

February 4

We're back to normal here on the *Pussy 'Porter*, as Katrina likes to call our transport. There have been no signs of Tragooms, renegade Earthers, or anything dangerous since our battle when we emerged from the portal. It's nice to be zooming along through space without fighting brutes off.

I even got to play with Oses yesterday ... if you can term it that. A six-and-a-half-foot Nobek's idea of 'play' bears little resemblance to anything I'd call it. That man wore me out in more ways than one. I'm not complaining, mind you. Oses is amazing as a dominant lover. He knows just how to handle me, even when I'm less than obedient. *Especially* when I'm not obedient.

After breakfast, I prepared myself carefully. I knew I would be spending the next few hours with the weapons commander. I showered and shaved, making sure my pussy in particular was bare and smooth, just the way Oses said he wanted it. Just a tiny touch of perfume followed ... that sensitive Kalquorian nose can't stand a lot of fragrance, other than what I produce naturally. Only small dots of my favorite scent went on my wrists and behind my ears and knees.

I carefully applied makeup. I went heavier than usual with the mascara, almost to the point of clotting my eyelashes with the stuff. Like Betra, Oses has a thing for smeared makeup. I was generous with the lipstick too, since it would make me look more used when it became smudged. I made sure the rest of my face was nearly bare, however. I didn't want to look too much like a clown.

I threw on a simple shift dress, since I would be taking it right back off once the door to Oses' quarters closed behind me. Slippers that were easy to kick off. No panties or bra. I was to be naked at all times when I gave myself over to him, so traveling light was my mantra.

I was ready with five minutes to spare before I was to present myself at his door. With only one previous rendezvous in our history, I already knew Oses was an exacting disciplinarian. I wasn't entirely sure I wanted to discover what he would call punishment.

I hurried through the corridors, barely pausing to wave to the other women and Kalquorians I knew. My anxiety level was high, as was the anticipation. My pussy had already moistened at the thought of what Oses might require of me during our tryst.

I soon found myself at the Nobek's door, and I triggered the announce. "It's Shalia," I said.

The door slid open and I entered the lair of Weapons Commander Nobek Oses.

The big, bad Kalquorian sat at his desk in his cramped quarters, looking at something on the vid hovering over his computer. He didn't look at me. His gaze riveted on what appeared to be a news report from his home planet.

I immediately took my dress and shoes off, neatly stowing them away on shelves attached to the wall. I dropped down to my hands and knees and crawled the small distance from there to Oses' feet, where I knelt. I laced my fingers behind my neck, cast my eyes down, and opened my legs wide.

Long seconds ticked by as my Nobek lover continued to peruse the vid. At first glance, one might have surmised Oses ignored me, taking for granted that he had a naked gal at his feet. I didn't believe it for a second. He was testing me, as he had told me he would. I had no doubt he was completely aware of my every breath and any slight shift I might have made. Nor did I

believe that if I was to offer myself to Oses every day for the next century would he take my presence for granted. He simply isn't that kind of man.

It might have been five minutes after I'd gone to him that I felt his fingertips stroke through my hair. His gravel rumble of a voice shivered me to the core. "Well done, pet."

I let a small smile of delight touch my lips. I'd pleased him.

Doing so should have been easy, and on the surface it is. I do what I'm told and nothing else. I don't have to worry about coming up with some service to perform to make Oses happy. I don't have to concern myself with witty banter when we play. I simply listen and obey. If I have a problem with whatever the Nobek requires of me, I call a halt to our play. If it comes to that, we will discuss what is bothering me and see how we can fix the issue. We are in the early stages of building trust and exploring whether our needs are served by the other.

My part sounds easy. It isn't. I'd been used and abused by men back on Earth to the point where trust doesn't come naturally. Then I'd fallen in love with a Kalquorian clan that I couldn't stay with, which broke my heart. I'm supposed to choose a full clan to spend my life with when I get to Kalquor, a group of three men who will assume the fatherhood of my unborn child.

Adding to my issues, I know I can't stay with Oses long-term because he is an unclanned Nobek. Our union is not set in stone. Hell, it's barely written in the sand. So to give him my complete trust and obedience is not an easy thing. Fortunately, he realizes this and has been careful with me thus far.

It helps that he has such a banging hot body. I was greatly aware of him as I knelt and waited. The calloused fingertips dragging soft trails through my hair kept me on the edge of shivering. He wore only a kind of wrap, almost like a kilt, that sat low on his hips and ended short of his knees. My gaze traced the veined and corded calves and thighs next to me. Oses bulged muscle all over, which was not my usual preference when it came to masculine forms. Yet his look suited his personality, which was big and bad in all ways. His abdomen was carved with bumps and his massive chest looked like it was the size of a football field. Peeking sideways through my hair, which had fallen forward and hid the fact I didn't keep my gaze down as I was supposed to, I could see his arm as he tapped on his computer. It was as big as a young but well-established tree, the bicep a swollen mass of unadulterated power. Oses could snap someone's neck without half trying.

Adding to the unspoken threat that the man embodied were scars that turned his flesh into a roadmap of fights long ago and not so distant. Nobeks refer to such scars as 'marks of honor', and they are proud of them. To me they seem proof of pain and horror, but Nobeks love those they earn in battle. Oses is no exception, and at over 150 years old, he has collected quite a few. Somehow they add rather than detract to his appeal for me. Maybe it's because he's such a force of nature. It seems right he should be marked with raised slashes of red and dimpled lines of white. I can't imagine him without his scars. They speak better of his past than stories could.

He shifted, and I quickly lowered my gaze to the floor between my splayed legs. I felt his full attention move to me, and tension sang in my body. It is scary to put my entire self in his not-always-so-gentle hands ... and exciting.

"Good morning, pet." The growly voice descending to my ears made me think of a god who could easily rain blessings or cast down wrath depending on his mood.

“Good morning, Master,” I answered, still staring at the floor.

“Look up at me and tell me what your doctor said when you saw him yesterday.”

My gaze climbed that magnificent body, enjoying every inch. I swear, if my eyes could have crawled out of my head and wallowed over Oses, they would have. Maybe I hadn’t been into muscle-bound bruisers before him, but I was certainly enjoying the appeal now. Damn.

When I finally got all the way up to his face, I felt some relief to see a slight smile sitting on his lips. Oses may not be precisely handsome, but he is a riveting person to look at. The strength of his features match those of his body, but nothing above the neck is marred by scars. With that strong brow, chiseled jaw, and prominent cheekbones, his is a face you’d never forget. While not pretty like Betra, I find Oses’ features very much to my liking.

I reported to him, “Dr. Tep says that I may continue with sex as normal right now, probably for at least another four weeks. Later I will have to be more careful, and not just because of the baby. My tendons and ligaments will stretch as I get closer to my due date.” I shook my head a little. “Except for the occasional bout of morning sickness, I would never know I’m pregnant. I don’t feel any different.”

Oses stroked my hair some more. “You’re starting to lose some of that scent too. It’s not as pronounced as it was when I first met you.”

I had to tease. “Am I less appealing then?”

He chuckled. “You couldn’t be less appealing if your life depended on it, little girl. Are you ready to play?”

My heart’s pace picked up. “Oh, most definitely.”

“What do you think of being blindfolded?”

It had been done to me before, and I knew it for the anxiety-provoking fun it was. “I enjoy being blindfolded, Master.”

Oses’ eyes darkened. “Do you now? What do you like about it?”

“It heightens my other senses. I feel what’s happening more profoundly,” I said.

“What about not knowing what’s coming next? Does it bother you to not be able to see what I’m going to do to you?”

The way he said it made me shudder. “I do get nervous about that,” I admitted.

“Nervous is good. I like you being a bit on edge with me,” Oses said, his grin as dangerous as I’d ever seen it. “Do you trust me enough to allow me to blindfold you, Shalia?”

Ah, my nemesis – trusting a man. Oses is as scary as they come, but he’s also made it clear he’s my protector first and foremost. What he might do worries me, but that’s also what I find most titillating. When it comes to my safety, I have a lot of faith in this man.

“I trust you, Master,” I answered.

“Good girl. Come with me and let’s see you demonstrate it.”

He rose from his chair and walked over to the large bed that took up most of his living space. He tapped the wall over the head of it as I crawled after him. It opened, and he took out a satiny blindfold, the kind some people use for sleeping.

“That must have come from Earth,” I observed, noting that despite the elastic straps it would be too small for the larger Kalquorian skull.

“It did. I found it with the stores available to you Mataras for your use.”

I pretended displeasure. “Stealing from us poor little Earther girls? You cad.”

Oses chuckled and bent down, picking me up from where I crouched on the floor and depositing me on the surface of his sleeping mat. He gave me a few smart spanks on my rear for my bad behavior. I giggled at the sting, wriggling at the heat.

“Naughty girl,” he chastised. “Be good or I’ll gag you as well.”

He put the blindfold on me, conscientiously pulling free the strands of hair that got caught over my eyes. “How is that? Can you see?”

“Not one damned thing,” I said.

Cut off from sight, I was very aware of the billowy softness of bed beneath my hands and knees. There was an occasional rustle of the linens, but mostly from my own shifting. Oses was as silent as a ghost, like most Nobeks. I could smell him though: his was a strong, masculine aroma, joined by that sweetish-spicy smell of Kalquorian arousal. Scenting his desire made me feel good. I love being wanted.

Hands slid around my waist from behind, the touch almost scalding hot. Oses pulled me against his body, my back held tight to his naked torso. His mouth found my ear as he grabbed one breast, squeezing and kneading to make me gasp from mingled pain and excitement. His teeth nibbled at my lobe. Then he grabbed both breasts, pulling hard on my nipples, letting me know who was in control.

I groaned and writhed as he demanded my surrender. Hearing only his breath in my ear, able to see nothing, my world was one of sensation. Oses was brutal enough to make me groan, yet he’d already learned at what point to ease off. I was clay under his fingers, ready to be molded into whatever shape he deemed best.

“So fucking beautiful, pet,” he muttered in my ear. “You are gorgeous when you give yourself to me.”

I fairly purred at the compliments, rubbing myself against him as he pulled and squeezed my tits. A sharp slap to one made me cry out. Sparkling heat suffused it, and then its twin got one too. I rubbed harder against Oses as my body lit.

“Good girl. My sweet, good Shalia.”

He twisted me around and laid me on my back. Oses held my wrists down over my head. Then all went silent and still for a few moments.

I imagined him looking down at my naked, splayed body, waiting for him to decide what he would do to it next. I lay quiescent, my entire frame trembling with eagerness. The Nobek’s first assault had been intense. I could hardly imagine what demands he would make on me next.

I was soon aware of the lightest of touches along my throat. It was a soft, fluttery feeling, like that of a butterfly wing. Barely there, just a tiny waft of sensation. It reached the hollow of my throat. I giggled.

Oses' chuckle answered my titter. "Ticklish, are you?" he asked.

The sensation returned, and I writhed. "What is that?" I snickered. "It feels like a bird's feather."

"It is the preserved frond of a plant that grows on Kalquor, with a downy bit of fluff at its tip. Who knew something so soft could give such torture?"

"Torture is right, you sadist," I laughed, wiggling like mad as he continued to brush the hollow of my throat with it. "Stop, you brute!"

"Earther English 'stop' is not the word that will end your nightmare," he teased. "Let's see where else you are ticklish."

The whispery feeling moved down between my breasts. There it didn't tickle, but it still made me react. Now it was riveting, especially as it stroked up one mound to play over a nipple. The hair on my body rose to attention. I shivered.

"Ooh, very nice," Oses said. "You're covered in tiny bumps now. I do enjoy how sensitive these are."

He let the frond trail over to the other nipple, sending more light but heady sensations through me. A tiny whimper escaped my lips. Who knew such a tender, barely-there feeling could be so profound?

I thought Oses might continue to tease my breasts, and he did for a few minutes, gauging my every reaction as he flickered that frond over them. Then he moved on. He found another ticklish spot in my armpit, which was left vulnerable since his hand had my wrists pinned up over my head.

I shrieked with laughter, kicking the mat furiously as I tried to get away. "Ah! Cut it out!"

"But you are cute when you laugh," came the chuckling answer. The frond danced across my chest to get to the other armpit.

"Oses! If you don't quit, I'll wet myself!"

"Really?" That only seemed to amuse him. "I don't think you will."

He kept at me until I thought I really would lose bladder control. I decided this was an emergency situation. "*Sholt*, you maniac! I am seriously about to pee!"

The Nobek quit the moment I spoke the word 'stop' in Kalquorian. I gasped like a beached whale, trying to catch my breath.

"Brute," I whispered when I could speak again.

There was no apology in his tone. "That was fun. Do you need to use the facility?"

"I'd better."

"Go then. When you're done, we'll resume."

He took off my blindfold and helped me up. I did my business and returned to the bed, crawling across the floor to show I was still in the mood for more naughty fun. I just hoped Oses would give the ol' pits a break.

The weapons commander helped me back on the sleeping mat, and I assumed the position I'd been in before the impromptu bathroom break. Before I closed my eyes, I got a look at the horrid frond that had nearly led to disaster. It really was a bit of a plant, a long blue stalk with white downy tufts at the end. I stuck my tongue out at it before closing my eyes.

Oses' hand closed over my wrists once more. "All better, my pet?"

"Yes, Master. Do your worst. Oh crap, I wish I hadn't said that!"

He laughed. "I now have a new tool to use to punish you. Don't think I won't use it."

I sighed. "Of course you will. You're unspeakably cruel to this poor little Earther."

"Which you enjoy." He kissed me so sweetly I could hardly believe it was big, bad Oses. Then he went back to his entertainment.

The frond stayed away from my armpits. It circled lazily around my breasts for a bit, doing figure eights before setting me alight by tantalizing my nipples once more. Then it traveled down, swirling about my abdomen in complicated patterns. Here and there, more tickling ensued. I alternated between sighing and squealing, depending on where Oses touched me with the thing.

Oses paused to move my legs wider apart. I tensed, knowing what was coming and wondering how it would feel.

He didn't go for my pussy right away. Instead, he set the feathery touch dancing over my inner thighs, giving me a brutal case of goosebumps as he played with that flesh. I shuddered when the frond came close to my slit. Sooner or later, I would feel it there. Oses kept my anticipation up until it nearly screamed under the strain. The man knows how to play mental games.

When it finally happened, I was so keyed up that I jumped like I'd been struck by lightning. Oses laughed at my extreme reaction. He'd only given my pussy a brief touch, certainly not enough to justify nearly flying off his sleeping mat. "You are so funny," he told me.

I made a tortured sound between clenched teeth. "Maybe you should be on the receiving end of this," I said. "*Master.*"

"No, I much prefer tormenting you. Hold still, you naughty girl."

Another gentle waft, more like a breath than a touch, whispered up my slit. It made my insides tumble with the promise of what was yet to come. I shivered. It disappeared and then returned a moment later, this time swirling around my clit. I groaned as desire spiked through my gut.

"How does that feel?" Oses asked.

"Exciting," I said. "I feel like I'm melting inside."

"You're getting wet." He let the frond play over my clit. "Your *losom* is coming out to beg me for more."

I trembled as he played with me. The light, moth-wing sensations of the frond playing all over my clit and pussy grew more profound with each passing second. I obeyed Oses' dictate to remain still as best I could, but I couldn't help but writhe a little.

The seconds bled into minutes as the Nobek continued to tease. My sighs turned throatier under his control until I moaned almost continuously.

"Keep your hands where they are. I'm going to let go, but I don't want you to move from this position."

"Yes, Master." My voice was higher than usual as I answered.

He released me, the tufts of the frond still moving over my slit. I felt the bed shift as he moved. I had no idea what he was up to, just that he was moving away from my upper body.

Oses' mouth closed around my clit with a suddenness that made me scream. Raw, unadulterated passion flared with violent need as he sucked on it. I grabbed handfuls of the sleeping mat to keep from grabbing hold of him. My feet kicked.

The Nobek's weight settled on my thighs, holding them down as he licked and sucked that point of fiery heat. The frond was there too, its softness almost unnoticeable under the delicious assault of mouth and tongue on clit.

I shuddered and wailed, my head tossing from side to side as Oses mouthed me with decadent force. Molten ecstasy swirled, tightening my belly.

He relented to chuckle. "My, how overwrought you are. Your pussy is trembling, little pet."

I could only groan. He still teased me with that damned plant. Now that his mouth was off me, he swirled it over my clit, the fuzzy down tickling in a non-giggly way.

"Your clit has fully emerged from its hood, too. So red and swollen. That is a hungry little cunt, my girl. Shall I feed it?"

I was afraid to say yes because he might decide to torture me instead. Yet I didn't want to know the trouble I might get into if I didn't answer. So I whimpered a "Yes, Master, please."

The frond stopped its playing with my lady parts. There was the slightest movement of him between my legs. The next moment, two burning hot, heavy, slick weights plopped onto my stomach. His cocks. His wonderful, big, thick cocks. I wriggled in anticipation.

"Easy, pet. I haven't prepared your ass yet."

Oses was right. I could have cried in that moment, because I really wanted him to fuck me.

"How nice that you are so eager for me."

Fingers stroked my pussy, and one pressed in to gather moisture. I sighed, happy to feel anything inside that aching chasm. The frond came back to flick my clit. My breath caught and I shuddered.

"That's it, little girl. Nice and soft and wet. What a pretty little pussy you have."

He pushed another finger in. I warbled a welcome, getting more chuckles from Oses.

"Someone is very ready to be fucked, aren't you?"

"Yes, Master," I moaned. "So ready."

“Soon, my lovely. I must say though, I could sit here and watch your pussy take my fingers all day.”

I groaned. “Please, I really want your cocks. Your fingers are great, but I’ll do anything to have your cocks in me.”

The frond swirled over my clit. “You want a cock in your pussy?”

“Yes, Master.”

His fingers withdrew. I could have cried from the loss, but then I felt the pressure against my ass as one settled against it. I pushed out, opening for him and he accepted the invitation. His finger forged deep inside, moving around to stretch me.

“And you want a cock in your tight little ass?”

I panted, “Yes, Master.”

“You want to be crammed full of my cocks, don’t you?”

“Yes, Master.”

“You want my cocks fucking both your holes, right?”

I groaned as he pushed a second finger in my ass. “Yes, Master. Please.”

“Good girl.”

I moaned as he spent several minutes preparing me and letting that frond play all over my girlie bits. Then finally his fingers disappeared and I felt the tapered tips of his cocks at my entrances.

Oh yeah. Time for some main event, I thought.

Oses pushed into me, going steady and a little faster than was entirely comfortable. I didn’t ask him to ease up. I like being his to control and command. I gasped as he sheathed himself in my ass and pussy, especially when his primary cock’s tip collided with my cervix. Shards of pleasure shivered through me.

His hands once more captured my wrists, holding me down nice and helpless for his use. His other hand mauled my breasts as they had before, groping and pinching and slapping while he fucked me with powerful strokes. The bits of pain his rough handling caused mixed eagerly with pleasure. Oses’ cocks had me bursting full, and that fullness meant the friction against my G-spot couldn’t be ignored. I was already making loud noises as he sent my senses soaring.

The Nobek seated himself fully inside me and made slow, grinding motions that rubbed his groin against my clit. I yelled as effervescent passion set my guts to boiling. Then he gave me some fast, hard thrusts that once more made that nest of nerve endings inside my sheath spark with blinding eagerness.

Slower and steady. Grinding. Fast fucking. Torturing my tits all the while. My insides were a maelstrom of frantic churning as Oses worked me over.

Then his mouth plastered over mine, his tongue insistent as he plundered. His demands for my complete surrender in all ways couldn’t have been plainer. I softened beneath him, submitting all. I was his in any way he wanted, with no will but to offer myself to him.



Oses released the kiss, and I sensed him rearing back. He let go of the tit he'd been squeezing fiercely and grabbed up my thigh, pressing it to his torso. He held me in place. His groin jackhammered against mine as he fucked me hard, driving birdlike cries from my throat with every thrust.

My entire midsection clenched as fierce heat drew tight within. I was getting ready to come.

Oses abruptly slowed. I felt him undulating against me, as sinuous as a snake. His wet cocks slid back and forth through me. I could imagine how his abdomen moved as he took me with serpentine grace.

The encroaching orgasm eased back. I did not mourn its loss. I had known Oses would not grant me climax so soon. I'm sure in his mind, I had not yet earned it.

That didn't keep me from moaning a pleading sound. I thought my lover would enjoy knowing how much I wanted to come for him. I wasn't wrong.

"That's my pet. My little one is ready to lose control, isn't she?"

"Yes, Master. It feels so good."

"This?" He drove in me hard and fast again. My stomach clenched tight almost immediately as bright, vicious need spiked in my core. My mouth fell open as I screamed delight.

Oses slowed again. "Oh, you like that. You like being fucked hard."

I groaned in response as the heady urge to climax receded. I had no words.

"Maybe later."

With that, Oses pulled free of me, leaving me horribly empty. I yelled a protest. He laughed.

"Spoiled brat. Quiet and behave yourself."

I blew a raspberry. He lifted my leg up so he could spank one ass cheek until I yelped from the stinging pain.

"Roll over, brat. On your belly before I give you a real reason to scream."

Oses sounded more amused than angry, but I figured I had pushed my luck enough. I promptly put myself face down on the sleeping mat.

I felt Oses crouch over me. His dicks lay heavy on my ass. Well, that suited me just fine. I pushed my hips up and rubbed suggestively against him.

The Nobek chuckled. "So demanding. You really are a brat today. Lucky for you that you're so damned cute and I'm in a good mood."

I gave him my best sweet-sounding voice. "It's all your fault I'm like this. You're just too delicious to resist. Please be nice and fuck me, Master. Pleeeeeease?"

"I'm going to be very nice, but you're waiting for that fuck a bit longer. No, don't pout, little pet. You'll like what comes next."

With that, he pulled the blindfold off. I blinked. The room had been a bit dim when I walked in, but after having my eyes closed and the light blocked for a time, it seemed pretty damned bright.

I peered over my shoulder to see Oses using a cleansing wipe on his cocks. He grinned at me, looking like the yummiest version of Evil Incarnate I could imagine. Rawr. Shalia Monroe, ready to be sullied, sir.

Once he was clean and tossed aside the wipe, Oses picked up a round container that looked made of tin. It looked to be filled with a blue wax substance, with a small igniter in the middle.

“Aw, candlelight,” I simpered. “You romantic, you. Next thing you know, you’ll be giving me flowers.”

Oses shook his head at me and pushed the button that made the candle light. “You are a mess today, brat. Making you squirm and whimper from dripping this hot wax on you is going to be a delight.”

My mouth dropped open. “Not really? You want to burn me?” No fucking way.

The Nobek snorted. “Do you actually think I am going to harm you in such a way? Give me some credit, pet.”

My pulse steadied. “It’s safe then?”

Oses gave me a look that could have frozen fire. “I have an urge to wear your ass out with a strap for believing I would damage your delicious body. Of course it’s safe. It just won’t be comfortable.”

I relaxed. “I’m sorry, Master. It’s those trust issues raising their ugly heads again.”

He sighed. “I know. I need to be more patient with you, but it really sickens me to see you look so afraid.”

I tried to lighten the mood. “I thought you liked me scared,” I said in a teasing tone.

“Nervous, you little fool, not scared.” He frowned at the candle in his hand. “Maybe we should break off for the day. I am not in such a playful frame of mind as I was.”

I did not want our date to end on this sour note. I was worried that Oses would call a halt to not just this encounter but all future ones as well. I made a big show of stretching out beneath him, putting my arms out over my head.

I told the Nobek, “Do you think I’m going to let anyone else drip hot wax on me? Not likely. Go on, expand my horizons and see how loud you can make me squeal.”

Oses examined my face to see how ready I actually was. I gave him a naughty grin in return, and he finally chuckled. The expression warmed his face in such a way that it made my chest squeeze tight. I may have trust issues, but I really do like that big, bad Nobek.

“The initial pain will pass rather quickly,” he said, wiggling the candle in front of my nose so I could see the liquefying wax seeping around in its holder. “It cools quite fast.”

He pushed himself up so that he knelt over my upper thighs. His cocks lay heavily on my ass.

I tensed, readying myself for the pain that I hoped would end in pleasure. “How hard is it going to be to get off once it solidifies?” I asked.

“It won’t solidify because it’s not actually wax,” Oses said. “You’ll like how this turns out. Trust me.”

*Trust me.* Well, that was what this was all about, wasn't it? I was supposed to learn to trust the big guy so we could explore even more intense realms in the future. My inability to do that a few seconds ago had damned near derailed the experiment already. I took a deep breath and waited to see if Oses had earned a bit more of my faith or if I'd made a colossal mistake.

The first splatters landed along my spine right between my shoulder blades. The wax sliding down the middle of my back seared a trail that brought my breath screaming into my lungs. I squealed, all right. With Oses putting some of his weight on my thighs, I couldn't move, but I tried mightily until the initial burn faded into warmth, leaving all pain behind.

"Fuck!" I swore as my skin stopped sizzling and I stopped squalling.

"Wait, it gets better," Oses chuckled.

He was right. Now the hotness settled into something nice. It was the warmth one might get from a heating pad, and it infiltrated my muscles. Knots of tension suddenly unwound themselves, and I groaned as I sank into bliss.

Oses told me, "Close your eyes. I don't want you seeing when more is coming."

I obeyed, my newly relaxed state already dissipating as I anticipated the next round of wax hitting my flesh.

This time he got my lower back. I yelled, my fists beating on the bed as the searing walloped me. Oses' big hand rubbed the burning wax over my ass, seeming to send it up in flames too. I shrieked.

"Damn it! Are you sure nothing's blistering?" I hollered when I could talk.

I could hear the devious grin in his voice. "No, you're only turning a light shade of pink. The welts I put on your ass last time were redder than this."

Once more, the bright pain subsided, leaving only a nice baking warmth digging deep into my lower back and ass. I didn't want to, but I fell for its siren song of relaxation once more. My muscles turned to jelly. As horrendous as the initial hit of wax felt, it was sheer paradise moments later.

Oses got me again, about mid-back. I ground my teeth together this time, letting the pain whistle through the spaces as I waited for the nice part to start. I had new sympathy for cattle being branded.

This time when the pain abated, I heard Oses blow out a gust of air. He said, "I think that's plenty of the oil. Keep your eyes closed, pet."

He rubbed up and down my back, getting that now-beautiful warmth all over it, along with my butt. Oh sweet prophets, that man gave me a massage that left no muscle knotted. I was damned near liquefied by how his hands teased every mote of tension from my neck, shoulders, and back. Better still, the more he rubbed, the further the heat of the oil ... not wax, but oil it turned out ... moved into me. A delicious glow pulsed deep within, making the pain of the application more than worthwhile. Hell, I would have stood twice as much torment for this taste of heaven.

I was so blissed out that I hummed a nearly continuous moan as Oses treated me to the best massage anyone has ever had. I felt doted upon, like queen of the universe. I can't overstate how good he made me feel. And have I mentioned how in-fucking-credible that massage was?

I'd been an oozing puddle of Shalia for some time before Oses quit. He leaned over me to plant a kiss on my smiling cheek. "Someone looks marvelously contented," the Nobek whispered in my ear.

"Mmm-hmm," I managed.

"I'm glad I can make my little Shalia so happy. Now perhaps you would like to thank me? I think *laxan* would be an appropriate expression of your gratitude."

*Laxan*? I knew I'd heard the word before, but my nirvana-drenched brain took a few seconds to dredge up the translation: anal penetration with Oses' larger cock.

"Sure," I mumbled, still caught in the spell of no strength. "Whatever you like, Master. I'm all yours."

He growled a little at my acquiescence. I was glad he was happy to have it, because spaghetti-limbed Shalia wasn't going to be working too hard after the delightful rubdown.

Oses knelt between my legs and hauled my back end up so it waved in the air, his hands gripping my hips. I just lay there, completely drained. Even a sharp slap to my ass didn't get Oses much of a reaction.

"Nice and relaxed. How I am going to love changing that in the next few minutes," he said with an evil laugh.

"Good luck," I mumbled. I didn't give him good odds on that.

Still well-stretched from our earlier play, I felt little more than an aching strain as he filled my ass with his big cock and my pussy with his smaller (but still perfectly adequate) secondary prick. Being so stuffed meant that the friction against my interior hotspot was tremendous. With the first thrust I felt excitement tumble through my gut. Okay, so I might not remain quite as quiet as I thought I would.

Oses set a lovely pace, his thrusts strong and steady as before. Not too fast and not too slow. Insistent but not overly demanding. I was enjoying a nice, steady climb in arousal, heading towards inevitable orgasm. I sighed, content with the ride. It felt good.

I should have known the sadistic bastard wouldn't let me get away with a simple climax. Heaven forbid. Then again, that's not what I had shown up at Oses' door looking for. I've gotta be fair about that fact.

As I lay with the side of my face planted on the sleeping mat surface, my ass up in the air, cocks moving in and out with the most delicious moist noises, Oses released one hip. His hand reached beneath me, and what I initially thought was his finger and thumb closed on my clit. The I realized that whatever had me there wasn't calloused like the pads of his fingers are and felt distinctly rubbery. There was the sensation of a tap, and whatever that beast put on me vibrated hard, sending violent need through my core.

I was not feeling loose-limbed now. My whole body seized as molten pleasure mounted quickly. I yelled.

"Awake again," Oses said, still pumping his cocks in and out of me as he held my hips with both hands once more. "Feel free to scream all you like, pet."

I didn't scream ... at least not right away. In no time though, climax crashed through me, making me quake beneath my lover. It didn't stop.

I have no idea if it was one really, really long orgasm or a whole bunch of them piled on top of each other. I came and I came and I came. The intense spasms wouldn't quit. It felt like my pussy was simultaneously on fire, trying to turn itself inside out, and wringing itself out like a soaked towel. I was helpless to stop it with Oses fucking me harder and faster as whatever he had imprisoned my clit with continued to thrum without stopping.

If Oses wanted screams, he got them. I shrieked my head off with my face buried in the bed. I thought I might go insane.

At last Oses groaned loudly enough for me to hear over my own cries. I felt his cocks jerk inside me, emptying his pleasure in my body. I didn't care. I was too busy being the Cum Queen. I couldn't figure out if I was enjoying myself or being tortured.

Oses finished, something I was apparently incapable of doing. He reached beneath me again and tapped my clit. The device on it went still at last. I sobbed, my body wilting. I was sure I'd never stand again.

"Lovely," he groaned. "That was just what I needed." He removed whatever it was he'd put on me. I still don't know what it was. I didn't see it. I was too far gone in the aftermath of shattering orgasm.

At some point not too long after, Oses held me in his arms, tipping a bottle of protein drink in my mouth, and crooning like a mother feeding her baby. He kept me warm and watched over me as I slowly gathered my senses.

"Better?" he asked me as I finished my protein drink.

I sighed. I was still worn out and ready to sleep for a few dozen years. I felt gutted too. But I could think straight once more.

"I might be ready to get up by the time we reach Kalquor," I told him.

Oses laughed. "What about the Xniktix Space Station?"

I blinked, completely confused by the garbled, buzzing word he'd spoken. "Where?"

"Xniktix. It's in Adraf space, which we'll be entering tomorrow. We'll be at the station in three days, and we're taking shore leave for a few more. Everyone is due a break, especially after that run-in we had with the Tragooms."

I knew a little about the planet Adraf. It remained neutral during the war, selling goods to both Earth and Kalquor as we pounded the hell out of each other. Its people look really funny, at least by Earth standards. They have big, googly eyes that are placed on the sides of their tiny heads, slitted snouts through which they speak, and long necks. Their arms are tapered and they have more these pincers than actual hands. Their bodies are really small, especially given the lengths of their necks ... like half the size. They have three short, stubby legs, on which they spin instead of run when they're in a hurry. Their fur is really pretty though. It's thick, soft, and mostly golden brown, with darker bits that can be spotted, striped, or swirled. Adrafs shave their necks and sell their fur for designer wear. I always wanted Adraf fur gloves, but they were way out of my price range.

Adrafs are a little like the inhabitants of Dantovon, in that the almighty dollar rules. They never met a customer they didn't like. There's a story that an Adraf supplier was asked to get Earth a shipment of metal ore to make weapons. The supplier contacted his acquisitions team, who went and stole a barge full of metal ore already bought and paid for by Earth, which the supplier turned around and sold to Earth again. Hilarious.

"We're welcome to stop off and spend money then," I surmised.

Oses grinned. "Absolutely, if they don't swipe it from you first. If I can get time off, I'd be glad to escort you around for shopping and entertainment, if you like. I can help you keep from getting cheated or swindled."

"What about hostile aliens on the station?" I asked.

"I'm glad you're thinking ahead. Captain Wotref already checked, and there are no Tragooms visiting Xniktix at this time. It's one less worry for us to deal with."

"Sounds like fun," I said, and I wasn't being sarcastic. I was ready for a change of scenery. So what if I'd have to watch myself on this space station? With Oses along, I felt I'd be pretty safe. Only an idiot would screw with a man like this Nobek.