

Beginning

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Beginning

by [one_who_sees_all](#)

Summary

Riki learns about his parents and discovers why every person he meets is attracted to him. Then Riki tells Iason all about it in a story format and gets interrupted a lot.

Notes

This is my first time posting prose, so the formatting might be weird. If you read the book, you'll read all about how EVERY person Riki meets falls in love with him. I wanted to give the fandom a reason for this.

Riki was BORED! Orphe had gotten him locked in Iason's apartment for the next three weeks, and after the first day he was going crazy from boredom. There was NOTHING TO DO. Trying to talk to Cal was like a Cheetah trying to talk to a zebra. The data slate was not much help since the information on it was restricted, and Iason was always going in and out. This morning he decided to try his luck.

"Iason, I'm dying of boredom here," he started. "Isn't there anything I can do?! I'm not even allowed to make my own meals!"

Iason paused, his cup a few inches from his mouth and answered, "What would you have me do? You're the one who slept in the tree. Accept your punishment."

"Punishment my ass! You know Orphe was just looking for an excuse to get me locked up. I fought for my meals in the slums. I was the best because I'm smart. I can't take three weeks of this nothing!"

"Hush, Riki, I have work today. Let me eat." Though Iason's words were cold, Riki's plea hit home. When he visited Jupiter that day he made a request.

"My pet is not suited to sitting in my apartments doing nothing. Could you allow him access to your records so he can research his past? This is something I am curious about as well. Perhaps there is something in his origins that would explain the draw he holds for me."

Jupiter was hesitant in granting his request. Wouldn't Riki use the records to find some way out of Eos?

"If you limit the access to records pertaining to Ceres and keep an eye on him, it should eliminate that danger. Am I not correct?" Iason asked.

It seemed to her that this was a lot to do for a mere pet. Jupiter watching out for a mongrel?

"I only wish for him to keep his sanity. He claims he cannot bear the restriction, and I can see it is already a strain on him," he stated.

That was what furniture was for.

"Any furniture would find Riki to be a bit much, but this is not something furniture can repair. He needs more educated mental stimulation," Iason replied.

Jupiter agreed to Iason's wish, but she warned him about becoming too attached to his plaything. Don't.

That night after his usual pleasures Iason casually stated, "Riki, Jupiter has allowed you temporary access to her records on your data slate."

“Really?! Why?” His response was immediate.

“I want you to research where you came from.”

“You know I came from Guardian in Ceres.”

“No, I mean your pedigree. All pets must have a pedigree. I want you to discover yours.”

“Does Jupiter have records from Ceres?”

“Jupiter is absolute. You’ll find something if you look hard enough.”

“Ok. I’ll work on it.”

Riki’s passive answer didn’t fool Iason. He could hear the excited undertone in his pet’s voice, and it pleased him.

Two weeks passed, and Riki thrived under his work. He was surprised how much information and video Jupiter had from Ceres. In just two weeks, he learned his full pedigree and knew how he had been born. In his youth he had never been that interested in his past; in the slums it was a given that you would never know who your parents were or anything about them. But during those two weeks he was grateful for every piece of information. It was amazing to not only know his parent’s names, but also to have pictures of them and know their genealogy. Once he had the last piece of information, he approached Iason. As Iason came through the door after a day of work, Riki strode toward him chin out simply exuding self-satisfaction.

“I have my pedigree, but not on paper. If you want to know it, I’ll explain it in a story tomorrow.”

Iason cocked an eyebrow at his command; but answered, “Very well, tell me your story after dinner tomorrow.”

Riki spent the next day in his room going over the facts again. He imagined what his parents must have felt through their stories, and found it surprisingly easy to empathize with both his father and mother. By dinnertime he was confident he had a good tale to tell. To his surprise Iason seemed uncharacteristically relaxed and content from the moment he got home. He had Riki dine with him and even allowed the pet a glass of his favorite wine. Catching Iason’s mood, Riki relaxed as well, and found himself looking forward to the night’s events. Once dinner was over Iason moved to his most comfortable couch and patted the area next to him.

“Come, pet. Sit here and tell me your story.”

Riki was suddenly nervous and sat cautiously next to Iason.

“I’ve never told anyone a story before, so don’t make fun of me if I’m doing it wrong.”

Iason’s eyes softened, and he answered, “It is not that difficult. Just tell me the facts you have learned, and I shall listen.”

“Easy for you to say. I bet you’ve never told a story to someone before,” the pet muttered.

“I tell stories for a living, Riki. Though they are rarely a simple matter of obvious facts.”

This made Riki pause for a moment. Iason hardly ever told him about his work. In fact, this would have to be a first. He found confidence in that small glimpse Iason gave him. With a deep breath, he relaxed into the couch and started his tale.

My story starts long before I was born. It starts when Layana Hugo decided it would be a good idea to make a pet with no obedience modifications. He believed that the elites would become so bored that a deviant pet would appeal to them. He wasn't wrong; he was just premature in his creation of the pet. And what a creation it was! The resulting male pet was the most basal human possible with no restraint and an unparalleled animal attraction enhanced by the ability to secrete pheromones. This attraction was the reason a second pet of this sort was never created, and the reason the existing pet was able to escape.

“Get her off the floor!”

“Where the hell did he go?!”

“Shit! Watch out for the glass!”

These were the last cries the pet heard as he ran away. He didn't know where he was going; he just knew he had to run. He found himself plunging through a long tunnel with a thick orange stripe on the walls. The metal floor was cold to his feet pushing him to move faster and find a door leading to a warmer place. It took him a good half-hour before he saw anything promising, and he threw himself against the metal door. Once he realized this wouldn't make it open he looked for a handle, his hand fumbling until he hit a small button. The door opened to a strangely lit but warmer room. As soon as he was through, the metal slammed shut and he realized there was no button on the other side.

“Shit!”

He scrambled around in the greenish light searching for some kind of cloth. He was naked and felt cornered. He needed reassurance and a defensive position now.

“Fuck it, Iason, I’m trying to tell you the story!” Riki complained, “I thought you were going to listen!”

A smile tugged at the corner of Iason’s lips. “I find that watching deviance live is much more entertaining when compared to having it described, pet.”

“Yeah? Well maybe I’ll be forgiving and good just to prove you’re not always going to get ‘deviance’.”

“That in and of itself is a deviant act, Riki”

“Well fuck you! Can I get back to my story, your highness?”

Iason sighed, “Yes, pet, but you must cease your vulgarity”

“This is a mongrel story. I’m using mongrel language.”

Anyway, the escaped pet was forced to be comfortable in a corner of the room naked for two days before any help came. That help came in the form of a young girl who walked through the metal door closely followed by a muscular young man. The door slid open quickly startling the pet into immediate action. The man barely had time to react before the pet was on him, hands around his neck cutting off all cries and air. The girl froze and watched in horror completely silent, as her guide was killed. Once the pet finished his work, he moved toward the girl staring defiantly into her eyes. She couldn’t move entirely entranced by his eyes.

“Who are you? Why are you here?”

His voice was abrasive, but at the same time it made her want to hear more. She gave no answer, so they took each other in. The pet had black hair and eyes, dark tan skin, and a full, supple body corded in tawny muscles. He would have reminded the girl of a lion if she had ever seen one. He couldn’t have been more than 16 or 17. The girl was young as well; placing around 15 with pale skin, dark brown hair, and expressive green eyes. She was clearly human and just coming into adulthood.

“I.....I...I was told it was time to be processed,” she finally choked out.

“Processed?” he replied gloriously perplexed.

“Yes, all the girls are processed at coming of age. I’m Ava.” She found herself speaking without consciously deciding to.

The pet relaxed too.

“I don’t have a name yet. They called me A100 at the factory.”

“But that means... You’re a pet? What is it like? Why did you run away?” She moved closer to him.

The pet looked disgusted as he replied, “Being a pet is like being a caged animal. I couldn’t leave my room without permission, and when I got permission it was so they could force me to play with my privates. Slaves get treated better! I ran away so I could be free. But a lot of good that did me, I’m still caged in this room.”

At this Ava nearly ran forward and placed a hand on his arm saying, “Don’t worry. It will all work out.” The pet was taken aback by her touch. He found himself staring into those gentle green eyes like they were a lifeline; and, to his surprise, he found her comforting.

At the lab he had always been surrounded by cold, lifeless things. People never seemed to have two words to spare for him, and they had always hurried away once their work was finished...until that one nurse had come in. She had been the most gorgeous female he had ever seen and before he knew what was happening, he had grabbed her. She had responded wonderfully entwining with him trying to get closer even though that was impossible. That was when he noticed the unlocked door. He didn’t think; he couldn’t think. He threw the girl away and ran as she crashed through the window in his room.

But now, this girl was soft and kind. Her eyes telling him how sorry she was for his troubles and how much she wanted to take care of him. He just stared and (though he didn’t know it) released pheromones.

“Are you ok?” Ava asked. “Would you like clothes? When did you last eat? I might be able to steal some food for you. Are you hungry?”

“Yes I’m hungry. I can take your guard’s clothes, but you need to get the food.”

It finally hit Ava that her guide was dead. She stumbled back to the door. “Oh no! You have to get rid of the body. I can’t be here. I... I’ll go get food, but you must get rid of it before I get back.”

With that said, she grabbed the guide’s fallen keycard, opened the door with it, and ran out into the passageway her heart racing. She was well known in Guardian as the most level headed and smartest nanny ever to live. True to form even when faced with the trouble she was in now, which was definitely the worst kind, she kept her head. She slowly walked back the way she had come with her guide already planning a safe route to the kitchens and how she was going to get the cook out. Once she reach the door to the basement of Guardian, she sat and waited for nightfall already breathing steadily again.

Meanwhile the pet pulled off the guide’s clothes and put them on himself. They were way too big, but he felt more confident now he was covered. He puzzled over the body and decided to explore the room. It wasn’t much. The room was much larger than his old room but not as big

as a conference room. It had two tables with strange metal instruments on one and nothing on the other and two tall metal cylinders that felt cold on the outside but didn't seem to open. He found the green light source was a small pool filled with a green liquid. The pool looked like it had recently been added to the room. He nearly stuck his hand in it until at the last moment he realized it would be safer to use the guide's hand. He dragged the heavy body over and stuck the hand in. It melted, or that was what it looked like. Where fingers had been, there was nothing; but on the surface of the pool there was a film of some sort spreading from the hand. The pet was disgusted and thankful here was a ready-made body eraser. Without hesitating he slid the rest of the body in careful not to let the fluid splash. He watched in sick fascination as it dissolved into a thick layer of gray stuff on the surface of the pool, relieved he hadn't put his hand in. The gray substance muted the green light, but otherwise caused no disturbance to the room. Considering his work a job well done, the pet settled back into his corner and tried to ignore the pain gnawing his stomach as he waited.

"That, Riki, is enough for tonight. I want you in my room now," Iason interrupted with a nonsense tone as he rose from the couch and moved toward his bedroom.

"But the best part is coming. Aren't you dying to know if he gets food, or falls into the creepy green stuff by accident?" Riki protested.

"No, pet, I want to know how much I can make you cry out tonight. Now don't make me repeat myself."

"Fine! I'm coming!" He got up and followed Iason unable to deny that he was looking forward to what Iason had planned.

As soon as he entered the room Iason demanded that he take his clothes off. Riki immediately obliged desperately yanking the fabric from his body. Only when he was finished did Iason slowly disrobe himself. Both admired the other for a moment before Iason closed the distance and crushed his lips against Riki's. The mongrel melted into him, aroused already as pleasure shot through his body. The kiss was fevered as both frantically explored each other's mouth tongues intertwining. Breaking away Iason lead him to the king sized bed and dispatched Riki on it closely following himself. He licked slowly up Riki's already straining shaft eliciting a groan.

"Crying so soon? It seems I must slow down," Iason taunted.

Riki swallowed a cry of despair and fought to control his reeling senses. True to his word Iason took Riki in his hand slowly stroking his length and occasionally caressing his balls. Pleasure flashed through Riki's head blinding him as he reined in his desired to yell. Precum started to wet the head of his cock, so Iason left off Riki and began to pleasure himself. With quick masterful strokes he brought himself to the point where his own precum joined Riki's.

The mongrel writhed beneath him dying for attention. Iason wet a finger with lubricant and thrust it into Riki's bud causing Riki to lose the hard-fought-for control and shout in ecstasy.

"Such a shout with only one finger. You must be burning for my cock," Iason goaded. Then he added another finger enjoying the cry that quickly followed.

"Please put it in. I – can't – wait!"

"Ah, but you will wait." Iason twisted his ring and a jolt of pain shot through Riki's body. Once again Riki cried out. Iason watched as he twisted and doubled over, enjoying the view.

"No! Please! Turn – it – off!" Riki begged unashamed. Iason obliged after a moment and watched as the mongrel relaxed a bit panting heavily. It took a full ten minutes for the tortured pet to revive.

"Now I shall take you," Iason stated unable to resist any longer. He lubricated his cock, flipped Riki on to his back, and plunged in. Riki screamed his pleasure and pain. "AAHHH!" He kept building but was unable to cum thanks to the D-type ring.

Pain and pleasure intertwined as Iason took him and pleased him over and over until finally Iason gave a heavy sigh and came. Iason gave his ring a twist, and the mongrel's tortured scream filled the air for the last time as he came heavily. Pain and pleasure ripping his head apart, blinding his eyes, and wracking his body.

An hour passed with both Iason and Riki lying silent next to each other slowly recovering. After which Iason turned and said, "Did A100 get food?"

"Yes, you sadistic pervert, he got food."

"Come, Riki. Tell me more," was Iason's cooed as he wrapped his arms around the pet pulling him close.

Ava's plan worked to near perfection. She knew where to hide and when to move in the corridors of Guardian. When she reached the kitchen, she was surprised to hear voices. She hid by the door and listened.

"I don't know how they bear it."

"I hear some don't."

"Oh well, we do the best we can for them. I heard Ava got processed today."

"Really? She's such a smart girl. She will definitely produce fine offspring."

Ava listened and puzzled over what to do. Was it really the same day the guide had come to her dorm? The cooks finished their conversation and left one by one unaware of the girl in the shadows. At last alone, she quickly grabbed a spare sack and filled it with whatever she could find knowing she only had minutes before the head cook returned. She took heavy jug of water before sneaking her way back to the basement and nearly crashed into a child when she swung around a corner too fast. Fortunately, the boy was running in the same direction, so she was able to step back into the shadows before he saw her. The rest of her journey was smooth as she hurried back to the pet.

When Ava finally entered the green room, she found the pet asleep. She carefully approached him, curious. He looked like a helpless baby with his previously strained face relaxed and smooth. She was struck by the wild beauty and the gentle peace that shone simultaneously from him. She didn't know what to do. If she woke him by touch, he would react in surprised defense like he had with her guide; but she felt waking him with a sudden noise from a distance would be cruel. He needed to eat badly. She had seen the hunger in his eyes. Ava had her answer. She pulled a loaf of bread from the sack and held it close to his face. Immediately the pet roused in agony. His eyes popped open, and his trembling hands grasped the mouthwatering bread.

"You need water first! Just wait a second," Ava hurriedly cried out as she uncorked the jug and handed it to him.

It was too heavy, and the poor pet was shaking too hard. Ava grabbed it just in time and gently brought it to his lips. He drank greedily water pouring everywhere in his desperation to get it all in his mouth. A few seconds later the water came back up. He took the jug again and this time slowly drank a small amount. It stayed down, and at last he took a bite of bread.

"Riki, must you go into every detail of how he ate?"

"You wouldn't understand; you've never been hungry. Food is the most important thing in the slums. I was interested in how he was able to stomach food after three days without it. It turns out you really do puke water if you drink too much at once after not having any water in a while. Cool right?"

"No, pet, it is merely biology at work. I know the biological functions. Your descriptions are distasteful."

"Well who the fuck asked you for a critique?! I'm telling the story 'cause you asked me too. Stop interrupting!"

"Riki," Iason pulled his no nonsense voice, "just tell the story in an unbiased manner."

"Fine! I won't tell you the details of how he ate, but could you please stop interrupting me."

“Alright, I shall not interrupt you again.”

The pet filled his empty stomach, and was finally able to relax. Ava settled down close to him and found she could not stop looking at him.

“Did you get a special property when they made you?” She finally asked.

“Property? You mean stuff?” The pet puzzled.

Ava laughed and answered, “No I meant like a power. I’ve heard that some pets can do extra stuff like change their hair color and length. Can you do something like that?”

“I don’t think so. Why are you asking me that?”

She blushed but answered honestly, “I feel really attracted to you, but it feels like I don’t have a choice in the matter: involuntary.”

“Really?” He eagerly wondered if he did have a power.

“You need a name. I can’t call you A100, but it would be rude to call you pet. Would you like me to pick one for you?” She asked to recover from her embarrassment.

The pet straightened at this. “You know names? Tell me some, and I’ll pick one!”

“Well, I’ve always liked the name Jaz, but Damion is cool too and Silas and Karson.”

“There are a lot of names aren’t there,” he mumbled a bit intimidated. “How can I choose one?”

Ava smiled. “Names have meanings. Is there a term you would like your name to mean?”

The pet leaned back in thought for a few minutes before popping back up again.

“I want my name to mean wild. Because I’m a wild person, and people should know that.”

“I only know a few names that mean wild: Taree, Riden, and Jiri.”

“My name is Riden!” was his immediate response.

Ava smiled, “Hello, Riden.”

Riden was struck once more by how gentle she was and the kindness that shone in her eyes. He smiled back, taking her breathe away.

“You have special properties too,” he couldn’t help but say.

She blushed in response and looked down in embarrassment. Cautiously he reached out and touched her face still smiling. She looked up and was once more incapacitated by his smoldering black eyes. They had a depth that never seemed to end. They stared at each other for what felt like hours. Their bodies unconsciously gravitated toward the common ground between them closing the distance to a foot. Then Riden finally turned away with a flushed face. Ava found herself gasping for air while realizing her heart was pounding at a frantic rate. Slowly they both relaxed and exhaustion overtook them.

Ava woke first with her arm on top of his. She blinked and shifted away quickly confused. Then, as she remembered, she moved closer to him thinking about what to do. She knew that for better or worse she was stuck with him. They were both implicated in crimes and would be on the run for the rest of their lives. It was a logical choice to bind herself to him for protection and convenience. She knew that she would have to do this, and she wanted to. He seemed irresistible, and she could not deny that the only future she had ever been promised was that of a mother. From an early age she had been told how important her eggs were, and how the human race was depending on her to reproduce. So it was really her only conclusion. She had to pair with him. With this decided, she laid a shaking hand on his cheek and leaned down to press her lips against his.

Riden's eyes popped open, and he froze. Then instinct woke, and he was kissing back. He rolled over getting to his hands and knees with Ava underneath. His lips possessively overpowered hers prodding them open to get at her tongue. She gasped and let him set the pace. He kissed her as long as he could before they had to break for air. Then he slowly kissed his way down her neck gently nipping as he went. When he reached the neckline of her shirt unable to hold back, he tore the shirt in a rough, primal jerk and continued making his way down. He gently took her breast into his mouth with a slight nip and looked up at her. Her eyes met his silently begging for more. He sucked her now taut breast eliciting a groan. Quickly he moved to the other mound giving it the same ministrations. As he continued, he reached a hand down and brushed her cunt with his fingers. She was wet through the fabric.

"Are you sure?" He had to ask remembering her kindness to him though he doubted he could stop.

"Yes-yes-I want- this," she moaned.

At that he tore her pants off too and parted her labia to insert his finger. She shivered surprised by the pleasant sensation. Riden slowly thrust his finger in and out for a few minutes before adding a second causing a gasp. He resumed his thrusting with both fingers. Then he accidentally rubbed her nub, and she cried out her pleasure in a beautiful shout. AAAHHH!!!

Riden could no longer wait. He threw his clothes off letting his hard cock spring free and positioned himself above her. As the tip entered, she hissed in pain. It was impossible, but somehow he froze staring at her concerned. She took a deep breath.

“It’s ok. It was always going to hurt,” she mumbled shakily.

“I’m sorry,” He whispered. Then he kissed her and pushed little more in. Tears leaked out despite her best efforts at each new push, and each time Riden stopped and licked them away whispering “I’m sorry.” He continued at this agonizing pace until he was finally fully in and she was able to adjust to his length

Just when he knew couldn’t wait a moment longer she sighed, “Ok, I’m ready for what comes next.”

He pulled back and thrust in as deeply as he could, and she yelled her pleasure as he hit her in just the right spot. He raised his pace knowing he couldn’t last long. They built together as a perfect match thanks to his pheromones. Riden came first closely followed by Ava, as she filled with his seed, screaming together in ecstasy. He thrust a few more times then pulled out and collapsed beside her. They gradually recovered side by side.

“Wow, I thought that would be more difficult,” Ava puzzled. “I was told it would be much worse the first time.”

“You must have some special ability..... I’m glad you do,” she whispered basking in the afterglow.

Riden just stared at her so overcome he was unable to voice his joy. She looked over, smiled, and snuggled into his body. He wrapped his arms around her realizing that they were linked now by an invisible thread. He owned her and was now responsible for her. He smiled at the thought and breathed in her scent. His arms tightened around her as he closed his eyes.

That’s how they were found two hours later by two members of Guardian’s security team.

“What the hell is this?”

Riden woke to those words and quickly took in the situation. Two well-muscled men stood in the open doorway. He didn’t even think, he just threw himself at them teeth bared and fists flying.

“AVA, RUN; RUN!!!!!!”

Ava jumped up eyes wide and with her heart racing. Riden was grappling with one of the guards in the doorway, and the other was recovering from a hit. It was a much harder decision than she would have thought. She had only known him for two days, so why was her mind rejecting his command? Why did she feel the need to protect him; to die for him if necessary? She knew she had to get out and live, but she didn’t want to leave him: her Riden.

The recovering guard was up and grabbing for Riden. At his touch, Riden sank his teeth into the guard he was fighting, tearing through the flesh of his shoulder to the bone. As the guard screamed, Riden twisted to face the other guard while he shouted, “AVA, NOW! YOU WILL

NOT DIE! GET OUT!!!!!!!!!!”

His voice cut through her locked limbs, and she was running. Tears poured as she obeyed his last demand. She didn't even have time to look back and see him as he tore his assailant neck open with his teeth. She never saw him desperately pulling the first guard back when he reached for her shoulder, or the way he stumbled back and fell into the liquid with the guard firmly encased in his arms.

She never saw him again.

A month passed with her hiding every second of every single day. It had taken her three days to get out of the tunnels, and she had collapsed soon after. Fortunately, she was a girl. She was picked up no more than thirty minutes later. The old man had nursed her and let her go her way. A month of living in fear of being found, living off whatever she could find, and being unable to disobey her dead lover out of respect for him. She didn't want the memory of him to disappear from this planet, so she lived on for him.

This was the day she realized she was pregnant. Her world changed in an instant, and she grasped the hope with everything she had.

“I want to join your gang.”

“Wait a second. You're a girl!”

“What do we get if we give you protection?”

“I will give myself. It's all I have. Though, if you abuse me, I will leave.”

“Ok, that's a fair trade. You'll have to dress and look like a boy when you go out.”

“I bet you're happy you're flat chested now.”

This was the day she joined a gang. They took good care of her, and I grew well under their kindness.

The gang's leader gently pulled off her clothes, and stopped when he saw her bulging belly.

“What's that? Are you pregnant?” The words sounded weird as they passed his lips. Pregnant was a word he had only heard of never seen.

“Yes, I’m pregnant,” she answered in a worried tone.

“Isn’t it bad to fuck when you are already filled?”

“Umm, maybe? It’s fine. I can still give myself. Please don’t throw me out...” Her voice faltered out.

“NO! This is fucking AWESOME! We’ve only ever heard about this. Now we get to see it! You’re staying home, and no more fucking. I’ll tell the gang.”

This was the day they found out about me. The gang of “mongrels” showed how gentle they really were.

“AAAAHHH!!”

Ava fell to her knees and hands on the floor of the gang’s headquarters. The youngest member was at her side in a moment.

“Are you alright? What happened?”

“It hurt. I think the baby is ready to come out,” she replied breathlessly.

All of them were on their feet now. They surrounded her asking what they should do and how they could help.

Ava had no idea. She had learned about how babies were made and what made them grow, but she had never seen a birth. She looked into their worried, loving faces and it suddenly didn’t matter. She smiled at them and answered, “I don’t know, but it feels better to be in this position.”

Pasco, the leader, took command. “Kile, get lots of water for her; this is going to be hard work. Don, get some cushions for her hands and knees. Rad, help me get her clothes off.”

They undressed her exposing her widened vagina.

“Hey, the baby’s gonna to come out of this? How the hell? There’s no fucking room!”

Ava winced as pain ripped through her again. “It will probably get bigger, Pasco” she mumbled.

Don came back with the pillows, and Ava lifted one limb at a time relieved when her supports were off the stone floor. Kile came back with the water which she needed already. Then they waited as her contractions slowly got closer together. They comforted her through the pain, supported her when her arms failed, and kept encouraging her through the hours it took me to make it to the surface. That was when she screamed. Pasco saw my head and instinctively grabbed it.

“I’m going to pull while you push, OK?”

Ava wearily nodded unable to speak through the pain.

“One, two, three PUSH!”

He pulled gentle but insistent as she pushed with what remained of her strength.

“Holy Shit! Ok, Ava, it’s almost out. One more time, come on. One, two, three PUSH!”

It was impossible, but she used some hidden reservoir to finally free me.

“It’s out! You did it!” Kile yelled triumphantly.

“It’s not breathing, Ava. What’s wrong?” Pasco’s voice pulled her back from the edge of death. She opened her eyes and turned around.

“That cord. Y-y-you need to cut it. WAIT! Ugh... Tie it off first. One tie for me and one for him.”

He quickly complied, but I still made no sound.

“Hit him on the back.”

Pasco reluctantly smacked my back.

“Harder, Pasco.”

This time he gave me a good whack. I coughed and came to life screaming. My mother smiled and reached for me. Though she had no strength she fed me my first meal. She cried as she saw my father’s eyes and hair.

“You are going to be like you’re father: strong and kind. Everyone will love you,” she whispered into my ear.

As I finished my meal, her life slowly slipped away. Her final words were, “His name is Riki. Take him to guardian. Get him in; I don’t care how you do it.”

They honored her last request and that’s how I got into Guardian.

You know the rest, Iason.

“Perhaps that is why I am drawn to you, Riki,” Iason mused. “You must have retained something of your father’s ability to excrete pheromones. It would also explain why you are so fitted to pet life.”

“I am not ‘fitted’ to fucking pet life. I hate it!” Riki retorted.

Iason smiled. “Ah, but your body disagrees,” he sighed into Riki’s ear making his cock jump.

“Shut up! What did you think of my story?” He asked quickly hoping to take Iason’s mind off of pet life.

Iason was not tricked, but he answered, “You’re story was rough and vulgar, but I’m pleased you shared it with me.”

“Well it’s not like I can share it with anyone else. I’m stuck in here for another week right?”

“There’s always Cal.”

“He’d probably be terrified of my descriptions. He’d get nightmares.”

“Perhaps, but he is here to serve you.”

“Just because I am a fucking pet doesn’t mean I’m going to act like one.”

“But you are a pet. My pet. And I want you to give me all of you.”

“I’m going to sleep,” Riki stated as he rolled away from Iason.

Iason suppressed a chuckle and gathered him back up into his arms. Riki fought for a second before he surrendered to Iason’s strong and warm body.

“Sleep well, my pet. I will keep you in my arms through eternity.”

Iason’s deep voice and gentle words pulled Riki under, and he slept in the arms of his master.

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