God for Type-A overachievers and their research.

When one thinned out and started fucking my slit, all I could do was shake and let the pleasure ride through me. He could reach so deep and it was the most insane feeling of being fucked from the inside out. I didn't have the energy to move, much less fight to hold the pleasure back, so when my orgasm finally burst out of me, I had no control at all.

My Master was in control and he'd decided it was time for me to come.

Pressing right under my balls to tease my prostate from the outside, he fucked my slit faster as he gave my balls a tug and everything exploded. As cum fired, he pulled his nub out of me and it was like he'd decided to pull my orgasm out of my body.

All I could do was shake and cry out as he kept up the gentle but utterly relentless pleasure, jerking me off and winding his dick around my cock until I was boneless and exhausted. He knew the second the pleasure shifted and became too much and changed to softly holding me, still making sure I knew I was his.

I felt like I'd run a marathon but I turned my head into his torso and rubbed my cheek against him. Once I'd caught my breath, I knew I should tell him how incredible

that'd been, but air was still hard to find.

He was smart, though.

He kissed my head and made a happy sound as he slowly started rocking us side to side. "You did very well at releasing your pleasure, my Theo. I am very proud of you."

He was so cute.

I managed to kiss his torso and think happy thoughts but words were still MIA.

"Yes, I am glad you enjoyed our time exploring painful pleasures as well." His response made it clear he'd gotten the happy thoughts part. "Now I will provide what is called aftercare. I will hold you and tell you how well you did and then I will hydrate you."

Cuddles.

Good jobs.

Water.

Yep, he understood aftercare.

"Then we will continue our conversation, my Theo." Before I could groan, he patted my head. "You will try to avoid it. I have been educated in that fact even though I do not understand the logic. But do not fear, I have also been told that the correct response will be stubbornness and to provide rewards for good behavior."

Someone was definitely educating the Doms entirely too well.

Stupidly smart Type-A aliens.

But since it seemed like I wasn't going to escape the conversation part, I closed my eyes and nuzzled against him. "Yes, Master."

Hey, words.

"Oh, my Theo." Petting me softly, he sat me up slightly and cuddled me against his torso like he was a kid holding a baby doll. "I will be a good dominant partner and provide you with structure and pleasure."

Part of me knew both of those things could get quickly out of hand, but I was stupid and smiled because he was just so sweet. "Thank you."

My arms went to hug him before I realized I wasn't as stuck as I had been before. It took a few seconds for my brain to catch up to what my body was doing, but I was just amazed I could move at all. Every muscle from my shoulders to my toes ached and my dick was so worn out not even his caresses made it twitch.

"That was wonderful." It wasn't the most eloquent thing I could've said but Jerker liked it.

His snuggly cuddles and the way he was holding me so carefully made that clear even if I'd have misunderstood his words. "I now understand the enjoyment others have gained through their human submissives."

Him not being human gave the sentence a sweeter tone. "I'm glad you enjoyed it too."

"Controlling your pleasure was highly satisfying, but the underlying caretaking was highly fulfilling." Stroking one tentacle over my head, he made a very pleased sound.

“Yes, I shall enjoy caretaking.”

Ignoring the danger, Will Robinson signs going off in my head, I nodded. “We’ll find lots of ways for you to take care of me then. I want you happy.”

Jerker was still taking his cuddling duties very seriously but he made a soft thinking sound. “You have left off my new honorific, my Theo.”

Honorific?

Oh.

“Master?” I couldn’t help the way my cheeks were heating up but nothing I was radiating seemed to make Jerker upset so I just hid against him. “Was that okay? It...it felt right in the moment even though we haven’t talked about stuff like that.”

We hadn’t even really talked about his my business either.

He couldn’t mean it yet, but I liked imagining I might be his one day.

“If I understand the meaning of the honorific accurately, it means I will be...the supreme caretaker for my submissive.” He frowned like he wasn’t sure about the wording, but he didn’t get sidetracked. “You look to me for security and guidance with human emotional and physical needs.”

I wasn’t sure I’d have described it that way but that was what it boiled down to.

“Yes. That’s the right meaning of the word.” Trailing my fingers along his larger tentacles as I hugged him again, I snuggled into him to make sure he knew I still wanted attention. “There’s kind of a range of physical and emotional needs, though. Humans are...well, we’re kind of unique.”

Jerker's entire body tensed before he let out a breathy sound.

He'd laughed.

"Yes, humans are highly unique." His upper body gave a rolling motion that I thought was the human equivalent of shaking his head. "I was prepared educationally but the experience was more than expected."

Giggling softly, I nodded. "You've done great. I'm lucky I found you."

Or lucky that fate had put us together.

Or lucky that we were hormonally matched?

Hmm, there was kink stuff that needed to be thrown in too.

Nope, I wasn't going to overthink how we'd ended up together because I wasn't sure I could've explained it.

Giving off very Master kind of vibes, Jerker lifted me up and shifted me around so I was straddling his lap, ass sticking out from under my shirt as he cuddled me against his chest again. I probably looked stupid but he seemed pleased. "I found myself drawn to you when you first entered the dining establishment."

"Really?" Had he noticed all the humans? "I was kind of overwhelmed at first and then I wasn't sure how I was going to get to know anyone."

Jerker patted my head, confusing me for a moment. "Then it was lucky you lost consciousness so I could make my introductions in a memorable manner."

Yep, luckily for me I fainted.

“You made a wonderful first impression.” I was going to have to remind myself of how cute he was when he did something like try to carry me forever because I sprained an ankle or something. “I liked waking up to you carrying me.”

I was such an idiot.

“And you did very good at explaining what was happening so I didn’t worry.” Looking back, he’d probably been just a bit stressed that I’d pull a human and lose my shit. “Thank you for that, Master.”

Oh, he liked that.

His limbs tightened and one smaller tentacle worked its way lower on my back and started caressing my ass. “You are welcome, my Theo.”

Making slow circles over it, he pressed me tighter against his body as the tip of his tentacle teased around my hole. “You are also a very good boy for using your manners.”

It seemed like good boys got good rewards from their Masters.

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All I could do was moan as his tentacle started shallowly fucking me as the rest of his limbs kept up the sweeter hugs he'd been giving me. "I believe the educational technique of rewarding appropriate behavior will be the most beneficial to use with you, my submissive. It would be counterintuitive to use pain-based behavior modification."

Couldn't spank me into being a good boy.

Yep, probably not, but I'd sure come a lot.

I nodded against him and managed to push enough of the growing desire to the back of my head that I could respond in words. "I'm...I'm reward motivated and I like...I like making you happy."

He seemed to understand that, but with the whole alien and not human thing, I figured it was best to be very clear about it.

"Then I shall be well-defined in regard to rewards and happiness." The thin tentacle in me started to thicken. "Your submission as you received pleasure was highly...it provided significant happiness."

Hmm.

He'd paused a bit too long.

Rubbing my cheek against his torso, I tried to find a few wandering brain cells. "It's okay if you don't know the words for something, Master."

Rocking onto the best butt plug I'd ever experienced, I kissed along the area where one of his larger tentacles met in what would've been his shoulder if he were human. "You speak English incredibly well and I always know what you mean."

His quiet lack of response said he didn't agree with me, but he didn't keep it up for long. "Verbal communication is important for human interactions. I am also not used to being...diseducated...no."

I wasn't sure if giving him the word was the right response or not, but I hated hearing him so frustrated. "Uneducated. I can understand why you used dis, though."

English was weird.

"Your language is precise and yet not." He let out a breathy sound, something like a huff and it almost sounded like he was pouting. "I have the ability to understand why our language professionals advised we learn it without agreeing with their decision."

He clearly hadn't liked English and had wanted to learn something else.

I'd have laughed if it wouldn't have upset him...and then there was the whole plugged thing.

"We don't like it either most of the time." We had a lot of words that meant the same thing but didn't really mean the same thing. "But I think it will get easier with more practice."

Had he said how long he'd been speaking English?

Probably not.

We were missing a lot of the stuff people picked up in small talk because we hadn't

done any.

“I’m not sure how to phrase this or even what question I should ask but how long have you been...how long have you not been the captain?” Yeah, English was a bitch at the best of times. Was retired the right word? Unemployed? “I think I’m trying to understand where you’re at in the get to know humans part of life here.”

That wasn’t much better but his quiet sounds said he understood the question.

“One of your months. I have realized my education is lacking but finding humans to interact with for educational purposes has been difficult.” Something in his words made me sit up and I saw him frowning. “I do not understand where some of the difficulties appeared, but I cannot get past the asking for coffee stage.”

Oh.

His entire body felt frustrated but that was probably because he was tense. “I do not understand why conversations must start there. I do not like that liquid.”

Oops.

“Um, that’s usually a regular human’s way of asking if you’re interested in dating them.” He went even more rigid and even the one in my ass felt weird. But I did my best to ignore all that and just focused on my confused...boyfriend.

“When we meet someone we think we might want to get to know on a more personal level, we hint and ask questions to see if the other person is interested in dating or something like that.” It seemed like all his social instructions had been geared toward talking to subs.

It made sense because of what he was looking for in a partner, but it wouldn’t help

him navigate the vanilla human dating scene.

“It is a social ritual that starts the process of finding a mate.” His body was slowly going back to its regular density, so I thought we were on the right track. “Your senses do not allow you to perceive potential mate bonds so you must have extensive rituals. Yes.”

He made us sound like cute little neanderthals he’d just discovered...but he wasn’t wrong, so I nodded and kissed his cheek. “Yes. They were showing they wanted to date you, but I’m glad you didn’t understand that. You’re mine and I’m glad you came to the party.”

He was too sweet.

I’d have lost him to another human before we’d have met if he’d dated a lot of other people first.

Oh.

Wait.

“A month?” Had that been what he’d said? “You’ve only been...not a captain for a month?”

Giving me a quizzical expression, he seemed to find the question curious. “Yes. Then there was time to...time to transition to Earth and find appropriate housing.”

Shit.

“You’ve only been on Earth a month?” Really? “Your grasp of our social customs and language is amazing then.”

Looking up toward the roof, I imagined the sky above the building. “You were on the ship since you got here?”

“Yes. I was...I was the captain.” He didn’t seem sure of that word but he looked like he thought it worked for the time being because he kept going. “When my time was expired, I turned over...I gave my position to another leader.”

And captains stay with the ship.

“I hadn’t thought about the fact that someone needed to stay up on the ship.” I had a vague memory of a news broadcaster saying something about it not being able to land on Earth safely. I was pretty sure it’d been made in space and was meant to stay in space. “I’m sorry you were stuck up there.”

Jerker was still looking slightly confused when I focused back on him, but that might’ve been because of my word choice. “I was not restrained.”

Yep.

Word issues.

“I mean... It feels like you were alone and far away. So it’s like being stuck.” Still wondering if that made sense, I was glad when he nodded slowly.

“I understand the association.” Looking thoughtful, he went back to stroking me softly and gently fucking me with the tentacle in my ass. “I did not see it in that context but it is not wrong.”

Snuggling back into him, I let the gentle pleasure build again as I trailed my fingers along his tentacles. “I’m glad you’re here now.”

For a lot of reasons.

But that didn't mean my questions had evaporated.

"I am glad as well." A small limb stroked over my head and the one in my ass was gently moving in and out, too slow for an orgasm to be the goal, but I didn't think that was his plan at the moment. "Your submission is pleasurable as well as your company, my Theo."

No, my submission was definitely his plan, not an orgasm.

"Thank you, Master."

But what else did he have planned for me?

For us?

"This might be a stupid question, Master, but...but we're dating, right?" Just because he'd used nice words didn't mean I should assume shit. "You...you said you were drawn to me but I want to make sure I understand what you want."

I wasn't the mate on the first date type even if they saw things differently. Hell, he might regret picking me at the dinner once he got to know me.

"Humans are just as interesting as I was told." His tone was more humans are weird rather than sounding offended so I just waited and snuggled. "This concept of dating is...sad may not be the right word but it is all I understand."

That kind of frustrated him but I nodded. "I get it."

Compared to what I knew of mates, and their species in general, it was sad.

“You go through finding your mates with such...hesitation.” Mumbling to himself about that word being close, his shallow fucking went slightly faster and the rest of his limbs got very cuddly. “The confidence that you have chosen right is remarkable.”

Hmm.

Yeah.

“But we’re very passionate and loving when we’re confident.” For the most part. “I know it’s not like that for you, but do you understand that humans need to date and to build that confidence?”

And he needed time to make sure he knew what he was getting with this human.

What if I couldn’t submit enough?

What if we didn’t have anything in common?

What if he got bored with me?

“Yes.” His confidence was clear in his voice and in the way his limbs tightened around me. “I have been told of dating and the human notion of taking things slow.”

Something really close to distaste tinged the words before he sighed.

Yep, I knew exactly how he felt about going slow.

“I won’t do that to you, Master.” I wasn’t sure what he was picturing but it was torture to him. “But I need to get to know you and for you to get to know me before we move-in together.”

Humans just didn't do that before they'd even had their first date, right?

The tentacle inside me sank deeper until the tip was finally teasing my prostate, making what felt like slow circles around it. I wasn't sure if this was his way of pouting but I wasn't going to discourage it even if it was making me crazy.

"I..." Fuck.

Giving up on words, I pressed my face against him and tried to rock back and forth, but his hold tightened again. Just having that one spot teased was almost torture, but the soft, soothing sounds he made as the pleasure almost faded into a buzzing at the back of my mind said he knew how good it felt.

"That is very good, my Theo. Submit and give yourself to me. Then we shall discuss navigating human dating rituals." The tip went round and round as he patiently waited for me to submit...and probably to stop worrying.

Overthinking was my specialty but he made it impossible to keep up with trains of thought that were more complicated than tentacles good.

They were really good.

They could hold me tight.

They could fuck me.

They would jerk me off.

Then there was lightning.

Oh, and there were spankings.

“That is very good, my Theo.” The tentacles that were wrapped around me started to ripple in a soothing motion. “Good boy. Yes.”

Good boy.

Yes, good boys got good things when they had a Master with tenacles.

They were so much better than hands.

“There is nothing to fear. You are my mate but I will remember you are human.” The tip inside me made what felt like a “come here” kind of motion that sent sparks through me. “I will give you security and safe caretaking and pleasures to help you relax.”

Yes, that’s what mates did.

When they weren’t fucking their sub’s brains out.

“My goals can be accomplished while we explore the human concept of dating.” One tentacle started caressing right over the area he’d spanked earlier, pushing the memories back to the front of my mind. “We will see movies. We will attend events. You will tell me about your day. Then I will provide caretaking and pleasure.”

He made it sound so easy.

Nodding against him, I rubbed my cheek against his body before kissing along the top edge of a larger tentacle. “I...I’m going to like...that...”

I’d been trying to say something else but his tentacle started pulsing against my prostate and the thoughts vanished. “Yes...I’ll...”

“You will submit and allow your Master to give you pleasures.” There was something soothing in his voice that had me sinking deeper into the sensations he was pushing through me. “Then I will provide caretaking measures.”

The gentle way he said that didn’t give me any clues about what he was imagining. But that might’ve been because all my thoughts were centered around my ass and how incredibly tight he could hold me.

Not that I had enough strength left to fight him.

Even if that’d been the game, I couldn’t have moved a muscle. I’d never had a partner who could wear me out so thoroughly or who could make me feel so helpless.

Wonderfully helpless.

Wonderfully trapped.

Wonderfully teased.

Just as the world was going foggy again, my orgasm flowed through me like a deep wave sucking me under. All I could do was float along the undertow as he played with me, barely fucking me as he kept up the too gentle pleasure.

When it’d finally faded, his tentacle slipped out of me and his limbs were back to stroking over me. “Pleasure and caretaking. All you are required to do is submit, my Theo. I shall take care of everything else.”

With anyone else I’d have second-guessed what they were saying or how long the scene would last and I’d go back to being alone. But this was Jerker.

My Jerker.

And just maybe...my mate.

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I wasn't even going to try to tell him that I could walk.

Even though I could walk.

It probably wasn't a good idea to let him start carrying me, but he was being so sweet and I kind of liked the way he'd just taken charge and decided it was time to get me cleaned up. I didn't have to worry about what should happen next or how to move the evening along.

Those were the hardest part of dating sometimes and not having to worry about them was almost as wonderful as being filled and spanked.

Almost as good.

I hadn't been planning on explaining that since it sounded ridiculous, but as Master set me down in my small bathroom, I realized he seemed to have noticed. One tentacle came up to pet my head and he had a studious expression on his face. "Your level of submissive engagement adjusted. Please explain."

Submissive adjustment?

Oh.

"Um, well..." Shoot. He'd noticed.

Wondering if I could explain it without sounding stupid, I tried to sort through the options. "I liked how you took charge and decided I needed a shower."

Okay, that hadn't been too bad.

Master must've realized I wasn't done because he waited patiently and kept petting my head. "Sometimes...sometimes when I've dated other humans, they don't take charge of things like that and it makes me worry. I don't know what to do next and I get stressed. That kind of ruins the scene."

Deciding that hadn't come out too badly, I let out a breath and stopped worrying obsessively over it. Master wasn't looking stressed and nothing about his reactions said he was upset about hearing about my past dating failures.

After a few moments, he shifted and I got a hug. "It is a common trait for submissive humans to find decision-making to be stress inducing."

He got it.

Relaxing into him, I nodded. "Yeah, I do really well at making decisions at work. Honest. I'm a good employee, but everything outside of that is hard."

I didn't want him to think I was useless, but dates and relationships weren't the same as deciding what to work on next or how to handle a problem that'd come up. There were just some people that couldn't understand the difference.

Master made a soft, almost thinking sound and tightened his hug. "You are a very proficient employee. The human mate Nicholas spoke highly of you."

When?

Guessing the nosy bastard had been gossiping before I'd even decided to go to the dinner, I realized it wasn't worth complaining about or questioning at the moment. "I'm glad."

He was such a brat.

“I would ask that you remember I find happiness in making decisions.” Shifting his hold on me so I was looking up at him, Master looked serious as he stroked his limbs over me. “That is one area of happiness I am not confused on. My place on the ship required providing extensive decisions and it was not displeasing. My species is also...wired differently.”

Enunciating the phrase slowly like it was Greek instead of English, he looked proud of himself when he got it out. “I was explained that by a human.”

Yep, we were definitely built very differently.

“It is an odd expression that means I will not react the same way humans would.” He didn’t seem to mind explaining the obvious since I’d missed it. “I must restrain myself from making excessive decisions for humans.”

He gave a liquidy shrug that made me smile. “Most humans do not appear as if they are...confident decision-makers.”

We were all indecisive subs compared to them.

Yep, that shouldn’t have surprised me.

Frowning and looking adorably confused, he sighed. “Most are even non-decisive in grocery decision-making.”

We must’ve driven him nuts on a regular basis.

“That’s probably stressful since most of the time you can’t help.” I’d never be able to put myself in his shoes on that one, but I could tell from his expression how painful it

was. “Most people don’t realize they’re stressing you out, though.”

And most didn’t understand how stressed they were making themselves.

Master sighed again. “I am filled with self-restraint.”

Yep.

“You don’t have to have self-restraint with me, though.” Ignoring how stupid that’d sounded and the red flags that were almost neon they were so bright, I kept going. “I like it when you make decisions for me.”

That was going to come back and bite me in the ass, but I couldn’t hold it in. He was so sad about not being able to help more people.

Limbs stroked over me more excitedly and it was almost like I could feel him getting lighter. “I am confident that is something that will make me happier, my Theo.”

I was an idiot...but I was an idiot with a very happy...boyfriend?

All I could do was snuggle against him and ignore the very logical points that popped up in the back of my head. I didn’t care that it could backfire. He was happy and I was getting lots of cuddles. I’d figure out how it would go wrong later.

Much later when future Theo would just roll his eyes and grumble about what an idiot past Theo had been.

“I’m glad, Master.” Yes, we’d just work on finding lots of ways he could make decisions for us.

It would be fine.

Yes, I could draw reasonable boundaries and tell him no if it came down to it.

Hopefully.

As long as he didn't look sad.

After getting a kiss on the head and a few more snuggly hugs with wandering limbs that reminded me just how half-naked I was, Master relaxed his hold on me. "My first decision-making task is to let you know that you must be bathed."

Definitely.

"Yes, Master." My immediate agreement made him puff up with pleasure.

"Then you shall explain your physical sleeping preferences and nighttime relaxation rituals." He said it so confidently I had a feeling he'd read that from some sort of manual. "Humans sleep in a variety of clothing and some even use sounds or music to be at ease."

"I can do that." Yes, that wouldn't be hard. "I'll tell you how I like to sleep."

I managed to do that in a reasonable way most nights, but I wasn't going to confess about the times I'd fallen asleep on the couch because going to bed was sometimes hard.

Nope.

I wasn't going to confess those bad decisions unless I absolutely had to.

"Good boy, my human." After giving me a pat on the head, his limbs went to work stripping me.

There wasn't much to take off, just my shirt and my socks, but somehow removing those made me feel much more naked. He didn't miss my shiver or the way my dick tried to puff up and his my human is doing something interesting look came back. "My Theo?"

Before he could figure out how to ask the question that was forming in his head, I just answered. "I liked being fully naked in front of you. It made me feel..."

Telling him I felt more naked wouldn't make any sense, so I tried another way to describe it. "It made me feel more submissive. I think because you're wearing clothes still, but I'm not sure why exactly."

I wasn't sure if that would confuse him but he made a quiet, understanding sound. "Humans often have emotions and desires that cannot be accurately explained or quantified. We will catalog the event and note repeat sensations moving forward. Data will provide us information. Do not worry. I will understand you."

He looked entirely too passionate about understanding me.

Oh, my desire was going to be Master's new project?

There was nothing logical to say to that without sounding paranoid, so I nodded. "Thank you, Master."

More neon flags.

I was starting to see why Nicholas had talked about setting boundaries so many times.

Still looking pleased as punch, Master puffed up and reached for the shower knob. "You are welcome. I am highly adept at research-based decision-making. It was my specialty before I became a leader."

Fuck.

I'd found a fucking scientist.

"What kind of research decision-making did you do?" That might not have been the right question to ask but it was the closest I could figure out as he steered me toward the shower and pulled back the curtain.

"Let me evaluate my word knowledge." Looking adorably thoughtful, he helped me into the shower and closed the curtain just enough that we wouldn't flood the room as he reached his tentacles inside of it.

As he turned me in the spray and wet me down, he made thinking sounds that were so cute I couldn't help smiling.

"The human delight at water-based activities and play is fascinating. You are not...there is a word...aquatic?" He clearly thought I was happy because of the shower but I wasn't sure telling him he was cute would come across right.

"That's the right word." Yep, vocabulary was a better topic. "I'm not sure why we like being in the water so much. I don't think I've ever heard anyone try to explain that."

"We shall study the topic." Reaching for the shampoo, he took control of my body and tilted my head back.

It was the weirdest shower ever, but the way he controlled everything that was happening was doing crazy things to me. I wasn't sure if it should've been pushing me toward subspace but it was. Master didn't seem to question it, though. He just made pleased sounds as he went back to our original topic.

“I do not have the correct vocabulary to explain it in the right details, however, a close description would be to say I evaluated projects to determine which would be most useful.” He didn’t seem to mind not having the exact word that time.

“I know what you’re talking about.” I cleaned the office of the guy who did that for the university. “I think we call it different things depending on where the job is, like if it’s for the government or the university system. That’s an important job.”

Because scientists couldn’t always be trusted to logically know where the money should go.

Master puffed up again as he started massaging shampoo through my hair. “I am pleased to see that you understand.”

And he was pleased that I thought he was smart.

“You’re used to making lots of decisions for people.” Closing my eyes as I tried to keep my moans to a minimum, I ignored the shiver that raced through me. “I’m not sure if it’s logical but I think that makes me worry less about wanting you to make decisions for me.”

I wasn’t exactly a job but it kind of felt like his hobby was making decisions.

And I was definitely a hobby.

One that could take up a lot of his time if I played my cards right.

His thinking sound made me smile. “I’m glad to make you worry less. I am also realizing that decision-making is another activity that brings me happiness. You are very smart to help me with that, my Theo.”

Giggling between moans, I knew my reactions were probably confusing but I couldn't help it. He was so cute and he was making me feel so good. "I...thank you, Master. I...I like helping."

That shouldn't have been so hard to get out, but I'd struggled.

Then I made the smart choice and stuck with moans.

Words were too hard to keep track of when he was caressing the conditioner through my hair. There just wasn't another way to describe what he was doing to me and that was before another limb or three started rubbing bodywash over me.

My dick couldn't seem to decide if it was supposed to be relaxing or getting excited, and my brain was having a similar debate about subspace. Master didn't mind my confusion, though. Based on what seemed to be a laugh as he teased the head of my dick, he seemed to be enjoying it.

"Humans are delightful." He gave the half-hard and confused toy a squeeze. "You have so many interesting features. You are curious and enjoy erotic pleasures. You even have a variety of foods to consume based on cultural regions."

Hmm.

That was basically humans in a nutshell.

Stupidly horny.

Dangerously curious.

And we'd eat nearly anything as long as it seemed interesting.

When I looked at it from that perspective, I wondered how we hadn't killed ourselves eating something stupid yet or just poking the wrong animal.

Humans should've never made it past the smart monkeys with tools stage of our development.

But as I moaned, I told myself I'd tell him about my weird thoughts later. I didn't have quite enough working brain cells at the moment to do anything else. Master was killing them off one by one as he got me squeaky clean and I was down to just a handful of working cells when one tentacle slipped inside me.

And there they went.

And there I went.

My dick had decided it was going to play, after all.

"Master." With anyone else, having fun in the tub would've been stupid, but when my legs went wobbly, Master wrapped one tentacle firmly around my waist.

It was helpful, which I appreciated since I didn't want to die in the tub, but it was also sending more confusing signals to my dick.

He liked us being tied up.

I liked that he liked us being tied up.

Master liked that we were all enjoying ourselves too.

"You are very receptive, my submissive." His voice was deeper or rougher somehow and that made everything even better. Between making Master happy and getting all

kinds of happy myself, I was loving bath time.

This was definitely a do-again adventure.

“Let us make sure you are well-tended and ready for sleep.” The tentacle currently fucking me was pulsing and teasing my prostate like some kind of toy, making it clear what he meant by well-tended. “Humans require sufficient amounts of exercise to sleep soundly.”

I loved exercise.

I loved vibrating tentacles.

And I loved having a Master who was strong enough to keep me upright when the dry orgasm he sent rocketing through me tried to take my knees out.

Best first date ever.

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I was stuck.

Why was I stuck?

Was I supposed to wake up stuck?

Oh.

Peeking one eye open, I saw a slender tentacle wave hi. So to be polite, I smiled back at it. “Hi.”

The adorable sound of Jerker laughing came from the other side of the bed. “Your alarm will sound in four minutes and thirty-two seconds.”

It took me a few seconds too long to realize that we’d just started some kind of beat the clock challenge. The tentacles around me started writhing and pulsing, bringing back the memory of arguing with Jerker about wearing clothes to bed.

I’d won and was still naked, but I had a feeling that might come back to bite me in the ass at some point.

For the time being, though, it’d turned out to be the best decision ever.

“Four minutes and twenty-one seconds, my mate.” Wrapping one limb around my dick and twirling around it like it was licking one of those rainbow-colored suckers, he quickly slipped another inside my ass and started making a similar motion.

Best fucking carnival ride ever.

As he slowly whispered the countdown, the rest of his limbs pulsed tighter around me. I might've actually made it to the alarm going off, but lucky for both of us, he figured out how sensitive my nipples were.

Nubbies were amazing.

They flicked.

They teased.

They pinched.

And as he got to one minute and nine seconds, they pulled my orgasm from my body.

All I could do was cry out because he was holding me so tight I couldn't even shake. The complete restraint made it feel like my orgasm was bouncing around inside me like a trapped pinball. It just kept lighting me up like I was his favorite game and all he had to do was mash my buttons.

When my alarm finally went off, I was boneless and trying to decide if I had the energy to pee. When that seemed debatable, my brain shifted to trying to remember when the last time I'd taken a sick day had been.

"You are uncomfortable, my Theo." Picking me up before I realized he was talking about my having to piss like a racehorse, Jerker was gentle as he hauled me off to the bathroom. "Humans are fragile, so multiple physical pleasures before work commences is not recommended."

He wasn't wrong, but I found myself pouting as he put me down in front of the toilet.

“But I like multiple pleasures.”

And he was really good at giving them to me even when my body tried to complain that wasn't always a good idea.

Master patted my head as he grabbed my cock and aimed it at the toilet—evidently I wasn't supposed to do that by myself anymore? “You are a very good boy, my mate. However, I must be constantly vigilant about your physical health.”

That didn't sound like I was going to get another orgasm before work.

“I will monitor your health closely and if I deem multiple pleasures safe, we will incorporate it into our morning routine.” Before my brain could wake up enough to figure out where the red flags in that sentence had come from, he patted my head again. “You must evacuate your bladder. Be a good boy.”

I wasn't awake enough for discussions with Jerker yet.

Once I'd realized that, everything else went more smoothly. I submitted. He was proud of me. Verbal negotiations weren't required at all.

Submissive, relaxed thoughts meant confident, take-charge Master.

Reminding myself that I needed to remember that, I snuggled into him as he carried me into the kitchen and just let him keep going. “You require a variety of healthy nutrients for your body to use as fuel.”

I was going to require caffeine too but I wasn't sure if that was considered a health nutrient or something I was going to have to sneak later.

As I tried to figure that out without sending longing looks at my coffee maker, Master

moved around the kitchen and opened every door and analyzed every appliance before setting me down at the table. “I have the knowledge that humans do not need to be hand-fed. You may sit on your own unless it is required for your submission.”

Shit.

Thank God for weird lectures...I was going to owe Nicholas flowers or something.

“If it’s something we want to explore in a scene, that might be fun, but yes, I can sit by myself and feed myself. Thank you, though.” I’d forgotten the subs in their society submitted that completely.

“Very good, my Theo.” After studying the contents of the fridge, he turned back to me. “Would you prefer a meat-based portable breakfast or would you enjoy consuming a grain-based meal?”

Huh?

I was going to have to brave the coffee discussion sooner rather than later.

Okay, grain-based meal probably meant oatmeal because nothing else made sense.

Simpler question...was there anything in the kitchen that I wouldn’t eat?

When nothing came to mind, I shrugged. “I would appreciate anything you made for me and...and I don’t know what I want for breakfast.”

It definitely wasn’t the time to point out that the Pop-Tarts in the cabinet weren’t as bad for humans as everyone kept saying.

“Decisions. Yes.” Nodding more to himself than to me, he ran a tentacle over my

head and started moving around the kitchen. “I will remember that going forward.”

Remember what?

Waking up was so hard.

“My Theo, are your sounds of need a desire for more physical pleasures or have you become enamored of the device that dispenses roasted caffeine?”

Would both be a reasonable answer?

Wait.

Did he think I was horny for the coffee pot?

Fuck it.

“I would like caffeine, Master, but I wasn’t sure if you would think it’s unhealthy.” Honesty wouldn’t kill me, but as he kept me waiting, I wasn’t sure it would give me what I wanted.

“Chemical dependence is something humans struggle with.” Heading over to the fridge, he finally got to his question as I realized he’d been talking about making me a breakfast sandwich. “Do you struggle with that, my Theo?”

Chemical dependence.

“No. I don’t think so.” How were we defining that?

I wasn’t sure if we both had the same understanding about what that meant, but I couldn’t figure out the answer until I’d gotten my chemical dependence fix.

So, rock meet hard place?

“Um, I like a cup first thing because I sleep very soundly and it helps me wake up and then another one mid-morning when I take a break. I don’t think that’s too much coffee. Oh, and I don’t drink alcohol very often. I don’t do drugs either.” I made a variety of stupid decisions without fucking up my brain to help me get there.

Looking lighter as he set down eggs and ham on the counter, he nodded. “Then I do not think we need additional negotiations about that substance.”

Yay, I didn’t have to defend coffee.

Oh, wait. I could’ve had to negotiate coffee?

Having a Dom was going to be harder than I thought.

“I’m glad, Master.” Because I might’ve been too much of a sub to defend my coffee if it’d have made him sad.

“May I make it?” Did I have to ask to do that? It was my kitchen but we were definitely figuring out new roles and rules. “I could do it while you make breakfast in the morning.”

Okay, just saying that made me realize I should ask how often he was planning on sleeping over.

Probably.

Last night was definitely my fault.

I had several vague memories of being a pain in the ass about not wanting to be put

down and wanting to be cuddled and generally just driving him bananas. I wasn't normally like that but being overtired and probably over-stimulated hadn't done my personality any favors.

"I think that is a reasonable plan for this morning, however, we must produce a daily and weekly timeline. I cannot plan your food intake and physical pleasures if I am not aware of your schedule."

He needed to know when to feed, water, and fuck me.

Got it.

On the surface, that was very reasonable.

Once I had enough caffeine in me, I'd figure out what made it unreasonable. There had to be at least a yellow flag in there somewhere but I couldn't pick it out yet.

Waking up was so hard.

"Yes, calendars and plans." Getting up from the table before he could change his mind, I hurried over to start making coffee. "So I need to write down stuff like what my work schedule is and important things I need to go do?"

As he turned on the stove, scrambled an egg, and cut cheese all at the same time almost breaking my brain, Jerker nodded. "Yes. That is where we will begin. Additional information can be done in phases around your work and your necessary physical pleasures."

We'd work around my job and my horniness.

Got it.

“Other time schedules will involve your daily routines, the tasks humans designate as chores, and those they call errands.” Jerker was in full Master taking over his sub’s life mode as he moved like we were in a kids’ cartoon show, every limb going a different direction. “That will provide me with sufficient information to begin.”

Begin what?

Nope.

I wasn’t going to ask.

“Alright.” Yep, I was going to sit down and drink my coffee and watch my Dom make me breakfast like we were living in a sci-fi show.

Oh, I was living in a dirty version of the Jetsons.

How did he keep every tentacle doing something different without losing his mind?

“Please advise me on your current schedule, my Theo.” Master had to repeat the order before it clicked in my brain.

Something about watching him pour the eggs into the pan while he made toast and searched the fridge for something at the same time was just as distracting as an orgasm. I had to physically turn my head and focus on my mug before I could focus on words. “Today. Yes.”

Starting the sentence even half-assed gave me a few seconds to figure out what to say next and to take a sip of the magical liquid that would help my brain come to life. “Um, I have to leave here in about an hour. I usually give myself plenty of time to get ready so that I’m not late. Today, I guess that just means I have time for us to chat over breakfast.”

Normally that basically gave me time to get distracted doing some kind of timewaster game on my phone or playing around with equally stupid what-ifs like “what if I went to college?” The games just destroyed time and looking up what I might study was equally as distracting.

There were lots of ridiculous things that always sucked up more time than I realized, so I’d learned to build in distractions to my plans.

“Is chat time in the morning important to you, my Theo?” If anyone else had asked me that, I’d have started looking for their motives, but I had a feeling Jerker’s question was meant to be just as practical as it’d come out.

And my very logical alien didn’t need me confusing him or talking around the subject, so I really thought about how to completely answer him.

“It’s not necessary in the morning for me to be happy or even content.” Refusing to overthink the conversation like I’d do with a human in the same situation, I took another sip and stayed focus on exactly what I thought he wanted to know.

How to take care of the human he’d found.

“If we’re together in the morning, at the very least, talking about the plans for the day makes sense and would probably make me feel good.” Yeah, I could see enjoying that kind of domestic scene with him.

It’d be like living out the kinky version of one of those old fifties sitcoms.

“But we don’t need to have long conversations. We can do that in the evening on workdays. Like when we go out on dates or if you want to call and talk.” Yes, that didn’t sound too needy. “If you’re not here when I’m getting ready for work, I’d probably text you good morning or something like that as long as it didn’t drive you

crazy.”

He made a noncommittal thinking sound as he plated up the most perfect breakfast sandwich I’d ever seen. “All forms of communication will be something I encourage, my Theo.”

I had a feeling that would be an understatement.

“So that means I can text you first thing without worrying I’ll annoy you?” My question had him looking at me like he thought I was confused about reality. “I just want to make sure. Clear communication, right? I thought that was what you were saying but I want to make sure I can’t start worrying over it later.”

That had his thinking face coming back and he made quiet sounds that I had a feeling were for my benefit.

Fuck it.

“Do you make sounds when you think so I know what you’re doing?” It really sounded like a stupid question until he nodded and looked at me like I was the smartest little puppy he’d ever seen.

“Yes.” He was so proud of me he even patted my head as he went back over to the stove. “Humans require several layers of communication. The first-contact team discovered that very quickly. Without the ability to sense hormonal changes and other physical reactions, you have built in a variety of nonword-based information exchanges.”

Oh.

“So we didn’t react well without the clues?”

How not well?

Jerker nodded, probably another human thing he'd learned to do just for us, and went back to moving around the kitchen. "Please eat, my Theo. The temperature of human food changes its taste and viscosity."

He was so cute.

"Yes, Sir."

My reward for taking a bite was for him to continue the story. "From the report I was provided, the first-contact team was met with suspicion and unreasonable fear when we went from electronic communications to in-person discussions."

Online to in person.

Got it.

"And that turned out to be about sounds?"

Really?

Humans were weird but not that weird, right?

"Yes." As he started to make what looked like it would be several more sandwiches, he nodded. "The political leaders began as polite but it quickly...uninvolved?"

"Devolved."

Once I'd given him the word I thought he'd been looking for, he perked up and storytime got back on track. "Yes. Our natural state is still and quiet. We are not

prey.”

Oh.

I hadn’t thought of that.

“And we started worrying that you guys were the boogie man or some kind of predator out to eat us.” It would’ve been like some kind of Hollywood horror movie.

“If I understand your expressions, yes.” Master sighed, another humanism I appreciated. “However, one of the human first-contact team members had worked with a variety of remote Earth-based civilizations and was able to explain the problem.”

That would’ve been crazy.

“So you guys learned to pick up our nonverbal cues and stuff. I think that makes sense, and I have to say, I appreciate you not sounding like the monster in a scary movie.” That would’ve been hard to deal with. “I’ll adapt now that I understand what to expect, so you don’t have to keep doing the human stuff if you don’t want to.”

Shaking his head as he started assembling three different sandwiches at the same time—still amazing—Jerker didn’t seem inclined to take me up on my offer. “I must continue to practice. However, I will give you gratitude for the offer and your understanding.”

Practice?

He hadn’t been doing it as long as everyone else.

Duh.

“Alright.” As he came back over to the table, I reached out and caressed one of his tentacles. “But just remember, I know you’re not human. I’ll just need you to explain things sometimes.”

I’d probably need him to explain a lot, but it felt obvious, so I didn’t point it out.

I would however start making lists...lots of them.

Like where had he learned to cook?

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“I think it went well.” Yes, I was confident about that part. “No, it went well. It’s just...”

Nicholas raised one eyebrow as he leaned against the door to the small closet, inadvertently trapping me in the tiny room. “Just what?”

Now he was worried.

That meant his mate would start to worry.

And that would start a chain reaction I didn’t want to live through again.

“I keep remembering things I should’ve asked him and I’m kind of feeling like a first-date failure.” Trying not to sound stressed enough to trigger the domino effect of worries, I took a breath and forced my shoulders down.

“I don’t know what he does for a living or why I dropped him off at an office complex instead of a house this morning. I don’t know where he learned to cook and when I’m going to see him again. And I’m kind of worried that tired me was a brat and I kidnapped him into staying over because he was too nice to tell me no.” That was definitely something Jerker would do.

I’d even forgotten to ask him about his name because I knew there would be a reason why he picked it.

Yep, I’d figured out a few different ways to make him happy and had submitted but that was the extent of what I’d done right.

Nicholas didn't seem to understand the seriousness of the situation because he started to chuckle. "First of all, they're impossible to kidnap because their bodies fit down the drain for fuck's sake. You couldn't keep him restrained no matter how hard you tried. Have you ever seen those videos of octopuses getting in and out of crazy places?"

Oh.

When I nodded, he raised his hands in a "see what I mean" kind of gesture. "Yes, they are so nice there've been some weird social situations, but we made sure that everyone at the party last night was told to be honest with the humans they were talking to and that they weren't supposed to do anything they didn't want to."

Good.

Yes, that was good.

So maybe he hadn't been kidnapped.

"You were so tired you were a brat, huh?" Nicholas's eyes sparkled as his own brat came to the surface. "He wore you out good?"

Ugh.

My blush had him snickering and doing a wiggly happy dance. "I knew it."

"We've discovered how many orgasms it takes before I dry fire and before I become pain-in-the-ass tired." There was no point in trying to escape Nicholas's curiosity. "I basically told him he couldn't leave and he stayed once I fell asleep."

Giggling, my naughty friend grinned even wider. "He would've loved that. Trust me.

His biggest worry last night would've been having to leave and he was probably working on a thousand different reasons to justify staying."

Hmm.

I couldn't remember Jerker trying to talk me out of it.

But that might've been because he'd been told not to argue with crazy humans.

"Um, well, he made me breakfast and he didn't seem to be in a rush to leave." Even if he'd been human, none of his actions said he'd wanted to leave. "He...he even talked to me about how much caffeine I drank. That means he wants to stay, right?"

Making rules for a sub meant the Dom wanted to see them again at the very least.

Nicholas started to say something but once my brain got going it was like a train and I kind of railroaded over him. "But I forgot to ask about his life and his plans. I don't know anything about that part of his life. What if he thought I was rude and he decides he doesn't want to see me again? What if he doesn't care how much coffee I have at work today?"

I'd been so worried about that, I hadn't even gotten a cup on my break.

"I was so distracted with wanting more cuddles before we left my apartment that I forgot to ask for his phone number. Does he even have a phone? I didn't see one." Had I even looked for one? "But now I'm starting to think that means I just wasn't paying enough attention. He had pants on. That has to mean he had a phone in his pocket."

How was I supposed to see him again?

Why hadn't I thought about that before?

"I talked to him about texting him in the morning if we hadn't spent the night together, but it took me way too long to realize that he never said anything about texting me back." How had I missed that? "What does that mean?"

"Well." Flicking one hand and gesturing toward me, he sighed. "This level of crazy says you're already starting to bond and you're missing your mate."

What?

Luckily for me, he kept going with something I could understand. "He probably didn't say anything about the texting in the mornings when he doesn't sleep over because he's planning on always sleeping over. I'm betting he just decided not to mention that point until he had to."

Really?

I must've looked confused because Nicholas laughed. "They've really taken to that ask for forgiveness instead of permission thing. They think it's basically like Domming with words and they find it fascinating."

Okay, that kind of made sense...and even if it was a little confusing, Nicholas definitely knew them better as a species than I did.

"They also don't sleep as much as we do, so he probably had half the night to plot and plan. I'm betting he researched what to feed you and studied that kind of stuff. He also probably figured out a half-dozen different ways to convince you that he needs to come over tonight."

Oh. I knew about the sleeping thing.

“And have you even checked your phone?” When I just looked stupidly at Nicholas, he sighed and held out his hand. “Gimmie.”

It wasn't until I just handed over my phone without a thought that part of my brain came back online and asked me what the fuck I was doing.

“See?” Aiming the screen in my direction, Nicholas gestured toward the contacts page. “Unless you’ve always had someone labeled as Mate Jerker in your phone, he did it while you were in brat mode or sleeping.”

I had his number.

He had a phone.

I could find him again.

“Logic first and panic second, cutie.” Nicholas grinned when I flipped my middle finger at him. “Naughty naughty. Be a good boy or I’ll tell your Master you were rude. He’s your Master already, isn’t he?”

Before I had a chance to figure out how to tell him to fuck off, a bigger distraction appeared. Nicholas’s mate.

“Your emotions have been fascinatingly variable, my mate. Have you found someone new to interrogate?” Larry knew his mate well enough to say that sentence completely seriously.

Rolling his eyes, Nicholas leaned back into his mate’s embrace. “That was an interview. A conversation. There were no interrogations.”

Bullshit

I'd heard from several people that it'd definitely not been an interview. The stupid kid who'd been trying to wiggle his way into the department hadn't been smart and had told Nicholas how hot his mate was.

It'd just gone downhill from there.

"We were just talking about Theo's date. They're mates and his cute human brain is overloading." Neither looked worried about that and they smiled like I was adorable. "He just figured out he doesn't know what Jerker does for a living and realized a bunch of other odd stuff. He'll be fine once he gets time to submit later."

Oh.

I could just ask for that, couldn't I?

"On your lunch break, make a list of questions you want to talk to him about later. That way, you won't forget later when all your brain is thinking about is crawling all over him." Nicholas's help was so logical that more of the unreasonable panic faded. "And don't forget to text your mate this morning and show him how many interruptions are reasonable."

Huh?

I must've looked ridiculous because Larry picked up Nicholas's hand and reached it over to pat my head with it. "He understands the value humans place on their work. He will not want to be an unreasonable distraction while you are serving and participating in the human labor market. It is a struggle he will master, though. Do not worry."

Don't worry, he won't bug me at work too much because it's important.

Got it.

“So...so I have to show him what’s reasonable and what I would like when it comes to texting me during the day.” I could do that. It would make him happy. “I...but...but what if I interrupt him?”

Looking down at the phone as Nicholas handed it back over, I knew I didn’t want to be the one fucking up his day. “He’s...he probably has more important things to be doing rather than just answering my texts.”

“No, he does not.” Larry’s simple answer had me looking up at him again. He didn’t seem to think it was a stupid question but he had his “I know I’m right” expression on. “There will be nothing more important than his mate.”

Nicholas chuckled, wiggling against Larry to get his mate to hug him tighter. “One of the first couples was between a member of the first-contact team and a guy he met on a fucking dating app.”

A dirty one judging by Nicholas’s grin.

“The first-contact team member...I don’t remember his name...he put the President on hold because his new mate wanted attention.” Snickering as my jaw dropped open, Nicholas nodded. “Yep, so no matter what he’s doing, he’ll want to talk to you.”

Jerker definitely hadn’t mentioned anything about hanging out at the White House anytime soon, so I probably didn’t have to worry about being too big of a pain in the ass. “I...I’ve got lunch coming up soon. I’ll...I’ll start making my list and then I’ll text Jerker.”

Yes, that was a good plan.

“And you’re going to tell him what time you get off work and ask if he wants to come over and have dinner with you.” Nicholas’s no-nonsense tone said he wouldn’t take any arguments about it. “As far as I know, he doesn’t have a human job yet. So you guys can talk about what he’s doing to fill up his day and what he thinks he might want to do.”

Oh.

“I...I’m a good listener.” I could ask questions and that’d probably make him happy. “He’s...he’s probably stressed about that.”

Maybe?

Being unemployed was stressful to me.

Nicholas and Larry both gave identical shrugs that were so perfectly timed they made me laugh.

Sticking his tongue out, Nicholas quickly decided to behave when his mate did something I couldn’t see. “Sorry... I’ll... Yeah, it’s close to lunch.”

Making a pleased sound, Larry’s grin looked every inch the predator they were. “You must teach your class, my mate. You are late.”

Oh, that was why he’d come to find Nicholas.

“Fuck.” Nicholas sprang out of Larry’s hold and wiggled under a large limb. “I hate this schedule.”

Everyone did.

Including his students because he was constantly late.

Larry gave me a wave as he followed his frustrated mate, looking like he was nearly giggling. He seemed to have decided Nicholas's frustration was cute or funny, but after my time with Jerker, I had a feeling Larry was just enjoying finding reasons to punish his naughty mate.

But I wasn't the one getting punished or fucked with, and they'd cleared up a lot of my worries, so I was feeling much better as I finished up the last of my to-do list before lunch. Of course, I started to find where my worries had wandered off to by the time I'd sat down in the small employee lounge where I was hiding with my lunch.

"I'm just texting him and making sure he knows what I want." Grateful I was the only one in the room at the moment, I took a deep breath. "He's not human. He needs to know what makes me happy for him to be happy. Nicholas told him to make sure to tell me if he doesn't like something."

I still wasn't sure I believed that Jerker would actually put his wants before mine, but it was nice to know at least one person had told him not to be a martyr.

"You can do this." It was literally just texting.

I had to repeat it a few more times before I managed to text Jerker, but eventually I did it.

Hey, thank you for putting your number in my phone.

Not bad. Not too short. Not too whiny.

What next?

I was so distracted this morning enjoying our time together that I forgot to ask what our plans are.

Okay, a bit presumptive on the plans part but he wasn't human and he kept calling me my Theo. That meant I got to be a little bit presumptive.

I might've reminded myself of that a few times too but relief flooded through me when his reply popped up faster than I'd expected.

You are welcome, my Theo. Communication about daily events is important. I will remind you of that in our morning discussions.

Every morning, even when we were texting, or did that sound like he was going to be with me on a daily basis?

Deciding not to ask, I shook my head.

I think that's a good idea. I should've remembered to ask you if you wanted to have dinner tonight or if you were busy.

Yes, not pushy and he had an out if he needed it.

I will never be too busy for you, my Theo. However, I have researched dinner options for you and practice is important when learning new skills.

Was cooking in general a new skill?

Was making food for a human new?

Okay, that topic needed to go on the list too.

Along with asking about where he was living and what he liked to eat. Yep, I needed a list...and the gumption to ask how often he was expecting to sleep over.

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“I’m sorry. I think there were a lot of things I should’ve asked you this morning.” It wasn’t the best way to start a conversation, but it was what’d come out as he kind of poured himself in my car. “Is this where you’re working?”

Should I have made sure he went home to change?

I’d dropped him off wearing the same pants he’d worn to dinner and that just screamed he’d hooked up. But I wasn’t sure if he would know that. I also didn’t know if he’d want his coworkers to know that.

“I do not have a social purpose as of yet.” He gestured toward the office building as I pulled away from the front. “The top floors were converted into what I am told are short-term apartments designed for those of my people who are...transitioning?”

He didn’t seem to like the word but I thought I got it. “So for people who are coming down from the ship like you did or who are between houses?”

“Yes.” Nodding and looking better once he knew I understood, he perked up. “It provides sufficient space during transitory times.”

Yeah, having a backup plan for people who’d just moved to a new planet wouldn’t be a bad thing. Most of them had adapted well and merged into society quickly, but that was probably because they were wicked smart and had an innate drive to be the best.

“That’s important. I started to worry when I realized I didn’t know where you were living or what you were doing.” Of course, it should’ve occurred to me to worry sooner, but he was distracting.

And he'd started scrambling my brains again just by petting my head.

"You are a very thoughtful boy, my Theo." His expression was a mix of pleasure and pride, and for a moment, I felt like a puppy who'd made his owner happy.

It shouldn't have made me hard, but it did.

"Thank you, Master." The gentle petting helped me calm down as I weaved my way through the downtown traffic and headed toward my apartment. That was probably his goal, but that just meant I'd made him even happier.

"I am supposed to ask what plans, appointments, or customs you must participate in this evening before we transition back to being Master and submissive." I loved it when he used his new education, but part of it was interesting.

"Customs?" I wasn't sure if it was the right word or not, so I decided to poke at it a bit.

"Yes. They can be religious or sectional in nature. No. Secular in nature and are considered to be of high importance by their participants. Examples are Christmas, which is the natal celebration of a deity, or ritual music where participants travel to follow specific icons. The Deadheads are one example."

The way he enunciated Deadheads made me want to laugh, but based on his definition, he wasn't exactly wrong.

But man, his Intro to Humans class must've been fascinating.

"I don't have any customs you need to be aware of. I'm not that religious and I don't have secular ones that you need to know about. I'm more of a casual Christmas guy, so nothing to worry about there, either." Some of it was fun but putting up a tree and

that kind of stuff just for myself was a pain in the ass.

“That is good to know. I would have adapted had that not been the case, however.” He looked overconfident about that so I found myself curious.

“Yeah? Has that happened?” I couldn’t remember seeing anyone at the dinner who’d looked religious in an obvious way, but I wasn’t stupid enough to think it was always something people announced.

“Yes. There have been several bondings with couples where the human has religious observations that must be kept. Some of your cultures have very strict rules on food consumption.” Jerker said it like it was just another fascinating human tidbit, but part of me was nosy and wanted to know more about how that must’ve gone over in the beginning.

Thankfully Jerker saved me from being rude as he kept chatting. “My list of meals is not extensive enough for religious observers.”

Making a thinking sound that was probably about the word observers, he gave up thinking about word choices after a few seconds. “Caretakers of human submissives must learn to provide them with sufficient nutrients.”

Before I could protest that a lot of Doms didn’t cook, he glanced over at me. “Human submissives only give themselves adequate nutrition thirty-seven percent of the time.”

The number couldn’t be that low.

Wait.

They had statistics on that?

What was I saying...of course they had statistics.

“Well, that’s a startlingly low number.” I wasn’t going to argue about it, though. “I...I’m not sure where I fall on that statistic but...but thank you for making sure you could take care of me.”

Yep, there was no point in being a brat about that.

I had a feeling he’d make me list out what I’d been eating on a regular basis if I did...and that would be a bad thing.

“Humans require extensive caretaking due to your physical and technological development. The knowledge that must be gained before we are ready to find our own submissive human is far-reaching.” Something about Jerker’s tone said there really was a checklist of skills they were handing out before they were encouraging his people to go out and find a sub.

That made the comments about that other guy not being ready make much more sense.

He needed to work on his to-do list more before he got a sub.

Not sure if that was funny or just part of life now, I nodded slowly. “I can see it being a big adjustment.”

There was no point in pushing to defend the idea that a sub could take care of themselves without a Dom because Nicholas and I used to talk about our favorite Pop-Tart flavors on a regular basis. He was sure that chocolate was only for desserts and I thought he was crazy.

But Master would think we were both missing a few screws if we said they were real

food in any way, so I wasn't going to set myself up for problems.

"It was." He was so serious about that, he made me smile. "However, we are up to the task. In fact, there is a discussion that having so much to focus on has made our transition easier."

Keeping busy figuring out the locals made moving to a new planet easier?

I could see that.

"Having a purpose makes a lot of things easier." Maybe that was why so many of them had jumped right into jobs and doing their best to become part of their communities. "Have you thought about your purpose here? What you want to do on Earth or how your skills will translate?"

"You will be my primary purpose until I have sufficient data to choose a secondary method of community help." His matter-of-fact tone made it hard to realize when he said something nuts.

I was going to be his primary purpose?

Was that a red flag, a yellow one, or just cute?

All of the above?

"However, your government and mine have provided financial compensation for my previous responsibilities, so I will not be what is called a burden." His confidence in that was so complete I didn't question it.

I wanted to clear a few things up, though.

“I don’t think you could ever be a burden even if you didn’t find a job anytime soon.” He’d be a pain in the ass if I was his only focus in life, though.

Just imagining that had me picturing my Pop-Tarts going up in flames.

“I think you need to find something to fill up your day that makes you happy, though.” Yes. Bored Type-A Doms were not a good thing. “I make enough to pay bills and that kind of stuff.”

There wasn’t a whole lot left over and my food budget wasn’t as big as I’d like sometimes, but we could make do. If he moved in? Was that what he was talking about? Ugh.

Mentally adding that question to the list, I focused on the important part...having a happy Dom.

“I just want you to feel like you...I just want you to be happy no matter what that ends up looking like.” Wondering if that made sense, I tried again. “Humans don’t do well when we’re bored. We...we create chaos. It’s probably why we’ve had so many wars and why we’ve ended up doing stupid shit.”

Jerker’s quiet, understanding sound made it seem like he was too polite to agree with me...but he agreed with me. “Human brains are interestingly structured.”

Yep.

“I know you guys are different, but you’ve been so busy for so long that I’m not sure just sitting around would be good for you.” Or for us. “There are lots of ways to have a purpose in the community, though.”

What could he do?

“There are a lot of organizations that need volunteers and there are a lot of different kinds of jobs that need different skills. We’ll figure out human stuff that you like to do.” I’d never thought about all the jobs they’d have had that didn’t translate to human ones.

To say they were lightyears ahead of us technologically would’ve been an understatement. They were slowly improving our technology in ways that they decided we couldn’t use to kill each other with, but it was a wait and see as far as everything else went.

Politicians on every side had pouted about that decision, but with a whole society full of Doms, they’d just ignored the brats who’d wanted to get their way.

Looking back...the whole Doms thing had a lot of stuff making more sense.

“Those are very interesting alternatives, my Theo.” Patting my head, he seemed pleased but didn’t latch on to anything specific. “However, nothing has jumped out at me as humans say.”

Coming out of his mouth, the expression made me chuckle. He gave a liquidy shrug and looked like he wanted to laugh. “Human expressions are delightful.”

Yep, we were creative little fuckers.

“I like it when you use those human phrases. It... I don’t know how to explain it but I think it’s cute.” Hoping I hadn’t offended him, I almost held my breath until he let out a low, happy sound.

“Humans are the ones with soft, single-color skin and who require so much attention. Humans should be classified as cute but dangerous.” The last part made me laugh and he shrugged again. “I do feel that description is apt.”

“I agree.” We were also adorably nuts but he probably knew that too. “I’m glad you found us cute enough to play with, though.”

I was having a hard time remembering what life had been like before they’d shown up, and I really didn’t want to go back to a point where my new friends weren’t in my life.

“Yes, the decision to approach Earth was well-founded.” His proud tone said he felt some pride at that decision and I couldn’t help getting distracted.

“Did you make that decision?” There were other more practical things that we should’ve been talking about, plans for dinner for one thing, but this was much more fun.

“I had...input. Yes, that is the word.” Looking excited, Jerker puffed up in his seat. “The list of options was extensive. However, human civilization was at the most exciting point.”

“There were other inhabited planets?” Had I heard that right?

“Yes.”

Jerker’s answer made me wonder if I should’ve been paying more attention to the news.

“Most were very simple. No.” Frowning, he got his thinking face on but didn’t let the word issue distract him too long. “New. There is another word but they were not developed and would have not been...”

Cocking his head in a very human way, his limbs finally all twitched like he was throwing up his hands. “Humans are much more interesting. You also sent out highly

curious media into space.”

They’d come to us because we were more fun...yep, humans were the frat boys of the galaxy and had definitely needed more supervision than we had before they’d arrived.

“I’m personally very glad you ended up picking us, but I really don’t remember the whole other inhabited planets thing coming up.” How had I missed that?

Wouldn’t Nicholas have complained about not getting to research more new aliens at the very least?

“It was not announced.” His shrug was very deliberate that time. “I am not...captain any longer, however.”

Ask for forgiveness not permission, huh?

I was betting no one made him sign a confidentiality agreement either.

“You know I’m going to want a thousand stories about what you saw and what you found.” Nearly bouncing in my seat, I’d never been happier to pull into my parking lot. “That can be your purpose. Entertaining me with space stories.”

Jerker laughed again as I parked the car and nearly threw myself at him. His limbs wrapped around me and pinned me to my seat. “You must keep safe, my Theo.”

I wasn’t going to promise that.

“But I need stories.”

Still looking adorably happy, he sighed. “So my purpose in our community is to provide stories and spankings?”

Yep.

“Yes.” It sounded a bit like he’d be a Daddy but that wasn’t my thing. “Stories, spankings, and eventually lightning.”

And maybe some teasing thrown in.

It wasn’t too bad of a list when it came to having a purpose in life.

“You already did amazing things out in space and now it’s time to use that knowledge to make me happy.” Yep, that didn’t sound selfish at all. “Unless you don’t like telling stories?”

Shrugging again, he looked adorably thoughtful. “I do not know if I like the human concept of telling stories.”

Hmm.

“You guys didn’t have a big entertainment industry but didn’t you at least tell stories?” I remembered watching something that talked about putting all their focus into space travel but I was starting to think I’d underestimated what they’d meant.

I knew I should’ve fantasized less and researched more.

I’d just never thought I’d actually meet one, much less get a chance to date, so the research hadn’t seemed necessary.

“There was at one point a well-established oral tradition but that was to pass down information. We were...hmm. Not being the same type of creatures as humans, we did not meet for entertainment purposes.” He didn’t look upset about that, just very matter of fact.

“What do you think of it now? Entertainment, I mean.” Would making him watch TV with me be torture? Boring? Both?

“It is fascinating, my Theo.” Genuine excitement radiated from him. “You have entertainment media that ranges from teaching children, to providing information on the benefits of sexual activity in humans.”

Was that porn?

Wait.

Were there actual educational sex shows?

I should’ve probably asked more questions about how he’d spent his day.

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Unfortunately, his brain worked faster than mine and he patted me on the head as he started to climb out of the car. “Please wait. Opening the car door is culturally appropriate for humans, whether submissive or not.”

Someone had been reading up on their Human 101 handbook.

But I waited, because he was right, it was appropriate and it was cute too.

He even carefully helped me out of the car...well...lifted me out of the car. “Humans have many fascinating social conventions.”

And we were clearly going to explore every one of them.

Wait.

What had we been talking about?

Jerker was wonderfully helpful as he set me down on the ground and closed the door. “I have learned that humans also like combining single activities together to make new ones. It is fascinating but I understand it is not polite for public.”

What wasn't polite for public?

His sex lessons?

Something else?

“What...” Part of me wanted to ask what he was thinking but a bigger part knew he’d answer me, and that sounded overwhelming.

What if he asked my opinion about what he’d learned?

My brain was doing its best to look at the situation from every angle, but I still hadn’t figured out what I was going to do even when we got enough privacy to do it. Luckily for me, Jerker was very eager to show me what he’d learned once we’d gotten inside.

“We will both remember your safewords and limits, my Theo.” Picking me up as he closed the door, he started hugging me and stripping me at the same time. The mix of sweet and naughty was making my head swirl and my submission was basically playing peek-a-boo, not sure if it should come out to play or hide.

“Humans enjoy combining experiences. Your brains are fascinating.” His humans are so cute tone confused my dick and my sub side. They both liked it a lot but they weren’t sure if they were supposed to.

It was kind of like getting turned on by being accidentally Dommed for the first time. They hadn’t meant it like I’d taken it, but it’d been amazingly educational.

Only this time, it was perfectly fine for me to get turned on no matter what he did. He kind of expected it, honestly. “Humans.”

He even patted my erection over my briefs before he stripped them off.

Yep, we were cute and horny all the time.

Hmm...that might’ve been our evolutionary superpower and the reason we hadn’t wiped ourselves out yet.

“Yes, this will be most engaging.” He didn’t seem to think he needed to share whatever instructions he’d learned, but he did cup my cheek and smile as he set me down for a moment and turned me in a circle. “It is just like the pictures. Do not worry, my Theo. I am very educated.”

And it had pictures.

What the hell had he—

Oh.

Naked carrying definitely wasn’t the same as clothed carrying.

“Good boy, my Theo.” A smaller limb patted my head again as a larger one wound its way around my legs and up my torso. “Your hormonal reaction and verbalizations are making your enjoyment clear. The correct praise for that is good job.”

He was adorable...and really smart when it came to following instructions because in seconds I was naked and trapped against his body like I was in some kind of fucking baby carrier.

“Humans need praise and security.” He seemed to be reminding himself about what he’d been studying, so I pretended not to hear it as several smaller limbs came around me to secure his hold. “Emotional and physical security are necessary to produce the correct sensations unless specific kinks and desires are involved.”

Um, yeah.

God, they really had a Human Sex For Dummies book out there somewhere.

“Once security and praise have been provided, the scene may commence.” Jerker was

taking everything he'd learned to heart as he made sure I wasn't going anywhere and I knew he was proud of me. "You are relaxed and compliant, my Theo. Good boy."

I kind of liked being restrained and held, so it was a good combination so far. "Thank you, Master."

And since I was pretty sure my Master needed praise and emotional security as well, I let out a breath and did my best to focus on happy, sexy thoughts and about how glad I was to be with him. Nicholas had always said it was the best way to make Larry happy...and he wasn't wrong.

Yay.

Jerker made a pleased sound and his limbs pulsed around me. "Well submitted, my Theo."

Aww.

Cutest good boy ever.

I'd have figured out how to tell him that if he hadn't picked that exact moment to scramble my brains.

Nubs started plucking at my nipples just as another slender tentacle eased inside of me and then he poofed all my brains away as he proved just how easily he could reward my submission. "Master...I..."

Thoughts drifted in and out as he pinched my nipples and started doing something to my prostate that almost felt like he was plucking it. When I didn't bother trying to catch the random thoughts, he rewarded me even more by shifting one tentacle so it was rubbing over my erection.

I'd gone from confused to rock hard so fast there probably wasn't a drop of blood left in my brain, but hearing how pleased he was made it all even more incredible. "You are very quick to arouse, my mate. Much faster than the average human statistics. I have the best human."

Aww.

Oh wow.

Now he was plucking and pulsing like the best butt plug ever.

I didn't have words, so I moaned and sent more good thoughts in his direction. It got through to him because I got a sweet hug and a snuggly kiss on my cheek as he continued doing wonderfully wicked things to me. "Yes, you are a wonderful human."

The you're a good puppy tone did it for me too even though that wasn't my kink.

My dick didn't think it was a problem, though, and just tried to get even harder to show Jerker how sweet we both thought he was. Its hard work was acknowledged with a pat and a bubbly kind of sound I thought was him chuckling. "My human."

Yep, he thought I was just as cute as I thought he was.

"Education is very important." That seemed to be him talking to himself again because I didn't think there was any reasonable response I could make to it. I might've worried about hurting his feelings or doing something wrong, but he started walking toward the kitchen.

Mind. Blown.

The way I moved against his body as he walked felt like I was on some kind of crazy fucking machine and I couldn't resist closing my eyes as fantasies flashed in and out of my head. Yes, humans liked combining different things in a scene.

Education wasn't just important...it was fucking amazing.

As I imaged being trapped on a fucking machine like we were in some kind of porn, Master kept making soft approving sounds and telling me what a good mate I was being. The sweet praise added a crazy spice to the mix that somehow made everything feel even more dirty and erotic.

"I am proud of your submission, my mate." I wasn't sure if it was the head pat or his pride that added another dash of kink to the whole thing, but I definitely approved. "Allowing your mate to take care of you is very important. It provides you with an emotional and physical release, and it allows me to enjoy your submission. This is categorized as a fun activity for both of us."

At some point, I was going to ask for a chance to read the Pleasing Your New Human handbook, but that could wait until I managed to open my eyes and see where the fuck he'd moved us.

Was that my fridge?

It was my fridge.

Was this hygienic?

Probably not, but since it was my kitchen and he didn't seem to mind, I wasn't going to worry about it.

Besides, I never had company over anyway.

“Humans find work to be highly stressful in most cases. I will admit to not understanding that. However, what is important is that we manage your stress on a daily basis.” He focused on that by thickening the tentacle inside me, but moving it slower.

I wasn't sure if thin and faster was better or not, but if his goal was edging and not orgasm, he was doing it perfectly.

“Providing you with a variety of means to submit and making sure you have regular orgasms will help with stress management.” The way he was repeating the educational lecture he'd obviously gotten had me picturing him standing us up in the front of the class doing an erotic show-and-tell.

That fantasy was even better than the fucking machine one.

“Other important factors are nutrition and sleep. Humans have a variety of educational material regarding the preparation of food, so I will be learning those.” He made a thinking sound as the thick tentacle in me started to undulate like it was a wave.

Craziest. Sensation. Ever.

“There are many cultural factors that influence food and meal preparation.” His sounds shifted to something that clearly meant he was pleased, but reality was fuzzy and I had no idea what we were doing anymore.

The way he was pacing around the room added another level to the movements and it was leaving me shaking.

Not that I could move enough to actually do that physically.

No, I was stuck and it felt like the shaking was rattling around in me like a new sex toy.

“I have met several individuals whose mates are defined as littles and they have very interesting meal preferences.” Master picked a few things out of the fridge, but tracking his movements was just too hard so I gave up and closed my eyes again.

He liked whatever he was feeling from me because I got a happy sound and a pat on the head...then a squeeze to my dick. “Good boy, my Theo.”

Rewards were awesome.

“We will have additional discussions on food allergies and preferences. However, is it safe to assume that any food in your kitchen is tolerable?”

Huh?

The way he tapped on the head of my dick like he was knocking at the door didn't help my ability to figure out his question but it was a wonderful source of fantasy material. Still, I knew he'd asked me something, so I tried to answer it.

“I...um...”

I needed to try harder.

“Food, my Theo.” He sounded almost giggly. “Do you have any intolerances? Will any food in your home give you what is called a tummy ache? Will any consumables in your kitchen push food through your digestive tract too quickly?”

Oh.

“No, Master.” Good questions. He was so smart.

Yay for the alien educational system.

“Thank you, my Theo.” A gentle caress to my cheek was my reward for finally answering him. “Now you may submit.”

Thank fuck.

The last hold I had on the real world vanished like strings being snipped and I let the trapped pleasure in me just roll through me like waves. I could hear him making food and part of me registered when he moved, but with nothing to do but obey him and submit, I didn't worry about dinner.

It wasn't up to me.

Master wanted to take care of me and he wanted to practice what he'd learned.

Yes, I had to let Master do his homework.

Oh, he'd be such a hot student.

Images of him holding me in front of his class talking about how I'd reacted and how many times he'd made me come filled my imagination and sent little jolts of pleasure firing through me. The tiny flares were like mini orgasms that he kept on a tight leash and only doled out when I'd submitted perfectly.

Reaching for that almost unattainable goal had the rest of the world fading and it wasn't until the pulsing pleasure finally slowed that I realized Master was talking again. “My Theo, you have been a very good submissive human and retained maximum submission. Now it is time to replace the energy your body has

consumed.”

Food.

I had to eat.

Maximum submission.

As my head cleared, I realized an orgasm hadn’t been the goal but he’d wrung out every drop of stress I’d been feeling earlier. I was a weird mix of aroused and relaxed, and I did my best to ignore my erection as he slowly walked us over to the table.

The set table.

Oh, we were having spaghetti.

“That...that looks so good, Master.” And not having to move or stand up on my own made sure I could use all my somewhat limited brain power on appreciating it. “Thank you for making me dinner and for making me so relaxed, Master.”

I wasn’t sure that was the most accurate word for the heavy feeling in me but thanking him for making it feel like I had a weighted blanket wrapped around me didn’t seem like it would make sense to him.

“You are welcome, my Theo.” His proud tone shifted to something happier when I moaned as his tentacle finally eased out of me. “We shall return to focusing on your pleasure and orgasm closer to bedtime. That will help you to sleep soundly.”

He wasn’t wrong, but that sounded so far away.

“I...I can orgasm more than once. Really, I can.” Especially with so many hours between them. “We...I...I can go fast.”

With anyone else I'd have been embarrassed saying that, but Master was different. He made everything feel safe to talk about.

I didn't even feel ridiculous when he frowned thoughtfully and looked down at my dick as he set me in my chair. “Will achieving an orgasm now lead to sleep, my Theo?”

I'd have answered that but he started petting down the length of it and it was distracting as hell. “I...”

“Your body requires nutrition and your brain must function clearly so we can discuss limits. That is highly important.” Cocking his head in a human gesture he must've seen somewhere, he kept giving me his thoughtful-professor expression. “Do you understand the importance of those tasks?”

I had to eat and we had to talk about sex.

“Yes, Master.” I'd agree to just about anything he wanted if I got to come. “I...I can eat and talk about limits.”

The head pat that got me fell so perfectly into the professor and class fantasies I'd been soaking up, it almost made me come right then. “Then you may have an orgasm now and later, my Theo. But your release at bedtime is dependent on appropriate behavior.”

Naughty boys didn't get more orgasms.

Got it.

I managed to nod before he wrapped one thinned-out tentacle around my dick and started twirling it around and around. The concentrated pleasure had my head falling back and my eyes closing again, and my hips tried to thrust up and fuck his grip.

His low hum was clearly one of denial but he had me pinned against the chair before my brain could process that. “Submission is a requirement, my Theo, not a suggestion.”

I had every intention of agreeing with him, but he slipped another tentacle between my legs and killed the last of my brain cells as he teased my hole. “Master...”

“Yes, the associations between submission and orgasmic achievement must be continually reinforced. Human brains respond well to patterns and logical connections.” Master’s touch and just his tone were perfect, but as he started tugging at my nipples, the reality of what he’d said hit me.

Conditioning.

Logical or not...reasonable or not...it was the hottest thing a Dom had ever said to me and my orgasm exploded out of me as he kept up the overwhelming sensations his body could give mine.

He wanted me enough to train me.

Best. Dom. Ever.

Oh, this was so dangerous.

I really wasn't smart.

How had I ended up in this situation?

Frowning down at the limits list he'd just handed back, I knew mine didn't have enough red on it in the right places. Sure, we both liked the idea of mild to medium impact play and he thought I was going to love lightning, but it was the control list where everything had gone all pear-shaped.

I knew I shouldn't get us started down that path.

I knew it.

But I liked it when he held me and the carrying me around while he was making dinner thing had been amazing. It'd been a great scene all around and I hadn't ever felt so relaxed after work. He'd even made good decisions about stuff like showers and bedtime in general, so I couldn't say he was doing a bad job at taking control.

"Your mind is too focused on our present activity, my Theo. You are ignoring bodily signals." He sighed and reached over to pick me up off the couch before I could really figure out what he'd meant.

I had to pee.

He was damned near psychic about that.

I barely managed to set the papers down before he had us up and heading to the bathroom. “How did you know that?”

I knew for a fact I hadn’t been doing any kind of potty dance.

“There are several physical indicators I do not have the human vocabulary to explain.” Jerker shrugged as he rotated me around and stood me in front of the toilet, freeing my dick. “However, the caretaking of human elimination was thoroughly reviewed. Many human submissives need to be tended in a variety of ways, not just the variation called littles.”

Well, at least he knew that bathroom stuff and littles weren’t always connected.

“Many human submissives find this level of control...this type of control...yes. Many humans find this type of control pleasing. It can be related to emotional submissive humiliation, or to erotic submissive humiliation, or caretaking aspects without humiliation.” His tone as he helped me take care of my slightly pressing need said he’d studied up on the topic.

Thoroughly.

“I do not completely understand the concept of humiliation. However, I can recognize the signs and handle them appropriately.”

He didn’t get it, but don’t worry, that didn’t matter.

Master always knew what to do because he liked learning.

He also liked taking care of me because I got a nuzzling kiss on my head as he tucked my dick back into the sweatpants he put on me earlier when he worried I was getting cold. “I find that I am happy with intimate caretaking tasks.”

“I like it when you figure out stuff that makes you happy.” I had to laugh when he just stretched two of his tentacles out to wash his hands instead of moving us closer to the sink.

“You also indicate by nonverbal cues that you either enjoy or find arousing intimate caretaking activities.” A free tentacle rubbed my head as he dried his hands. “You have given both types of signals. It seems to be based on the situation. Situational? Yes. However, your verbal capacity does not seem to be adequate to discuss it.”

Ugh.

“That’s right. I...I just haven’t had any practice discussing stuff like this.” Stuff like being carried around and being helped in the bathroom. He’d been the first Dom to suggest anything like that even though I knew it wasn’t just a species-specific thing.

He nodded as he picked me back up. “I understand.”

That wasn’t going to stop him, though.

“You are giving me tasks you have given no other.” Based on the hug I got, he liked that part. “Adjustments will take time.”

He wasn’t wrong.

“We will follow the human saying of one step at a time.” Setting me on his lap as we got back to the couch, he snuggled me close against his torso as his limbs wrapped around me. “We will move steadily into submission and you will remember that it makes me happy.”

I was starting to think he’d learned how to use that phrase to his advantage.

Masters were just as sneaky as Nicholas said they were.

“And we’ll remember that limits are important in human domination-based relationships.” I wasn’t sure if I was reminding him or me, but we both probably needed to hear it. But since limits didn’t make my Master happy, I kissed his cheek and tried to aim nice emotions in his direction.

Yep, more snuggles came my way and it felt like he was more relaxed even though the only change I could pinpoint was the way his caresses were shifting from cuddly to pulsing and sexy. He hadn’t even touched my dick and I was already thinking about what he’d do to me.

“Good boy, my Theo.” His throbbing limbs slowly started tightening around me. “Your emotional comfort is very important to me, so you will continue to provide your limits and we will communicate about them.”

Nodding, because I could still move my head, I tucked my face against his body. “Yes, Master. I know I’m important to you.”

There was no doubt about that.

“You are.” One slender tentacle slipped down the front of my pants and started gently caressing my cock like it was a fidget toy. “Your emotional and physical needs are significant to me.”

Warmth flooded through me, but it was making my dick slightly confused because he couldn’t figure out our current goals when Master was being so sweet.

“I will keep you safe and secure in a variety of ways. However, your verbal communication is very important as well.” There was something in his tone that said I needed to be careful, but I couldn’t figure out why.

I should've thought faster.

Fuck.

As one thinned-out nub eased into my slit, gently fucking my cock from the inside out, he made a soft, thinking sound and nuzzled against me as I whined. "Submit, my Theo. Submit and explain why you were not aroused at this bathroom visit."

Damn it.

I needed to learn to think faster so I could distract him better.

"I..." Closing my eyes, I tried to ignore how trapped I was and how incredible he was making me feel. "I..."

What had he been asking me?

I knew I was supposed to be worried or embarrassed or something, but his nub sank deeper and the fucked from the inside out feeling just kept getting better and better.

"Elimination, my Theo." His slender torture device wiggled, sending confusing sparks through me and I gasped as I shivered. "Interesting. But we will not deviate from our discussion, my mate."

My head was just clear enough that I knew I should be frustrated about that.

"You were not aroused." Master decided to make sure that didn't happen again by continuing to fuck my dick. "Please explain so that I may organize the information."

Had to understand his human.

Ugh.

Had to.

It wasn't just something he was passingly curious about because it was kinky...and since confusing him was not my goal, that made it impossible to ignore it.

Damn it.

"I...I guess this time I was focused on our talk and...and how sweet it was that you were taking care of me." What else had I been feeling? Lots, but what could I explain? "Um, I...I was kind of embarrassed but I wasn't thinking about the sexy part."

Did that make any sense?

It must not have been too confusing because Master kept gently fucking me, but I could feel him thinking, so I knew he wasn't rushing figuring it out. "Your reactions are situationally dependent."

I wasn't sure he was expecting a response, so I just let the pleasure fill me up instead of pushing it away. That was all it took to have submission mixing with the desire rushing through me. All it took was thinking about belonging to him to have that heavy blanket feeling wrap around me.

"Good boy, my Theo." He nuzzled against my head and kept up the wonderfully long and gentle thrusts. "So, by shifting my tending from what you see as tender caretaking to erotic caretaking, that would have made you aroused?"

Had he been talking to me?

Maybe.

Nodding, I tried to take a deep breath and give him more words but that wasn't happening. His tentacle seemed to slip deeper inside me and another started teasing my nipples. "I..."

Fuck.

Well, I could moan.

"Your communication is very clear, my Theo. I am proud of you." Half his tentacles gave me an innocent hug which just confused the parts of me he was still playing erotic games with. "I will use this new knowledge to decide if tending for your needs should be erotic or caretaking-based."

There didn't seem to be anything I needed to do about that, so I just moaned again as his nubs pinched my nipples.

They were amazing little toys.

"When you respond honestly with either arousal or emotional warmth, you will be rewarded, my Theo." His current reward was to start fucking me faster and completely scrambling my brains. "Nonverbal communication is just as important as your words."

He liked nonverbal communication...like touching and teasing and feeling how much I felt for him.

"I will guard your submission carefully and tend you well, my Theo." Master nuzzled against me as limbs started easing my pants down my legs. "I will give you what you require and provide for your submission."

Getting naked was what he seemed to think I needed and he was right.

But instead of spreading my legs to tease my hole, as my pants came off, he rolled me over in his limbs.

He was so flexible.

Oh, I needed a spanking.

“Currently your submission requires reinforcement. Humans find sharing to be difficult. Making sure you understand that I support your needs and will continue to caretake for you is important.” A tentacle stroked over my ass as he got me in position, rubbing my cheeks and holding me so I was pressed tight against his torso.

The nub in my cock eased back so it was just barely inside me, and I wanted to rock my hips and thrust it deeper again, but I was wonderfully stuck. “Master...”

Begging was top on my to-do list once I found where my brains had wandered off to, but that plan quickly changed when his tentacle came down with a thuddy spank that sent waves of hot pleasure going through me.

As the warmth that almost felt like it'd come from a deep tissue massage rolled through me, I moaned and my whole body moved with the pleasure. Just as I realized I wasn't trapped anymore, I understood why he'd relaxed his grip.

I could fuck myself on his tentacle.

Oh wow.

Mind. Blown.

Every spank had my body writhing and my dick pushed forward just far enough to push the nub back into my slit.

He was letting me fuck myself on him.

“Yes, that’s right, my Theo. Take your reward for being my good boy.” Master’s soft, cheerful tone had me realizing this was another conditioning-his-sub moment, but I liked rewards.

And I liked putting that smile in his voice.

And I liked fucking my dick with his tentacle.

And I liked how hot he was making my ass with the heavy feel of the spanks as his body came down on mine.

“You were a good submissive and communicated.” Another spank had my body fighting to choose between subspace and exploding pleasure. “You explained your needs and thoughts. You even submitted to my caretaking and did not tell an untruth.”

He was so...

He was just...

It was...

Oh wow.

Just as I wondered if he could touch my prostate from the inside, he spanked me one last time and quickly whipped his long nub out of my cock. White hot pleasure fired

through me as he pulled my orgasm out of me. I heard myself cry out as his spans and teasing limbs kept my orgasm going and going. It was so incredible it was almost like an out-of-body experience.

When I was finally back in one piece, my submissive soul tucked into the rest of me again, I was boneless and could only moan softly as he ran his tentacles over me. “I am proud of you, my Theo. Submission is difficult and you work hard to give it to me. You exhaust your body just to give yourself to me.”

I loved how he saw things.

Managing to make my head move, I rubbed it against one limb and told myself I’d give him a hug once I could move. He’d like a hug. He liked hugs and happy thoughts and domination and taking care of me...and...and there was something...something...

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“I don’t think that’s how it works.” Maybe it should’ve...but it didn’t.

Jerker cocked his head and shifted the bag on its side like that would clear up the problem. “Should not food provided to young humans have higher nutritional values?”

“Um, I don’t know?” Taking him to the grocery store was so hard. “I think that would be reasonable but most stuff marketed towards kids is really unhealthy.”

Or at least it seemed that way.

Studying the bag of dino nuggets like it was going to give him the answers to the universe, it was clear he wasn’t going anywhere until we made some headway on the problem. “That is not reasonable.”

I had to agree.

Humans weren’t logical.

“Maybe it’s psychological?” Were kids wired to like fun stuff? “Maybe kids are just designed to like certain things?”

Jerker’s head cocked to the other side. “I do not think a species would be designed that way. Even humans.”

That would’ve been offensive if it wasn’t so correct.

“You’re probably right.” He’d been right about a lot of things about the grocery store. It seemed like he’d recently switched from reading about humans and sex to humans and shopping.

Why were kids’ foods so unhealthy?

Why was toilet paper math so weird?

Why did they try to sell vegetables that were clearly going bad at the same price as healthy ones?

Somehow, sex was an easier topic, but I still wasn’t sure how that was possible.

“I am right.” Reading over the ingredient list on the back of the bag one more time, he seemed distracted enough that I let myself smile.

He caught me.

One limb came up and caressed my head. “I am not adorable, my Theo.”

Oh, we were going to agree to disagree on that topic, and the quiet chuckle coming from behind us said someone else agreed with me too.

“I think it’s more about fun than nutrition.” A woman who seemed to be nearing forty pushed her cart closer to the man who’d laughed behind us and nodded toward the dino nuggets. “We seem to think kids need food to be fun for them to eat it. Other cultures don’t do that so it’s probably an American thing.”

Probably, but I wasn’t going to point out that it was my smart-ass comment about dino nuggets being better than regular ones that’d gotten me into the ridiculous conversation. So I simply nodded and just tried to get past the situation that seemed

like it was going to get awkward.

Jerker didn't see the situation the same way.

"Adding enjoyment to activities is not a negative characteristic in itself." Turning the package around to look at the front again, he finally shrugged and added it to our cart. "I am more inclined to think that adult humans have designed the food for themselves and not for children."

I had no idea what to say to his comment or her confusion, but I knew my desire to laugh was completely inappropriate.

"I have observed statistically more human adults desiring foods in nontraditional shapes than human children." Jerker said that so confidently, it made me wonder how often he'd been going to the grocery store lately.

Over the past week, he'd mentioned running errands to make sure he had everything he needed to take care of me, but I was starting to think I should've asked more questions instead of letting him distract me.

Fuck.

He'd been deliberately distracting me.

"In this situation, your male human partner would prefer these over the package you have chosen. Does he need to have fun-shaped food to encourage eating?" Jerker waited, clearly expecting an answer to his question but they were both just gaping at him.

So he turned to me.

“Is questioning human nutritional preferences taboo?” Looking confused and back to being adorable, he sighed. “It is not related to sexuality, finances, or domination-based relationships.”

He was so cute it was impossible to be embarrassed.

“You’re right. It’s not on the taboo list of human discussion topics, but I think they were just surprised.” I shrugged. “Our brains kind of stop when we encounter something unexpected.”

“Ah.” Jerker’s studious expression turned to examine the humans in front of us who’d suddenly gotten even more interesting. “Is it a before...no, an evolutionary adaptation? From before fight or flight? Like the large animals who stand in front of vehicles when they are startled?”

Good question.

“Probably.” Yep, we were deer in the headlights in a lot of situations. “You weren’t rude, though.”

He was just unexpected in a lot of ways.

“Mike wants dino nuggets?” The woman whose brain had started to come back online turned and frowned at her wide-eyed husband or boyfriend, maybe. I couldn’t see a ring but that didn’t mean anything lately. “I thought we bought these for your sister’s kids.”

Oh.

Blink.

Blink.

“We do?”

Oh, classic mistake.

It'd come out as a question and he hadn't caught it in time.

He tried to stand straighter and look bored, but it didn't work. “I mean, we do.”

She didn't believe it for a second, but instead of arguing with him, which was what I thought she'd do, she turned back to Jerker. “He wants the dino ones?”

Somehow, the situation just kept getting more and more interesting.

“Yes.” There was no doubt in his voice and the fact that he opened the freezer case to give her a package of the fun ones showed how confident he was. “He desires these. His physical reactions were unmistakable.”

Trading her for the organic ones she'd grabbed, Jerker put the healthy ones back.

“From what I have learned of human eating habits, if a human desires special-shaped nuggets, they must come with sauces for dipping.” Jerker's gaze bounced between the two humans. “Do you have sauce?”

She blinked.

He shook his head.

“Human preferences vary between the one titled ranch and sweet-based sauces such as barbecue. What is your desire?” Jerker didn't get stressed when they both started

blinking at him. “Your physical reactions suggest a preference for barbecue. That is not unexpected, given the statistics.”

I wasn’t even going to look at the bottle of barbecue sauce that was in our cart, but I did start mentally planning what vegetables we should get. Clearly I had the eating habits of a little and we were going to fix that.

“Do you need help picking out a variation? Decisions can be hard for humans.” Jerker did great and didn’t mention anything about submission. “I do not find decision-making to be difficult.”

Understatement of the year right there.

“No.” She blinked, something about his tone or comments finally snapping her back to reality. “We can handle that. I know what brand he likes. I just...I don’t think about buying it.”

Hmm.

She glanced over at her still wide-eyed partner and stood straighter. “I’ll make sure we have it on hand in the future.”

Asking what she was thinking would’ve definitely crossed us into rude territory—sailed into it probably—but I was so curious it was hard to hold the question back.

“That pleases your human male.” Jerker either wasn’t as nosy as I was or he’d already figured out what their issues were. “Communication is very important.”

She nodded, but it seemed automatic because her brain was obviously focused on something else entirely. “Thank you. Yes.”

“You are welcome.” Jerker seemed content with her vague head bob as they walked away.

He just looked pleased as punch and turned back to me. “Being helpful is polite. Is it not?”

Adorable.

“Yes.” Technically, he was right. “I think you just gave them a lot to think about.”

Nodding, he ran a tentacle over my head. “Communication. Humans struggle with it for a variety of reasons.”

Oh yeah.

“We’re doing pretty good, though.” Letting him start pushing the cart further down the frozen food aisle, I raised one eyebrow and gave him a side glance I knew he couldn’t miss. “But I think you might’ve forgotten to mention how often you’ve been at the grocery store lately.”

Yeah, communication worked both ways.

Ugh, that was probably the reason all the employees kept nodding at him like they were buds. They were.

Jerker made a thinking sound but couldn’t distract me with cuddles or an orgasm, so he actually answered. “There are many things about human food I do not understand. Education is best learned by doing.”

He’d needed a hands-on education about food and that meant lots of grocery trips?

“Okay.” It made sense, but as I grabbed some frozen broccoli, I still had some questions. “But why did you hide it?”

That was the part I was missing.

“I did not want to look like I was lacking in education in something as simple as food.” He tried to say it casually but something about it felt off.

“I think you’re very smart.” Stepping closer to the cart so he could wrap a tentacle around my waist, I leaned into him. “This is just new. That doesn’t make you uneducated. If one of us isn’t educated, it’s me. I barely passed high school.”

He’d been running a spaceship and was learning about a whole new species faster than I could learn Spanish.

“You are not lacking in education. You perform complex tasks of caretaking and management. Those are very important.” Jerker was either shocked or offended as his limbs twitched. “The human mate Nicholas made it clear you are the only one he trusts to help him. He defines you as meticulously careful. That is a very impressive word, my Theo.”

One that Nicholas probably had to define judging by how Jerker said it.

“Well, you aren’t lacking in education either. You’re just having to change the focus of your education and learn something new. That doesn’t mean you’re not smart.” He was brilliant. “And I like hearing about what you’re learning. You make me see things in a new way. Like the conversation about the nuggets. I hadn’t thought to question why we made some food fun and not others.”

I wasn’t sure I wanted to know the answer but it was a good conversation.

“And you made that lady think about what her husband wanted.” I was pretty sure I’d seen rings as they’d walked away, so I didn’t think assuming they were spouses was a reach. “When you learn things, you help everyone else to learn too.”

Because he was amazing.

Giving me a hug, Jerker used another tentacle to stroke my head. “You are a wonderful enthusiast for your mate, my Theo.”

I had a feeling he meant something like cheerleader, so I nodded and cuddled into him. “Because sometimes you forget how amazing you are.”

Starting over wasn’t easy and he forgot that sometimes.

“You seem to have the same memory flaw, my Theo.” Patting my head when I sighed, he kept me pressed close to him. “I will help you to fix it as well.”

I helped him and he’d help me.

Great.

“I don’t mind focusing on you.” That definitely sounded like more fun.

His thinking sound made me sigh which got me more snuggles but he didn’t agree with my suggestion. “Because you are a wonderful submissive human, that would be your preference. However, as your Master, I do not believe that would be the best course of action.”

Thankfully no one was close enough to hear the Master part, but it was easy to decide that this wasn’t the place to be a brat and try to get my way. “I understand.”

I could do my best to distract him later.

“We shall discuss what you are thinking so you can explain your emotional reactions when we have privacy.” Jerker made a laughing sound as I crashed my head into one of his larger tentacles that he was using as an arm to push the cart. “Drama. Yes, that is an indicator that I chose the correct course of action.”

What pain in the ass had told him that?

“Larry was very helpful and gave a detailed course on brats and the emotional variation called drama.” A tentacle stroked over my head as I sighed, showing another form of drama. “It was highly educational.”

Great.

Larry was a pain in the ass.

“I’m not nearly as dramatic as Nicholas is. So you don’t have to worry.” It seemed like a bad idea to make him think I was as insane as Nicholas. God only knew what Larry had said about his human mate.

“I’m just as curious as Nicholas is, though.” Yes, that was a much better topic. “What kind of research have you been doing at the grocery store? You seem like you’ve been people watching at the very least.”

Bingo.

“Humans are very interesting to watch.” I had a feeling that was an understatement, but I didn’t distract him and just let him keep going. “The issue with decision-making is not just limited to submissives, my Theo. At least once every visit, I must help a human pick between two objects. They are not always able to pick the item they like

best. I do not know why.”

Oh, let me count the ways.

“Um, well, some people deliberately don’t pick the thing they like.” And we were off on another grocery adventure trying to explain why humans did the things they did.

I was starting to wish I knew a psychologist we could have dinner with once in a while.

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Somehow he made putting groceries away a very studious experience and I was starting to wonder why he was tracking every item like we were packing for a trip to Mars. I should've questioned it sooner, but he watched me all the time. Sometimes it just took me a while to figure out when it'd crossed into confusing territory.

“What are you thinking, Master?” Yep, communication was good and using his favorite title was even better.

And when it was accompanied with a cute smile, I knew I'd get a thorough answer.

“I am making sure I know your preferences for food organization.” His response was logical but I waited to see if he would give me more.

There had to be more.

Yep, there was more.

“I must understand your system before I can request communication to improve it, and I must see where everything belongs in order to know what is missing.” Looking in my tiny pantry, he nodded and went about studying every shelf.

Taking what he'd said and where I thought he was leading us, I put the last of the fresh stuff in the fridge. “You're making sure you understand what we've got and where it goes so you can do more of the grocery shopping?”

That wasn't it exactly, but his nod said I was close.

“Yes, household management is an important skill to master in order to properly care for you.” He aimed his studious look at me, making me squirm. “Your preferences are for quick foods and what is considered junk if you are not encouraged to make better choices.”

Shit.

Well, he wasn't wrong and he'd know right away if I tried to lie.

“Master's do like taking care of their subs.” And they took that idea up to a ten every time. “Thank you for wanting to do the grocery shopping to make sure we have healthy options too.”

Trying to slide in the idea that we got crap and good stuff, I cuddled close and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Is that something you want to do to take care of me or is it about something else?”

Yes, that was a much better way to take the conversation or we'd end up debating the merits of healthy food and I'd never get the good stuff.

Gathering me up in his limbs, Jerker made a thoughtful sound that kind of made me think he knew my game, but he didn't call me out on it. “Household management can be a good way to fill up my day as humans like to say. You work long hours to care for others and it is my job to care for you.”

Aww.

Wrapping my arms around him as he sat us on the couch, I gave him a hug before letting him snuggle me tight against him. When he had me nice and squished, he nuzzled against me and made a pleased sound. “The grocery experience would be much more pleasant if you did not have to remain so far away.”

Oh, he was so cute when he was learning to manipulate me.

He did it really well too.

Smart people were dangerous.

“Thank you for understanding human social customs, though.” Yep, I was not going to end up agreeing to be carried around while we ran errands. “I know it’s hard sometimes but you can carry me around for the rest of the night if you want.”

We didn’t have anywhere else we needed to be and we had the rest of the weekend for him to indulge himself.

“And we’ll make sure you get lots of carrying time for the rest of the weekend too.” I wasn’t going to promise him the whole time, but a bit on Saturday and more on Sunday should fill him up for a while.

Hopefully.

“That is an activity we will both enjoy, my Theo.” More snuggly hugs led to him starting to take my clothes off, but honestly, I’d been surprised he’d waited as long as he had. “There are a variety of activities we may enjoy together, provided I understand your limits on public intimacy.”

Oh, warning flags were going off left and right as my shirt and socks came off.

“I...” Shoot. Where was I supposed to start? “Humans have to keep their clothes on in public places. You can’t make me come in the grocery store.”

Even he wasn’t sweet enough to make sure we wouldn’t get arrested.

His thoughtful hum didn't reassure me that we were on the same page. "I understand the intimacy rules around places of public like the grocery store and the store labeled Walmart."

While I was wondering why Walmart got an honorable mention in the weird scenario he was planning, I almost missed an important part.

"However, I do not understand how your views on public intimacy change in special places such as clubs and domination-based relationship groups." He paused to give me time to think as he finished taking my pants off.

It probably took me too long to figure out what he was talking about, but the whole getting me naked while we were talking about sex in the grocery store was distracting.

Special places?

Groups?

Oh.

"Has someone talked to you about BDSM clubs and play parties, Master?" I was glad when he finished getting me naked and he sat me up on his lap again. It felt like a face-to-face kind of conversation, but I was glad I didn't have to figure out how to explain that.

"Yes." Running one limb over my head and probably fixing my hair, he seemed relaxed as he fidgeted with me, but I wasn't sure I was reading him right. "There are places where submissives may be...displayed?"

Okay, that wasn't the wrong word based on what we were talking about, but I still

wasn't sure I was following the discussion accurately.

"Your limits list indicated approval on a limited basis for those kinds of activities." Cocking his head, he cupped my cheek. "Please explain."

Oh wow.

"Um, let me think of where to start." It wasn't a question I'd ever thought to have with Jerker, so I wasn't prepared at all. "First of all, I understand how...I understand that you guys don't share or anything like that. So you don't ever have to worry."

About anything like that.

It must not have been the right place to start, though, because Jerker made soothing sounds and snuggled me close again. He was so worried about me, he started playing with my dick too. "This is not to be a stressful conversation, my Theo. Your ability to give yourself to your mate is not in question."

It shouldn't be so easy to distract me but he could give the best hand job ever.

The little nubby things were amazing.

"I..." Shoot. Closing my eyes, I relaxed into him and tried to show him I wasn't worrying. "I'm not going to be stressed, Master."

I'd just been a bit nervous.

"Good boy, my Theo." His tone was happy but still focused on being very soothing. "You have lowered your stress very quickly for your Master."

Okay, no worrying Master by being worried.

I could do this.

“On my list...On my list, I indicated that under the right conditions, I didn’t mind being displayed.” Yes, that was what he’d called it. “But it’s not something I need. Like cuddling with you and spankings and that kind of stuff...that’s the stuff I need with you, Master.”

Everything else was either cute like being carried or just something that might be fun if we explored it.

Like lightning.

I knew I was being a baby about that but it was fucking electricity.

Damn puns.

“I understand your lower limits on necessary things, my Theo.” He paused and his silence was loud enough for me to open my eyes and see him pouting. “That did not work.”

Aww.

“It did.” Rubbing my cheek against his torso since that was really all I could move at the moment, I made sure I sounded and felt confident. “I knew what you meant. It was just a hard sentence.”

He huffed, but nodded after a few seconds. “Thank you, my Theo.”

He was the sweetest guy ever.

“You’re welcome, Master.” Resting my head against him again, I let out a breath and

stopped ignoring what his tentacle was doing to my dick. His level of multitasking was amazing, but I'd never be able to do it. "Okay, I'm going to try to stop overthinking your question."

"That would be appreciated, my Theo." He might've been teasing but it was hard to tell with his frustration still being so high.

"There are places like BDSM clubs and private parties with people I'd feel safe around where I'd submit to you and we could have a scene. It might be simple like me just naked and kneeling while you ate dinner or talked. It doesn't have to be like something out of a movie or a book." His education wasn't just based around porn, but I wasn't sure what he was thinking.

So that meant we had to communicate.

Yes, that was one of his favorite words for a reason.

"Under the right circumstances, I'm not shy about my body, but it has to be in the right place." Did that make sense? "So not where the regular public is and not where we'll get in trouble or embarrassed."

I really wasn't sure my explanation was coming out right, but he was so quiet I couldn't begin to guess what was going through his head.

"But like I said before, that's not something I need." Managing to say it and not worry him that time, I went back to rubbing my cheek against his body and soaking up the wonderful feelings he was giving me. "This is what I need, but if you wanted to explore something specific, we could talk about it."

His thoughtful sounds eased back in slowly as his limbs started rippling around me. It felt like he was working his way up to something but he'd gone out of his way earlier

to make sure I knew he trusted me.

“My people are...possessive and strongly caretaking. We...we do not see relationships in the way humans do, but we are adapting.” His careful tone said we hadn’t gotten to the point yet, but he didn’t want to spook me.

A tiny voice in the back of my head asked if we could start worrying again, but I had to remind him that Jerker was nice and we needed to give him time to explain what was going on.

Then we could worry.

“I think you’re adapting amazingly.” I wasn’t just being nice but it was also a good reminder that he wasn’t human. The tentacle around my dick should’ve been another reminder, but for some reason, my brain didn’t always tune into that one. “And I hope we can always communicate and compromise so that you get what you need too.”

Yep, compromise wasn’t just about them changing so they were more human.

For whatever reason, that got me another hug and pleased sounds from Jerker. “Thank you, my Theo.”

He was happy but he still hadn’t told me what the point of all this had been.

Waiting him out seemed like the best way to handle it since that was what he did to me a lot, so I did my best to breathe steadily and marveled at the way he’d made playing with my dick relaxing. The slow way he was winding his tentacle around me and using all his nubs to almost massage it was amazing.

After a bit, he huffed, letting me know he’d clued in about my plan, but since he liked using it too, he couldn’t complain.

“You are very patient today.” His adorable drama was enough to make me fight off a smile and he had to have felt my delight because he huffed again. “The building where I have lived has many roofs.”

Okay, now we were getting somewhere.

Roof sex?

That seemed naughty and like it could be vaguely dangerous, but not something I thought he'd be into, so I knew I was missing something.

Thankfully, he kept going without much drama that time.

“There is one smaller one. No. Shorter building. Yes. There is one shorter building with a pool on the top.” Some of the blanks were starting to get filled in, but I waited for him to fill in the rest. “My people use it for recreation. It is a peaceful place.”

Was he dawdling or was it information I needed to know?

The twirling started to spin faster, but that didn't give me enough to go on.

“Several of my ship workers. No. There is another word. They still live in the building and are overwhelmed. Confused. Yes. That word, maybe.” Jerker's struggle with words was the biggest clue that he wasn't as calm as he was letting on. “They do not understand how beautiful human submission is. Several. They had disappointing first encounters with humans. It has stopped them? Frozen them?”

Oh.

“Stunted them. It stunted their emotional growth or their transition here.” And more pieces fell into place. “And you're their captain, so you have to help.”

What did that mean to him, though?

“Yes, I must lead by example.” He was thoroughly confident about that and the hesitation that had been in his voice was gone. “That is how to lead.”

And he wanted to lead by showing his friends...what exactly?

We might've had a starting point and communication, but I wasn't sure that was helping much in this case.

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I needed to be able to think.

“Master?” Being very careful, I kissed his torso and wiggled as I opened my eyes. “Help me sit up, please? I want to really be able to see your face clearly when we communicate.”

Somehow I’d ended up in a baby carry in his limbs and my body was really confused about what we were doing.

“I promise not to get upset or worried.” Moaning as his tentacle tightened its lollipop grip on my erection, my eyes nearly rolled back in my head. “I just can’t think like this. It feels too good.”

His teasing slowed, but he didn’t let me up quite yet. “Your body loses its worries when you are...mentally busy.”

I shouldn’t find his manipulation adorable, but I did.

“Thank you for trying to help me not to worry, but I have questions and need to be able to...to think.” Damn it. “I can’t think when you fuck my slit, Master.”

That was definitely cheating.

But he was so good at it...

No.

Doing my best to think calming thoughts and radiate curiosity, I scrunched my eyes closed and tried to ignore how good he was making me feel.

He sighed.

“You are very stubborn.”

And he was still very worried.

“As your Master, I will not let you worry if my touch can alleviate your stress.” That seemed to be a warning that we’d go back to having sex if I started to stress him out by stressing myself out, so I nodded even though it was ridiculous.

And cute.

Ugh.

We were totally going to end up having sex.

Okay. New goal.

More information must be gained before we continue having sex.

Yes, that seemed doable, and whatever I was radiating must’ve gotten my point across to Jerker because he actually sat me up and stopped playing with my dick. He didn’t let go of it, but I wasn’t asking for miracles, so I didn’t argue about it.

I even gave him a bright smile and a kiss on the cheek when he relaxed his hold on me enough that I could move on my own.

We’d definitely made progress when I could straddle his lower body and sit up

without feeling like he was going to help me destress at any second. But I wasn't sure how long my freedom would last, so I went right to the point.

“Let me see if I understood this right.” Because the pieces had been hard to put together with how careful he'd been. “You guys have a pool and you want us to hang out at it.”

He nodded and did his best to make it a very decisive gesture that was adorable.

No getting distracted by how cute he was.

Repeating that over and over, I smiled again. “I like pools. That sounds like fun.”

He started to take a breath and his limbs tightened on me again, but before he could start explaining and worrying, I jumped in again. “But we both know that if we start swimming around in water together, we'll do human sex stuff.”

I wasn't sure either of us had enough restraint not to, honestly.

I liked having sex with him and he liked making me come, so yeah, nearly naked and water meant we were going to end up with me moaning at the very least.

Jerker shrugged. “You would enjoy floating and having your body caressed in water. You are happy when you are in a shower.”

Because he was training me to associate them with complete submission and orgasms.

But since we both knew that, I didn't see a reason to point out the obvious. “Yes, I do.”

Okay, we'd narrowed down a few things and I hadn't panicked him yet.

"I'm assuming that other people like you would be able to see us." That was kind of the point, but I decided we could talk around that for the time being. "But would other humans see us?"

Could we get arrested?

"No." Jerker's answer was so quick I knew he was confident about it before he decided to explain more. "The shape of the enclosure prevents anyone else from being able to see in. The design was to protect our privacy."

They didn't really see the need for that.

I must've looked confused because Jerker smiled. "It was an assumption we have since corrected."

Ah.

"Most humans think people want privacy. It's our default assumption unless you tell us otherwise." More knowledge gained and no freakout orgasms yet.

We were awesome.

"How do you feel about some of your people watching us?" I wasn't sure how to label who they were because I wasn't sure what English words he'd know. Subordinate was the first thing that came to mind but that wasn't a word I'd ever heard him say.

"Please expound on your question." He'd gone entirely too still for that to be a legit issue he'd gotten confused about...and it felt really weird when he was holding my

dick, so we were going to fix the problem as fast as possible.

“Master?” Snuggling closer, I changed tactics and started running my hands over his limbs. “I’m not upset.”

I could, however, distract him since turnabout was definitely fair play.

Thinking about what I’d heard, gossip or facts, I kept caressing two of his larger tentacles as I caught a smaller one between my lips as he started moving again and it caressed along my jaw.

Oh yes.

All it took was one soft suck and running my tongue over some of the small nubs on the underside of his tentacle for his body to twitch and for him to let out a sigh. “My Theo, that is...”

Distracting.

But if he could cheat, so could I.

His body couldn’t seem to decide if it wanted to get more rigid or relax, but he made more soft, content sounds as I played with his tentacle. So I was counting it as a win. “That is...”

Cheating.

But it worked.

“We are not used to hiding our submissive mates, my Theo.” His low tone wasn’t giving me the same worries any longer but I wasn’t ready to stop playing with my

new toy yet. Especially since it was making him feel so good. “We must guard them and protect them and caretake. They are not hidden. They are...important.”

So it wasn't sexual in the same way most human BDSM relationships were but they liked showing off their mates.

And they really didn't see sex in the same way we did.

Making a soft, approving sound, I licked over his nubs again, tracing the flexible bumps with my tongue. It got another sweet sound from Jerker and one of his smaller limbs started petting my back. “My mate is very smart.”

I thought devious might've been a better word, but we'd debate that later.

“Human pleasures are very beautiful and enjoyable to produce. You make sounds and submit so completely.” He seemed to be saying we were too cute to hide away, but I was patient and did my best to not influence him any more than I already was.

“Your list indicates you find additional pleasure in being watched and I find I am curious.” Limbs started trailing up my legs and sending shivers through me even though he hadn't started jerking me off again. “I tried to explain the beauty of human pleasures, but they do not understand.”

It was different than what they were used to, so that made sense.

Jerker sighed as he seemed one deep breath away from floating he felt so good. “They must understand human domination-based relationships are special even when they are unique.”

So they needed to know different didn't mean bad.

Hmm, and he probably wanted them out of temp housing and into the real world.

Living isolated like that wouldn't be good for anybody, human or not, and they were stubborn fuckers. So it was going to take a push to make them decide to try the real world again.

“You...you will get the opportunity to feel different pleasures and I will be allowed to display my mate in a socially acceptable way.” He got even more relaxed as my hands found the tips of his tentacles and I started massaging them.

It looked like I was giving him a hand job but he felt more like I was giving him a really good massage. Either way, he was relaxed and it was making him chatty, so I wasn't going to stop.

“Your pleasures are beautiful and so unique. Most television media and book stories do not provide accurate information.” He paused, letting out a quiet sound that was almost like waves crashing at the beach when you could barely hear them. “They see the videos of our mated pair that does erotic human-based pleasure videos, but then they are told porn is not real.”

Oh.

His tone as he repeated the words he'd probably heard over and over made me want to smile, but I could see why he was so frustrated.

“It is confusing.” Jerker let out a more human-sounding sigh as his limbs started caressing me more firmly. “The mated pair that does pleasures for work is real but they do the pornography. So it is said it is not real.”

Yeah, that would be confusing.

Finally releasing the tenacle between my lips, I nuzzled against it so he wouldn't lose all the good feelings I'd been giving him. "As long as you'll have fun showing off how good you make me feel, we can let them watch while we play in the water."

It definitely wouldn't be the same thing as letting human strangers watch.

Flicking my tongue over the end of his tentacle, I rocked and pushed my erection against his body. It had his tentacle reflexively tightening around me and seemed to remind him that I was hard and looking to get some human pleasure-based attention. "What are you going to do to me, Master?"

Jerker didn't seem to understand the game right off the bat, so I gave him an example as I rocked into his touch and then pushed my ass out to encourage his attention there too. "Are you going to carry me around in the pool like you do in the kitchen?"

He cocked his head and looked adorably thoughtful as his limbs started caressing over me instead of just cuddling me. "Sexual verbalizations. Humans like those."

Yes, most of us liked dirty talk in some way or another.

As I nodded, the tentacle around my dick tightened enough to finally be playing with me again and another came down across my ass in a spank that was just firm enough to have my eyes rolling back in my head. "You are stealing pleasure, my human. That is not acceptable. The first thing I will show them is how to administer physical reminders to use good manners."

He was going to spank me.

"I..." My brain skipped a few beats as he held me tight and brought his tentacle down on me again. "I want to be good, Master."

And if people got to watch me remembering how to be his good boy, well, that couldn't be helped.

He gave me another spank as he made a low approving sound. "That is right. I will administer your reminder and you will show obedience and submission."

Oh yeah.

Giving me another spank to help me remember the plan, he rubbed over the tender spots and started rocking me against his body. "What follows obedience, my Theo?"

"Rewards, Master." Burying my face against him, I imagined a rooftop pool and feeling the sun beating down on my naked body. "I get rewards when I'm your good boy."

"That is right, my submissive human." His limbs started rippling around me in my favorite familiar caress and he chuckled when I moaned. "They will see how human submissives react to punishments and praise. They will see how much you love my touch and how much you crave domination-based pleasures from your mate."

Nodding against him as his tentacle came down on my ass again, I moaned as the painful pleasure hit me and he rubbed my dick against his body again. "Please...yes...yes, I crave you."

His proud hum vibrated through me and went right to my dick, making me even harder. "You will show them that human pleasures are different but equally special. More so because you chose to give yourself to me."

One slender tentacle slipped inside me as he spanked me again, sending waves of incredible sensations through me and my body couldn't decide if it was pain or pleasure. "You submit as completely as a human can. You crave my caretaking and

my touch. You walk into our home and I am the first thing you need.”

Our home.

Yes, he was the first thing I thought of as soon as I walked in the door.

It didn't matter how many times I'd told myself we'd go slow and I wouldn't throw myself at him. Somehow, he'd just become part of my life and it didn't feel like home any longer unless I was wrapped up in his arms as soon as I walked in the door.

Nodding against him again, I didn't even try to hide how much I needed him. He already knew it. “You're always at the front of my mind, Master. You're the first thing I think of when I get off work and nothing feels right when you're not around.”

His quiet, proud hum vibrated through my body again, and I could feel his very visceral reaction to my words. “Because I am your caretaker and the protector of your submission, my Theo.”

The tentacle inside me thickened until I was shaking, trapped in his hold and leaving me completely helpless. He knew exactly what he was doing to me and I could feel how much he loved it as he slowly began fucking me. “Submit and show my people how beautiful you are, my Theo.”

Because they were watching.

As his tentacle moved faster, he spread my legs wider and left me feeling wonderfully open and exposed. “Feel the water teasing your body. Feel the heat of the sun and their gazes on you, my Theo. They cannot look away. They want to see your pleasures and hear your sounds.”

Just knowing how curious they were made it even easier to imagine everyone

watching as he touched me...as he showed off his submissive human and showed them how incredible he thought I was.

His thick tentacle pulsed in me as a smaller limb came down low on my ass. Master arched it up, letting me hide my face against him as he offered me up for everyone to see. "They do not understand how wonderful painful pleasures are, my Theo, but they will learn."

By watching me.

I was shaking when he spanked me again, a thuddy swat that went right across the seat of my ass and sent sparks flying through me. I cried out. I couldn't help it, but he knew what it meant. I was so close I could feel my orgasm right under the surface and ready to break.

"Show them your desire, my human mate." A slender tentacle wrapped around my balls and one tug was all it took to send me flying.

Half the building probably heard me come, but it was so perfect I couldn't hold back. Pain and sensations so good I didn't have a name for it flooded through me and all I could do was let it overwhelm me as he kept my orgasm going until I was as boneless as he was.

When he finally let me come back down and was just gently running his limbs over me, he nuzzled against me and made a pleased sound. "Your pleasures were extraordinary, my Theo. You enjoyed our verbal exchange."

And he was so fucking proud of himself he was nearly vibrating with it.

I found enough energy to nod and kiss the closest skin to me which made him chuckle. "Yeah. That was...you did..."

Okay, I had enough energy for a handful of words but not enough for a sentence. That was good to know, so I just gave up and kissed him again.

“You will take a short sleep, my Theo. Then you may tell me about my wonders.”

The last thought that flickered through my head before I gladly obeyed him was that I couldn't wait to tell him how wonderful he was.

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“I have lists of your preferred foods and your limits, but I do not have a list of dates, my Theo.” Jerker was looking very frustrated about that fact, but I wasn’t sure how we’d gotten to this point.

What had he been doing on his phone?

I’d gone downstairs long enough to grab our clothes out of the dryer and now he was personally offended he didn’t have a date list?

“I hadn’t thought about doing a list like that.” Yes, we needed to fix this right off the bat. “You come up with the best ideas. Thank you.”

Giving him a quick kiss as I headed into the bedroom to set our clothes down, I scrambled to figure out what to say next. This was not his idea, so he’d either read something ridiculous online or someone like Larry had been winding him up.

Was both a reasonable guess?

He was looking slightly less offended and more confused by the time that I came back to the living room, but I didn’t like him worried, so I went over to him and lifted my hands up like a needy little begging for uppies.

Perfect.

His smile came out as I went up. “Thank you for making sure our clothing was clean, my Theo.”

Running my hands over his larger tentacles so I could give him a slightly awkward hug, I wiggled so he'd hold me tighter. When I was trapped against him and he seemed much more relaxed, I aimed happy thoughts in his direction. "You're welcome, Master. Thank you for letting me take care of you this time."

He had a love-hate relationship with the washing machine that I wasn't ready to deal with yet.

In his mind, it was nearly barbaric and we were doing it all wrong. I wasn't sure how we were supposed to be doing it because he didn't have the English vocabulary to explain it, but we were basically going down to the creek to scrub the clothes in his mind.

He'd get over it eventually because he had a thing for claiming household chores and he'd only let the stupid machine freak him out for so long. But for now, it was my way of taking care of him for a change and I was going to enjoy it.

"You take very good care of me, my Theo." Stroking over my head, he smiled and snuggled me closer against his body as he walked us into the bedroom. "Now I must take care of you, and according to the internet relationship advisors, I must make sure we have dates."

Oh.

"Larry said he has a list from his human mate about appropriate options." Jerker was working himself up again, but before he could get too far, I jumped back in.

"Well, Larry probably only needed a list because they don't communicate as well as we do." Oh yeah. I was a genius when it came to making my mate happy, at the very least. "You know how well we talk about things, so you weren't worried."

Nope.

He'd been frustrated and cranky.

But as he set me down on the bed, I decided not to mention that part. "And thank you for researching ways we can have a healthy relationship."

I wasn't sure the internet was the place to go for good advice about that kind of stuff, but it was cute that he was making sure he was doing it right.

"Should we go out to dinner? Oh, have you been to the movies?" He'd mentioned going on a few get to know Earth field trips, but he hadn't mentioned the movies yet. "I think it'd be fun cuddling up to you in the movies."

He went very still before his limbs went back to petting me. "Movie theaters are places of entertainment with a large screen where the same movies from the television are projected."

Well, he knew what they were at least.

"Yes." He didn't seem like he understood the excitement, but he also didn't seem like he hated the idea. "Or we could go try out a new grocery store together."

He really liked doing that so I was surprised when he frowned. "I am not allowed to run errands on a date."

That was interesting.

"I don't see trying out a new grocery store as running errands." Although, I could see why he did...the internet had told him it was. "I thought it would be fun to go to show you one of the expensive grocery stores. They're different than the regular one

we go to.”

Jerker looked like the world had stopped spinning for a few seconds. “They change depending on the price...the price of the food?”

Kind of.

“They change based on where the stores are located and how they want people to see them. There is one really big grocery store closer to work where everything is more expensive and that’s where the wealthy people shop. They have different brands and it’s huge.” It was also ridiculous, but I thought he’d find the differences interesting.

“That is.” He paused, thoughts clearly going either too fast or too slow. “That is very unexpected.”

I couldn’t decide what his reaction was, so I just waited and ran my fingers over the limbs that had gone very still.

“The brands of food products change?” He looked stumped by that one, so I nodded clearly. “Humans will pay higher prices to appear more...more special. I was not expecting brand changes as well.”

That was obvious.

“Do you want to go check them out?” I wasn’t sure if it was like a big research project to him or some kind of hobby, but he really liked the grocery store.

“No.” Shaking his head, he looked like he was pushing the idea to the back of his mind as he started petting me again. “Errands are not dates.”

He’d clearly read that entirely too many times.

But it was still early enough in the afternoon that we could do several different things. “How about we do a movie and then find dinner? After the date portion of our day, we’ll wander around the other grocery store before coming home.”

I thought it was a good compromise that even the internet would approve of, but he sighed and was back to looking entirely too thoughtful over the whole situation. “I am not supposed to wear you out before you start work again tomorrow. Sundays are for rest and readying for the week.”

Because the internet had said so.

Okay.

“We ran our errands already and we even got the laundry done. I’m ready for the week and we have hours and hours before I need to go to bed. We have plenty of time for us to do something fun and for you to satisfy your curiosity about the other grocery store.” Logic was helping the situation, so I kept using it.

“As long as it doesn’t take us long to leave the house, I’m pretty sure we’ll get to the theater for one of the last afternoon showings.” Adding in a dash of wicked seemed like a good distraction too, so I turned my head and caught another tentacle that’d been tracing my jaw.

After giving it a tiny suck, I smiled when he let out a soft sigh. “If we sit in the back, I can give you kisses, Master. No one will see.”

And even if they did, we’d still have our clothes on.

The limbs that were wrapped around me tightened before slowly relaxing and I knew I had him. “Public pleasures are taboo, are they not?”

Technically.

“As long as I have my clothes on and no one sees, I don’t think it really counts as taboo.” But clear limits were important, so I worked at explaining what I was thinking. “My limits for the movie theater are that I have to keep my clothes on and no one can watch our pleasures. As long as it’s mostly private, I’ll just feel like it’s naughty without it actually being a legal problem.”

He made a soft, thinking sound and eventually nodded. “The illusion of taboo will give you additional pleasures. I understand.”

Well, he seemed to.

“You can always ask questions if something doesn’t sound right.” Hugging a few of the limbs that were still wrapped around me, I leaned close and gave him another kiss. “We’re really good at communicating. Look at how we talked about going on a date.”

Yes, giving his pride a nice boost chased away the last of his reservations.

No more internet dating advice for Jerker.

“Our communication is excellent.” Puffing up and looking very pleased with himself, he was a changed Dom. “We shall date and explore. Then we will come home and I will make sure you sleep well.”

Since that probably meant an orgasm to wear me out, I nodded in complete agreement. “I think that’s a wonderful plan for our date.”

The plan was perfect, but I hadn’t thought about the fine print because I was surprised when Jerker started taking my shirt off. All it took was a second to realize that he

needed to change my clothes into something date-worthy, but there was a moment where I wondered if he thought dates happened naked.

That mental rabbit trail had me hard as a rock by the time that he stripped my pants off me and he was frowning as he studied the underwear he'd put on me so I could go do the laundry. "Your body does not usually react this strongly when I change your clothes, my mate."

It wasn't exactly a question but I knew he was trying to decide what had changed.

Ugh.

"I had a random thought about you that was really sexy. Human brains can jump from one topic to another and land on something erotic really fast." My explanation had Jerker nodding.

"Yes, human brains are fascinating." Giving the bulge he was studying a pat that just made the situation worse, he made a thoughtful hum. "There has been some research on how often human males think about erotic activities, but I am not convinced enough studies have been done to provide accuracy."

How would they study that?

Worried about the answer to that question, I tried distracting him with more caresses. "I was thinking about you."

Jerker gave my dick one more pat before walking to the closet. "What were your thoughts?"

Hmm.

Yep, that conversation was better than him deciding that he needed to track my sexual thoughts.

“I wasn’t really thinking when you started taking off my clothes and the first thing that came to my head was that you were going to take me out on a naked date. I know there’s not logic to that, but it was just a random thought that jumped into my head and then I kind of liked the idea.” Oh, that sounded dangerous. “Just in a fantasy sense, though. Like playing with the idea but not doing it.”

There was a split-second of him processing the idea where I thought I’d fucked up royally, but he slowly nodded. “Yes, human fantasy scenarios can be different from what they would do in public.”

Glad we were both on the same page, I wasn’t paying enough attention to what he was doing and was incredibly happy to see regular pants in his hands when he turned around. They were some nicer black pants that I’d owned for a while and were a little big on me, but they were so normal I was glad I didn’t have to explain what was proper to wear for a date.

No, our conversation started when he frowned and quickly started taking off the briefs he’d picked out earlier.

“What are you doing?” It seemed like a reasonable question but when his expression shifted toward thoughtful, I wasn’t sure if it’d been logical.

“There are many ways a human male can be decorated for dates.” He paused his explanation as he laid me back on the bed and started dressing me in the pants. “I am doing what is called experimenting.”

Okay.

Made sense.

What didn't was the way he was playing with my dick as he trailed his tentacles deliberately up my body. I knew it was on purpose because of how pleased he looked when my dick jumped around begging for more attention. "Yes, good boy, my Theo."

That didn't help my reaction.

He just puffed up with pride and made a happy sound as he slipped my dick inside the pants before securing them. "Yes, this is very attractive."

Oh.

It shouldn't have taken me that long to figure out what we were doing but it snapped into place by the time that he was standing me up and analyzing the front of my pants. "You are a very good specimen of humanity, my Theo."

That seemed to be his way of telling me I was cute, so I nodded as I answered without thinking. "Thank you, Master."

Wait.

As he shifted around my erection, thankfully to make it slightly more subtle, my brain finally came back to life. He wanted to show off his specimen of humanity. Me. And my dick. I had to admit that my dick liked the idea but my brain was trying to point out the problems with this plan without getting distracted by fantasies.

"Human modesty laws make decisions difficult." Shifting my erection around through my clothes, he made a thinking sound before heading over to my dresser.

Nothing about the situation seemed to be up to me, which honestly made it even more

erotic, so I shrugged and just watched the sexy chaos unfold.

What was he going to do?

What did I want him to do?

Where had he been getting dating advice?

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“Yes, this was a very good compromise.” Master ran one tentacle down the front of my pants and nodded, thoroughly pleased with himself. “It provides support and draws attention to your body without being non-modest by human standards.”

The jock he’d put me in was strained to the limit as he made me even harder, but he was right, it wasn’t going to get us in trouble.

Now, the way he was petting me in public would get us in trouble if he kept doing it once he moved us away from the car. For the time being his body and the car door kept us safe, but once he moved, all bets were off.

God, it was hot.

“Human dating culture makes me happy too, my Theo.” He was adorably earnest considering he really only seemed to like it since it meant he got to dress me up and show me off.

Hmm, had he figured out what we could get away with in a club?

Nope.

Pushing away the random thoughts that were only making me harder, I took a deep breath and did my best to ignore how he was edging me. “I’m glad, Master.”

As he finally stepped back, I was glad I’d parked us toward the back of the lot but just seeing how far we were going to have to walk looked painful. “We shall make dating a weekly ritual, my Theo.”

He was going to kill me.

“I like doing things with you.” Especially ones that made me hard. “And I think you’ll like the movie too.”

He liked shows and stuff on TV, so I was hoping he’d like the movies.

“I am eager to experience it.” Stepping back from the car, he finally let me all the way out and kept his hands to himself as I shut the door and put the keys in my pocket. “New experiences should be tried together.”

“Something you read online?” I couldn’t decide if I was glad or frustrated when he shifted beside me and barely rested one tentacle across my lower back.

“Yes.” All I got was a tiny pat before his limbs went back to being perfectly acceptable. “It is seen as a bonding ritual.”

“I think I’ve heard that before.” I wasn’t sure where but it sounded familiar. “There are all kinds of things we can learn together. There are physical activities we can do for dates and outdoor stuff. I know people who’ve gone on dates where they did crafts.”

If doing paint by numbers and drinking could be considered crafting.

“We just need to figure out what kind of things we want to explore.” Most of the time I’d gone out on the I paid for dinner so don’t you want to suck my dick type of dates.

That was not how Jerker saw dating, though.

“Yes. Instead of two lists we will make one couples list.” That idea made him happy and he nearly bounced into the theater. He was in such a good mood he even found

discussing popcorn to be interesting, but in the end, he decided he wasn't feeling adventurous.

Because popcorn was a very novel idea.

He was so cute, even when he was looking at junk food like it was bugs.

But what made him pleased as punch was seeing that the seats had footrests and armrests that went up so he could snuggle me as the lights dimmed. The delight in his voice was impossible to miss as he whispered in my ear as the theater got dark. "I am starting to understand the human enjoyment in watching movies in public."

Yeah, he'd figured out the fun very quickly because within minutes of the movie starting, his limbs began wandering.

At first it was innocent touches to my legs and hugs as he wrapped several limbs around me. But when his analytical mind finally grasped how much privacy we had, one tentacle started slowly trailing up the inside of my thighs.

Yeah, he was going to love movie dates.

On the other hand, I was being tortured because while there wasn't anyone around us, there were a few people scattered in the front rows, and if I got too loud, they'd hear. Jerker was definitely doing his best to get a reaction out of me, though.

As the first gunfire in the movie went off, he squeezed my dick and spread my legs. I managed not to moan but he wasn't making it easy. Just the way he had my legs trapped and open for him had fantasies running amuck in my head, but he turned it up a notch when one impossibly thin tentacle slipped inside my pants.

Between their size and the stretch of the fabric, Master didn't have any problem

finding the parts he loved playing with the most.

His tentacle was so thin, though, that it gave a completely different sensation as the cordlike toy traced around my balls and along the sides of the jock pouch. I couldn't help but picture how it would feel coming down on me, so thin and so firm, and the pain my brain imagined was so good I had to press my lips together to keep quiet.

Jerker was silent, but his body vibrated and I knew at the very least he was pleased as fuck that he'd gotten such good reactions out of me. He was getting a brag-worthy story out of his first date and I knew he'd be making sure every alien he knew understood what a good Master he was.

Fuck.

That was hot too.

And the way he started tightening his hold on me said he'd figured out I was getting even more turned on.

Not that anyone would've noticed.

The way he had his limbs arranged, if anyone had seen us, they'd have just thought he was snuggling me in the dark. They'd never know he had one tentacle teasing under my jock, tracing around my balls and playing with my slit like it was a fun way to relax.

I was never going to make it through the whole movie, but I wasn't sure if I'd explode or just die of a heart attack first.

Master didn't help the situation as he leaned in and nuzzled against my neck. "Take in oxygen, my mate, or I will have to stop your reward for choosing a wonderful

date.”

Well, he didn’t help my dick problem but he did give me a good reminder about something important.

Air.

“Good boy.” He seemed to have decided that I needed a reward for following his order to breathe because his tentacle started to do that lollipop maneuver where he twirled it around my cock over and over. “Yes, just relax and enjoy our time together, my Theo. Our first human date should be memorable.”

Oh God, he was going to edge me the whole night.

Who the fuck had told him about human dating?

A sadist.

By the time the movie ended, I had no idea which side of the war had won or even who the bad guys were, but I was floating above my body and Jerker was over-the-moon proud of himself. “You have not even made a mess. You have been a very good boy.”

For some reason, he seemed to struggle with the made a mess part and that had my brain tuning back into reality. I couldn’t figure out why he’d stumbled over that part and the mental searching had my mind clearing enough that I realized the credits had been rolling for a while.

“Thank you... Yes, thank you, Master.” No. Not Master in public. “I...I...I need a second before we get up.”

My clothes were magically straightened and I looked fine. Hell, he'd even made sure my erection was as discreet as it could be. But I had a feeling my eyes had that just fucked into oblivion look, so I wasn't going to try to walk through the lobby yet.

Not that I was sure my legs would work yet anyhow.

"Of course, my Theo." Wearing a very smug expression, Jerker ran a small tentacle over my head. "You have worked hard at relaxing."

Well, that was one way to put it.

"You're very good at helping me relax." Leaning over, I gave him a quick peck. "Thank you."

I wasn't sure what I was thanking him for, but he liked it and puffed up even more. "You are welcome, my Theo."

A few more deep breaths and the lights coming up a bit had my brain clearing even more, and a few wiggles said my legs would probably keep me upright, so I sat up straighter. "Are you ready for dinner? Where should we go?"

Sitting would not help me to function and it wouldn't help my hard-on situation, so I was hoping that walking would fix a few lingering problems.

One big one especially.

"There are several restaurants in this shopping area." His casual tone was completely at odds with the crazy feelings still bouncing around in me. "You require nutrition and water, my Theo."

Aftercare...the restaurant version.

“I think that’s a good idea.” But if I didn’t stand up on my own, he’d carry me, so I put the footrest down and tried to subtly test to see if my legs would support me.

They would, but I needed to learn to be more subtle because as soon as I started to rise, he wrapped a large tentacle around me. “I will not let you fall, my Theo.”

He was sweet but I wasn’t going to let him carry me out of the movie theater. “Thank you.”

Did it.

It took him a few seconds to really trust me about that, but eventually he agreed I was steady enough to release and we made our way out of the building. No drama. No being carried. No one noticing I was still achingly hard.

Perfect.

Oh food.

“I…” Frowning at the options around the movie theater, I wasn’t sure what I wanted or what would be reasonable. “Do you want Mexican or maybe breakfast? That diner over there is pretty good and serves breakfast all day.”

And it was cheap.

My budget was pretty good for the time being because he kept insisting that as my mate he needed to provide me with food, but I wasn’t sure how his finances were looking. I knew logically I should ask because that was what people who communicated did, but I’d never had that conversation with any guy I’d dated.

And we’d technically only been together about a week.

But we were mates, so that made things different, right?

He was my Master, though, so that might change the rules too?

“Your thoughts are not filled with human pleasures, my Theo.” Still very much in Master mode, Jerker’s tentacle steered us to the right and started gently running another tentacle over my head. “Please explain.”

Ugh.

“Um, well.” How did I explain the roller coaster of thoughts that’d flooded my brain? “I was thinking about how nice our date had been and how you were taking care of me.”

Kind of.

“Then I remembered we needed to talk about dinner and I didn’t know what I wanted, and then I started worrying that I might pick a restaurant that’s too expensive. You always want to pay for stuff like that and I don’t mind that, but I didn’t want to make things hard on you.” I liked being taken care of but I didn’t want to be a pain in the ass about it. “Then I realized we hadn’t talked about money, and I’m pretty sure that was when you asked me where my mind had wandered off to.”

It felt like I’d missed a step in there somewhere, but it seemed mostly right, so I took a deep breath and decided to let Master sort it out. He was smart. If he could run a spaceship, he could handle one slightly stressed submissive human.

“Human brains are fascinating.” Still running a limb over my head, probably doing his best to find a good way to soothe me in public, he made thinking sounds as we crossed the parking lot. “I will pick our place of food. However, we will make a limits list of food and restaurants.”

Oh, why hadn't a Dom mentioned that before?

"That's so...Master, I don't know anyone who's done that before." That was just...

"We can do that?"

"Yes." Jerker's confident tone said he knew he could fix anything. "You will list places you like to eat and will indicate which are not acceptable. When we go out, you will have one chance to pick. If you cannot, I will decide."

"What...what if I'm a pain in the ass about it?" Food was hard sometimes.

"You will get one chance to make your preference known. If you misbehave later and do what is called pitching a fit, you will be punished. That is reasonable, my Theo." He shrugged like there wasn't anything he could do about it even though he was the one making the rules.

That conversation wouldn't go well, though, so I just ignored the illogical nature of the situation.

"What kind of punishment?" Yes, that was a much more important conversation to have.

"The most frequently discussed punishments online that do not involve spankings are writing and the use of a cock cage." He'd clearly been thinking about that for entirely too long. There hadn't even been a second's hesitation before he'd started to answer.

I'd have to write lines or go in a cock cage?

Well, clearly I could get harder even though I hadn't thought that was possible.

"Human minds." Master gave a low laugh as he patted my head. "Human

submissives are endlessly interesting, my Theo.”

And he obviously thought we were cute too.

“I was...distracted.” Yep. That was the best word to describe it.

“My Theo, are you curious about the use of denial and restraints in domination-based sexual pleasures?” His utter delight at being able to ask that question made me groan.

“Your limits list indicated that it would be acceptable as punishment or pleasure.”

I was an idiot.

“Um, we should probably talk about food first.” Yes, that was a much better plan.

“Where are we going?”

Did he have any idea he was walking us toward a really expensive Italian restaurant?

Noodles should never cost that much.

“We are eating, my Theo.” Giving me another “it’s okay” kind of pat, he smiled. “I enjoy watching you consume the food labeled as spaghetti.”

At least I didn’t have to worry about what was for dinner any longer.

Spaghetti.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:08 am

“Your anxiety over money must be taken care of before we finish our previous conversation.” Jerker was trying to be nice. I knew that because he’d waited until we’d ordered our drinks and were settled before he charged in to fix the problem, but I still had to fight to keep my anxiety from rising again.

“Thank you.” Keeping Master to myself because there were a few too many people around us for that, I sat straighter and reached for my water. “I know we need to talk about it because it makes me nervous.”

That got a very decisive nod from Jerker but he looked confused too. “Humans find conversations about money to be taboo, but that limit does not happen between mates. Are you aware of this, my Theo?”

“Yes.” But worries weren’t logical. “I’ve just never had a relationship like this before, so I’ve never needed to have money conversations.”

Fuck.

I could talk about sex positions and not paychecks.

What kind of fucked up was that?

“Not the mate thing but just a long-term relationship where I matter to someone.” That sounded terrible but I kept going. “You’re the only guy I’ve ever thought about having a future with. This is new.”

Puffing up with pride for some reason, Jerker didn’t make me wait long to figure out

what he'd liked hearing. "Yes, our relationship is special and I am your only mate. Human or not. Having conversations about things like money will help you to remember that."

Oh.

Yeah, that did make him special.

Finally getting what was making him so confident, I had to smile. "You're very special to me and thank you for being patient when I worry about things that don't seem rational."

Just thinking about it, he probably had to remind himself a lot that I wasn't completely inane.

"Our brains do not process information the same way, so the same results cannot be expected." He shrugged before reaching out with one tentacle and holding my hand. "In this discussion, I think that means I should explain my money life in more detail."

Finances.

But yes.

"That would be helpful, but I just want you to remember that even though I feel anxious, this is a conversation I want to have." For a variety of reasons, not just because the menu would give me an ulcer otherwise.

"Anxiety in humans is not always something that can be avoided." He almost sighed as he said it, but I was just glad he understood what I was trying to say.

"Yeah, sorry about that." For a whole species of Type-A Doms, that had to make

them anxious too. Which was actually kind of ironic even though I knew Jerker wouldn't see it that way.

“It cannot be changed, so we will adapt.” His confidence was kind of adorable even though I was still unreasonably worried. “Our first adaptation will be additional communication about subjects that provide anxiety.”

Like money.

“That's a good idea.” Hopefully the answers wouldn't make me more nuts.

His limbs did a kind of wavy jerk that looked almost like he was shifting to look more professional but I had a feeling it was a thinking hard kind of movement. Jerker was definitely planning what he was going to say and he looked a bit like he was going into battle.

It shouldn't have been cute but it was and it made it harder to stay so stressed.

“My society understood we would need to be compensated in the correct manner for Earth upon our arrival.” Watching Jerker go into teacher mode was really cute. “Due to the value of our knowledge and physical items, it was decided that each individual would be given what is called a base pay for one year of work.”

Okay, made sense.

He waited until I nodded to keep going, just to make sure I was following along. “I was given additional money because I stayed in my position longer than most other individuals.”

Good.

“Because you were on the ship a lot longer.” I was glad someone had realized how important that was.

“Yes.” The limb holding my hand started using the small nubs to ripple over my skin, sending a shiver through me that made him nearly laugh. “It was decided by the human leadership that my funds would be put into a bank account to keep it protected. It has been growing through compound interest and what is called safe investments.”

“Really?” The stress bubble inside me popped. “Someone thought of that?”

“Yes.” Jerker reached under the table and two smaller tentacles started teasing around my ankles. “One of the members of the first-contact team had a spouse who was a financial advisor. From what I was told, she was very insistent that our compensation be cared for. It is believed she is the dominant partner in a domination-based relationship, but we quickly came to understand it was not acceptable to ask.”

I’d have loved to have been a fly on the wall for that conversation.

“That must’ve been hard to figure out at first, but I think you guys are doing great overall.” Better than we would’ve probably done if the situation had been reversed.

Humans brought chaos to any situation they encountered.

But considering how much fun they thought we were in bed, the chances of us starting an interstellar war was probably lower than I thought.

“I will provide the paperwork called statements to help ease your anxiety further, but I will be able to provide for you should you continue your caretaking work or not.” He said that so casually I found myself really thinking about it.

“You’d be okay with taking over the finances and stuff like that if I decided to do something else? I want to work. I like working.” I didn’t want there to be any question about that or I might end up propped up on pillows all day to keep me safe.

But instead of answering my question, he came back with one of his own. “Do you enjoy your caretaking work, my Theo?”

“Um, well, I have good benefits and I like most of my coworkers. I met Nicholas and Larry through work.” That was a really good bonus considering it’d helped me meet Jerker. “But I kind of just fell into it because once I got out of high school, I didn’t have any other options.”

It hadn’t been bad and I’d been grateful to get the job.

“That is the base human education, correct?” His head cocked and I could almost hear his brain whirling. “I was told many of your people continue on to get specialized training in different forms. Is your job not specialized?”

“Not really.” I shrugged, not sure how to explain it. “I did okay in school but my family never pushed for more education and never pointed out how important it was. No one really does anything in my family.”

Except get really good at figuring out government assistance.

“I didn’t realize how many options there were for schools and that kind of stuff until after I started working at the university.” Even the teachers and counselors at school had written me off because of my family.

Not that I could blame them.

I didn’t realize how fucked up my family was until after I’d finally gotten away from

them.

“Then we shall research the topic of education together.” Jerker said that like it was obvious. “It can be another date project like the crafts you spoke of.”

That sounded like such a Jerker kind of date it made me smile. “I think that’s a great idea.”

“I agree. It is a very sound and enjoyable plan.” He said it with such confidence, I knew he wasn’t joking...which just made it even cuter.

I loved it when his confidence shined like that.

“We will each help the other research human jobs and we will make a list of options.” Giving me a very serious expression, he gave my hand and my ankles a squeeze. “We will take our time, my Theo. It will require patience.”

I wasn’t sure if he was warning me or himself, but either way, I nodded. “Yes, we’ll take our time and won’t rush into anything. I have my job and I like it for the most part. You have your savings. We’re not in a hurry.”

“That is correct.” Looking proud of me, he nodded. “What is also correct is that we will continue to make lists of important topics humans in a relationship should discuss. Are you ready to make that list now or should we schedule time later this week?”

Oh.

“Um, let’s schedule time?” That hadn’t come out very decisive, so I kept rambling. “I need to think about it even though you’re right. I’ve been thinking about our relationship in terms of domination and submission, and I forgot the everyday kind of

stuff.”

He went still before lifting several of his limbs almost like he was waving his hands around. “I will admit to the same flaw. However, that is something we can change.”

Yep, that was easy to fix since we’d caught it early.

“And you’ll help make the list too.” This wasn’t all about me. “I’m sure there are things that you want to talk about too.”

He made an adorable thinking sound before nodding. “Yes, I will consider my questions for you. Understanding mate tasks that are not domination-based is important.”

Hmm.

What else did mates do?

Hell, what did boyfriends or spouses do that we weren’t doing?

Planning for the future was the biggest one that popped into my head, but I decided that could wait. “We’ve got a lot to think about, but you helped me to stop worrying about money so that makes me feel a lot better.”

“I am glad, my Theo.” Jerker looked like he had something else on his mind, but our waiter took that moment to walk over to us and the conversation quickly shifted.

Jerker wasn’t one for small talk with strangers, so once our server had finished introducing himself and asking if we were ready, Jerker charged right in and ordered for both of us. I didn’t mind, and honestly, it was nice not to have to think about it.

Especially since I knew why he'd picked spaghetti.

Yep, just thinking about how much he liked watching me suck on the noodles had my noodle getting hard.

And not even the curious way the waiter was bouncing his gaze back and forth between us dimmed my delight.

In fact, it made it even more fun because I knew he was putting the pieces together pretty quickly. "Perfect. I'll get this into our system and then I'll be back with some bread and a refill on your waters."

Without a single question aimed in my direction, he gave us a pleasant smile and walked away with nearly as much confidence as Jerker would.

"The interruption was not timely, however I am glad to have our food ordered. You are hungry." His gaze dropped down to the table like he was staring at my stomach.

"Can you hear it?" I hadn't been rumbling like a cartoon but I wasn't surprised when Jerker nodded.

"Your body also gives off other signals that indicate what humans call blood sugar and other factors." His matter-of-fact tone had me shaking my head.

"I just can't imagine processing all that information at once." Our brains were fascinating places but his was amazing. "I think we've traded space for our imagination instead of all the processing power you have."

Jerker went very still. "That is an interesting assessment of our differences."

I wasn't sure which would be better, but I liked all the fun stuff that came with my

imagination. “I like our differences.”

“I find them highly cooperative.” Going back to teasing over my hand, he squeezed my ankles and trailed his tentacles higher up my calves. “Before our interruption, I had planned to ask about other questions you have for me. Ones that are not relationship-based.”

So little ones, not the big relationship stuff like money.

“Yeah, I do.” I probably had a list a mile long, but I started with the one I’d been forgetting to ask. “How did you come up with your name?”

I knew their names were meaningful to them, and Larry proved that definition could be flexible, but I wasn’t sure what Jerker had been thinking.

He was really nice.

“When I was picking out my Earth name, I was isolated and a human being the same situation would be called lonely.” Jerker made it sound like he hadn’t been lonely but a human in the same situation would, but before I could figure out what kind of question to ask, he continued. “I chose a name based on a language called Old Norse whose people were very mobile in the ocean. It means ever ruling or island ruling.”

Oh wow.

Always ruling.

Always alone.

The seafaring reference made sense too in a way.

“I think that’s a very good name for how you must’ve been feeling at the time.” I wasn’t going to debate the alien feelings versus human thing, so I just skipped over it. “I’ve never heard the name before but I think it’s perfect.”

He wasn’t going to be alone anymore, but he could rule our tiny kingdom.

I definitely didn’t want to be in charge.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:08 am

“No.” Laughing as he picked me up and carried me into the apartment, I wrapped my arms around him and shook my head. “I don’t need to go to Paris. You’re romantic enough right here.”

We were going to have to work on his internet habits.

“I have read that it is a very romantic city, my Theo.” Stroking his limbs over me, he gave me a good hint about what he meant by romantic. “You would like romance and I will walk you around the large tower where I will tell you about our human marriage plans.”

Tell me about them, huh?

Not sure if I wanted to shake my head or laugh, I couldn’t hold back a grin. “How about you just hold me tight here and tell me about them now? We’re already mates after all.”

I really should’ve taken Nicholas more seriously when he said what that word meant to them.

Making one of his cute thinking sounds, Jerker cocked his head and looked adorably thoughtful and slightly skeptical. “Humans do things differently.”

I had a feeling he’d practiced his expression in front of the mirror but I wasn’t going to point that out. “But you’re not human and I know that.”

Instead of agreeing with me, he made another soft thinking hum and stroked one

tentacle over my head as he walked us into the bedroom. “What do you know, my Theo?”

I had a feeling that wasn't just a simple question to him, so I cuddled into him and took it very seriously. “I'm going to think for a moment, Master.”

He liked that answer, making a pleased sound as he settled us onto the bed, with me straddling several of his limbs as he snuggled me against his torso. “I will be patient, my Theo. Thank you for explaining your silence.”

Being patient seemed to mean not pushing for words, but it didn't mean keeping his limbs to himself because they kept caressing over me. It was wonderfully distracting, but I did my best to think about what he'd meant and not what I wanted him to do to me.

What did I know?

Letting the ideas and images float around in my head, I closed my eyes and let out a deep breath as his tentacles massaged and loved on me.

He was good at taking care of me like that.

He was good at taking care of me in a lot of different ways.

“I know that you show me how special I am by doing things for me and giving me lots of hugs and physical affection.” Sure, he was fabulous at giving me orgasms, but it was more than that. “You always know when I want hugs and to be carried, and you're amazing when you carry me around when you're making dinner.”

That might not have been the most human place to start, but his limbs tightened around me and he made a quiet, happy sound.

Hearing that I was on the right track made it easier to keep going and not feel stupid.

“I know that you were worried about upsetting me when we first met but you took very good care of me and you made sure I wasn’t scared.” It was probably all his leadership training but he was very good in those kinds of situations.

He never made anything worse and I wasn’t sure I had too many people in my life I could say that about.

“I know that you’re always looking for different ways to take care of me. Just things like learning to cook and going grocery shopping are ways you take care of me.” Rubbing my cheek against him, I sighed as his limbs started tightening around me in a wavy, massage-like motion.

“You took over all the hard things and made them easier. I get more sleep and you make sure I’m not worn out at the end of the day.” He even made sure I was clean every night because he’d read an article online that said humans slept better when they were clean and had a routine.

So he’d made sure I had one.

“You make me feel happy.” That might’ve been what it really boiled down to. “Most people in my life haven’t made me happy and I’m very grateful that you do, Master.”

Yeah, that was what I knew...but what about him?

“What do you know, Master?” My question didn’t seem to surprise him but his limbs moved faster over me and he made his thinking sounds, so I was very good and was patient too.

I didn’t have the right limbs to give him wavy hugs or the range of motion to do

much since he had me pinned against him. However, I could take deep breaths and aim happy thoughts at my mate. That was definitely a good option, though, because it made his sounds go deeper and his tentacles hugged me tighter again.

Yeah, that'd definitely been the right way to be patient.

"I know that you have given me a purpose I craved, my Theo." A smaller tentacle stroked over my head almost absentmindedly and his nubs combed through my hair sending shivers through me.

He made a quiet, happy sound but didn't get distracted. "I know you have made me complete in a way that humans cannot understand. I am...I am me now and you have given me that."

Humming softly, he kept teasing my hair and massaging my scalp. "We are a species that is apart but is not meant to be alone. It is...there is a word that means emotional pain but I cannot find a human word that is right. You have taken that away and have given me the purpose I have long wanted."

Part of me was trying to point out that I wasn't supposed to be his purpose in life but I took great satisfaction in pushing it away and telling it to shut up.

Jerker wasn't human.

Best sentence ever.

"We are meant to have purpose and caretaker." Jerker went back to combing a tentacle through my hair, making soft sounds when he sent tingly pleasure through me. "We were meant to find our mates and to grow through caretaking. There is no happiness in being alone, my Theo. You have given me happiness."

Nodding against him as my eyes prickled, I took a deep breath and hugged him as best I could. “I like making you happy, Master, and I like being your mate.”

His limbs rippled over me again, tender and loving as he held me tight. “You are a wonderful mate, my Theo. I would be very happy to marry you in the human way. I will show everyone that I have claimed you and that you have given yourself to me.”

I couldn’t resist the laughter that bubbled out of me. “Yes, Master. I’ll marry you.”

We were going to have to talk about what he thought a wedding looked like, though. But for the time being, I had a different topic in mind for us to discuss.

Celebrating our engagement.

Turning my head, I opened my eyes and kissed his torso, working my way over to one of his smaller tentacles with my limited range of movement. I didn’t make it to the tip like I’d been planning, but I licked the underside and teased some of his nubs. “Master...it’s too far away.”

He knew exactly what I wanted, using the end of his tentacle to caress around my jaw and to tap my nose. “My Theo, it is right there. What do you mean?”

Barely holding back laughter, I wiggled against his increasingly tight hold and tried to catch it with my lips as he flicked it out and tapped my chin that time. “Master...”

Making thinking sounds and trying to look innocent and confused, he even cocked his head. “I do not understand the problem, my Theo.”

Someone had been teaching him how to tease.

“The problem is that I want to make you feel good, Master.” Yes, I liked his happy

sounds and I liked sucking, so it would be a win-win situation as far as I was concerned.

“That does not provide enough pleasure for both of us, my Theo.” His tentacles rippled over me, and before I could disagree with him, one came down and spanked my ass over my clothes. As I moaned, he made a low, pleased sound. “Yes, that provides us both with much physical happiness.”

There wasn't even time for me to figure out if I wanted to get my way or not before he started taking off my clothes and moving me around like a doll. As soon as my shoes and socks were off, some of his smaller tentacles slid under my shirt and pants, already wanting to tease me before he'd even gotten me naked.

As he stretched me out across his lap, I managed a moan and tried to thrust my dick up and get more friction against his tentacle, but he wasn't letting me move any further than that. Which just made me moan again, honestly.

I loved being trapped and he knew it.

“This will provide mutual pleasure for both of us, my mate.” He made a happy sound as he got my pants off and another tentacle wrapped around the base of my dick like a cock ring. “You give off so many wonderful emotions, my Theo.”

His goal was definitely to get more of the wonderful emotions he was creating because one thinned-out tentacle flicked against the head of my trapped dick and sent sparks firing through me. “Yes, very good, my mate.”

The constant praise for just getting turned on and reacting only made my body want to get even more turned on.

He gave me the best ways of making him happy.

“How should I please my mate?” It was definitely a rhetorical question to fuck with me, but my brain flooded with every wonderful suggestion it could find. “Hmm, you enjoyed that question, my mate.”

Oh yeah.

One thinned-out tentacle started making circles around my hole and another slapped at the head of my dick again, sending fireworks of pleasure and pain through me. He was utterly delighted at the way my breath got caught in my throat and the incredible sensations showering through me. “Beautiful.”

That was not how I would’ve described it, but I didn’t have enough working brains to figure out another word.

“What curious things did your human brain find, my Theo?” Tickling my slit, he made a happy sound when I whimpered and shook. “Humans are very creative but you are even better, my mate.”

His sweet praise came with an inch of tentacle slipping inside me and made me whine for more. “Yes, I am sure your brain found interesting options. Tell me, my Theo.”

Master wanted to hear me talk dirty to him.

Tuning out everything around me, I focused on his words and his order. “I...I love it when I feel you inside me, Master. You keep me trapped so good. I love being under your control.”

It was terrible as far as real dirty talk went, but he loved hearing that I loved his favorite ways of driving me insane.

“You respond well to being immobile, my mate.” Master’s limbs tightened around

me and spread my legs wider, sending a rush of desire through me as he made me feel so exposed I wanted to orgasm right then. “And displayed. You like being displayed, my Theo.”

There was no reason to deny it when I knew how easily he could read me, but nodding and having to admit how much I loved it had just enough humiliation running through me that it made it even more incredible.

“Human reactions.” Master chuckled and the tone of his voice said he found my mix of emotions to be adorable. “Tell me more. How should I enjoy your pleasures? Do you want additional penetration, my submissive mate?”

Yes.

I managed to make my head nod but it took me a second to get more of me to work. “Yes, please. Thick and hard and fast and...”

His tentacle slipped deeper inside me, cutting my words off as I moaned. That in itself was perfect, but as my body fought to take more and his hold on me tightened again, it gave me a rush of submission.

“Yes, good boy, my mate.” Whatever he felt from the tingly warmth flooding through me had him making soft, pleased sounds and he flicked the head of my dick again, the perfect reward to push me even closer to oblivion. “Submit and feel. Give me your emotions, my mate.”

That was all he wanted...to feel me.

“Tighter. Please, Master. It—” The words disappeared as he fulfilled my plea and his hold went from tight to immobile. “That’s...”

So good.

My eyes nearly rolled back in my head the first time I tried to fight against him and the rush that went through me had both of us making sexy sounds. Master was thoroughly enjoying himself, but only he had the ability to make words work. “Your pleasure is so strong, my Theo. Give me more. Try again and feel how you belong to me.”

I was his.

I tried to give him what he wanted but I could barely move, and as I struggled, the pleasure wave hit me again. As I moaned, he let out a pleased chuckle and a deep breath. “Yes, so much happiness, my mate.”

He had the best definition of happiness.

“We can create more, my Theo.” More meant making the cock-like tentacle inside me even wider and sinking it deeper.

It was almost too much too soon but he slapped the head of my dick again and suddenly everything was too much and too good. I’d have come but his homemade cock ring kept it at bay, leaving me shaking. “Not yet, my Theo. I have not heard all of your pleasure requests.”

The thick tentacle inside me started making short thrusts right over my prostate and that just added another level of crazy to all the sensations whirling around in me. He had to have known how hard the words were but I struggled through the weight of everything.

Master wanted the words.

It was just that simple.

“My cock. Again. I.” Sucking in a breath, I tried to make sure he knew what I wanted, but Master was psychic because his whip-like tentacle smacked the head again.

I could hear myself cry out but it was far away and sounded muffled from the distance. As it faded, the only thing that kept me grounded was the incredible hold he had on every inch of me. “Master...”

Words.

He wanted words.

Enough words and I could come.

“Yes, my Theo. Good boy.”

I got praise for words.

Praise meant orgasms and pleasure and love and cuddles and...

“Lightning, Master.” Yes, the lightning would make me come. “Please.”

Spanking my dick again, Master started fucking me harder and I was so close to flying the world was spinning around me. “Let me hear your words again, my submissive human. Let me hear your plea.”

God.

More words.

Yes, more words...more pleasure.

I wanted more pleasure.

“Please, Master. I need you.” One last whip-like smack to my cock had the world exploding around me as it lit up like I’d never felt before.

Whips and lightning and hugs and...

When reality tuned back in, Master had me snuggled against his body and his limbs were softly caressing over me. “My mate?”

He wasn’t exactly worried but I knew he needed reassurance. Part of me imagined hugging him tight, but my muscles weren’t going to cooperate that much so I tried for words. That wasn’t much better, so I settled for aiming happy thoughts at Jerker.

He made a soft laughing sound and a tentacle stroked over my cheek, making me realize my eyes were still closed.

There he was.

“My Theo.” Still running his limbs over me, he leaned down and kissed my forehead. “That is how mates show innocent pleasure and happiness.”

He was so cute.

“I like forehead kisses.” Hey, words. “You can tell me you love me too.”

Grasping at words that were just randomly floating through my head was so exhausting my eyes closed again, but Master was worth the effort. Trying again as his limbs snuggled me closer, I was proud of myself when I caught a few.

I was the best sub ever.

“Because I love you and you’re the best mate. You’re going to be the best husband too because you’re...” Shoot they wandered off. No. There they were. “You’re the best Dom ever.”

“You are the best submissive human ever and require the best Dominant partner.” He ran a soft tentacle down my cheek, making me realize I was smiling. “You are the best mate and will be the best submissive husband as well.”

“The best. We’re both. You’re so.” So good at making me so tired. “I love date nights, Master.”

And I loved him.

And I loved lightning.

Why had I been so worried about so much pleasure?

Why had I been worried about so much wonderful submission?

There was nothing to worry about...I was his mate. I was his submissive. I was his Theo.

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“No, Nicholas is the one with the issue. He’s just not thinking creatively enough.” I shrugged as Jerker petted my head as he made a thinking sound that meant he was glad I was agreeing with him. “You’re providing a necessary service to the community.”

Nicholas was just frustrated that he hadn’t thought of it first.

“Many humans do not decision-make well.” Jerker still wasn’t sure how or why that was, but he’d accepted it as a fact. “His focus on science might be why he does not understand business.”

Jerker on the other hand was an adorable and thriving capitalist.

“You’ve got a ton of clients so far and I’m very proud of you.” It wasn’t like any business I’d ever heard of, but it was interesting and totally unexpected.

He helped humans make decisions.

For a flat fee, he’d go grocery shopping and do things like that, or for something bigger, he’d charge a bit more and go pick out a house with an indecisive human.

My favorite part was the lady who’d paid him to tell her that it was okay to want to cut her hair. She’d gotten the Jerker praise package for free and he had a wonderful time telling her how brave she was and how nice she looked for a human female.

The grocery people made perfect sense and so did the hair lady, but I still didn’t understand how someone couldn’t realize which house they liked best.

Jerker was right.

Humans were interesting.

“You make people very happy.” Yep, we were a race who really didn’t like making decisions by ourselves.

I wasn’t sure if Jerker was right and that it was an evolutionary prey thing, but I was just glad he was having a good time helping people. Having more than just me to aim his decision-making and caretaking at was good for our relationship too.

“I provided several individuals with happiness today. You are right.” And just being able to say that puffed him up with pride and had his tentacles wandering over my ass. Making everyone happy made him frisky and I didn’t have to worry that I wasn’t giving him enough to control in our own life.

Trying not to laugh and draw attention to us, I gave him a side-eye and pretended to look serious. “We’re not in private yet, my naughty mate.”

He waited as we crossed the fancy lobby and hit the up button on the elevator to shrug. “This is what humans call close enough.”

His human education was fascinating sometimes.

He wasn’t wrong, though.

The elevators couldn’t be seen from the front of the building and his body was blocking most of mine from anyone who would walk by. There was even a discreet sign that said we were at a private elevator and shouldn’t proceed without approval.

I had approval since technically Jerker had a room until the end of the month. Of course, he didn’t have anything there, but they were sticklers for rules and schedules,

so he still had a room even though he'd been living with me for weeks.

Since we'd met, honestly, but that didn't really matter anymore.

"You are learning all kinds of interesting things about humans." And from humans.

His pleased sound said he liked being able to agree with me. "My education is continuing."

That was an understatement because if he wasn't taking care of me or helping people decide which desserts they wanted, he was studying up on humans and all the different ways we were fascinating.

Nicholas thought all that interesting knowledge would lead Jerker in a scientific direction, but I thought he'd just end up writing a book on how strange and cute we were. I just wasn't sure if it would be nonfiction or a dirty romance. But no matter what he did in the long run, he was proud of himself for his new career and he'd been having a lot of fun planning our pool shenanigans.

So all I had to worry about was what to do once our naughty fun was over and he could start planning something else.

Smart people were dangerous but he was so cute I kept forgetting that.

"Learning is fun, my Theo." His voice had a naughty tone to it as he pulled me into the elevator and picked me up in his limbs. It was obvious that he considered us in private by the way his tentacles were stroking over me, but I wasn't sure how much privacy we actually had.

He was doing a good job of distracting me from that, though. "I have watched many educational videos on the subject of clubs and the events called play parties."

Ugh.

Since that rabbit hole was my doing, I just hid against him and groaned. “Master.”

He gave a very pleased laughing sound and patted my ass. “My human is what is considered naughty. I am a very lucky mate.”

I had no idea what to say to that but that was mostly because he spanked me and fried my brain. “Master...you’re...”

Whatever I’d been going to say vanished as he slipped one tentacle under my shirt and teased the strip of skin showing just above my pants. The Speedo he’d picked out for me was still hidden by my pants but I knew how excited he was to strip me down and show me off.

I hadn’t thought they were necessary, but he’d read online how much fun it was to do a strip tease, so his plans had changed.

“I am showing my mate how much fun he will have playing games with his Master.” Running a tentacle over my ass made it clear what kind of games he was talking about and I couldn’t help moaning as I imagined what would happen.

Logically I knew the plan.

Strip.

Swim and tease.

Spank.

Orgasm.

I also knew there would be some last-minute adjustments in the order, but my body wasn't thinking about any of it rationally. No. It had nothing but fantasies and questionable decisions on its mind and I completely approved.

By the time the elevator opened, the only thoughts in my head were about the games he had planned. And since those games included being watched, I thought there'd be more people around, but as he walked through another empty hallway that looked like any fancy apartment building, we were completely alone.

"Where is everyone, Master?" I didn't think it was a stupid question but his answer was unexpected.

"They will respect our mate bond and not intrude."

So they'd just watch and pretend not to?

Would I get to meet them later?

As the questions I should've asked started to pile up, I got derailed when we walked through a set of double doors and were suddenly out on the roof deck.

A very secluded roof deck.

Yep, it'd been installed with privacy in mind and there were decorative wall screens and thick greenery anywhere someone from another building could've used to look in on it. But they hadn't planned on anyone needing privacy from the tenants in the building.

It was perfect.

The best part was how completely illogical it was for them to watch us make love but not want to say hello at all because that would be rude.

I was starting to see why none of them had called up the porn couple to ask any questions.

“I’m glad they respect our bond, Master.” I wasn’t sure what else to say as he set me on the deck, but thankfully I was saved from having to pretend it was all normal by his wandering tentacles getting down to business.

He tossed aside the bag he’d packed for us...what was really his mobile aftercare bag...and my shirt was the first piece to come off. “You are a beautiful human, my Theo.”

Pushing away the random questions that popped into my head, like if he’d meant for a human or just in general, I focused on my mate and our audience. “Thank you, Master.”

Chuckling as the tips of his tentacles tickled over my ribs, I wiggled against him and moaned as he squeezed my dick. “Master...that’s...”

He pinched my nipples, smiling like the sexy predator he was as I made another desperate sound. “That is highly pleasing? Yes, I know, my mate.”

Someone was feeling very confident.

I might’ve been getting turned on by the audience because I was a bit of an exhibitionist, but he was enjoying it just as much. The reasons might’ve been different, but he was in full proud Dom mode and it was a sexy as fuck transition.

His confidence with my pants and shoes was just as badass, but when I was down to only the tight, tiny Speedo he’d picked out for me, he slowed things down. It was time to tease. Just the way his tentacles trailed over my legs would’ve had me hard as a rock, but his excitement to show me off and the way his inner predator came out left me shaking.

“These are so small they merely decorate your body, my mate.” He proved that by using the tip of one tentacle to trace over my erection. “Human clothing is fascinating. You cover but tantalize.”

He seemed to approve, so I didn’t bother trying to explain it.

“It gives you so many opportunities to claim innocence where none exists.” Turning me around in his embrace, he leaned me back against his torso and stroked over my chest. “Just displaying you like this would show how perfect a human can be when they submit.”

Pinching my nipples, he made his point when I arched back into him and whined, getting even harder and probably leaving precum stains on the front of the thin white fabric. “There is no hiding your desires even if you are not naked yet, my Theo.”

Just the moans he was getting out of me would’ve proven his point, but I knew our audience wouldn’t miss anything he was doing, even if I couldn’t see them. There was just enough glare on the windows that I could see a hint of bodies but that was it and it was going to drive me insane.

Did it even count as being watched if I couldn’t see them watching us?

My dick thought so.

“Master...I...” Whatever I was going to say was lost as a slimmed-out tentacle traced around the front of the waistband. “Please...”

“You are ready to swim, my mate? Yes, I agree it is time to start our play.” He chuckled, finding the word choice to be funny. “I cannot wait to have happy times with you, my submissive mate.”

One tentacle gave a thuddy pat to my dick, making his intentions even more obvious

even without my desperate moan and the way he made my entire body shake. “Good boy. Yes.”

I must’ve given him exactly what he wanted because he caressed my bulge and gave me a tight embrace that just made me even more needy. “Yes...yes, I want to play, Master.”

There was nothing I wanted more, so I was really hoping that’d been his question.

“If you give yourself completely, my mate, you will enjoy your rewards.” Barely caressing over me, he inched another tentacle toward the suit. “Are you ready to feel the water caress your body, my mate?”

Whining as he plucked at the front of the fabric, teasing at what would happen next, I nodded and tried to promise to be good but that required more thought than I could muster at the moment. “Yes.”

It wasn’t much, but it was enough.

Master slowly peeled down the tight material, making a proud, happy sound as my erection sprang out and slapped against my lower stomach. I wasn’t porn star big but it was a good show as the last of my clothes fell to the floor, and Master made another pleased noise as one tentacle traced the underside. “Your obvious desire is so enjoyable to show, my mate.”

The not-so-subtle reminder that we were being watched only made my dick more of an attention-whore. It bobbed and tried to get Master to touch it harder, but Master wouldn’t be rushed. “There are so many ways to play with your body.”

Oh yeah.

“Hu...humans are fun, Master.” Understatement of the year. “That feels so good.”

What made it even better was the whip-like way his tentacle flicked the tip and fireworks flooded through me. Master held me tight as the pleasure vibrated through me and his limbs slowly caressed me as he made soft, almost crooning noises. “Such beautiful reactions to painful pleasures, my mate.”

Human subs were such fun creatures.

What else could I say?

Nothing with words because he’d flicked the underside of my dick that time and just lit me up. He completely turned my brain off and even my legs decided that they didn’t need to work, but that wasn’t a problem for my Master.

No, he just lifted me up and gave me another slap to the head of my dick, making pleased sounds as I cried out and shook. All it would’ve taken was one tentacle wrapped around my dick to have made me come, but Master wasn’t ready to hurry playtime and he was very careful not to push me to that point.

Mindreading Doms could be great but sometimes they were just designed to make subs insane.

“You are so close to your pleasure already, my Theo.” Nuzzling against my neck, he steadily moved us backward until we were slowly sinking into the water. “Now it is time to relax. You are too wonderful to rush, my mate.”

The cool caress of the water helped that plan somewhat, and I eased back from the edge enough to know that the faintest caress wouldn’t set me off any longer. That didn’t last as long as he probably thought it would, though.

I’d never swam naked before.

The water was like a thousand tentacles that were caressing me everywhere and his

limbs just made me feel even more naked. Jerker probably didn't understand exactly why it was getting such a good reaction but he could tell I was having fun.

As his limbs stretched out my legs so I was using him as a pillow while the rest of me floated, his happy sounds came out and he was vibrating with excitement. "Humans have such wonderful responses to water. You were made to be ours without ever knowing it."

There was a certain logic to his statement. But I didn't have nearly enough functioning brain power to appreciate how we were made for each other. I'd tell him how perfect he was later. For the time being, I was just going to focus on not flying apart into a million different pieces.

"You have so many wonderful places to enjoy and your bodies produce so much pleasure." He might've been talking about orgasms or just pheromones, but as one tentacle eased inside me, I lost the last of my remaining brain cells.

As they scattered, he thickened his tentacle and started fucking me slowly as the rest of his limbs caressed over every inch at the same time. Every tentacle. Without having to support his own weight, all he had to focus on was using his body to play with mine.

Nubs plucked at my nipples and fucked my slit.

Tentacles spread my legs wider and let the water caress over my balls.

He even slipped one small one between my lips.

My eyes closed as the mix of pleasures washed through me as I sucked, and I couldn't have explained the mix of erotic and relaxing sensations that kept rolling through me even if I'd wanted to. Master and the water caressed every inch of me and it was better than I'd ever imagined.

Subspace surrounded us and Master's tight hold was the only thing that kept me grounded to reality.

Even that was precarious.

His limbs trailed around me and I knew how crazy it probably looked with his tentacles whirling around me, but just imagining the scene had the warm blanket of subspace inching closer again. The tugs on my nipples and the way he was fucking every opening couldn't even bring me back from the edge.

So he didn't even try.

"Show your pleasures, my perfect mate." The tentacle inside me pulsed, pushing me even closer but not quite over the edge and he knew it. "Let them see the beauty that comes with a mate who can cry out with desire. Give me your beautiful happiness, my Theo."

Fireworks shot through me and took control, demanding my orgasm come out to play so Master could show off his wonderful human mate to everyone who was watching us.

In the split-second it took for the overwhelming pleasure to hit, I heard myself cry out as the incredible sensations fired through me...and then there was nothing but pain and pleasure and Master's body wrapped around mine as everything faded away.

Lightning was amazing...and so was my mate.

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If you like cuties who aren't traditionally human, check out my Blue Ridge Magic series.

Dragons and mages are just as cute as aliens.