

# *Bitter Sweet*

A Doxie Diaries Tale  
From the Bound Gods Universe

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The following comic is intended for adult audiences.

Throughout history, there have been people who have survived extreme circumstances. Individuals born with a genetic advantage. They are called gods and goddesses.

The women are often gifted with intellectual traits allowing them to manipulate the world through politics, finances, social changes, and science. Talents they use in the pursuit of world peace and prosperity.

The men often have more destructive talents as well as the ability to take the ambrosia flower and potentially live forever. And with enough time even the simplest gifts border on the supernatural and the more unusual talents, impossible.

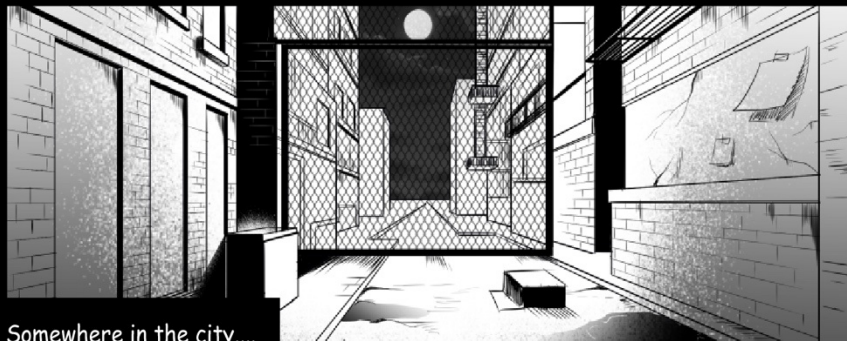
But immortality comes with a price. Once a man consumes the bloom, he is forever chained to it. The longer he lives, the more he needs. And the flowers are rare, slow to grow. Gods who fail to meet their cravings become berserkers and must be destroyed.

Doxies are androgynous young men, sons of the goddesses, who possess the ability to create ambrosia nectar once they consume a flower. The strongest source is from their blood, but blood-letting is illegal because it causes a god to go mad. So the nectar is taken from the second strongest source; cum.

Through conditioning with pain and fear, Doxies can be trained to control the production of ambrosia, satisfying even the most

ravenous gods. But because the nectar is produced in their bodies, they are just as addicted as the gods, and they take great pleasure in receiving the crop, whip, being tied down, denied, forced, used, and shared. And their nature makes them easy victims of a society where their open lustful nature is shamed.

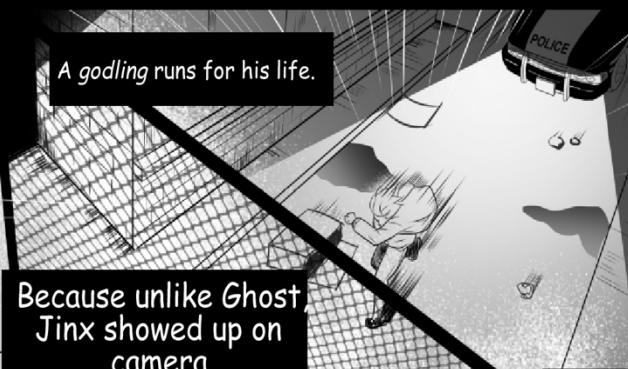
Doxies are not people. They are possessions. And there is no number of gods who are worth the life of a single Doxie. Protected, coveted, they are the god's greatest treasure.



Somewhere in the city....



A godling runs for his life.



Because unlike Ghost Jinx showed up on camera.



Just a few more blocks and I can lose these assholes in the residential area.



Going down this alley will force them to follow me on foot. On foot they'll never catch up.

Jinx's gift was an unshakable balance, the ability to climb, and land on his feet unhurt, no matter how high.

And yeah, the whole picking locks, any mechanical lock, was a bonus.

But he never should have let Ghost talk him into robbing that jewelry store.

Also unlike Ghost, Jinx hadn't taken ambrosia so he wouldn't survive getting shot.



Going Up



Just a few more tic-tacs and I'll be at the top



Now the cops will chase their tails all night





I'll talk with Ghost when I get back about doing things my way. Before one of us gets shot.

Maybe I can convince him to let me go back to entering those Parkour Competitions for quick cash.

Correction. Before I get shot.

The worst that could happen is they find out I'm more than good.

Doubt that will stop the other runners from breaking my knees.

But at least it isn't dead

Sorry losers, after you've chased your tail for hours you're going home empty handed.

Damn it. They're on this side too?

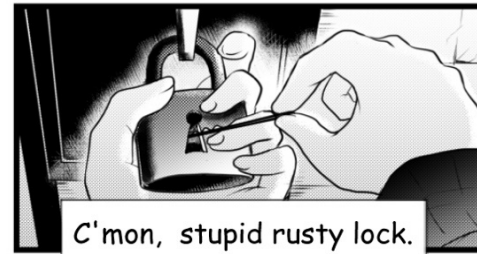
Cut down on those doughnuts and you might actually make it over the fence.

Now what? If they're on both sides of the buildings then there's no way to get past the perimeter unseen.

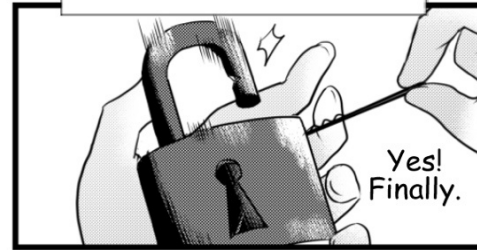
There's no where to hide. I'll have to lay low inside this apartment till they're gone. At least rich people prefer locks over big mean dogs.

If they head to the rooftops they can just point and shoot.

Please don't have a dog.



C'mon, stupid rusty lock.



Yes! Finally.



Last time Jinx broke into a house he wound up with scars on his right ass cheek courtesy of a very angry German Shepherd.

It's quiet. That's good. If they had a dog it would bark its head off.

Man if books didn't weigh a ton there'd be enough here to buy my own ratty building to live in instead of camping out at Ghost's.

Maybe I can find something smaller. It won't buy a building but at least I won't go back empty handed.



Unless the dog couldn't bark. But then what use would it be?

A well kept room with a fortune in books and art. Whoever lived there had one hell of an attic. Jinx could only wonder what the rest of the Brownstone had in it.



Empty?

Creak Shuffle

Fuck, they have a dog!



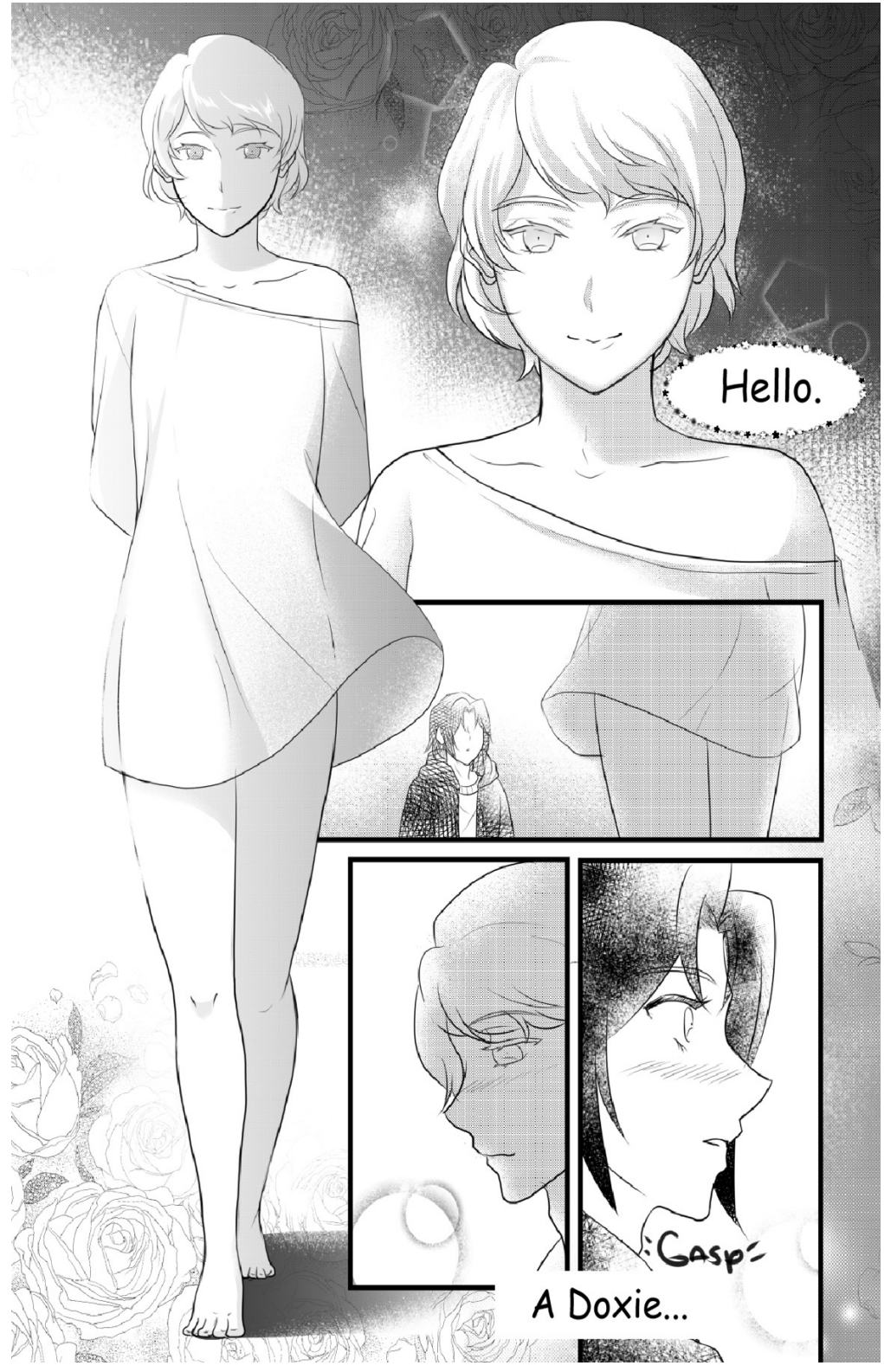
Whew

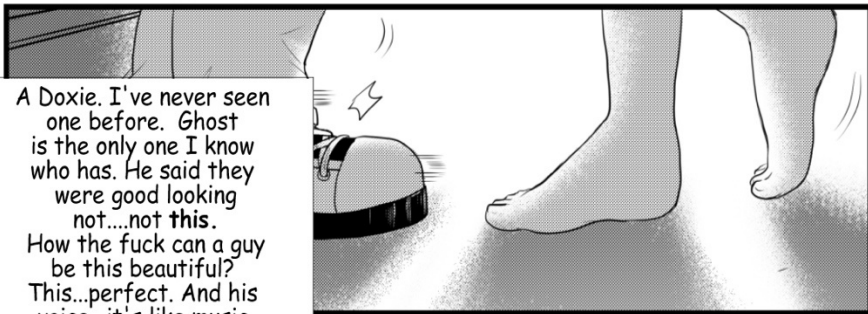
Get a grip. There's nothing here but you, books, art, old furniture, and hopefully a treasure chest.



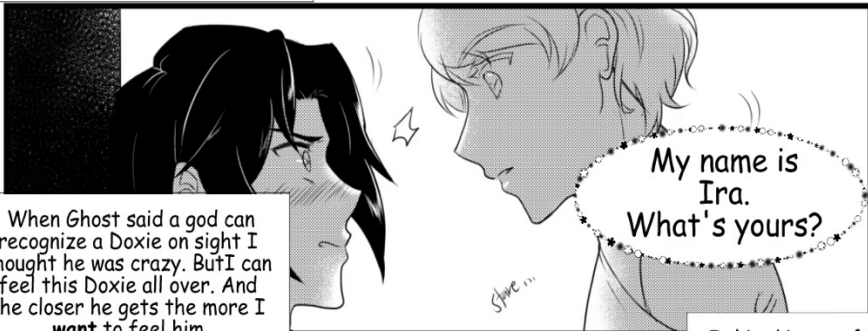


Someone's here!  
I am so...





A Doxie. I've never seen one before. Ghost is the only one I know who has. He said they were good looking not....not this. How the fuck can a guy be this beautiful? This...perfect. And his voice...it's like music.



When Ghost said a god can recognize a Doxie on sight I thought he was crazy. But I can feel this Doxie all over. And the closer he gets the more I want to feel him.

My name is Ira. What's yours?

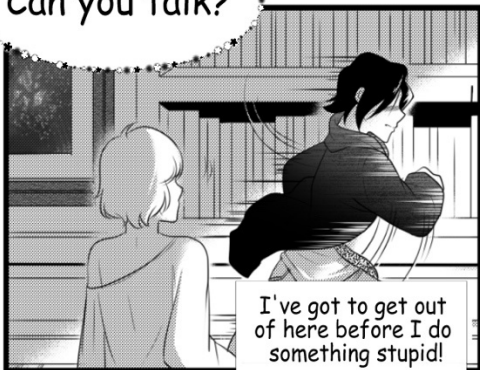


Yes.



Is his skin as soft as it looks? Would he taste as sweet as he smells? I bet he'd even be prettier with nothing on. Then I could see all of him. Every inch.

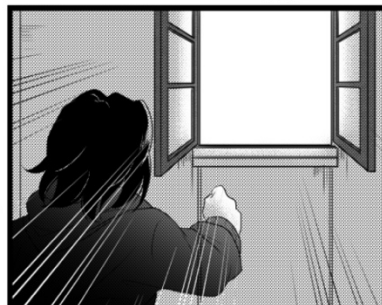
Can you talk?



I've got to get out of here before I do something stupid!



Where are you going?



The cops are still in the alley. If I leave now they'll see me.



I'm stuck in here with him.



Why are there so many police down there?

Being close to him has to be messing with my head. Why else would I tell him the truth?

Because they're looking for me.



Did you do something bad?

I'm not afraid of you.

Because I trust you.

The last thing I need is him yelling for help. If this Doxie belongs to the Association and I get caught up here, I'll wish the cops had shot me.

I guess that depends on who you ask but I promise I won't hurt you. So you don't have to be afraid.

Why not?

How can you trust me. You don't even know who I am.



If you told me your name I'd know you.

Is he serious? No wonder they keep Doxies locked up. He wouldn't survive five minutes on the street.

Because talking isn't what I want to do. And now is not the time to think with my dick.

My name is Jinx. But just because I tell you my name it doesn't mean that you know me.

We could go sit on the pillows and you can tell me everything you think I should know about you.

Why not?

I don't think that would be a good idea.

Um...I'm not really a talking kind of guy.

Besides, the less I know the easier it will be to forget him.

WHAT?

Oh, okay. Then do you want me to undress now?

STANDS UP

TURN

REACHES

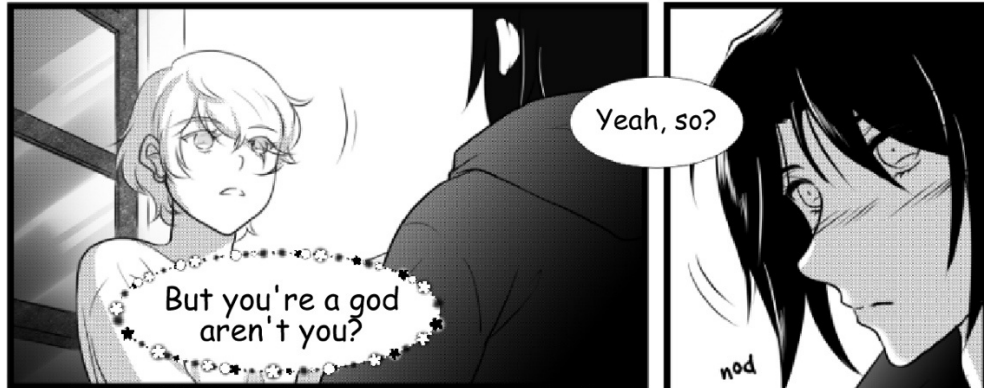
Wait...

Look, I think you've got me confused with someone else.

Please don't leave.

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you angry with me.

I'm not... I'm not angry. I just don't think I'm the person you think I am.



Yeah, so?



But would it really hurt to kiss him?





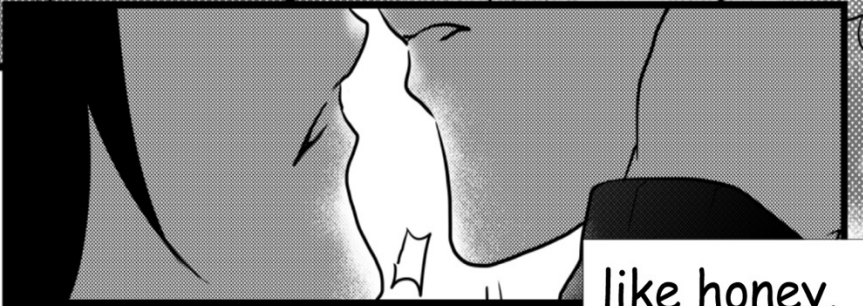


Just one simple  
kiss...

Just to know what  
a Doxie tastes like.

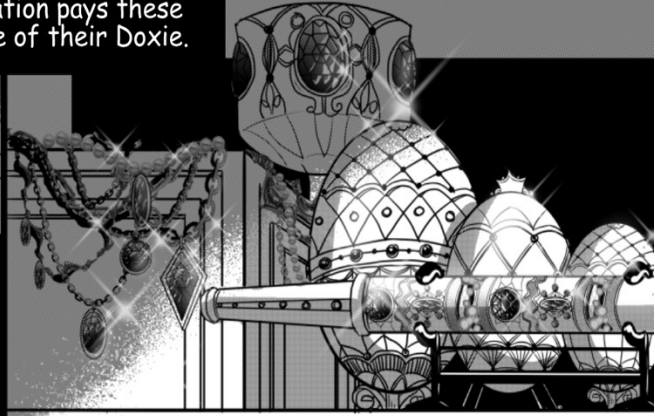


But I already know  
he will be sweet...

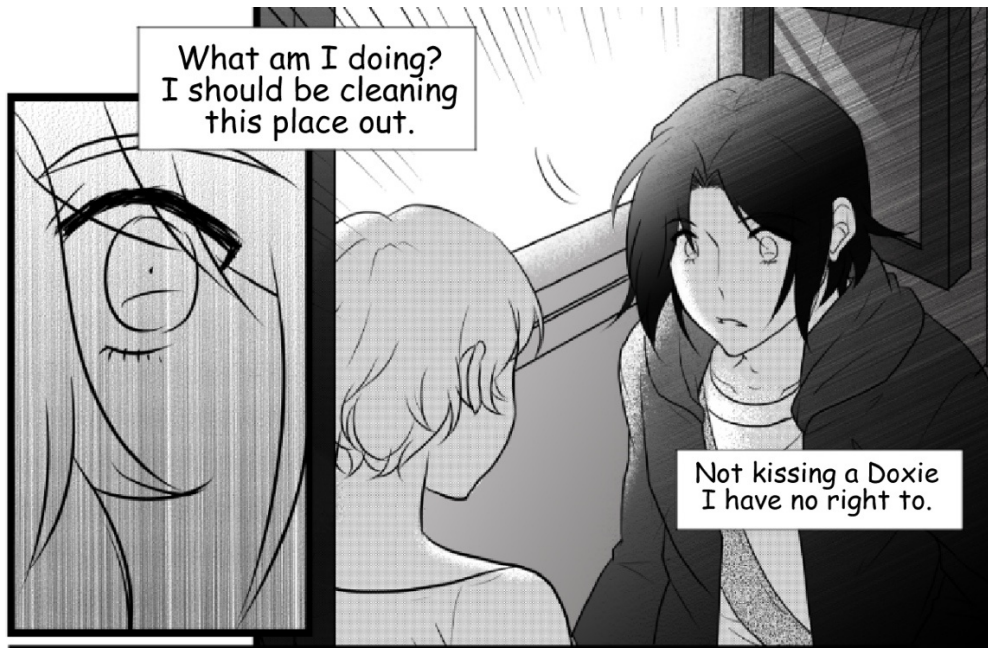


like honey.

There's enough on that shelf to  
set me up for life. And every bit  
of it was probably bought with the  
money the Association pays these  
people to take care of their Doxie.







What am I doing?  
I should be cleaning  
this place out.

Not kissing a Doxie  
I have no right to.



Why did you  
stop?



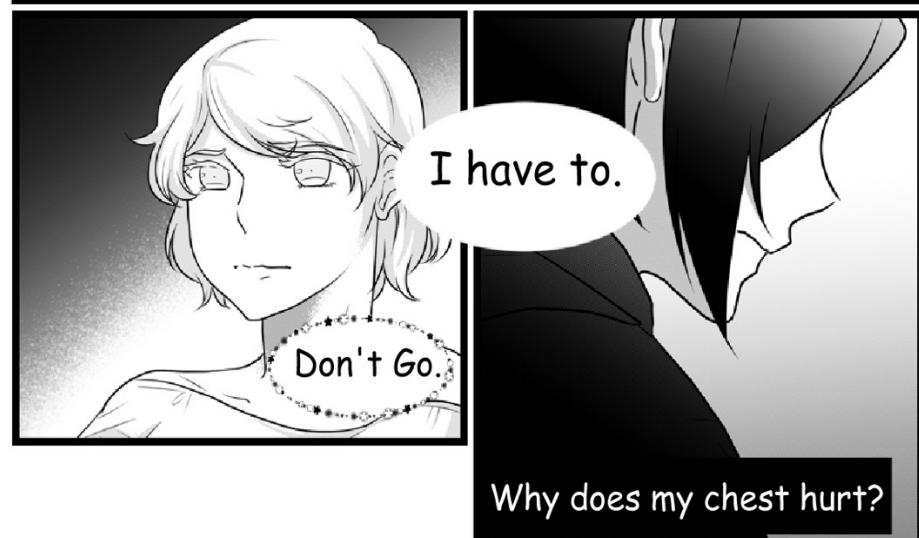
This is a mistake.

A terrible mistake.



The cops are gone.

I can finally get out  
of here and back  
to the apartment



I have to.

Don't Go.

Why does my chest hurt?





Please take me to bed.

I want to be with you.



Fuck, he's as hard as I am.



Claim me. Let me be your Doxie.



No.



Why did he have to be here?

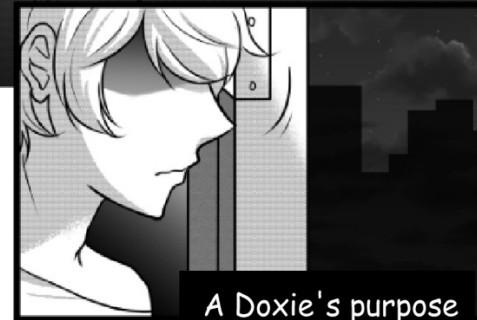
Now let go of me. I have to leave.



He's gone.



And I'm all alone again.



A Doxie's purpose is to serve the gods.



So, why didn't Jinx want to claim me?

Is there something wrong with the way I look?

What if there is and no god ever wants me?

I've waited so long. And this loneliness, hurts.



I just want the pain to stop.

I want to sleep and never wake up.

Because in my dreams I don't hurt.





In my dreams I  
am wanted.

I am treasured.  
I am protected.

Maybe even loved.

Please let me  
be loved.

## Bound Gods Series

Books should be read in order.

The Chimera  
Chained  
Betrayed  
Reborn  
Crocuta Crocuta  
The Claiming  
Purgatory  
God of Monsters  
The Stone God  
Pandora's Heart

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