

**Encounter: Male Order Bride -- A tale from the Margin**  
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## Male Order Bride

Spaceports out on the Margin are not flashy affairs; no tarmac, no control towers, no fancy accommodations. Just the basics out here; an open field, a rail head, and a methane gas well with automated hydrogen extractor for refueling.

That's it. *Welcome to Dusty Flat Spaceport.*

The ship I'd come to meet sat precariously on its tail fins, its blunt nose an ugly blot against the clear lilac sky. To me, the *My Lorelei*, an old style trading vessel, didn't appear space worthy, but what would a mere wagon trail guide know?

"You Tom Gordon?"

The *Lorelei's* captain was an ugly sunnofabitch -- too many visits to high UV stars had left their mark on his cadaverous mug. They say people grow to resemble their pets; his scarred face was an exact match for the pitted hull of his aged vessel.

I tipped my hat to him. "That be me."

He handed me the cargo manifest. "I want to be gone from this shithole in five hours."

I scanned the manifest. "We can do that." My people had already assembled the cargo shifters, and I signaled Josh, my leading hand, to get started.

"There's something else."

"That would be?"

"A passenger."

I rechecked the manifest. "I don't take unscheduled passengers."

He handed me an envelope. "This comes along with it."

"It?"

"The Catalogue Bride." He turned and strode back towards his ship, passing a single figure standing forlornly next to a single small suitcase. He was

tall and slim, in his early twenties by the look of it, and dressed in the most outrageous costume.

I opened the envelope and gazed at the contents: a wad of cash credits, and a note. "Fuck me sideways!"

The captain was still in earshot, and I heard his guffaw of amusement at my exclamation. He gave me a cheeky wave and almost ran up the ramp into his ship, slamming the hatch behind him.

*Bastard!*

It took me a full minute to control myself, and keep the disgust from exploding out of my mouth. The money was above the going rate for seeing a traveler to this particular destination, as undesirable as it was, so no complaints there, except it was worse than blood money.

I simply don't hold with slavery, for that was what this was. Catalogue Bride be damned. He had no papers, and he wasn't officially on the ship's manifest. This man was no bride -- he'd been bought!

I glanced at the pathetic figure. He was wearing a frilly shirt open to the navel, tight leggings with protruding codpiece, and some sort of silly hat. I couldn't help but have a pang of pity for the poor sod.

He gave me a wide smile, showing rows of blinding white teeth. "Hello. My name is Tali Hahn."

I threw the envelope at him. He fumbled the catch, and the envelope fell to the dusty ground. Money fluttered away in the breeze. Tali Hahn stared at me wide eyed and slack jawed.

"You better get those. You may need them."

I couldn't bear watching him scramble in the dust, and cursing myself to hell, I turned my back on him, planning to busy myself with cargo issues, and pretend I wasn't a total bastard.

His choked cry stopped me in my tracks. I turned to face him. For Fuck's sake! He was crying. "Please. What will I do?"

"Get back on the *Lorelei*. Go home."

"I can't. Captain not let me."

"This is not the place for you. Go home."

"I have no home."

"Then get one, only make it somewhere else."

He held out the envelope to me. "Please."

I took a couple of deep breaths while his big indigo eyes gazed at me in a helpless appeal. Even if the captain did let him back on board, I wouldn't be surprised if he'd be out the airlock as soon as they left orbit. I certainly couldn't leave him here. The next transport wasn't due for three months, and there were no accommodations. Out in the open he'd be worm meat by tomorrow afternoon.

"Get your bag. I'll take you to Litmus Springs, and from there you can do whatever you want. I'll not take you to Brom Spur."

"Thank you, sir."

"Enough of that 'sir' shit."

He tilted his head enquiringly. Despite the sweat forming on his brow I knew why he was what he was -- a fuck slave. He was certainly one sexy little package -- flawless skin the shade of bright new copper, full sensuous lips, green eyes, and long black lashes with curly locks bouncing on his shoulders. I can imagine Boss Brom polishing his dick over the slaver catalogue. Ali parted his lips slightly, and the tip of his pink tongue over his bottom lip. I realized I was staring. "Tom will do."

"Thank you, Mr. Tom."

Fuck me. "Come on. Stow that bag in the cabin of my lifter. Get out of this sun, and out of those clothes."

"Sir? I mean, Mr. Tom?"

“Listen, my crew hasn’t seen a woman in three months. Being male won’t help you. Dressed like that you’re as pretty as a picture, and, well, I can’t vouch for your safety.”

The look of innocent horror on his face almost made me laugh out loud. Then he smiled, provocatively. He was mocking me. “Will I be safe from you?” Tali’s gaze had dropped to my crotch. I was suddenly, and painfully, aware of my erection.

His sudden forwardness confused me. I detected something in his expression that didn’t fit with the image of helpless slave. He leaned into me and gave me a lingering kiss. I didn’t draw back. His tongue moved along my lips. His hand found my cock, rubbing it through my zopeskin trousers. I opened my mouth, letting his tongue enter.

I pulled away finally. “I don’t hold with slavery.”

“I’m not your slave. I’m a man who has known only his own palm for six months. I hunger for a man’s touch. A real man.”

My mouth went suddenly dry, rendering me speechless

“Should we find somewhere private?”

His tone had changed. He was no longer a victim, he was in total control. He grasped my hand and urged me to lead him to my lifter. We climbed into the cabin. He kissed me again, and opened my coveralls. With a deft move he stripped it off my shoulders, and yanked it down below my hips. My cock sprang out, hard and pulsing with lust.

He dropped to the floor, taking my cock into his mouth and straight down his throat in one fluid motion. His tongue swirled under my balls, and I nearly fell over with the intensity of the sensation.

He pushed me back into the captain’s seat, and five minutes of heaven followed as he repeatedly took my length deep into his throat. I’d grasped his head, holding down on my cock, as it swelled, ready to pump...

With surprising strength he pulled away from me.

I opened my eyes. He was naked. I hadn't noticed him undressing, rapt as I had been by the expert ministrations of his mouth and tongue. I let my gaze roam lustily over his lithe and muscular body.

"Fuck me," he ordered.

He turned away, presenting to me the twin globes of his perfectly smooth ass. He reached behind and pulled apart the taught cheeks, exposing a little pink and puckered dot. "Do it."

I had no control over my actions it seemed. I stood, and after drooling some saliva onto the tightly sealed orifice, I pressed myself against him, rubbing the swollen and moist head of my cock against his enticing asshole.

As his flesh parted for me I worried that I was too big, too thick, and that I'd injure him. His capacity for cock, however, was amazing, and he received my, at first delicate, and later frenzied thrusts, with consummate ease.

He'd reached beneath him and was jerking his own cock in time with my thrusts, and we both came within a moment of each other, me deep inside his belly, and him into his palm.

I collapsed over his sweat-slick back. "Who are you? Really."

"All you need to know is that I'm not a helpless slave, and that I'm on an important mission. I appreciate your concern, Tom, but it's wasted on me. What I do need is that you to take me to Boss Brom's compound."

"I can't. He's a criminal. No. He's worse. He's an animal."

"That's what I'm counting on." He silenced any further enquiry with a kiss.

\* \* \*

After two days of nonstop sex, I left him in the feral embrace of the planet's richest, and foulest, mine owner.

I hoped Tali's mission involved a knife to that animal's chest, because my craven heart was surely bleeding.

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