

In-Flight Service

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Curious Cabbit Press

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This book contains scenes of graphic and explicit sex in a fantasy context. If you are someone uncomfortable with this, in a place where reading this would be illegal, or a minor in your locality and/or culture, then *do not read it*.

All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Pre-Boarding

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Aster cheerfully made her way down the most empty terminal. It was mid-day in the middle of the week, so the Obergreen International Terminal West was about as dead as it could while still open for business.

To either side of her, she could see couples and individuals sprawled out on comfortable couches and massage recliners. Most of them were staring into nothing, their eyes glistening with whatever display was painted onto their retinas. Others were clustered around the areas by each of the gates, waiting for their chance to board a plane that would be flying them to the next country, space station, or another solar system.

For the most part, it was quiet. There were a few kids who had gotten bored with their personal systems and were running around the slack adults waiting for their flights. Two of them were jumping on the luggage robots, the wheeled, squarish contraptions that looked like a mixture of an old style hotel dolly and a digital face that was statistically determined to be the most pleasing without attracting attention.

She had her own robotic dolly driving behind her. The six soft wheels whispered across the ground as it deftly kept up with her and remained a precise 1.3 meter distance behind her tight rear. It wasn't heavily loaded, only a single small bag that had a week's worth of supplies and uniforms.

A breeze wafted past her, bringing the scents of lemon cookies. Underneath it was the antiseptic sting of industrial air fresheners.

She smiled and look ahead of her where a large triple hallway lead into the Atmospheric Terminal. She turned into it. As she

strode down the middle, the skirt of her uniform swaying just below her knees, she noticed that the digital displays on either side changed from pastoral scenes of the planet's lower gardens to scenes of other planets filled with multi-colored clouds, rivers that ran with brilliant colors, and the mountains of glass.

The personalized advertisements interspersed and integrated into the image continued to display ceaselessly. Today, they were mostly about lingerie and travel destinations. The computers that scanned her profile always got the underwear right but somehow they never noticed that she got all the exotic locations she wanted.

She smiled to herself and a tingle of excitement teased her thighs. As much as there was no greater pleasure in pulling a pair of Gaberian silk panties on, she rarely work anything underneath her uniform to work. Her pussy tingled as she thought about the number of times someone on the plane had seen her bending over to get a drink and heard the quiet gasp of lust from someone behind her at the sight of her hairless pussy.

At the end of the corridor was the starkest glass wall in the entire terminal. No videos or advertisement played anywhere near the glass. It was a red sore on the delicate aesthetics of the terminal.

Of course, there was also a reason for the warning animations painted across the glass.

“Danger: Poisonous Atmosphere!”

“HE-1 Protection Certification Required!”

“Danger! Suffocation Hazard!”

Unconcerned, Aster strolled up to the door in the center of the wall. She stepped onto the scanning platform as a human security guard game up. It was Jalsir, a human from the Vortar System. He had thick arms and shoulders with just a paunch of a belly. His green-tinged beard has been trimmed neatly according to regulations and he had the dark red uniform of a security guard. In the light above him, his entire skin shimmered faintly.

“Hey, ya girl!”

“Jal!” She started to hug him and then pulled back when the scanner buzzed. Shaking her head, she looked at him. “How are you? I heard you took a pretty good punch with a rowdy customer.”

He rubbed his knuckles along his beard. Underneath the green, there was good-sized bruise that swelled out of the green-stained skin.

Aster frowned. “Oh, poor baby, what—”

The scanner made a faint chime and interrupting her. A display appeared across her vision.

Aster (Employee 52-89823)

- Skin augmentation: Validated
- Sub-dermal implants: Validated (123.2 days until next inspection)
- Respiratory filters: Validated (17 hour capacity, 363.8 days until next inspection)
- Blood filters: Validated (6 hour capacity, 363.7 days until next inspection)

HE-1 Certification: Verified

Access granted to Atmospheric Terminal. Be careful.

The door slid open.

Aster stepped off the scanner and gingerly rested her fingers on the bruise. “What in the fuck hit you?”

“A drunk grookal. A female just after molting I think, it’s hard to tell with the fur. The damn slime stained everything green.” He glanced around and then worked the fasteners of his uniform to pull back the tight color. Underneath, his pale skin was stained the same clear out of sight.

“Oh,” Aster said, “poor baby.”

“You should kiss it.”

She gave him a mock glare. “You are married.”

“Wife two and my first husband are out on a date. You’re welcome to join the three of us they left behind.” He grinned, his eyes sparkling.

Aster stepped closer until her firm breasts ground against his chest. “You’re human.”

Jalsir grumbled. “For someone who is so fucking beautiful, why can’t you fuck your own damn species?”

Smiling sweetly, she tapped his bruise a little harder.

He winced. "Fine, fine. At least give me a kiss or something?"

She rolled her eyes and turned around. For a moment, she considered blowing him a kiss and then going through the gate but then she got a better idea. Turning around, she slipped her feet apart and then bent over to her bag sitting on the bottom of the dolly.

"Oh, blessed are the Four," whispered Jalsir at the sight of her hairless sex. His moan sent a little thrill of lust through her. It was muted because he, as he mentioned, was just a human but it was still nice to be appreciated.

She dug out and pulled out a golden necklace. It was a present from one of her recent lovers. With a second thought, she also pulled out a pair of her sexiest green panties.

Instead of standing straight up, she slipped her legs further apart until the fabric of her skirt rose even higher and she could feel her outer lips slowly peeling apart. She knew that he was staring at the pink opening of a cunt that he would never get inside.

Aster finally straightened and turned around. "Give this to your daughter, I know she loves gold."

"Oh, thank you!" His eyes glanced down at her breasts and then back up.

Aster leaned forward until they were once against pressing against his chest. She pressed her panties into his hand. "Give this to your second husband. I'm sure he's going to look hot wearing that tonight."

Jalsir gulped and then smiled. She could feel his cock growing harder underneath his uniform.

With a sly grin, she stepped back, spun on her heels, and headed toward the gate. "Have a good night."

He only moaned. "How long are you gone?"

"Five weeks."

"Damn, I'm going to miss your ass."

Feeling sexy as fuck, she swept through the clear airlock before stepping out into the Atmospheric Terminal. There was very little to distinguish it from the main terminal, it had the same bright colors, animated displays, and advertisements for lingerie. The only thing that marred the scene were the occasional poison control booths, a

larger number of security cameras, vending machines that had things twisting and turning inside.

The feeling of excitement rose inside her and she could feel her pussy growing wetter. Her eyes drifted around her, looking for what she really wanted.

Like the other side, there were travelers sitting on benches and on various chairs. They were differently shaped to handle squirming tentacles, thoraxes, and body types of all form. Her smile grew broader and more genuine as she picked out the ones she liked the most.

The first alien she spotted was a young female grookal. Looking like an elongated gorilla with massive hands and two lines of nipples that went from her chest to her abdomen. She had beautiful green fur that matted against her skin. Thick slime oozed out of her pores soaked into the fur, protecting her against venomous insects that swarmed her home planet.

Aster smiled at her. She knew that the slime had a tangy taste, but it got a lot fruitier and had a wonderful aftertaste if she could get her mouth pressed against the young grookal's sex.

The grookal looked back and her fur fluttered, spraying green slime everywhere. She was obviously of age, given the way it wavered with her thoughts and the way her hips drew back. One side of her mouth peeled back in a brilliant, dripping smile.

Aster fought the urge to stare herself. The grookal was giving a sexual display. There was obvious interest from her as much as Aster wanted to press her body against the slick fur and hear the purr that would shake through the muscular body.

She moaned and forced herself to look away. It was one thing to lust after all the aliens that drew her fancy while they were in flight. It was another to get caught in the bathroom on her knees with her face stained with green. She tugged her skirt down, half afraid that someone could tell that she was practically dripping.

A thrab, a large cockroach-like creature that had a few extra limbs, hurried past her. She could tell it was a male by the way the abdominal segments were split in half and how the spines near its rear drooped. His body was about a quarter again larger than her, and easily double her weight but she knew how agile the thrab could be.

Aster once had a thrab lover. He had short claws that were remarkably rubbery that would hold her thighs as he thrust his cock deep into her pussy. She could still remember how the hard carapace felt against her skin and the way the creature's length was hard as iron but still flexible.

The thrab suddenly lifted his head and peered back at her. His antenna quivered for a moment and then he clicked his mandibles. "You smell nice. Are you in heat?"

Aster blushed and stumbled for a moment. She gripped her skirt and clamped her legs together. Opening her mouth to speak, she tried to come up with some explainable but then quickly gave up. She gave a smile and cocked her head. "T-Thank you."

With a bow—more of a lowering of his entire body on six legs—he turned and scurried ahead.

She ended up following after him. Her eyes watched the short spines that swung back and forth with the creature's movement. When he took a sharp turn into Gate 48-HE, her heart skipped a beat and she felt a surge of juices oozing from her pussy.

The thrab crawled over one of the chairs and settled into place. He appeared to be traveling alone; there was one thrab or there were thirty, never anything in between. He turned and she could imagine he was looking at her for a second. Then he clicked his mandibles and his antenna quivered.

She came around the benches and walked in front of him. As she did, she planted her foot further away than normal and gave her hip an extra sway to waft the scent of her pussy in his direction.

He clicked his mandibles again. "Very nice smell."

Aster smiled and worked her way through the crowded waiting room toward the desk. As she did, she scanned the hundred-something aliens that were waiting to board. Most of them didn't appeal to her, either because they were creatures that made poor lovers for her delicate form, ones that had never responded to her desires, or ones that were obviously too busy to appreciate her.

She almost got ran over by a trio of wog children. The werewolf-like children were howling as they ran away from dozens of others that chased them with laughter and howls. All of them crawled up and over the backs of benches and bounced off the massage chairs.

Their parents were three beautiful adult worgs: wolf-like creatures with short hair. There were two mothers and one father. All of their bodies were muscular and trim but she couldn't help but stare at the father who was sprawled out on a bench with one leg hiked up and his foot in the adjacent seat; there was a squirming pup underneath his paw.

However, it was a huge bulge at his crotch that almost stopped Aster. It was huge, with two large bumps and a thick ridge that reached almost down to his knee.

The father was watching a tablet and didn't seem to notice anything at all.

One of his wives did. She was the only one paying attention to the children but she had enough time to catch Aster peering at her husband's cock and gave a warning snarl.

Aster jumped and hurried to the check in desk. Two of the attendants were already waiting: Ginnie and Petoil. Both were human, as all the crew on the flight. She walked up and held up her hands in greeting. "Ladies! Looks like a beautiful crop of travelers today."

Ginnie was a dark-skinned woman with turquoise hair glittering in the light. Her large breasts strained at her uniform, the material cut just short enough to cause the gap between buttons to swell open to reveal a generous amount cleavage.

Her hair was not regulation but sooner or later she would have to change it. Like Aster, there were microscopic lights along the entire length of their hair. There was a properly licensed color they had to use, it was the same as the blue... no, Obergreen Blue of Dedication™ in her uniform.

Ginnie shook her head. "You're disgusting, you know that?" she asked but she was smiling. She didn't have even a remote interest the aliens on the ship at partners but the "creep flights" paid almost ten times as much because very few humans had the psychological profiles to handle nearly constant contact with non-humans.

Petoil, on the other hand, grinned widely and gestured behind Aster with a casual finger. "I want that red one."

Aster casually peered around. Petoil had pointed out the male wog. Aster couldn't help but wonder what his massive cock would feel like stuffed in her ass or throat.

Turning around, she nodded. "That's a nice one."

"I saw a lot of pussies though, that should make you happy."

"I like cocks too."

"What about the quaints in the corner?" Ginnie asked without looking.

There were two of the quaints. Creatures that had long, delicate tendrils. Actually, they were almost all tentacles. One was a lavender with turquoise tips. The other was a deeper red with orange and yellow ends. Hundreds of the tentacles were intertwined together.

Petoil leaned over the counter, her trim body easily lifting her short length over the counter. She was into martial arts, yoga, and a dozen other active hobbies. Of course, mostly she exercised to keep up with lovers. She had a point of pride of lasting longer and being more orgasmic than any cock that rammed into her.

She shook her long, curly regulation blue hair as whispered to Aster. "I get the wog first. No stealing. You start on the cunts or the quaints, Bitch." She was smiling just as sweetly as Ginnie.

Ginnie shook her head. "You two are still fucking disgusting."

She then made a sour face and jerked to the side.

Petoil looked at her. "Profanity fee?"

"Yeah," Ginnie said with a groan. "I'm almost down to under three hundred fu... phrases a day. Then I can get off this shitty personal performance plan."

Aster smiled. "How can you live with yourself?"

Ginnie glared at her. "I spent an hour every day before work just swearing as loudly as I can."

"Does it help?"

"What the fuck do you—" She cringed.

Petoil patted the back of Ginnie's hands. "Don't worry, we'll help."

"Thanks, Bitch," Ginnie said with a smile.

"Change your hair."

Ginnie looked up and then rolled her eyes. The color of her hair darkened into Obergreen Blue of Dedication™. "Better?"

Petoil blew her a kiss. "Perfect."

Aster picked up her bag from the dolly. "I'm going to throw this inside the ship and do a once-over. Any of the pilots arrive?"

"Lyman has but Zoil and Raiten are late as usual," said Ginnie.

"Zoil still in the shit house?" asked Aster.

"After the crap he pulled with that gasson? Yeah, he's in the shit house for at least another month."

"Why do you get to swear?" muttered Ginnie.

"Because I keep it under the regulation seven per hour, Sweetie."

Aster waved and carried her bag inside. As she did, she tapped her wrist and brought up the display on her retinas. Much of the edges were listing the various things that she paid for, a ledger that summarized the per-minute costs for her small apartment, various lingerie subscription services, and even her utilities. Her hostile environment augmentations all had maintenance costs and loans associated with them. Even with everything, she made more than she needed as a flight attendant and she was happy.

The space plane was pressurized and a blast of air rushed past her as she stepped inside. The roomy ship had three levels to it: sleeping quarters in the middle, exercise and entertainment on the bottom, and observation and the fancier rooms on top. For the two week run, there was plenty to do and scheduled to keep three hundred aliens and humans entertained.

As she walked past the small sleeping quarters for the travelers, she couldn't help but smile. She had spent many times sneaking into them for a night of sex and fun. It was better than the cramped quarters listening to Petoil swearing in her sleep or Ginnie masturbating.

The cockpit was open and Lyman, the head pilot, was running through his checklists. She dropped her bag by the door before sticking her head in. "Afternoon, Ly."

"Aster! I didn't realize you were on this flight. Last I heard, you were having fun with a wog couple."

"You know I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"Oh?" he said wryly and turned around. "I take it you saw some lovelies about to embark? Anyone of interest for me?"

She rocked her hips for a moment as she smiled. "Oh, I think this is going to be a really good trip for us perverts."

Lyman winked and smiled. By the end of the trip, he either be fighting Ginnie over the wogs or fucking them together. He had a thing for furry creatures, male or female. “Are you on the network yet?”

On most of the long flights, crews would set up private social networks that worked with her implants. It gave them a chance to claim various travelers, make snarky comments about the corporate notices, and generally act like immature teenagers passing notes.

Aster shook her head. “Who set it up this time?”

“Jalsir. Here,” Lyman held out his hand.

She took it in a firm grip. A contact network connected and a file transfer request showed up across her retinal display. It was signed by at twelve of her contacts, all perverts attending the flights. She accepted it without question.

Aster has joined the connection. Transmitting encryption keys.

Lyman: There you go.

Ginnie: Bitch! Welcome to the flight of the century!

Zoil: Aster’s ass! Glad you’re with us.

Ginnie: Z, she ain’t going to fuck you. You don’t have hair all over your body or a cock made of crystal.

Lyman: Or dripping fur like Jalsir’s friend.

Jalsir: Fuck off.

Raiten: He’s ugly as egors, that might turn her on.

Aster rolled her eyes. The scroll of conversations slid to the side of her vision so she could watch it before she released her hand.

Zoil: Me and R will be there in eight minutes.

“I’m going to throw my bag in the crews quarters and do my inspections. How much time before boarding?” She reflexively connected to the flight computer and queried it. The schedule displayed on her screen.

Lyman answered before she could read it. “About twenty-three minutes.”

“Thanks, Ly.”

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Ginnie: How long before we start this fucking boarding process?

Aster: 23 min.

Lyman: About twenty-three minutes.

Lyman: Bitch.

Aster blew him a kiss, turned around and flipped up her skirt. Then she headed to the back of the plane.

D. Dancer

The Wolf Bitch

2

Aster had a smile plastered on her lips as she worked her way through the casino. It was partially faked and genuine at the same time.

The fake part was because regulations required her to be always smiling in front of a traveler. There were enough scanners that the company charged her for every second that there wasn't a smile plastered on her lips.

The genuine joy was because of all the sexy aliens that surrounding her. She couldn't help but let her imagination play through each alien that came into view, every touch of slick digits on her arm, or the occasional bump against her rear. She was pretty sure some of the nudges against her ass or breast were less accidental and more of an opening gambit.

With a soft moan that couldn't be heard over the din, she swayed with every step and let her body be mauled and touched and groped. The only difficulty was keeping the tray steady in her hand. It was half filled with digestible pods filled with various alcoholic drinks and hunks of fruit. The spheres jiggled with her movement, matching the shift of her breasts in the tight uniform or the way her Obergreen Blue of Dedication™ hair swayed.

She spotted someone holding up their hand. After working her way closer, she saw it was one of the worg wives, the one that had snarled at her.

Their eyes met for a moment and there was a passing recognition. Then she crooked her finger to beckon Aster closer.

As Aster approached, she felt a scaly hand sliding up her buttock. She smiled to herself and hesitated only slightly as sharp claws

teased the cleft of her buttocks and pulled her cheek to the side. The tip scratched close to her asshole but then she had to pull away to service the worg that had called her.

The worg wife leaned over. “What liquids are in there?” She has low, raspy voice that sent a little thrill coursing down her spine.

Aster turned slightly to the side and leaned toward the worg, moving until her breasts were just centimeters away from the alien’s shoulder.

Unlike Aster’s uniform, the worg wife had a black, strapless dress that clung to the short hairs on her firm, small breasts. It had open slits down the side that showed the mounds of the other breasts that ran down a line down to her abdomen. The nipples were covered but there was no hiding that she had six, firm mounds on her lithe, muscular body.

Aster held the tray in front of them. With her other hand, she started to point to the options she had. “This is an old apricot brandy which will have a rich smokey taste for your senses. There is also a hundred year bourbon but I don’t recommend that. With your taste buds, the corn in the drink is going to have an unpleasant mint-like taste. Also, I believe your species isn’t fond of terrestrial strawberries.”

The worg wife leaned against Aster, her body hot even through the uniform. One hand rested lightly on Aster’s thigh.

Suddenly flushed, Aster had to clear her throat before she spoke. She picked up an almost clear pod with her blue uniform gloves and held it in her palm. “However, if you had to choose, I would go with this Naglorian abas. It is paired with a crisp jali fruit, a bit like a Solar apple. It will have a bitter start for you but I’ve been told it ends on a slightly salty but sweet note. It is also known as salted caramel in some worg circles. The crunch of the jali is also pleasing.”

The hand on her thigh slid down, tracing Aster’s thigh until the fingertips dipped below her uniform’s skirt. The pads of the worg’s fingertips were soft, like delicate leather. It was warm at the touch. The worg looked at her directly and her green eyes were almost glowing. “You know a lot about our tongues?”

Aster's thigh muscles clenched as a surge of heat and liquid flooded her. She smiled and leaned closer. "Not as much as I want to."

Zoil: Holy shit, is Aster getting traction on the wolf bitch?

Ginnie: Really? Where? Send a picture, damn it! I'm stuck filling the buffet.

Zoil: I'm hoping that the bitch is really a guy and Aster gets her ass knotted.

Zoil has escrowed 0.00200 PERV for "Aster gets her ass knotted."

Ginnie has escrowed 0.0005 PERV for "Zoil gets a knot up his ass before the end of the trip."

Aster had to fight the urge to snicker. She focused on the worg female's face as she responded.

Aster: I just think she smells really nice.

Zoil: She almost bit my head off when I told her good morning.

Across the network, others on the private network agreed. No one seemed to like the worg in front of her. They were more interested in the husband and his massive cock. The other wife was also sweeter.

Aster: What's her name?

Lyman: Ibby Fangli.

Aster tipped Lyman 0.00024 PERV.

Zoil tipped Lyman 0.00001 PERV.

Lyman: Thanks, but I'd rather be back there getting laid instead of being up here and making sure none of you die.

Ginnie: Oh please, you were fucking the worg's husband only a few hours ago. You're lucky that they take turns parenting those monsters of theirs.

Unable to handle the distraction, Aster muted the feed and concentrated on the worg in front of her.

The female smiled broadly, her teeth peeking out. “Let me try the abas.”

Aster plucked the translucent pod from her tray. The jali rolled around inside it, the soaked fruit promising to give a powerful jolt. It was about twice the size of a large grape. She deftly rolled it across the back of her knuckles before flipping her hand over and letting it settle into her palm.

Ibby reached over with her free hand to pick it up. As she did, her lower hand slid up Aster’s inner thigh and pushed the skirt up.

Aster let out a moan as she arched her back. The pod jiggled in her palm.

“You are very soft,” whispered the worg. She tilted her head back and opened her mouth. With a smile, she reached out with a long, agile tongue and rolled it around the digestible sphere before pulling it into her mouth.

At the same time, the creature’s fingers wormed their way between Aster’s thigh, hidden by their bodies and the tray.

Growing flushed, Aster lowered the tray to cover her lap and spread her knees further apart.

Ibby focused her brilliant green eyes on Aster before clamping her teeth down. The snap could be felt as a bolt but it was the soft fingers that jammed into the confines of Aster’s thighs that caused the human to jump. The tips of her digits, the claws remarkably smooth ran down the length of Aster’s slit.

Aster arched her back as she pried her thighs further open. Her eyes locked on the Ibby’s. She had to open her mouth because it was hard to breathe through the tightness in her chest and the ache of her nipples against the inside of her uniform.

The worg gulped loudly. Her eyes wrinkled but then she let out a low, growling moan. Her fingers pressed tight against Aster’s clitoris before slipping through the slick folds down to her sex.

She smiled and then opened her mouth. The alcohol-laden fruit rested on the tip of her tongue. With her free hand, she reached in to her tooth-lined muzzle to pluck it out and held it in her palm. “Please? We don’t digest fruit well.”

It was hard to speak clearly with furry finger sliding along her slit, but Aster managed to shake her head. "I'm sorry. Regulations says I can't touch food once I serve it."

Ibby cocked her head for a moment. Then she smiled. "Open your mouth, human."

Aster's pussy grew hotter. She parted her lips further as Ibby lifted the piece of dripping fruit. She moaned as she felt it brush along her bottom teeth before the worg placed it on her tongue.

Before the alien completely withdrew her fingers, she dragged the leather-soft fingers along her tender lips. Her other hand was moving up and down, taking short strokes that plunged one finger-deep into Aster's pussy, dragging along the sensitive insides and drawing out copious juices to soak into the inside of the human's uniform.

Focusing into the Ibby's eyes, Aster slowly closed her mouth and bit down into the apple-like flesh of the fruit. Squirts of alcohol, tangy and sharp, flooded her mouth. She moaned and swirled it around in her mouth as the worg continued to finger her. Heady with the rich flavors and pleasures, it took Aster a few moments before she could swallow it.

Ibby nodded and then turned to pull something from the table she was playing at. She shoved a stack of cards toward the center of the board and swept a large pile of chips off the edge and into a wallet.

Aster leaned slightly but the finger in her cunt stopped her.

The alien pumped her fingers a few more times before slipping them from Aster's soaked sex. She licked on her fingers before giving an approving nod.

The human waited, hoping that the domineering worg had something more in mind.

She did. Ibby reached over and pressed a handful of chips in Aster's cleavage. Aster caught the sight of blacks and blues, probably about a hundred thousand credits worth. Surprised, she held herself still as she felt the coins starting to slip down into her uniform.

"Is there a quiet place to enjoy a drink?"

Aster connected to the private network.

Aster: I need a fuck room, now.

She had to mute the congratulations that flooded the network. There were seven of the crew on the network and they all spammed the network with every perverted success.

Lyman: You with the worg? A-113 would be the best one. I'll schedule three hours for you and key it to both of your biometrics. Someone willing to take the time?

Ginnie: I will.

Aster tipped Ginnie 0.00040 PERV.

A map and the room amenities showed on her retina for a moment and then faded.

Aster smiled. "Yes. A-113, it's discrete."

"Bring a bottle of abas and meet me there." Ibbly released the coins pressed against Aster's chest and they slid down into her cleavage.

A moment later, Aster felt a fifty thousand credit chip lodge against her belly button. She stepped back as the worg stood up. She shoved the wallet into a pocket in her dress and strode away, her tail smacking against Aster's hip before she was gone.

Fighting the urge to moan, Aster pushed her skirt down and looked around. No one seemed to have noticed her being fingered in public. Well, she wasn't sure about the quaints in the corner near one of the high tech slot machines; they didn't really have eyes.

Aster: Lyman, could you get me a container of Naglorian abas? I'll stop by the crew quarters before heading to A-113.

Lyman: Got it, I'll throw it on your tab.

Aster finished straightening her uniform and made her way to the edge of the casino. By the time she got to the door, she had managed to serve the rest of the alcohol pods and only had the tray to handle as she cut across the space plane and down to the private sections.

It took her only a few minutes to drop the chips into her personal safe. There was hundred fifty thousand worth, about five times what she would make on the two week flight. A quick wipe down with a towelette and a chance to spruce up her uniform got her ready to visit her first fuck for the trip. She grabbed a small pack with lubricants, safe sex supplies, and a spare set of clothes before she left.

She was almost skipping as she headed down the service. To give the ruse she had a purpose, she held the empty tray at her side. Her pussy was slick with excitement and she couldn't help but imagine the Ibbey's long tongue up against it. She absolutely loved feeling unnaturally long tongues lapping at her. If she was lucky, the worg would be willing to rim her ass too.

Ahead of her, Zoil came around the corner and strode down the hallway. He was a slender man, a twink, with the same sissy sway as the rest of the ladies. He was very popular with some of the larger creatures and his fondness for getting his ass reamed made him a life-long member of the pervert crew.

He held up his hands. In one was the expensive wooden box containing the abas. The other was empty.

With a wink, they traded tray and bottle without stopping.

Aster tipped Zoil 0.00030 PERV.

Aster tipped Lyman 0.00030 PERV.

A-113 was one of the rooms that was never occupied by a traveler. Unofficially, it was a company reserved room for low-profile guests, but in reality it was used by the executives to have a chance to do naughty or illegal things. However, there were a hundred thousand space ships currently in service and they were almost always empty.

Aster opened the door that unlocked automatically. The room was unoccupied. She hurried over to dump her bag in the closet and then over to the kitchen to pull out some rock glasses. Normally abas was drunk out of flutes, but the worgs had wider mouths and preferred the girth of the tumblers. Setting both in the quick freezer, she opened up the bottle and took a deep breath to enjoy the sharp warmth of the expensive spirits.

A light flashed to warn her there was someone outside of the door. She sent a mental command to the network to have it unlock loudly. Then she went to get the ice-cold glasses from the freezer.

The door swished open and Ibby walked in. Her ears were down, but then she looked at Aster as the human was bending over to retrieve the tumblers. A low grunt rewarded Aster's presentation of her bare ass and pussy. She could smell her excitement and knew the lights would show how excited she was.

The door slid shut and it locked quietly.

"You are well prepared," Ibby said wryly.

Aster set down the glass and smiled. She suspected that Ibby liked to be served, she had that attitude. So she made a point of carefully pouring the abas into each bottle. It misted with contact with the glass and a ripple of haze rolled through the drink before it became clear again. "Corporate says we are to do anything to make sure you have a pleasant trip."

"So this is purely professional?"

Aster held up the tumbler to Ibby. "I take great pleasure in doing my job. One might say it's my calling."

Ibby nodded and then sipped at her drink with the side of her muzzle. "Oh, much better cold and without the fruit."

Abby took a drink of her own. It felt good burning down her throat, the abas was bitter for humans but the intimacy was more than sweet enough for her. She licked her lips.

Taking another sip, Ibby stepped closer. Her dress rippled along her legs. The material clung along the short hairs that covered every centimeter of her lithe form. Even through the dress, Aster could see that all six of her nipples were large and protruding from the tips of her breasts. "How far are you willing to go?"

Aster smiled and rocked her hips back and forth. "As in consent?"

The worg nodded.

"No blood, no bruises. No injuries. I have to be able to do my job."

"Submissive? Dominate?" The wrog's tail wagged back and forth.

"Whatever you want. I'm here to pleasure you and only you."

Ibby stepped closer until they were only centimeters away. Her breath was hot against Aster's face. "What if it gets messy?"

Aster smiled broadly. "I have spare clothes."

“Be careful with my dress, it was a present.”

Aster looked over the lithe woman. She had beautiful curves and muscles underneath the fur and fabric. She could smell Ibby’s lust, a musky scent with a hint of richness. “Would you like me to take it off of you?”

Ibby’s tail snapped to the side. She held up the glass to her mouth. “I’d rather you get on your knees. Keep your uniform on for now.”

Aster’s pussy oozed excitement as she set her glass on the table and lowered herself to her knees. Her hands pressed against the floor to steady herself. Panting softly, she reached over to caress Ibby’s furry legs. Underneath the short hairs were powerful muscles. They felt like steel as she ran her hands.

“Kiss my knees,” came a throaty command.

Aster licked her lips to taste the last bit of abas and then pressed her lips to the furry joint. It didn’t matter to her that it was furry or that the smell of dander mixed in with perfume and musk. She thought it was the best smell she had ever enjoyed. Parting her lips, she drew the fur along her teeth as she kissed firmly against the hard muscles.

Ibby let out a soft growl of pleasure. Her body trembled as she tightened her legs underneath Aster’s grip. One foot in a pair of fancy strapped shoes scraped against the ground as she parted her thighs. The smell of her excitement, a deep musk, drifted down from the darkness of her dress.

Aster slid her knees back so she could lean forward. As she did, she kissed along the worg’s shins and down to her foot. With a smile, she planted kissed along the bony ridges of each toe until she reached the biggest toe. She kissed it.

A moan came from above her.

She kissed it again, sliding her lips along the painted tip.

“Oh... yes.”

Encouraged, Aster sucked on the toe. Her head bobbed slightly as she caressed the base of the claw with the tip of her tongue.

Ibby suddenly grabbed the table next to them. “Horg!” It was the worg’s version of “fuck!” She yanked her toe from Aster’s mouth to drag it back. Her shoe caught on the ground as she kicked it off.

Aster reached out and grabbed her ankle to bring the bare toe back to her mouth.

Ibby practically shoved it back in, the force bruising Aster's lips. "More!" she growled.

"As you wish," Aster said before she clamped her mouth and sucked on the toe. Her lips dragged along the moist fur, getting it damper as she sucked harder.

As Ibby moaned even louder. "Oh, Polis or Oichar never do that. Horg, your mouth is so soft."

Aster tried to spread her knees further apart. Her uniform skirt prevented her until she reached back to pull it up over the curves of her ass and expose her naked sex to the warm air of the cabin. She balanced easily as she sucked on the worg's toe until she could bring her hands back up to continue worshipping the feet before her.

When Ibby demanded Aster switch to her other foot, Aster obeyed with a smile and a wiggle of her ass.

That brought another moan. "Like a hairless little puppy."

She rocked her ass back and forth, dragging the skirt along the ground and spreading her legs more. She was dripping wet, but she had no hurry to finger herself. She suspected there might be a worg tongue there soon enough.

By the time Aster had completely lathered the worg's toes, she could tell that Ibby wanted something more. Still shaking her ass, she started to plant kisses up the alien's leg.

Ibby reached down to grab at Aster's head. Her grip clamped down as she fumbled to grab her hair. It stung when she wrapped Aster's hands around her fist and pulled her up. "H-Higher," she commanded.

Aster gasped as she tilted her head back. Her mouth opened even as she was pushing the delicate dress up over the muscular thighs and to Ibby's hips. She gripped the hard bones for balance before shoving her face into the furry sex in front of her.

The heady scent of Ibby's pussy was wonderful. Aster shoved her nose against it and loudly sniffed.

Ibby shuddered as her hand tightened on Aster's head.

With a moan, Aster did it again. She could tell how much the worg was turned on by hearing the loud sniffs. Every time she did it,

she could tell there was more moisture soaking the thick patch of hair that guarded the treasure underneath.

“Lick it!”

Aster opened her mouth and sucked harder, drawing the thick fluids from the matted fur and gulping loudly. It was better than any alcohol and stronger than anything offered on the flight.

As she did, she used the tip of her tongue to drag through the airs, separating them with long strokes until she reached the searing hot folds of the alien’s cunt. A flood of strong juices poured into her mouth and the body underneath her shuddered with pleasure.

The hand holding her hair gripped her tightly, twisting hard as Ibby jammed Aster’s mouth painfully hard against her sex. “Harder, you fucking pup!”

Aster smiled and sucked with all her might. She had to gulp at the hot liquid but much of it smeared across her face, cheeks, and chin. She ground her breasts against Ibby’s thighs as she lapped harder.

As she lapped and tongued the heated sex, the worg ground and humped Aster’s face. Their movements spread her juices everywhere but neither of them seemed to care other than the growing, heated pleasure that filled their bodies.

Aster was happily lapping when suddenly Ibby yanked her head back. She panted as she looked up at the dominating worg, her breasts heaving.

“Take your horg-damned clothes off! Now!”

They both separated to yanked their clothes off. Aster was naked first—she had a lot of practice—so she got to enjoy the beautiful sight of Ibby’s stripping down. When the alien pulled the dress from her body, Aster couldn’t help but admire the curves of her six breasts. Each one was covered in downy hairs with only the large, wide nipples sticking out of each top.

Moaning with lust, Abby crawled over and caught the bottom one just as Ibby dropped her dress to the floor. She ground her own breasts against the furry legs as she sucked on the hard nipple.

Ibby swayed with lust, her pussy getting even wetter. “Horg,” she gasped as she grabbed Aster’s head and ground it tighter. “Suck harder.”

Aster almost came at the command and obeyed. She ran her lips around the firm end before spreading to suck on the short furs. They were very short, almost a fuzz, but they had a sweeter taste than she expected.

Then a squirt of sweet milk flooded her mouth.

Both of them froze.

Ibby shuddered. "T-There is a little. The puppies just finished weaning."

Aster lifted her head, letting the nipple pop out of her mouth. "Do you want me to continue?"

A low moan of pleasure. "Just a little. They're sensitive and I don't want to get started again. We just had my last litter." Some of the hardness faded. "This trip was to celebrate."

Aster thought for a moment, trying to remember the right word for "mommy" in the worg's language. "Yes, abail."

Ibby's eyes widened as she let out a gasp.

With a grin, Aster brought her mouth to the other lower nipple and sucked hard. One of her hands clamped on Ibby's buttock and the other slid up to jam two fingers into the tight opening. The ass cheek underneath her palm felt like steel, hard and powerful.

It didn't take her long to move her mouth from nipple to nipple until she was squatting to keep the sixth one firmly in her mouth. She sucked hard, enjoying the sweet taste.

Ibby's claws dug into the back of her head as she held Aster to her breast. She was only giving the human a minute to suck before pulling her to the next one.

Aster was curious what would happen next but she found out soon enough.

Ibby yanked her head back and leaned forward. Drool coated to the side of her mouth. She parted her muzzle for a moment before leaning forward.

Aster's heart skipped a beat, unsure if something horrible was about to happen. But when Ibby's tongue slathered across her face, Aster let out a moan. She leaned into the rasp of the alien's tongue.

"You taste good."

With a giggle, Aster said, "That's mostly you."

Ibby stepped forward, forcing Aster back toward the bed. "I taste good too."

“You do.”

“Call me abail again. I like that.”

Aster parted her lips and whispered, “Yes, abail.”

The edge of the bed thumped against the back of Aster’s knees.

Ibby inched forward. “Do you taste good?” Her voice was a low growl, filled with lust and desire.

Arching her back, the human could only say one thing. “I would really like for you to find out.”

Ibby slowly pushed forward, resting one knee on the edge of the bed. Her hands dropped to Aster’s shoulders and pushed her back, moving both of them until she was completely kneeling on the bed. Her tail wagged as she lapped at Aster’s face, swirling her tongue around to gather up the juices that coated her face.

Aster moaned and gripped the blankets underneath her. She arched her back and pressed her breasts to her lover’s. The soft furs, moist with wet kisses, felt good against her bare skin.

Ibby lapped down, working her mouth back and forth as she worked her tongue along Aster’s collar and then down to her breast. “Oh, so smooth. Like a little puppy.”

“Oh, abail,” moaned Aster. Her hands twisted the blankets tighter.

That seemed to encourage the worg. She clamped her mouth on Aster’s tit, sucking it into her mouth. She sucked and lapped harder, her sharp teeth digging but not piercing flesh. The wet slurps along the wrinkled tip sent little sparks of pleasure coursing through Aster’s body.

Aster panted as she turned her head to the side. She lifted one leg to hook behind Ibby’s back. The feel of the hard muscles underneath her skin was seductive as much as the tail snapping back and forth.

Ibby’s hand cupped Aster’s sex. She jammed one finger into the sex; there was no friction as the rounded claw plunged deep into the delicate inside.

Aster gasped as a wave of pleasure wracked her. “Abail!”

Ibby lifted her mouth. Her teeth had left little imprints into Aster’s breast but her ministrations left the human tingling with pleasure. “You don’t have a body of a puppy though,” she said with a toothy grin. “All adult. A smooth, soft adult.”

She lifted herself to pump her fingers deeper into Aster's sex. The short furs caressed and swirled inside, teasing in a way no human could ever hope. Stuffing a third finger into Aster, she used her considerable strength to pound her knuckles.

Aster whimpered and writhed on the blankets. Her hips rose to meet the steady smacks of her lover's thrusts. Each one set off tiny explosions pleasure. Her own juices soaked the thrusting fingers, adding her own sweet smells to the heady scent of worg cunt.

Ibby paused for a moment and then let out a growl. "I need to taste you."

She pulled her fingers out and lowered her head, lapping along Aster's belly to the smooth mound of her sex. Without a hesitation, she slithered her long tongue down Aster's slit before plunging it into her pussy.

Stars exploded across Aster's vision. "Fuck!"

Ibby grabbed her lover's legs and pulled them up, almost bending Aster in half. With a growl, she opened her mouth wide and clamped down over Aster's opening. The bottom jaw scraped gently along her buttocks until it stopped near her tailbone.

Then she began to lap. It wasn't a delicate touch, but a probing thrust that sank deep into the human's drenched pussy. When she pulled out, she swirled up to taste the folds and then down.

Aster had no warning when the tongue laved along her sphincter. It lapped around the wrinkled opening until it was dripping with their combined juices.

Panting for air, she twisted and writhed even as she was wordlessly begging for more.

Ibby lapped up again, sucking hard. Her teeth dimpled flesh as she bit down on thigh and buttocks. Clamped into place, she lapped harder and gulped loudly. Her tongue probed and explored, seemingly touching every erogenous part of Aster's body.

Pinned and helplessly, Aster only wailed with pleasure as she was wracked with orgasms.

The alien jammed her tongue against her sex, shoving the powerful, squirming length into the opening. The pleasure was intense as she lapped and twisted it inside. Then, Aster could feel her gulping the juices that poured out from the orgasms the worg's tongue was evoking.

Aster lost herself in pleasure as she was laved into repeated orgasms, each one more powerful than the last. When Ibbby finally pulled away and released her legs, she could only slump on the bed and quiver from the afterglow that suffused her body.

The worg thumped on the bed next to her, her furry body damp with sweat and spit. She panted as she hiked herself up on one elbow and looked across Aster's glistening body. "You do taste good."

Panting, Aster smiled back. "Thank you."

Ibbby's ears perked up. "I should be thanking you for your service."

"It was my pleasure and my job."

With a chuckle, Ibbby rolled on her back. "Get my drink, puppy."

"Yes, abail."

Aster could feel the low, growling moan as she got up grinning. She suspected there would be at least another round of pleasure before they went their separate ways.

D. Dancer

Bucket Lists

3

Aster yawned and stretched across her bed. Her soles brushed one wall while her palms pressed against the cold steel above her head.

Ginnie: Come on, Bitch. It's your turn.

It didn't matter that they were in the same room nor that Ginnie was only a few meters away in her own bunk, it was lazier to communicate through the private network. It was hard work on the ship, even if you ignored Aster's effort to seduce the customers.

Aster: Fine.

She rolled over. She wore only an oversize shirt that still smelled of the Morlak that she had fucked a few years ago. The spicy scent of the creature had hints of fragrant woods clung to her skin. Hiking one leg up to brace herself, she peered at the large tablet hooked on the edge of her bunk. She swept two cards off and watched as two replacements. Spotting a straight of stars, she leaned back.

Aster: Check.

Ginnie grumbled. "Damn it, that's the third game in a row."

Aster smiled and closed her eyes. She still had five hours left on her break before she had to get back for her midnight shift. Sixteen hours of working, eight off.

"Did you hear that Petoil is fucking that Flick couple in the 300s." Ginnie sat on the end of her bench, her naked body still glistening from her steam shower. She had one foot up on the edge, exposing

the short hairs of her cunt, as she painted her toes in nano-chromatic paint.

Aster shrugged. “Well, she always said seeing a glowing cock through her belly was the hottest thing in space. I’m pretty sure she’s going to be blind if she is deep-throating the other one at the same time.”

Ginnie snorted.

Lyman: Aster, ping.

Aster grunted.

Aster: What’s up?

Lyman: You up to getting on shift early? The old thrab in 729 has just put a room service request and everyone else is either fucking, working, or desperately avoiding the cockroach.

Aster: Think he’s into humans?

Lyman: Oh yeah. He’s been warned about roaming claws a few times and he is always staring at boobs and ass.

Aster: What about Zoil? He doesn’t mind thrabs either. I’m off shift.

Lyman: He’s currently licking my asshole out and I’m not in the mood for sharing. So, if you want to get molested by a horny thrab, you have your chance.

Aster’s body tingled with the growing excitement. She could almost feel the light touch of the creature’s carapace against her breasts. The thrab’s hands were tipped with sharp claws but they also had excellent skill at scratching without leaving marks. Her nipples peaked up through the thin material of her shirt.

Unaware of the private communication, Ginnie held up her tablet.

Aster: Yeah, let me get cleaned up.

Aster sat up and swung her feet around. “I can’t. Lyman is pulling me on my shift early.”

“Doesn’t that asshole ever take a break?”

“Between the drugs in his system and the cyber, he just prefers the thirty hour shifts at a time with eight hour downtime. He also gets double pay for it.”

“Probably fucking someone too, right?”

Aster shrugged. She slipped off her bunk and grabbed a fresh uniform. Not bothering with underwear, she pulled it on and switched the color to Obergreen Blue of Dedication™.

“Hopefully you’re going to get tipped well.”

Aster grinned as she felt the heat spreading across her body. “Oh, I’m hoping for a good tip or two from this one.”

Ginnie rolled her eyes. “Another fucking customer?”

With a grin, Aster pulled the skirt up over her hips and settled it into place. “You mean, fucking another customer? And I hope so. It’s the thrab in the 700s.”

Ginnie scowled. “Oh, please go. Maybe if he gets laid, he’ll stop groping anything with an ass.”

Aster hopped and twirled around. “What do you think?”

“Not even close to regulation. I can see your cunt lips.”

“Good. Just the look I’m hoping for.”

Ginnie stared at her for a moment. She worked her lower lip for a moment. “When you get back... maybe not tell me any details? It’s a fucking bug.”

“Just for you, I’ll keep my lips sealed.” Aster blew her a kiss. She called out “don’t wait up” before heading toward the kitchen area.

Ten minutes later, she was in front of room 729 with a tray with covered food. Even through the metal, she could feel the faint shifting of the meal worms and smell the overly sweet taste of fruits that were just on the edge of being fermented. Thrabs liked their food still twitching.

She heard scuffling on the other side of the door and the door intercom light flickered for a moment but then switched off.

Reaching down with her free hand, she tugged her miniskirt to the side lightly to cause it to hook on the curve of her buttocks. With a playful smile, she ran her finger along the exposed seam of her ass and pulled the tight cheek away to let it clap back.

The light turned on brightly. “Who is it?” came the voice that sounded of scraping carapace and a grating of an old age.

“Room service,” she said brightly as she arched her back and thrust her breasts forward. The back of her miniskirt rose up and she felt the breeze against her moist sex.

There was a long pause.

“I brought your dinner.” She said as she brought the tray in front of her. She kept it just below her breasts, so her mounds were framed by the chrome domes of the covers over the food. Her pussy clenched with anticipation; she loved meeting new aliens in intimate situations.

The door hissed as it opened. A cloud of blue-green gas rolled out across the floor, coiling around the ground. The bitter scent of chlorine and a chemical flowery scent assaulted her senses.

The thrab was the same one that she had encountered boarding the plane. He fluttered his mandibles as he tilted his head up and down. The pitch black domes of his eyes didn’t have pupils or any sense of looking at her, but she knew he was tasting her in the air and taking in her appearance.

Her pussy grew wetter. Clamping her thighs tight together, she held out her tray. “May I bring this in?”

A moment hesitation. “You want to come in?” The thrab’s voice quivered as he spoke. He stepped back while holding the door opening with two of his claws on his left side. The powerful-looking tips scraped against the metal frame.

“My job is to serve you in any capacity you need. That is the Obergreen Promise.” It was a trite and tedious phrase, and required to be said every ninety-one minutes while on duty unless she wanted to be docked in pay. She stepped across the threshold with a swoop of movement. Her skirt fluttered up over her buttocks as she strode across the room to the table near the nest-like bed.

She glanced over her shoulder to make sure he was watching. When she saw the black eyes fixed on her movements, she made a point of bending at the waist as she set down the tray. With her back arched, the miniskirt rose up until it pulled over her buttocks and exposed her slit and ass to the alien’s view.

With the noxious chemicals in the air, she could feel the faint tingle as they interacted with her pussy juices. She wasn’t in danger

of being harmed—her sealed systems ensured that—but that didn't mean she couldn't feel the reactions.

Her breath came faster as she lingered for a moment. Then she slowly straightened up. Then, with a gasp of fake innocence, she looked down at her bare rear. "Oh, I'm sorry!"

Aster took a moment to fumble with her skirt before she managed to tug it down. It didn't quite cover the bottom of her cheeks, but when she pulled her hand away, she was confident that the thrab had plenty of time to enjoy the view.

Turning around, she looked around. "Traveling alone?"

The thrab tapped the door for a moment.

"It's okay if you let the door close."

"Not want you to be uncomfortable. I was given a notice earlier."

She favored him with a smile but kept her lips pressed together to avoid baring her teeth. "I don't get uncomfortable."

Stepping toward him, she also brought her arms around her back to cause her breasts to push up. "I also don't complain to my superiors."

"The rest of the staff doesn't agree with that statement."

Aster swayed as she walked over. Reaching up, she gently caught the thrab's wrist and pulled it away from the frame.

He resisted for a moment, the powerful muscles easily stopping her.

She stared directly into his black eyes. "The rest of the staff do not have experience with thrabs. I do. I find their company more than... enjoyable."

He relented and let her pull his claw from the door. His mandibles and smaller legs fluttered with his thoughts. She noticed that his abdomen was darkening, the first hints that he was also getting turned on.

As soon as the sensors indicated it was safe, the cabin door slid shut. When it locked into place, the ground underneath her shivered from the impact.

"You appear to be very forward."

"For a human?"

"In general."

Aster released his claw and then stepped back. "I found everything works better if I'm up front with what I want."

The thrab stepped forward, his massive body rising up as he looked down at her. "What do you want?"

Being forced to look at the hard-shelled creature before, Aster couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement. She was so delicate compared to him. The thrabs were stronger, faster, and has far more stamina than human males. There was also the unconscious fear of having a monster rising up before her. She almost creamed her panties, if she had been wearing any.

With a grin, she stepped back again. "I want to make sure any and all of your desires are fulfilled completely. That includes any duties that may be unlisted by Obergreen's services directory."

The alien cocked his head, rotating it almost ninety degrees. There was a faint clicking noise as he tapped his mandibles. "To avoid confusion, please be precise? I do not want to be sanctioned by this company nor can I afford significant fees."

Aster reached down and grabbed the bottom of her miniskirt. With a wide grin, she drew it up to expose her damp pussy and swollen lips. "Would you like to fuck this human?"

There was a moment of silence as the thrab's body darkened with his excitement. His mandible and the smaller gripping legs both quivered.

Finally, he spoke. "That... is on my list."

"Oh, a list?"

The alien straightened his head. "As tradition, my clutch spent the first two centuries of our live gathering various tasks and desires we wish to accomplish before we all die. Since I passed my second century, we had been working to finishing the list. I'm one of the last few of my clutch still alive and I still have thirty-eight items on my list."

Aster tugged her skirt up a little higher, hooking it on her hip. "How many of you wanted to fuck a human?"

The thrab cocked his head again and then straightened it. "Ninety-four."

"Oh, humans are that desirable?"

The thrab stepped forward and reached out. His large, clawed hands spread out. It would only take a single slash to kill her but she knew he wouldn't hurt her. No, he was like every other intelligent creature in the world: horny.

His claws cupped the side of her face. “You are all very soft.”

She pressed her own palms against his chest, right underneath the joint of his upper arms where she knew he would be sensitive. His carapace was hot but hard, like pressing her hand against hardened steel. “You are hard.”

His body tensed for a moment and then he ran his hand down the side of her cheek. The sharp edges of his claws teased her skin, not enough to draw blood but more than enough to send delicious thrills of pleasure.

She stared into his eyes as she reached up to work the large buttons that closed the uniform over her breasts. With practiced skill, she popped open each one before drawing it open to reveal her naked skin underneath. The fabric caught on her hard nipple, tugging on it for a moment before it popped free.

“What’s your name?” He asked as he drew his hand down along her bared neck. His claw tips teased along her collar bone before he drew his palm down her breast that had just been revealed. The sharp edge of one claw circled her nipple, scraping against the sensitive wrinkles of her areola.

“Aster.”

“Call me Odalii. It is a short name, suitable for friends and informality. Aster, Aster, that is a name appropriate for you.”

He reached out with two other hands to stroke along her neck, shoulders, and sides. His fourth tugged on her uniform, sliding it off her body to let it fall to the side.

Aster closed her eyes as she moaned. “That feels good.”

“You’ve been with a thrab before?”

She nodded. “Twice.”

“Then there won’t be many surprised. However, that does lead to other questions. How far are you willing to go?”

She opened her eyes and stroked his chest, trailing her fingertips up and down along the hard edges. “How far do you want to go?”

Odalii’s claws cupped her breasts, the sharp points digging into flesh. He brought his thumb up to capture her nipple, rocking the sharp edge back and forth along the sensitive nipple.

Her pussy surged with heat and moisture. With a louder moan, she reached down with her other hand to run her finger along her

slit. When she brought up her hand, it was dripping with faintly translucent juices.

“I... the list has two items that would be applicable. One is mating with a human female, the other is a failed impregnation.”

When the thrab male came, their cum was thick and foamy. It would harden quickly into a sodden mass that would take hours of showering to get it out of her pussy. Since they weren't even remotely the same species, there was no chance of impregnation, but it would be uncomfortable.

She ran her hands along the hard shell. “I would love if you came inside me and filled my pussy with your cum.”

His belly darkened even more. A sweet smell filled the room, a hint of brown sugar and musk. It was the scent of his growing excitement. Glancing down, she could see the seams along his belly beginning to swell open; underneath would be a short but very wide penis.

Odalii's antenna fluttered for a moment. “Not on the list, but I've found myself desiring to taste your sex. Your scent is beautiful and very colorful.”

Aster almost purred. “I would very much like you to taste me.”

“My mouth parts don't scare you?”

Aster stepped up. Her breasts crushed against his body as she tilted her head up. “As long as you don't draw blood or cause me danger, you can do whatever you want. I like it rough.” She glanced down and pressed his claws harder against her nipple. “I don't mind a little pain either.”

“I was concerned, thank you.” Odalii reached down with four of his arms along her sides and hips. He caught her armpits with his upper claws while his lower ones finished shoving her uniform off her hips before reaching between her legs.

The hard ridges ran along her inner thighs. The edges of the plates were sharp but felt good against her slick flesh. With a gasp, she leaned into his body as he pumped his lower arms between her thighs, parting them apart with slow but powerful force.

He drove one of her legs off the ground.

She almost lost her balance. Clamping her hand on his second elbow, she leg out a moan as her leg was lifted higher from the ground. Between her legs, she could feel her swollen lips peeling

apart. The air teased against her sensitive sex, reminding her how turned on she was.

Leaning forward, Aster pressed her mouth against his chest. Her moan blew against his chest plates. "That feels really good."

Odalii picked her completely off the ground by her other leg. Her weight settled onto his powerful lower arms. He lifted her easily up to his mouth. His mandibles, sharp edged and powerful enough to cut through bone, teased her neck and then down to her breasts. Tiny little mouth claws grabbed at her tits, pulling them into the hot depths of his maw.

Rings of sharp bones teased the curves of her breast. They functioned like his teeth but they rotated back and forth. His smaller mandibles, no more than dense hairs, stroked at the sides of her tits. The brushing pulled her mouth deeper into her mouth where the hot suction and sharp edges teased her.

She shuddered with pleasure. "Oh, that feels good."

He hesitated.

She leaned into his mouth and forced more of her tit into his sharp mouth. As she did, she tested his breath by squeezing her thighs. The effort lifted her body but there was no way to escape his grip. A feeling of helplessness added to her pleasure and a low, guttural moan ripped from her throat.

He sucked on one breast and then the other. When they slipped from his mouth, there were tiny scratches along the soft mounds and red ridges from his teeth but no injuries. Every touch made her even more sensitive, as if the very caress of air brought a tingle.

Odalii worked his mouth down her stomach and then down to her pussy. The sharp mandibles teased against her thighs as he lifted her high above his head and then brought the dripping slit to his maw.

Intense pleasure ripped through her. The suction coupled with the sharp edges teasing against her cunt sent waves of pleasure tearing through her body. The powerful mandibles scratched at her legs and buttocks. Sharp points traced along her body as she was assaulted by more and more pleasure.

Aster let her attention focus on the sensation of the mandibles against her skin. She loved how the larger ones cupped her entire hips and buttocks. The smaller ones, the ones used to draw food into

the alien's mouth, were scratching and caressing along both sides of her pussy. Each stroke would draw her lips and clitoris into the suction of his mouth.

When her orgasm slammed into her, she could only arch her back and grind her cunt harder against his mouth. Soon, the hard edges of his face were soaked with her juices.

Odalii sucked at her for what felt like an eternity before he pulled his mouth away. His mandibles clamped shut and he seemed to swell. His entire body was black as the smell of his excitement flooded the room. "You taste as beautiful as I hoped."

Panting, she smiled. "Thank you."

Then Aster looked down to see that his cock had pushed out from underneath his shell. It was about fifteen centimeters long but thick and stubby. A small bit of foam dripped from the top, the viscous fluid slowly dribbling to the ground.

"Are you willing?" he asked.

"Fuck me," she whimpered.

Odalii lowered her to his cock.

She moaned with anticipation, straining against his arms. She could break free if she wanted to, but didn't. She loved the sensation of being brought to the thick cock and then shoved down on it. Her pussy grew even wetter as fluids dribbled to the ground.

The tip of his penis was smooth and hard, more like a dildo than a cock. However, there was an intense warmth that flooded through her body. That was also unlike any human's shaft. The waves of heat were almost alive, rippling and lapping at her body. It felt like water and flame at the same time.

He drew her back and forth along the tip there was no friction. The smoothness and her excitement kept everything slick. His black eyes seemed to bore into her, watching her as he did. After a few seconds, he pulled her into place and then pushed her down onto his hardness.

The thick cock stretched her pussy. The tiny scratches from his teeth and mandibles flared with discomfort but that only magnified the pleasure of having something so large being forced into her body. Her nether lips strained around the cock but there was little friction as he sank into her.

Odalii's entire abdomen was pitch black with his excitement. He didn't really thrust in and out like a human male was. He only pulled her down onto his cock until she was fully seated on it.

Aster panted with pleasure. The sensation of being filled to her limits was making it hard to concentrate on anything other than pleasure. With glazed eyes, she looked up into his black ones. "Please?" she whispered.

His lower hands released her legs to slid up her thighs. When he reached her hips, he clamped down and pulled her tight. His thick cock lodged itself firmly in her passage, stretching every centimeter to its limits with heat and hardness.

Then the vibrations started. They began as a low rumble, felt more than heard. Each pulse of the deep rumble matched the wavering heat that radiated from the hardened shell. Moments later, the heat increased along with the vibrations, both becoming more intense.

She could feel it quivering through her body. It shook her bones and caused her body to shake. The flesh of her breasts began to shake in time with the vibrations.

"Oh, fuck," she gasped. The vibrations were impossible to escape. They not only shook along her clitoris and sending off intense waves of pleasure, but they also resonated through the rest of her body. Her pussy clenched hard around the hard cock, clamping down on the vibrating shell.

With the pleasure rapidly flooding her senses, her breath came hard and short. Panting, she pawed at the claws holding her limbs. She cried out wordlessly as the muscles in her body grew tense with an onslaught of orgasms that tore through her.

Odalii gripped her tighter as he loomed over her body. His massive form dwarfed her as he continued to ground her cunt down on his cock, rocking the thick hardness deep in her tunnel. His mandibles clawed at the air as the vibrations began to shaking even his form.

"F-Fuck!" Aster screamed as an orgasm exploded inside her. She thrashed her head back and forth as she lost herself in the bone-deep shaking that raged at her clitoris, pussy, and her innermost depths. She gasped and screamed out for more.

He didn't stop.

The intense heat and pulses beat against her senses. Her consciousness ripped free as she lost herself in them, coming faster and faster until her entire world was just one endless wave of pleasure that threatened to shake her into oblivion.

Odalii let out a guttural screech. His claws clamped down on her hips, digging into the flesh as four points of sharp agony. It felt like he was about to break her skin.

Then he began to come. It wasn't a wad of semen that splashed into her in spurts of heat but a sharp jet of fluid that sprayed against the furthest depths of her pussy with incredible force. The spray felt like a claw against her insides.

Then she felt it flooding her insides. The cum expanded like foam, rapidly spreading out to fill her pussy from the insides. She felt it swelling her insides and flooding the space between the hard-cock and the flexible flesh surrounding it.

Aster let out a wail of pleasure as the cum continued to expand. It grew and swelled inside her, pushing her belly out. The sensations and vibrations still shaking her set off another orgasm. She lost herself in pleasure.

When Odalii finally released the grip on her hips and pulled her off his cock, she was dazed from pleasure and pain. Panting, she could only look at him as he gently set her down on the bed. With a shaking hand, she reached up to cup her pussy with one hand and her swollen belly with the other. Underneath her fingers, her slit had been covered in a thick, rubbery slime. It filled her from womb to pussy lips, ensuring that any fertilized egg would be stuck inside her until she gave birth.

With her biological systems and the difference in their species, there was no chance of her getting pregnant anyways, but the alien cock didn't know that.

Odalii dropped to his knees. "Thank you."

His cock continued to dribble the last of his pleasure. The cum hit the ground and expanded into sticky spheres that would be impossible to clean.

She could only smile.

He carried her over to his bed. The thick leather-like material cradled her as he set her down. "You should rest. It will be

uncomfortable once it hardens. I'm afraid it will take some time for it to dissolve."

"It's okay. I know what to do." Her voice sounded distant and dazed. She figured it was the aftershocks of her orgasms. Her limbs were still quivering from the pleasure and her entire body was slick with sweat.

Aster: Lyman, you have that solution that dissolves thrab cum?

Across the network, there was a flurry of congratulations and bets passed by. All of the perverts on the ship were cheering her on, even though most of them wouldn't even consider a thrab lover.

Lyman: I'll have it sent to the bathroom and extra credits assigned to you for extra hot water rations.

Aster tipped Lyman 0.00050 PERV.

Lyman tipped Aster 0.00050 PERV.

Lyman: Keep it, he's an ambassador and will be reviewing our service.

Odalii knelt next to the bed. "I enjoyed your company. May you stay for another hour?"

Aster moaned and rolled over, struggling with her swollen belly and the feeling of being completely filled. It brought a little pleasure, though muted by the orgasms that had sated her. "I'm here to provide the best service you could want."

His antenna shook. "Then I would very much like the service of your company for the next hour."

D. Dancer

Glazed

4

Aster smiled sweetly to the elderly jabi couple as they circled around her and away from the end of the buffet table. The older one—judging from the wrinkled skin draped over its smooth skull—had only three legs remaining and scar tissue where the other two legs would have sprouted from its squat, muscular body. A low-powered gravity sled whined as the jabi used it as a walker, holding its mate with two hands and the plates of food with two others. Like their legs, they have five evenly spaced out along their waist. Short, stubby arms that ended in a claw and a short tentacle they used as a thumb.

The jabi were a military species, at least until the rest of the galaxy forcibly reminded them to play well with others. The aggressive race wasn't inclined to listen, but a thousand-strong fleet of flag ships and cruisers surrounding their home planet brought about a reluctant peace.

Soon after, the jabi decided they liked the idea of not dying in battle or spending their entire lives in training. Now, they traveled around the galaxy spending the stolen wealth from centuries of conquest.

She saw a lot of them on the pleasure flights.

Aster took a deep breath and took in the cloying smell of fresh earth with a hint of acid that always followed after them. She knew that it wasn't ground or soil that made the smell, but a bacteria that didn't sit well with her and caused a rash in uncomfortable places.

Ginnie: Anyone have dibs on the jabi?

Lyman: You actually gonna fuck them?

Lyman tipped Ginnie 0.01000 PERV.

Ginnie: Hell no, but they have no idea how many credits they have and they just keep hitting me with tips. Those guys are loaded!

Lyman: Then, give me my money back, Bitch.

Ginnie: You gave it, not my fault you assumed somehow I turned into a whore.

Lyman: Bitch.

Ginnie: Slut. Excuse me, poor slut. Hold on, those quaints are staring at me again, I'm going to around and see how generous the jabi feel.

Aster fought the smile from showing. Ginnie was exactly what she said she was, a gold-digging bitch who only cared about what she saw in her account. However, she earned her place in the private network talking about guests and their perversions, she was a good friend and covered for all of them.

A clatter caught her attention. The young female grookal Aster had seen before flinched away from the end of the table. Bright green smears covered the white tablecloth and it ran down the front side to puddle to the ground. Even in the few seconds since she arrived, she had left a trail of green footprints across the floor.

On the far side, other aliens were watching with disgust. In a galaxy filled with every time, it seemed like everyone hated the ones that dripped slime or always carried a cloud of stench with them.

The grookal lowered her head and peeked at Aster between thick eyelashes that made her look innocent. "Sorry," she said in a low growl. "These spoons are very small."

She was tall, about three meters or so, and almost twice as wide as Aster. Her hulking body made her one of the larger of the creatures on board. The English term for females of her kind was "mare" though males were called "silver-backs" after the Terran gorillas.

Aster watched as the grookal tried to wipe the slime off the tablecloth, but only smeared the liquid across the fabric. The young creature tried again, but left an even larger puddle. She started to put down her plate, but then looked up helplessly.

The other aliens in line just pointedly looked in disgust.

Seeing a customer in need and enjoying the fruity scent that was already wafting toward her, Aster put on her most brilliant smile and strolled over. “May I help?”

“I’m sorry. I-I didn’t mean to make a mess. I mean, I can’t....”

Aster held up her hand.

The mare looked at her and her fur fluttered, sending droplets everywhere much to the rising annoyance of anyone else nearby.

Aster felt the warm slime dance across her skin, no doubt giving her a temporary, green blush. Without thinking, she licked her lips and took in the tangy sweetness; it tasted like biting into a pineapple only hours before it became fermented.

The grookal’s eyes focused on her tongue before her own jaw parted. Her fur rippled in waves, sending more droplets out as the tangy smell grew stronger around her.

Aster closed her mouth and then gestured the buffet in front of them. “You looked like you were less than satisfied? How may I help you?”

“No... I changed my mind,” liked the young grookal. Her eyes glanced at a bowl filled with marinated meat and then down to her plate. Then she pointed put down her plate. “I-I’m not hungry.”

Her stomach gurgled.

Instantly, the grookal’s fur flattened against her body and squelched out a fresh wash of green slime. She took one look and let out a whimper before hurrying out of the room. The wet footprints marked her flight from the main room.

Aster took a deep breath and glanced around. The look of relief was palatable on the others and it turned her stomach.

Aster: Anyone able to man Buffet 18? There is customer in need and I should handle this.

Zoil: Hand-on handling? Or actual work?

Ginnie: Please, the slimy green thing just ran out of the room. Give Aster ten minutes and she’s going to be covered in the crap.

Aster crossed her eyes and looked at her nose which already had a dusting of the green flecked on them.

Aster: Actually, I've already been slimed. Right in the middle of the buffet.

She looked down. There was more of the droplets dusting her cleavage.

Aster: Damn, she got my tits already.

Lyman tipped Aster 0.00020 PERV.

Lyman: I'd give you more, but Ginnie stole it.

Zoil tipped Aster 0.00030 PERV.

Zoil: I'm heading over, ETA thirty seconds. Do what you want, Lyman can stall the coverage sensors.

Lyman: What? I'm your bitch now?

Zoil: Yes.

Ginnie: Yes.

Aster: Yes, you are his bitch.

Aster smiled to herself as she discretely put the slime-covered plate to the side and got a fresh one. The grookal liked meat as the bulk of their meals. Aster could only guess at the rest, but she recalled they also liked softer fruits with thicker outer shells. The crunch was satisfying to them as was the squelch. She scooped a generous serving of the marinated meat and then added some fruits and vegetables.

Then, with the laden plate, she followed after the fleeing mare. It wasn't hard to follow the steps, at least until the elevator. Inside, there was a puddle of green slime that a pair of cleaning droids were steadily working on. A third was hanging off the controls of the panel, scrubbing buttons clean.

Aster batted the third one out of the way and pressed one of the still slimy buttons. She was surprised it was on one of the higher decks, most of the suites there were pretty pricey for anyone traveling alone. But, there were all types in the galaxy and she wasn't going to be asking for financial statements. For all she knew, the ship engineers couldn't get anything to handle the slime except for the bigger rooms; there was a reason most grookal didn't go on flights like this. That and usually creatures that left slime or mucus trails were strongly encouraged to remain on dedicated flights.

It also wouldn't matter anyways. She hoped to between the young creature's thighs soon enough and she didn't mind holding her breath.

Zoil: Holy shit, there is a lot of that green crap everywhere!

Aster: The bots should be on it.

Zoil: They are, but still, it's everywhere.

Ginnie: Soon, it's going to be everywhere on Aster too. Don't worry, Sweetie, I got the enzyme cleaner and threw it on your bed. You may be green when you get back, but you'll be back to your naked slutty self in no time.

Aster tipped Ginnie 0.00500 PERV.

Ginnie: I'm going to be rich and I don't even have to take off my panties.

Zoil: People still wear panties?

Lyman: I haven't in twenty years.

Ginnie: Not all of us want to air out our cunts.

Zoil: Decent ventilation makes everything smell better.

The elevator's acceleration caused one of the hunks of meat to fall off the plate and hit the ground with a smack. Before Aster could look down, a cleaning bot was already picking it up with a faintly disapproving buzz.

She stepped over the robots and followed the trail of fresh green prints. They were distinctive on the ship and easy to follow to the grookal's room. It was one of the nicer suites. Aster shifted the plate to her hip and knocked on the door.

Behind her, she heard more of the cleaning robots rushing over to clean up the mess.

She heard the grookal moving inside and then a quiet, growling voice. "Who is it?"

"Room service," Aster said cheerfully.

"I didn't order any service."

“Really? Because I have this huge plate of marinated kabil bird, fresh melons, and plenty of meat sticks. I would say that I got the best food at that table you were eyeing.”

The door slid open. The grookal looked sheepishly out. She had stripped off the clothing and stood there, her naked body covered entirely in short hairs with rivulets of green slime oozing down the valley of her small breasts. The fur rippled constantly, like a wind blowing through fabric. Underneath the mare, the ground was soaked, but a series of temporary drains that had been installed throughout the room easily slurped up the mess.

Aster’s curiosity was satisfied. The ship engineers had moved the grookal up into the more expensive suites to handle the mess. That was good for her, not everyone got a chance to check out the rooms that were a thousand times the cost of the smaller quarters below.

She held up the plate. “Room service.”

The grookal’s eyes widened. “Oh! Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make a mess. I’ll pay for it, just... just send it to my—”

Aster held up her free hand.

The grookal’s fur fluttered rapidly, coating Aster with another spray of warm mist. It smelled sweet. The creature opened her mouth for a moment and then closed it.

“Now, may I say something?”

“Y-Yes, but I’m—”

Aster held up her hand again. “Obergreen prides itself in making every single one of its customers is absolutely happy with their service. My job—my only job—is to ensure you have the best possible time on this ship. So, may I ask, are you having a wonderful time?”

The mare hesitated, opening her mouth a few times. Then her fur flattened. It was like watching wind across the grass as it settled into plate in a wave that went from her crown to her toes; the clenched fur made it look like she was covered in a shimmering suit that showed off a narrow waist and sleek curves of her breasts, shoulders, and throat.

Aster sighed. “I take that as a no.”

“I’m sorry, I mean, all of you are wonderful but I didn’t want to be on this ship anyways but there was an emergency with... my parent—”

Aster smiled and held up her hand. “What can I do to make this a trip that you will never forget?”

The fur fluttered. “I can’t think of anything.”

Disappointed, Aster thought her chances were rapidly fading. She couldn’t flat-out ask for sex, not at least this point, until she was sure the grookal was interested; a flutter of excitement while boarding wasn’t enough to cover Aster’s pert rear. Her mind spun furiously, then she remembered something from a previous guest. It might not work, but she was hungry to get more of the tangy sweetness. Clearing her throat, she held up her plate. “Sadly, the meals here are cut for much smaller appendages. I was worried that you could have trouble eating since I couldn’t find utensils for a lovely lady such as your self.”

The grookal reach out for the plate. “There is no problem. I-I can use my claws—”

Aster continued as if she hadn’t being interrupted. “So, I was thinking if you needed someone to help, it would be my honor to be your valet and personally feed you each—”

The effect was instantly as all the fur stood up in a flash of mist and slime. Aster had seen it before when an elderly grookal couple were enjoying their third century together on a much smaller flight that catered to aliens that dripped. She blinked at the mist that covered her face.

“—piece,” she finished with a grin.

The grookal gasped and held out her paws. “Oh, I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean—” The smell continued to grow stronger as Aster watched the mare struggle to calm down her inner thoughts; thoughts that were reflected in the ripples and whorls of her slick body.

Aster wiped her face with her free hand. “No worries, I was hoping for that response.”

“I mean, feeding is... is....” The grookal’s smell grew sweeter as her fur fluttered and sprayed mist everywhere. “It’s....”

“Intimate?”

“Yes, but it’s more than that.” The young woman reached up for the door frame but then pulled her furry paw back. She toyed with it, squelching green slime onto the ground. “You see, feeding is a... a....”

Aster inched forward. “An intimate activity performed by couples as a form of foreplay?”

“Yes, but feeding... me?” The grookal’s fur fluttered. “W-With me?”

Aster nodded. “Very much.”

“But, I’m dripping wet.”

Aster pressed her thighs together. There was a squelch of her own, a hot slickness of anticipation. She grinned. “So am I.”

Large eyes scanned over her. “You aren’t dripping... oh...” A pause, then a flutter of fur. “Oh.”

The ripples of fur grew faster, spraying mist into the air. The tangy sweet smell rose up around them, teasing Aster’s nostrils as she breathed in the smell. The grookal squirmed and rocked her hips, her large hands flexing into fists and relaxing.

Aster looked up into the dark eyes of the alien standing before her. “You are of age, right?”

“Y... Yes, I just haven’t... before.”

“Do you want to? I’m only human.”

A nervous shudder. “You really want me?”

Aster leaned forward and reached out with her tongue toward the alien’s shoulder.

The grookal let out a low moan as she froze.

Aster ran the tip of her tongue through the layer of slime before matching the grookal’s eyes. Then, slowly, she drew it into her mouth and sucked on it. The sharp and sweet flavors were wonderful and she let out a moan. “You taste beautiful.”

The fur was almost boiling, the strands rising and falling as the smell of the mare’s excitement grew stronger. The grookal let out a low, guttural moan.

Aster held up her plate. “Mind if I come in?” She gave a smile that crinkled her nose. “This might be something better in private.”

“O-Oh, yes, I mean... please?”

Aster slipped inside. The room had been hastily made up to handle the slimy effusion of the guest, but there were still signs that the green liquid had seeped underneath the thick plastic coating everything. There weren’t many dry places, but she spotted a spot on top of the open-wall crates that the grookal used as luggage and set down the plate.

Turning around, she gave a welcoming smile. “My name is Aster and I’m here to serve you in any manner you desire.”

“Um... Tabby works, that’s the other staff call me.” The grookal looked nervous as she held one hand over her crotch and tried to calm her fur down with her other. “Really? Anything?”

Aster nodded. “Something you want to do with me?” She stepped forward. “To me?”

Tabby let out a whimper.

Another step and Aster was only centimeters away. “Or is there something you’d like me to do to you?”

Another whimper. “Y-Yes.”

“Do you want me to do something that is messy?”

“Yes,” growled the mare in a low voice. “Very much.”

Aster reached up for her top. “Do you want me to take this off then?”

A pair of nods, the first one slow and the second more enthusiastic.

Slowly and keeping her eyes fixed on Tabby, Aster stepped away. She worked the fastener of her top, slowly peeling it away to reveal the naked breast underneath. The dusting of green freckles stopped only a few centimeters underneath the edge of the fabric and the sharp line of dusted skin made the bare skin almost glow.

A tingle of excitement and anticipation flushed through Aster as she gave the grookal a smoldering look and continued to pull it away until her hard nipple popped into view. She stretched out her finger to flick the hard nipple, moaning at the little spark of pleasure.

Tabby let out a low growl of pleasure. Her hands flexed against her thighs while her fur rippled with her growing lust. Her own nipples were tiny, only little points sticking out of the slime-soaked fur, but they looked at achingly hard as Aster’s.

Aster pulled the top away from her body and let it dangle from her fingers. When Tabby’s eyes followed it, Aster released her grip and let it slip away before falling to the ground with a splat.

Tabby let out a whimper. “It’s going to get—”

Aster reached out for the grookal and ran her fingers through the slick fur. It was electric and shifting underneath her skin. Underneath the slimy fur, there was hard muscles underneath.

Tabby's words froze. She looked down at Aster's hands as mist sprayed both of them in a fine warm layer. Her hands clenched tightly as a purr shook her body.

Aster spread her fingers through the fur, combing her hands through until she could tease Tabby's upper set of breasts. They were small and thin, but the nipples felt like rocks against her skin. She let out a moan of her own as she teased them with her knuckles and fingertips. "So beautiful."

Tabby's body shook underneath the questing hands. Slowly, the grookal reached up with her hands, long black fingers stretched out as they hovered over Aster's relatively larger tits.

"Go ahead," Aster whispered.

Tabby clamped down, stroking them. Her purring grew louder and the cloud of mist surrounding them grew darker. Her fingertips slid up and down the large mounds hefting and rolling them underneath the slime-soaked fingers. She focused less on the nipples and more of the soft curves.

Aster's pussy grew slick with desire as they stood there, touching and stroking each other. It didn't take long before she was covered in green slime, the tangy sweetness almost soaking into her skin as much as overwhelming her sense of smell.

The grookal's exploration dipped lower, sliding off Aster's breast and to her ribs. After a brief moment of sliding, Tabby chuckled. "Only two... two and so big... and perfect."

"I like yours just as much," whispered Aster as she slid her hands up and down the lines of nipples. Her fingers pushed the thick layer of slime and fur to the side as she touched them.

Tabby's muscles clenched. Then she delved her hand lower until her fingertips were teasing the waist of Aster's skirt. "This is already ruined?"

"Straight into the recycler."

Tabby shoved her fingers and then hand into Aster's skirt. There was little friction from the slime-covered hand as it forced itself deeper. Long fingers quested along bare flesh until sliding into the valley of Aster's thighs.

When the grookal's fingers invaded the human's furrow, an intense wave of lust and desire slammed into Aster. Despite the tightness of her skirt and the way the grookal's wrist dug into her

gut, she spread her legs while digging her hands deeper into the slimy fur. “Oh, yes.”

Tabby’s breathing came in low purring waves as she worked her hand further along until she was sliding two fingers up and down Aster’s slit, teasing her opening and circling her clitoris before moving up. Each digit felt larger than a human’s cock as their combined juices made every movement liquid.

The grookal chuckled and flexed her muscles.

Aster’s waistband gave up and snapped, the fabric growing slack.

Two of Tabby’s fingers plunged into Aster’s cunt, filling it to the brim. She scissored her digits inside the tight confines.

“Oh,” Aster said as her body shuddered with what would be the first of many orgasms. “Oh, fuck that feels good.”

She fumbled for her skirt, her hands missing repeatedly until she was able to hook it on her thumb and pushed it over the curve of her hip. Surrendering it to gravity, she waited until it slumped along her ankles before stepping out and spreading her legs.

Tabby’s fingers continued to plunge into Aster’s pussy, filling her completely as each digit seemed to spread and squirm inside her. The sensations were incredible, capture as Aster in place as she was explored by the grookal.

Then, the mare reached up with her other hand and rested it on Aster’s shoulder. It was a quiet, hesitating question asked without words.

Aster was waiting for it. With a moan, she slowly sank to her knees between the grookal’s legs.

Tabby finger-fucked her fast but never left the human’s sex. Her longer arm easily adjusted to the position even as she tugged Aster’s head closer to her sex.

The smell was tangier, almost bitter. Unlike humans, grookal didn’t have a furrow of labia framing their sex. Instead, they had two sphincters, a small one fringed with short hairs above a larger opening for her rectum. The smaller hole drooled clear liquids with a sharp smell.

Aster positioned her body so her weight rested on the fingers thrusting into her sex and then pressed her mouth against the smaller of openings. Without hesitation, she thrust into the bristly

hole and drank of the fluids that poured out. It tastes of sharp lemon juices mixed with honey.

Tabby's grip tightened at the first touch. "Oh... you know our bodies."

Aster started to look up but a dollop of slime splashed against her face. She only got a flash of green fluids before she had to close her eyes to prevent the stinging. Blinded, she did the only thing she could think of, she burrowed her tongue into the tight hole and began to slurp and trash inside it. The sharp hairs dug into her lips, but she didn't care, it was the spasms that rippled underneath that brought another surge of excitement.

Tabby's grip tightened and drew her closer.

Aster reached up with one hand to cup the grookal's buttocks. It was almost impossible to get a tight grip with the slime and mist surrounding them and her finger slid into the valley.

"There," Tabby moaned. She released Aster's shoulder to down the human's back. "Use your fingers there," she sighed before teasing Aster's tailbone with a slick finger.

Nodded with her eyes tightly closed, Aster slid her thumb to press against Tabby's asshole. The ring was tight, but even a touch was enough to bring a flood of more juices to her mouth. Driving her tongue into the bristly hold, Aster rocked back and forth on the fingers that were exploring her own orifices.

With slime as a lubrication, it didn't take long before one of Tabby's fingers was impaling Aster's asshole while the other hand continued to finger her to an orgasm.

Aster returned the favor by fingering both holes, plunging deep into the tight confines as their movements both grew more frantic. Floods of juices poured into her mouth, like lemon syrup, and it was impossible for the human to swallow it all. It poured off her chin, soaking her body completely as she brought the grookal to another orgasm.

It quickly became difficult to breathe. With her face planted on the mare's hole and her entire face covered in slime, there was little air getting into her lungs. Aster moaned as she tried to get one more orgasm before she had to surrender.

On the other hand, in the growing asphyxiation, it was impossible not to orgasm as she thrust her body into the exploring digits with all her might. She was drifting, losing herself in darkness.

Then, it was almost too late. Despite not getting another surge of fluids to drown her, Aster had to pull away from the grookal's sex and lean back. Her body shook with the effort to breath, but she couldn't seem to get her fingers pulled out enough to clear her face.

Tabby's purring was loud and intense, shaking everything.

Aster opened her mouth and slime poured in. "N-Need to stop!" she managed to belt out.

"Oh, oh!" Tabby yanked her fingers out and then helped Aster to her feet.

Finally getting her limbs under control, Aster wiped her eyes free and looked down at the dripping slime that covered her entire body. With a giggle, she licked her lips. "That was unexpected."

Tabby's eyes held her with an intense glow. "Thank you."

Aster panted softly for a moment. "You no longer need me?"

"Aren't you supposed to be somewhere?"

Aster shook her head. "According to the manual, my job is to fulfill your every need. It's really hard to get fired serving you."

Tabby's eyes widened. "Well, then I would like to keep you for a little longer. I do need serving."

Aster started to lower herself, but the grookal's stopped her.

"No, food. Feed me like you offered," said the mare in a low, husky breath. The mist around her shaded everything with green and lemons.

Aster slipped away and gathered the food. When she came back, Tabby had arranged herself on the bed with her back against the headboard and her left arm hooked like a cradle.

Answering the silent question, Tabby gestured to her shoulder. "Head here." Then to her elbow. "Back here." She finished by drawing a line across her lap. "Leg here."

There was something in her tone that told Aster that sex was still on the table. With a surge of heat and lust, she crawled up on the bed and nestled closer to her guest. The sensation of being held like a baby against the much larger alien gave a little thrill of excitement that only doubled when Tabby draped her hand on the human's thigh and pressed a thumb against her clitoris.

“Now, I believe you said you wanted to feed me?”

Aster grinned. “My job is to serve.”

“Then serve me.”

Taking a piece of marinated meat up with two fingers, she held it up to the grookal.

Tabby sucked it off her fingers. At the same time, she plunged one finger deep into Aster’s sex. The angle was perfect and it slid deep into her body.

Aster jumped and then let out a moan. “Oh, that felt good.”

Swallowing, Tabby pushed the digit as far as it would go and then slowly drew out. Her fingertip teased the opening before she slid it slowly back in. “Another.”

Aster spread her legs further apart and nestled into place before picking up another piece. She added some of the fruit before presenting it.

The grookal slipped a second finger into her sex before sucking it off the human’s fingers. The thick tongue swirled around Aster’s digits even as the two thick digits plunged in and out.

Aster’s eyes fluttered as she leaned into the pressure. The grookal was much larger than than most and two fingers were already giving the pleasurable sensation of being stretched.

Without another word, Aster held up another piece. Her reward was a third, slick finger sliding into her pussy. Her body protested for a moment but then relaxed as the three fingers drove in and out.

This time, Tabby sucked on her fingers as she pumped into Aster’s pussy with incredible deep strokes that bumped against the human’s cervix and slid down to her clitoris before reversing course.

Aster had to pause as she squirmed and moaned. “Are you going to keep doing that?”

“Yes,” Tabby said. “If your body can take it.”

It didn’t matter if it could or not, Aster wanted to feel the grookal’s fist deep in her cunt. She clenched her inner walls around the thrusting digits and then nodded. “But there is more on this plate than you have fingers. What then?”

The mare smiled, revealing teeth. “Find out.”

Trembling with anticipation, Aster picked up another piece and held it up.

The hand underneath her, the one cradling her, stretched out and then pressed against her rosebud. With a single push, it slid easily into the tight opening before plunging with the same slow strokes that were quickly becoming overwhelming.

Tabby sucked on Aster's fingers for a long time before releasing them. "Five fingers on each hand. Think you can take it?"

Aster answered by feeding another piece to the grookal. Her entire body was hot and slick and it only grew more intense as a second finger impaled her ass. The slime and heat was everywhere and little friction interrupted them as she was stretched around the plunging digits.

The next hunk of the grookal's meal brought a third finger to slide into her ass. Both holes were stuffed now, the strain of taking on three plunging fingers made it impossible to focus.

Aster moaned and squirmed. Her orgasm was coming up but she fought with all her might. She could take more, she had to take more.

She was moaning when she fed the seventh piece of meat to the mare.

Tabby grinned as she sucked it off Aster's fingers. Then she ground a fourth finger against the opening of the human's strained sex. Slime lubricated as it eased into the hole, stretching it to almost its limits before sliding in. Then, as a single mass, the four digits plunged in and out with wet slurps that filled the room.

"Three more," purred the mare. "Can you take more?"

"I'm going to try."

"Don't hurt yourself."

Aster shook her head. She squirmed on the fingers, panting from the mixture of pleasure and pain. It was intimate, more than she expected, and she desperately wanted to feel both fists plunging into her holes. Still shaking, she picked up the largest hunk of remaining fruit and held it up.

Tabby snapped it out of her grip with her teeth. She chewed for a moment and then swallowed.

"M-More, please."

"Which hole?"

Aster had to think for a moment. She was already stuffed. "B-Back one."

Tabby grinned and stretched her hand out to add a fourth finger from behind. It was a tight fight and the muscles cradling Aster's body bulged as she worked it deep into the protesting ring.

Aster moaned and whimpered. "Y-Yes," she gasped as she pushed down on the fingers. "Just keep going there."

Except for the plunging fingers, neither made a noise as they stared into each other's eyes.

Soon enough, Aster's openings relaxed and she was feeling more pleasure than pain. With a moan, she picked up a hunk of meat and held it up. "Please? In my cunt."

Tabby clamped her lips over Aster's finger as she worked the final digit into her pussy. It was tight, but the slimy fur and powerful muscles worked all the digits back and out of Aster's shaking body until the girth of the hand was the only thing keeping her from being impaled.

Aster gripped the grookal's arm tightly as she pushed down, letting out a cry as she forced herself onto the mare's hand. Every centimeters felt like the one that would ruin her, but her sex eventually swallowed the thick hand up past the widest point.

And then it plunged inside.

Aster's eyes rolled back as as she came. Her pussy felt like a tight glove around the thick fist that plunged back and forth, dominating her senses with waves of ecstasy. Her toes curled up, squelching the slime from between them as she lost control of her senses.

The plate of food slipped from her hand and smacked on the floor.

Aster didn't care. She looked down at her stomach to see the bulge of the grookal fisting her, the push and pull of the pleasure both surreal and intensely intimate as she felt every millimeter along her inner walls.

Another orgasm slammed into her.

"More?" purred Tabby.

"L-Lost... I lost the plate."

The grookal flexed her arm and pulled Aster up. "I'll give you this one," she said with a wink. And then her final digit was pressed against the thrusting ones inside Aster's ass.

The human let out a loud moan of desperate need. "Yes."

It was even tighter, with nine digits already violating her holes. Every millimeter felt like a meter as it sank into Aster's asshole. She could feel the muscle straining to keep tit out but the promise of an intense orgasm kept her begging for more.

Tabby was slow and powerful, driving her thumb deeper until the only thing was the thick girth of her hand. Unlike with her pussy, a slow push of powerful muscles wasn't enough.

"Please... please shove it in."

Tabby frowned. "Wrong angle. I can't get my strength into it."

Aster whimpered. It was almost impossible to concentrate but she wanted it more than to pull out. Once the hands pulled out of her cunt, she didn't think they could come back. She thought for a moment and then held up her shaking hand. "I have an idea."

Reaching over, Aster pulled herself from the cradle of Tabby's arm and lifted a leg so she could slide down to the alien's legs. The angle of the thrusting fingers twisting inside her almost set her off, but she managed to position herself so she was on her back with her head near Tabby's toes and each of her feet against the alien's shoulders.

Tabby had more leverage as she plunged both hands into Aster's cunt. She growled as she pushed and worked the final digit into the tight ring of muscle.

Aster cried out as she grabbed the grookal's feet and pushed u and onto the hands.

Working together, the thick finger slid into Aster's tight ring. The pressure was intense, with one fist already plunging into her cunt, but it was nothing compared to the intense pressure of the second one finally sliding into her body and driving deep.

Her belly swelled out obscenely as the grookal began to double fist her, plunging in and out as Aster strained to keep herself still. Every movement was intense, both in fading pain and rapidly growing pleasure.

Both of them moaned in need as they pushed and shoved until the human's body loosened up and Tabby could thrust deep with long strokes that pushed Aster into one orgasm after the other.

Their shared pleasure only increased the slickness and soon it felt like Aster was drowning in a sea of pleasure and lust. Her entire body was slick, coated with great slime until it was no longer a

dusting or freckle, but coating every square millimeter of her skin with pleasure.

She lost herself in the intense pleasure without even the slightest hint of guilt.

After all, she was just doing her job.

Comfort

5

Rousing herself from a slumber, Aster lifted herself up from the bed. Globes of slime slid off her naked body. It teased her breasts and hips as it clung to the bottom curves of her nipples and her labia as it worked its way down into the puddle that had formed underneath the two lovers.

The smell of lemon and sex hung in the air around her. It was as thick as the slime and as impossible to miss as the large alien snoring next to her.

Tabby was remarkably slack on the bed. One leg and arm had slid off the edge of the bed but she was easily bracing herself against the ground as she snored loudly with wet smacks of her lips. She easily dwarfed the bed they had given her but it was obviously comfortable enough to sleep.

Or she was sleeping soundly after her own orgasms.

Aster smiled at the ache that still radiated from her abused cunt and asshole. The mare's large fists had left her sore but it was a good type of discomfort, proof of another customer who would never forget their in-flight service. She took a deep breath and crawled back off the bed and onto the ground.

She looked down at her body. She was completely covered in green splotches. Whorls of the slime had left ripples along her body. The mist even more. Grinning to herself, she admired the almost abstract shapes that covered her skin.

Her uniform was in even worse shape. It had fallen into a puddle of slime and the material had been soaked completely through. There was no way she could wear that without the on-board sensors dinging her for violating the uniform protocols.

Aster: Anyone got a change of clothing for me?

She looked at her hand again.

Aster: And probably that enzyme shampoo. I can't be seen like this, I'd get in so much trouble.

Zoil: Slimed? Is it Obergreen Blue of Dedication™?

Aster: Greener than you can imagine. And I'm naked.

Lyman: Send pics?

She rolled her eyes. Then she focused on her breasts, made sure nothing of Tabby's was visible, and then took a picture. With a grin, she posted it.

Lyman tipped Aster 0.00650 PERV.

Zoil tipped Aster 0.00200 PERV.

Zoil: Show more. I want to see your green cunt.

Aster sent another picture, this one of her naked sex. It was still dripping with slime.

Zoil: Fuck, yes! Damn you have a sexy puss.

Zoil tipped Aster 0.01000 PERV.

Lyman tipped Aster 0.00200 PERV.

Aster picked up her uniform.

Aster: Anyone willing to help?

Ginnie: I'm already here.

There was a quiet chime at the door.

Aster sloshed through the green slime and peeked outside. Ginnie was leaning against the door with a serious face. She held up a bag in her hand as she looked up and down the hall.

Aster to Ginnie [Private]: Safe?

Ginnie to Aster [Private]: Go across the hall. I have the bellhop override on, so it's open. Hurry up, no one is watching and Lyman is suppressing the other sensors.

Aster gave the sleeping grookal one last look before she opened the door. She took one step into the hall, but then saw Ginnie. Her friend looked uncomfortable, arms crossed over her chest and a frown on her lips.

Ginnie gestured curtly. "Well, move it."

"Sorry."

Holding her breasts with one arm, she rushed across the door. The suite opened up to the smell of New Cabin Ultra Premium, a smell of volatile compounds that reminded a lot of people about the first smell after entering a new ship or cabin. When combined with the scent of slime, it was a sour stench in the back of her throat.

Ginnie followed after her and tossed the bag on a table near the bathroom. "It's unoccupied, but you probably only have an hour."

"Thank you."

Ginnie looked around and made a non-committal sound. She glanced at the door and then back to the rest of the suite. "D-Do you mind if I wait here?"

Something about her friend's tone stopped Aster. "Is there something wrong?"

Ginnie shook her head.

"Ginnie."

"I said there was nothing!"

Aster abandoned the bathroom and walked over.

Ginnie glanced at her, tears in her eyes.

"What happened?"

"I..." Ginnie clenched herself. The dark skin on her knuckles grew paler as she gripped tightly. "I screwed up. Badly."

Images of Ginnie killing a guest or setting fire to one of the ship engines flashed through her mind. She had trouble picturing it, Ginnie was occasionally cranky, but she wasn't violent. "Screwed up? How?"

Ginnie cringed and looked down. Her Obergreen Blue of Dedication™ hair sparkled, briefly forming the company's logo before swirling into a cloud of flickering lights that danced on the end of each strand. "I... fucked a guest."

Aster stared for a moment. She wanted to squeal and hug Ginnie, to celebrate her first time. But then seeing the devastated look on

her face halted Aster's initial response. She took a deep breath and then sat down next to her friend. "What happened?"

Ginnie sniffed and wiped tears from her eyes. She turned to face Aster. "You remember the jabi couple at the table?"

"With the male who had the gravity sled and the missing legs?"

"Yeah, Nabil-Tuth. His mate is Rumsir-Dal-Nabil, also a male. He... I knew they had money so I offered my personal services. For tips of course. You know, what all of us do?"

Aster thought about the services she had just given Tabby and grinned. "Naturally."

Ginnie gave her a pained smile. "Well, apparently they did and started right off the bat with gofer duties."

Gofer duties, when high-paying guests would have the staff get things for them, usually trivial items. More than once, gofer duties meant Aster would take her time bending over to show one guest her ass with less and less clothes until the guest decided they need her to "go for" their genitals. "Yeah, but you've always stopped before it went too far."

"I-I know... but... but..." The tears started to roll down her face.

Aster gently guided Ginnie to the bed. Together, they sat down. The plastic made a squeak noise as it settled underneath her weight. "What happened?"

Ginnie let out a sob and then leaned against her. "The usual. Get me a second helping. Oops, I dropped something. Could you lean against me and make sure I read this human statement right? All the things we all do. But, then... then..." Her voice cracked. "He asked me to unbutton my shirt."

Aster stroked Ginnie's hair. The green streaked the blue, changing so it no longer matched the approved color.

"Just... just pull your top down a little.' I mean, it was thirty credits for a little skin. I resisted, but thirty OBERs? So, I couldn't resist that. So I tried to make it sexy like you and the others and he just tipped me right then and there."

"Oh, love," Aster murmured and pulled Ginnie into a hug. "That got you wet, didn't it?"

Her friend clutched her tightly, her larger breasts crushing up against Aster's arm and tit. "Am I slut?"

"For showing a little skin? No."

“N-No, when he offered me a hundred OBERs to remove my top, I said I wouldn’t. It didn’t matter how much he paid me, I wasn’t a slut.”

Aster closed her eyes and squeezed. “How much?”

“Apparently when a freaky alien gives me a thousand OBER—”

Aster tensed. That was a lot of money, almost double what either of them made on the flight.

“—my top falls off. I’m just sitting there, panting like a bitch with my tits in the air.” She sobbed louder. “I’m such a whore.”

“It’s okay, Love, it’s okay.” Aster stroked her friend’s hair. It was a lot of money, but far more than Aster made, but obviously there was a lot of guilt that came with it; guilty that Aster was glad she wasn’t burdened with. Even the “slut” comment didn’t hurt, she knew exactly what she wanted and got it.

Ginnie pushed her away. She grabbed her uniform top and pulled it away to look. “Shit, you got that slime on me.”

Aster blushed. “How many outfits did you bring?”

More tears. “Only one, I wasn’t expecting you to slime—”

“Take it off,” Aster said.

“W-What?” Ginnie gulped and her cheeks darkened.

“Take it off. We can wash it in the shower before the stain sets in.”

The relief. “Oh, I thought you were going....”

Aster leaned over and tugged on Ginnie’s top, working the buttons. She gave her friend a kiss on the nose. “You are a friend and you don’t want to have sex with us. That’s fine. I don’t like fucking humans and you don’t give me a hard time about that.”

Ginnie’s hand fell to the side, surrendering.

Aster worked the buttons and peeled it away from her friend’s breasts. The large mounds were covered in tiny scratches. They looked random except for the matching set of five marks around the base. “One of them grabbed your breasts?”

Ginnie blushed and then let out a sob. “A thousand to touch.”

“Come on, you are coming in the shower with me.”

Ginnie’s eyes widened.

Aster rolled her eyes. “To get my back. This green stuff is everywhere. Come on, stand up and let me get you out of your clothes.”

Reluctantly, Ginnie stood up. Working with Aster, she quickly stripped. Compared to Aster's slender body and perky breasts, Ginnie was a more full-figured beauty with large breasts that hung high, wide hips, and a beautiful body. She had little, pentacle-shaped scratches covering her body with a number of them around her hips; just the right place to grab if someone was pulling her down onto a cock.

A flush of heat rose up inside Aster. She tamped it down and tugged Ginnie to the shower. "Come on, I won't bite."

"Two... two hundred per nip."

Inside the shower, the water was hot and steaming. It felt good against Aster's skin as she sluiced down most of the slime, but then poured a healthy dollop of the soap into her hand and began to scrub her belly and shoulders.

After a few seconds, Ginnie joined in and Aster moved her hands to her breasts. The enzyme body wash did its job, it worked against most organic materials, including Tabby's slime, but their synthetic skin coverings protected them from more serious side effects. The intimacy of the shower, the closeness to Ginnie, caused her thoughts to wander and Aster started to dream about pushing Ginnie to her knees and riding her fiend's face until she came.

Then, it was down to Aster's sex. She reached down to scrub it, but Ginnie's hand was already there, gingerly soaping it up.

Ginnie pulled back. "Sorry!"

"No, get the front and I'll get the back. She fucked both of my holes pretty deeply. Got both fists in too."

Ginnie blushed but returned her hand. Her questing fingers explored Aster's sex delicately, stroking around and teasing the clitoris. The touches were intimate and exciting, despite Ginnie being a human. There was something erotic when Ginnie pushed a finger into Aster's pussy and began to pump the soap in and out.

Not wanting to ruin the moment, Aster reached back and used her own soapy hand to clean out her ass. She was less ginger about it and plunged her fingers deep while resisting a moan that threatened to rise up in her throat.

"What happened?" whispered Ginnie.

Aster smiled and then began to tell her story. As she did, she remembered the deep plunged and started to fuck her ass as her

story grew more intense. It felt good and she quickly reached for an orgasm.

To her surprise, Ginnie was half-kneeling in front of her, plunging her fingers in and out in time with the story. The wet slurps filled the shower, punctuated by Aster's moans as she had, once again, both of her holes filled with a woman's fingers and it felt good.

She struggled to keep talking even through her growing orgasm but it got too much. She could feel it right on the precipice. "P-Please don't stop."

Ginnie hesitated.

Aster grabbed her wrist. "Please... just a little more."

Ginnie's cheeks were hot and dark. She nodded and resumed pumping four fingers into Aster's pussy driving up and deep with the very stroke.

Aster tried to finish her story but the pleasure was too much. Neither said anything as she ground her pussy against Ginnie's hand in the lat strokes needed to set off a maelstrom of pleasure to ravage her body. Her cry echoed against the shower walls as she came hard and fast.

Together, they slumped to the shower floor.

"Thank you," gasped Aster.

Ginnie pulled her hand free.

Aster caught it and used a washcloth to clean it off. "What happened to you?"

After a few false starts, Ginnie continued. "After that, we ended up in their room. A thousand to get completely naked. Then Nabil-Tuth offered me a thousand to have Rumsir-Dal-Nabil mount me. I said no. That should have been it, right? That's the line."

Aster shook her head.

"You're right. Two thousand. I could say no to that. Five thousand? That would pay my rent for a year."

"You were getting wet?"

Ginnie nodded with humiliation. She cleared her throat. "Six thousand? I could say no. Ten? That... I couldn't. For ten thousand credits, I straddled three of Rumsir's tentacles and pressed my slutty hole against that corkscrew dick."

Aster reached down and slid her hand up against Ginnie's sex. It was hot and swollen, she was excited as Aster was. "How did it feel?"

Another blush. Ginnie looked down, water streaming off her breasts and shoulders, and then spread her legs slightly. "Really good. It was really thick and swollen. And it screwed in and out, drilling up into me as a big thick shaft that touche all my insides. I came so hard. Me. Me! I don't have sex with guests but there was I was, coming and screaming as he drilled me so far I thought he was going to core me completely."

Taking her actions as acceptance, Aster found Ginnie's clitoris and stroked it, teasing and pulling until her friend was squirming.

"And then... Nabil pressed a tentacle up to my mouth and I sucked on it. Without a tip! Just sucked on some old jabi's tentacle while another one drilled me deep and hard. I felt like such a whore in that moment."

Below, Ginnie's body was telling a different story. Aster felt the first orgasm roll over her and the second brought a flood of juices that splashed into her palm. Aster continued to stroke as Ginnie continued.

"He didn't come inside me, but that corkscrew held me tight against and kept rubbing against me. I was thrashing and squirming, but I couldn't get off even if I wanted to." She let out another soft sob. "I didn't want to. It felt so good just being used like that."

Aster smiled and felt another orgasm ripple through her friend.

Ginnie caught her wrist and pushed her away.

Aster sat back. "You liked it."

"Yes... but I'm a whore. I charged for it."

"It would have been better if you just gave it up for free?"

Ginnie looked at her with a haunted look. "Yes. No... I don't know. What do I do?"

Aster ran her hand through her hair and saw the last of the green slime puddle in her palm. She gave her friend a bright smile. "Have fun. Do it until it isn't fun, then stop. It sounds like you have enough to leave, if you want."

"I like my job."

"I like my job too. That's why I do it. I like fucking and serving and having fun. I like meeting all these aliens and occasionally letting one fuck me up the ass."

Ginnie made a face, then it faded almost instantly with a sigh. “I’m not a bad person.”

“No, you aren’t. You are a good friend, a treasured employee—”

They both smirked at that.

“—and a great fuck. That’s all you can ask for right now. Don’t feel guilty about this, never feel guilt. Just have fun.”

Ginnie thought for a moment and then nodded. “Okay, I’m not going to worry about it.”

Aster hugged her tightly before sitting back on the shower floor to finish cleaning the slime off her.

“Aster?”

“Yes?”

“Don’t tell the others, please?”

“Of course not. It isn’t my story to tell.”

“Not even hints or that ‘I can’t tell you something’ that Zoil always does.”

Aster favored her friend with a hard look. “It isn’t my story. You tell who you want, when you want, and how you want. And if you need me to cover for you, just let me know and I’ll do it.”

D. Dancer

Entangled

6

Days later, Aster still had a faint green patina remaining on her pale skin, but it wasn't dark enough to trigger the employee compliance sensors or contrast with the Obergreen Blue of Dedication™ of her uniform or hair. If anything, it drew attention to her and she saw an uptick of both tips and proposals.

She was a very happy woman.

But, even with doling out hand jobs, flashing pussy, and manning meal tables, she was still exhausted by the time she reach the end of her work day. Yawning, she thumbed open the employee-locked service elevator and took it down to the lower levels. It hissed open and a little notification popped up that she was clocked out for the day.

While she walked down the hallway, a register of expenses and incomes flashed across her vision. It took about a minute for it to scroll past, overall a good day, and her pay was deposited into her account.

The crew quarters were near the front of the ship but positioned low and well out of view of guests. It was a relatively dense, two-story modular area with each room able to handle two to four occupants with a central room that acted as a living room, kitchen area, and general entertainment. There were four of the clusters with all the perverts in the same one along with another thirty or so crew that didn't have their fondness of fucking every aliens that traveled the stars.

When she entered the main room, she saw there were about a dozen crew in there but she only had eyes for her close friends.

Lyman was sprawled out on one of the couches, his slender form easily bridging to the table in front of him. He had one arm stretched across the back of the couch and the other hold Zoil gently in the crook of his arm.

Reminded of her position with Tabby, Aster blushed with a memory. She hadn't had a chance to do much more with the grookal, but it was only a matter of time before she would be sliding around green slime again.

He leaned his head back to look at her, his short sandy hair fluttering with the movement. "Heya, Ass."

She smacked him lightly on the forehead. "Evening, Ly, Zoil."

Zoil didn't respond except for a snore.

"Baby had a rough day," Lyman said affectionately. "I didn't want to move him."

Ginnie snorted. "Rough day? He spent most of it play ball boy and running around with shorts barely covering his taint. Half the guests had their hand up his ass this morning."

Lyman gave an understanding nod. "See, a hard day. Didn't get any relief at all."

Ginnie glared at him. "He was getting head on the Lido deck an hour ago."

"... any relief at all," Lyman repeated with a grin.

Raiten called out from the kitchen area, "Hey! I gave him great head!"

"... any relief at all, poor baby."

Aster smirked. "Poor baby. Yeah, Rat, any chance I could get that?"

"Yeah, making enough for everyone. Fried tofu, a bunch of the Not Quite Reals, and a huge plate of taters. Just not for Ly for insulting my blow jobs."

Her stomach rumbled with anticipation.

Aster tipped Raiten 0.00024 PERV.

"Thanks!"

Aster went into her room and stripped out of her uniform. A quick shower and scrub and she got into her favorite lounging outfit, a pair of terry-cloth shorts and a t-shirt so short that only a

tiny bit of elastic kept her tits from spilling out of the bottom. Switching her hair color to a brilliant red to match the pinks and whites of her clothes, she headed back for a few hours of friendship and maybe a movie to watch before everyone crashed.

Just the life on a space cruiser.

Smiling, she entered the central area. “Okay, fellow humans, what are we—”

Everyone was standing and staring at the door, which was out of sight for her. She couldn’t see what they were looking at, but there was nothing good about the looks of shock and concern on their faces.

Clamping her mouth shut, Aster slowed down. Her imagination tried to picture what had just entered the room, but all she could come up with was someone with a gun or the police. She started thinking about how she would explain something to investigators as she peeked around the corner.

Petoil stood just inside the opening, staring at her feet and wringing her hands together. She was still in uniform though she was off-shift like the others.

On either side of her were the quaints. The tentacle creatures were towering over everyone, their tendrils slithering along the floor and a few bracing along the ceiling. They looked like towers of shifting pasta, except for a sphere that made up their sensory organs in the center.

The lavender one with turquoise tips stood at a higher position than the one with red tentacles and flame-colored ends. Both of their sensory organs bobbed up and down, not quite in synchronization but just out of sync enough that Aster felt a headache trying to find a pattern.

She stopped and stared. Guests were never allowed in the crew areas, there were sensors that prevented that and would call security. She glanced around and even saw two of the security officers staring, but they were off-duty and unarmed.

Zoil groaned and pushed himself up. “W-What’s going on?”

Petoil spoke in a childish voice, “We have a problem.” She glanced at the turquoise tentacle resting on her shoulder.

CmW94Ksq: This is not a problem, it is an opportunity.

Everyone on the private network jumped as the words scrolled across her vision. A flash of horror slammed into Aster; somehow the quaint had violated their encryption and privacy and none of them were even aware of it.

“H-How?” Lyman said.

The red tentacled creature lifted up a yellow tentacle.

NoU2wSwk: Your encryption was simple and you only used an 8 Mbit key. We were able to decode it in the first few hours.

Raiten growled and stepped forward. “8 Mbit is better than—”

His eyes grew wide as he realized who he was talking to. “Oh, fuck. Sorry, didn’t mean to...” He staggered back, catching Lyman’s leg, and tripped. With a shriek, he fell back and landed hard on the table. “Fuck,” he muttered as he sat back up.

NoU2wSwk: Please don’t panic.

One of the crew that wasn’t on the network spoke up. “W-What is going on? Why aren’t they saying anything?”

“I don’t know,” answered another one. “How did they get through the sensor? Garil, can you raise an alarm?”

Garil, one of the off-duty guards, shook his head. “We’re disconnected from the network. I think they are doing something to jam it.”

“Are we going to die?”

The tension in the room grew sharper.

The lavender quaint seemed to rotate around as it lifted itself almost up to the ceiling.

CmW94Ksq: I think this opportunity should be limited to those on this network. Suggestions for getting the others out without panic? We’d rather not have to leave through the emergency exit at this point. It is... uncomfortable.

NoU2wSwk: CmW94Ksq saw an opportunity and took it, we did not have enough time to prepare. My

apologizes for my companion's taking advantage of chance.

Raiten: Are you going to hurt us?

CmW94Ksq: No, we are interesting in taking advantage of your private services that you have provided for others on this flight. Given reasonable safety requirements and maneuverability requirements, this room would be better suited to such services since it would be inappropriate to do these in the dining hall.

Lyman: What kind of services?

NoU2wSwk: We wish to use one of you as a sex toy.

CmW94Ksq: We will be gentle, but it's our second millennial anniversary and the idea of using a meat suit for sex sounded quite fun.

Those listening looked at each other. It wasn't entirely out of the range of half of them.

Ginnie made a face. "That's disgusting."

The room turned on her.

She looked up and blushed. "S-Sorry. There is a conversation going on."

Garil groaned. "Is this one of those fucker things?"

Lyman coughed and Zoil looked down.

"Shit, you know guests aren't allowed down here."

Lyman held up his hand. "They were not invited down here, I swear. Check the logs."

"Then I'm going to call my boss."

Ginnie: They are going to get noisy. Say, got any money to bribe them?

NoU2wSwk: Of course, how much.

Ginnie: How much you got?

Ginnie's body grew tense as she waited for an answer.

NoU2wSwk: Would 113.832 OBER each be sufficient?

Aster almost choked.

Ginnie let out a soft cooing noise.

Ginnie: For all of us?

NoU2wSwk has transferred 113.832 OBER to your account.

Ginnie let out a moan of satisfaction.

Aster froze in shock. That was a lot of money and double what she had made that day.

NoU2wSwk: This is for this network to stay and negotiate. The same amount for the others to leave.

Ginnie's hand slid down toward her waist.

Lyman stood up. "Okay, yes, this is a pervert thing. Now, if you are willing to give us the hub, they are willing to give you a hundred OBER to find something else to do for the next hour and not talk about this."

Garil snorted. "I don't believe you. Who would give—"

His eyes widened as his retinal display flashed.

Then he reached down and grabbed his plate of food. "Yep, that's good. See you an hour."

Lyman grinned. "Raise your hand if you want free cash just to go away and let us be perverts. I mean, one of us is going to get those tentacles up the ass."

Everyone else raised their hand. Seconds later, their eyes flashed and they headed to their rooms to gather things to distract themselves and then poured out of the room. Less than twenty minutes later, it was just the perverts and the quaints.

Zoil looked around. "Shit, that was fast." He smirked. "Greedy bastards. What about us?"

NoU2wSwk: We are willing to pay for a "threesome" as reasonable market rates. Your initial transfer is to listen to our offers and a request for silence as we would like our presence not to be noted.

"For that much money, you can fuck all my holes. Hell, I'd even try sounding for that. I swallow, if that is your thing." Zoil grinned.

NoU2wSwk: My mate is interested in your so-called “females” since they have more orifices to invade.

Zoil’s mouth closed with a snap. “Well, fuck.”

CmW94Ksq: Though, please stay. I like the energy fields you humans produce during peak pleasure.

Zoil snorted. “You want us to jerk off so you can enjoy our orgasm?”

The turquoise tips waved in the air, a number of them spiraling together to point directly at Zoil.

CmW94Ksq: I just said that. I know you all share nearly mutual orgasms while watching movies in this room.

“How long have you been listening to us?”

CmW94Ksq: My mate said, since we broke your encryption network hours after getting on board.

“Perverts.”

CmW94Ksq: Rich perverts. Now, is there a female in the room who wishes to let me use them as sentient meat to fuck?

Petoil shook her head. “Sorry, I don’t like... tentacles and the idea of being invaded really doesn’t turn me on.”

Zoil grinned. “Bet you’d pull off those panties if it was Aster getting fucked, wouldn’t you?”

“Of course. But I’m not wearing panties.”

Raiten perked up. “Can I get a feel then?”

“If Aster fucks the squids, I have no trouble with your fingers in my snatch. But no dick.”

Everyone in the room, including the two quints, turned to look at Aster. The felt their attention, desire, and lust against her skin like wave of heat. It seemed to splash along her body, ignoring the

fabric as her nipples and pussy throbbed with the growing need to get fucked in front of her friends.

She rocked her hips.

NoU2wSwk to Aster [Private]: We will be gentle. Plus we will offer an appropriate compensation.

Aster grinned and then pushed herself away from the door. “I don’t mind. I mean, how many times will I get a chance to get spit roasted by tentacles?”

Ginnie sat down on the edge of the couch, her cheeks blushing. She balled her hands in her lap.

Lyman looked at her and raised an eyebrow.

“I-I just want to make sure she’ll be safe,” Ginnie said in an embarrassed voice. She ducked her head and wrung her hand together.

Aster pointed at him. “Be nice.”

“Oh, I’m planning on it.” Then he lifted his hips and pushed his shorts down. His cock was already hard, long and throbbing. Without looking down, he grabbed the back of Zoil’s head and guided the other man to his shaft.

Aster focused her attention on the quints. They were writhing silently, their emotions impossible to read but she hoped they were excited. She bit her lower lip and swayed her hips as she came around the chairs and tugged up her top. It was thin and difficult to take off with anything form of grace, but she tugged up so the elastic slid over her breasts, revealing her smooth skin in a slow reveal.

CmW94Ksq reached out and ran a single tendril along her shoulder. The touch was electric, a sparkling of pleasure with just a hint of discomfort. It didn’t hurt, but it felt more intense than a mere touch would have normally felt.

She moaned as she stared at it.

CmW94Ksq: Does it hurt?

Aster turned to face the tendril, lifting up her breasts to the exploring tips. After only a second hesitation, she arched her back more.

CmW94Ksq reached out with more of its yellow and orange tips. They caressed lightly, each one tingling like touching a metal that had a slight short. The quivering lit up Aster's senses, bringing a moan from her lips as she closed her eyes.

The quaint brought more tendrils forward, touching and caressing along her shoulders and stomach, and throat. Each one quivering along her skin, setting off nerves in a storm of passion and lust.

Then, one of NoU2wSwk's tendrils waved into her view before delving down to tease the skin above the waist of her shorts. The tingling sensation was deeper and her muscles quivered, but on contact, she felt a burning line of pleasure spread out from the two quaint's caresses. NoU2wSwk's singular caress branched out into dozens of lines of intense pleasure to join with each touch of its mate's tendrils.

"Oh, fuck," Aster moaned as her pussy grew soaked instantly. Her muscles tensed and the smell of her sex grew stronger, but there was no familiar build up of an orgasm; one moment she was being touched, the other was she dancing in the throes of ecstasy.

More of NoU2wSwk's tendrils reached out to grab her shorts and tug them down. The fabric peeled off her soaked slit with a slurp.

"Damn, Ass is wet," Lyman said.

Petoil only moaned. She was fingering herself.

With each touch of the two quaints, their tentacles sent lines after lines of pleasure coursing through her nerves. It was intimate and overwhelming as she felt the crossing pleasure wreck havoc with her senses. She could only writhe in pleasure as she reached out for anything for balance.

A thicker tentacle pressed against her hand.

She gripped it. When the bolt of pleasure connected through her body to NoU2wSwk, she let out another cry of an orgasm.

More tendrils were touching and caressing at her sex. Her clitoris was already aching with the onslaught, but it was nothing when the connection between the two aliens caused the lines of pleasure to dance along the sensitive fold.

Aster whimpered and panted as she jerked with her pleasures. Her legs lose their tension, but instead of falling to the ground, tentacles plucked her and held her up. The connections brought more crisscrossing lines of pleasure to ravage her senses and she shuddered her way through one orgasm after the other.

Then CmW94Ksq's tendrils were slipping along her furrow. Each touch was electric as the creature dragged the thicker tips up and down her length. She tensed, waiting to be penetrated, but then she felt the squirming already twisting inside her; she had been invaded before she realized it. With every stroke back and forth, more tendrils plunged into her sex.

Aster gripped the tentacles around her tighter as closed her eyes. She was sopping wet and loving every moment.

A tendril caressed her lips. It was NoU2wSwk's blue tips. She opened her mouth and let it slide along her teeth and lips. the touch through her enamels was even more intense, like someone plucking harp strings of pleasure at the same time CmW94Ksq strummed her clitoris.

Aster jerked as she came again, she couldn't feel the orgasms fading, only one rising up before the previous one faded. She panted and thrust into the air, but she was the quaint's playthings. She had no control over her fate, she wasn't even touching the ground.

CmW94Ksq's tentacles grew thicker as they squirmed and twisted inside her pussy and ass. She felt every touch on the inside as the electrical tingle connected the two mates together. Her body jerked and shuddered as she cried out from countless orgasms.

Then, NoU2wSwk's tendril slithered deeper into her mouth. It squirmed and teased the back of her throat while swirling around her tongue. Each touch lit up more of her body as she felt the intimate connection flooding her with pure ecstasy.

Then more tendrils caressed her ears and nose. She was too dazed to resist as they slid inside. Between her legs, out of sight, she could feel CmW94Ksq invading other holes; even the tendril worming its way into her urethra only brought waves of pleasure through the discomfort.

Sparks of light flashed across her vision, but they were unfocused and dancing. She tried to ignore them as she writhed more.

Between her legs, she felt the beginning of her pussy stretching as NoU2wSwk slid more tendrils into her tight opening. She couldn't tell how many, but it felt like a thousand fingers caressing her insides. Each one moved independently, twisting and sliding over each other in the wet chasm of her pleasure. More were twisting and plunging inside her ass; she felt nothing more than a faint discomfort and intense waves of pleasure as they tickled deeper in her body.

More flashes of light slid across her vision as CmW94Ksq's tendrils forced her mouth open even further. The tendrils plunged deeper into her throat, each touch bringing pleasure as the creature worked it's way deeper.

There was no feeling of suffocating, no sense of pressure. Only waves of pleasure as the tendrils kept her moans escaping her throat as she shuddered through another orgasm.

Her asshole clenched as the turquoise tentacles continued to invade her. There was no sense of sliding in and out, only a feeling that shew as being endlessly impaled and the comforting pressure of having a stuff rectum that came. She tried to squeeze the muscles, but that only brought the thickness that impaled her more to her awareness. She tried to focus but her consciousness bobbed in and out as another orgasm tore through her.

The quaints continued to plunge and twist inside her. They were remarkably good at finding every point of pleasure, every sensitive nerve, and hey were exceedingly good at setting off orgasms until Aster was blind and delirious from their assault.

Her jaw ached from being held open. When she tried to explore the tendrils, it felt like she was worming her way through twisting and capturing noodles. They caressed her tongue, setting off crisscrossed waves of pleasure even as she was losing her sanity from ecstasy.

- ... establishing proof of stake: 782.9745279 OCIL...
- ... establishing proof of stake: 1,238,382.823 OBER...
- ... establishing proof of stake: 4,823.283299 ODISAL...
- ... establishing proof of stake: 2,582...

Words flashed across her mind but then faded. Aster tensed and tried to focus on them, but then NoU2wSwk's tendrils surged deep into her pussy and began to curl up in a knotted ball that never stopped moving. More tentacles poured into her asshole, tracing the lines of her insides as she felt them reaching out for the tendrils that were sliding into her throat; they were going to meet inside her.

For the briefest moment, she wondered if they were going to lay an egg inside her and then the world exploded into yet another orgasm.

... warning, quantum entanglement has been detected
on your...

The words didn't make sense to her. Nothing made sense. It was too hard to think with every of her body invaded by tendrils. They were even inside her ears, reaching deep into her skull as flashes of light and pleasure coursed directly through her brain.

Deep inside her belly, the two quaints touched.

There was a single flash of light that she felt as nothing more than pleasure.

She let out a wail of pleasure as every muscle in her body tensed up in the strongest orgasms she had ever felt.

Then, she was falling down, down into darkness.

The last thing Aster saw was Ginnie frantically masturbating by herself while the others were caught in an orgy that spread out across the couches.

Disembarking

7

“Thank you and please fly Obergreen for your premium recreational needs.” Aster managed to keep the smile as real as possible, even though she had said the same words almost a hundred times as the guests left the ship. All of the visible crew, including the perverts, were lined up by the exit.

Almost all. Lyman was currently in a closet giving head one last time and Petoil was getting spit-roasted in one of the guest’s room while she “helped them pack.”

Despite her cheer, there was one thing that bothered Aster. Ever since the night with the quaints, there was a new line on her income chart. It was small but noticeable, about twenty OBERs a day and twice as many PERVs. She didn’t ask anyone, but it bothered her that she couldn’t find the source of an income that was slowly but steadily rising.

A howling announced the wog family as the three parents herded their children toward the exist. The father, with his broad shoulders and furry chest, had a smile for everyone but Ibby only gave Aster a second look, a smoldering look of remembered passion.

Ibby has tipped Aster 200 OBER.

Aster smiled. “I had a wonderful time serving you. Please, come again and let Obergreen Flight be your flight of choice.”

Ibby let out a mock sniff of disapproval, but there was a smile on the corner of her lips right before she growled at the children.

The father blew a kiss to Raiten and then rubbed his own sizable crotch before chasing after his wives.

“Good time?” Aster asked in the brief silence that followed.

“Very good time. Tipped me fifty too.”

“Great!” Tips were the reason many of the crew remained on the ship. Their paychecks were made in the last few hours, which is why Petoil was pumping her best paying guests right then.

On the other side, Lyman said goodbye to an elderly couple as if he wasn’t sucking on the husband’s cock only seconds before.

Lyman to Aster [Private]: Where is Ginnie? Usually she’s here.

Aster thought about the last-minute summon from the jabi couple.

Aster to Lyman [Private]: Probably crawling under the beds looking for spare coins.

Lyman to Aster [Private]: Does she think we don’t know she’s been screwing the jabi couple?

A prickle of sweat gathered on her brow.

Aster to Lyman [Private]: No, and you’ll keep your mouth shut. She’s embarrassed by it.

Lyman to Aster [Private]: What? Because she finally got some dick?

Aster to Lyman [Private]: Some of us were born to be sluts—

Lyman to Aster [Private]: And other’s were made with five claws holding her down onto a drilling dick. I’ll tell Zoil and the others to be quiet, but if it comes up, we’re all glad she’s one of us.

He smiled.

Aster smiled back at him.

Aster to Lyman [Private]: She was always one of us, she just isn’t as perverted as the others. It’s nice... having someone prim and proper to keep us from going nuts.

Lyman to Aster [Private]: I'll give you a hundred PERV if she eats your cunt out by the end of next flight.

Aster's pussy grew slick and she smiled to herself.

Then tendrils moving in the corner of her vision caught her attention. It was the quaints.

Aster to CmW94Ksq [Private]: What did you do? Are you the reason for this new income stream?

CmW94Ksq to Aster [Private]: We brought you to repeated orgasms and enjoyed the resulting electrical field.

Aster to CmW94Ksq [Private]: Then why do I have a new income stream?

The orange tendrils waves at her.

CmW94Ksq to Aster [Private]: Well, there was something else we wanted to diversify our investments. We are borrowing your transceiver to establish some additional proof of stakes against various galactic registers. Sometimes, it is better to have multiples than one large one... it attracts less attention.

Aster groaned and shook her head. She felt sick but excited at the same time.

Aster to CmW94Ksq [Private]: Is it illegal?

CmW94Ksq to Aster [Private]: No. Most large corporations do it, just like Obergreen is an investment shelter for Teradyne Intergalactic Investments. We just used your pretty head for one of our shelters. And to compensate you, that small income is a percentage of the net worth.

Aster to CmW94Ksq [Private]: You should have asked!
CmW94Ksq has sent encryption keys to Aster.

CmW94Ksq to Aster [Private]: Any time you wish to stop getting money, just use these. You can't reverse charges, so what you earn is what you keep.

Aster to CmW94Ksq [Private]: You should have asked. What else do I have to do?

The quaint shrugged before it started to phase through the back wall of the ship.

CmW94Ksq to Aster [Private]: Whatever you want. In five or six years, it should be a good amount of money to retire. In eighty, you could own one of these ships. I've added myself to your contact list. If you need to talk or have questions in a less public place, just ask.

NoU2wSwk to Aster [Private]: And if you want to go another round, I have two more mates and a five-some would be electrifying on your meat shell. I will never forget your orgasmic electrical fields, thank you.

Then the two quaints walked through the hull and were out of sight.

Lyman stepped closer. "Are you okay?"

Aster looked up. "I... I think I need a virus scan once we're done. The quaints did something to my cyber."

"Scheduled. Later tonight."

"Discrete?"

He grinned. "Yes, an old boyfriend of mine. Payment will be cash or cunt, your choice. Naturally, I'd like my cut... of that beautiful ass, if you don't mind."

Aster let out a sigh of relief. "Thank you. And yes, you can eat out my ass."

Lyman leaned over to nuzzle her hair.

The employee isolation sensor sent a warning beep.

They settled back and said goodbye to more of the guests. When the stream of people and luggage faded, Aster was ready to head back to her cabin and pack up to let the entire ship be sterilized.

A commotion rose up as three grookals stormed up from the station into the ship. They were armed and wearing armored chest plates underneath the thick layer of slime that covered their bodies. They didn't seem angry, only concerned.

More concerning was the trail of slime that they left behind them. An army of robots were already trying to clean but she could see a number of them shaking their appendages at the messy creatures.

One of the grookals turned to Ginnie who was coming up with the jabi couple behind her. She had a flush on her cheeks and her hair was mussed up. The grookal didn't seem to notice. "I am looking for a guest who is still on the flight, a grookal."

"Excuse me!" yelled Garil as he ran up the platform. "Let me bring you to the princess."

"Queen Talisail."

Aster blinked in surprise. Queen?

"Yes, yes," Garil said with a glare to Lyman. "Just let me report to my—"

The speaking grookal grabbed Garil by the front of his outfit and lifted the human off the ground. "If the queen is hurt while you worm your way through what you call a bureaucracy, the Grookal Fleet will destroy you, this ship, and this station without a second hesitation. Her life is more important than anything you can imagine."

Ginnie: You were sleeping with a queen?

Lyman: Damn.

Lyman tipped Aster 0.02000 PERV.

Ginnie tipped Aster 0.01000 PERV.

Lyman: Hey, that's my money.

Ginnie smiled at him as the jabi couple passed her.

Ginnie: I don't fuck customers.

Lyman's eyes flashed.

Aster to Lyman [Private]: Don't.

He let out his breath. "Fair enough. It's in a better place than a money-hording slut."

The grookal warrior turned on him. "Do you have something to add, maggot?"

“No, sir,” Lyman said smoothly. “My job is to ensure every guest as the best possible trip they could. I can only hope your queen was treated as such on her trip here.”

A growl. “I doubt it. No human would ever know how to properly treat one of us.” He grabbed Garil by the shoulder and pushed him toward the elevators. “Come, take me to my queen.”

There was silence except for the hum of cleaning bots.

“So,” Ginnie said with a smile. “Did you treat her like a queen?”

“Well, she shoved her royal fist up my ass, does that count?”

About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

D. Dancer

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