

## Chapter 4 – A Helping Hand

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The door slid shut behind the Vessian woman as she looked around her superior's living quarters. The walls were replete with shelves holding all sorts of alien paraphernalia taken from countless planets by the matron's forebears, while the floor was laden with dozens of cushions; some the size of mattresses, others smaller than a pillow. She looked for a place to sit before a voice spoke from beyond a plain partition.

"Anywhere on the floor is fine." The sounds of porcelain clinking rang like chimes in the warm air of the room. "I find I achieve a better night's rest when I am not restricted by where I sleep." As she spoke, the matron Iana Vaalis stepped out from behind the false wall, holding an old teapot and cups on a tray. Both Vessian women were dressed in a casual tunic of sorts, more for comfort than appearance. "What brings you here, Shaala?"

Shaala Dohviin dipped her eyes to the ground as she slowly lowered herself to an inviting looking cushion almost half her size. "It's... it's these new dosages."

"Ah." Iana sighed, placing the tray on one of the cushions between them as she took her seat opposite Shaala. "Having trouble adjusting to the new cycle?"

"It's just..." The younger woman was unsure how to approach her superior with such a problem. "I, I keep having these strange urges when at work."

Iana's eyebrow rose as she began pouring the tea, a fruity fragrance wafting through the air. "Urges, you say?" Shaala nodded. "Please, tell me what you mean."

Shaala's face flushed from her usual light purple to a darker violet as she closed her eyes to think. "Well, many of the males I see now are mentioning how their dosage changes have led to behavioural issues, led to them..." She leaned over the teapot to whisper "To them... 'touching' themselves."

"Well that's hardly-"

"Outside of the collection areas." Shaala interrupted.

"Ah, I see." The matron grinned a little, thinking back to earlier that afternoon when she had taken some alone time for herself.

"Surely, by Pure, that should not be allowed. But the thought..." Iana spotted Shaala's hand sliding up her leg, the thoughts no doubt causing her hands and mind to wander with erotic intention. However, the young Vessian caught herself and stayed her hand, shaking it as though in punishment. "Sorry. But see, it's getting so hard... so..."

“Shaala, dearest.” lana placed her cup down before sliding the tray over to the side, her junior looking puzzled as she shifted closer. “Why the Overseer has made changes to the dosages is not for us to question, we just need to find a way to work around any difficulties.”

“But, I- I cannot concentrate, at work. I just keep thinking...” The woman’s hand again began to move to the area between her thighs before stopping - except this time, lana’s hand stopped it from retracting. “Matron?”

“Shush dear, it’s okay. Your mind is clouded, and I know a meditation that can clear it up.” She said smiling, her long fuzzy ears twitching with intent.

“I... Are you sure Matron?” No sooner was the question asked than one of lana’s fingers was pressed against Shaala’s lips.

“Just follow my lead, I will show you the movements.” lana slid her hand around the younger woman’s nervous digits, unbuttoning the tunic to reveal a bare body beneath. Already Shaala’s legs were trembling as the lilac-coloured hands of the matron gently worked their way towards their apex. “Almost there...” She said reassuringly as fingertips played against Shaala’s skin.

“P-Pure!” As lana’s fingers found their mark, Shaala shivered, her whole body wracked with a mini-orgasm from a stranger’s touch. “I- I...”

“Just... breathe....” lana spoke softly, her fingers gyrating ever so slightly against the woman’s swollen, drenched lips. And breathe she did, Shaala eventually opening her eyes to see a very naked Matron before her. “We all need to take care of ourselves, but sometimes it takes another to show us the way.”

The younger Vessian nodded in agreement as her hand found its way to her superior’s knee. At first it lifted, as though to return to where it was before; but after a moment’s hesitation Shaala guided it upwards, to lana’s own need. lana moaned her approval as she pushed the first knuckle of her index finger into her sensitive womanhood. After a few quickened breaths returned to normal, she pushed another knuckle in, and as Shaala’s own fingers made it to the matron’s glistening lips, lana was as deep as she could go.

“My... You... I...” No words adequate for the situation came readily to mind as Shaala felt her body tensing once more.

“Exquisite, is it not?” lana moaned as her junior’s fingers fumbled against her opening. Writhing her legs in just the right way, Shaala’s fingers slipped inside and whether it was reaction to the sensation of being so warmly hugged by lana’s passage, or the sexual jolt of energy brought about by the encroaching orgasm, two of her fingers slid down to the second knuckle almost immediately. “Yes dear... just like that.”

Shaala's breathing became more and more ragged as she felt the altogether new sensation of an orgasm building. An orgasm that had been approaching fast but was now practically upon her, as lana began curling that lone finger up and back, as though she were herself beckoning the climax nearer.

"H-how do..." Shaala began, but the question was empty, a vocal vessel for her confusion at the new sensations and emotions.

"Do not concern yourself with 'how'..." lana breathed into Shaala's ear as she closed the distance, their breasts lightly pressed against each other as the matron took a more commanding role "Just do what feels 'right'."

Without any further prompting Shaala grabbed lana by the back of the head and drew her into a deep and passionate kiss, the Matron wrapping her arm around the orgasmic woman as they shared a moment of intense intimacy. Once Shaala let go, so did lana, placing her now free hand on the violet woman's sizeable breast. "Ah!"

"Remember, do as I do." She said, grinning as Shaala hesitantly placed her hand upon lana's bosom. The older Vessian was significantly more endowed with areolae the size of her palm and breasts the size of her head, though Shaala had no hesitation towards the difference in size and was beginning to play with her teacher's nipple as she herself was being played with. The two sat there, with only their breathing and sighs between them as they cupped, groped, and massaged their other's breasts.

lana could feel her pupil's tight passageway begin to quiver as the inevitable climax roared even closer. So, beginning to play a little more roughly, she took Shaala's nipple between her fingers and squeezed gently, prompting an immediate response from the woman as she did the same. With an increase in breaths and a quickened heartbeat, lana could tell Shaala was too close to hold back.

Fuzziness began to descend upon her vision as Shaala's mind exploded into colour, lana's thumb joining the sensory overload by pressing gently upon the now throbbing clitoris. "Hh-h-hn..." Sounds of Shaala's broken mind stumbled through the room as she crashed headfirst into her first proper orgasm. lana kept her thumb where it was, slowly massaging the woman back to consciousness.

After a moment of labored breathing and humms of bliss, Shaala was able to speak again. "I, I see what you mean. About - mmmm - clearing the head..."

lana brought her slickened hand to her own clitoris, her climax only a mere motion away as she firmly circled the sensitive nub before moaning through the sensation. "Clear head... Yes..." Was all she could manage before her body slumped backwards onto the cushions. "Start off... with one... session... a day..." she said, through content panting.

“What if I need help... with... uh, my method?” Shaala asked, a nervous grin from ear to droopy ear.

lara smiled, giggling as she thought of all the different meditation positions the two of them could test in the days to come. “Oh, I’m sure we could help each other out.”