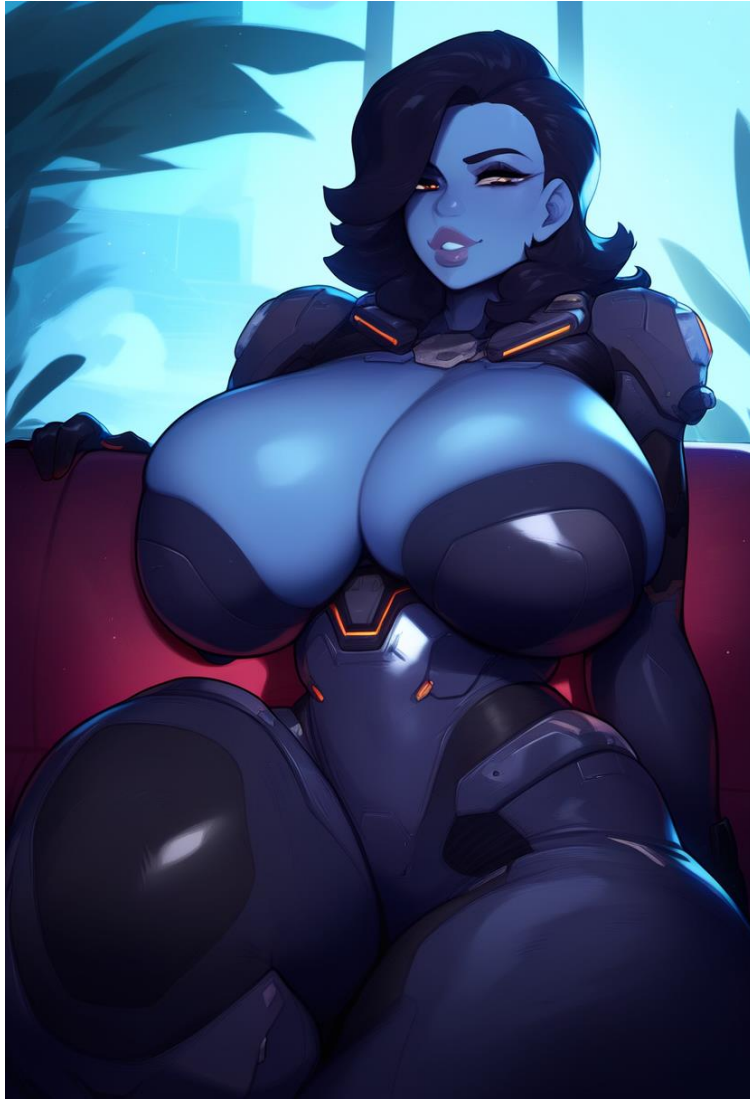




How had he gotten into this mess?

Cameron paced the small cell nervously, now and then touching the black metal collar around his neck. A slave collar, he knew only too well. Likely loaded with an explosive if he tried to escape. Not that it was likely. He'd worked with enough ships at the garage to know the feel of one in motion. Odds were he was already lightyears from Argrive 6.

But why? Why him?

Cameron wasn't even sure how it happened. He'd just gotten off shift from Irvine's Interstellar Engines and was heading home, still in his blue jumpsuit, when he'd found himself boxed in by four Reptons. The massive aliens hadn't said anything before one jabbed him with a stunner rod, and everything went black.

When he came to, he was here, alone, and with the bomb collar on.

“Oh fuck,” he groaned, running his hand through his messy blonde hair. “Oh fuck oh fuck oh shit!”

What was he supposed to do? He wasn’t some hero like Yevin Nash, whose planet hopping adventures Cameron oh so enjoyed. He’d had delusions of it, sure. Which was likely why he’d gone offworld and got a job in orbit. Ohhh, what an idiot he was!

He jumped at a distant clank and the heavy tread of armoured boots. Scurrying back, he pressed himself against the corner of his cell, eyes wide as the hulking shapes of the Reptons filled the space on the other side of the repulsor field. One jabbed a button and the field died.

“Out,” the alien grunted.

Cameron swallowed. “I um... Listen, this is all-”

The alien hefted a rod. Electricity crackled between its prongs. “Out.”

Cameron gulped and peeled himself off the wall, stepping out onto the deck.

“Walk,” the alien grunted, his prod giving another crackle.

Cameron started walking.

The ship’s corridors were sleek and black. Low lights gave it a grim, threatening air matching all too well the hulking aliens escorting him. Cameron tried to muster up the courage to ask what they wanted with him. Sadly, that ran into the fear the answer would be ‘dinner.’ He’d prefer to save that revelation for later. Preferably never.

Sadly, they soon reached a door that was apparently their destination. The leading Repton stopped at the security panel beside it and flashed his scaly hand across it. With a hiss the doors slid open, and Cameron was shoved inside.

The room was far from what he’d been expecting. For one, it was actually quite pleasant. Warm golden light seemed to radiate from the very walls. Plants grew from pots suspended in the air, while scattered but sumptuously soft furnishing floated on grav belts like they were frozen midair.

Only one couch was occupied, and its resident made Cameron’s breath catch in awe and pants grow suddenly tight.

It was an alien, that much was true, but unlike any he’d seen before. She had to be two heads taller than him and about the same wide, which was best expressed in her positively immense bust. There was something faintly reptilian about her, or possibly amphibian. Her skin

was smooth yet of a bluish tint. Her figure was wrapped skin tight in a sparse but elegant costume that seemed to be entirely made of paltry but practically translucent cloth. Her face was soft with large, lidded eyes that seemed strangely deep. Like staring into galaxies. She lounged on a floating divan like some queen of the stars. No. Not a queen.

A goddess.

"Mistress Draya?" Cameron's guard growled. "We've brought him."

Draya, presumably, nodded her head, her long hair stirring around her and her chest swaying with even that slight movement. "Thank you, captain," she said, her voice sonorous and smooth, and the way her ruby-red lips smiled made Cameron swallow and his cock throb. "Leave us," the alien said with a dismissive gesture.

The guards departed quickly, and Cameron flinched when the door hissed shut behind them. He glanced around, but saw no other way out, and finally his eyes landed once more on Draya. The alien merely smiled and beckoned. "Come closer. Please. Have a seat."

"Uh, sure," Cameron murmured, crossing the room and taking an uneasy seat in a floating chair beside her. The cushion was so soft he fairly sank into it, and the subtle warmth was pleasant against his skin.

"I must say," Draya hummed, lazily reaching over and brushing her fingers against his cheek, making him shiver with a thrill, "you gave us quite the chase, Reynard."

Cameron blinked. "Sorry?"

Another of those patient, amused smiles that made him flush and squirm. "Really," she murmured. "Did you think you could take that loan from me and simply run? How silly."

Cameron's mouth and eyes opened wide in sudden understanding. "Oh!" he exclaimed, laughing nervously. "Oh, I see what happened. No, no no. Um, Miss? You have the wrong man. My name isn't Reynard. It's Cameron Esset. I'm just a mechanic up on C Deck."

Draya said nothing, but she did lean in, giving him a slow, appraising look up and down. And him a look down the filmy fabric of her top. He swallowed.

"Hmm," she hummed. "But you look like him."

"But I'm not him," he quickly assured her. "Really!"

She eased back, assessing him with lazily lidded eyes. "Hmmm," she murmured again, her finger lazily tracing round patterns on her immense bust. Something which Cameron struggled not to watch. "It is true that many mammals do look alike to me."

"E-exactly. So, you see, this is really just a... ha ha... a funny mistake."

"But gene crafts are far from uncommon," Draya observed patiently. "And Reynard would hardly balk at merely changing his face to elude the debt he accrued."

"Um..."

Her smile deepened and she reached out again, the tip of her finger touching his chin. Cameron stiffened in every way, his eyes riveted to the alien's face as she tilted his head back, her eyes gazing down into his with that same mysterious mirth.

"...Well," she murmured, tilting his head this way and that. "I suppose there is one way that we can know for sure."

"H-how?" Cameron whispered, faintly trembling.

Still smiling, Draya reached down and hefted one of her immense blue breasts. "My species has intensely sensitive mammaries, human. Some say they're practically an erogenous zone all their own. And Reynard would often massage me while we did our dealings. If you were to do the same, I'm sure I'd be able to say whether you were the man we're looking for. Or not..."

Cameron swallowed, his adam's apple bobbing. "You... you want me to..."

"Milk my breasts. Yes. Otherwise, I'll have to conclude you are lying to me, and once more I'll have to do what I must to get my money's worth from you."

Cameron shivered, for despite the sadness in her eyes, he had no doubt she absolutely would do whatever she had to until she'd evened the score. And Cameron was not some gun-toting smuggler of the outer rim. He was a mechanic! And not even a very good one. He was just trying to get by, and then found himself kidnapped and dragged aboard the pleasure barge of some gorgeous alien mobster. He just wanted to go home, go to bed, and watch some vids of cute alien girls.

At the same time, Cameron couldn't deny that the way to prove his innocence was intensely appealing. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine his freedom would hinge on playing with the absolutely mammoth tits of a gorgeous alien. But if that's what was needed, then by the stars he'd do it.

"S-sounds like a plan!" he squeaked.

Draya's smile deepened affectionately. "Mmm. Wonderful," she hummed, dragging her finger off his chin. Her hands moved to the shimmering fabric that gowned her. She sighed in

throaty satisfaction as she gripped hem and dragged it off her plump curves, fairly peeling out of it.

Cameron's jaw grew slack as her bust spilled out. Almost comically huge, her breasts wobbled with weight, yet didn't sag as much as he'd thought. No doubt some sort of antigrav augmentation. So enraptured in the sight of those breasts, he didn't even realize she'd stripped herself the rest of the way until she spoke again.

"Well, pet?" she asked.

He gave a start and looked back to her face. Though, not without an awed stare at her naked curves. Blue, ripe, absolutely gorgeous in her full loveliness. He swallowed. "Oh, I ah..."

With an indulgent smile she reached down and touched his collar. Cameron sucked in a breath as, with a soft hum, a hardlight leash extended from it to her hand. Draya nodded, and gave the leash a faint tug.

Cameron followed the pull, finding himself almost falling off his chair and shakily walking towards the alien. The scent he'd noticed before was particularly potent around her. A sweet, musky aroma that made his pulse thrum and his cock throb in his work pants. He found himself drawn onto the floating divan, feeling it bob faintly on its antigrav belt before adjusting. Then he was kneeling in front of Draya, who reclined like a queen before him, still smiling down at him with her faintly reptilian eyes.

"Attend me," she murmured, hefting a huge breast and giving the leash a teasing tug.

Cameron found himself moving forward, her immense breasts filling his view. He practically had to spread his arms wide just to encompass one as he sank into the plush, pliable mass of her blue titflesh.

"Kiss me," Draya commanded in a voice like liquor poured straight into his veins.

Cameron did so, letting his lips find their way around her breast, pressing adoring marks into the lush flesh. It was remarkably easy to do it. Especially when she gave a faint gasp and moan, her breast quivering beneath him with her pleasure.

"Yes," Draya hummed, her hand petting his hair patiently. "Yes, just like that. Keep going, pet. Kiss me. Adore me..."

He obeyed. And as Cameron kissed her, it was strange. He barely felt like a prisoner when pleasuring the alien queen. He was hardly a virgin, but this... this was far from anything he'd even dreamed before. The feel of Draya's warm, soft titflesh against him. The taste of her skin. The scent of her body. The warmth of her presence. It felt... good. Almost right. It was a strange, wrong thing to feel. She was his captor.

But still...

"What a good boy," Draya murmured, her voice a low, pleasant hum that thrummed through him like a song. "Such a good human. That's right, pet. Kiss my big soft breast. The nipple in particular. Pay close attention there, pet."

"Yes," Cameron breathed, doing as she asked. His lips found their way to her nipple as he continued to fondle and massage her breasts. His tongue slid around the plump nub. He kissed it. Tasted it.

And gave a start as a bead of cream drooled down her teat.

"Mmm. Don't worry," Draya whispered, a tug on his leash pulling him against her teat once more. "It's just... nnn... milk. Such a delicious flavour, I'm sure you'll ahn... agree."

"It's ah..." Cameron stammered.

"Shhh," Draya interrupted, gently tugging on his leash. "Just... taste it..."

He could hardly disobey. He was her prisoner. Yet, oddly, that didn't feel like all of it. If anything, the thought of being the captive of the gorgeous alien made him feel warm. Flushed and confused and, frankly, even harder. He found the idea oddly exciting. Forcing himself not to dwell on that reaction, Cameron let his lips find her nipple again and gave a gentle but firm suck.

In a burst milk flooded his mouth and his tongue, and Cameron shuddered, a moan of pleasure escaping him at the rich, thick taste. He swallowed instinctively, shuddering in bliss as the rich cream flowed down his throat into his stomach.

"Mmmmm," Draya hummed above him, arching wonderfully, tugging on his leash insistently. "Yesssss. That's it. Milk me, pet. Milk mistress just like... ah... that. Love it when a pet... oh... milks me. I'm so pent up... so full for thirsty pets."

Her crooning words were making him grow redder and harder. He realized with a start that he was grinding his cock against her thigh. He tried to stop, yet couldn't. It just felt so... so good. Almost impossibly good. Instead, he fought to keep it subtle. Not too blatant. Only giving small, almost involuntary twitches of his hips to grind his cock against her. The thin fabric of his jumpsuit all that separated them.

"So thirsty," Draya cooed as she petted his hair, gently easing the final bit of tension in him. "Is my milk good, pet? Is it delicious?"

"Mmm... yes..." Cameron gasped between gulps of her cream. "Good. So... so good..."

"Of course it is. Drink your fill, pet. Drink as much as you want."

Odd to say, but Cameron found he wasn't bothered by being called a pet anymore. It felt good. Felt almost... right. And really, why shouldn't he let her call him whatever she wanted? It didn't bother him. He was her prisoner. Helpless before her. She was in charge. In command. He was all hers. Hers to do with as she pleased. At least... until she realized he wasn't Raynard.

And as another burst of her cream went down his throat, he realized he wouldn't mind if it took a little longer. That it felt so good to be pressed against Draya's breast. Milking her. Grinding against her. Yeah, it was a bit shameful to be doing all that. But on the other hand, it felt so good. Almost sinfully good. Her warm milk made him feel so good. His head so light and his worries just... melting away.

In fact, he felt so good, he didn't even notice she was undressing him until his arms were pulled up to get him out of his sleeves.

A tingle of worry broke through the haze of pleasure. His lips reluctantly left the sweetness of her nipple. "Wh... wha?" he murmured.

"Shhh," Draya crooned soothingly, stroking his hair again as she continued to peel him out of his clothes. "You looked so warm and uncomfortable, pet. Just thought I'd fix that. You don't want to be uncomfortable, do you?"

He... he didn't want that, true. That was... was bad...

"N-no," he gasped blearily. "Don't want... want uncomfortable..."

"That's right," Draya murmured soothingly, giving his leash a gentle tug, easing him back to her breast, his skin tingling where it pressed to her jiggly titflesh. "We don't want that. We want you happy. We want you content. We want you to keep milking me. Keep feeling happy. Keep rubbing your cock against me like a good pet."

A flash of hot shame shot through him at that. She knew. She knew all along.

But... but she wasn't saying no. She even sounded... sounded pleased. Like she wanted it. If she didn't, she'd have told him. But instead... instead he was being pulled back to her nipple. Back to milking her.

Back to rocking his hips.

Rubbing his cock against her sleek, warm thigh. Shyly at first. Then with more need. More blatantly. Less shamefully.

"Gooooood boy," Draya crooned, stroking his hair again. "Keep milking mistress. Keep rubbing your cock. Mistress loves it when pet is feeling good. When he feels comfy. When he loves mistress. Do you love your mistress, pet?"

“Yes,” Cameron mumbled around her nipple before he could think. A flutter of indecision shot through him at that, but another burst of milk soothed it. Buried it. Washed away those concerns in the warmth of her cream. Of his lust as he kept pumping and grinding and whimpering with helpless, hopeless arousal.

“Gooooood boy,” Draya breathed. “Just keep going. Keep grinding. Keep milking mistress. That’s what good pets do. They feel good. They obey. They please their mistress. And mistress is so pleased, pet. She can’t wait to see you cum and spurt and moan for her. So full of her cream. So horny for her.”

Her words dripped into his mind. Eroding his self-control. He couldn’t seem to stop himself. She knew the effect she was having on him. She knew and she liked it. She wanted him to cum. To spurt and surrender and give in with shame and desire and delight.

And he would.

Stars help him, he would.

His body was practically quivering with the urgency that he humped her. Mewls and moans and soft, needy cries escaped him constantly as he did as she bid. As he frantically pleased himself on the gorgeous alien in shameful, needy jerks of his hips. He was so close. He clung to her breasts. Squeezed her teat. Whimpered and moaned as Draya pulled at his leash, crushing him to her breast as cream spurted into his mouth. As his cock rubbed frantically against her until... until...

“M-mmmmm!” Cameron moaned, shuddering, groaning as he came like never before. As stars burst behind his eyes and his cock surrendered its load, spurting bursts of his seed onto her blue thigh as he arched, quivering, staring up into Draya’s face.

And into her smile.

Her smirk.

Her knowing, amused eyes.

“Mmm. There we are,” Draya breathed, gathering him up into her lap, cradling his limp body against her huge breasts. “Good boy. Good pet. Did you like that, darling? Did you enjoy cumming for me?”

“Y-yes,” Cameron gasped.

“Good,” Draya cooed, lifted her teat away from him, only to turn her body and offer her other breast. “Very good, pet.”

Cameron's eyes widened as her blue breast moved in close like a planet, drawing him in with its gravity. A tug of his leash brought him up and to that new breast, a shudder of pure ecstasy working through him as his lips latched onto the alien's nipple and tasted anew her cream.

"Mmm," Draya murmured, her free hand going to his cock. "Very good pet."

A shudder went through Cameron as she began to fondle his cock, almost instantly bringing him back to full hardness.

"Of course... mmm... I know you're not Reynard," Draya hummed contentedly as she tenderly stroked his cock. "But I'd seen you wandering around while my ship... ah... was being repaired, and thought how adorable you were. I hmm... knew I simply had to have you, my pet."

"Mmmm," Cameron moaned, squeezing another gush of sweet, delicious cream into his eager mouth.

Draya gave a gentle laugh, the leash humming as her hand holding it came down to stroke his head. "And I was so right," she murmured contentedly. "Such a... mmm... good boy. So eager. So... ah... pliable. So easy to make you mine with my sweet... nnn... delicious cream. Of course," she giggled coyly, "it is very addictive. I fear you'll not be able to go without it for more than a day before withdrawal hits, and you'll be reduced to a shaking, mewling, helpless thing who'd sell his own mother for... ah... another taste."

Cameron believed it. In the haze of his pleased mind, he knew she was right. How could he possibly go without this for long? Even breathing seemed like such an unbearable delay from drinking more of her wonderful cream.

"I'm so sorry for tricking you, darling," Draya crooned. "But I didn't want to force you. And just knew you'd be all mine as soon as you got a taste. I just couldn't bear to not have you as my adoring pet human. Do you forgive me?"

"Yes," Cameron gasped between suckles of her breast. "Oh fuck... yes..."

"What a kind pet I have," she cooed, stroking his hair again before her hand rose, giving his leash a gentle tug. "And that earns you a very special prize."

"Prize?" Cameron gasped, following along the alien as she lay down on the divan.

"Yes," she replied, settling before him, her legs parted, the slick folds of her hairless pussy bared to him. She smirked at him from beyond the valley of her breasts. "Or, did you think that mistress didn't get her fun?"

“No,” Cameron breathed, staring at the slick lips of her pussy, hypnotized by the sight of those aquamarine folds. “Never.”

“Good pet,” Draya said, and gave his leash a tug. “Now please mistress, pet. Let’s see what else that talented tongue can do.”

“Yes,” Cameron whispered, following the pull, crawling between the alien’s thighs and inhaling the rich scent of her sex. Another shudder wracked his body, as if even the scent of her was nearly enough to put him over the edge. His balls ached. His cock throbbed. And he followed the tug of the leash forward, stroking Mistress’s pussy with his tongue. All thoughts of home gone. Of escape forgotten. This was his place. Naked. Obedient. Adoring.

As a good pet should be...