

Sex Stories From Samantha the Space-Station Bartender #1

**FREE EXCERPT**



STRIP,  
PLEASE!  
SAMANTHA'S  
SPACESHIP  
SEX LESSONS

BY J.J. CHOICE

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Space-Station Bartender #1**

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Samantha's  
Spaceship Sex  
Lessons**

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**FOR ADULT VIEWING ONLY!**

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**Warning! The following story contains explicit sexual content and should be viewed by adults only.**

The following ebooklet is a FREE sample from:



**Samantha channeled two years of training and experience to give the most sexually-satisfying blow job of her life.**

Later, back at her club, she looked at some of the newest accents for the opening night of her bar. The lithe, young 20s brunette flopped into a chair next to a man already seated at a table. "Well, Trev, we're just about ready to open. Do you think you can tolerate being the bouncer of 'the other bar' on the space station?"

"Don't kid yourself, Samantha. We all need a choice. This little joint is a perfect for people who don't like the commercialism of the other, corporate-sponsored, mainstream night club. Anyway, you'll find out soon enough; this place has potential. You're about to open for the first time. Are you ready?"

"Yes, I am, now that the last piece of the puzzle is in place." Samantha inhaled; she still tasted the masculine scent of the shaft that she had been sucking on less than a half-an-hour before. New night club? I can't just call it that; we'll need a name for it, sooner than later.

Trevor asked, "Puzzle? What are you talking about, Sam?"

"I had to do a lot to make this bar happen. More than you can believe, and I finished my last job before I arrived here, tonight."

Trevor saw an interesting expression on her face. Even though he had been her friend for close to a year, he couldn't quite suss what she was feeling. "Sam, what kind of job was your last?"

"It was a blow job." She cracked just the smallest of smiles. "Trev. A full-on, cock-slurping, cum-spewing, mouth fuck."

"You're kidding!"

"Nope," continued Samantha, "I'm not. Not only that, but I sucked off someone I had never met, and I gave him the best fellatio that he could ever imagine."

"Samantha, now I know that you're joking. That's not your style. You're not loose, at all."

"Trev, honest, I'm serious. Hmm, we have about an hour before the doors open. Grab a soda pop, and I'll tell you how this night club came into being, sex and all..."

"Trev, the story starts all the way back on Earth. My parents were killed in a shuttle crash, and I was all alone, the ward of the state."

"Sam, I didn't know ..."

"Don't feel sorry for me; it's who I am. Anyway, at seventeen, I decided that I needed to go off planet. I wanted to try this specific space station, because it hovered around Mars. Something about the Mars orbit appealed to me. I didn't want the gravity of the planet itself, but I imagined that I could live here a long time."

"Ever since I had this dream about off-planet sex, Mars has appealed to me, too," added Trevor.

"Anyway, a captain of a freighter advertised that he was looking for a companion on the two-year trip to Mars."

"And you were only seventeen? Did you know what you were getting into?"

"That's exactly what the captain asked me at the interview...."

"Samantha, is it?" The captain looked over her application. "You're only seventeen; you're not even legal...."

"I'll be eighteen in less than a week. I figure that's close enough."

"If I were to allow you to be my companion to Mars, it would be just the two of us on the freighter. The ship flies on automatic, for the most part. Do you understand what your responsibilities would be?"

"To cook for you and more." Samantha looked down at her shoes.

"It's the more that I'm concerned about. Do you fully understand what's expected of you?" The captain looked her up and down. He admired the form of her young breasts hidden beneath her shirt. Tight body, too -- definitely, a cute, young woman.

She looked up, at the captain. He was in his late twenties, fairly handsome, very short hair, and no facial hair. Even though she was a little scared, his strong jaw and dark hair appealed to Samantha. She simply said, "Yes, I do."

"Call this a trial run. Strip, please!"

Samantha just stood there, stalled in nervous anticipation.

The captain repeated himself, "Strip, please!"

She shifted her weight from foot to foot, still hesitating a few seconds before complying. Then with no complaint, Sam slipped off her shoes, her pants, and finally, her underwear. Her shirt covered her hips and muff.

"Strip, please, all the way."

Sam crossed her arms in front, grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing a tan, tight abdomen. Sam slipped off the shoulder straps of the blue satin bra, passing her fingers over her taught breasts. She reached behind, unhooked the bra, and let it fall. She now stood completely naked in front of her captain.

"I'm read, Sir," she said with a tremble in her voice.

"Wait!" he held up a hand and walked around her slowly. He let her stand, naked. Her cheeks blushed a strong red. Still, he just let her stand, facing him.

She had just the smallest tuft of hair above her very enticing pussy lips.

The captain walked over to Sam. He reached out and lightly cupped each firm breast.

She didn't flinch, although her face blushed even more.

The captain looked at her in the eyes, "Samantha, turn around and bend over. Touch your toes, please."

She did as told.

He looked at her pussy from the backside; it was exquisite, tender. The lips were just a little swollen; he could see that she was definitely turned on, with full, luscious lips, ready for contact.

The captain unfastened his uniform pants. He freed his member from his constraining underwear. It seemed to reach for her. Even before he slid his cock into her from behind, he had already made the decision.

And now that the warmth of Sam's inner, private region engulfed his shaft, he was sure. She would do.....

**Continue reading the rest of:**



## **Strip, Please! Samantha's Spaceship Sex Lessons**

Strip, Please! Samantha's Spaceship Sex Lessons is #1 in the series Sex Stories From Samantha the Space-Station Bartender.

Read them all in one collection at a discounted price:



Or read them individually...

## About the Author

J.J. Choice writes adult fiction from a two-story house that overlooks the ocean in the Pacific Northwest.

Besides prepping gourmet meals and then watching a good movie, walks on the beach, with partner and dog, is J.J.'s favorite pastime.

If you enjoyed Strip, Please! Samantha's Spaceship Sex Lessons, then be sure to try the other Sex Stories From Samantha the Space-Station Bartender.

You'll find them on J.J. Choice's author page or by doing a quick search for Sex Stories From Samantha the Space-Station Bartender.

## Series by J.J. Choice:

**Sex Stories From Samantha the Space-Station Bartender, 1-5**  
(Sci Fi Erotica Collection)



Or individually ...





## 1. Strip, Please! Samantha's Spaceship Sex Lessons

For those on the space station above Mars, sex talk relieves the boredom of working in space, and the best adult sex stories can be heard at Samantha's bar.

This is the tale of how a barely legal girl goes from a captain's sex toy on a Mars freighter to owning her own night club. She jumps through various hoops: woman-to-woman sex, negotiating with sex-starved machinists on a moon, and giving a "required," mind-numbing blow job to a total stranger.

## 2. Harvest Mickies and Blue Sex:

Can one ever get too much sex? Well ... if it involves milking-sperm sex acts by an alien, over and over again. Warning! Do your best to avoid becoming a sex slave to a blue alien.

Ed's superiors had warned him and all of the other privates, no romancing the natives. Alien sex was strictly forbidden. No blue sex.

This adult sex story is not for the faint of heart. This is one time where sci fi erotica might get just a little painful and require a hospital stay.

A mix pain and pleasure for one soldier, proves to be an entertaining sex tale for the patrons of Samantha's bar.





### 3. The Sex Stone:

Samantha, Trevor and the gang of the space station bar, The Loose Screw, gather around for a tale of alien sex and rediscovered passion.

In the hopes of rekindling their sex life with a little moon sex, Thomas and his girlfriend Peyton take a Recreational Rover out on an asteroid moon in the Andromeda Galaxy. There they find a set of caverns, sex caves; is an alien life force present? What do the caves do? What's it like to make love in them? And what exactly is the sex stone?

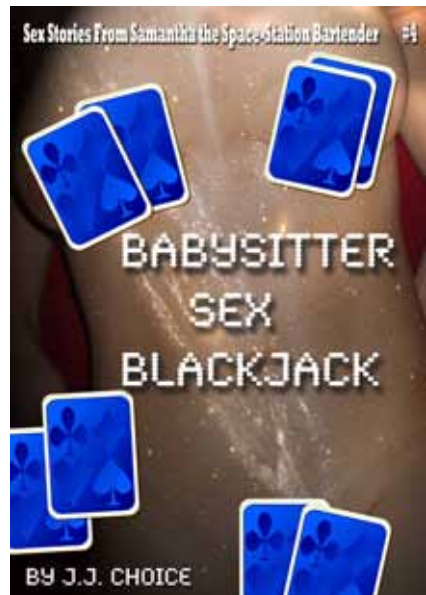
Cum along as the story of this alien sex lesson unfolds. Sci fi erotica complete with a little alien biofeedback.

### 4. Babysitter Sex Blackjack:

Traveling from space station to space station with a space circus, Jim the Juggler slowly befriends Brooke, the troupe's babysitter. Who will win the game of blackjack, and for what stakes? Is this simply a game of Strip blackjack or is it a total babysitter seduction? Will Brooke become his barely-legal sex slave?

And what will the patrons of the Loose Screw think of Jim's babysitter sex story?

"I guess, I'm contestant number sex, I mean six," said Jim.



On 'I'd Pay for That Lay Friday,' a competition created by Samantha the space-station bartender, each contestant tells his or her best story of a sexual encounter. The prize? Credits for free drinks -- lots of outer-space alcohol.



### 5. The Messy-Sex Revenge Orgy :

Watch out! Whoever sabotaged the Loose Screw night club on the space station will pay. Neither the colonists from Mars nor the regular patrons from the space station will be able to drink alcohol there, until the quarantine gets lifted. Will the Loose Screw survive?

With the aid of friendly, sexual espionage, lots of hidden cameras, and a contact psychic, Samantha the Bartender's plan develops. Get read for messy sex -- revenge at its finest -- a cum sex story that is so epic it becomes an annual day of celebration at the bar.

Samantha's payback plans entertain the patrons of the bar as sci fi erotica meets adult-sex, orgy stories.

**Warning! These adult sex stories portray graphic accounts of sci fi erotica.**

A Sci-Fi Erotica Collection:

**Sex Stories  
From Samantha  
the Space-Station  
Bartender 1 - 5**



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