

*Foreword: Unfortunately, this story requires some knowledge of the Na'Tari but didn't offer a good way to present it. You can read more about the Na'Tari [here](#).*

*New Earth, Altair System  
21 May 2138*

Jeanette Duveaux woke with a start as her sheets rustled.

*Dammit, I closed that window*, she thought as she mentally brushed away the cobwebs of sleep. No light shone in her room except for her alarm clock, which read “00:45.” She rolled toward the edge of the bed to check when she stopped—or rather, something stopped her.

The object felt cold and hard—not metallic, nor wooden. In fact, Jeanette couldn't tell what it was, except that it was slender and black. Her eyes widened in disbelief.

A sharp pain lanced into the back of her neck, and she gasped. The pain faded a moment later, washed out by a pleasant warmth and a buzz that clouded her thought. A part of her mind protested—*This isn't right—what's going on?* What little thought she could muster left her, however, as the thin object that had blocked her melted against her skin, tracing a path along her stomach to settle on the curves of her breasts.

Jeanette's body responded when her mind could not. She moaned, and her hands slid along her slender abdomen to welcome the sensations that had robbed her of conscious thought. Whatever was covering her breasts milked them slowly, fitting itself along her form and tightening around her nipples, which hardened at the stimulation.

She looked at her cleavage through clouded eyes. The material covering them shimmered black like an oil slick. The sight jolted her, and for a moment, her mind snapped into focus. *Dear Gods, what is happening to me?!*

Another pain lanced into her neck on the other side, evoking a soft cry from Jeanette. Her panic faded, washed away in the wave of buzzing in her mind and the warmth that grew between her thighs. *Have to ... snap out of ... whatever is doing this ...*

A cold sensation ran down her spine, caressing Jeanette's skin as it slid downward. She rolled onto her knees and rose, pressing her breasts together as her back arched backward. In response, the sensations drifted back down her stomach, toward her thighs. Instinct carried her hands downward, following the sensations.

Her mound throbbed, and her hand answered—her right index and ring fingers parted her labia, and her middle finger slid inside her to cradle her moist, swollen clit. Her left hand braced against her bed's headboard as she massaged herself and as the substance massaging her breasts began to vibrate around her nipples.

“Gods,” she moaned. Her fingertip traced her clit, light but fast. The presence—she wouldn't have known what to call it even if she were clear-headed enough to realize what it was—covered her ass and her inner thighs, rippling along her skin. The sensory overload made her breathing ragged, and her heartbeat quickened in time with her finger's pace on her clit. “Oh, Gods,” she called out again. “Gods ... Gods ...!”

Jeanette threw her head back in a loud, ecstatic cry as waves of wet heat swelled through her body. She shook as her womb contracted, and her back arched as the presence groped her breasts more roughly in response to her orgasm.

Her moans grew softer as her body recovered from falling over the edge. The buzzing in her mind was louder than ever, but she no longer cared. Her body begged to be filled; she leaned on the headboard with both hands, pleading softly to whatever controlled her as cold tendrils slithered over her ass and hips.

With no warning, the presence filled her—rocked into her, hard enough to shake her body. She cried out—“Gods, yes!”—as her womb answered its fulfillment with another wave of pleasure. Unsated, the presence withdrew and filled her again. She contracted against it, felt the length ripple and vibrate as it filled her—immediately, a third wave followed on the heels of the second.

Jeanette whimpered. Her arms gave out on her, and she caught herself on her forearms as her upper body fell forward onto the bed. She arched her ass at the sky, her body pleading for more as the presence drilled into her. Tendrils squeezed her ass, and the substance covering her breasts pulled and twisted at her nipples. “Harder,” she pleaded. “Gods, fuck me harder ...”

The presence seemed to answer her plea, filling all of her womb. She gasped, and a low moan escaped the bottom of her throat. “Oh, yes ... oh, Goddess, yes ...”

Something caught her clit and held it as another appendage lapped at it. Her womb, her clit, her breasts—the sensations overpowered her ability to speak, or even breathe. Jeanette’s body felt like it would explode if something didn’t give ...

The length that filled her rammed deeper still and stiffened inside her. She screamed as her womb contracted around it, pulling it impossibly closer as it released its warm fluid in her deepest nethers.

She collapsed, dimly aware of the sensations along her skin and inside her withdrawing. “Gods,” she whispered one last time before consciousness fled her.

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Jeanette woke slowly the next day as sunlight flooded into her room. She looked to her window, which was closed; and to her alarm clock, which was dead.

As she stretched, she noticed a soreness in her thighs. *I must have had a hell of a dream last night*, she thought. She rolled into a wet patch on the sheets and blushed. *One hell of a dream. Damn, and I just washed these*, she thought as she pulled herself out of bed and prepared herself to start the new day.