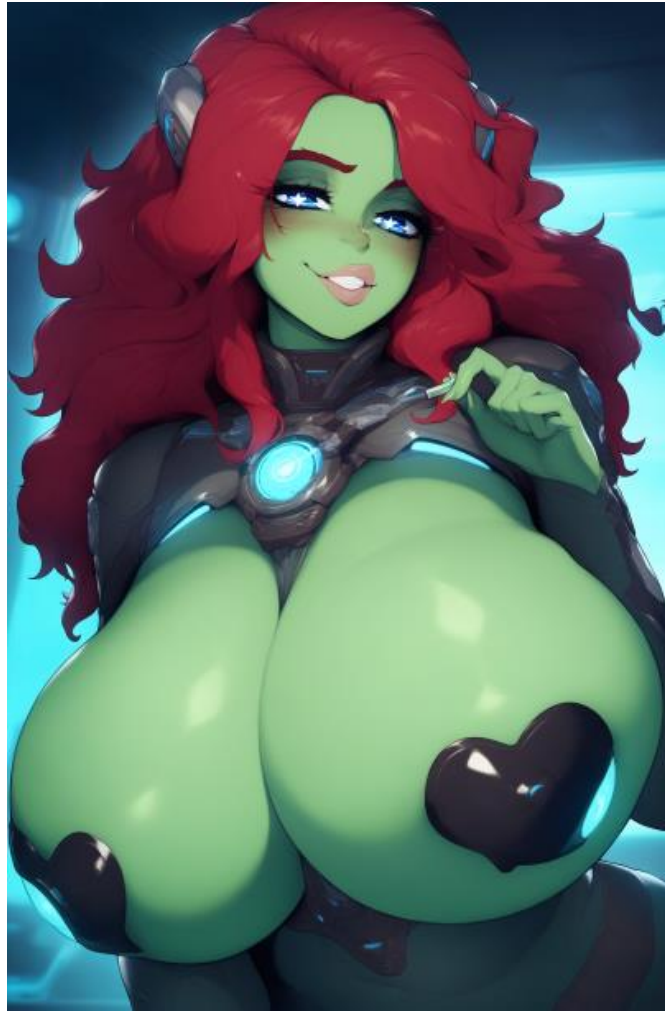


Tight Quarters



There were few things more dispiriting than watching the blinking light that signalled the distress beacon was still active.

Well, there was one thing, and that would be if the light went out.

“Well, Deacon?”

Deacon sighed and glanced back at Cid, the former chief of security to the *Sidewinder*.
“Still active, sir.”

“Any responses?”

Deacon bit back a sarcastic reply, even though the answer was the same one he’d given the last hundred times Cid had asked. The same one he’d given ever since those pirates had hit

the *Sidewinder*, lance batteries ripping apart the merchant ship's engines and bulkheads in a vicious salvo. Deacon, Melia, and Cid had barely enough time to reach the escape pod and launch before the ship had been boarded. And well, Deacon could only hope the rest of the crew had died to decompression. Falling victims to pirates would be a fate far worse.

"Nothing yet," Deacon said. "I'll let you know the second I hear something."

"Leave him alone," Melia groaned from the back of the pod, her hair shimmering with a rainbow of shifting colours. She reclined on a bench, her toned body modded with scales, horns, and a dozen other additions not visible through her tattered uniform. "We'll know when we know. Get it?"

Cid visibly tightened his lips with annoyance and stiffly nodded, then stepped back into the tight confines of the pod, pacing impatiently. Deacon felt a pang of sympathy for the man. Cid naturally blamed himself for the pirate attack. There hadn't been anything any of them could have done, but Deacon knew the failure weighed on the former head of security. Their current helplessness and situation grating on the fit, powerful figure.

Deacon took a more pragmatic view. He understood that some things were just out of their power. He actually snorted at that. Yeah. Story of his damn life. He'd hoped that running as an engineer of a merchant ship would net him enough credits to finally pay off his debts to those lenders. Maybe even have enough left over for a vacation.

Well, if nothing changed, he'd be getting a vacation from space faring alright. A permanent one.

Wrapped in those gloomy thoughts, he almost missed the blip of light on the console's short-ranged radar. And when he did see it, he barely dared believe.

"We... we got a contact!" he shouted.

Instantly his fellow cremates were at his side, staring raptly at the blipping light on the radar.

"What is it?" Cid asked. "Pirates?"

"Who cares!" Melia gasped, her hair shimmering red with excitement. "It's someone who can give us a ride!"

"Don't be a fool. They could be dangerous," Cid growled.

"We've got maybe six hours of air left and aren't on any major trade routes," Melia snapped back. "We're dead if we do nothing. Boost the fucking signal!"

Deacon nodded, agreeing with her. Though his engineering soul cringed from doing it, he diverted more of their precious power reserves to the distress beacon.

Breathlessly, the three of them watched the blinking light of the other ship move across the screen. Then, just as Deacon felt his stomach bottom into his feet, the blipping light changed course.

"They see us!" Melia cheered, grabbing Deacon and hugging his head into the softness of her sweaty breasts. "Thank the fucking stars! They see us!"

Cid said nothing, but Deacon saw the stoic man's shoulders relax and a flicker of relief cross his face.

For his part, Deacon could almost weep as the strange ship closed with them. They felt their pod shudder, and his organs settle more firmly in his body as they entered the gravity envelope of the other craft. He looked to the side hatch as there came the familiar hiss of locks and snap of sealing magnets. The light above the door switched on to green, marking them ready to board.

Deacon stood and hurried to the door, grabbing the handle and wrenching it open. He actually moaned as fresh air rushed into his face and up his nose. Fresh air scented with something... fruity.

"Come aboard, poor things. Please, do."

Deacon pushed into the hall of the other ship and stopped short, staring in shock.

Three women awaited them. Aliens, to be sure, though with gene modding these days it could be hard to tell. All three were stunningly beautiful, with soft, full lips and absolutely jaw-dropping curves. Their skin was a lush green and their figures barely clothed, their hair a bright red and so full they crowned them, making their already commanding height seem even larger.

The biggest difference he could see was in how they styled their hair and clothed themselves. One wore something like a loose toga, her hair hanging down to her lower back, her height slightly shorter than her companions, but her soft curves even more pronounced.

The second wore little more than three pasties, one covering each of her nipples, and a third dipping between her legs to mask her nethers. Her hair was bound in a bun behind her head, and her expression radiated a matronly benevolence and downright motherly authority.

The final alien stood ahead of the others, her smile warm and comforting, her figure firmer, almost lithe, and bound in a tight white body suit with a badge denoting she was a medic on her breast. Her hair was cropped short, while she radiated a professional yet caring air.

But it wasn't the beauty of the aliens that shocked Deacon, though that might have been enough. Nor was it their almost ludicrous feminine sensuality. No. His surprise was because he recognized them. Or, at least, descriptions of them.

Moomas.

A very rare and very private alien species around whom strange rumours circulated. Especially when it came to humans. Deacon had heard that moomas were known for keeping human pets, and he felt an instant thrill of alarm and, it needed to be said, arousal at the sight of the inhumanely lovely aliens.

"Welcome aboard the *Stargazer*," the mooma in white said. "We're so glad we caught your distress beacon. We almost missed it."

"Uh, yeah. Good," Deacon said, even as Melia and Cid pushed their way past him, pausing at the sight of the green trio.

"Woah," Deacon heard Melia breathe.

Cid cleared his throat and stepped forward authoritatively. "We're... thankful for your assistance," he said. "Our ship was destroyed in a pirate attack."

"Oh you poor things!" the mooma in the toga cried, clapping her hands over her mouth. "That's simply awful!"

"It... was, yes," Cid said, and Deacon was surprised to see the normally grim and stoic man flush a bit. "It was very unfortunate. We would be much obliged if you could see it in your way to transport us to a station where we could disembark and report the loss."

"We would be happy to," the nearly naked mooma said, her gentle smile radiating a comforting warmth that said everything was going to be alright. "Are any of you injured? Our medic, Amara, will be glad to check you in the medical bay."

"I'm uh, feeling a bit groggy," Melia said.

"Well that won't do," the pasty-wearing mooma said gently. "Amara? Can you take her to the med bay and check her out? And Looma? Would you mind helping this officer in the guidance room? Perhaps there's a place where we could drop them off not far..."

"Of course, Matron Benna," Amara, the uniformed medic, said, taking Melia's hand. "This way, sweet thing."

Blushing visibly, Melia gladly trotted after the gorgeous mooma and down the gleaming white hallways.

As she vanished, Deacon leaned in to Cid, holding his arm to forestall him. "Careful, sir," he whispered. "These aliens may not be as helpful as they seem..."

Cid gave him a measuring look, then spared the faintest of nods before heading off after the toga-clad mooma.

And then there was one, Deacon thought glumly. He stole a glance at Benna, who watched the others vanish on their tasks. Then she turned to Deacon with a benevolent smile, and a strange light in her radiant eyes.

"Now then," she said warmly. "Shall I show you to your quarters for the trip?"

"Yeah," Deacon said uneasily. "That sounds... sounds good..."

Cid

Cid had to say, he was impressed at the mooma's bridge. A true pleasure yacht, it was an expansive space that easily fit the necessary stations with room to spare. All of it was made of the strange, white metal that formed the rest of the ship, the material seeming to glow with its own luminance. Consoles blinked and screens projected space beyond the *Stargazer's* curving hull. It was far nicer than the *Sidewinder* had ever been, though admittedly that ship had been little more than a box for ferrying goods from one point to another, the crew's accommodation and quarters almost more of a begrudging necessity than with any thought to comfort. Which was likely part of why they'd been such easy prey for the pirates.

Pirates.

Cid scowled and his fists tightened at the memory of his helplessness during the attack. Able to do little more than run to the escape pod as his ship was gutted, his people slaughtered, all without him able to fire even a shot in its defence.

"Are you alright, Cid?"

He shook off the emotional stirring. "Hm?" he said, refocusing on the mooma. She was half-leaning over a large, rounded table projecting a holo of the nearby star systems, her immense breasts breaking into the projection field like some invading star beast. "Yes, sorry," he said with a dismissive wave. "Perfectly alright. Just... thinking."

"About?" Looma asked, straightening, her breasts wobbling in her toga.

Cid found his eyes straying to her bust and forced them to her face. Highly improper to ogle her like that. She was one of their saviours. But Deacon's warning rang in his mind.

"Well, I'm frankly surprised you were so willing to let strangers aboard," he noted guardedly. "You aren't worried?"

Even as he said it Cid was surprised at himself. Not because he was wrong, but for how stupid it was to even put the idea that he and the others might be a threat into her mind. Fortunately, the mooma seemed utterly unperturbed, merely cocking her head. "Now why would I be?" Looma said sweetly. "Are you going to attack me?"

"No," he said firmly. "Of course not."

"I know," she said warmly, giving him an admiring smile. "You're a protector. A guardian. You'd never harm someone as helpless as me."

Cid felt his flush grow. Stars, what was the matter with him? Getting so easily flustered in front of the gorgeous mooma. Which wasn't to say she was wrong. He wouldn't dream of harming such a beautiful woman as her. So soft and curvy. Helpless. Just the thought of some pirate getting his savage hands on her filled him with a sudden fury and surge of protectiveness.

"Quite correct," he informed her stonily.

Looma giggled and moved around the holo projector, coming up to him. Cid stiffened as she reached out, but she merely touched his arm through his uniform. "I can tell," she said softly. Cooing. A note of admiration and awe in her voice. "A body like this is all natural, isn't it? No gene mods. You train so hard, don't you? To be ready. To be able to protect others so well."

Cid cleared his throat, trying not to puff out his chest as her hand glided over his arm, feeling his biceps through his uniform. "Naturally. A shortcut only shows one isn't willing to appreciate and understand their body. Only by training can you know your limits."

"How admirable," Looma breathed. She stole a look at his face, almost shy, but the heat in her eyes made Cid's pulse leap and heart quicken. "Could I take a look?"

"A look?"

"You know. Closer..."

Cid sucked in a breath. But then, was there any reason to refuse? She was so admiring. So eager. So beautiful and kind. And she'd saved him. Why not?

Yes... Why not?

Cid's hands moved almost dreamlike, unbuttoning his uniform. It actually felt good to shed the sweat-stained jacket and shirt beneath, and the admiring sound that the mooma made as he revealed his toned, muscular frame made the decision much, much easier.

"Oh my," Looma said, her hands gliding over his arms. Passing over his chest as she moved in closer. "So hard. So... strong..."

Cid breathed in sharply at her nearness, her scent overwhelming his senses. She smelled wonderful. And not just because he'd been breathing recycled air for almost two days now. There was just something in her perfume. Something potent and tantalizing. Something that made his body warm and his manhood throb.

Naturally, Cid wasn't surprised at her nearness. But her softness held him. How gentle her curves were. How pronounced. She was his exact opposite. Soft. Sensual. Lovely. A treasure of womanly beauty. Before he knew it, his hands had risen and were touching her in turn, stroking along her arms.

Looma lifted her eyes to his and Cid flushed. "Sorry," he said, drawing back.

"No," Looma said, catching his hand. "I liked it."

Cid stared, almost stunned as her hand brought his to her breast. He sucked in a breath as she eased open the fabric of her toga, the gravid fullness of her green tit almost falling into his hand. He fought to suppress the moan as his fingers molded the soft heaviness. Fingers sinking into her teat.

"Ohhhh," Looma moaned softly. "Such... such strong hands. Such protective hands..."

"Th-thank you," Cid said, his head spinning. Feeling stuffed, his thoughts scrambled. But his body knew what to do. What it needed, and never hesitated as he continued to fondle her.

Squeeze her.

Stroke her.

Looma stepped forward, and Cid found himself sinking back into one of the pilot chairs, resting in the wide cradle of the soft seat. Tilted back at an angle as Looma gently followed him, straddling his lap, her thighs capturing his legs between them, her mound rocking forward, pressing against his manhood.

"Such a strong man," Looma murmured as her hands moved off his body. "Such a powerful man. So brave and protective. I feel so safe with you, Cid," she said as she undid the clasp of her toga and shrugged it off.

"Th-thank you," Cid said, his tongue fumbling, his eyes widening as he beheld the full heft of her breasts. Plump. Heavy. Near the size of his head.

"It can be so dangerous in the stars," Looma continued as she leaned over him, her breasts pressing forward, almost enveloping his face. He heard a clink and felt her hand on his lap, stroking his bulge through his pants. "So many cruel men would love to take me. My sisters. Do such things with us. Such cruel things."

A red rage rose in Cid at that. A fury. The thought of pirates or worse getting their hands on the lovely Looma or her sisters filled him with an anger beyond any he'd known before. Even more than when the *Sidewinder* had been destroyed. The thought of the green woman his hands were even at that moment admiring being in danger... the idea of her being threatened...

"You'd never let that happen to me, would you?" Looma asked, her fingers continuing to rub him through his pants, the sleek, smooth fabric sending throbs of lust aching in his balls.

"No," Cid gasped. "N-never!"

"That's wonderful, Cid," Looma said, and oh, the happiness on her face made his heart soar into his throat and cock throb in his pants. "Then, do you really need to find a station to land on?"

"Station?"

"Yes," she said, and he felt his pants open, his cock spring into the warm air of the bridge. "Why leave? Your old ship is gone. But we need a man like you, Cid. I need you. A man to protect us. To love us. Love me. Be with us. Our strong, powerful protector. Our adoring lover and guardian. Doesn't that sound wonderful, Cid? Wouldn't it be so good?"

It... it would be good. Cid knew it would. Looking up at the gorgeous mooma, he knew with utter, absolute certainty it would be everything he wanted out of life.

But...

But... something... something about it was... was odd. Off. He... he was...

"I..." he gasped.

"Shhh," Looma breathed, her finger to his lips silencing him, her eyes so warm with love. Her ample green curves moving forward. The warm slickness of her pussy rubbing against his cock. "Just..." she murmured, red lips forming those wonderful syllables as she leaned down. "Say..." she breathed as the tip of his cock slid against her entrance. "...Yes..."

Her lips met his.

Her pussy swallowed his cock.

And Cid was in absolute heaven.

He groaned in bliss as Looma began to rock atop him. Her breasts pressing into his strong chest. Mashing like the most wonderful cushions. Her lips worked against his, her tongue pushing into his mouth as her pussy squeezed and massaged his cock.

As she bounced.

As she rode.

As she loved him.

Soft. Lovely. Wonderful. She was perfect. She needed him. Needed him so badly. He could feel it. Feel it with every throb of his cock. Every ripple of her pussy. Every gasp of the kiss.

She needed him.

He needed her.

He wanted her.

Loved her.

He was hers.

Happily.

Wonderfully.

“Yes,” he gasped between kisses.

“What?” she panted.

“Y-yes!” Cid gasped, his mind flooded with pleasure. With love. With protective need to adore and serve this glorious green woman. “Stay. I’ll stay! Guard you. Protect you. L-love you!”

Looma cooed, her arms moving around him, crushing his hard, strong body against her plush, pliant curves. “Yes! Cid. I love you too. Love my strong man. My loving man. Yes! Yes! Mine. All mine. Oh. Oh! Ohh baby, yessssss!”

Her cry of bliss heralded her orgasm. Shuddered through her and seemed to quake through him. As he felt her tighten and squeeze his cock, Cid let out a cry of pure bliss. Pure pleasure. Pure, wonderful, loving need for her as he came, cock throbbing, pulsing, pumping bursts of his cum into her in pleased bursts.

For what felt like an eternity he floated in that orgasmic high. Lost in the pleasure of that wonderful moment. Sinking into the wonderful glow of post-orgasmic satisfaction.

Looma loomed above him, her eyes glittering with happiness. "All mine," she hummed, leaning down again, kissing him anew.

And with joy Cid kissed her back. For she was right. He was all hers. Happily. Forever. Her protector. Her guardian.

Her lover and so much more...

Melia

Melia lay down on the examination table as Amara fiddled among the controls. It was strange. Melia wasn't ashamed of her body by any means. She'd always relished the compliments from men and women, and even the shocked looks from more prudish types. But getting naked in the presence of the gorgeous mooma felt different. More revealing and baring. Like she'd stripped out of more than her clothes in the green woman's presence. The fact that Amara was still in that form-fitting glove of a medical officer's uniform only made Melia feel more aware of her own nakedness.

"Have you had a medical check up recently?" Amara asked.

"Not for a while," Melia admitted, forcing herself not to cover her privates as the scanner hummed, gliding over her skin, prickling it with sensitivity.

"That's not good," Amara said, glancing back at Melia with a gentle smile. "We should probably do a full check up. Just to be safe."

"I um... s-sure," Melia said, flushing. Even as she did, she felt confused by it. Why was she being so meek? This wasn't at all like her. She was usually so confident and downright aggressive. Which had lost her a few boyfriends over the years. But there was just something about Amara. Some effortless confidence and the way she carried herself. It made Melia feel strangely nervous. Inadequate.

"You've modded yourself quite a bit according to the scans," the mooma noted, idly glancing at one of the screens.

Melia felt her flush deepen. "Well, you know," she laughed awkwardly. "Gotta fix the little bumps in a girl's looks."

"I understand," Amara said, her hand brushing back Melia's hair, fingers stroking a horn, sending a throb of sensation through Melia. "Sometimes, to be what you want to be, you have to make little... changes."

"Y-yeah! Exactly," Melia said, relaxing a little.

"And you are a lovely woman," Amara continued, her hand again stroking Melia's hair.

Melia laughed, oddly finding the stroking hand not annoying. A little patronizing, maybe. But somehow... soothing. Comforting. Like it was assuring her everything was going to be alright. She even noticed her hair shifting back to a pinkish shimmer of arousal. "E-exactly," she said. "Though you probably didn't need mod help."

"Oh, I've tweaked things here and there," Amara said with a sly wink, brushing back some of her lush orange hair. "Would you like to see?"

"I'd love to," Melia said, a hint of her old saucy grin flashing once more.

"I imagine so," Amara said, and the cool amusement in those words made Melia burn again with embarrassment and, more so, desire.

The mooma took her hand from Melia's head, which was immediately missed. Then forgotten as Melia's eyes widened, watching as the mooma touched her obscuring white outfit and clicked a connector. Like a cocoon the whole outfit peeled away, unveiling her full, buxom figure. Unspeakably perfect curves, her breasts bounced slightly as the support of her medic uniform vanished. Her body seemed to relax into the low gravity of the room. A subtle bit of sag, but far less than Amara would expect. A pair of studs pierced her nipples, while strange, angular tattoos traced her flesh like a circuit board.

"Oh," Melia breathed, jaw hanging open.

"Why thank you," the mooma said, running her hands over her curves. "I think they look nice too."

Melia snapped her mouth shut, stammering. "They're um, very... er..."

"These, for example," Amara said, cupping her breasts, her fingers tracing the bars piercing her nipples, "are special antigrav bells. They give my breasts a bit of extra heft so they seem fuller."

"Wow," Melia said, unable to tear her eyes from those plump, green orbs.

"Thank you. And these," Amara continued, her hands gliding from her breasts and to her hips, stroking the dark patterns that hugged her curves like a lover, "are meld arrays. They allow

me to better control my appearance. Where I'm curvy. Where I'm skinny. I'm a piece of perfection. I can adjust myself as much as I want."

Melia watched, dumbstruck as the mooma's curves shifted before her eyes. As hips thinned then widened again. As breasts shrank. Swelled. As lips plumped then shrank. A chameleon of beauty.

"Oh wow," Melia gasped, sitting up slightly on the table. "Amazing!"

"Thank you," Amara said, taking a step forward. "But there's something I enjoy even more."

Melia drew back a little, surprised, alarmed, yet a thrill thrummed through her like a bird taking wing. Her eyes were locked with Amara's. Her breath caught the scent of the mooma's body. The floral, pungent, yet sweet perfume that made her head spin and body tingle. "Wh-what?" she asked, strangely frightened to know. Yet desperate to.

Amara smiled, leaned over, one hand planting itself on the examination table as she loomed over the human. Her hand rose, stroked Melia's cheek, the smaller woman giving a soft mewl of desire.

"It's making others... exactly... what I want..."

Melia's heart fairly leapt into her throat. "You... you mean..."

"Not unwilling, of course," Amara hummed as her hand ghosted over Melia's naked body. "But willing. Willing to let me forge and change them. Make them whatever I want them to be. Putty to my desires. A willing surrender to my pleasures. Something more than a slave. Something deeper. Something... divine..."

A whimper escaped Melia, her body singing to the mooma's touch. Her thighs growing slick as arousal drooled from her pussy.

"Imagine it," Amara murmured as her hands ghosted over Melia, sending shocks and pleasured pulses racing through the crew woman. "Imagine if I did that. Altering you to my whims. Making you so beautiful. So lovely. So obedient and happy and a perfect pleasure pet. Perfect for me. My plaything and love toy. Imagine it, sweet girl. Imagine it all..."

Melia was.

She couldn't stop.

The idea of letting the lovely mooma turn her into some sort of sapphic plaything thrilled her in ways she couldn't put into words. To become putty. A creature of love and pleasure. Less a person than a thing of unimaginable physical ecstasy... It was like everything

she'd ever done had merely been dipping a toe into a pool. And now she was being tempted to take the plunge.

"I... I um..."

"It would be so wonderful," Amara breathed, leaning in closer, her breasts pressing to Melia's. Pillow softness. Wonderful warmth that overwhelmed her. Pressed her to the table. "You'd be so wonderful. So beautiful. So very mine. Utterly mine. A plaything. A delight. I'd do such things with you," Amara breathed, kiss the human's ear, her warm breath ghosting into Melia like she were sending every word right to her victim's brain. "Such wonderful things."

"Like... like wh-what?" Melia squeaked, squirming beneath the mooma, body desperate to do something as she was overwhelmed by sensuous sensitivity.

Amara's hand ghosted down Melia's body, stroking her plump chest. Cradling her soft breasts. "Your breasts I'd make bigger," the mooma hummed. "Your thighs a bit plumper..." she continued, her hand sliding down Melia's shifting legs. "And your pussy," Amara murmured, her hand sliding between the other woman's legs.

"M-my pussy?" Melia whimpered, breath coming quick. Hot.

"Your pussy," the mooma hummed as she loomed above the younger woman, nearly face to face. Soft red lips forming those sinful words. "I would make so very... helplessly... sensitive..."

Melia cried out as the mooma's fingers brushed her mound. Teased along her folds. "O-ohhhh!" the human cried out, biting her lip in desperation.

"Make you so sensitive you'd cum from just... a touch..." Amara continued as she kissed around Melia's quivering lips. "So sensitive you'd have an orgasm that would send you to your knees whenever I wanted. Do it at just a word. Utterly within my power. Your pleasure my plaything. And it would be so beautiful. Beautiful just... like... mmm..."

Their lips met, Amara's breath hot. Scented. Sweet. Melia moaned, her eyes rolling back, her body shuddering with tactile pleasure as she gave in to that shameless, glorious kiss. She clutched at the mooma, clinging to those green curves like a rock of sanity. Melia's body feeling like a star was inside her. Was growing. Going supernova. The pressure building and building until... until...

"Mm...Mmmmmmm!" Melia moaned, shuddering as she came. Shuddering. Every muscle tensing as her pussy drooled and spurted around the mooma's loving fingers. As she gave in and her head swam and sank into glorious ecstasy. An orgasm like none she'd ever known before. More powerful. More potent.

More... More...

...Divine...

Amara broke the kiss gently, the pop of their lips separating audible. "Wouldn't that be nice?" the mooma asked sweetly.

"S-so n-nice," Melia slurred, drunk on pleasure and love.

"Would you like that, Melia? To be my human pet?"

"Loooooove iiiiiiit," Melia giggled.

"Me too, sweet thing. And we're going to make you so perfect."

Melia nodded, staring up at Amara as the mooma rose and climbed onto the table, straddling Melia's chest, the sweet groove of her naked pussy resting on the human's chin.

"When we begin, I'll elongate that lovely tongue of yours to be the perfect pleasure toy. But for now, my pretty girl," Amara said, stroking Melia's hair lovingly, sending shivers of pleasure throbbing through the human, Melia's hair glowing pink like it was on fire with lust. "For now, lick me out, my pet. Show mistress how much you want her."

"Yes," Melia breathed, tilting her head forward, her tongue gliding along Amara's pussy, tasting her divine juices with a moan. "Yes... yes... yes..."

Atop her, Amara moaned, hips rocking forward, burying Melia under the tangy sweetness of her green muff.

And nowhere would the human toy rather be...

Deacon

"And these shall be your quarters," Benna said as the door slid open with a gentle swish.

Deacon poked his head in after the mooma had entered. It as a surprisingly cozy berth, especially since his last quarters had been about the same size, but shared with five other people.

This one however was clearly built for one, or perhaps two, given the width of the plush bed built into the wall. Shelves were cut into the bulkhead around it, and a small table with two chairs occupied the far wall. It even had a holo screen in a corner, hovering in place and shimmering with pink light.

"I know it's not much," Benna said as she sat down on the edge of the bed. "But these are the only ones available, aside from our own berths. And I believe you humans have some cultural issues that might have you want to avoid sharing those..."

"This is fine. Wonderful, actually," he said, entering and looking shrewdly around the room. "Surprised you're taking a pleasure cruise out this way though. Not much around."

Benna laughed gently, which caused her chest to wobble in a quite distracting way. "Yes, no doubt. It's a bit circuitous to reach our destination, true, but my kind have found it... prudent to take the roads less travelled. There are many who'd be happy to seize this ship, and us."

Deacon could believe that. It was a struggle to keep his eyes off the gorgeous mooma. Every inch of her was a feast for the eyes. An expression of physical perfection and beauty. Not helping was the way the pink light from the holo screen shimmered over her figure, washing over her plump breasts and seeming to swirl in the pasties that capped her nipples.

Deacon hastily cleared his throat. "Right. Yeah. I imagine there would be."

"You've heard rumours of my kind, haven't you?" she asked.

Deacon gave a start and shot a quick glance at her. "Sorry?"

Benna chuckled gently and rose, even this movement carrying such potent femininity that Deacon found his breath catching.

"I understand, of course," she said, moving towards him, hues of pink light washing over her curves in ways that made Deacon's pants feel much too tight. "You've been picked up, all alone in space, and find yourself in the company of aliens that have strange reputations.

Especially when it comes to humans. Aliens who've been rumoured to find humans quite adorable. Aliens that are even said to kidnap humans for their pets."

Deacon took a shuffling step backwards. "I uh..."

"Well, let me assure you that they're incorrect."

"Oh. Good."

"Yes," Benna said, stopping before him. Close. Much closer than Deacon was comfortable with, her perfume strong yet tantalizing. Her breasts nearly level with his head. "We would never kidnap humans. They become ours more than happily."

"Th-that right," Deacon said, staring at her wobbling bust an inch from his face. Then he processed what she'd said and his eyes snapped up to her face. "W-wait, you mean..."

"Entirely willing," she assured him, smiling down at him, her head tilting and eyes dancing with amusement. "Entirely. Taking an unwilling human would just be... wrong. And none of us need to, of course. Humans are always so eager to become ours. So eager to escape the rat race of their own existence. To become treasured. Adored. Precious and kept with love and affection. I'm sure you could see the appeal."

"I, uh, not as such. No," Deacon said shakily, taking a wary step back.

"Really?" she asked, an expression of patient bemusement lifting her soft, plush lips and cocking an immaculate eyebrow. "You don't see why humans might want to escape the crushing pressure of life and be free of the pains of their existence? No idea at all?"

Deacon winced, having much too good of an idea. After all, hadn't he been desperate to pay off his debts? Just living was so hard among the stars. And most of the worlds he'd visited were hardly much better. "Well," he admitted. "Maybe a little."

"Of course," she said, her hand gently petting his head. "And moomas have so much to offer. Comfort. Ease. A place as the loving thrall of a gorgeous mooma. Spoiled and petted. Loved and adored. What is freedom when compared with that? What is freedom when loving, wonderful submission is so much more comfortable?"

"Freedom is everything," Deacon said, trying to put as much certainty in his voice as he could, but not quite sure he succeeded. Freedom hadn't exactly gotten him much so far. In fact, his life was an exercise in accumulating negatives basically since he was born. "Freedom lets us choose."

"And when you choose wrong?" Benna asked as her hand stroked his cheek, coiling a lock of his hair.

Deacon found he didn't have an answer for that. He also couldn't remember giving Benna permission to touch him, but couldn't seem to find it in him to tell her to stop. She was just so... soft. So caring. So... so patient as she spoke.

"Freedom is a burden for so many," Benna said as she drew him to the bed, her touch guiding him to sit on the edge as she joined him, the mattress dipping under her weight, tipping him to press against her side. "They just don't know what to do with it. They sabotage themselves. They ruin it. Oh, there is much that's admirable in it too. The willingness to choose is so vital. But when the wrong choices are made, maybe it's time to give the right of decisions to someone else. Someone more experienced. Someone who knows best."

"And that's you, I suppose?" Deacon asked, even as he rested against her side. Felt the warmth of her soft body. Inhaled the sweetness of her scent. The heavy, heady perfume of her...

"I do have an excellent track record," Benna said, touching his chin, tilting his head up so her found himself looking at the swirling hues of the pasties covering her nipples. The full, huge globes of her breasts right in front of his face. "For example, if I was to make the decision... of pressing your face to my big, soft breasts, and asked you to..."

"T-to?" Deacon stammered, watching almost hypnotized as her finger slid along the rim of the pasty, the colours swirling as if chasing her finger. Swirling and whirling...

"To... suckle," Benna breathed, and touched the pasty. With a soft popping sound it came loose, and Deacon felt his breath catch as her plump, needy nipple came into view. "Wouldn't that be a good decision?"

Deacon swallowed, but nodded. "Uh... uh huh..."

"How kind of you," she cooed, her finger sliding to her other full, heavy, green breast, tracing circles around the second swirling pasty. "And if I were to make the decision for us to... spend our time aboard this ship... With you under me... Fucking me... Adoring me... Doing just... everything I could think of to make you feel so... very... good... To making your decision to stay so... very... easy... does that seem like a good decision?"

"Y-yeah," Deacon said, eyes glued to the slow circling of that finger. To the swirling of the hues. Such pretty colours. Swirling colours...

"How... wonderful," Benna cooed.

And popped her pasty off, unveiling another plump, dark green nipple.

Deacon stared, enraptured by the sight. Not resisting even as her hand gently pushed on the back of his head. Gently urged him towards her breast. His hands rose, cupping the heavy,

pliable softness of her breasts. Deacon swallowed hard, half-hesitating, but never quite stopping. Never quite managing to keep from leaning in. Wrapping his lips around a nipple.

And giving a gentle, needy suck.

"Mmmmm," Benna moaned, the sound shooting through Deacon like molten fire. Gathering in his loins and stirring his cock. He groaned, sucking gently. Tenderly. Adoringly as he bounced and massaged her plump teats without shame or hesitation.

"Yessss," Benna sighed, her hands moving over him, stripping him. Deacon paying no attention as something warm, sweet, and thick spurted into his mouth, eagerly swallowed. "Yesss," Benna sighed. "And of course... ah... if you did decide... that it wasn't for you, we could always... mmm... good boy... c-could always leave you at the station. Let you ah, yes. Like that. Use your tongue... Mnnn... Let you return to f-freedom. To the stars. To find your own way without me. Be your own man."

"Mmm," Deacon answered, lost in the taste of her cream. In the fullness of her breast and scent of her body.

"Or," Benna cooed, gently pushing him down, moving with him so he was lying naked on the bed, his cock jutting up, the mooma straddling over him, keeping her breasts pressed to his face. Keeping her milk pumping into his hungry mouth. "Mmm. Orrrr... be my pet. My happy... ah... loving human delight. My personal lover. My adoring thrall. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"Mmmmm," Deacon moaned as he was buried under glorious green curves. Loving touches. Ample titflesh, his throbbing cock rubbing against the mooma's inner thighs.

"That's what I thought," Benna breathed, giggling. "Then," she continued as her hand found his cock and angled it towards the molten heat of her pussy, "it seems I need to work very hard... to make sure you make... the right choice... my adorable human..."

"Mhmm," Deacon groaned.

"Good boy," she breathed, and lowered herself onto his cock.

A groan of sweetest pleasure escaped Deacon as he felt those slick, hot inner walls close around his cock. Tight as a vice. Better than any sexbot, whore, or girl he'd known before. He shuddered as Benna moaned, the sound music to his addled ears, his mouth flooded in a sudden eager spurt of cream as the mooma began to bounce.

To ride him.

To fuck him on the bed and take him like she owned him.

And it felt so very goooooood.

“Yessss,” Benna moaned as her hips increased their pace. Riding him. Her breasts slapping him with every bounce. Her body fucking him beneath her with a passion that fairly crushed him under her buxom curves. “Oh yessss! Such a... ah... a good boy. A good p-pet. Milk me, baby. Milk me while I... mmnnn... milk you. Oh yes. Yes. Humans are... are so goood. So wonderful. Ah. Ah! So perfect! Oh, my needy boy. My g-good boy. That’s it. That’s iiiit. Milk me. Milk me more. Ah. Mnnn! Cum with me, pet. Cum with mistress. Fill me up. Fill me with... with your... your human... c-cuuuuuum!”

Her voice rose, a sweet cry of orgasm. Of shameless, loving bliss. As her inner walls squeezed him, sucked at him, he tasted another burst of cream spurt into his mouth. Something even stronger. Better. More wonderful than any before. Like every sense was electrified by her orgasm, Deacon found himself moaning into her breasts. Arching beneath her. Clutching her wonderful form as he came as well. His cock throbbing. Pulsing. Giving up his cum in great, wonderful bursts of pure love.

He felt like he was floating. Riding a wave of pure orgasmic pleasure. His mind and body soaking in pure physical bliss. It felt too much. Too much for a human to take. For a mind to handle.

And he loved every single second of it.

Even when it began to fade was wonderful. A soothing balm of ease. Of relaxation. Of pleasant, mindless bliss like everything in the universe was sorted. Was sure. And he just had to accept it.

He came back to himself as if waking from a dream. Benna was on her side beside him, her hand gently stroking his hair, pure happiness radiating from her face as she watched him.

“Wasn’t that nice?” Benna hummed.

“Niiice,” Deacon sighed, nuzzling her breasts lovingly.

Her throaty laugh seemed to vibrate through her chest and him. “See? And just like I promised,” Benna cooed lovingly, “when we hit the next station, if you want to leave, I won’t stop you. You’ll be free to go. Free to return to whatever life awaits you. Or stay with me. The choice is yours...”

Deacon sighed, basking in the afterglow. The love. The feeling of sated pleasure in Benna’s presence and bed. Yes. Yes, he could... he could decide to leave when they landed. He could go if he wanted, returning to the cold unfeeling stars. Return to a life of scrabbling at the edges and fighting to survive another day.

But as he felt Benna move in closer. Felt her hand slide between his legs and begin massaging his cock back to full hardness, he had a strong feeling he very much knew the answer to that question already.

And that he would just love to be a happy, contented pet of Matron Benna from now on...