**A Different Kind of Porn**

Markus felt a chill as the dock clamps locked in place over his shuttle. This meant only one thing, regardless of anything else, he wouldn’t be able to leave the planet without some turian's permission. He knew this going in of course, and he was ready but... The reality of it was just a little bit different than he had thought.

From what he'd heard he was among the few humans who were willingly taken to Palaven, not that it was a death sentence or anything but it was just a little bit scary to be handled by aliens so much larger than any human was. Mankind had become a client race of the turians but aside from the occasional relocation of one family or another to turian space, nothing really changed. Still the entire thing caused Markus’ innately human rebellious spirit to clash with his submissive nature. And the entire experience was just odd...

The human himself was to star in a… vid of some sort. His producer was rather vague with the details but said that the turians paid well and they just had to cash in on the opportunity. “Well it’s not you going to their homeworld, you fatass…” Markus mumbled to himself as the airlock slid open and he was greeted by a giant who would be taking him to the studio, all of the formalities had already been taken care of off-world after all.

The human sighed and stepped onto the hand that a rather disinterested-looking turian offered him, putting a start to a bumpy ride that would take about twenty minutes. Although the sights around him kept the little guy occupied for the entire journey. Soon the turian – who according to his badge went by the name Reladius – took him inside and left him at the reception desk saying he’d be taken care of soon enough.

Markus gulped and looked around, he’d heard of stories of unaccounted-for humans being consumed on the spot. Not that the thought of it was entirely unpleasant, but still.

There were a few turians scattered around the waiting area of the studio, some reading scripts while others were simply playing with their omnitools, watching as foreign script zoomed passed the UI. There was even a salarian fellow among them all, but Markus wasn't allowed to interact with any of them, even if he wanted to. It was not against the rules or anything, he was simply stranded there on the desk without any means of reaching out to any of the aliens. Except for the turian secretary typing away in front of the little guy without a care in the world.

One of the turians looked up, a sleezy fellow who gave Markus a shameless grin. His plates seemed rough, his markings were well-worn. From the distance Markus would wonder if the giant had actually licked at his mandible. Soon though, the turian simply turned his head back to his datapad, still reading whatever it was on there, and signing it.

The secretary stood up and took his datapad, setting it onto a table before laying down another next to Markus, finally acknowledging the little guy. The secretary was a long-fringed, almost blue-plated male turian who twirled around a datapen. "You must be the human that I've been told about. Love getting you little guys here on the rare occasion. There's fewer release forms involved." His voice carried no ill will, instead simply enjoying the ease of paperwork involved with the human. The secretary playfully prodded Markus with his pen before he set down a human-sized data pen next to Markus and left him there on the reception desk, letting the implications of his statement sink in.

Markus didn't find anything witty to say in response and he didn't have it in him to even be offended by the implication of the turian's words. "Uhm... That's... good?" He spoke up after shrugging off the less than welcome poke in his abdomen. He really didn't want to make any sort of scene because that would likely end with him in someone's mouth or... The human shook his head and focused on the pen the secretary offered him. "Thanks." He nodded.

Once he signed the datapad as large as he could, the secretary's fingers curled around Markus. This turina was a little less gentle with the human than the turian guard had been, instead leaving Markus no wiggle room in his grip, whereas he got to sit out on the palm of the previous one. They walked down the hall, where the studio was calm and seemingly ready for Markus' arrival.

Markus let out a small discomforted grunt once the alien's hand squeezed around him and then gasped for air which was forced out of his lungs for a moment. "Please... Be a bit more gentle." He requested and once the alien’s grip eased took another deep breath.

"Fair enough, you've got a long day ahead of you as is after all." The hand turned over and the fingers uncurled, leaving Markus on the turian's open palm as he had a cheerful smile on his face.

"Geez... You really do not view us as much better than pets, do you?" Markus said not sure whether he was happy with that fact or not, but the slight blush on his face revealed to others what the human himself wasn't yet consciously aware of.

"Sorry little guy, I just don't often meet humans like yourself here. Usually if you're in my hand you're on your way to my mouth but unless you're not planning on getting to work today..." The turian chuckled and shook his head. "There I go again. I need to watch my mouth around the talent."

"Oh uhh... It's alright." Markus said, his attitude immediately softening upon the realization that the turian really didn't mean him any harm. And to be fair that response carried a lot more respect for the human species than Markus had expected he'd be given. "So uhhh..." He hesitated, the secretary being the first person he could talk business with. "My producer said I'd be co-starring with a turian? I don't know any of the details, he said I'd be filled upon arrival. Is there anything I should know? I haven't even seen the script yet." He admitted.

"To answer your question: yes you'll be working with a turian, you're on Palaven after all, and your script won't involve anything. I doubt we have microphones that are even designed for humans like you. Did your agent not tell you what kind of studio this is?"

"Uhh... Not really? He just said I should brace myself for a tough job and I have but what do you-" As he said that, the secretary arrived at the door and opened it up. Markus wouldn't get to finish his sentence as his first glimpse at the studio caused him to rather promptly shut up. The pieces in his mind came together and the human blushed.

Inside there was a single director's chair, a crew of turians with high zoom cameras, and one shirtless fellow wearing only some tight fitting pants. A makeup artist was at his feet, decorating it with small amounts of dirt while the director clapped his hands. "Ahhh, here's our most important prop. Fresh from Earth!"

He snatched up the fellow from the secretary's hands introducing himself as he walked over to the shirtless turian. "Haratio Jorellious, meet your co-star Markus Veller!"

With an unceremonious twist of his wrist, the director dumped Markus into the open palm of the main actor Haratio. He caught Markus and his fingers curled around him, the alien squinting at Markus with a little smirk on his face. "Spirits you weren't kidding! These little guys are... little!"

"Umph..." Markus winced as he landed and looked up, coming face-to-face with his supposed co-star. A dreamy-looking shirtless turian who was looking him over with genuine fascination. "I uhm... Hi." The human greeted with a smile and a wave as he awkwardly attempted to settle within the turian's palm.

As Markus waved, Haratio cocked his head and pinched his little hand between his two talons carefully, so as not to hurt the little fellow. He moved the arm around a little bit, luckily not hurting Markus with how it moved. It was almost like he ignored Markus' little greeting, moving his talon to touch at the human's abdomen and laughing. "Goodness you're so soft! Like a reeeally tiny asari!"

His fingers then wrapped around Markus and dangled him in place, wiggling the little guy around and laughing as he looked at the body. He then prodded at his legs, watching them reflexively bend and move around. "Gosh his legs aren't even pointing the right way... Oh spirits sorry, I've just never seen one of your kind before and it's fun to think that something so small is a... I'm gonna shut up."

Markus remained silent throughout most of it, blushing deeper and deeper with every single movement of the turian's hands. He'd have been laughing joyously the entire way through if he wasn't completely dumb-founded by being handled in such a manner. Yet once again he felt a wave of relief washed over him when the turian actually apologized. "I-it's okay." Markus managed through nervous laughter. "I understand how you feel."

The turian set Markus onto the table chuckling with a large grin on his face. The secretary butted in. "So they evidently didn't tell him what exactly he'd be acting in."

"Is that so?" Haratio turned his head and cocked it towards the secretary, fluttering his mandibles before turning back to Markus. "Well you see, the hierarchy commissioned us to create a fetish movie for you humans to be distributed on your version of the extranet. I'm pretty sure it's some kind of propaganda thing, but evidently a good portion of you guys seem to react well to... turian feet?"

The director snickered a little and shook his head, jerking his thumb to Haratio. "Well it's not as weird as you guys letting us eat you. The hierarchy reps wanted us to have us eat the human by the end but this guy didn't want to end up digesting the first one he met."

Markus blinked a couple of times as the entire premise of the thing was dumped on him. "Uhhh..." He looked up at Haratio, whom he decided to dub 'Harry' in his head for now as it was easier to remember. "Yeah okay." He nodded. "I can do that. And uhm... I guess I should thank you?" He turned to the actor and gave a slight bow. "I am rather happy that this thing won't have to end with you uhh... eating me..." Markus hesitated for just a moment. "...so soon."

"Oh you probably wouldn't even have the job if he was going to eat you little bug." The director commented, and leaned on the chair. "He's just lucky his latest porn vid got us enough cash that we didn't have to worry about hiring someone else on. Otherwise I'd have just bought some human volunteer from the store. Helluva lot cheaper."

Harry was thankful for the director's comments as a distraction, or Markus might have seen the turian raise an inquisitive eyebrow at the added "so soon" to Markus' comment. He had to admit, there definitely was something appetizing about the little human but he suppressed it for now.

"So let's get down to it, what is required from me? Other than... I'm assuming being down on the floor and looking pathetic?" He turned to the director, though he expected that Haratio probably knew as well.

"Yeah that's about it. The scenario is that a turain soldier is tired from the day, so he comes home to a volunteer pet and we...?" Harry shrugged and looked at the director who simply waved his hand and exhaled.

"Pshh, Haratio is better when he improvises his roles. Just make sure not to break him. And you Markus, make sure you look like you're enjoying it. This will likely drive a few more of your kind into taking a job they'll really enjoy in the hierarchy."

"Ah... Right." Markus nodded simply not sure what to say in response to the director's comment.

"So Markus... are you one of those humans into feet? That would make this whole process a lot easier on both of us." Harry smiled kind of awkwardly, slowly liking the idea as to what was about to take place.

He turned around and gave a hesitant, yet definitive nod. "Yeah, actually. I thought it was a weird thing to be fond of but apparently it's normal for my species so... Yeah I think I’ll have no problem with this, Haratio." He smiled up at the actor and nodded.

"So it is expected that more humans would come to Palaven to do this sort of thing? Not just be eaten but also uhh..." Markus shook his head, thinking that a human in the care of the turian primarch's for example, would lead a much more luxurious life than he would ever be able to back on Earth... Lucky fucker... "Anyway, I'm ready whenever. Let's uhh... do it to it?" Markus said a little awkwardly, still a little bit shocked that he'd be staring in what was essentially a mixture of porn and propaganda but seeing no harm in playing his part. If this isn't what any given human viewer wants they could just swipe to the next piece. And those who do might end up landing the job of their dreams with the turians.

The turian director's hands clapped and he nodded, excited to get on with the work they planned today. It wasn't a complex job after all and he wanted to get done with only one day of shooting. That’s all the budget allowed for anyway. Harry snatched Markus up again, gently tossing the human in his hand and moving Markus to the middle of the set, a three-walled room made to look like a typical Palaven apartment. He let Markus roll off his palm and onto the floor safely while the crew skittered about the place, preparing the cameras. Two were up at the turian's level, while two remained near the ground.

The director took his place while Harry stepped behind the door, which closed shut and sealed the human alone in the middle of the floor. Two cameras were pointed at him, like they were two massive eyes of gods staring down, watching his every move.

It was honestly exciting. For the few moments that the cameras and their operators surrounded him, Markus couldn't believe he'd be... well not really a star; the director did call him the most important *prop*. But he figured that carried some weight in its own right. Regardless it was kind of funny to have so many titans stomping about the place while he was the focus of their attention.

The human held his breath as the director said the word "action," which was followed by a brief pause as the door opened. Once the door swung open he jumped slightly and fell over, a natural reaction that human exaggerated a bit for the camera.

Harry stepped into the room, groaning as he stroked his hand over his fringe. His shirt was torn in a few places, covered in dirt. "Mmhhh, nothing like training with the grunts." He groaned out, stripping off the shirt from his body to reveal a holo-tattoo, a glowing temporary marking showing his rank as commander in this fictitious iteration of the turian military. "It sure does take a lot out of a turian like myself... but luckily I've got something to help take the edge off."

He sat down on the couch, kicking off some boots that were part of his costume. His toes wiggled in their newfound freedom, decorated with dirt particles that were clearly artificially placed. With one foot resting on the edge of the couch, the other was set on the floor, the massive twin toes kneading at the carpet, a detail that the cameras caught. "Come here, my little human. Your favorite task needs to be done." He wiggled a single finger for Markus to approach him, the foot lifting up like a small awning, inviting Markus to sit in the shade it provided.

Markus then hopped up to his feet in excitement, again a reaction he didn't entirely have to fake and rushed over to his supposed 'master', hopping and grabbing hold of the turian's toe using it to swing and situate him on the floor just beneath the turian's sole. He lay down and looked upwards, taking in this honestly bizarre visage of a living creature’s foot casting a shadow over his entire body. He raised his hands up, reaching for the sole decorated with dirt, as if unquestionably eager for it to be put down upon him.

"Mmhh, someone has been clearly waiting for me to come home." Harry said as the foot came down on top of Markus, gently pressing down on his lower half while the toe arced to hold him down. His head was pinned beneath it while the sole adjusted itself. "I know it's a bit of a long wait to come home, but think of how easy your job is."

His sole then lowered itself, sinking Markus deeper into the carpet. The camera zoomed in to see the human who had very little room to move around under there, though he could have had less. There was a good six inches when the foot wasn't moving around on top of Markus. The director noticed this and leaned in, quietly talking to Harry. "Put a bit more pressure on him. He's not a graxinfly, he can take a bit more."

Harry remained in character as he heard his director, chuckling as he applied a bit more force. The camera would get a good angle of Markus' small amount of space shrink even more, the darkness of the foot making it hard to see within were it not for the auto-lighting effects of the cameras. "You must be so excited to have me come home every day, just to let you play at my feet. You've got no other stresses and worries and why would you need to? Let us big aliens handle all of that stuff for you. You can just be a little pet bug to amuse us while we do."

Markus, noting the direction this was going in nodded excitedly as he bent his neck to fit his face right between the turian's two toes. Without hesitation he excitedly stuck his tongue out and began licking away at the massive foot that was pinning him down. For a few moments he just kept going at it as his mind thought about all the little humans who would blissfully accept such a life and as he took a moment to look up at Haratio looming over him. The smooth smirk the turian regarded his little pet with, the torn shirt and the sheer power the alien held over him and his entire existence at that moment... Markus realized what he would do...

Letting out as loud a moan as he could without sounding too fake, Markus moved his head to instead start smooching at the side of one of the turian's two toes, wondering if he would get any other role to play in this thing. Whether he'd be squeezed or some such... He had to admit that his mind was ablaze with all the things a giant turian could do to him, but he'd accept anything since it had to look good on camera.

"Yesss that's it. Spirits… You signed up for such a cute little existence under my service. It really is adorable." As Markus licked the inner portions of Harry's toe, it tightened around him and lifted the human up, carrying him up and onto the couch, setting the little guy onto the side next to the other foot. "Mmhhh, and so willing to lick at my soles. They couldn't get nearly as clean if I only had a shower."

Once Markus finished with one foot, the other replaced his vision, the toes parting to reveal Harry off in the distance with a happy grin, an angle that the cameras were sure to capture. "And the best part is, two feet are better than one!" The foot then came down on top of the human, pressing him tightly down into the cushion of the couch. The cameras would catch a view of Harry as his toes kneaded the plush pillow, with all present knowing Markus was just beneath it. Harry was cautious though, he didn't want to hurt the little fellow. Eventually, the other foot would be cleaned by the in-character servant to Haratio. He would lift it off of Markus, the cameras zooming in on the tired little human who was breathing heavily with a large grin on his face.

Honestly about half-way through Markus' sheer enthusiasm to serve his superior overtook his acting and the human was completely in-character without having to spare it any extra thought. He’d be worried about the implications of all this, had he not been enjoying himself so much.

Time passed and eventually Harry dropped off the heavily breathing, panting human, leaving on the floor right in front of his feet. Markus was fully aware that all of the cameras were focused on his position. Suddenly though he forced himself up off the ground and scurried over towards the giant's foot, climbing on top of it and gently hugging Haratio's ankle for both his own satisfaction and a cheesy enough ending for the vid.

"Annnd cut... welp that should do it!" The director stood up, smiling and rubbing at his hands. He walked over to the two actors, putting his hands on his hips and giving the pair a wry smile. "You weren't kidding Haratio. It really does help if the little guy is into it!"

Harry smiled and reached down towards the top of his foot, stroking at the little human and letting out a soft chuckle. "I gotta admit, it's pretty fun on the other end too! How did you like it Markus?"

Markus hummed softly at the turian's touch and sighed in relief at the realization that the shoot was over. He looked up at his co-star and smiled. "To be honest I was a lot more into it than I thought I would be, about half-way in I almost forgot I was acting." He admitted with a slightly embarrassed chuckle. "Maybe this thing that the turian higher-ups are planning is actually gonna turn out best for both sides after all. Though i think the whole devouring craze is going to easily outmatch that. "

Harry reached down, curling his hand around the human and carrying him up towards chest level. He gave him a few comforting pets to soothe his little body. Harry really did demonstrate some close and intimate behavior, not often displayed to his partners in his line of work. Partially it was because of the disconnect between him and his role, and partially because he saw Markus as a little less than a normal person, he felt obligated to treat the little thing a bit carefully. The director pulled a tiny bottle out from his pocket, one containing water for the human to drink and clean his palette. "I bet you're gonna feel sore in the morning after that."

"Thank you." The human nodded, gratefully accepting the bottle as he took a few sips from it cleared his through with a bubbly "Aaaaaaargh..." And swallowed down before taking a few more sips. "And heheh... I don't mind that so much. If nothing else, this was good endurance training. And Haratio, you're a fantastic tease. Also I uhh... really like your feet." Markus admitted with an awkward smile.

"And I really like having you under them, Markus... Would you have happened to have booked a hotel here on Palaven to stay at yet?" Haratio gave a devilish grin, mirroring that of what he was giving the little human earlier. He chuckled, standing up and stretching, clearly showing off his body though pretending that wasn't the case.

"Oh yeah." Markus nodded, completely oblivious to the true intent behind that question at first but rather quickly catching on. "Oh uhm..."

Harry groaned and rolled his shoulders. "I should have plenty of room over at my place if you haven't." He then turned towards Markus, kneeling down near him on the table, bringing himself a bit more level with the little guy.

"I mean... If you don't mind, I'd actually be happy to... keep you company." Markus blushed a little as he said that, he was just a little too oblivious to admit it to himself but he had the biggest, most awful crush on Haratio and the turian showing off his body certainly didn't help with that.

"Of course. You could stay even longer with me if you'd like. Though I wouldn't suggest something as permanent as eating you... so soon that is." He punctuated that with a slurp at his mandibles, winking at Markus.

"Oh... Oh you... Youuuuu..." Markus would have poked at the turian's abdomen if he were any closer but as it stood just repeatedly pointed at the smug-looking alien before breaking into laughter. "You totally had me figured out since the moment I said that, didn't you?"

"I have to say, after all of that, I was planning on buying one of you little guys to keep at my place. You offering yourself up could certainly save me a few bucks."

"Geez... we're that cheap huh? I guess we would be sold at the same rate as cupcakes back home..." Markus sighed. "But as it stands yeah. Actually... I... I really do wanna stay with you, Harry. Can I call you Harry by the way? A bit easier for my puffy human lips to pronounce." Markus chuckled.

"Oh you adorable little thing, yes you can call me Harry~." Harry smirked and reached over to scoop Markus up, bringing the turian to his face. His gaze was a little more piercing now, almost like he was thinking a bit too much about Markus' cupcake comment. "Though I bet you're a bit more expensive than a cupcake... a lot healthier too!"

Markus sighed and looked up at the turian. "A-anyway… I'd be glad to come along but only on one condition. I get unlimited access to your shoes and dirty laundry. Socks... specifically." Markus demanded, feeling a little bold. "Oh and also I wanna catch a ride to your place in your shoe." He said and puffed his cheeks a bit, thinking to play his 'a-little-less-than-a-person' card for all it was worth. "Think you could do that?"

The giant glanced down to the shoes that he had kicked off earlier, fluttering his mandibles and lifting one of them up. "I can agree to that." His arm twisted, dumping Markus down into the boot and causing the little guy to tumble into the toe of the shoe. His foot quickly followed it, the air making a suction sound as it pressed inside.

Markus would feel himself aligned with the curve of the boot, trapped beneath Harry’s sole now, before the rhythmic sways of him walking could be felt. A muffled interaction about paychecks could be heard before Harry was off, making his way home with a long stroll.