



Tales from the
MARGIN

Bliss

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Encounter: Bliss (Tales from the Margin)

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Bliss (Tales from the Margin)

Mikala Ash

In every conversation there is subtext. To know what is meant beneath the words, of course, one has to know the code. In all the universe, is there anything more exciting than learning secrets? Secrets of the body, secrets of the heart, secrets that will change the course of galactic history...

Bliss

The tenth floor windows of the Ironwood bagnio on the corner of West and 3rd commanded an unobstructed view across River Park, over the inky still waters to the northern agricultural preserves and to the spaceport beyond. A bulky freighter was making a slow and picturesque descent through the clear midnight sky, its orange stabilising jets flashing occasionally, and green moonlight glinting off angular bridge windows. It was the Donkey's Ass out of Alycion III, carrying spices and other luxury food items to satisfy our voracious elite.

I'd been taken to my usual room by one of the waitstaff, a slim Veskin wearing a studded collar and nothing else. He opened a bottle of Bliss and poured the golden liquid into a crystal flute. In a soft voice he asked if there was anything else he could do for me.

I took the glass from his hand and sipped, closing my eyes as the cold crisp tang on my tongue transformed into a smouldering warmth in my throat. I grasped his cock and, knowing he would refuse, ordered him to stay and entertain me while I waited for Xie.

His cock stiffened agreeably at my touch. He lowered his brown eyed gaze. "I'm sorry, my lady. I am not permitted to entertain until I finish my training. It is a house rule."

I breathed in his musky perfume. "How boring of the house. Pray, when will your training be completed?"

"Not for another month, my lady."

I sighed in exaggerated disappointment, and petulantly released his now fully erect cock. "What is your name, so I may look for you then."

"Bas, my lady."

"Bas. I think you have potential."

“Thank you, my lady.”

“It is nothing. I enjoy a receptive plaything. Please me, and you’ll have a handsome tip.” I placed a hundred gal coin into his palm and waved him away.

He bowed. “Thank you, my lady.”

“Now go and hurry Xie to me. I have a burning desire between my legs, and if you cannot satisfy it, he must, or there will be hell to pay.”

“At once, my lady.”

I took another sip of Bliss. Using my eyemods I zoomed in and watched the Donkey’s Ass, now settled on the landing pad, lower its ramp. Ant-like shadows, customs officials, raced up to inspect the cargo. They were quick, suspiciously quick, and the robot lifters moved in to begin unloading bulky pallets, each one worth over a hundred thousand gals. That is, *if* they actually contained exotic food. I had no doubt there were other exotic -- and illegal -- items hidden that were a hundred times more valuable.

The door behind me slid open and Xie entered. I watched his reflection in the window as he advanced into the room. He was tall, at least six cems taller than me, and graceful. He came from a colony that circled a small faint red dwarf, and he’d inherited his ancestors translucent skin through which I could see the shadows of his organs pulsating within. First impression suggested he was a delicate, frail creature, but his home planet was big and dense, and so he’d also inherited a powerful musculature which attracted both male and female clients.

“You’ve kept me waiting.”

“My apologies, *malay*.”

His silky voice sent shivers of anticipation through me. I was suddenly wet, and my clit tingled with expectation of what was to come. *Malay* was a term of endearment on his world, referring to a rare delicate pink flower. I’d looked it up to ensure it wasn’t an insult in disguise, as I well know men do not always respect the women they pleasure, particularly in a brothel.

Words are simply sounds that convey meaning to those that share the language. Words can have more than one meaning. Every language evolves over time, and words naturally change their meaning reflecting changes in the society they describe. Subcultures warp the meanings to their own ends subverting the dominant culture's power -- the secret language of the underclass. In every conversation there is subtext. To know what is meant beneath the words, of course, one has to know the code. "Words are nothing, action is all. Prove your contrition."

"At once, *malay*." He nuzzled my neck from behind, his warm lips kissing my febrile flesh he cupped my breasts. I fell back onto his broad chest and surrendered myself to his warm embrace. His cock was hard against the small of my back.

"I have longed for you," he whispered.

Urgent news. My heart hastened. "Show me."

He slipped the gown off my shoulders, letting it fall and pool around my feet. His smooth hands, so white against the dark ebony sheen of my skin, massaged my breasts, tweaking the nipples between thumb and forefinger.

"*Malay, leyon lan lilay*," he purred into my ear. *Flower, beauty beyond imagining.*

In our code this meant Gantry, one of our targets, the secretary to the ambassador from Jastor, had been here. Like many, Gantry was enamoured with Xie, and Xie had led him to believe he was sympathetic to the overthrow of the government. This was easy to do, because the Ironwood attracted subversives. The Madam herself openly belonged to a branch of the opposition movement.

Two sharp tugs on my nipples translated as the news was two days old.

I swooned, and reached back to bring his head down so that I could kiss his full sensuous lips. "Sing to me Xie, pour those honeyed words into my soul."

"*Leyon kay sen fil genra*." *Your beauty makes me hard.*

I quickly translated, my excitement rising with each word. *Jastor has smuggled in a weapon.* Two bites on my earlobe that sent shivers of delight down my spine.

"Hine lie d'ho henia." I want to hide myself inside you.

A freighter will come today.

My thoughts went immediately to the Donkey's Ass and the quick customs check I'd just witnessed. The crew and passengers would have to be detained.

His fingers left my breasts and caressed their way down my flanks until he found my inner thighs. I arched my body against him and turned within his arms. In one fluid movement he grasped my thighs and hoisted me up. I clung to him, desperately kissing him, our tongues wrestling frantically in our hot mouths. In a moment and without hesitation, his cock slid between the slick petals of my sex. He fucked me that way, five powerful thrusts accompanied by his breathy utterance, "*Malay.*" Five powerful thrusts, then "*Malay,*" a pause, five more, and then five more, signifying the number five. "*Malay, sie thang imore!*" he cried out as he erupted inside me.

The attack would occur in five days.

Five days. Foundation Day, the celebration of this world's formal proclamation of planethood. Xie's erection did not subside, it never did, and he kept thrusting, now silent, fucking me for the pleasure of it. I abandoned myself to him, and fell quickly over the edge into multiple spasms of bliss. "Have I earned your forgiveness, *malay?*"

I was breathless for a long moment, overcome by both pleasure and the import of his news. "Absolutely," I murmured. "Tell me how many times you want to pleasure me."

"Ah, malay, a million times."

"Then make me forget I exist."

"As you wish, my lady."

An hour later I met the Madam as I was leaving. "I hope my lady is satisfied?" Her tone suggested a mocking superiority, an unspoken power over her clientele. It was true for the most part, but not over me. She too dealt in secrets, and had cameras in every room, not to mention the staff collars.

I gave her a nonchalant glance. "Satisfactory. I want something extra next time. Make that waiter available, Bas, I think his name is. I trust his training will be completed by next month?"

"It will be as you wish, my lady. And Xie?"

"Oh yes, of course. I must have my Xie as well. He has such a way with his voice, don't you know. It gives me so much pleasure to listen to him purr. It is like an extra cock." I gave her a girlish giggle of a besotted idiot. "So it will be like having three to play with, no?"

Her expression was eloquent in its blankness. "It will be arranged," she said, meaning I'll be paying through the nose for it.

"Excellent." I wrapped my fur coat around my neck and stepped into the crisp winter morning. Though I had serious and dangerous plans to make, to prevent the forthcoming terrorist attack, I felt exhilarated, lighter than air.

In all the universe, I do not think there is anything more exciting than learning secrets. Not just ordinary secrets, but ones that will change the course of galactic history. Those secrets were, to me, pure bliss.

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