
THEIR NAUGHTY
HUMAN

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Charlene ‘Charlie’ blinked her eyes and sat up in bed. She knew it was late, late for Planet Nitzan, her new home and assignment, but when your world has a forty-hour day, staying awake all day and sleeping through the night are tough, even after living there for close to a year. She yawned and stretched, and looked out the window and smiled. Nitzan was a lush green garden-like world with colorful flowers and towering trees, and a sky filled with stars. Its solar system was closer to the center of the Milky Way than Earth. Climbing out of her huge bed, she stretched her back and felt quite tiny, which was surprising given she was five foot ten and had a figure that most men, most *human* men hungered for. However, her room was set up specifically to make her feel like a child, and not just because she was a ‘limited adult’ here, despite being the Earth ambassador. No, to Qwin, her Nitzanian host, she was lover and little girl, and she was soon to get a new ‘uncle’ – Florian. That was quite the difference from what she’d been expecting, a ‘step-mom’ in the form of Wilmet, Qwin’s fiancée, but that turned out to not be in the cards, as the old saying went. Part of the normalization of relations with Earth had been the agreement to send a

delegation from Nitzan, and Wilmet had been asked to be part of that. While she and Qwin hated being parted, both knew it was for the greater good and an incredible opportunity for her.

Charlie looked at herself and her room, and rolled her eyes. Qwin had gone all-out on the décor and clothing. Pink was the dominant color, toys and games and dolls lined the shelves and she was forced to wear an old-fashioned drop seat footie pair of pajamas. The color, of course, pink! Her stomach grumbled. As was usual for this time of night, she had to get a snack. So, ambling on down the main stairs, their tree house had several sets of stairs, she came down to the main atrium that afforded them access to the living room, dining room, and the covered porch, which was where the food dispenser was located. The table and chairs were like everything else – very tall – and it was quite the climb for her to get into her chair. The seat was small enough to hold her curvy butt, and she was lucky because she hadn't gotten a spanking in a few days.

“Chocolate milk, two warm blueberry muffins, and a peanut butter and jelly sandwich,” she ordered.

The food dispenser beeped and chirped for a moment, it always took longer to create human food as it wasn't liquid, which is what the Nitzanian consumed. Still, her food appeared, and she was able to sit back and enjoy her little snack. Out on the patio area, the roof and outer wall were a clear plastic bubble, so she had a great view of the trees and vegetation around the house. She sat back, ate and drank her fill, and then figured she should head back to bed. With any luck, she'd fall back to sleep. Moving to the stairs, she heard a familiar sound coming from Qwin's study, and her curiosity got the better of her. Tiptoeing down the hall, she saw that the door was open, and she could see straight into the room to where the couch was. Her eyes grew big. Qwin, in one of his snug little suits was seated on the couch, Florian stood before him and they were in the midst of quite the heated conversation.

“Who leads this family?” Qwin said.

“You do, Brother, but I *am* the oldest, which technically makes me patriarch,” Florian replied.

While not formally unified as a family, they’d been living together since Wilmet, essentially Charlie’s *elementary* school teacher who’d taught her about their planet’s culture and history, had left for Earth. At eight feet in height, golden hair and rippling muscles, they were quite the men, and Wilmet had been no piker. She looked like an Amazon with her powerful build, long black hair and breasts that seemed to go on forever.

Qwin had wanted to marry Wilmet with all his heart as he thought he was the last of his family, and was desperate for children, then came the discovery that his father had gotten a girl pregnant back in college. Charlie had almost laughed at the whole story, it was so *human*, and such a cliché. However, she wasn’t about to argue with the facts of the genetic scan, and thus Florian had joined their household.

“Qwin, we have an audience,” Florian snapped, casting his eyes toward the door.

Qwin looked too; Charlie jumped a bit, and saw both with frowns on their faces.

“Charlie, are you spying on Uncle and Daddy?”

She backed up a little. “I... ah, no, I was getting a snack and going back to bed, and I just happened to hear—”

“Lies,” Florian spat. “You were doing what you always do, interfering in our private time because you want Qwin all to yourself! Well, it will not work, we are unifying and there is nothing you can do about it. Now, come here.”

Slowly shuffling into the room, the two of them stood over her, which truly made her feel tiny.

“Daddy, honest, I didn’t mean any harm,” she said.

He shook his head. “I have regrets, little one, but you know the rules of our home, Florian is House Master, as he *is* the oldest, which means things are as he wishes them.”

Florian chuckled, rubbed his hands together in glee, and took Qwin's place on the couch, then patted his lap. "Come here," he ordered.

She groaned, but obeyed, as she knew she'd get the paddle if she argued or resisted. Climbing into position, she saw Qwin standing over them as Florian adjusted her, held her and gave her a few test pats as he prepared for another rump roasting.

"Daddy, please, don't let him spank me again," she begged.

Smack, his large hand landed, Charlie squirmed and jumped, and let out a yelp. Florian had become quite the expert spanker.

"I am your uncle, little girl," he scolded. "I will spank you whenever I feel you need it."

She almost rolled her eyes, but caught herself. *Shit, I know Florian is trying to heighten my excitement by playing the old 'cruel guardian routine', but he needs to learn to rein it in! I half expect him to grow a moustache to twirl and wear a black cape.*

Qwin nodded and headed for the door. "I leave her in your good care, Brother, and will see you later."

"Oh, do not have concerns, I shall see to it that she gets what she deserves," he said with a chuckle.

Charlie yelped and squealed, and bit her lip to see Qwin leave. It meant she was at Florian's mercy, and he had none! His hand landed over and over, he barely had to shift it to get full coverage and Charlie was soon wailing as she squirmed on his lap.

"Florian, please, this isn't fair. It isn't fair! I didn't do anything wrong, I'm sorry for spying, but it was an accident," she wailed.

Florian laughed, a deep sneering laugh. "Ha, I have no concerns as to your motivations, little brat, I have great pleasure in spanking you, however, and shall enjoy this for as long as possible."

Now she couldn't stop herself, she did roll her eyes. Fortunately, he couldn't see. *Damn, now he's really going over the top.* "Ouch

ow! How can you be so cruel? You're not my uncle, you're not my uncle!"

"A mere technicality, I soon will be, and will then have full Parental Rights over you, and you know what that means," he sneered.

Charlie did, it meant he could literally punish her anytime and, in any manner, he wished, and there was nothing Charlie could do about it. Yelping and howling, she wiggled on Florian's bare thighs, which were warm and supple under her, and she could feel his massive cock starting to swell under her. The thing about Nitzanian clothing was that most of the garments tended to be body-hugging, as the clothes were essentially sprayed on. Charlie had been surprised by that when she'd arrived and Qwin had literally covered her naked body with gunk from a can that formed into an outfit.

Finally, when Florian was satisfied, he released Charlie and lifted her to stand before him. Her hands flew to her throbbing cheeks and she sniffled, she was truly *hot*, and in more ways than just a stinging ass.

"Now, I hope you have learned a lesson, little girl," Florian scolded. "You remember who rules here, and who now shares a home with Qwin. He is mine, we shall each birth offspring and you shall be beneath even our infants. Do you have clarity?"

She winced and nodded. "Oh, I have crystal clarity. Can I please go to bed now?"

"What do you say first?"

"I love you, Uncle," she chirped.

Florian grinned and nodded, and a soft twinkle appeared in his eyes. "I am gratified to hear that, and now you may retire."

Gently rubbing her aching flesh, she pressed her lips together hard to keep from smiling. That spark and shine of pure delight told her all she needed to know. He loved her. She climbed the stairs to her room, and crawled into bed on her stomach. Florian was thorough and efficient; he had truly toasted her poor bottom.

Lying there, the heat and sting pulsating through her tender ass quickly made its way to her pussy. She moaned as her breathing sped up and she started to sweat.

God, I so want a man!

A tap came to the door, it opened and Qwin stepped in.

“So, little one, are you ready for sleep?”

She shook her head. “No, Daddy, I can’t, Florian was far too strict. Look what he did to me!” she whined and sniffled, and tried to squeeze out a tear. *Yeah, that’ll be a good touch.*

Getting up on her knees, she dropped the flap of her pajamas, putting her bright red ass on display. She knew that would get his juices flowing. He moved to the bed, letting out a whistle, his hand coming to rest on her tender cheeks. She tingled at his touch.

“I have regrets at his severity, but he was within his rights. Come, I will soothe you.”

She smiled and crawled across his lap, she knew he had no regrets at how Florian spanked her because it wasn’t severe at all. It was just what she needed to get truly enflamed for sex! Still, they both played their parts: she the poor hurt little girl, he the caring and compassionate daddy, and sighed happily as he opened the tube of cream he’d created. It was derived from a lotion she’d used when she’d been exposed to essentially their version of poison ivy, and they’d found it heightened her sensations, which made it ideal for their ‘nocturnal’ activities. Stretched across his muscular thighs, his hands caressed and rubbed her sore cheeks, and the cream did its job. Of course, his hands helped. He didn’t merely rub her ass, no, he invaded it! His fingers tickled her clit and stroked her mound, and once in a while a long finger would thrust deep between her cheeks.

“Oh, Daddy,” she moaned, her hands seizing his trousers as her back arched.

He chuckled. “Oh, our fun is only just commencing. I have pleasure at being with you, and we shall do so much more!”

She let out a squeak as he shifted her further forward on his lap, and then came his long and firm cock. That was yet another aspect of Nitzanians, their penis was quite long and flexible, and he could literally ‘slip it to her’ as she lay across his lap. And he did! She spread her legs, it thrust into her, her jaw dropped, she rose up on his lap, and gasped. It seemed no matter how often they made love; she was still amazed by the sensations. He tormented her by forcing her to stay across his beefy thighs like a contrite child while continuing to rub and caress her flaming cheeks. He applied the lotion, which sent her mind and body into overdrive, and all the while his large and long cock thrust and drove deep inside her. She finally lost it and wailed out her climax, he eventually came and filled her. That was the last straw, his semen and the lotion were like the ingredients in a powerful aphrodisiac and the blending sent her into the subspace of sexual delight.

It was an hour before she came down from her orgasm, and only then did Qwin withdraw, close her flap, and slide her off onto her bed.

He stood and grinned down at her. “Now, I hope you have learned a lesson from all this, my little one. You get off to sleep, and we shall see you in the morning.”

“Yes, Daddy, I have, and I will try to be good from now on,” she said with a sigh, and smiled. “I love you, Daddy!”

“I am gratified, and I also have love for you,” he said, and bent down to kiss her.

He left the room; she sighed and smiled, and latched onto her new teddy bear. Yeah, she had quite the life now.

THE NEXT MORNING, she was up early, which was another part of their routine. While the Formality of Unity had not taken place, as the Nitzanians called it, Qwin and Florian were already

essentially living as brothers sharing a house, and Charlie knew they loved to sleep in and have a morning chat about their plans for the future. So, Charlie would get herself some breakfast, and then go out and play with the other children in the neighborhood. She sprayed on some nice play clothes – shorts and a t-shirt with stars or a rainbow on it – and they played something simple like tag or hide and seek, she was amazed that such games were truly universal, or maybe soccer (she'd taught them about that) or Goal-um. The latter was their national sport, like hockey, but played on rollerblades and the players carried two little paddles to bat the ball around. The children were always very nice to her, they saw her as an equal, which – in many ways – she was! About the same height, Nitzanian children were gender neutral until they hit puberty, and as a year on the planet was close to twice an Earth year, it meant that at twenty-six she was barely into her teens.

This morning it was Goal-um, as the school tryouts would be a month after the new school year started, which was next week. She was amazed at how good some of the kids were, they'd clearly been practicing, and she still couldn't get over the big difference in the people of the entire planet. Some were human looking, and others were most definitely not. Qwin had explained it upon her arrival. Centuries ago, when they received the first television signals from Earth, some of the people had fallen in love with the human form, and had started re-shaping themselves to look like them. Now there were two types of Nitzanians: the humanists, who looked practically human, except for their height and internal anatomy. Well, and also that long flexible penis! And then there were the traditionalists, the unchanged people who had four arms, three legs, a snake-like body, eyes like a fly, and generally stood at least eight feet in height. Overall, the two types lived in peace, but there were disagreements over many things, contact with Earth and her very presence. That was why she'd been sent alone at first to sort of 'test the waters' as to their

acceptance. Now, finally, with the treaty signed, the embassy was opening, and she was getting a real staff to help her.

Just thinking about it made her smile, and she played all the harder.

“Charlie, time to come in now,” Qwin called out.

They all stopped, and she turned toward the house.

“Sorry, friends, looks like I’ve got to go,” she said.

“Is it time for your classes to begin?” Ebo, a child from the next street asked.

Charlie winced, it was still so humiliating dealing with the fact that she’d been sent to literally their version of elementary school when it was discovered that her knowledge of the planet and culture were quite lacking.

She shook her head. “Not this morning. I’m going to inspect the new embassy, but... yes, this afternoon I have to attend orientation at my new school.”

“You have distress at this?” Bee, another friend asked.

“No, it’s okay, I’m just ready for it to be over. Now that I’m going to be in coll-I mean, Final School, I want to graduate so I can focus on my work.”

The children all smiled and drew near.

“We shall attend your commencement,” Ebo said. “Never have we known a human who attended our class and then graduated from Final.”

“That is because she is the first human any of us has known,” Bee said.

To that they all agreed, and she waved as she headed inside to sit down with Qwin and Florian to plan their day. By then she was hungry again, so she had some eggs and oatmeal while they drank their breakfast. Sitting in her little booster seat, she was between them as they dined and talked, and she could see the screen of Florian’s Com-Pad. Charlie almost rolled her eyes.

He was reading *Hansel and Gretel* again. Qwin had gotten him a bunch of Earth fairy tales so he could study up on being a

proper ‘evil uncle’. The problem was he tended to kind of go overboard sometimes. Still, Charlie decided not to chide him about it, she figured it was best for Florian to find his own way on the issue.

Daddy put down his Pad. “All right, let us review the day’s itinerary; we have much to get to. Charlie, I will convey you to the construction site for your meeting with Phoenix, but you cannot linger, remember!”

“Clarity, Daddy, I know, I have to get to school for orientation.”

“Where I shall be waiting for you,” Florian said, a broad grin on his face.

Charlie’s brow wrinkled. “Huh? Why would you be there? Daddy, it’s Final School, I understood it was like college, the young handle it on their own.”

“True, but I will not be there in my capacity as your future parental figure,” he said smugly. “My transference of work assignment has been approved. I will be your...”

“No, don’t say it,” Charlie squealed.

“Your teacher.”

“Arrrg! Daddy, Florian, no, he can’t, you can’t do this to me,” she whined. “This is supposed to be my time to finally grow up, at least in terms of my education. Come on, please. I just got out from under Wilmet’s thumb; I can’t be going to school with another family member as my teacher.”

Florian chuckled. “The matter is not open for debate, little girl, I shall instruct you, and that, as you humans say, is that.”

“And, Charlie, I caution you, you are to remain on your best behavior,” Qwin scolded.

She cringed. “I remember.”

He smiled. “Good, now, off to the sanitation unit and I will be along presently to bathe you.”

“What, wait, why?”

“Little girl, you have been engaged in strenuous physical activity, and thus a thorough cleansing is called for.”

“Yes, sir,” she said with a sigh.

Sliding down from her stool, she scampered off to the bathroom and used the clothing removal device to melt her clothes. It still made her jump when she did it, but she understood that when you wore liquid clothing, that’s how you took them off. As the fluid drained into the collection unit in the floor, she climbed up on her little step stool so she could get up and sit on the counter, and wait for daddy. He still insisted on bathing her in the sink. It was wonderful, but also embarrassing. The plasti-steel counter was cold and hard against her firm bottom, but she didn’t have long to wait. Daddy came clomping up the stairs, entered, and began to run the water into the sink. Once it was fairly full and had bubbles, he eased her into it and washed her.

It was soothing, yet so juvenile, and then his fingers tickled her nipples and reached between her legs. She moaned as he found her clit and thoroughly ‘washed’ it. Her toes curled and she bit her lip, closing her eyes as she tried to hold back her rising passion. Qwin had learned a lot in the subject of pleasing a human woman.

“Oh, Daddy,” she grunted. “Please, must you tease me so much? I’m officially becoming older; can’t I have a shower my size?”

He grinned, his fingers thrusting deep into her pussy and ass at the same time. “No, little one. Remember, while you have achieved the higher education level, *legally* you are still a limited adult, and will be subject to all aspects of *childhood* treatment. I trust you will maintain clarity on that!”

As if to emphasize it, he fingered her G-spot, and she almost literally shot from the sink.

“Oh! I-I-I... yes, sir, clarity, sir, clarity always,” she wailed.

He then tortured her by withdrawing everything and rinsing her down. Her breathing slowed and she managed to calm down

a bit, and he dried her with a warm towel. She squirmed under his gentle touch, not merely from his hands caressing her tender flesh, but also remembering just what her legal status meant. While technically an ambassador, she'd waived her diplomatic immunity as a means of placating the traditionalists. As a limited adult, she was essentially a teen, which meant she fell under what was known as the Extended Parental Rights Law. If she was caught in an act of being naughty, *any* adult could discipline her!

Rolling her over, he positioned her so that her legs dangled free from the edge of the counter, and then she gasped as she heard his clothes melt away. He was taking her from behind today. Looking in the mirror, she saw his massive and tall frame, his rippling muscles and his hands on her ass. Parting her cheeks, his long hard shaft thrust into her.

“Oh! Daddy, no, not this again, not my ass, please,” she begged.

His hips slammed against her butt and he laughed. “Yes, you remember, little one, we have no anus, and Daddy has learned to love anal play, so you must service him when he wants it. Now, settle down and take all he gives you.”

She had no choice in the matter. Lying face down on the counter, his powerful hands holding her down, all she could do was squeal and moan as he took her deep up the ass. She watched him, his happy smiling face as his gyrations sped up, his cock thrust deep inside her, her pussy became drenched, and stars of painful delight danced before her eyes. Her lungs burned as her breathing sped up, she arched her back and pushed off from the mirror with both hands, shoving her ass against his hips hard.

“Oh, Daddy, I-I-I...” she choked out.

He laughed, his hands raking her back, sliding down to squeeze and pinch her tender cheeks, and all the while his long hard cock thrust in and out of her anus. Flames of painful delight consumed her from the inside, raged into her pussy, and

her throat grew sore from her howls and wails of agonizing bliss. She pushed up on the counter, arching her body until she practically folded herself in half, her nipples growing hard as erasers, and she grabbed her breasts while goose bumps exploded across every inch of her body. The seconds became minutes, and as time grew so did her passion. She could feel her pussy twitch and become engorged, and then she gasped when his long cock entered her again! That was another virtue of his long flexible penis, he could penetrate her twice and so he did. His cock thrust into her pussy, then out as it went into her ass, and then repeated the cycle over and over – and over again. Her legs spread wide, shivering and shuddering as she drew closer to an orgasm.

“Ah, oh... yes,” he cried. “Now we come!”

He came, she screamed out her accompanying climax, and they stayed like that for what seemed like an hour.

A throat cleared next to them. “Ah-hem,” Florian said. “Brother, while I have displeasure at interrupting your fun, you are quickly running out of time.”

Charlie turned bright red at him seeing them, and came again!