

Alien Slave  
Chapter 1

Reggie's hypnotic trill lulled Dani as he slipped his penis into her. The swing that held her suspended in the air creaked as it moved back and forth in the middle of the brothel's playroom.

Dani barely felt the thin appendage as she floated in a calm sea of contentment. Sex with the Isetacian, a regular since her arrival on Dantovon five months prior, was pleasant. Reggie wasn't much to look at, but his sweet warbling song made up for his lack of physical attractiveness. For all Dani knew, he was the handsomest man on Isetac. Rating manly charm was a futile exercise given the strange bodies and faces of the aliens who visited Dantovon.

Her large brown eyes lidded in a trance, Dani traced the hard ridge of Reggie's spine. It broke through his gray skin, a purplish-black lumpy crest. The first time she'd seen an Isetacian, she'd thought the creature had been horrifically injured. Its skin had appeared flayed to expose the spine and joints. When she'd discovered that was the norm for the six-legged race (or six-armed...with Isetacians, it was impossible to tell), she'd been both fascinated and repulsed.

Becoming a sex slave to escape Earth's ruined hulk had been rife with surprises. Mostly the bad sort.

For now, Dani was content to let Reggie sing to her while he plunged in and out, her long, lanky body suspended in the swing's black straps. She'd gotten nearly halfway through the night's shift at the brothel. This was as good an intermission as she could hope for. Isetacians required little from sex slaves. Stroke their spines and the crowns of their bulbous heads, let them do their thing, and they were happy.

She let herself drift, Reggie's trill taking her deeper still until her eyes closed, escaping the sight of his face with its toothless mouth. She felt better when avoiding looking into the deep pits from which his tiny eyes peered. They circled his head in sets of two.

She shut out the dark playroom with its assortment of harnesses, restraints, and pleasure devices. She was grateful Reggie was so easy to please. He had even left it up to her as to whether she would hang in a suspension field or sit in the swing while he used her pussy.

A pair of Reggie's hands/feet gripped her knees, holding her wide open. Another pair held the parts of her buttocks left uncovered by the swing's straps. She possessed plenty of flesh for him to hang onto. For such a spindly woman, she had a lot of backyard real estate. In contrast, her smallish breasts, while well-shaped, disappeared beneath the Isetacian's three-fingered grasp. At almost six feet tall, Dani was an elongated pear when she felt happy with herself. Otherwise, she saw herself as a big, galumphing horse.

Her customers were fine with her awkward frame. All that mattered to them was the novelty of fucking a rare Earther cunt. Provided that they paid her fee, lessening her contract in the tiny increments that meant she'd spend the next three to five years as a sex slave, they could regard her however they wished.

Dani sighed, half in contentment with Reggie's song and half in grief over the contract she'd signed in her desperation to get off Earth. At the time, it had seemed a good idea. Guaranteed meals, safe shelter, and avoiding capture by the Kalquorians who had destroyed her home world were a fair trade for sex, which she'd always been ambivalent about. Besides, Dani on Dantovon had a cute ring to it. It had to be fated.

Reggie, whose real name was impossible for her to pronounce, deepened his trill. It was the signal he was close to climax. His scent intensified. He smelled like musty old books, the antique

type with paper pages one turned. Dani sighed again. Her break was ending, and she'd have to return to real work soon. Similar to the Earther men she'd bedded, Reggie finished too fast.

Reggie's grip tightened on her various body parts, and his tone deepened to a bass note. He held it for about ten seconds as he spurted cold seed that ran down her thighs and dripped to the floor. His cock was thin, but it spouted a copious amount of semen.

The moment he was done, he scrambled down from the swing. Sitting back on four of his six limbs, he solicitously helped Dani from the perch. She swayed on her feet as the hypnotic trance he'd put her in faded. Dani shivered in the cool air. Putting on her smile with professionalism, she asked, "Did you have fun, Reggie?"

He gave her a gummy smile, peering up at her with deep-pitted eyes. "*Ep, ep*, you are a fun fuck."

"Will I see you next week?" She wished the restful alien could visit more often.

Reggie shook his butt in affirmation. "I'll book my appointment as I leave. Hopeful ship still run then."

Dani shook her head, her tousled red hair tumbling over her shoulders. "You have the most trouble with your transport."

His rear shook more. "I fix all the time. Old ship, few parts."

With a final farewell nibble on her nipples, Reggie left. Dani washed herself clean of his watery spend and yanked her clothes on. The uniform of all humanoid sex slaves on Dantovon, her gray skirt, almost a color match for Reggie's skin, was transparent from mid thigh down to its knee-length hem. The matching bra pushed up her teacup breasts. It accentuated how small she was rather than enhancing her décolletage.

Oh well. Clients were more fascinated by the pert pink nipples than the size of her breasts.

Out of habit, she tugged at the collar on her throat, the half-inch wide silvery metal that proclaimed her slave status. It weighed no more than the jewelry Dani had owned on Earth. In her mind, it felt as if an anvil hung from her neck.

She checked the chronometer. She was exactly midway through her shift. *It's all downhill from here*. She tried to face the remainder of the night with optimism.

The door slid open, admitting Dani into the corridor that ran the length of the brothel's playroom wing. Lights flickered here and there. They wouldn't be changed by money-grubbing Pob until they went out entirely.

Dani kept to the hall's center, out of the reach of the guards positioned at regular intervals. Pob's security wasn't allowed to have sex with the prostitutes without paying for it, but they could grab the goods for a passing feel if they were so inclined. It was a side benefit of working in the house.

Dani gave nothing for free on principle. She absentmindedly dodged the gauntlet of hands, paws, claws, or whatever the guards' grabbing implements happened to be. She ignored the clamor of sex emitting from the closed doors, the moaning chorus creating a web of sound. Some noises were happy, others pained, but all were desperate.

She reached the lounge, her long legs covering the distance with quick efficiency. The light was brighter there. Mirrored walls allowed the workers check their appearances before heading off to the next client. Couches of varying degrees of cleanliness and well-being scattered across the floor. Females of various species lounged on them; still others slept on the floor, grabbing rest between clients. Chatter was sparse. It was as if the air filled with colognes, perfumes, and the musk of alien sex was too heavy to allow speech.

The male and mixed-gender prostitutes had their own section, only seen by the women when a client paid for combinations. Dani wondered if their wing was as depressing as hers.

Dani checked the schedule, the red-lined vid suspended in the air near the door. A spark of anger made her snap at the attendant seated nearby.

“My next client is now?”

The brothel owner’s sister Husta, a native Dantovonian, rolled her lidless eye at Dani. Her segmented face allowed little expression. She managed to convey her dislike for Dani anyway. “We’re busy.”

Dani looked at the lounge. Every available space was crowded with sex slaves. “Busy? Then why are so many lying around?”

“They’re not Earthers. You’re popular for whatever reason.” Husta’s cylindrical tongue flicked out of her tiny mouth to scent the air, tasting the various aromas. Dantovonians resembled a science experiment gone terribly wrong, as if some mad laboratory had bred amphibians and insects with each other. Ugly, in a word.

Dani was the only Earther that worked in Pob’s brothel. For all she knew, she was the only Earther who worked on Dantovon. Most females of her race were too repressed by their former home’s fanatical regime to sell their services.

Dani’s novelty kept her from having to work hard to please clients. Many were thrilled to stick their sex stuff in the notoriously uptight Earther species just so they could brag to their peers.

Dani grumbled as she stared in a mirror, dragging her fingers through her wavy copper hair. “If the client wants me bad enough, he can wait a few minutes.” Reggie’s song had left her loose-limbed and lazy.

“I thought you wanted to pay off your contract. They paid extra.”

Dani glared at Husta. “Multiples? More than two?”

Husta radiated smug amusement. “You’d better get moving before they come looking for you.” She hop-crawled off on spindly stalks of limbs before Dani could ask who her clients were.

*Bitch.* Extra money couldn’t salve her irritation. Only three species she was aware of tended to have sex in groups: Bi’isils, Solns, and Kalquorians.

Bi’isils required intricate rituals in all matters, including sexual intercourse. The gray-skinned aliens considered it within their rights to kill the brothel’s worker and owner if a mistake was committed in those rites. The only reason anyone served them was because they might pay off a contract within half a dozen visits. Bi’isils spent obscene amounts to have sex outside their own species.

Dani wasn’t trained in their sex ceremonies. Unless Husta wanted her brother dead, she could scratch that option off the list.

Since Dani’s contract stipulated no Kalquorians, that left the Solns. She sighed. Sex with the tiny Solns required she only standing still while they climbed all over her. That was easy enough, but the cleanup afterward was rigorous. Soln seed stuck to the skin and hardened quickly. Damn straight they’d better have paid extra.

Dani consulted the room number and frowned. Husta had put them in a fully equipped chamber. Solns used no restraints, disciplinary tools, or arousing toys. Unnecessarily tying up a grand playroom might put Dani in dutch with another prostitute who could have used it to chop off a sizeable chunk of her contract. Husta wasted no opportunity to make Dani’s life more miserable than it already was.

Putting a lid on her simmering hostility, Dani yelled across the lounge. “Husta, I’ll need a break after to clean up.” She added under her breath, “Bitch.”

With a final primp in the mirror, Dani stomped out in full pout. She could wallow in her pique. The Solns wouldn’t care about her bad temper.

Dani headed back down the hall, sidestepping here and there to avoid the guards’ eager grabs. She wondered if she could get the Solns to relocate to a smaller area without all the bells and whistles.

Dani had to snort at herself. Bells and whistles indeed. On her first trip into the fully equipped chamber, she’d thought it a medieval dungeon. The props and furniture had appeared more akin to torture implements than pleasure devices to an Earther raised in the environment of a religion-based government gone mad.

Fortunately, Dani had gotten away with more decadence than the typical human. Privilege and a deep-pocketed father in politics had given her leeway most hadn’t enjoyed. She’d been no trembling virgin when she’d come to Dantovon. She’d gotten over the initial shock of blatant sex, occasionally committed before an audience. In the end, Dani had been more curious than appalled by the strange apparatuses the brothel’s customers used on their rented lovers.

She’d even enjoyed a few of the toys in the big playroom. There was a table to be strapped down on, a swing such as what she’d entertained Reggie in, manacles attached to the walls, manacles hanging from chains, a suspension field, straps, shock prods, spanking boards, gags, blindfolds, and stimulant dildos of various sizes and shapes to accommodate the anatomies of any species.

Why had the Solns chosen such a space? In the end, the reason was unimportant. Dani couldn’t make sense of her own species; nevermind trying to figure others out.

She reached the assigned door and punched in her code. It whooshed open, and she stepped inside.

The chamber’s walls were curtained. The dark blue fabric could be swept aside to put in use the restraints that hung behind the drapes. Spotlights were trained at those areas, as well as over the equipment scattered about the floor: padded cuffs hanging from the ceiling, the table, and the podium that emitted the suspension field. Shadows pooled in the corners, making the lit areas more glaring for the surrounding darkness.

As the door closed behind Dani, movement came from the far corner. Her clients came forward. Instead of a dozen tiny Solns, three huge men stepped from the shadows. Kalquorians.

Dani had an instant to register the dark-skinned, black-haired aliens. Instinct took over, sending her running for the door, a scream poised on her lips. She’d barely managed a single step when a muscled arm wrapped around her waist. It pinned her arms to her sides and pulled her to a granite body, lifting her from her feet. The Kalquorian had her near six feet length dangling several inches above the floor. She kicked wildly.

“Let me go!”

Another man stepped in front of her, moving in a blur to grab her flailing legs. He held her calves against his side, rendering her helpless. “We paid for you, Earther.” His rolling bass voice thrummed through her. He’d not ordered her to stop fighting, but the command in his tone halted her struggles.

Terror lifted her voice several octaves. “Not you. No Kalquorians. It’s in my contract!”

The third alien stepped into view. He peered at her over the shoulder of the brute who held her legs. His tone was mild, though deep. “We were assured the extra money would change your mind.”

Dani curled her upper lip. Damned Husta. Owner's sister or not, she'd pay for this. "You were told wrong. Put me down, and let me leave."

"May I ask why you find us so distasteful?" The man's head cocked to the side as if he were interested in her opinion.

Dani swallowed, taking a long look at him. These were the first Kalquorians she'd seen up close, and they weren't what she'd expected. The Church had described them as devils, conjuring images of horned fiends with cloven hooves.

They were dark. Rich brown skin. Blue-black hair. Huge. The alien who'd asked the question had at least seven inches on her, possibly more. The guy holding her legs was a couple inches shorter. The beast pinning her against his very wide, very muscular chest was the tallest of all. Dani had never felt dwarfed before, but she sure as hell did now.

Size aside, they bore no resemblance to demons. Darn if they weren't handsome. Their blue-purple eyes were beautiful, once she got past the catlike slit pupils. The man not touching Dani had tousled hair to his shoulders, ruffled as if he'd forgotten to brush it. His face was lean, his nose slender and pointed. There was a bemused smile on his gentle features. He gazed at Dani as if studying a fascinating butterfly he'd swooped up in a net. He struck her as intense and friendly.

Dani refused to acknowledge the fluttery feeling his interest elicited. Focusing on his question, she spluttered in outrage. "Why do I find you distasteful? Are you kidding? After what you did to Earth?"

A brushed-velvet voice slid against her ear. "Our ships never would have entered the portal if we'd known it was rigged to destroy your major cities."

The Kalquorian with the steel arms held her with a gaze just as strong. He stared at her as if trying to decide how she'd taste. More rugged than his companions, the fierce creature wore a born hunter's aura. His jaw couldn't have been squarer, his high cheekbones lending him haughtiness. His skull, the sides shaved so that a long strip of hair hung down his back, was beautifully formed. He was as handsome as a tiger, and every bit as deadly. Icy chills raced down Dani's spine.

*Don't show fear. It'll be bad if you do.* Every instinct screamed this was a dangerous creature. Forcing her tone to hold steady, Dani snapped, "The portal rigged? What are you talking about? The way I heard it, Kalquor blew everything up, then began carting off all the women."

The third man, he who held her legs, spoke next. "Where did you hear this? From trusted leaders? Reliable sources?"

He was the handsomest of the three, with chiseled features and a sly smile that charmed and worried her. Except for the cornrows of tight braids that swung over his chest and shoulders, he resembled the sculpted bust Dani had seen of young Julius Caesar during her tour of Italy. His confidence was smug, and it set her teeth on edge.

He'd brought up a valid point. Dani admitted, "That's what people were saying."

Velvet Voice spoke in her ear once again. "Your leaders were religious fanatics. They determined it was better you all die than lose the war to us."

"Why should I believe you? You're the enemy."

Cornrows smirked. "Did you trust your government so well? Few Earthers I've spoken to did."

Dani gave him attitude for attitude. "My father was part of that government. I know a thing or two you might not."

Cornrows exchanged a glance with Scruffy, and Dani wished she had kept her mouth shut. The Galactic Council was convening trials against the few Earthers found alive who'd been in power. She was a mere state official's daughter, but if they were on a witch hunt, maybe any Earther would do. The destroyed world's lower and middle classes were clamoring for reparations. Dani had led a life more privileged than many.

Backpedaling, she added, "He wasn't an important official, only regional."

"It's odd that an Earther female so close to those in power would choose this life of sexual decadence." Scruffy leaned closer, as if he could find secrets in her eyes.

His shirt stretched tight over his wide chest and shoulders. Where it hung loose and untucked, a jigsaw puzzle of wrinkles marred the ivory fabric. He was obviously unconcerned with appearances and attractive enough to get away with it.

Scowling at him and cursing her wandering eyes, Dani asked, "What are you, some kind of psychologist?"

He smiled. The way his face lit up stopped her breath for an instant. Heaven help her, Scruffy was beautiful when he beamed. "As a matter of fact, I am. I'm what you Earthers would call a criminal psychologist."

The situation kept getting worse. Dani had experienced enough brushes with the law on Earth to be leery of police. This guy, while not an actual cop, was part of that authority.

Her father wasn't here to bail her out of trouble. The war had removed all his worries, including those brought on by children who tended to flaunt indecency. Dani wondered how directly responsible for that these three men were.

"Were you involved in the war?"

Cornrows shook his head, his long braids whispering against his blue tunic. "We're police officers on Kalquor, so we weren't drafted. I'm a negotiator, and he's an enforcer." He nodded towards the velvet-voiced beast holding Dani.

Damn it, they were all law enforcement. Cops loved to take down those in higher authority when they could. Except Dani wasn't higher authority any more. She was no one. As a prostitute, she was *lower* than no one.

As for her would-be clients, they hadn't been involved in the actual war. They hadn't destroyed her world. They hadn't ended her empty but easy life.

Dani's enmity bled away. "Will you put me down? Please? I won't try to escape, I promise." She could be sweet when it suited her purposes.

Velvet Voice chuckled, his mirth rumbling against her back. The sensation tumbled her insides. Dani imagined them both naked, his warm skin pressed against hers as he pushed inside...

"I enjoy you where you are, little fighter," he said.

Cornrows gave him a grin, devastating with charm. Dani swallowed. Forget physical strength. The Kalquorians posed real danger with their smiles. "Put her down, Wynhod. She's going to behave. Aren't you?"

"Sure." Dani was her most agreeable. What was it her nanny had told her over and over? *You catch more flies with honey than vinegar.* Until the day Dani had pertly informed Nanny she had no use for catching flies.

They set her on her feet, and Dani adjusted her clothing. It hadn't shifted a lot, but fussing with her skirt gave her something to do, a way to avoid meeting the probing stares.

Cops. Her luck never seemed to get better.

The sexily scruffy Kalquorian asked, “Why are you here? How does an Earther end up as a sex slave on Dantovon?”

In contrast to the dangerous Wynhod, the psychologist was easy to look in the face. He was even easier to tell the truth to. His gentle expression wasn’t guarded, wasn’t ready to judge. Dani warmed in the alien’s fascinated regard.

“I was afraid of being captured by your people. I was hungry, and the Dantovon slave trader promised food and shelter in exchange for my services. Unless I went with him, I’d have died.”

Cornrows was no longer smiling. He folded his arms over his chest, but there was no threat in his attitude. He’d claimed he was a *negotiator*. Not an interrogator. “Our people offered food and shelter as well. The war was over, and your world was dying. Though your leaders set the bombs, we accepted responsibility for their detonation.”

Dani shrugged. “I thought you were there to enslave us.”

“You enslaved yourself here instead.” Wynhod laughed at that, and she whirled to confront him. It took a moment to realize he wasn’t laughing at her, just the situation’s irony.

Here was another Kalquorian who turned her insides to jelly by virtue of a too-handsome mug when he smiled. He loomed over her, his tunic’s coral shade making his dark skin glow. It infuriated her that they were so striking. They weren’t supposed to be attractive.

Dani pouted. “I won’t be a slave for life, which is what would have happened on Kalquor. What I was told would happen on Kalquor,” she amended when he opened his mouth to correct her. “I’m only stuck here until I pay my contract off. It seemed like the right choice when I made it.”

That essentially summed up her life. All the trouble Dani had found in her twenty-nine years had come about because it had seemed like a good idea at the time.

She’d found a lot of trouble.

Cornrows bowed, surprising her with the genteel gesture. “To that end, allow us to help you. We paid extra for your company tonight, and we’ll pay more. What is the rate for a full night with you?”

Dani regarded him with surprise. “My shift is half over.”

The charming smile returned, making her insides tremble, her brain sludgy. “Full night’s pay for your half shift. How much?”

Cops had that kind of money to blow on a bratty Earther? She’d heard all Kalquorians were rich, though. Dani named the price, hoping against reason. She actually wanted to spend the rest of the night with the trio.

As big as they were, the Kalquorians were surprisingly similar to humans. Dani realized how greatly she’d missed her own kind. Besides, she counseled her conscience, though Kalquor had been Earth’s sworn enemy, this particular clan wasn’t responsible for her planet’s destruction.

She was in luck. Instead of rejecting the substantial amount Dani had quoted, Cornrows walked to an unobtrusive panel on the nearby wall and tapped a few commands into it.

“Done. You’ll spend the remainder of your shift with us. What’s your name, little fighter?”

“Danielle. Everyone calls me Dani.” She was surprised by the request. Since when did customers care about introductions?

Cornrows bowed yet again, as if she were a lady rather than a whore. “I’m Dramok Gelan.” He motioned to the psychologist, who duplicated the bow. “Imdiko Krijero. And Nobek Wynhod.” Another bow.

“It’s nice to meet you.” Dani felt unreal as she stammered the age-old response. They rewarded her with those smiles she wanted to hate. Darned handsome Kalquorians.

Gelan glanced at their surroundings. “What in here is off limits for you?”

Dani shifted into her role as their sex slave. With her most businesslike tone, she pointed at the wall where the shock prod and several cutting instruments hung. “No extreme pain. I won’t do anything that leaves permanent scarring. That’s in my contract, and unlike my agreement to provide entertainment to you, non-negotiable.”

Krijero pulled a face. “We aren’t into that kind of punishment anyway. What intimate activities do you enjoy most?”

Dani shrugged. “It doesn’t matter. You’re paying for this.”

Wynhod skewered her with a glare that almost sent her screaming from the room. He went from sexy to scary in half a second. “We prefer our partners to have as much fun as we do. Answer his question.”

A sensation of being very small and helpless came over her. The Nobek terrified her. Something about him announced he brooked no nonsense. But to tell them what she wanted? The stuff that left her all squirmy inside? She heated with embarrassment. No way she could do that. They’d think she was a freak.

“We’re waiting, Danielle.” Wynhod’s cold gaze warned he wouldn’t tolerate the defiance of silence.

Dani shifted from foot to foot. “Well, um…”

Gelan saved her, somehow intuiting it wasn’t stubbornness keeping her tongue-tied. His arm wrapped around her waist in a comforting, steady grip. He tugged her into motion so they could walk about the room. “Let’s consider our options,” he invited.

They passed the table with its cushioned headrest and soft bindings where Dani had once been strapped down. The customer had only been interested in his own pleasure, as they all were, but Dani had climaxed during the encounter. Twice.

Gelan halted. “This. You appreciate being restrained?”

Dani wanted to crawl into a shadowed corner. She pretended nonchalance, but knew she wasn’t convincing in the least. “Yeah, it can be fun.”

Gelan’s eyes twinkled. “Indeed. Hover cuffs, then? Manacles? The suspension field is also acceptable?”

Molten lava roiled Dani’s insides, and her breath caught. Helpless with these three? The idea was terrifying and enticing in equal measure.

The men grinned at each other. Their expressions of dark promise elevated her anxiety.

Krijero said, “The suspension field offers the most options.”

Wynhod stepped to the wall studded with straps, floggers, whips, and paddles. “You said no extreme pain. What of light discipline?” He fingered a stiff strap.

The thought of the massive Kalquorian spanking her stole Dani’s voice. She could only nod. She turned warm inside, no doubt a fear reaction. No way being punished would make her hot. “I can put up with a little pain.”

Gelan’s tone rumbled approval. “Very nice. Sensory deprivation?”

“Like blindfolds, gags, that kind of thing?”

“Yes.”

She licked her lips. “I’m fine with that.” Was she ever. Her sex had slickened with anticipation.

Gelan rubbed her back, his touch soothing and exciting at once. “Excellent. I think we have enough to start with.”

Wynhod left the punishment tools to confront Dani. “We’re used to being in command. Call it a consequence of our work. Can you be obedient?”

Dani bristled at his tone. “It’s my job.”

Gelan added, “We insist on respect. You speak only with permission, except to acknowledge our orders.”

Wynhod continued, “You’ll respond with ‘yes, Dramok Gelan,’” he nodded to the cowered Kalquorian, then indicated Krijero, “Or ‘yes, Imdiko Krijero’ or ‘yes, Nobek Wynhod.’”

Dani shrugged. “Sure.” At a cold look from Wynhod she hastily amended, “I mean, yes, Nobek Wynhod.”

Gelan squeezed her shoulder. “If you become uncomfortable with anything, say *sholt*. That’s Kalquorian for ‘stop.’” He paused expectantly.

“Yes, Dramok Gelan.”

“Strip.”

Dani had been naked more often than not the last few months, but she’d never felt more exposed as she removed her outfit in front of the Kalquorians. Her bra went first, and her already pert nipples tightened to pebbly nubs in the room’s coolness. Dani was gratified by the enlarging of her clients’ catlike pupils and their bulging crotches. It was nice that size wasn’t an issue with the aliens.

Dani’s thumbs hooked over her skirt’s waistband, and she tugged it down. The fabric slithered down her legs to puddle at her ankles. She stepped out of it and stood nude before them.

She was grateful the room was kept so cool, because she heated under the Kalquorians’ stares. A scent that reminded her of breakfast rolls, coated liberally with cinnamon, wafted across her nostrils. The smell was that of Sunday morning, lazing in her canopied bed with eight hundred-count sheets and a good book before the obligatory trip to the Church. The sweet, cinnamon waft was a comforting, safe aroma.

Dani hadn’t felt safe in a long time.

Gelan led her to the suspension field’s base. She stepped up on it and awaited their pleasure.

“Field, scan and enable on Earther only. Confirm Kalquorian non-influence.”

A robotic voice issued from the platform in Dantovonian. “Confirmed. Containment effective for Earther only.”

“Raise subject seven inches.”

The sensation of the air thickening always made Dani tense, as if by its weight it would become impossible to inhale. The illusion of solidness around her had no effect on her respiration, however, and she relaxed after a moment. She could even move, if sluggishly. She elevated until she was at eye level with Gelan, the shortest of the oversized trio.

With lascivious grins, the clan arranged her suspended body to their satisfaction. They stretched her arms over her head so that her breasts thrust up and outward. They pulled her legs wide, making her open and vulnerable. Maybe a bit too vulnerable. Dani couldn’t help but squeeze her thighs closer together.

“No, little fighter. This is how we want you.” Wynhod warned, but humor danced in his eyes as he spread her wide again. “Freeze subject in place,” he commanded.

The atmosphere solidified, holding Dani like a pinned bug. No matter how she pulled and strained, she couldn’t move. She was at the clan’s mercy.

“Very nice,” Gelan said, stepping back to view their evening’s entertainment.

Wynhod cupped her hairless mound. He found her sloppy wet. He grinned hugely, erasing much of the menace he wore. “She likes it. This Earther has no repression.”

Krijero drew close enough that she could feel his warmth. He stroked Dani’s hair. “Nervous though, aren’t you?”

Who wouldn’t be? Dani swallowed and answered, “Yes, Imdiko Krijero.”

“Easily remedied,” he said, his tone soothing. Or at least it was until a pair of long, needle-thin fangs appeared behind his Earthlike square teeth. Dani shrieked and fought to free herself from the suspension field as Krijero buried the fangs in her neck.

She broke from her first scream to draw breath for the next. Gelan’s deep voice filled her ears. “Easy, pretty Earther. He’s injecting you with an intoxicant. It’ll make you very, very happy soon.”

Dani screamed anyway. The alien bastard was biting her. Tears streamed down her cheeks as he kept those terrible rattlesnake fangs buried in her flesh. She would die at a Kalquorian’s hands, as so many other Earthers had. She’d put herself in this position, put herself at their mercy, screwing up yet again.

Wynhod’s soft coaxing pierced her panic. “Dani, you’re all right. It doesn’t even hurt anymore. You’re going to be fine.”

Calm intruded on her senses, pushing the terror aside. It sapped the fear away. Her body seemed to...sing. She stopped screaming to evaluate the surge of dreamlike euphoria. It was as if she’d drunk excellent champagne, her mind going as bubbly and effervescent as the most expensive bottle.

This was nice. The fangs in her neck no longer hurt. She couldn’t even feel them. All she felt was Krijero’s muscled frame against her. His iron sex pressed against her mound was a heady aphrodisiac.

The Imdiko released her. He smiled at Dani. Gosh, he was gorgeous. Adorable in his rumpled messiness, if she could call a nearly seven-foot-tall behemoth adorable. “All better now,” he proclaimed.

“Oh, a whole lot better. Amazing. Thanks. Oops! Sorry. I forgot I’m supposed to stay quiet.”

The men chuckled indulgently. Gelan patted Dani’s rump, and his touch made her insides clench in pleasure. “We’ll relax that stipulation while you’re under the influence. Are you nervous now?”

Dani tried to shake her head, remembered she couldn’t. “Not a bit. That stuff is terrific. You should bottle and sell it.”

Krijero approached her with a blindfold. “I’ve heard of Earthers suggesting that before. It’s helped many of your race get past initial objections.”

He slid the stretchy material over her eyes, shutting off her view. Dani wondered if she should be disappointed to lose out on looking at the hunky aliens. Being reduced to sound and sensation, unable to see what was coming next, was exciting too. Anticipation’s nervous twist trembled her insides.

“Are you all right, Dani?”

“Yes, Imdiko Krijero.” She was proud she remembered to answer him properly. It wasn’t easy when her brain was hazy with intoxication.

“What do you say if it becomes too intense? If you need us to stop?” Wynhod’s velvet voice rubbed her ears. Hell, rubbed her whole body, bringing all her senses aware. Only the suspension field kept her from shivering in delight.

“Umm...was it *sholt*, Nobek Wynhod?”

“Very good, little fighter.”

Dani warmed at the praise. Coming from the demanding Nobek, it meant a lot that she'd pleased him.

A long, silent pause stretched out for a few moments. The Kalquorians fell so quiet that Dani couldn't hear them breathe. Her skin fairly strained from her flesh, anticipating their embrace. Nothing happened.

*They didn't leave. I would have heard the door. What are they doing? Just looking at me? Why don't they start already?*

The longer the seconds spun out, the more antsy Dani became. The intoxicant sent tendrils of need throughout her. She wanted to be touched. She wanted their hands and mouths on her. She wanted them in her. They were such big men. Were their cocks in proportion to the rest?

She hoped so.

The thought of their possession left her anxious with arousal. A whine escaped her throat.

“Someone sounds impatient.” Gelan sounded amused.

Krijero: “She's demanding for a girl who doesn't like Kalquorians.”

Wynhod only laughed.

Maybe politeness would get her somewhere. “Please? You didn't pay just to hang me up here all night.”

Gelan: “But you're so pretty to look at, Dani. Very lovely, indeed.”

She warmed anew at the appreciative tone he took. Next to the Kalquorians, she wasn't such a big, galumphing horse. She was dainty in comparison. She liked the contrast.

If only they would touch her!