

Bedtime for Galems

By Ecchistar

The fleshia galem reclined on her back, idly caressing the star-shaped pendant nestled at the pit of her throat. There she waited, trapped in a tiny makeshift bedchamber, hidden away behind a simple room partition. She spent the day preening, primping, or simply staring at the ceiling. Like all of her galem ilk, her mind was clear and empty, a creature of dull bovine bliss with no conscious thoughts to burden her, or even mark the passage of time. Simple animalistic drives animated the galem's routines, with the most pronounced being her insatiable need to satisfy men... and most notably of all, the master.

In the distance, a door lock clicked, causing the fleshia to stir from her oblivion. Her eyes traveled down, sweeping across her figure as they tracked towards the sound. She was a mysterious creature of unknown origins, but her form was indistinguishable from a woman, albeit an extremely voluptuous one. Aside from her pendant, she was clad only in the frilly pink lingerie her master had provided. Though her attire was sized to fit, her ample flesh always seemed to jiggle free, as though her body itself was actively advocating for male attention.

The door to the partition slid open, revealing her master at the threshold. She rolled to her side and stared at him, eyes sparkling and body quivering with ravenous want. In an instant, every erogenous part of her overly-eroticized form seemed swollen and ruddy with excitement. The simple presence of a male, any male, was enough to set her smoldering lust ablaze.

As he shed his clothes, her excitement was plainly evident. Her nipples strained against the fabric of her lingerie as anticipation built within. She removed her bra, sank back into the loose pile of pillows nestled at the head of the bed, raised her legs high overhead, and peeled off her already-soaked panties.

Ever since catching a glimpse of it, the galem's gaze was singularly fixed on her master's cock. His member stood erect; a throbbing purple rod capped with an oblong head. It appeared eager to pierce her, and the observation sent her pussy gushing. The torrent of girl-cum spilled over her labia and dripped down her ass, soaking the bed sheets beneath.

The man who acted as the galem's current owner and master climbed into the bed and placed himself between her meaty thighs. Their trysts were a daily pastime, and even though she seemed to lack the ability to speak, her command of body language made her exact needs abundantly clear. With legs held high and face pleading, she was once again begging for sex in her most preferred position, the mating press.

With his cock hovering over her pussy, he paused momentarily to admire this heavenly prize spread open for his delight. He'd simply happened upon the naked galem wandering the streets early one morning. It was a surreal scene. Her skin was soft and smooth, a pinkish hue set against the blue-gray morning fog, all contrasting beautifully with her extraordinary green-blond hair. The only garnish gracing her supple flesh was a small star-shaped pendant hanging from a silken necklace.

She sniffed the air, turned, and playfully bounded towards him like a pampered pet, excited for meal time. She greeted him wordlessly with pleading eyebrows and the open-mouthed smile of a pure

ignoramus. As he stood there in the streets, dumbfounded and bewitched, she attached herself to his side. In an instant, her hands were at his crotch, working to pry his excited cock free from his clothes. It was all he could do to lure her back inside his apartment before giving into her unrestrained urging.

That was three months ago. He stared down at her pussy and sneered in delight at its messy perfection. This galem was his now. From the little information he'd gleaned—and who could tell if any of it was reliable—he might actually be able to keep her like this: his beautiful princess, trapped away in this makeshift dungeon and kept as a living sex-toy, for all eternity. All he had to do was nourish her with cum, keep his friends away, and most importantly, lock the doors.

He loomed over her now, rubbing his cock against her dripping mess of velvety folds, and coated his shaft in her juices as she cooed receptively. Lubed and ready, he dipped the head into her heart-shaped hole and slowly plunged into her buttery vice of pure delight. The feeling was exquisite every time. He began to move rhythmically atop her, locking eyes with her as he slowly pumped away. She smiled back at him with that empty, horny smile of pure lust that he'd seen when they first met. Soon however, as the minutes went on and he pounded away at her mound, the expression shifted to unbridled joy and then magnificent agony. The galem may have lacked any conscious thoughts, but her body still felt and reacted on an instinctual level. Her passionate appeals compelled her master, so she whimpered, gasped, and moaned for his delight, all the while her tremendous tits bounced in unison with his thrusts.

Her eyes opened wide as he began pounding into her harder and faster. She could tell from his rhythm that “it” would happen soon. She wrapped her legs around him, bucking upward, and began pulling him closer, inviting him deeper into her embrace. Her insides trembled and twitched as if begging for more, but her master was at his limits. He jammed his cock into her depths, mashing his glans against her receptive cervix and splattered her insides with creamy lust. As he climaxed, the galem felt the warmth of his semen spreading inside and growing hotter with each twitch of his cock. Her inner walls clenched and released around him, milking every last drop of cum. She cooed as he filled her, echoing master's orgasm as though it were her own.

He rested for a moment, balls deep in his frothy paradise. It was always like this, a feeling so supremely satisfying, he simply wanted to drift away, intertwined inside and out by her rapturous embrace. He closed his eyes, and then caught himself. If he passed out now, anything could happen. What if she wandered off while he was asleep? No... that would ruin everything. He pulled away from her, withdrawing from her sopping semen stuffed love-hole. He pried free from her legs and rolled off the bed, exiting the tiny room, locking the partition's door, and abandoning the galem to writhe alone in the lust-soaked sheets. His captive princess wasn't going anywhere.

Alone again, the galem relaxed, dropping her legs, but keeping her pelvis uptilt. There was nothing more he could do for her. She could feel the generous load sloshing inside her womb, and could sense that her master was completely spent...for now. After all, a single man could only be milked so much. She petted her lower abdomen, as though coaxing the cum deeper inside. As always, he'd return sometime later. He'd pretty her up, clean her, and fuck her again. She would wait. For her, time meant nothing. It would only be a moment.

Hours would pass, desire would find its target, and the cycle would begin anew. It always did. Another geyser of jizz would glaze her insides, providing her nourishment, and perhaps something more. Fleshia galems had a supernatural ability to sense male lust, and where none existed, her beyond-shapely figure, sensual mannerisms, and accommodating attitude always coaxed a stiff response from any men

in her presence. Still, trapped in this tiny enclave, too dull to outwit a wall partition and locked door, her only option for love was the master, so the master would suffice until others came along.

For a galem of the fleshia variety, there was only one purpose in life: to be filled with a man's love, be it her master's, or another's; there was no difference to her. To be showered with their pleasure, night and day, inside and out, to fill herself with their seed and bear their young, over and over again, this was her singular eternal goal, and one in which she was quite accomplished.

The life of a fleshia galem was bliss. If she had the capacity to feel appreciation, she may have thanked her creator for this privileged existence, but as it stood, she merely caressed the star-shaped pendant that forever accompanied her on these endless rounds of intercourse. The galem's delicate fingers lovingly stroked the lines of the wojak face etched on the pendant. There was no response from the trinket. The furrowed face engraving was a dead object as far as anyone could tell. It simply stared out at the world with a weary expression, unmoved by the galem's soothing touch.

And thus, another day ended.