

**Misadventures
of an
Alien's Slave**

Free Taster.

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Rev21.ai

Foreword.

This is, believe it or not, a *love* story. I know, I had no idea when I started it. I wish someone would tell me these things in advance. I didn't even know I wrote romance! Amazing what you find out.

It's also a sci-fi story and, maybe more importantly, a **lust** story, and as such has many adult, "bad" things in it, including sex and violence. You know, the good stuff.

So, if you're squeamish , get offended easily, or are not of legal age, I'd depart right if now if I were you.

You've been warned!

This is a free taster for the full book, so it's not the complete story. However, it should let you know what you're in for!

The full novel is available on my website:

<https://www.NeilHartleyBooks.com>

...or my author page on Amazon:

<https://www.amazon.com/Neil-Hartley/e/B094RJF4RQ/>

Book 1.

New Body, Old Mind.

I woke up.

Yeah, not really a great start. I mean, everyone wakes up right? It's pretty much a daily thing for most beings.

However, not everyone is the dictator of four hundred and seven galaxies. Yes, before you say it, I know that Gurgo the Great ruled five hundred and fifteen galaxies, but that was back when galaxies were closer together. Anyway, how many galaxies do you rule eh? Yeah, like I thought, probably not even one.

However, I'm kind of skipping ahead. Actually, I'm going back to before my story starts. Confused? Keep reading and maybe you'll catch up.

So. This is a story about how I woke up in an entirely different body. Once again, yes, I know, nothing unusual. A night on the town, a trip to a body-tech shop, it's something we've all done. But not me. I mean, I'm the fucking ruler of four hundred and seven galaxies. I don't just wander drunk into any old body shop. I have my own body shops.

Still, I woke up. Me, someone who's basically been male for about twenty seven thousand years. And I was a fresh faced girl.

I don't think I'm foreshadowing much when I say this is going to get pretty graphic.

~ * ~

I mean, when you wake up you just know something's off, right? The clue for me was that I wasn't lying in my sologram airbed surrounded by various slaves.

Not something that's hard to miss really, but I'm not at my best until I've had a coffee.

Of course, you know the feel of your body too, even when you get a new one. And this one sure as hell wasn't the same chiselled abs male that I went to sleep in.

I remember sitting up and swearing, quite a lot. I was cold. I was in a, basically, empty room with white floors, walls and ceiling. There didn't seem to be any door. Not my bedroom back in the grand palace then.

Then I looked down. My body was slim and young, that much was obvious. It was wearing some kind of tiny bikini thing, which barely covered any flesh. Not that I had much going on down there. The non-maleness of the whole thing was very in-your-face.

Yeah, again I hear you say, '*so what?*' and I get it. We've all changed sex from time to time, even those of us who are diehard same-sexers, but I'm 99% male. Call me old fashioned. Well, I am old fashioned. I've lived longer than some species.

"What the fuck!?" I think was my first response. I hated my voice right off the bat. It was a little girl's voice. A weak little girl's voice. As ruler of millions of worlds, one thing you don't want to be seen as is weak, and this body was weak, with a weak voice.

"Shit." I recognised the species as well. I can't remember their official name, but everyone just calls them 'Elves'. They were incredibly rare, partly because they had a long life cycle,

low reproductive rate and tended to die easily, but mainly because they were prized in countless galaxies as the ultimate in sexual usage. A young elf lass that I now appeared to be was probably worth about as much as a medium sized planet, they were that sought after. I only owned three of them myself even!

"Oh fuck me," I remember saying. Bad choice of words as it turned out.

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I was just about to start shouting when one wall vanished. It didn't reveal much, just more of the same room for the most part, but standing behind some kind of lectern was a large, blue humanoid. He, I assumed it was he, was dressed in a loose purple robe with some kind of logo on the chest.

Facially he was fairly generic-human. Wide yellow eyes, a lumpish nose and a large mouth. Small tufts of green hair stuck up on his head like weeds.

"You," I said, in my tinny girl voice. "Explain yourself." I stood up and marched over to him in as threatening a manner as I could, which wasn't much.

"My name is Xarx," he replied, in a deep voice. "You have been judged and sentenced."

"Do you know who I am?" I said, stamping my foot which, in hindsight, didn't really give off the impression I wanted. "I'm..."

"I know who you are," he interrupted. "Like I said, you've been sentenced and judged."

"By you?"

"No." He leaned forward and looked me up and down slowly, licking his lips. "By, well, can't pronounce the name of the race in their tongue, but we just call them the Karma."

"Who are they? Never heard of them." I crossed my arms, uncomfortable with his stare.

"They're a species of supreme beings. And they've judged you and found you wanting. This is the start of their sentence." He paused. "I think you're going to have to suck my cock."

"**What??**" I screamed. That stupid girly voice again. "How dare you?" I backed away as Xarx stepped out from behind the podium and lifted his robe, to reveal a large (blue) male member, which he massaged as he walked forward.

"You... you can't do this! I'm just a young lass!" I screamed. "*I'm too young!*" There was no way I'd be able to fight him off in this body. He must have been five times my mass, easily.

"You're not young at all," he snarled, showing crooked yellowing teeth. "You're tens of thousands of years old. Now, suck on this girly." He waved his now erect phallus in my direction.

"You stick that in me I'll bite it off!" I said, reaching a wall. I could back away no further.

"Two things," he said, still approaching. His large cock was now far too close to me for my liking. "Firstly, I have access to excellent medical facilities, so if you do I'll just have it grown back and we'll have another go. Secondly, if you bite, I'll pull out all of your teeth, one by one."

He looked at me. "So, what's it going to be?"

I was never that stupid. As much as I didn't like this, there was no way I was going to win

this.

I opened my mouth.

"That's a good lass," he said. "Don't worry, you'll get used to this."

I didn't like the sound of that, but I was distracted as he pushed himself into my facial hole, which could barely accommodate him.

I stood there as he moved about, making noises, until he smacked me around the head. "Put some work in!" he demanded.

Reluctantly, I did so. Moving my mouth and tongue to work on him. At least this way he might finish faster.

Whatever I did worked. He was soon panting like a Hoozer lizard and then, seconds later, my mouth was full of foul tasting gunk.

"Ahhhh!" he said, pulling himself out of me and wiping his dick on my long silver hair.

"That was every bit as good as they say. You're going to be really popular."

"I want to talk to your boss," I said, after a minute of gagging and spitting. "One of these Karma people."

"There's only one of them here, overseeing this facility," Xarx replied, back behind his lectern.

"Then I want to see him. At once."

"The boss is a female," he replied. He leaned forward and grinned an evil grin at me before speaking again...

"Because Karma's a bitch."

~ * ~

"I want to see her then," I said, sulking like the young girl's body that I was in.

"You'll see her if she wants it to happen." He did something on his lectern and a large door appeared in the wall behind him "Now, time to see your new home."

I toyed with the idea of resisting him, but I quickly realised that would be foolish. Deciding to bide my time, I followed him through the door, which led into a very different environment.

It was some kind of huge building I was in, so much was obvious. There were no windows I could see, just a hallway about as wide as a road. The walls though, were lined with metal bars. 'How quaint,' I thought. They still use physicals.

The bars ran from floor to the next level up, which was a walkway, with more bars and then up to the next level and the next and the next and the next... it went up as far as I could see!

"Fuck," I said.

"Yeah, that's a word you're going to get used to," Xarx sniggered. He pushed me forward, and we walked along the hallway. It didn't take long for the first shout.

"Hey pretty! I'm going to have you in all your holes!" was the first one I heard. The rest soon followed, and basically followed similar lines. The figures in the cells behind the bars were just shapes in the shadows, but I could make out enough that they were a variety of

species.

“Yeah, real popular you're gonna be,” chortled Xarx. “You're going to service every one of these fuckers.”

My girly legs nearly gave way at that, knowing the species this body was, but then I slapped myself mentally. If I was such a prize, there would be no way they would give me to the types in these cells. No, I'd be reserved for special clients. Of course, whilst that may mean less quantity, I was sure the 'quality' of abuse would make up for it. The richer the being, the more twisted the games they play. Trust me on this, I'm the richest person in a billion worlds.

Sure enough, Xarx didn't stop in the main wing, but took me through to another one. Smaller, with doors. Here there was no shouting, which I found slightly worse in some ways.

Finally he stopped at one of the doors, which slid open as we approached. Violently, he showed me in and, without another word, left. The door slid shut.

I found myself in a plain white room. There was a single, simple bed, some toilet facilities and a basic cupboard. A food dispenser of some kind was set into the wall.

As if to remind me of my predicament, someone had scrawled on the wall:

Standing up, lying down, on your front, on your back. Which ever way – You're fucked.

~ * ~

I looked around at the depressing environment and considered my next steps. Somehow, I was going to get out of this, and then I was going to come back with a fucking massive army and work my way, *personally*, through the population until all that was left were small chunks of flesh and bone.

However, that was the future. I didn't know what was what just now, so first order of business was information gathering, which meant biding my time. Which probably meant my poor girl body would be subjected to all sorts of unpleasantness.

I sniffed. Well, they'd have to be imaginative if they thought I'd break easily. I'd overseen the – essentially – rape and pillaging of thousands of planets back when I'd personally led my conquests. If it was possible to do something to a living being, then I'd likely have done it.

Shocked I'm not all goody goody? Like I give a fuck.

I looked around for more clothes, the tiny bit of cloth that I was clad on covered pretty much nothing at all. However, the only other material was a thin sheet on the bed. I thought about wrapping it round me, but then decided against it.

Obviously they were trying to break me. The violence, the sexual threats and actions, the humiliation of putting me in this body, it all pointed to mental abuse. Well, I was on to them. No doubt they thought that strutting around mostly naked would shame me. Ha! What a bunch of amateurs! I once forced an entire city to bow before me whilst I stood in front of them naked with a hard on. Just for laughs.

Yeah, when you get as old as I am you do more and more twisted stuff. You do it just because you're bored, and you've not done it before.

So, no doubt they wanted me to wrap myself in the sheet so they could come in and rip if

off me. They were shit out of luck there.

Seeing nothing better to do, I climbed on top of the bed, tried to get comfortable, and fell asleep.

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I was woken by noises, screams and general shouts. There was no way to tell how long I'd been out, but I had the feeling it hadn't been very long. Still, with nothing else to do, I padded over to the door and tried to peer out of the narrow window that was set in the middle of it.

There was a flap covering the other side, but it had been left half open, and I could see out onto the main hall area. There was a table there that I didn't remember seeing before.

I watched on, and the noises grew louder. Soon I saw three humanoids, I couldn't tell if they were creatures, constructs, androids or solograms because they were clad all in black, with helmets that had a full tinted faceplate concealing whatever was under it.

The three, for want of a better word, guards, were dragging a thin form between them. It was a youth, his body was of a youngish teenager.

"You're making a mistake!" the kid was screaming and sobbing. "Do you know who I am? I'll have your families killed for this." Which I thought was a pretty weak threat personally. I'd have gone for their home planets at least.

The kid was only wearing rags, and the lower half of these were ripped off him as the group reached the table.

"Nooooo!" he screamed, as he was bent over.

The guards were obviously not androids, because one whipped out a large male member from their crotch area and proceeded to brutally stuff it up the lad's asshole.

There was a lot of screaming, needless to say.

I shook my head.

"Come on," I said to myself. "Have some courage. Grow a pair of balls for fuck's sake." Only then, as one guard finished and they moved around so the second one could have a go, did I see that, in fact, his balls had been removed. Quite recently by the looks of it, as there was still blood around the area.

"Oh. Never mind then." I shrugged.

As the rape continued, I sighed and went back to bed. This was obviously put on for my benefit, to intimidate. I mean, the table being there, just at the right position for me to see out of my little window. Yeah, not a coincidence.

I wasn't dealing with pros here. Things would go my way soon enough. Just may take a bit of time.

To the continued sounds of screaming and buggery, I fell asleep once again.

Beauty sleep is important, even for displaced dictators in kidnapped bodies, after all.

It's Brutal Out Here.

As I'd half expected, the door slammed open, jerking me from my uneasy slumber. Two of the black clad guards I'd seen enjoying themselves with the lad before, or at least two dressed the same, it wasn't easy to tell them apart, charged into my room and dragged me off the bed.

"Come on the lovely," snarled one. "Time for you to be introduced properly."

"Oh no," I said, not even trying to keep the sarcasm out of my voice. "Oh no, lordy lordy, and me an innocent lass and everything."

That earned me a smack around the head, which made me see stars. That was something I had forgotten. My normal bodies had extra resistance built in. A hit like that wouldn't have even phased me, but this girl meat obviously had no such protections. I've always been a sarky cunt though, so this experience was probably going to hurt more than strictly necessary.

The two guards physically dragged poor little me out of the cell, taking the opportunity to fondle me pretty much everywhere as they did so. I bore there molestations without comment, feeling that this was just the warm up.

Sure enough, the table that had been so brutally utilised earlier was still there. And lined up in a row, in the front row so to speak, were a sorry looking bunch of youngsters, mostly dressed in rags, if anything.

I realised these were my fellow inmates, and no doubt I was going to provide them with a show. They probably thought it would add to my humiliation.

Two more guards were standing over the prisoners, although I'm not sure why they were needed. From my brief glimpse as I was hustled along, it didn't look like any of them had any fight left in them. This was slightly worrying for the longer term outlook, but I had more immediate concerns.

"Well, look at this then." This guard was slightly larger than the others, and had a gold insignia on his shoulder. "The boss has really outdone herself this time. Oh, fuck me, what she said is true. I... I... bend her over the table!" The last was said with some urgency, as he fumbled with his crotch area.

No doubt my elven body's 'ability' was starting to make itself felt.

This was what I meant by 'desired sex beings'. The elf species had some mysterious ability to make any and all around them as horny as hell. No one knew exactly how this happened. The best scientists in the universe had studied the effect (some had to be gelded first), but it wasn't, as far as anyone could tell at least, pheromones, nor some kind of visual or audible signal, or even a physic thing.

What it was, for the elven species, was a death sentence.

I was forced over the table and my tiny knickers were yanked off. So much for my modesty then.

I saw the prisoners looking on, despite themselves, it seemed my 'attraction' worked on them as well, despite their poor condition. The only one that didn't seem to be bothered, I noticed as the guard captain grunted behind me, was the kid I'd seen being raped before. Possibly because he'd had his balls cut off.

All other thoughts were driven from my mind as something large and warm prodded at my

behind. I opened my mouth to say something clever, but all that came out was a scream as he brutally thrust up into me, taking my body's virginity in one violent movement.

"Ahhhh!" the captain said, as his great big rod pushed its way up into me. I cried out even more. It was like I was being split in half! I was too small for this.

And yet, somehow, I didn't pass out, or even die, though perhaps that would have been a better option.

The pain increased as he thrust repeatedly, harder and harder, and more desperately, and I thrashed about, even more desperately, in a futile attempt to get away. It was too much for another of the guards, and before I knew it another cock had shoved its way into my mouth, and I was suddenly being taken from both ends.

Even as I tried to adapt to the large meat inside me, the captain gave one almighty cry and rammed himself so hard up me that I'm surprised the two didn't meet in the middle. I felt him cum inside my poor body, spurt after spurt of goo.

After several long moments, which I didn't enjoy, as I was still dealing with the second guard pushing his cock down my throat, the captain pulled out with a plop.

If my mouth had been empty I would have sighed, but there was little relief as one of his fellow guards took his place.

The whole ordeal probably lasted about ten minutes, but it felt longer, as all four guards poured their juices into my innocent, battered body. When the last one withdrew, I felt like I'd been hollowed out. I just lay there, unable to move, as fluids leaked out of me.

The first guard yanked my hair up, so I was face to, well, visor, with him.

"Not so smart mouthed now are you?" he said.

I croaked, and, with the last of my strength, spat a mouthful of cum at him.

In response he drew his baton and cracked me on the head, delivering me unto blessed unconsciousness.

~ * ~

I woke up back in my cell. My stupid, pathetic girl body was aching all over, although my pussy, ass and throat had the worst of it. Not really surprising.

Groaning, I rolled off the bed and dragged myself over the water dispenser, where I spent a good minute rehydrating. That done, I used the toilet, painfully, and then collapsed back onto my bed.

I was naked of course. The small amount of fabric that I'd had before had been torn off. Well, that was hardly the greatest of my problems.

"You cunts!" I screamed, in a rare example of losing my shit. "**Fuck!**"

I had no idea who these 'Karma' bitches were, but I would draw on all my thousands of years of experience, my thousands of years of torture, to pay them back. No one fucked with me like this. I was ruler of...

"Hello?"

My thoughts of vengeance were interrupted.

"Hello?"

It was coming through a vent in the wall.

"Who are you?" I said, to the air in general. I had to assume this Karma were monitoring us.

"You're the new girl right?"

"Fuck you," I said. Go on the offensive is my strategy.

"Sorry! I m... I mean we saw you."

"Hope you enjoyed the show," I said, wincing as I rolled over. This pathetic girl body hurt, like being gang raped was something special.

"Y... you saw me, the other day."

I blinked. "You the lad with no balls?" I asked. I'm well known for my subtlety.

"They did that so you would see."

"What the fuck do I care?" I asked, feeling my abused hole. It was sore and itchy. Come to think of it, my mouth felt like a donkey had come in it too. Donkey's aren't the best in my experience. If you're going to do an animal like that, may as well go for a proper horse. Anyway.

"What's your name?" asked my new friend.

"Bob," I replied, summoning up the first name that came to mind, for no good reason.

"Hey Bob, I'm Art. What are you in for?"

"I'm in because some twat has some tech that got through my defences. Heads are going to roll, let me tell you, when I get back home." I clenched my teeth. Fuckers. Allowing their ruler to be snatched.

"No one ever escapes," said the voice. Mister Jolly he was turning out to be.

"No one that you know of," I replied. "Basic tactic for keeping you oppressed. Tell you what they want you to believe. What's your story anyway?" My throat was hurting. Let him do the speaking. I needed information anyway.

"I'm not sure. There are no clocks or windows here, and they don't keep a regular schedule, nothing to count, so to speak. That said, it feels like a few years. It could be more, or less. They come in and torture, rape and sometimes kill me."

"Kill you?"

"Yeah. For real. Then I wake up again, sometimes in a new body, mostly in the same one."

Fuck me, these guys had some tech. I itched to get my hands on it.

"Who are these Karma fuckers anyway?" I asked. He'd fallen silent, probably moping about his balls.

"They say they're the balancers of the universe. They take bad people and make them pay, is what they say. So the guards tell us anyway."

"Bad people? Who are they to judge that?"

"I don't know. But they have the power, so I guess they use it."

"What did you do?" I asked, mildly curious.

"My planet had two dominant species on it. We were running out of room, so I invented a virus that killed the other one. I saved my species."

I mulled this over. Obviously he had come from a race that hadn't even figured out a way to bypass the light speed barrier. Not very impressive.

"So you killed a few people and they drag you in here?"

"I killed two billion sentient beings!" he exclaimed. "Two billion! Can you imagine that?"

"Two billion's not that many," I said. If I've not wiped out a planet before breakfast my day's not really begun, is my opinion.

"Y... you..." He seemed to be breaking down. Amateur.

"So you were a scientist yes?" I asked.

"Y... yes." I thought I heard him sob.

Well, that explained it then. Scientists were always inventing things that could kill people more efficiently, and then moaning when someone uses it to do just that.

"Don't worry about it," I said. "Look to the future. The universe is a big place, there's plenty more species out there."

"I'll never get out of here. This is hell!" he replied. "I can't take it any more!"

There was a noise and then a dull thud, followed by a thump. I recognised the sound. Mister Jolly had run against the wall, head first.

Shaking my head, I tried to get back to sleep, but was interrupted by the sound of guards walking towards my cell. Despite my bravado I tensed. The door that opened wasn't mine though, it was next doors.

"Fuck, watch it," someone said. "I just stepped in his brain."

"Stop messing about, get him up," said another voice.

There were a few moments of grunting, with knocking noises, and then footsteps receding.

I sighed and went to sleep.

When I woke up, there was crying in the next cell again.

"Hello?" I asked.

"It's no good," came a familiar voice. "Even death is no escape!"

There went the backup plan then.

~ * ~

I was actually getting bored.

Not that I was all eager to be dragged out and brutalised again, but I could have cut the tension with a knife, had I been able to get my hands on one.

It must have been at least a Universal standard day, and nothing had happened. Well, I'd slept, paced up and down my cell a lot. Used the toilet, used the food dispenser, which, I'd found, dispensed various coloured kinds of barely flavoured mush at random minimum intervals.

I'd also raged, trying to figure a way out of this mess. It was no use though, I still needed more information, and the fucktard next door had withdrawn into some kind of funk and refused to speak. Honestly, someone cuts your balls off and it's the end of the world.

Anyway, I knew what they were doing. They were letting me sweat, giving me time to

imagine all the horrors that could be awaiting me. Well, I didn't need time, I could imagine it all quite efficiently in about five minutes.

Then, just as I was deciding whether to try to sleep again, footsteps approached.

I took a deep breath as the door slid open, to reveal a single guard, clad in the by-now familiar black full body uniform. He (I assumed it was male), looked me slowly up and down.

I glared back, but I could almost sense what was going to come next. And it wasn't going to be me.

Sure enough, the guard nodded.

"Oh yeah," he said. "It's really true."

I sighed as he undid his crotch fasteners and pulled out his dick. This was going to get old fast.

There was no point fighting it. He pointed and, rolling my eyes, I stepped forward and busied myself on his meat.

It didn't take long. That's one plus of exuding some kind of horniness field I guess, it gets people worked up real fast.

Anyway, within a couple of minutes I was at the sink, washing my mouth out whilst he did his pants back up.

"That was great," he said. "You're going to be really popular. Now, come on, exercise."

"What?" I asked, surprised.

"You want to get out of this cell for a bit or not?"

"W... er, yes."

"Come on then."

Warily, this was not at all what I was expecting, I followed him. As I stepped out into the main hall Mister Jolly was just emerging from next door, glancing about nervously.

"It's just you two," the guard said. He gestured.

Obviously Jolly knew the way, for he turned right and started padding along towards the end of the spur. Shrugging to myself, I followed, still trying to get the taste out of my mouth. I wondered if there was any mouthwash available.

With the guard walking behind us, humming a jaunty little tune, we arrived at a large door at the end of the hall. It slid open with a grinding sound, and fresh air wafted in.

Surprised for a second time, I walked through, after Jolly.

"Thirty minutes," the guard called after us, as the door slid shut.

"What the fuck is this?" I asked, looking around.

We were in some kind of small field. There was deep blue skies with a few clouds skudding along overhead. Around the field was a high metal fence, and beyond that, a dense forest made up of trees I didn't recognise.

I looked behind me, and twigged.

The only evidence of where we'd just come from was the door, sitting in the fencing and looking totally out of place.

"It's a hologram," Jolly said, leaning down. he picked a small flower and passed it to me. "A

big one.”

“It's fucking good one too,” I said, sniffing the bloom, which quivered slightly in the breeze.

“The Karmas have the best tech I've ever seen,” Jolly replied, wandering off.

“Not a great leap for someone from a single planet,” I muttered, but strode after him. The grass tickled my feet.

“So what's this about then? Is this just a setup for more abuse? Are we going to be jumped by a pack of animals or something?”

“It's not unheard of,” he replied as we strolled along. “But no. They're really weird here. One minute they are pulling an eyeball out, or something, and the next minute they're giving you first aid and letting you out for exercise. I've stopped trying to understand it.” He shrugged.

“Well, this is more fucked up than I even imagined,” I said, shaking my head.

“Well, it's a bit unusual for just two of us to be out. I guess they thought you could use some company, and I was the only one that wouldn't try and fuck you.” He gestured at his mangled crotch.

“Makes sense,” I said.

“Although, even so, you *are* getting to me,” he added, giving me a look up and down. “What is it with your species? They said you give off some kind of aura that makes everyone sex mad.”

I sighed. “This is not **my** species,” I replied. “They've just put me in this body for some reason. As punishment probably. They're called elves, or that's what people call them anyway. No one really knows how it works, but I tell you this, it's a fucking real problem for me right now.”

“No kidding,” he said, still looking at me. “You're very pretty you know that?”

“Fuck off, or I'll bite off what's left,” I snarled.

He shut up, and we walked around for a bit in silence.

“How many are here anyway? Prisoners I mean?” I asked eventually.

He shrugged. “About ten in our area I guess. People come and go all the time.”

“Where do they go?”

“They won't tell us, at least they don't tell us the same thing. Some guards say they're taken off to be killed. Others say to be experimented on. If a guard answer you it's always something different, although another prisoner told me they rent you out.”

“Sounds delightful,” I said.

We walked around a bit more, and then the door opened.

“Hey, you!” A guard, I couldn't tell if it was the same one from earlier, pointed at me.

“Come here, the boss wants to see you.”

“The boss?” I asked.

“Yeah,” he snarled. “You should be honoured, very few get to see the Karma. Now, get over here and suck me off before we go.”

“Shit,” I said, as I sighed and walked towards him.

I really was going to need that mouthwash.

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I padded along a stark corridor, wiping at my face. The guard had thought it amusing to cum all over my head, and his mess was making my long silver hair matted and tangled. Not that I really gave a fuck what I looked like, but it just annoyed me. Another little torture.

We'd come off the main area, and walked along a series of seemingly endless corridors, all deserted, with myself still stark bollock naked. Had that been the worst of my problems I'd have been happy.

Finally we turned into a longer, wider, hallway, with a set of double doors at the end that appeared to be made of wood.

The guard stopped in front of it, and raised his hand, but then looked down at me. Damn, this was a horny one! I braced myself for another bout, but he shook his head and pressed a button on the frame.

A noise came from somewhere, and the door slid open, to reveal a sumptuous office. My new friend roughly pushed me through, and it slid shut behind me.

I took my time to take in the surroundings, hoping my impertinence would portray an aura of calm at least.

The room was a big one. Painted in natural colours, the walls were decorated with pictures of plants and scenes from various planets, mostly nature views.

The ceiling had an impressive mosaic painted all over it, of some kind of woodland scene. It was so complex and detailed that it took me a moment to see that there were all manner of creatures within the forest, most of whom were engaged some kind of sexual deviancy.

I was impressed.

The floor was covered in a deep shag carpet, which felt wonderful under my feet.

Finally, sitting behind a desk that was larger than some spaceships I've seen, was my host.

I say sitting, she may have been standing, it was hard to tell, as the body was enveloped in a massive, billowing robe of many colours. It seemed to move around, as if in a breeze, although there was no wind present.

Several long arms, under same robe, ended in nearly human shaped hands, although they seemed to be covered in some kind of shiny pink armour.

The head, when I moved up to it, and up I had to look, as the Karma was at least twice the height of my usual male form, let alone the body I was in now, was floating there. Yes, it was floating **above** the body. It was a large affair too, and now I realised that the armour on the hands wasn't armour, but some kind of chitin. The Karma were obviously an insectoid like species. Two large bulbous eyes looked out on the world, underneath a couple of antenna that bobbed and twitched with a life of their own.

There was a mouth though, an odd looking thing given the chitin 'skin'. It looked almost mechanical, although when it opened, it revealed some pretty scary looking fangs within.

"You have been judged and found guilty," it said, in a surprisingly melodic voice.

"Well fuck you very much," I replied. Politeness costs nothing I always say.

"You are a lowly beast, and your punishment shall be long and hard."

"I bet that's what you say to all the boys," I replied, sauntering over to an oversized chair on my side of her desk. I climbed upon to it, and then sat down. As an afterthought I hung one of my legs over the arm of the chair. Be brazen is my philosophy, show your enemy they don't intimidate you.

"You are a depraved specimen," the Karma said.

"And what right do you have to judge my morality?" I asked back, wiggling my ass on the chair. It was really very comfortable.

"By the right of the power we hold."

"Okay," I said. Couldn't argue with that.

"You have murdered, terrorised, plundered and raped your way through more than four hundred galaxies," she went on.

"Well, I don't like to boast, but yes, thank you for noticing." I looked at my nails in modesty. They were surprisingly neat.

"You shall pay for the billions upon billions of souls that have suffered under your watch. The billions ruthlessly murdered, the billions forced into slavery and misery, the billions raped, tortured and brutalised, the billions..."

"Is this going to take long?" I interrupted. "It's just that I was about to have a nap."

The Karma swept around the desk, and one long hand grabbed me by the neck, lifting me into the air like I weighed nothing. Well, to be fair, I was pretty light, especially next to her.

"Our species seeks out the worst criminals in the universe, and shows them, *personally*, what they have done to others. You may expect to suffer greatly. You will experience the pain and humiliation that others have suffered under your rule."

"Gnnnnn," I said, gasping for breath.

The Karma dropped me. I landed with a jolt back onto the chair.

"Ahh," I said, coughing. "And.. ahem, and what of all the billions who now live in a stable, safe environment thanks to me? What of all the billions of worlds that were constantly at war, and are now at peace? Those that were destroying their planet, and now live in a stable environment? Those poor who had no jobs and are now gainfully employed? What of those?"

"We are not concerned with those."

"That's very even handed of you." I stood up and pointed at her. "I'm going to get out of this place at some point, and when I do, I'm coming for you and yours. So go ahead, do your worst, but you better end me after you're done, because otherwise it will be your turn. And I'll enjoy myself with you personally."

"You may go." The Karma turned her back on me. Fuck it! If I'd only had a weapon!

The door opened, and my good chum Officer Horny grinned at me.

I smiled back. I didn't care if they pulled my teeth out, this time I was going to bite it off.

It was time to up my game.

~ * ~

"Not laughing now are you bitch?"

I wasn't indeed. This was a bit rough, even for me. Well, for me being on the receiving end at least.

I moaned, as some other cock was rammed into my abused ass. The one that was currently jammed down my throat twitched as whoever it was came inside me, making me cough and throw up, again, as he withdrew.

I couldn't see who because I'd been thoroughly beaten. Both eyes were swollen shut, although my whole head was a mass of pain, so at least it was spread out.

It was my own fault really, but you can't lay down for these fuckers I say. Well, okay, I was laying down a the moment, as I was brutally gang raped in every hole by what felt like the entire staff.

As I'd promised myself, as soon as Officer Horny had stuck his dick in my mouth, I'd bitten the fucker off. Not only that, I'd chewed it up and spat it out as he'd screamed and hopped around.

Of course, after that he'd summoned re-enforcements, and I'd spent a very painful half hour or so being brutally kicked and fucked before they'd dragged me off and, as expected (no imagination some people) forced my mouth open and yanked my teeth out one by one.

It had been painful, and yes, I'd screamed like the bitch I currently was. I like to think my cries were heard around the whole place, along with my profanities. Oh, how I'd cursed them, in between tooth extractions. I wasn't going to let the fuckers think I was beaten.

Then I'd been dragged, kicked and fucked hard up the ass, which hurt more than I expected. Not that I'm against pain you understand. Pleasure and pain are two sides of the same credit-chip. If you've been around a while you learn to enjoy both, but there's a limit even for a twisted fuck like me.

They'd kicked and beaten me a bit more after that, just to keep the theme going. I think several ribs and one leg had been broken at that point, before dragging me somewhere else, it might have been the main block I'd first gone through, because I heard a lot of shouts, both of encouragement and otherwise, from the inmates there as they were treated to a show of poor old me servicing the late shift.

It all became a blur. I didn't lose consciousness, due to an injection of drugs they'd stuck me with, which was very kind of them.

After an endless round of pain, I found myself on the floor of my cell. Beaten to fuck, fucked to fuck, covered in blood, cum, vomit, piss and shit. I made a weak attempt to climb onto my bed, which I didn't make, before finally succumbing unto unconsciousness.

~ * ~

It was a surprise then, when I woke up feeling only a medium amount of pain.

Blinking, I raised a hand, and realised I could see, although my vision swam. My eyes darted about revealing myself to be in some kind of surgery. A clicking next to me made me look left, which made me see stars.

“Good day patient,” the silver box-like thing said. “You are in the medical wing. You have fallen down some stairs and have been slightly injured. The worst of these injuries have been mended, although it will take some time for your teeth to grow back. You may experience some pain as they do.”

It clicked and whirred for a second more before stabbing me with a needle the size of a

man's finger.

"Treatment complete. You may return to your cell." It spun about and floated away.

"You look like shit."

I, slowly, turned my head again, to see Mister Jolly standing in the doorway.

"Uhh?" That was the limit of my conversational abilities at that point. Half because I was still befuddled, and half because of the missing teeth.

"Come on," he said, padding over. "I've been sent to help you back."

Jolly helped me stand, not without a quick grope here and there I might add, but I was in no condition to stop him.

He held me up and assisted me as I limped down several passages, until we emerged back into the by-now-familiar hall. I staggered along, enduring his roving hands whilst making a mental note to kick him in the... well, somewhere, when I was recovered.

"W... why?" I managed to say, drooling all the while.

"Why what? Why did they fix you up? Come on, you should know by now, they can't abuse you again if you're dead."

I reached my cell, somewhere I had never thought I'd be happy to see, and Jolly helped me climb onto my bed. I think he stuck his finger up me, but I didn't care at that point, because I blacked out again, falling into a deep deep slumber.

Still, worth it.

~ * ~

I must have been out for a good day, although it was impossible to tell of course. I remember waking up once or twice to, painfully, use the toilet and drink something before staggering back to my bunk again.

So when I finally opened my eyes properly I was amazed how, well, not how good I felt, but rather how not bad. My mouth hurt like a bitch for some reason, and my ass and vag were sore for sure, but the rest of my body, which had been black and blue from my beating, was down to a minor aching.

I stuck my hand in my mouth, to find that the pain was my teeth growing back, and whilst they were little more than nubs they were sharp as fuck. I cut my finger on one.

"Great," I muttered, heaving myself up. "So they can have fun pulling them out again." Like that was going to stop me. They wouldn't learn I was serious until I'd bitten off a few cocks.

As I helped myself to some mush from the dispenser (yellow, vaguely banana tasting) I wondered, for the first time, who the original owner of the body I now inhabited had been, and where, if anywhere, they were now.

The reason for my pondering was that one reason elves were so rare, as I mentioned before, is that they weren't strong. What I'd been put through would have usually killed one from shock, let alone the injuries. I suspected there'd been some genetic tampering, or they'd grown a body that looked like an elf. No, that was impossible. No one knew how the elves' so called 'abilities' worked.

Unless...

My musings were interrupted from boots outside. I heard someone stop next door and open up Jolly. My door slid open moments later.

The guard this time was a tall slim one. I sighed, putting down my banana mush, waited for the inevitable. It didn't come.

"Exercise," the guard said, in a monotone voice.

Ah, that would explain it. This one was a sologram*. No blow jobs for me just now then.

I walked out of my cell and turned right, nodding at Jolly, who was standing there. He was wearing a long robe.

"Been shopping?" I asked.

He just grunted as we made our way to the exercise area.

Once 'outside' in the field, we plodded around for a while.

"You okay?" he asked, finally.

I nodded, then frowned. There was something different about him today. Then I saw it. He had a hard on under his clothes!

"Hey," I pointed. "What the fuck?"

He grinned. "They're growing back!" he exclaimed, and lifted the front of his robe, to show a small, one third sized, pair of balls hanging down.

"Come on," he said, moving close. "Just a quick suck."

I frowned. This needed to be nipped in the bud.

"Okay then," I said, and Jolly's smile nearly split his face in two.

I knelt down in front of him, gave him a quick lick, then took his new balls in my mouth.

"Oh, that feels...AAAHHHHH."

It felt AAAHHHHH because I had bitten down, hard. My new tiny teeth went up against his new tiny balls, and my teeth won. He pulled back, which was a mistake, because he tore himself away from his new nutsack, which remained in my mouth.

Falling to the floor he clutched at his ruined area, which was spurting blood, wailing loudly.

I climbed to my feet and stood over him a second, before spitting out the contents of my mouth.

As he watched on, still wailing, I stamped on them, squashing them underfoot, deliberately and slowly.

Then I turned and sauntered off.

I hummed slightly as I walked. I'd call that a good start to the day.

*Sologram: A sologram unit is a self contained unit, usually with anti-grav built in, that projects a hard light image all around it. This can be a person, creature, vehicle, whatever, up to the size of a spaceship if powerful enough (and there are sologram spaceships out there). They are more efficient and less maintenance the robots, incredibly strong, and nearly invulnerable to damage. The only reason they aren't used in armies very much is that certain types of beam weapons, or some lasers, can easily disrupt them. Although that doesn't stop them being used totally, sometimes they are put in forceshield armour for example. Anyway a sologram with an AI can be a very effective servant.

Times Two.

It took them about five minutes to send someone in to drag my sobbing neighbour away. I think it was the sologram guard, or one just the same, but I kept as far away from them as possible, just in case. I wasn't sure how far the effects of my sex-aura extended, but I figured it couldn't have been all that far, and from what I'd experienced so far, it took a minute to get working.

Despite what I'd been through, and learned, I still had little to go on. I really needed a way to get more information.

My musings were interrupted as the door opened once more. I assumed it was to let me back in, but instead of a guard, another figure walked through, into my field. He was dressed in a long white robe, which was clean and uncreased.

I stopped mid-stride as the newcomer took a moment to take in the scene. He spotted me after a few seconds and waved like I was an old friend.

This was new.

He started walking towards me and I hesitated. Did they have some kind of mind reading tech? This seemed to be rather too much of a coincidence.

The reason for my speculation was because being that was now approaching was another elf. This one looked to be a few years older than my body. And he was male!

Oh, maybe you're not familiar. Whilst elves, as I keep saying, are really rare these days, ninety-nine percent of them were female, as per this body I was in. The number of males that had been found in my empire you could count on the fingers of one foot, and remember, I had billions of planets in my domain.

If this body was worth a planet, then the young, golden skinned chap walking towards me was worth half a dozen heavily populated, advanced, solar systems.

"Hello there!" He waved again, and gave a grin, showing off perfectly white teeth.

My knees began to go weak, and I could feel my heart rate go up. What was happening here?

Oh *by the fucking Universe!* He was having the same affect on me as I'd been having with everyone else! Maybe because he was older, more experienced, or maybe due to the gender, but I was beginning to breathe really hard now.

"Oh fuck," I wailed.

"Yeah, you're cute aren't you?" he said, smiling again. I nearly wet myself. He stood in front of me, and I had an almost overwhelming urge to lay down and open my legs for him. I just about managed not to.

"They call me Gol," he said, brushing at my sparkling silver hair as I stood there, trembling like a newborn Sxaz. His head tilted to one side, and squinted his eyes as he examined me.

I could stand it no more. I pushed him over and yanked his robe up, exposing the perfectly formed body underneath, with a nicely endowed penis included. Without being asked, I sucked on this like it was my favourite ice cream, until it had hardened nicely, upon which I shifted and plunged my itching pussy onto it.

"**Ohhhh!**" It was my turn to moan. "Fuck me big boy!" I screamed, acting like a total girl.

“Do me hard!”

Gol obliged, no doubt he had quite a lot of experience, but then so did I, and yet this was probably the best fuck I'd ever had, in a female *or* a male body.

We rolled around in the sologram grass hammering away like rubbins* on heat. He ploughed me like a demented farmer with a new farming machine.

Half an hour and about a dozen orgasms later, I lay on the grass, panting. Gol was nearby, doing the same. I think I'd drained him but good.

Now was the time to act.

With the affect of his aura finally diminished, I managed to pull myself up and sit on him again.

“Listen babe...” he began, but quickly shut up as I punched him as hard as I could in the face.

“You *fucker!* Who sent you here?” I screamed, hitting him again.

“Owowow! Who do you think? The Karma did! Stop it!” He finally pushed me off, and I retreated to a good distance away, trying to avoid his influence while I thought this through.

Why would they send him here? It had to be a way of controlling me. So far nothing had really worked, but if I fell on my back every time he was around, I was going to be vulnerable. I had to do something about it. I licked my new teeth again. It was the only way I could think of...

Before I could act though, the door opened again, and two guards walked through. Once again, they seemed to be solograms, not really surprising I guess, with two elves. Fuck knows what influence the both of us would have on...

I stopped.

Maybe there would be a way out of here after all.

*Rubbin – Small creature with eight legs native to the planet Sho*7, renowned for reproducing on an almost daily basis.

~ * ~

I was dragged off the field and thrown back in to my cell in an uncaring fashion by the sologram guards. I took a drink of water and collapsed on my bunk, considering the implications of today's events.

I had a glimmer of an idea now, on how I might move forward, but it would need Gol's cooperation, and an opportunity to speak to him privately, which meant exposing myself to his influence again. If I could only find some way to resist him, that would be a good start.

I fell asleep whilst pondering this, which turned out to be a mistake.

~ * ~

“Come on then darling!” My slumber was interrupted by the cell door slamming open.

I jerked my eyes open to see the a guard stride in. From his walk and size, it seemed like

Officer Horny was back. This was not promising.

"Bite my dick off will you?" he said, dragging me brutally off my bunk. "Well, that's not going to happen any more oh no!"

"And good morning to you too," I said. I know, not the best comeback, but I'm never at my best first thing.

"Oh, it's going to be good, for me and my chums," he replied, pulling me out of my cell. "So far you've had it easy, now we're going to use you until you're a hollowed out husk."

There were several other guards, all waiting. Also, and my heart sank at this, Gol was there. He had a ball gag in his mouth, his hands appeared to be tied behind his back, there was some kind of restraint on his dick and a collar around his neck. One guard held a lead that was attached. As I was swept by, the guard jerked on the lead, forcing the other elf to trot along behind.

Officer Horny led me through a door I'd not been through before, into a room with a bed in the middle. My heart was beating faster now, partly out of fear, but partly from the effect that Gol was beginning to have on me. I feared I knew what this meant.

Pushing me onto the bed, Officer Horny pulled out his cock and waved it in my face.

"Do you want this?" he asked.

"**No!**" I said, through gritted teeth.

The guard holding Gol smacked him around his head. "*Concentrate!*" he hissed at him, which was interesting. Or would have been, except a wave of lust swept over me.

"Let's try again," Horny said. "Do you want this?" His dick was hard now, throbbing and big in my vision.

"N..." I desperately tried to resist. It was no good. "**Yes!**" I cried. "Give it to me!"

My weak girl's body leapt forward, taking his cock in my mouth like a starving man would a luxurious meal. I worked that meat hard, madly sucking on it as Horny made groaning noises. Even as I did, someone else manhandled me onto all fours, and I felt someone push into my pussy from behind, ramming himself deep inside me. All it did was make me moan around Horny's cock. In turn he pushed himself down into my throat, so he balls were banging on my chin and then I was being pounded hard from both ends.

My vision was beginning to fade from lack of oxygen before Horny convulsed, and shot his load into my throat, nearly choking me. He pulled out and wiped himself on my face whilst the other guard jerked and came deep inside my pussy.

Barely before I could get my breath, two more dicks was pushed into my holes, and it started again. I was a passenger in my body, helpless within Gol's lust field, madly sucking on man meat, and bucking as I was taken hard from behind. Gol, and my own aura, were obviously making the guards crazy, because several of them didn't even wait to fuck me, but just jerked off over me, splattering me in cum.

This went on and on. I lost count of how many guards I serviced, and yet I was still horny as hell. Obviously this would only stop once I'd fucked the other elf, and he was restrained.

Eventually though, the guards had drained themselves, and I was left slumped on the bed, cum all over my body, in my hair, and leaking out at both ends.

Horny leaned forward and hissed at me. "This is just the start little fuckslut, we've got plans for you, oh yes."

And with that, he laughed uproariously and dragged me back to my cell, with me still has horny as when I'd started out. At that moment I'd have begged him for another cock, and yet I could barely stand I'd been fucked so hard.

He threw me back on my own bunk. "Until next time," he said, and shut the door.

I lay there, panting hard and, for the first time in a thousand years, tears slid down my girl's face. Not from humiliation, but despair.

I needed to find a way out of here, and fast.

~ * ~

I woke sore all over, although my vag, ass and throat were the worst. Staggering over, I made use of the toilet, and had a drink to clear my mouth out. I considered having a shower, but thought 'fuck it', so I made my way back to my bed with dried cum still all over me.

"You having fun bitch?" Mister Jolly's voice filtered into my cell from next door.

"Is that you Jolly?" I asked back, in mocking tones.

"Who else would it be?" he replied.

"Well, your voice sounds a bit higher than usual is all." I giggled, my horrible weak, girly laugh. Still it did the job. Jolly spent the next five minutes swearing at me.

Overall, he helped me lighten my mood as I fell asleep again.

~ * ~

I was abruptly awoken once more by the door opening. I had no idea how long it had been, but it couldn't have even been a day.

Once again, Gol was there, restrained still. This time there were only three guards, so I guessed they were on their lunch break or something. Maybe these had missed the party before, and were now just taking their turn.

In any case, it was a repeat performance for me. Gol's lust field overcame my own, and I think it was even more intense than before. I practically pulled the first guards trousers off to get at his cock, and pushed him over before ramming myself down on it hard and riding him like a Solarian bronco.

After him I was flipped over and another took his turn, making me scream in pain and lust as he rammed what felt like a horse sized cock up my ass. Tears flooded down my face as he pushed himself deep into my guts, whilst the third guard found my mouth and brutalised me from the front.

I tried to will myself to bite down, but Gol's aura just overrode everything.

When they had shot their loads inside me, I rolled on the floor and tried to scramble to the other elf, but the first guard pulled him away by the lead around his collar, whilst the second guard, doing his trousers up, knelt down and hissed at me.

"You see how we've got his dick all tied up?" he asked. "Well, the longer he goes without using it, the stronger his sex field is. You'll soon be begging for it all day long. Maybe we'll even put him in the cell next to you. How about that you little slut?"

For an answer I tried to grab at his crotch, but he just laughed and skipped away.

They dragged me back to my cell, sobbing and screaming like a bitch all the while, and threw me onto my bunk, where I flipped over and opened my legs wide, begging for them to fuck me again.

They laughed again as the door was slammed shut, leaving me gasping and moaning.

Jolly's laughter washed over me like cosmic revenge as I frigged myself off.

~ * ~

I slept again, a troubled sleep full of images of fucking and violence, to finally awake sweating and shivering.

Sliding off my bunk I staggered over to the sink and washed my face with cold water, trying to clear my head. That achieved, at least in part, I stumbled over to the food dispenser to fill my stomach with something other than cum, and was rewarded with a bowl of grey mush with no determinable flavour.

As I ate, I considered what I had learned so far. It was little enough, but it was a start. The most interesting piece of information had been when the guard had told Gol to concentrate. Directly after that, a huge 'wave' of lust had overwhelmed me. From this I deduced that, although the elfish sex-field was always 'on' so to speak, it could be controlled, maybe directed. It would be worth experimenting if I ever had the chance.

I finished my mush, scraping the bowl clean. It was hardly the best meal I'd ever had, but even so I felt a little better for it. I felt full at least, and slightly more ready to face what would no doubt be another session of gang rape. Even as I thought about it, footsteps approached.

"Here we go again then," I said to myself, and stood up, glancing at myself in the holo-mirror. A skinny young girl, her body and long, sparkling silver hair matted and knotted with dried semen. Naked as a bird. I hadn't worn any real clothes since I woke up in this fuck-forsaken place.

The door opened, and a hologram guard gestured at me. Okay then, no fucking for a moment or two. I ran my tongue along my still regrowing teeth, just checking, in case I got a chance to use them again.

Following the solo, I soon realised I was heading back to the boss's office. This should be interesting.

We walked along the corridors in silence until we reached the large, wooden double doors. The guard stopped and gestured at me, as one of them swung open.

For the second time I strolled into the room, taking my time. I had little enough under my control, so what I did have, I used.

Just as before, the odd, pink shelled alien was behind her desk. Today she was wearing an even more impressive wrapping around her still-unseen torso. This one consisted of shimmering metallic colours that glistened and swirled around of their own accord as you watched. It was really quite hypnotic.

"I see you are less confident this time," the bitch in charge said. "You are learning a lesson maybe? A lesson that you cannot win here."

I shrugged. "I've seen better," I said, strolling over to a light pink vase that was perched on

a low wooden table.

“You are still insolent, but I have seen your tears of rage, of frustration. This is what you did to billions of souls. Your suffering is but a pale shadow of what is to come.”

I looked at the Karma, and then, not taking my eyes off her, deliberately knocked the vase onto the floor, where it cracked and split into two.

The warden hissed. “That was the last artefact of a lost race.”

I shrugged and looked around for something else to break.

“Whose body is this?” I asked, deciding that it might be a good time to glean a little more information. “You're always preaching about me being all bad, but you take over a young girl's body to be abused for your own ends? You're worse than I am.” Okay, that was a lie, but she couldn't know that.

“You are lying,” she replied

Maybe she could know.

“This body,” the Karma gestured at the battered form I inhabited, “was grown here, but my technicians.”

“Not possible,” I said. “No one knows how to clone a working elf.”

“The elves, or ***** species,” the Karma replied, saying a word beyond translation, “were created here, using Karma science. Of course we know how they work.”

“You created them? Fuck off. I don't believe you.” Although maybe I did.

“What you believe matters not!” She was growing angry again. Good. “You are just a piece of excrement on the floor to me.”

“Really?” I said. “Okay then, how about this?” I squatted down and strained, pushing out a shit onto her nice carpet. I hadn't gone in a while, so it was a reasonable sized one. It wasn't difficult either, my ass had been loosened up quite a bit recently.

“**You little maggot!**” The Karma raced over to me before I could even react. I'd forgotten how fast she was.

“You will eat that back up!” She grabbed me and yanked me round, easily overwhelming me with her massive strength, and jammed my face into my still steaming turd.

“Eat it!” She hissed, bending low over me.

As if obeying, I opened up and took a large mouthful of the pile. It tasted like... well, shit, but I'd tasted shit before, and as horrible as it was, there were worse things.

The Karma seemed to relax a little as I obeyed her, which allowed me to twist my head and spit my brown mouthful up at her. Spitting a mouthful of shit isn't easy, try it if you don't believe me, so it didn't hit her floating face, but it did land on her lovely gown, where it rolled down and dropped back to the floor, leaving a brown trail behind it.

Shrieking with rage, the Karma threw me violently away. I was propelled through the air, to hit the wall on the other side of the room with a horribly final sounding *crack*.

For a split second time seemed to slow down, and my vision altered. The world seemed changed, as though I was looking through a different set of eyes. I could see the air itself, colours I'd never seen before swirled around, waves of force made themselves known to me.

I remember thinking how very interesting this all was, just before time sped back up to normal again, and I fell to the floor.

I was dead before I hit the ground of course.

~ * ~

I woke with a gasp.

“Welcome back.” A familiar, dry, tone said.

Sitting up, still panting, heart pounding, I looked wildly around.

I was back in the infirmary, with Jolly standing beside the bed, looking down at me with a sullen expression.

“Well,” I said, after taking a moment to calm down slightly. “This is special.”

“You died, they brought you back. You can't get out that way,” Jolly said, reminding me why I gave him the moniker. “Come on, get up. We have to go back.”

Swinging my legs around, I took stock. My body, well, the body I was in at least, was back in one piece. Someone had cleaned it, and I even had my tiny little bikini back. Doubt that would last long.

Carefully, I felt at the back of my head, where I'd hit the wall after been thrown there by the Karma bitch. It was fully intact. Was this body another clone? Had they repaired it? I resolved to figure this out, but first, I had other things to experiment with.

Slipping down off the bed, I padded after Jolly, who was patiently waiting for me.

“I see you're walking alright again,” I commented, as we set off down the by-now-familiar corridors. “That's nice.”

“You fucking bitch,” he snarled at me. “You ripped my sac right off.”

I shrugged. “You have learned a valuable lesson. To wit: Don't put your nuts in my mouth.”

Jolly raised a fist, and I stood there and looked at him. He didn't have the balls. Something I knew for a fact.

After a moment, in which he obviously realised I wasn't going to flinch, he lowered his arm. “Fine,” he snarled. “But you're not my friend.”

“Oh no,” I mocked him as he stalked off. “Have we fallen out?” Sniggering, I trotted along and caught him up. “Tell you what,” I said. “How about a real blowjob this time?”

Despite everything, he stopped and looked at me. “What?”

Now I focussed, hard, on him. I tried to recreate the feeling of pure lust that I'd experienced with Gol and direct it in Jolly's direction. My skin began to tingle, which I took as a good sign. I was actually beginning to make myself horny.

“Oh.” Jolly took a step back. “I... I...” he stammered. It was then I noticed. He had a hard on under his robe! Despite his lack of balls, he was actually getting aroused. This. This was progress. However, this much progress I didn't need just now.

I switched my mood. Disgust, fear, hatred. I made my best efforts to think of these things, project them towards him.

It didn't have the reaction I expected.

“*Bitch!*” he cried, running at me and punching me in the side of the head. It took me completely by surprise, and I staggered from the blow.

"I'll fucking kill you!" he screamed lashing out at me again. I tried to block him, but I was still off balance from the first strike. You ever been hit in the head hard? Well, it really throws you off, let me tell you, and try as I might, I couldn't ward off his attacks.

Too late, I tried to go back to projecting lust, but he was on me now, enraged, maddened, insane. I saw stars as he gave me a blow that knocked me over. Somewhere I could hear a siren blaring, but it was all out of focus.

I was on the floor, with a maddened Jolly on top of me. Blood filled my mouth. My whole head was just a mass of pain.

Looking up, I saw my neighbour, eyes wide, a crazed look upon his face, raise his fist once again.

And once again, time slowed. I tried to pay more attention this time. Waves of smoke-like pulses were coming from me, washing outwards like misty water, hitting Jolly, who seemed almost transparent. The waves were sucked into him, turning red, and pulsating through his body, which was now translucent to me.

Then his fist came down again, sending me back into oblivion.

~ * ~

"*Fuck!*" I cried, sitting bolt upright.

Well guess what? I was back in the infirmary. Third time's the charm I guess. The robo-doc was just floating back off to wherever it went.

Once again, my current body was back in 'new' condition. I felt at my face. Not so much as a scratch.

The one difference this time was that Jolly wasn't next to me.

It was another young girl, although this one wasn't an elf, thank fuck. She was skinny, probably a few years older than my body, and quite pretty, with long dark hair. Her garments matched mine, insomuch as they were a tiny bikini, albeit a rather fetching purple colour. Despite her apparent youth, she had a weary look to her face, and I got the feeling her mind was older than her body, much like mine.

The other difference was that she seemed to be heavily into piercings. Her ears sported multiple earrings, with slim chains between them. There were two silver bars through one eyebrow, a nose hoop and three slim rings of slightly different sizes through her lower lip. Glancing down, bulges under the tiny bikini top indicated her nipples had been done, and her belly button sported a fairly elaborate gold affair. I could only guess where another one was.

"Hey," she said, in a neutral tone.

"Hey yourself," I replied, wondering if my aura worked on her. "Who are you then?"

"I'm Echo."

"Echo?" I said, before I could stop myself. "Oh, I see. Very clever. No, who are you really?"

She didn't reply, but her eyes lingered over me a little longer before she stepped back a pace. "Come on, I have to take you back."

I guessed my aura *did* work on her. Well, that was nice. I'd always preferred females myself, and listless expression aside, this one was cute.

"Where did you come from then?" I swung off the bed, once again, and trotted alongside my new friend as she walked down the corridor. I don't know why they thought I needed a guide, unless she wasn't a guide, but something else? I concentrated on her, but not so strongly as I had with Jolly before. Slowly slowly.

"I've just come back in," she said, after a glance at me. She managed to tear her eyes away after a moment, which was interesting. Showed some strength of will was left in there.

"Back in from where?"

Once again, there was that struggle I could see inside her, and once again she relented.

"We get sold sometimes," she revealed. "This place sells us to locals outside, to use for... well, anything at all they want. And I mean *anything*." She looked at me again for a moment, her glance spoke to an age of experience. "When we finally die, or are killed, we wake up back here in the original form we first arrived in." She nodded at my body. "You... You are going to have it hard."

I could see she was shaking slightly by the time we reached my cell door. I 'focussed' slightly harder, and began to feel somewhat lusty myself. I'd forgotten my aura influenced me as well, something I needed to remember.

Touching her on the shoulder I stepped closer and smiled at her. She began to visibly shake.

"Why don't you come in for a moment?" I asked.

"N... I... I'm not supposed..." I cut her off short by kissing her.

I tell you, a bit of tenderness felt good right then. Don't get me wrong, I'm hardly one for long walks in the park and hand holding, but change can be refreshing. Her ring lips took a bit of getting used to, and I discovered her tongue was pierced too as we continued snogging.

Wrapping my arms about her slim figure, I pushed her inside and onto the bed. We were both panting hard by the time we came up for air.

"I... I can't," she repeated, but her body belied her words.

I snapped her bikini top off, to reveal a nice, pert, set of tits underneath, both nipples pieced with slim silver bars.

After a few moments work with my tongue, which made her whimper, I turned my aura up another notch, which made us both breathe harder.

Slipping round her, I pulled my tiny knickers off and spread my legs, pushing her down there. She needed no instruction, and went to work on my pussy with an experience in tongue that I'd have been hard pressed to match.

My legs wrapped around her head as my screams echoed out of the still open cell door and through the hallway, and I hoped that the Karma bitch was watching this.

I came about three times before finally allowing my hard working new friend up for air.

"Did I do okay mistress?" she asked, a pathetic look on her face that brought me back to reality.

"Who are you, really?" I asked again, my horniness fading.

After a pause, and a sob, she replied. "I was... I was called Gurgo. Gurgo the Great." She pulled away, slid off the bed and ran out of the door, crying.

I slumped back. *Fuck!* So that's why they'd sent her. Gurgo the Great, ruler of over five

hundred galaxies six million or so years before my time. A person who had inspired me in my own conquering rampage, especially when I was younger.

The Karma bitch was sending me a message. It plainly said: "If we can do this to Gurgo, we can do it to you."

The odds, I finally admitted to myself, were stacked against me. This was some kind of fucked up prison that had tech beyond anything I'd ever seen, and they weren't afraid to use it.

I'd need to be prepared to play the long game. I could do that. The Karma boss might be a bitch, but so, for the moment at least, was I.

~ * ~

I woke up to footsteps. A by-now-familiar sound. Taking a deep breath, I swung myself upright and waited for the door to open.

It didn't happen. The footsteps carried on past my door. Well, that was a let down.

"Hey, Jolly, you there?" I knocked on the wall.

"Fuck off," was the muffled reply.

"Sorry, were you jerking off?" I asked. "Oh, wait, that's not all that likely is it? By the way, don't you want to know?"

There was a pause, as I expected.

"Know what?"

There you go.

"What they tasted like?"

"What?"

"Your balls." I grinned to myself. You have to take your pleasures where you can I always say.

"You fucking bitch!" I could tell he was upset.

"A bit like chicken!" I folded up. It felt good to laugh. I do enjoy someone in pain, assuming it's not me. Well, I mean, not too much pain at least. There's pleasure to be had in a bit of abuse, if you're able to understand that.

My joy didn't last very long. Another lot of footsteps, and my door slid open, to reveal my favourite officer, Horny, as I'd come to recognise him.

"Hey bitch," he said. "You ready for some love?" he asked.

"As if you're able to satisfy a woman," I said.

~ * ~

"How about now?" Horny's face was a dark blur above me. I'd spent the last ten minutes getting, as the saying goes, the shit kicked out of me.

"Wh..." I tried to say, but my mouth was swollen. I gestured for him to move closer.

“What?” he said, leaning over my prone figure. “You want more?”

“Why... n... no fuck?” I managed to splutter. It was true, Horny and his two buddies had just spent their time using their batons on me. I think I had some broken ribs, and my face was purple, but they'd not tried to stick anything in any of my holes.

“Oh, you want some do you?” Horny sneered. “Trust me, there's nothing I would like more than to make you scream, but it's not our turn.” He looked at his companions. “Bring her,” he said.

I was dragged along down several corridors I'd not been down before. The journey was a bit blurry to be honest, I think I passed out a few times, but I woke up when they finally threw me down onto a cold, hard floor.

“You are bitches,” someone said. “We're just making you aware of this.”

I looked up. The first thing I saw was my new friend, Echo. Her cute body was stripped of all clothing and she was on all fours. Her face was looking away from me.

“Get in position,” one of the guards said, prodding me with some kind of electric device, sending a wave of muscle spasming agony through my body.

“**Fuck!**” I shouted at him, but looked around. Oh bollocks.

Two large dogs, or at least dog-like creatures, were trotting towards us. I was in some kind of kennels.

“Oh no,” I said. Had they found my secret, or was it a lucky guess? I really hated dogs!

As I squirmed away, the first dog mounted Echo, who just grunted as his dog-cock entered her. Now I understood why she was on all fours at least.

“In position!” the guard shouted again. I noticed Horny and his friends had now retreated through a mesh doorway, separating us from the hounds.

Echo made panting noises as the dog pounded her hard. I scrambled back as a large, black hound approached me. It was growling.

“Bad dog!” I said, as my back met cold, unfeeling wall. “Sit!”

It didn't listen to me, but kept approaching, still snarling.

“If you don't fuck it, it will rip your throat out,” Horny said from the other side of the bars. “And when you wake up, we'll bring you down here again.”

I whimpered, but closed my eyes and took a deep breath. If they saw I was scared of dogs I'd be down here every day. It's not like I'd not fucked animals before, and lets face it, some of the worlds I'd conquered were populated by little more than beasts, but I was mostly male, and I'd been in control. It was something a therapist would have a field day with.

“Fine,” I said, for the record. I rolled over onto my front and stuck my ass out towards the dog, gritting my teeth.

It didn't take more than a second. The animal mounted me and, after a few missed stabs, brutally thrust his doggy meat into my pussy. I gasped, wondering if my aura worked on dogs too.

It might have been the case, because the beast rammed his meat deep into me with an eagerness that matched every other cock that I'd had since I arrived here.

“Oh!” I couldn't help but gasp as it jammed itself up me with pure animal lust. I couldn't help it, it was turning me on!

“Fuck yes!” I screamed as the hound pounded me hard, rocking my slim, hard body with its hard cock. *“Do me boy!”*

It did me. And it did me hard. I orgasmed about five times before it came, spurting its animal spunk deep inside me, making me scream with lust, its knot expanding, stretching my girl pussy wide.

It took about five minutes before it finally popped out of my widened cunt, leaving my gaping hole leaking doggy cum down my thigh, and me gasping for breath.

“You loved that didn't you?” Horny was standing over me all of a sudden. “I knew it. Come on, suck this bitch.”

He stuck his cock into my mouth.

Stupid. Had no one learned their lesson? There was no Gol here.

I bit down. Hard.

~ * ~

They made me hurt this time.

You know how I'm always banging on about pain and pleasure being two sides of the same credit-chip? Well, this wasn't that kind of pain. This was serious, non-fun, torture pain.

Mainly because I was seriously tortured.

Of course, after a preliminary kicking, they'd dragged me off to a special room and started with my teeth again, seriously, no imagination. After that though, things took a turn for the worse. Yes yes, worse than having your (only recently grown back) teeth pulled out one by one? For sure. That was just the starter.

Now, I've been on both ends of torture before. Mostly, I'll admit, on the administering side, although not as much as you might imagine for, what some* people call a brutal dictator. Mainly it's because there are far better ways of getting information out of people than torture, which is not reliable. If the person is going to cave in at the threat of pain, they do so very quickly in my experience. If they aren't the type to cave, then they'll, eventually, end up just telling you what they think you want to hear. Like I said, not reliable.

It's much easier just to stick a probe into their brain and scan their thoughts and memories. Of course, you can make that hurt too if you like, just for kicks.

Apart from extracting information then, the only other reason for real, serious, torture is revenge, and, frankly, I've rarely felt bothered enough for that.

Naturally there's the kinky stuff, whips and sticks, gags and ropes and, sometimes the odd knife here and there, but that's just fun, something all the family can enjoy.

No, this was the second option. Inflicting pain and suffering for revenge. And old Horny was getting his money's worth, let me tell you.

I had been strapped down to a table at first, although later not so much, mainly because of the fact they'd chopped my legs and arms off. Okay, I mean, not right away, that would have been too quick. They'd started small, with the fingernails.

I will admit, the guard doing all this knew their stuff, I'd have been impressed, even hired them, in another situation. I wasn't so thrilled about their skill in my current position of course.

Anyway, so once the fingernails were out, then they smashed my bones, slowly, starting from the hands and working their way up to the shoulders.

My screams had been legendary at this point. And, before you ask, yes, I would have passed out from the pain, but they had injected me with something to stop that happening.

Sometimes advanced medical science sucks.

How can I explain the pain? Agony so great you just want it to stop, even if that means death.

Well, maybe the closest I could come is if you get a really bad, sharp toothache. I know most bodies have this sort of thing phased out, or you can usually just turn off the nerves, but perhaps you live in a primitive world where this doesn't happen. Anyway, imagine the really bad, super painful toothache, and now imagine that all over your body. And you can't make it go away.

Constant, scream inducing agony. Well, that was my world, and I didn't enjoy it.

After my legs and arms were crushed, they sawed them off, slowly, so I was just a head and torso.

They took a break then, to fuck me a few times. Seemed my aura was still working at least.

Then, rest time over, back to it. One of my eyes was plucked out and left hanging down the side of my head, which gave me some odd images that I still have nightmares about sometimes.

Then it was a bit of random cutting. My lips were cut off, both from my face and elsewhere, along with my nipples and any bits that I had left that were convenient.

Finally they slit my stomach open and dug out my guts.

At this point my vision was, finally, beginning to fade. Whether it was through loss of blood (which they'd also managed to reduce substantially, or I'd have bled to death long since) or the pain was finally overwhelming the medication I don't know. I do know that my mind had begun to hallucinate, so they were working with diminishing returns on the torture front.

I just about remembered them sticking something up my ass, tying something around my neck and lifting me over a fire. They were going to roast me on a spit for dinner for fuck's sake!

As the flames licked at my ravaged body, my last thoughts were that I hoped I gave them food poisoning.

*A few billion here and there.

Lust.

I woke up screaming.

"Hey, it's all right, you're all right," a familiar voice near me said.

Panting hard, I looked around. I was back, once again, in the resurrection room. The robot-droid was just floating off, having done whatever it did to bring me around.

Standing to my right was Echo. She reached out to touch my arm, but I jerked back.

"Sorry," she said, pulling away slightly.

"No," I shook my head. "No, it's just I'm a bit on edge, you know?"

She nodded, and, just for a fraction of a moment I thought I saw Gurgo the Great look out of her eyes. "You'd better get used to it," he said. Then it was all Echo again, looking concerned for little old me.

"They didn't take long to get heavy," she said.

Taking a deep breath, I checked my arms and legs. Yep, they were back. Swinging said limbs off the table, I looked at her. She was still damned cute, stood there in her tiny little bikini. Despite everything I'd just been through, I felt horny looking at her. Which, of course, meant she felt that too.

No, not now, I said to myself. Trying to 'turn off' my feelings I dropped to the floor and started walking back to my cell.

"Why are you always here when I come around?" I asked. "Well, before you it was Jolly of course, but we had a falling out."

She shrugged. "I don't know. There's always someone waiting when you wake up. They're odd like that. I think they have a set of rules that must be followed, no matter how stupid they seem. Like the exercise time, you know?"

I nodded, wondering if there was anyway to take advantage of this.

"And they never attack you in your cell either," she went on, stroking my shoulder. I breathed a little deeper and forced myself to stand further away. She took the hint and dropped her arm.

"Well, thanks anyway," I said.

We reached my cell and I stepped inside. She looked like she wanted to come in too, and I really wanted her to, but I shook my head. "Not now. I need to rest, you know?"

Echo nodded in turn. "Next time then," she said.

"Yeah." I watched her go and went to lay down on my bunk. The door slid shut by itself, but I was asleep by then.

~ * ~

There was another period of isolation after that. I rested, ate and paced up and down, thinking hard.

I also tried to experiment with my abilities, and tried to get the vision back that I'd had before I died, when I seemed to see the forces in the air. I didn't know why, but I had a

feeling being able to do that was important.

I failed in that regard, so I gave up and tried focussing my aura instead. Jolly was refusing to talk to me again, so I stood with my head pressed against the adjoining wall and concentrated as hard as I could, thinking horny thoughts about Gol and Echo, and making myself as randy as hell in the process.

After a while there was a moan from the other side of the wall, and I smiled.

“*What the fuck are you doing?*” Jolly shouted. “Stop it! **Fuck!** I can't be feeling this! Oh god!”

Grinning to myself, I let it go on a little more, until it got too much for me too, and I had to lie down and frig myself off.

~ * ~

It was, by my rough estimation, about lunch time the next day before I had another visit. This time it was just two guards I didn't recognise, although that was the case for most of them of course. They had Gol in tow, seems someone had learned something after all, and it was only seconds before they were dragging me out to the room I now designated the 'fuck room'.

Ripping my little panties off the first guard bent me over and wasted no time slipping his dick into my pussy, moaning all the while. I bore it stoically, whilst the second guard, who was holding Gol's lead, urged him to hurry up.

And then it happened. My vision switched again. I could suddenly see waves of energy coming off Gol, sweeping over the room, but me specifically. Around me, there what looked like pink particles of mist radiating from my body. Where the two energies met, they swirled about madly, excitedly.

As the guard fucking me started to speed up, I remembered what had happened to Jolly when I'd focused on him with negative energy. If there was ever a time to experiment, it was now.

Trying to close out the feeling of sexual pleasure from my pussy as it was pounded, I focussed on pain. I brought up the agony that I felt when I was being tortured, the fear and misery when they smashed my arms and legs, the feeling as the flames licked at my abused torso near the end, and I focussed all these feelings on the other guard, who was holding Gol.

My new vision showed me an immediate change. My pink mist turned dark, and waves of it swept out of my body in a more purposeful fashion, much like Gol's were. Where the two waves collided, there was an explosion of energy that rippled outwards like a nuclear blast.

The effect was immediate. The guard holding Gol screamed in rage and attacked the guard who was fucking me from behind. The first guard was torn from my body, and the two went rolling over and over in a frenzy of anger.

I stood up, somewhat shakily, and ran over to Gol, ripping the ball gag out of his mouth.

“*How do I control it?*” I demanded, as he looked on with surprise.

He just shook his head.

I grabbed his balls and twisted. “Tell me, or lose these!” I hissed. Okay, maybe a bit

meaningless in here, but I was desperate.

“Okay okay!” he said.

I could hear an alarm wailing now. “Hurry!” I demanded. Behind me one guard was smashing the others head in with a chair leg.

“You have to calm down,” he said. “Close your eyes and 'look' inside you.”

Calming down was not easy given the circumstances, but I did my level best, closing my eyes and trying to follow his instructions.

I slowed my breathing and tried to focus.

“Imagine you're in a void,” Gol's voice said. “You're floating.”

I was in a void. I was floating.

“Now, look around, what do you see? What do you feel?”

I 'looked', and was about to say 'nothing' when I felt a tiny bit of warmth lick my side. I swivelled around in my void, to see something odd.

At first it looked like a star, burning with intense energy, but as I focussed I began to drift closer to it, and saw that it was a mass of, for want of better description, threads, all burning with a golden light. A seething mass of them, entangled together, glowing with power.

“If you touch one, you can use the energy,” Gol's voice came to me. “You can maybe, with practice, touch two, three, possibly even four at the same time, but *only* with practice. If you touch too many it will overwhelm you. You'll just be a horny, mindless zombie, forever wanting to fuck fuck fuck. You'll never know peace.”

I opened my eyes and looked at him. “What happens to elves like that?” I asked.

“There's no cure, they have to be killed,” he said.

“But in this place...” I shook my head. In this place you couldn't die. It would be an eternity of unfulfilled lust. Even I shook at the thought.

“**You!**” A scream from behind us. I turned to see two guards running towards us, batons drawn. Of our original guards, one was lying in a pool of blood, the other was just sitting there, looking dazed.

I smiled, and closed my eyes. Reaching out within my void, I grabbed two strands and focussed on desire.

A wave of both massive heat and bone-chilling cold ran through me. I threw my head back and screamed as a wave of sexual energy blew away from Gol and me like an explosion.

I screamed again then, grabbing Gol's cock and pulling him towards me. There was no need to exert myself; Gol pushed me back onto the floor, yanked my legs apart and plunged his meat into me.

“*Fuck me!!*” I demanded, as he rammed himself deep into my cunny. “Harder! **Harder!**”

Gol obliged, hammering away like a pneumatic drill set on maximum. His thrusts took him deeper and deeper inside me as I roared with lust.

“**HARDER!!**”

If it was even possible, he did so, and ecstasy flowed through me, out of me, into the surrounding area.

The waves of pleasure increased as Gol sped up, until with an explosion we came

together.

It was like a supernova going off in a black hole, like a blast of sound in the silence of deep space, like an explosion of colour in a black and white world, we were light in the dark, we were intense heat in the freezing cold.

And then it was over.

With a deep sigh, Gol rolled off me, pulling his dick out of my vag, dripping what seemed to be litres of cum.

I, somehow, managed to stand up, my legs shaking, and looked around.

The two guards that had been running towards us were on the floor, one ramming his cock up the others arse. The surviving original guard had obviously pleased himself, as his now limp dick was in his hand. He was lying there, still.

“Well, that was different,” I gasped, and fainted.

~ * ~

When I came to I was back in my cell again, lying on my bunk with my legs akimbo. No doubt whoever had finally carried me back had had a ride whilst I was out.

I staggered upright and had a drink and some mush from the food dispenser, before climbing back onto my bunk and falling asleep again.

I woke well rested, and spent some hours just pacing up and down, thinking about what had happened. I tried to summon my void again of course, but it just wouldn't come. I couldn't summon the 'vision state' again either.

Sighing, I lay back down on my bunk again and fell asleep once more.

~ * ~

The days that followed began almost to feel like routine, and I wondered if they were just beginning to set me up for a fall.

I would be left alone for a while, and then a couple of guards would open the door, drag me over the fuck room and take turns with me. Interestingly enough, Gol was not present for any of these happy little experiences. That meant that none of the guards used my mouth, seemed that lesson had been learned at least, but they used my ass and pussy hard. I was beginning to walk a bit bow legged.

Each time they took me out I tried to summon my power, but each time I failed.

After about a dozen times of this, I noticed something. The guards seemed to be less excited by me. Not that they didn't fuck me hard of course, I was a cute little thing regardless of my sex aura, if I say so myself, but there wasn't the desperation that I'd come to almost expect.

It seems this didn't go unnoticed by others either.

I'd just finished, well, I didn't know what time it was, so let's call it a breakfast of pale pink mush when the door opened, and the familiar form of Officer Horny appeared.

“How's it going fuckhead?” I asked politely. Manners cost nothing I always say.

Instead of a beating, he just gestured at me. "Come," he said.

Shrugging, I followed him, and soon realised I was heading back to my old friend the Karma bitch.

For the third time I was ushered into the swanky office, to stand in front of the large pink alien. She was wearing a golden wrap around her body this time, which seemed to glow with some kind of inner light.

One change was that officer Horny followed me in.

"I see you've had the carpet cleaned," I said, conversationally.

The Karma ignored my witty repartee, and flowed around her desk to stand, looming, over me. She held some kind of device in one giant hand, which was waved over my head.

"Interesting. And odd," she said, still blanking me entirely. "That shouldn't be possible. Still, let's make the most of it."

With a sudden movement, she jabbed me in the shoulder with something sharp that she'd been holding in her other hand.

"Hey," I complained, but something was happening to me. "Wha..." I found myself falling to the floor. The light began to fade, and I just about heard the Karma say:

"You know what to do," to Horny, before I passed out.

~ * ~

I woke up again. It seemed I was always waking up from being dead or something in the place.

However, this time was different. I was not at all comfortable. Opening my eyes, I found myself lying on my front, my head held in a forward position by some unseen force. A clear tube that ran down from above me had been pushed into my mouth and, from the feel of it, down my throat. I tried to spit it out, but it wedged in there good.

Ahead of me was just plain white floor leading to a plain, white wall. Slightly to my right though, I could see... My visual exploration was interrupted.

"Oh good, you're finally awake." Horny's voice was followed by his lower half moving to stand in front of me as I tried to shift myself. It was no good, my body was not cooperating.

Horny squatted down to look at me eye to eye, or blank faceplate to eye as it was in this case. Somehow I could tell he was smiling in there though. This wasn't promising.

"I know you can't see what's going on, so I'll help you. I'm nice like that." So saying, he made a gesture, and a small holoscreen opened up in front of me. At the same time, Horny released a tiny, insect sized drone into the air. I found myself looking at my little girl face, wide eyed and stupid looking, in the screen.

The drone moved up and around, swinging about to show me in my latest predicament, and it wasn't a good one.

They'd bloody well cut off my arms and legs again. What was it with these people? This time it looked like a clean surgical endeavour though. The stumps had been healed, and there was smooth skin over them.

The drone swooped about, to show my torso resting on a table of sorts, with holes beneath my belly and tits. Two tubes had somehow been attached to my nipples, and these fell

away below me.

As the drone moved back, to bring into view my exposed ass and pussy, Horny came back into shot, or at least his dick did.

"Might as well give you a quick one, I'm not supposed to see you for some time," he said, as he slipped himself into me. As he pushed himself deeper, he chuckled. "Hope you're comfortable," he said, "you're going to be here for six months, so they say. Ohh yeah, such a nice pussy you have, I'm going to miss it. Maybe I'll sneak in every now and then eh? You'd like that wouldn't you, you little slut? Ohhh."

It didn't take him long. He pumped away faster and faster until his goo spurted deep up into my snatch. The fucker couldn't even last long enough for me to enjoy myself.

Horny pulled out and walked around to my face, wiping himself off on me.

"That's to remind you of me," he sniggered. "Oh, just need to do one more thing."

He went back to the rear of me, followed by the drone so I could see what was happening. He took another tube from somewhere and, with no warning, brutally jammed it up my ass. I screamed around my mouth obstacle.

He did something else, and I felt something expand inside me. "That will stop it slipping out," he said, as he took another tube and slipped it up into my pee hole.

"There," he said, "that takes care of the waste."

He slapped my ass and stepped back. "I'll leave the camera for you. Enjoy."

So saying, I heard his footsteps walk off for a few seconds and then the sound of a door opening and closing with a slam.

Right then and there, that door closing sounded like the gong of doom.

~ * ~

And so began probably the worst period up to that point as my time as a prisoner. You wouldn't think it so would you? I mean, okay, yes, they'd chopped my arms and legs off sure, but hey, I knew they'd be grown back at some point. In the meantime I wasn't getting dragged out of my cell and fucked and beaten and abused halfway to Sunday every few hours.

But the thing is, I could handle that. As I've alluded to already, it's not that I haven't done my fair share of raping and pillaging over the centuries, sometimes on a grand scale. I remember the invasion of the Ynder system, one of my earlier conquests, way back in one of my first galactic campaigns. The Ynder race was visually similar to my own, except they were almost all slim and attractive to the max. Well, they put up a real fight let me tell you, millions of my own forces were killed or destroyed before I finally reached their homeworld and put their ruling family down. After that I went on a bender, let me tell you. Whole cities were brutally tortured, just for my entertainment.

Yes, I hear you now: "You monster!" Maybe so, but a guy has to have his hobbies right? Plus I needed to unwind, and let's be fair here, I didn't keep all the fun to myself. I allowed my troops to have their turn as well. The morale of your army is important, remember that in your next campaign.

Anyway, I'm getting off topic, reminiscing about the good times will do that.

The point is, laying there with tubes stuck in me was boring. Being the despotic ruler of

billions of worlds keeps one busy you know? Always something to do there. It was one reason I'd stayed alive for so long. Do you know what the leading cause of death for anyone over about a thousand is? Boredom. People do everything and they sit back and go, 'fuck this', and blow their brains out, or fly into a sun or something.

So I'd kept busy. Even in this fucking place things had been happening to me on a regular basis. Now all I could do was lay there and scheme.

Of course I tried conjuring my powers, but nothing. All I could do was seethe and look at the image on the holoscreen as my belly began to grow.

Oh, didn't I say? The reason I was here was because I was pregnant. It was probably why my sex aura had stopped.

I guessed Gol was the father, being another elf and all that. Probably happened the day when I found my power. That was some intense shit all round.

So I was in some kind of pregnancy chamber. Out of the corner of my eye I could just about see another girl. She was facing away from me, which meant I had a good view of her ass, complete with the tubes shoved up it that sucked the shit out of her. Her belly was pretty swollen, and her tits were massive. Every now and then the tubes attached would activate and pump milk out of them.

The boredom was only slightly broken by the drugs that were obviously mixed in the mush that was delivered to me thrice a day via the feeding tube jammed down my throat. Yeah, fine dining it wasn't.

Anyway, for an hour or so after each delivery I went a bit woozy in the head. I also noticed that my little tits seemed to be growing very quickly, which I assumed must have been brought on by some kind of hormones in the food too. I doubt they would get so big so quickly naturally.

Anyway, the upshot of all this was that I was bored as fuck.

Oddly enough, the only bright spots in this time came about because of Horny. He actually kept his promise and sneaked in a few times to give me a quick fuck. He thought he was causing me distress, stupid bastard, whilst enjoying himself with me and giving me what he assumed was verbal abuse. It was actually nice just have a some kind of contact. Plus the drugs in my system seemed to enhance the experience. I actually came a couple of times.

So time went by slowly. Apparently the gestation time of an elf was six months, maybe sped up by the drugs, because I expanded rapidly. It wasn't long before the tubes attached to my nipples began collecting my milk too. I was like a fucking legless bovine.

As my belly grew to alarming proportions, the baby, or possibly babies, started kicking. I was fed more often now, and began to spend most of my time in a partial state of delirium. No bad thing.

At some point some guards came in and took the other girl away, presumably to give birth, which left me totally alone, not that she'd been a scintillation companion or anything.

Until the day finally arrived when the door opened once more, and footsteps approached.

A guard walked around to my front and pulled out my feeding tube, not gently either, which made me choke and throw up on his shoes, which earned me a smack around the head.

"Hey, wait until after," another guard said, yanking out the tubes from my rear end. My ass was stretched so wide I think I shit all over the floor, which made the first guard laugh. Glad they were having fun.

My tit-tubes were removed and I was manhandled onto some kind of hovering stretcher, placed on my side, and floated after the guards as they made their way out of the room.

I was still high from my last feeding, but even so, I felt a euphoria that I was finally going somewhere!

They made their way to another room, where several doc-bots were waiting. I was placed on a bed, on my back this time, where I could only look on as the bots dropped down towards my belly.

With the guards watching with interest, the bot extended a robotic arm with a scalpel on the end and, with no hesitation, cut my belly open like I was a pig at market.

I screamed with shock, but it ignored me and pulled back skin and muscle. The second bot swooped in then and pulled out a small figure by its feet. It was a tiny, baby elf!

Wailing, the baby was deposited in an incubator of some kind, and with me helplessly watching on, and bleeding profusely, they pulled another and another and another out of me.

It seemed that elves gave birth to litters.

I was beginning to get weak from blood loss by the time the last one was removed.

"Is that it?" one of the guards asked.

The bot beeped in affirmative.

"Good." So saying the guard stepped forward, pulled a knife out from somewhere and proceeded, slowly and maliciously, to cut my throat.

I gargled a complaint as blood spurted from my neck. And then I died. Again.

So much for the miracle of childbirth.

Welcome Back.

This time when I woke I simply lay there for a moment, eyes closed. How many times now was this that I'd died, or been killed in this place? Four? Five? I'd lost count.

"I know you're awake," a welcome voice said next to me.

Opening my eyes, I looked to my right, to see Echo, in all her sexy glory, standing next to me.

"Come here," I said to her in a low voice.

She stepped closer and bent over slightly, and I grabbed her and pulled her close, giving her a long, wonderful kiss.

Six months with no contact had made me a bit crazy, and to feel her soft skin against mine sent a surge of desire through my body.

Maybe she felt the same, or perhaps my power was back, because, after an initial cautious response to my kiss, she really got stuck in. One hand slid down my body, into my tiny panties, and a finger went up my itching pussy.

"Oooohhh!" I moaned.

Another finger went up there, and she started to work me. Our kiss broke off as I writhed around on the table like a fish out of water, gasping for breath as she set my little cunt on fire. My cries grew to shrieks as I clamped her hand with my legs as a massive orgasm swept through me, making my new body tense and shudder, before slumping back.

"Better?" she asked, smiling.

"You have no idea," I said.

On shaky legs, and it was nice to have legs again, I sat up and looked around. The room was unchanged. I wondered how long it had been here. I looked at Echo, and wondered how long *she'd* been here. Gurgo's rule was millions of years ago, but I couldn't believe Echo had been around quite that long. There was something else going on.

I stood up, slightly unbalanced after so long laying on my front like a legless cow. She grabbed my hand and we walked back to my cell like a couple of school girls for fucks sake.

Once we arrived, she turned to leave, but I grabbed her and pushed her inside. A couple of fingers up me wasn't going to cut the mustard.

Pushing her back onto the bed, I ripped her little bikini off, and lay beside her. Another long snogging session followed, as our hands explored each others bodies.

Then she broke off, smiled at me, and started working her way down my front, kissing me in a trail that led south, stopping briefly to work my nipples, my belly and then to the mother-load.

"Oooohh!" I cried, as she used her tongue in the way only she could. "**OOHHHH!**" I repeated as desire swept me from head to toe. I opened my eyes to see particles of pink energy sweeping outward from my body. Next door I heard Jolly gasping. Well, he would have a freebie today, I decided.

I squirmed as lust overwhelmed me, and this time Jolly's cries were masked by my own. I shook as one orgasm after another hit me, until I could take it no more and pulled Echo up out of my crack by her hair.

She grinned at me, her mouth glistening with my juices. "Welcome back," she said.

~ * ~

I woke up with Echo still in my arms, which surprised me. Why was the Karma allowing this? Perhaps she thought I'd fall in love with Echo, and so she'd be able to use her against me. In which case the bitch in charge would be disappointed. Especially as I knew that, in this place, Echo could just be reborn, or whatever they did here. That was a weakness in the system. Elsewhere just being brought back was not really possible, at least not like this, so the threat of death was so much more serious. Here, well...

Echo woke up, and it reminded me of how a once great ruler had been broken. She was desperately eager to please, making me a bowl of mush from the dispenser and feeding it to me with a spoon, even wiping my ass and pussy when I went to the toilet. It was a sad decline alright, although I was happy to be waited on by such a cute body.

We made out some more, and then fell back to sleep, only to be woken far more abruptly as three guards arrived at my cell.

One was a familiar scenario with a familiar figure.

"Officer Horny," I said, as Echo and I both sat up. "I hope you've not been well."

"I've missed you," he snarled, as we were grabbed and dragged out of the cell and over to the fuck room.

My theory about them using Echo was, perhaps, valid, or maybe they just decided to fuck her too anyway, I wasn't sure, but one guard, standing next to me, bent me over the bed facing her, and then proceeded to pull out the largest dick I'd ever seen on something that wasn't a horse.

"Holy..." I began as he moved behind me. Spreading my ass cheeks, he spat on my hole, for lubrication one assumes – so kind of him – and proceeded to stretch my ass like never before.

I screamed as he slowly stretched my ring wider and wider.

Meanwhile, Horny pulled out his dick and, still standing, and with help from his colleague, lifted Echo onto his hard cock. Echo mindlessly opened her legs for him, another reminder of how trained she had become. Then the other guard pulled his out and, standing behind her, managed to push it up her ass, so she was sandwiched between the two, taking both men at the same time.

I watched as she rode both of them, and fuck me, if their plan was to make me jealous or concerned or something, it wasn't working. It was making me hot!

Horse Cock was still slowly pushing his meat up my ass, which hurt, but now I was feeling the lust rise, and screamed at him.

"Get it up there you fucking pussy!" I pushed my ass back onto the giant sausage, which caused pain that was also pleasure.

He obliged, and tried harder, ramming his way up into my guts. I moaned, my pussy was getting juicy. And my vision changed again.

Once more I could see the waves of lust spreading out from me. Strangely, old Horny and his friend were also emanating some, although on a far lesser intensity, as they enjoyed Echo's holes. Echo, for her part, had nothing around her at all. All this would have been

interesting if I hadn't been so fucking horny.

Was I getting worse?

I didn't care, but I rode old Horse Cock hard as he violated my insides, spurred on by my sex field, which was intense, let me tell you.

Watching Echo being fucked by the two of them just made me hornier and hornier, which made *them* hornier. A kind of lust feedback loop.

With all that, it didn't take long for all the guards to shoot their loads, with horse cock apparently filling my insides with about five litres of cum. I screamed in agony and ecstasy, and collapsed on the bed.

~ * ~

They separated us once they'd done with pleasuring themselves. I was led, wobbly legged, down a corridor I'd not been down before. My ass was spewing out cum that dribbled down my legs and left a sticky trail along the floor.

I don't know where they took Echo.

Horse Cock led me to another room, where two hologram servants were waiting. They were standard model servant solos, humanoid in shape, but devoid of any features.

He handed me over to them, and they shoved me into a shower. Stepping in with me, one of them proceeded to wash me, *very* thoroughly, all over. Fuck me, but even that started to make me horny again. What was happening to here?

I came twice as she washed my pussy. She also stuck a tube up my ass and gave me an enema, not that I really needed one, I mean Horse Cock had pretty much done that job with his five litres of spunk.

Once I'd been thoroughly washed, inside and out, and cleaned, they dried my shiny, sparkly silver hair and sprayed my body with some kind of glitter spray, so now I looked like a cheap stripper.

Then one of the solos brought out a dildo.

Before I could do anything, the second solo held me back and yanked my legs open, allowing the first solo to shove the thing up my pussy.

I discovered it was vibrating. Oh, this did not bode well.

With that firmly inserted, the first solo wrapped a leather belt around my waist, and then attached a strap from the front, threading it through my legs, up to the back of the belt. Thus the vibrator was wedged in there.

"Oooh," I gasped, as it buzzed within me. I was going weak at the knees.

They two solos ignored me and pulled me back onto a chair. One held some kind of machine up to my left nipple. There was a sharp pain, and I looked down to see I'd been pierced. My little left breast now sported a golden hoop. Another sharp pain, and the right was attended to in the same fashion.

I was getting past caring now, as the vibrator inside me brought me to climax. I screamed, and, once again, waves of lust spread from me like an EMP.

Of course, this didn't affect the solos at all.

The worked on my hair next, styling it and putting ribbons in before stepping back to

admire their work.

There was a mirror on the wall suddenly, and one of them half guided, half carried me on shaking legs, to show me my reflection.

Even with my pussy being assaulted with the vibrator, I was impressed. I looked cute as hell, if only I could concentrate on caring.

Another two guards appeared, solos, for obvious reasons. The levels of lust I was giving off would have driven any organic insane within moments. I was pretty much carried away, down more corridors. My body was no longer under my control now, as I was being subjected to wave after wave of orgasms. I couldn't even think clearly, let alone stand.

It was quite a walk before we went through a door and I was placed on a kind of spotlight dais, the solos still holding me upright.

We waited. I cried as my body jerked and shuddered as I came and came and came again.

Then a section of wall became transparent, and, even through my sexual haze, I saw what was going on. It was an auction.

On the other side of the glass, on a slightly lower level so everyone could see me, was a crowded space filled with all sorts of beings. To one side a hologram was speaking, and although I couldn't hear anything, it was obvious it was taking bids.

When I appeared practically all the beings in the room held their hands up. They were holding some kind of small device which flashed with red or orange lights.

It seemed I was popular.

I watched through teary eyes as the bidding became frantic. That wasn't the only thing that was frantic. At first just the front beings, nearest the glass, felt it. My sex aura was getting to them, and I wasn't surprised either, I was awash with lust as the vibrator continued its assault.

As the bidding continued, more and more beings fell prey to it. They started to attack each other. Well, maybe attack is the wrong word here, but I was high on orgasms by that point.

By the time someone had won me, I was barely conscious, let alone able to tell who'd won, and three quarters of the bidders were fucking each other.

My solo guards dragged me off the dais, down a short corridor and literally threw me into some kind of holding cell.

They slammed the door shut and walked off, leaving me spasming on the floor.

Finally, the vibrator shut off, just about the same time I passed out.

~ * ~

I don't know how long I was out, but I awoke to the sound of the door opening.

Into my room strode a hologram. This one wasn't a prison solo though, but a fairly standard featureless, humanoid shaped version. It was charcoal grey all over with the exception of an orange squiggly insignia of some kind on its shoulder, below which were two horizontal stripes. It had two beady yellow 'eyes' on its head.

Unusually for a solo, it also had a small firearm strapped to its hip. This lent itself to some speculation on my part.

I think I've mentioned already, solograms are made from hard light. They can form themselves into any shape that they're programming allows, and are incredibly fast, strong and nigh on invulnerable to most weapons. They are, however, really *very* vulnerable to certain beam weapons, which are generally called disperser guns, or just dispersers. About the only reason for a solo to carry a weapon in a civilian environment (and they usually weren't allowed any, not that they needed one really) was to protect itself against other solos. Which meant that it was carrying a disperser. My fingers itched to get my hands on it, although I knew the chance of that was practically zero.

The solo stopped in front of my prone form for a second, and then, saying nothing, stood me upright. With the brutal efficiency that they're known for, it formed a hand into a knife and cut away the belt at my waist. Then dispassionately pulled the vibrator out of my pussy, which caused me to gasp, let me tell you.

That done, two wide straps extended from the solo, one from the chest area and one lower down, and wrapped themselves around me, pinning my arms to my side and my legs together. Then the straps retracted, pulling me up against the solo like a baby being carried by a parent.

The little yellow eyes (they don't need them, they're just for show) swivelled around to the other side of its head and it started to walk out of the cell.

"Hey," I said. "Where are we going?"

The solo stopped, and one eye and a mouth suddenly appeared on my side of its head again.

"The slave will not speak," it intoned. "Any further noise from the slave will result in the slave being gagged."

So saying, the mouth and eye vanished. I opened my own mouth to make a retort, and then decided against it. Solos were very literal. I believed it would gag me one hundred percent, and I'd rather that not happen.

Instead I looked around with interest as I was carried out of the cell and down several rather grubby corridors. I saw other beings.

Another solo, of a lighter grey – and unarmed – led a sobbing woman by a leash attached to a collar around her neck. She had only a skirt on, allowing me to view her enormous and shapely tits.

Further along were half a dozen naked boys of various species and ages, from quite young to nearly adult, being herded along by some fat being of a species I'd never seen before. None of the lads looked very happy.

It didn't take a genius to figure out this was a slave market. I sighed. I used to like coming to the slave markets, seeing what merchandise was on display, maybe bidding for the odd one or two items. Somehow it wasn't as fun from this side of the fence.

The solo carried me outside, to some kind of bustling yard, but I didn't get a good look at the surroundings as it quickly bundled me into a waiting transport of some description. I found myself in a small cubicle with a seat. Released from the solo, I sat on it and waited. There were no windows, and I started to get a little claustrophobic.

There was movement. I felt the vehicle take off, but after that I had no idea of what direction I was going in.

I'm not sure how long the journey lasted. I dozed again, only coming around when the door slid open, allowing a bright light in. I blinked and was grabbed again, pulled out of the vehicle.

Another yard, this time a splendid, landscaped affair with sculpted bushes and statues of shining stone. Overhead a large, white stoned building loomed, and above that I glimpsed a sky of green before I was shoved through a set of double doors.

I padded along a hallway of the same sparkling white stone. Busts and paintings lined my route, whilst plush rugs were scattered underfoot at various intervals. It was certainly a step up from my recent environment.

The solo pushed me into another room, of a more utilitarian nature, and then into another, even more basic.

My eyes immediately went to the far wall, where a number of log-like affairs protruded horizontally out. Each one sprouted a large dildo, standing straight up.

"Oh no," I said, starting to turn to run off, but the solo grabbed me and picked me up.

I struggled, to no avail, as it took me over to a fairly low perch and, with brutal efficiency, lowered me down, pussy first, onto the large phallus that sprouted from it.

I screamed as it was rammed deep inside me. The thing was tapered slightly, getting wider as it went down, so my poor abused hole was stretched as I was pushed all the way to the bottom.

"*Fuck!*" I screamed.

I was now sitting astride the log perch, the dildo all the way up me, which took my breath away. It was unlikely I'd be able to get off as it was, my feet barely touched the floor, but just to make sure, the solo chained my ankles to a set of manacles attached to the ground. I wasn't going anywhere.

Taking a step back to admire its handiwork, the solo produced a small device from somewhere and pressed a button on it.

The dildo inside me began to vibrate.

"Oh no! *Not again!*" I screamed.

This one was even worse than the slave market one though. That had been fairly small, this fucker was industrial strength compared to that. My whole body shook with it.

"*Nooooo!*" I wailed as it stimulated my sex. I began to pant as my little clit was aroused by the things movements, and a wave of delirium began to sweep over me once more.

"No no no!" I repeated. But it was no good. It only took a minute or so before my body reacted to the forced stimulation, and I orgasmed in shuddering, shaking fashion. As last time though, it didn't stop and my poor pussy was soon excreting juices as I was forced to come over and over and over. The solo dropped the remote on a nearby table and strode away. I gritted my teeth through the waves of ecstasy that rippled through my body and vowed to outlaw the fucking things when I escaped.

"Oohhh!" I screamed again. Tears ran down my face.

Don't let anyone tell you you can't have too much of a good thing.

Trust me, you fucking can.

~ * ~

I'm not sure how long I endured like that, but I was wailing and screaming like a baby when someone approached me. I didn't even notice them until the vibrations, mercifully,

stopped.

As I sat there, panting and crying, a pair of soft hands wiped at my face.

Blinking, I looked at my saviour. It was Echo!

"Hello," she said, and gave me a gentle kiss. This little action probably made me more horny than the half hour of orgasms.

"Oh," I gasped.

She smiled and kissed me again, her delightfully smooth skin against mine.

"No!" I said, regaining control and pushing her back. "I mean, wait," I added more gently.

"What are you doing here?"

She grinned at me. "Isn't it wonderful? My master bought you at the auction! Now we can be together!" She hugged me.

And then it hit me.

Echo wasn't just a random name that fucking bitch Karma had given. It was another message. The poor lass now holding me was just a distant shadow of a once great ruler of galaxies. Gurgo the Great had once ruled over even more worlds than I had, and now his personality had been reduced, stripped away, to this *Echo* of its former self.

Echo wasn't just a name, it was *What She Was*.

"Don't be sad," she said, looking at me, unaware of my epiphany. "The master isn't so bad, certainly not as bad as some." She shivered involuntarily, no doubt remembering past abuses. "And he might not be influenced by your power even, because of..." she paused and smiled shyly. "Well, you'll find out." Jumping up and down again, once more excited, she grinned again. "But we'll be together! What fun!"

I smiled sadly, and I pulled her close, stroking her back. My lust started up once more, and she obviously felt that too, because she pulled away.

"I can't stay now, but I'll see you later." With one final quick kiss, she scampered out of the room, allowing me to reflect on what she was, and had become.

It also allowed me a good look at her delightfully hot, tight ass.

~ * ~

So I sat there, dildo wedged deep up me, but no longer vibrating thank fuck. It allowed me plenty of time to examine my environment.

Apart from there wasn't much to examine. The lush surroundings were obviously not for mere slaves. That said, the general quality of the room was superior to my previous lodgings in almost every regard. The walls were the same white stone as through the rest of the building that I'd seen, and the floor was some kind of smooth material, also white, although I couldn't really decide what it was made from.

Apart from the 'logs' and their dildos that protruded from the one wall, there were no decorations or adornments. A single low table not too far from my position was bare except for the vibration remote control. There was another, small chest of drawers in the far corner, but that was it.

So, I just sat there, trying not to wriggle and excite myself.

I was beginning to wonder if I should shout out, attract attention or something, when a

sologram strolled in. It was identical to the previous one except this had only one stripe under the insignia on its shoulder, and no gun.

Following behind the solo was a tall man.

I examined him warily. No doubt this was my new 'master'.

The man was human looking.

I should possibly explain what I mean by human here, in case you've not heard of the species. I'm a human, at least I was originally. But the term is broader than you may think. It is clear to all the advanced species in the universe that there had been what many call the 'First Race'. This was a species of beings that were likely the first intelligent life, or at least the first advanced intelligent life, in the universe. From what everyone can tell, they spread out through the all of known space, although the universe was a lot smaller back then, so it goes, and found no others. So they seeded the galaxies with proto-life.

From these seeds arose various species. Many of which we call, rather generically, human. I mean, there are variations of course, but as a rule they have two eyes, nose, mouth, are biped and so on and so forth. And they're to be found, amongst other species of course, throughout the universe.

What happened to the First Race is still unclear. Sometimes an artefact of theirs is unearthed here and there, and these are highly sought after, but, as a rule, they seem to have vanished without a trace.

So this man, and he was definitely male, looked me up and down. He had dark hair of medium length, an immaculately groomed goatee and long, flowing black robes adorned with golden sigils, not unlike the one on his solograms. Physically, he was tall, slim and, well, generally fit, although that's not hard to do when you can have your body tailored to your own specifications, and no doubt this chap was fairly well off, financially. His skin was a light golden brown colour, which I thought quite fetching. I made a mental note to try it when I had my own bodies again.

The 'master' had been examining me as I had been examining him, and I wondered why he wasn't trying to stick something into one of my holes already. I was no doubt certainly giving off enough of an aura.

"So, you are... 'Bob'?" he asked, tilting his head.

I looked puzzled for a second, before remembering that was the name I'd given to Jolly, on a whim, some time back. No doubt he'd gone and told it to all and sundry. Fucking blabbermouth.

"What's it to you?" I asked.

"They said you were a lippy one. Well, we'll see. Bring her." This last command was to the solo, who unchained my feet and pulled me off the dildo with a sucking sound, making me gasp.

I was placed on the floor in front of the man, who nodded, turned and walked away. A push from the solo had me padding after him.

We walked through more of the building, which, I'm not too proud to admit, I was impressed with. It was furnished with just enough expensive, tasteful items to not be too gaudy.

Up some stairs then, and into a large and opulent bedroom. The bed was huge, an old fashioned four poster covered with black silken sheets. A dark coloured sofa was to one side, next to a low table. The floor was coated in a dark material of some kind.

And sitting in the furthest corner, on a more utilitarian chair, was Echo. She gave me a little wave, but didn't move.

We approached a large chest of drawers made of some kind of black wood. On the top was an orange silken cloth covering something.

The man turned to me and smiled.

"I bet you are wondering why I'm not fucking you right now yes? With your aura?"

"The thought had crossed my mind," I replied, because it had.

Smiling, the man slipped off his robe. He was naked beneath, and as fit as I'd imagined. There was one thing missing though.

He had no cock.

Maybe this wouldn't be as bad as I thought.

Zilver

When I said he had no cock, I meant he had *nothing* at all there. It was totally smooth.

Except, when I looked closer, it wasn't. There was some kind of hole there, with a membrane, skin coloured, sealing it off.

I raised an eyebrow, and the man smiled.

“Before we proceed, a few simple rules. Follow them, and your life here will be, well, pleasant may be an exaggeration, but not as bad as it could be. You cost me a lot of money, but don't think that means you won't be hurt. I have a very good medical area. It can heal most things. Echo can vouch for that.” He waved an arm at the girl, who was still in the corner.

Echo gave a small nod, still not moving from her chair.

“The first rule is that my name, to you, is 'Master'. Anything else is unacceptable. Now...” He turned to the chest of drawers, still smiling.

He was beginning to annoy me with that smug expression.

The man, I refused to think of him as 'master' unfolded a section of the cloth, revealing a number of items beneath. He picked one up and showed it to me.

It was a penis!! I raised both eyebrows. It was a real one too, not a replica.

The man was holding a slightly erect cock in his hand. A pair of balls swung beneath them. Apart from its obvious dislocated state, it was a normal, fairly good sized thing.

“Touch it,” he said, holding it out.

It seemed foolish to be squeamish after all I'd been through, so I gave it a gentle prod. The thing was totally real. It was even warm, and twitched slightly at my contact.

“Now, this is what I call my 'number one',” he said, before replacing the cock on the drawer top and picking up something else. “This one is, well you can see.”

I could indeed see. It was, surprise surprise, another genital set, but this one was quite a lot larger, and a slightly odd shape, being larger at the tip than the base.

“I call this one 'The Plug',” he went on. “For obvious reasons. Echo rather enjoys this one.” He smiled at the girl across the room, who giggled like, well, a girl. “Now, these two you will become quite used to, unless you are... naughty. In which case...” Once more he turned, swapping out The Plug for another.

I almost took a step back at the third in his collection.

It was as large as The Plug, although wider in girth, but this wasn't the main feature. What appeared to be small metal spikes protruded from all around the shaft. They weren't large or long, probably being no more than a millimetre thick at the most, and a centimetre long, but they looked **sharp**. Not only that, they were angled back. Thus entry into any hypothetical orifice would be relatively straightforward, but when pulled back...

I took another deep breath. I almost wanted to give it a go.

“I call this one 'Little Ripper.’” These are just three, I have many more. You shall become acquainted with most of them.”

The man put Little Ripper back and picked up The Plug again. “I think today...” Trailing off, he pushed an attachment at the base end of the genitals into the hole in his groin.

Immediately the large member began to perk up.

"Oh, I say!" he gasped. "So it's true." He looked my slim body up and down with the greedy expression I'd come to recognise.

I could see my future, and it was filled with The Plug.

"By the universe," he gasped. "I had no idea!" My aura was effecting him now he was cocked up.

Without saying anything else, he grabbed me and physically threw me onto the bed. I landed face down, and with a scowl on my face. I was getting fed up with being thrown around.

There was no time to bemoan my size though, because my thighs were grabbed and I pulled up so my ass and pussy were exposed.

Seconds later The Plug pushed itself into me, making me cry out. I was still dry down there.

My abuser didn't care of course, and he rammed his now attached and fully engorged giant bell end hard up there, stretching my poor little pussy wide and making me scream again.

The large cock travelled on, deep into me, with my so called master, gasping in lust. He bottomed out, with his balls slapping against my legs just as I thought I wouldn't be able to accommodate him any more.

"Ohh," I said. Despite all the abuse my cunt had taken with the dildos, it didn't take long for me to start getting horny myself, and as The Plug pulled out and rammed forward again I cried out once more, but this time with arousal.

"*Harder you cunt!*" I screamed. "Put some effort into it!"

"You bitch!" he roared back, but I don't think it was in anger, as he redoubled his efforts. I could feel the wide tip of The Plug plough its way into me like a torpedo through water, and I arched my back as ecstasy swept through my body.

"Come on! Ohh yes!" I pushed back, trying to get the meat more into me, my lust now overriding any control I had. "Do me! *Do me!* **Do me!!**"

He fucking did me, nearly hollowing my pussy out in the process, until, almost mad with lust, he shot a whole fuckload of cum deep inside me.

Shuddering, gasping, he held the position for a few moments more, as I cried, still unsatisfied. My body was desperate for more. But it was over for now.

With a 'pop' he pulled The Plug out of me, allowing a river of sperm to drip out of my hole, dribble down my legs and make a mess on the bedsheets.

"*Holy fuck!*" my new owner said. "That was unreal."

I rolled over and watched him detach his now sagging cock, placing it back on its tray.

Looking down at me as I rubbed at myself, trying to get some climax, he nodded. "You may be worth it after all.

Making a gesture, I saw Echo approach.

"Take your friend," he said. "She can stay with you."

So saying, he turned away, put on his robe, and strode out of the door.

"Echo..." I said weakly, looking up at her.

“Come on, we need to go,” she said.

“I need finishing,” I moaned, concentrating my sex field at her.

She couldn't resist, and moved around as I opened my legs for her. Diving down, she licked and slurped at my cum soaked pussy, driving me wild until, with a huge explosion of shuddering relief, I orgasmed.

“Thank you,” I managed to gasp, after a few moments of breathing hard.

Echo looked at me, her mouth and chin covered in cum and pussy juice, and smiled. She looked like a satanic angel.

At that moment, I vowed, when I escaped, she was coming with me.

Echo was going to be my bitch, and mine alone.

~ * ~

Echo led me off by the hand, and we staggered out of the bedroom, me still wobbly from my encounter with The Plug. We went back downstairs, and then down some more stairs, wooden ones this time, into an area that was made of large stone blocks, not the same white ones as upstairs, but plain, unadorned sandy coloured ones.

Along another corridor, past what looked like a small kitchen and dining area and through a curtain on the right.

I found myself in a reasonable sized room. It was fairly plain, but still pleasant, certainly more so than the cell I'd been in for a while now.

A good sized bed was off to one side, with dark sheets and pillows of decent, if not great, quality covering it. A small chest of drawers was to one side of that.

A sofa was set back along the wall, facing a low coffee table that had been placed on an oval rug. There was a plate with some mostly eaten foodstuff sitting on it. A shelf was attached to the opposite wall, with what looked like antique books made from paper of all things, if you know what that is, sitting on it. Finally, a couple of pictures decorated the walls. They were bright, colourful and simple pictures, one of some flowers, and one a kind of abstract.

The whole place reflected the personality that Echo now was, and I smiled, a little sadly.

Echo herself led me over to the bed and sat me down on it, which no doubt messed the bed sheet up with the sperm still leaking from me.

“Are you hungry?” she asked.

I nodded.

“Wait here, I'll make you something.” So saying, she picked the plate off the table and toddled off out through the curtain, no doubt going to the kitchen I'd seen before.

I slowly tilted over on the bed, sighing and trying to evaluate my situation.

On the plus side, it wasn't the prison area. There was no doubt some kind of security setup, but it might be possible to escape, although I needed more information again about what was out there. I wondered about spaceships, or some other way of getting off planet, with the aim of getting back to my empire.

On the, possibly, downside, I seemed to be getting more horny, more easily. I remembered what Gol had said about using the strange strands of power in my 'void' area.

I'd grabbed two of them, and ever since then I'd been wanting my pussy filled at the drop of a hat. Well, I suppose I wasn't quite a sex-zombie yet, but if I used that power again, I needed to be careful.

My musings were interrupted by my dear Echo, who returned carrying a bowl and a glass full of some kind of liquid. Smiling, she sat on the bed next to me and pulled me back upright, her soft hands giving me goosebumps.

Then she spoon fed me some kind of broth from the bowl, which was delicious. I'd become so used to the mush I'd been fed in my cell that my taste buds must have thought it was their birthday.

I ate the broth and drank the drink, which tasted a little like milkshake, like a young child being fed by her mother.

Once I was done, Echo put the bowl and glass on the table and, standing me up for a moment, pulled back the bedsheets. Then she guided my back down, into the bed, and snuggled down beside me.

I was so snug, and her touch was so wonderful, that for a moment I forgot everything else. I was in a little bit of heaven.

Then I fell asleep.

~ * ~

When I woke up I felt more rested and comfortable than I'd been since this whole nightmare started.

Echo stirred next to me, and I smiled at her as she opened her eyes and looked at me.

"You're really cute, do you know that?" I asked, and kissed her.

Of course, this set me off, and my heart started to pound in my skinny chest. Echo started to move down, but I stopped her. She looked at me, puzzled.

"My turn," I said, and slid down, pushing back the bed cover and kissing her sweet, silky flesh until I arrived at her smooth pussy.

I might not have been as good as she was with my tongue, but it wasn't my first rodeo, and she was soon moaning and squirming with pleasure, and it wasn't too long before she shuddered with pleasure as I made her cum.

Just for the sake of fairness, I kept going, until she'd orgasmed again, after which, she pulled me up and kissed my pussy soaked lips.

"Thank you," she whispered. "It's been a long time since anyone did that to me."

"How long have you been here?" I asked, stroking her hair and settling down as close as I could to her.

She shook her head. "I don't know, but I've been with the master for a long time now."

"So you've been bought by him person before?" I asked.

"Oh yes, he always buys me!" she replied excitedly.

"He *always* buys you?" I asked.

"Yes!" she exclaimed. "Let's not talk about this," she added, snuggling even closer to me, but I pressed on.

"So you go back then? He sends you back sometimes?" I frowned.

"Well." Echo's eyes dropped. "Only when I get too old," she said, more quietly. "But when he buys me again he makes it up to me!" she added quickly. "He gives me delicious food to eat, and pretty dresses. It's such fun!"

I sighed and stroked her cheek sadly. Such was the 'life' that awaited me if I didn't do something. Doomed to be bought and used at the whim of others, just to be killed when they tired with me. Then brought back in the resurrection room, for the whole cycle to begin again. Forever.

Poor Gurgo, I thought. I wonder how long it took to break him, for him to become Echo.

But he hadn't been brought in as an elf. Here was my only advantage. I wasn't even sure that the Karma knew about my abilities properly, which was odd, elves had been around for millions upon millions... I stopped mid-thought.

"Echo," I said. "Where are we?"

"My room of course, silly," she giggled.

"No, I mean, this world, this place? The prison. Where is it?"

"Oh, I don't think it's anywhere. I don't really understand these things, but from what I've heard here and there, it's a..." She frowned, which looked really cute on her, and I had to refrain from kissing her again, eager to hear what she said. "Gubble universe?"

"A bubble universe!" I said.

"Yes, that's it!"

I nodded to myself. Things started to make sense now. If these Karma lived in a bubble universe, then, possibly, they could dip in and out, as it were, of *my* universe, maybe others. And maybe they could dip in and out at different times. That way, poor Gurgo, who was around a long time before me, could have been here a lot less long, subjective time at least. Still long enough for him to become Echo, but not the millions of years that it had been since he was in my universe.

I frowned, the stories of his fall were muddled by time and chaos, but one thing that was generally agreed on, was that his mind was never recovered.

"Hey," Echo whisper, her hand moving down my belly.

I smiled at her as she slipped her finger into my pussy, and I gave a low moan as she began doing what she did so very, very well.

Putting my theories aside for now, I pulled her towards me, bringing her in for a long, slow kiss.

What followed was a night of intense, erotic lovemaking with Echo, which was the most satisfying experience I'd had in centuries. We finally fell asleep in each others arms, like teenage lovers.

Again, this is just the start of our deviant adventures. If you would like to read more, then look on my website (below) or Amazon.

Also keep an eye out for my new erotic adventure, coming sometime mid-2022:

The Erotic Misadventures of Black Alice – Space Pirate Queen!

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