

erotic

The **Misadventures**
of **Black Alice**

Space Pirate Queen!



Neil Hartley

**The *Erotic* Misadventures of
Black Alice,
Space-Pirate Queen!**

By Neil Hartley.

An 'Erotic Misadventures' series story.

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Book I – Fall.

Innocent.

People sometimes ask me when my story really started. Many think it's when I was taken, but I think it was earlier than that, back when I finally left Scarab's world, and The School. I even have a specific point in time that I believe it really began...

~*~

I was standing naked in front of the mirror in my cabin, finally free of The School's constant oversight – well, most of it at least – trying to give myself an honest evaluation.

I was cute, I had to admit that. Even in a school full of attractive girls, everyone had said I was the pretty one.

About eighteen and a half galactic years old, I wasn't very tall, standing only about one and a half metres. On the other hand, I was nicely proportioned. I jumped up and down a bit, and my boobs jiggled, which made me giggle for some reason. They were big enough to catch people's eye, but not too big. Maybe the fact that I was generally slim and petite made them stand out more. I know Nuba liked them. That thought made me giggle again.

My hair was still dark brown, the colour the The School had demanded I keep it. Time that changed. I frowned and concentrated, and it turned blue.

“No, not blue,” I said. I tried again. Pink. “Yes, better!” I shook my locks, which came down to my shoulders. “I should grow my hair longer I think, and get some earrings. I can do those later. Now. Eyes. Mmm. Yellow?” I thought about it, and my eyes changed colour.

“Ug, I don't think so!” Yellow eyes made me look sick. “Blue, let's get back to basics.” After a moment I was looking at my reflection through bright blue eyes. “Much better. I think Nuba will like them.”

That done, I was about to turn away and put some clothes on, when there was a knock at the door.

“You awake babe?”

It was Nuba. Think of the devil.

“I'm not dressed,” I called back.

“Perfect.” The door slid open and she strode in, grinning widely.

She was dressed in a simple tan jumpsuit, undone at the top. Her hair, cropped short as she liked it, seemed to be an even more shocking white than normal under the ship's lighting. As usual it contrasted starkly against her skin, which was as black as the night.

“Oh, I'm just in time it seems,” she said, taking in my naked form. She swept forward and pulled my arms around her waist as she drew me in for a kiss.

I melted against her. She was taller, slim, athletic with an almost muscular frame, and much stronger than me, unless I Boosted of course. But I didn't even think of resisting as she pulled me close and snogged me hard.

“Wait,” I pulled away, gasping for breath. “What about Adail?”

Nuba grinned, her white teeth matching her hair. “I hacked into the ship's system and put her in self-diagnostic mode,” she giggled. “She'll be out for at least half an hour.”

"Nuba!" I said. "You're so naughty!"

"Isn't that what you like about me?" She pulled me in again for another kiss, and this time her hands slid over my exposed flesh, making me moan.

"Ohhh, babe," I said, as our lips parted again.

"What do you want?" she whispered to me, stroking my newly pink hair.

"I want to be naughty too!"

"I think we can arrange that," she grinned, her hands roaming down to my pert, tight, ass. Then with no warning other than a wide smile, she pushed me back, throwing me onto my bunk. I squealed as she dived down between my legs, and busied herself on my hoo-ha.

I couldn't believe that I had been missing out on this, all those years down on the planet, before I'd met her! I squealed and moaned, and even cried as she used her tongue on me, working me into a frenzy.

"Fuuuucckkk!" I screamed as she explored my mound. I was sensitive down there, despite the time we'd spent together at The School. It still didn't take much to get me going.

Indeed, it didn't take long at all. I screamed as my body tensed, and a massive orgasm swept through me. I clenched my thighs so hard that I nearly Boosted, which forced Nuba to pull out before I crushed her skull.

"Shit! Dangerous work getting you off," she said, panting hard.

I slumped back, sweating. "Sorry Nuba, it's just..."

"I know, it's okay." She slid herself up my body, making me moan again, and kissed me gently. "You should get dressed, Adail will be coming out of her diagnostic soon enough. I can't fool her internal clock and put her out longer, because she's linked to the ship's AI, she'd notice the discrepancy. You'd better be up and ready."

"I suppose," I said, allowing Nuba to pull me up off the bunk.

"I like the hair by the way," she said, as she pulled herself close again. One hand cupped my breast, then tweaked my nipple.

"No! Don't!" I said, "I'll get started again."

In way of response, Nuba kissed both my tits, and then skipped back. "Later," she said, and danced out of the door.

"Bitch," I said, but I was smiling.

~*~

I gave myself a quick wash in the cabin's basin, and slipped into a jumpsuit of my own, not even bothering to put any underwear on. My decorum teacher at The School would have had a fit, and no doubt would have spanked me hard. It wouldn't have been the first spanking I'd been given, and the just the thought of it made me a little juicy. It had been a little while since we'd left now, and I'd not taken any suppressants, wanting to be at my horniest for my remaining time with Nuba.

I shook my head. The School was behind me now. Of course, what was ahead of me was also a little frightening. Once we arrived at Terminal, in the centre of the galaxy, I'd switch to one of my family's spaceships and head to my homeworld and my parents and brothers, neither of which I'd seen in person for a decade. I'd also have to leave Nuba there, at least until she found a way for us to be together again, which she *assured* me, would be the case. I smiled. Nuba had been the only

bright spot in my life for... well, for ever I guess.

"Come on Alice, how bad could it get?" I asked myself.

Of course I'm older and wiser now, otherwise I'd have realised that was a stupid thing to say.

Blissfully ignorant of what was to come, I slipped out into the hallway and made my way along to the mess hall, as the dining area was called on the ship. It wasn't a big ship, as they go, but it was pretty fast. The onboard AI, along with Adail of course, looked after the running of the thing. I suppose I could have flown it, even back then. We'd all taken basic space flight training in The School of course, but I'd not really had any practical experience. 'Besides,' I thought. 'Who flies spaceships manually?'

I arrived at the communal area to see Nuba sitting at the single, large table in the middle of the room, finishing up some kind of soup.

"Hey Alice," she said, waving her spoon at me. I noticed she was careful to call me by my name, so I guess Adail had woken up from her forced hibernation.

"Nuba," I nodded back, all formality.

"There you are girl." Adail walked into the room. She was wearing a ship jumpsuit too, although I was never sure why a level three synth bothered with clothes. She didn't have anything to cover up underneath, and surely she didn't have issues with modesty.

"Adail," I replied. "May I have some breakfast please?"

"I shall fetch you some now. Sanitise your hands and take a seat."

"Understood," I said. Adail was a The School synth, sent to accompany us on our journey, and so still followed all the protocols we had lived with for years, and were now leaving behind, much to my relief.

I sat opposite Nuba, who grinned at me. Moments later Adail put a bowl of porridge in front of me, along with a bowl of mixed berries, some honey and a spoon. A cup of tea arrived moments later.

"Thank you," I replied primly. Adail nodded and left to do, well, whatever synths do.

I mixed the berries into the porridge and poured some honey on, whilst Nuba sat and looked on.

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing." She shrugged her shoulders, picked her bowl up and walked over to the cleaning area.

"How long until we get to Terminal?" I asked, taking a mouthful of breakfast.

"About a month more I think." Nuba looked up. "Ship, how long until we reach Terminal?"

"Destination will be in approximately five weeks, two days, three hours, four minutes and ten seconds, depending upon space currents."

"There you go," she said.

I swallowed a mouthful of porridge and smiled to myself. I knew what Nuba was thinking. I was thinking it too. My pussy itched as I looked at her, and I started to breathe harder.

Oh my universe! I think I had become a nymphomaniac!

~*~

I vividly remember the first day I met Nuba, at The School of course. I was about seventeen at the time. Up until that day I had lived like a drone almost. Well, I can say that looking back at it. I

didn't realise *whilst* I was actually living like that of course, as The School was pretty much the only environment I could remember.

Let me tell you a bit about The School. It's full name is something like: *Sisters of Chaste Mercy Private School for Privileged Young Ladies of Decorum and Refinement*. That's why everyone just calls it 'The School'. It sits on a desert planet named Scarab's World, for no reason anyone had ever explained, and the only structures on the whole planet are The School ones. The rest of the place, literally everything else, is pretty much lifeless desert. The only water of any note is an ancient ocean, deep underground, under The School.

It was run by a sisterhood of robots, who advertised the school for a place that the very, very, *very* rich could send their girls (or adjusted boys, or neuters on occasion) to grow up well educated and extremely ignorant of certain matters - mostly regarding sex. In fact, their main selling point was to keep the 'ladies' pure. That way they are more desirable when they come of age, to marry off for strategic advantage. It's a cruel galaxy.

I had been sent there when I was about ten, and since then had only ever seen my family through holo letters. As you may have surmised, my family was massively wealthy. We owned at least three planets and a dozen moons that I knew of. I had three older brothers. I was the only girl.

The day of meeting Nuba then, started like any other. I woke up in my small but well furnished room (the sisterhood called them cells, from some ancient religious meaning I think), and slipped out of bed.

Immediately my synth servant activated. I made toilet, and allowed it to wipe me afterwards. The fact that this was normal to me may tell you something about my life. A pampered prisoner really.

Then I walked into the shower, and allowed the synth to wash me. Like I said, normal.

When the thing washed my hoo-ha though, I felt a small tingle, which it immediately registered.

"You will report to medical today for a supplement tablet," it said. I nodded. This was fairly normal, we were given one about once a month.

The servant dried and dressed me, and then handed me my pad. There was a chime, and the door slid open.

As usual, I stepped out and joined the other girls on the way to breakfast. Whilst some chatted quietly, I had no special friends that lived near me, so I walked alone, sliding into my regular seat on table fifty for the meal. Table fifty was a small table, with only two seats. The other one had been empty for about a month, as the previous occupant had left for some reason.

That day was different though. Sitting across from me, with skin as dark as space, was a new face. She was about the same age as me, but taller and thinner. She wore the school uniform of course, which was a white blouse, dark navy blazer and skirt.

"Hey there," she said, as soon as I sat.

"Er, hello," I responded. I had always been a little shy and formal, so this casual greeting took me by surprise.

"I'm Nuba, what do they call you?" my new friend carried on.

"I'm Alice," I replied. "We shouldn't talk before the food gets here really, they don't like it." I glanced at the head table where the robot called Mother Superior was sitting. Of course, the sisters, as they called themselves, didn't eat, but they liked to oversee us at mealtimes.

"Oh poo, don't mind them, the old rust buckets," Nuba said, making a dismissive gesture.

I gasped at such irreverence.

“Hey, you're cute, you know that?” the new girl went on, although she did say this in a much lower tone, a whisper almost. At the same time she covered my hand with hers. I couldn't help but notice her nails were painted even. Scandalous!

I went bright red. I had been called pretty before, but never in such a fashion, and such wanton contact!

I pulled my hand away, and started to open my mouth to chastise her, but then the words of my etiquette teacher came to me: “If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all.”

I didn't want to say nothing though, that would have been rude, and I had been taught manners. Oh, how I had been taught manners! Endlessly taught them!

“I'm very glad to meet you,” I simply said.

“Oh! Ho ho!” she smiled, not at all perturbed by my short response. “How long have you been here Alice?”

“Seven years now, thank you for asking,” I replied.

“Indeed,” she said, nodding to herself. “Well, I've been transferred here from another school for my final year. They may have taught you many things my pretty, but I'm going to make it my mission to teach you how to have fun. And I'm going to have fun with you doing it.” She giggled, and only then was hushed by a passing sister.

My head was spinning. Who was this girl? What did she mean?

It was only after we had finished breakfast that Nuba spoke, in a whisper, again. “Do they give you any pills here?” she asked.

I nodded. “Sometimes we have supplement tablets,” I replied, also quietly. “I have one today.”

“*Don't take it!*” Nuba hissed as we stood up, ready to go to class. “Pretend, but don't!”

Then the chime went for lessons, and we both walked off, but my head still spinning at the encounter. What did she mean? What was wrong with the supplements?

Shaking, I went to class on the first day of the rest of my life.

~*~

I finished my porridge, and put the bowl in the cleaner. Then I looked around and wondered what to do. Well, I know what I *wanted* to do! However, it was too risky to get intimate with Nuba whilst Adail was fully awake.

Even so, I found myself wandering off to Nuba's cabin. When I got there, the door was open. I peered in, to find her lying on her bed, reading something.

“Come in swe... Alice,” she said, patting the bed next to her. I blushed as a memory came back to me, of her patting a bed in a similar way. It seemed a long time ago now.

So I sauntered in, trying to remain casual and calm, but, yes, I did sit, then lie on the bed next to her, peering at her pad to see what she was reading.

“Oh dear,” I said, after a few moments. I sat up again.

“What?”

“I... can't be near you like that.” The close contact with her body, even just lying there, had started me breathing harder. “Oh dear. I need to... take a shower!”

I heard Nuba's amused laugh as I ran from her cabin towards my own.

I tore my jumpsuit off and hurled myself into my shower, which would mask my actions at least. Turning the spray on, I pushed myself into the corner and rubbed at my pussy, quickly arousing myself.

As I sank down to the floor though, a shadow appeared outside the translucent door of the cubical. I gave a little shout of alarm as it slid open, but it was just Nuba.

"Don't do that!" I said, my hand remaining where it was. "I thought you were Adail!"

"I just wanted to watch," she replied, leaning against the wall.

"Oh, you bitch!" I replied, but even as I spoke, I was rubbing myself again.

With her watching I was even more turned on, and it was barely thirty seconds later that I was squirming under the jets of water, making little whimpering noises as I brought myself to a juddering climax.

"I'd forgotten how horny you are without any suppressants," Nuba simply commented, as I relaxed, breathing hard. "Come on, you'd better get dressed before Adail wonders what's going on." She turned the shower off and helped me up, careful not to touch me too much. She knew that would set me off again.

Still, she watched me, mischievously grinning all the while, as I towelled myself off, teasing her by rubbing my hands up and down my body and boobs.

"I've ruined you," she said, but was smiling anyway. "Stop it, or I'll have to take a shower myself."

I burst into laughter, and threw my towel at her.

~*~

Once I was dressed again I did a little reading myself, then wandered around the ship, which didn't take very long, it was only a small vessel, and then back into the communal area. I was experiencing something I'd not really experienced before – boredom. Apart from *playing* with Nuba, which I couldn't really do right now, there was not much to really keep me occupied. Okay, I mean, I could study, read and play some games, but none of those things appealed at that point.

I found myself wandered towards Nuba's room again, planning to ask her if she'd like to get a coffee or something, when there was a loud warbling sound, and purple lights started to flash.

"What's going on?" I looked up as Adail ran towards me.

"Go to the armoury, and arm yourself, then take Nuba and lock yourself in a room," was all she said.

"What's going on?" Nuba asked, popping her head out of her cabin, repeating my query.

Before Adail could respond, a message crackled over the ships comm system.

"Ship. Prepare to be boarded. Resist, and die."

"Well," I said. "That's not ominous at all."

"Ship, protocol seven," said Adail. "You two, somehow, someone has intercepted us, which is highly unlikely. Go arm yourselves and find a defensive position. I've sent out a distress call, and the ship's in elude and defend mode, but we're no match for an armed marauder, and we're too far away for help to get here. So, do what I say. **Now.**"

The last word was shouted, and jerked us both into life.

Nuba grabbed my hand and we both ran, heading towards the ship's small armoury.

"There's not much here," Nuba panted, when we arrived and opened the door.

She took a hand held machine gun and a belt, and started stuffing ammunition into it. Meanwhile I picked up two compact pistols, along with an ammunition belt, which I slipped over my shoulder.

"What's this?" I asked, picking up a small, dark tube, about the size of a finger.

"Oh, that's a one shot," she said. "It's a powerful beam weapon, but there's only one charge in it." She came over and showed me how to activate it, and I stuffed it into my jumpsuit pocket.

"Here's a throwing knife," I said, handing it to her. I nearly ended up stabbing her with it, as the ship suddenly lurched to one side.

The purple lights turned a dull red.

"Intruder alert," said the ship.

Noises echoed down the corridor. Short, sharp retorts. Gunfire.

Then it went silent.

"That can't be good," I whispered.

We pressed ourselves up against the sides of the wall and waited.

After about five minutes I could hear footsteps coming slowly, cautiously, down the passageway towards our position. Using the training I'd learned at The School, I ducked down and peered quickly out and then back again. Two figures, large human males in suits, sans helmets, were slowly creeping towards us.

I took a deep breath, stepped out, shot twice with my pistol, then ducked back in.

There were two thumps.

Nuba, eyes wide, emulated my quick-peek.

"Good shooting! You got them! Both! Right in the head!" she hissed.

"You know I don't miss," I said. Instinctively, I knew I'd just killed someone. Two someones, but something had hardened inside of me. It was like things were happening to another person.

"Stay here," I ordered Nuba, who simply nodded, although I could tell she didn't want me to go.

But, like me, she knew that I excelled at combat in The School.

I kicked my shoes off and slipped out of the room, sliding up the hallway towards the two bodies that were now blocking the passage. Deep red was slowly pooling around their heads.

Just as I reached them I heard someone else, from just around the corner ahead of me.

"Jed, Arm? You there?"

They were there, I thought, readying my gun again.

A face, peered around. I only had time to glimpse of a dark visage, mostly covered in beard, before I shot it between the eyes.

Blood splattered the wall behind him as he joined his brothers in death. I felt a certain grim satisfaction. I didn't know who these pirates were, but I was not going to be taken so easily!

Looking down, I took a closer look at the first two. Both were dressed in dark, well worn, spacesuits of some kind. One's was brown in colour, and heavily stitched. The other looked to be newer, and was black. Both were men, and this gave me pause for a second. I hadn't seen a man

in more than eight years. The last male I'd seen in the flesh was my father, as I was climbing into my shuttle to go to The School.

Like the one I'd glimpsed further up, both sported rough beards. One was bald, and the other had long dreadlocks. I wondered how he managed to fit those into a spacesuit helmet. Next to the bodies were two large guns of a design I didn't recognise.

Stepping over the dead, avoiding the blood, I made my way along towards the third dead man, only to stop short as shouts echoed along the corridor.

"He's here, he's down!"

Footsteps, maybe four or five of them, were racing towards me.

Snarling, almost beast-like, I skipped backwards over the bodies and dropped onto the floor, lying on my front with both pistols out, holding them ahead of me.

Two men, both in spacesuits similar to the first, raced around the corner, and a second later, both were dead, shot between the eyes.

"**Fuck!** Shit! Back! Back!" The shouts from their friends took a different tone.

"Get off my ship!" I shouted.

"What the fuck? Did you hear that?" Someone hissed.

"I said, get off my ship, or I'll kill you all!" I repeated.

"Shit! It's just a girl!"

"A girl who's killed five of you. So far."

There was a pause.

"Get Red," the voice hissed.

A single set of boots clumped away, back to get this Red person no doubt.

"Listen girly, if you know what's good for you, you'll give yourself up. You can't win."

I could see the tip of his toe, just jutting out from behind the wall. I smiled to myself, an evil smile, and shot it.

"*Fuucckk!*" The man fell to the side. Just enough to become visible to me. I fired twice more, and more blood splattered on the wall.

Taking my chance, I leaped back up, jumped over the bodies in front of me, ran up to where he was squirming on the floor, and shot him dead.

"Don't call me girly!" I snarled at his corpse, changing the clip on one of the pistols without even looking.

Skipping over him, I ran down the passageway. There couldn't be many more left if they had sent a boarding party over. Adail must have dealt with at least a few of them.

I was half way along the passageway, with nowhere for cover, when two more figures stepped into my view. I fired, hitting one in the head, but the second, a figure in a sparkling red spacesuit, dove to the right and returned fire.

Something hit me in the side. I shot back instinctively, and thought I saw the shots hit him in the chest, but now the floor was coming up to meet me.

And then everything went black.

~*~

All morning, throughout my lessons, I was distracted. Several times I gave wrong answers to the teacher in class, until she finally snapped.

“Alice, you will come to the front of class for punishment now!”

The teacher was one of the few humans in The School. Well, she was mostly human I guess. The sisters didn't employ anyone who was more than about sixty percent organic. Ms. Tattler was quite obviously about half android, with most of her lower half machine parts.

Blushing with shame, I was always such a good girl, I stood up and walked to the front of class. My knees were shaking. I knew this was going to be very embarrassing.

Ms. Tattler picked up a switch that I had seen her use many times before, and sat on her large chair, in the middle of the raised platform in front of the classroom. My whole body trembled now I knew what was going to happen.

“Come here and bend over my lap,” she commanded.

Trembling, my eyes welling with tears, I slowly did as I was told, resting my stomach over her legs.

“Pull your skirt up and knickers down,” she ordered.

Tears trickled down my face as I obeyed, pulling up my skirt and slipping off my pink knickers so they fell down to my knees.

Now my bare bottom was exposed for the whole class to see. I was humiliated.

“Six I think,” Ms. Tattler said.

Immediately there was a swish, and a sharp pain across my tender flesh. I wailed as I was beaten, yet I knew better than to try and move.

My pink bottom was thrashed five more times, and I was crying hard by the time the last one struck. My rear felt like it was on fire.

“Return to your seat,” the teacher said.

Wiping the tears from my face, I stood and pulled my knickers up, which was more humiliation in front of the whole class. I walked as fast as I dared back to my seat, stifling my cries of pain as best as I could when I sat.

Ms. Tattler carried on with the lesson, and I made a strong effort to pay attention. Luckily there were only another few minutes left before the bell went for lunch.

Enduring the looks of contempt from some girls, and nodding with thanks at the gestures of sympathy from those more friendly towards me, I fled as fast as I could to the toilet, where I washed my face.

Only then did I remember I was supposed to go to get my supplement!

My bottom really hurt, but I tried to ignore it, as I had been taught in my stoicism classes, and I rushed to the medical area, where nurse was waiting.

The robot knew why I was there, and proffered the yellow pill as soon as I entered.

“Here you are,” she said.

“Thank you nurse,” I replied, taking it. “I am late for lunch, please may I take it to eat in the dining hall?”

The nurse simply nodded. I smiled to myself, probably for the first time that day, and retreated

quickly the way I had come.

The new girl, Nuba, was sitting in the seat opposite to mine at my table, and I was almost glad to see her as I sat, carefully, down.

"I heard you had your ass whipped in class," she immediately said.

I went bright red again.

"I wish I had been there to see that," she went on, oblivious to my embarrassment. "You have a tight little ass, I'd love to see it."

I gasped. "What?" I asked. Why would anyone want to see my bottom? It made no sense to me! And yet, there was that small tingle down below.

"You heard me," Nuba said, with an evil smile. Then she leaned forward and said in a whisper.

"Did you take it? The pill?"

I shook my head shyly, and opened my palm briefly for her to see the tablet.

"That's my girl!" Nuba said, grinning at me.

I couldn't help smiling in return. There was something about her that made me feel...

"Lunch is served," Mother Superior announced from the main table, as the servants began to thread their way among the tables to deliver the food.

I quickly hid my supplement and sat up straight, waiting for the food. Once it was delivered, we started to eat, demurely of course.

"So, later, let's take dinner together in your room," Nuba said, after a few moments of munching.

I glanced around, but it was okay. We were allowed to practice polite conversation over meals, and no one was paying us any attention. Not that we were doing anything wrong!

Were we?

"You want to have dinner with me?" I asked.

"Yes, in your room though, that's okay isn't it?"

Actually, it was. We were allowed to eat a later dinner in our rooms if we wished, and we could have another student, or even a few, in there as well, to socialise and study with. The sisters said that humans were social creatures, and needed to interact with their peers in a relaxed environment.

"Yes, that would be... nice."

Nuba nodded, satisfied. She had another mouthful of food and then spoke again. "So, how's your ass? What was it like?"

What was her fascination with my behind? However, I replied, as a polite girl must.

"It hurt a lot, it still hurts a lot."

"I have some cream in my room," she said. "I'll bring it with me later."

"Oh, thank you."

"Oh, you'll thank me all right!" Again, that evil grin of hers. I suddenly had goosebumps all over.

We finished the rest of the meal, with Nuba asking various questions about The School. I answered her as honestly as I could. It was only polite to help a fellow student after all. Still, all the whilst there was a low tingling from my hoo-ha. I didn't understand what was going on, and

was mildly relieved when lunch was over, and it was time for lessons again.

Captive.

"I know you're awake."

I moaned. My side hurt. A lot. I'd never felt pain like it.

"I hope you're hurting!" The voice hissed at me.

Opening my eyes was hard, but I managed, eventually. Blinking in the light, a picture slowly coalesced.

I was looking up. There was a silhouette of someone leaning directly over me. With the bright light behind him, it took me a moment or two to see clearly.

And it wasn't a him at all. It was a woman. She was pretty, in a cat-like, vicious killer kind of way. Her face was slim, with an olive complexion and narrow, exotic eyes. Black hair was braided in an elaborate pattern around her head. Her mouth, set underneath a slim nose, was set into a sneer.

Some kind of red star was tattooed onto her cheek.

"You little bitch!" she said. "You killed my landing party!"

I couldn't think of a suitable response, so I just raised my eyebrows.

Someone else entered the room.

"Red!"

The woman jerked back. I managed to turn my head and take in the scene.

I was in some kind of medical facility. Actually, facility may have been a bit of a generous description. It was a room. A fairly small one. Still, the walls were white, and the place was clean. Cupboards and shelves lined the far wall, and I could see medical looking bottles and instruments here and there.

"Captain!" The woman was speaking. "She's just come around sir."

I focussed on my new friends.

The woman was wearing a red spacesuit. Ah! I recognised it, her. She was the one that shot me. Typical, it took another female to bring me down. I guess I'd missed her after all.

Then I saw the captain. Another man, but not like the ones I'd seen before.

I opened my eyes wide as he approached. This was *not* what I was expecting! Well, okay, I don't really know what I was expecting, I hadn't ever mulled over what space pirate captains looked like, but whatever I would have thought, it wasn't this.

He was slim, tall, but not too tall, and... *elegant*. There was no other word for it.

His black hair was long, longer than mine, and flowed over the padded shoulders of his knee-length, green jacket. Under that he wore a white shirt, which was unbuttoned at the top, revealing a shapely neck with several gold and silver necklaces hanging around it.

His face was similar to the Red woman's, maybe a shade lighter, and he looked down at me with eyes brimming with intelligence. Some instinct told me that this was *not* a person to underestimate.

A delicate eyebrow rose as he took my form in.

"Her?" he asked. "This schoolgirl killed six of my men? How can that be? The robot only shot one! And you too?"

The woman, Red, turned to look at me, an uncomfortable look on her face. Only then did I see two marks on her spacesuit, over her heart. Ha! I *had* hit her!

"The men were careless," she said, glaring at me.

"Mmmm," the captain said, rubbing his chin, which was covered with a carefully cultivated goatee. "Confirm your name for me please little girl," he said, addressing me for the first time.

"I'm *not* a little girl," I spat.

"Answer the captain bitch!" Red chimed in.

I glared at her, and the captain for a moment, but then years of manners kicked in. "Alice," I said.

"Alice *sir!*" snarled Red.

I gave her a Look through narrowed eyes.

"Ho ho!" the captain said, evidently amused. "We've a wild one here."

He ran his hand up my arm, and I tried to jerk back, only then discovering that I was strapped down.

"Very nice," he said, as he ran his hand over my breasts, gently squeezing me. My breathing sped up, even at that tiny thing, even here. Luckily he seemed not to notice.

"Very nice indeed. This is going to be a good payday."

"Sir, some of the men..."

"The men will do what I say," the captain snapped, and I really saw him for the first time. A primal, *ruthless* predator, camouflaged beneath a dandy exterior. No wonder he was captain. I resolved again to be extra careful dealing with him.

His hand stroked my body gently, moving lower, and then he seemed to realise what he was doing and stopped, withdrew and whirled around.

"Make sure she's healed well, and not mistreated, you hear? No damaging the goods, we've worked hard for this one."

"Aye sir," Red said.

"Good. Carry on." He gave me one last, unreadable, look, and strode out of the room, leaving Red to snarl at me.

"I have *not* made a friend here," I thought.

~*~

I must have fallen asleep again, because the next thing I knew someone was prodding my arm.

"Eh?" I said, jerking awake.

"Morning little miss sunshine," someone said. "Well, it's late afternoon, ship time, actually. Still."

I yawned, and tried to stretch, only to find that I couldn't move. Then I remembered where I was. Opening my eyes, I saw another figure looking down at me. It wasn't Red or the captain though, but a large, fat bald man, in long rust coloured robes. He had an intricate design tattooed onto his scalp, which shifted and glistened with an animated life of its own. It was hypnotic, and grabbed

my attention for a second.

"I had it done on Chill Minor," he said, noticing my stare. "Worth every credit I'd say."

I lowered my gaze, to take in his face. It was also tattooed, although not so intricately, and these weren't animated. Underneath the ink a more kindly face looked down at me, with purple eyes that glistened with suppressed humour.

"Who are you?" I asked, rather more bluntly than I had intended. I guess being in a gunfight and being taken prisoner had stunted my manners a little.

"I'm Sth," he replied. I noticed his voice was quite high pitched for a man.

"Seth?"

"Sth," he corrected.

"Sth. Where were you when they were handing out vowels?" I asked. "What's going on?"

"You've been captured by pirates," he informed me. "Space pirates," he clarified.

"Yes, thank you," I said. Ah, there were my manners. "I'd managed to figure that out already." Maybe some sarcasm too.

"You're lucky," he said.

"I don't feel it," I replied, jerking on my restraints to make a point.

"Ah, yes, those. Well, if you promise to behave yourself, the captain said I can let you out."

"I promise," I lied.

"Oh, you're a bad liar," he shot back. "Even so, I shall let you out, simply because, well, where would you go? You're on a spaceship, with controls that wouldn't respond to your command even if we left you alone in the computer core. And if you somehow managed to kill everyone on board, and I hear that's more likely than your appearance would suggest, then you'd end up floating in space until you starved to death."

"Understood," I said, after a moment to take this information in.

"Good." Sth started to unstrap my restraints. "Before you threaten and torture me, by the way, just know that I'm not a member of the crew, unless you count a slave as crewmember. So I can't help you either."

"You're a slave?" I shook the life back into my hand as my right arm was released.

"Yes. And to answer your unspoken question, they trust me alone with your luscious little body because I'm no longer a threat to you, in that way."

"I see." I didn't. I really had no idea what he was talking about.

Sth finished unstrapping me, and I was eventually free to sit upright. I did so, and promptly winced at the pain in my side.

"They've patched you up, good as new," he informed me, but you need to take it easy for a day or so. You were lucky, nothing serious was hit, just a flesh wound.

"Well, it hurts," I said, slipping off the bunk. My jumpsuit zipper, which was on the front, was down rather low, and I quickly pulled it up, feeling exposed.

"You do have a really nice little body," Sth commented, looking me over again. He sighed. "I only wish I could do something with it. Not that I would, the captain would throw me out of an airlock if I tried. You might not want to leave yourself alone with any crewmembers though. They're a

lusty lot, and you, my dear, are a sweet a thing as anyone could ask for. Temptation could easily overwhelm orders on this ship.”

“What happened to my friend?” I asked, ignoring the lewd comments and changing the subject.

“I'm not allowed to give you any information I'm afraid deary.”

“Is she all right?”

“Again, not allowed,” was all he said, wagging a fat finger. “Now, do you want some food? I woke you up because it's dinner time, and if you miss that, you won't get anything until breakfast. Everyone eats together here.”

I stood still for a moment, trying to adapt to everything that was happening to me, but then I nodded. “Fine,” I said. Maybe I could start to think with something inside me.

“Very well then.” He started to turn, but then stopped and looked back at me. “I hope you're as bad assed as they say. This could be...” he looked up at the ceiling for a second, searching for a word. “*Noisy*,” he said, eventually.

We went to dinner.

~*~

I followed Sth out of the door, plodding along the hallway beyond in my bare feet. I'd been taken with only the jumpsuit on, I didn't even have any underwear under it! I'd been planning on having some fun with Nuba, and hence wanted to be able to strip off quickly. *That* plan was now working against me.

Against everything I was expecting, the ship was clean and orderly. For some reason I'd been expecting disarray and chaos, but then this was still as spaceship, and a fighting vessel no doubt, so certain minimum standards needed to be maintained for it to function efficiently. Plus, from what I'd seen, I suspected the captain liked everything ship-shape, as the ancient saying went.

Still, the I could hear the mess hall long before I saw it. Sth led me down several decks, using ladders of all things, until the noise, and the smell, became nearly overwhelming.

A wide corridor led to a set of double doors, both ajar. It was from beyond those that the noise and smell emanated.

Before he reached the doors, Sth stopped and looked down at me.

“Show no fear,” he said. “These people respect strength. The weak are prey.”

I nodded. Useful information, duly noted.

Turning back, he pushed the door open and led me through.

The room beyond was far more in keeping with what I had expected. It was crowded, with wooden tables and chairs, of all things, arranged to make maximum use of the limited space. Up at one end, on a raised platform, was a long table, behind which sat the captain, Red and a couple of other large, scary looking men.

In fact the people in the room were mostly men, maybe a quarter were women. Most of those were practically as burly as the males, although one or two were more of a type with Red, lithe and cat-like. All of them looked like they would kill at the drop of a hat, and I had no doubt that was actually the case.

As soon as we entered the noise level dipped, and the crew turned to glare at me.

“They don't seem very welcoming,” I said to Sth, boldly, putting into effect the strategy of not

appearing afraid.

“You killed six of their comrades,” he replied. “What did you expect?”

I took a calculated risk. “I expected more of a fight, to be honest. I thought pirates were supposed to be tough.” I glared around the room, daring them to challenge me.

The room went dead silent.

Then someone laughed. An uproarious, unbridled laugh. It was the captain.

“She has some balls!” he roared, slamming a tankard, an actual wooden tankard, on his table, sending drink everywhere.

The rest of the room erupted. Some laughed along with the captain, some shouted angrily. Red, I noticed, just glared at me. Yep. Not a friend.

Sth took me by the arm and led me to a small table, in the corner. A scrawny looking man, skinny, and dressed in ragged clothes, saw us coming and bolted. Another slave I guessed.

Sth didn't mention him, but simply cleared the debris he'd left off the table with a sweep of his arm. He gestured at the seat. I ignored his suggestion and walked around to the other side, sitting on a stool with my back to the wall.

Nodding in approval, the fat slave motioned for me to stay. “I'll get some food,” he said, and made his way off through the crowded room.

I was left there on my own, and sat up straight, ready for any abuse that came my way. However, much to my surprise, none did. I'm sure some of the crew were talking about me, but no one addressed me directly, so I just kept my mouth shut and tried to blend into the background, whilst scanning the area for anything I could learn.

It was only a few minutes before Sth returned, carrying two large plates, along with two tankards. Both were made of wood, which I commented on as he put them down in front of me.

“Yes, it's something the captain likes. Says something about 'authenticity' or some-such. No one complains though, as long as there's food and drink, who cares?”

I shrugged and examined the sustenance in front of me. There was rice, vegetables, some chunks of meat, or meat substitute, all covered in sauce. I took a sip of the drink and coughed.

“What's this?” I asked.

“Grog of course,” Sth replied, taking a swig of his own drink. “You like?”

“I don't know. Is it alcoholic?”

“It better be,” he said. He pulled two (wooden) spoons out of a pocket, threw one at me, and, using the other, shovelled some food into his mouth.

I wiped the spoon on my jumpsuit, and took a more delicate mouthful of my own, then coughed again.

“Spicy!” I choked, and grabbed for my drink.

Sth just laughed.

As spicy as it was, and despite the fact the drink quickly started making my head spin, I ate and drank it all, and then drank some of the refill that Sth poured me. I needed to keep my strength up.

After I'd scraped the bowl clean, and, with my vision swimming from the beer, I leaned forward

and spoke in the lowest voice I could, whilst still being heard over the ever increasing hubbub of a room full of drunken pirates.

“Why am I here?” I asked him.

“On this ship, or in this room?” he replied, wiping his chin with his sleeve.

I frowned at this lack of decorum, but answered anyway. “Both, but right now, in this room. I would have thought I'd have been in the... what do you call it? Rig?”

“The brig.” Sth nodded. “Normally you would, but, and this answers the other part of your question too, the captain wants you fit and healthy. You're worth a massive ransom.”

“Ah,” I sat back and drank some more grog. The taste was growing on me. It made sense. Somehow they knew who I was. And it was true, my family was in the top thousand or so richest in the galaxy. Top thousand may not sound like a lot, but remember there are millions and millions of worlds out there. Fair enough, not all are human, but a lot are. Our species was good at spreading out and colonising star systems, and we'd been doing it for a long time now.

“So, don't make trouble, and you'll probably get back home sooner than if you would have on that little ship you were on before.” Sth raised his tankard in salute.

“I'll drink to that,” I replied. And I did. Several times in fact.

As a result, I was really quite drunk by the time I staggered off after Sth. Alcohol wasn't something I was used to. He guided me along several passageways, up three or four decks (I nearly fell off one of the ladders) and through still more corridors, until we reached a door. He scanned his palm and it slid open. Then he stood to one side and gestured.

“You're cell awaits,” he said.

I peered in. It wasn't actually too bad. Smaller than my room at The School, and rather basic, with just a small bed, a basic table and chair, and a tiny closed off area that I assumed must be the toilet.

“You'll be locked in,” Sth informed me, as I stepped inside. “It's as much for your own safety as anything. Lusty pirates, remember? Or vengeful ones. Or both.”

“Wonderful,” I said, but, seeing no alternative, stepped inside.

“I'll see you in the morning,” Sth said, and the door slid shut. There was a click as it locked. I didn't bother testing it, but wandered over the bunk, fell forward on it, and was asleep in seconds.

~*~

I woke up with an enormous headache and an urgent need to go to the toilet.

Staggering upright, I made my way over to the cubicle in my cabin and peered in. Sure enough, it was a tiny shower and toilet area.

I used the toilet and then, unsure how long I would be waiting, decided to have a quick wash, so I shucked off my jumpsuit, which was getting a bit smelly, and had a hurried shower. The fact that I had to actually wash *myself* brought home to me, more than anything else, my situation.

That and there was no towel.

I used the bedsheet instead, and then slipped back into my jumpsuit, worried that someone might turn up any second and catch me naked.

I need not have bothered, there was no sign of any activity, so I lay back down on the bed, nursing my sore head, swearing never to drink grog again, and fell asleep once more.

The door opening jerked me awake, I wasn't sure how much later, but I felt slightly better than I had previously.

Sth's face peered in. "Are you decent?" he asked.

I just sat up and looked at him.

"Haha, not used to drinking I suspect. Oh, here's a towel, I don't think there's one in here." He threw a large white towel at me. "And something to eat. The captain told me to keep you in here until he makes the call later." He entered the room and put a covered tray down on the table.

"Make the call?" I asked, still a bit slow. I took the cover off the tray. Ah, coffee!

"Yes, the ransom call to your family. You have to be there, proof that you're alive and haven't been harmed or... molested." He paused. "So far."

I nodded, taking a deep and welcome drink of the coffee.

When I said nothing further, Sth nodded. "Very well then, I'll leave you to it." He stepped backwards out of the room, as if expecting me to jump on him and attack. He needn't have bothered. I only cared about coffee at that point.

After the door slid shut, I picked at the breakfast, which was scrambled eggs, or egg substitute anyway, beans of some kind, and a chunk of the same meat-like stuff as had been in last night's dinner.

It tasted okay though, so I ate it, finished the coffee off and lay back down on the bed to think things through.

Daddy should pay the ransom no problem, and then I could get away from here. My thoughts turned to Nuba, and what had happened to her. I hoped she was all right. I missed her.

After a moment picturing my special friend, my hand slid inside my jumpsuit and made its way down to my pussy. I'd been so swept up in everything, I'd forgotten to be horny! However, since I'd stopped taking even the small amount of suppressants I'd had to control my urges when I left The School, they were growing again. I wondered how I would manage, although, for the next few minutes, I managed quite well, rubbing my pussy madly until I shuddered and jerked about in a long overdue orgasm.

"Oh my universe!" I panted, once I had managed to satiate myself. "This isn't going to be easy."

~*~

It was several hours later when Sth unlocked the door again. I was sitting up on my bed. I'd spent the time alternatively dozing and playing with myself. As such, I felt quite level headed when he finally came for me.

"So, it's time for the call then?" I asked Sth.

"I wouldn't like to second guess the captain," he replied. "But, probably. Come."

I stood up and followed him out into the hallway. We turned right and went up several more decks, until we arrived in a short corridor with three doors. One at either end, and one in the middle.

Sth walked up to the middle one and knocked.

"Enter."

I recognised the captain's voice immediately, even though I'd only heard it once before.

Sth opened the door and nodded his head at me, indicating I should go first, so I did. He came in

behind me, closed the door and then stood in front of it.

The room I found myself in was, again, totally different from anything I was expecting. It was like a modern office, at least as I had seen on the films we'd been allowed at The School. There was a large table to one side, with comfortable looking, modern style, chairs around it, and a couple of desks along the wall.

A poster on the wall had the witty phrase: "You don't have to be a bloodthirsty cut-throat to work here, but it helps!"

In the other half of the room were a couple of sofas and comfortable chairs arranged around a low coffee table.

The captain, and Red, were occupying two of these chairs. Red wasn't wearing her spacesuit, which made sense, but a jacket and trousers, both maroon in colour. Around her hip was a belt with a pistol holstered on either side. I eyed them jealously.

The captain was as he had been yesterday, although now I was more alert, I could see a bulge under his jacket. No doubt being armed was default for these people. Understandable.

"Here's my little killer," the captain said in a jovial voice. "Come, sit down. We need to make a call to your family, arrange a deal, then we can all get on with our lives. How does that sound?"

I nodded. "Let's do it."

"Look at that!" The captain grinned and looked at Red, "she's all business our girl here. Fantastic."

Red didn't respond, but merely gestured for me to sit in one of the seats.

I did as I was bid, and she set up a holo projector in front of me, and then handed me a pad.

"Dial your father's private code," she commanded.

Without hesitation, I did so. The screen, after a second or two to connect – we were a long way from my home planet – showed a 'ringing' display.

That went on for longer than it should have, and I frowned. Usually someone would have responded almost immediately, if not my father, then one of his assistants.

Finally though, the display resolved into a face. It was a man I vaguely recognised, some high level advisor if I remembered correctly. I frowned again, he wasn't someone I would have expected to reply to this number.

"Hello?" he said. "Oh! Is that you Alice?" He looked left and right, as if checking to make sure he was alone.

"Yes," I replied. "Where's my father? I need to speak to him urgently."

"Where are you?" he asked, ignoring my request. "The last I heard you were heading back from your school."

"I... sort of still am," I said, unsure of what to reveal. "What are you doing on this line? Where's my father?"

The man took a deep breath, and glanced about again. When he next spoke, it was in a low tone.

"It's a good job you called really," he said. "I'm afraid I have some very bad news. Your father, and the rest of your family aren't here. The..." he cut off and paused for a moment, and then continued speaking in an even lower tone. "Certain forces of the galactic government..." Here he wiggled his eyebrows slightly, as if trying to convey another meaning. "...have raided the family holdings. They've frozen the family accounts they can get access to, seized buildings, businesses,

spaceships, land, planets, moons, well, just about everything! You should *not* come back here now. Go to the..." here he looked about once more, leaned closer to his holo-projector and whispered. "Emergency rendezvous point. You remember the process to find that yes?"

In a state of shock, I nodded.

"Good. Now, don't call this number again, I'm fairly sure it's secure just now, but it won't be for long. Good luck Alice."

He cut the connection.

"*What the fuck?*" The captain, no longer jovial, stood up and loomed over me. "What was that about? What government forces? What has your family done that could warrant that? "

I actually had an idea, but there was no way I was going to tell him. Instead, I looked frightened, not hard to do, as I was actually really terrified, and shook my head.

"I don't know!" I wailed. "You heard him! I know as much as you do!"

The captain snarled and turned to Red. "Scan the feeds, see what you can find out. Something this big is bound to be news."

"Aye captain," Red replied, pulling out her pad and tapping madly on it.

As she did her research, the captain strode back and forth, pacing like a caged, and very dangerous, wild animal. I shrunk back into my chair, my head whirling at this latest setback.

After a minute to two, Red looked up.

"Well?" the captain snarled.

"They're reporting that her family have been involved in a conspiracy to overthrow the galactic government," she said. "The navy has been raiding them, apparently there have been several quite major space battles with her family's private forces." She paused and looked at me. "There's a reward out for her too, half a million."

"Half a mil? Is that it? That will barely cover our costs!" The captain swivelled to look down at me. "She's a virgin yes?"

Red nodded. I didn't dare ask how they knew that.

"Well, that's something. A little bitch as attractive as she is would fetch a good price anyway. A virgin too though, that could at least get a small return on our investment, especially considering who she is."

I quivered at his words. He was talking about selling me!

The captain leaned down and grabbed my chin, forcing my face up. "Yes, such a cute little thing." He nodded. "Looks like I'm going to get to play with you a little after all," he said.

I shook at the implications of all this. My future, which just moments ago was, perhaps a little uncertain, but at least likely secure, was now looking very bleak indeed.

"Sth," the captain said. "Prepare her and take her to my room. I might not be able to use her as I really would like, but there are two other holes that are still available."

I nearly cried out loud then, but one last vestige of pride wouldn't allow me to show weakness.

Still, I couldn't stop the tears as Sth led me away, head down and beaten.

~*~

The afternoon classes were a lot better than the morning ones. It was combat training, which I

enjoyed, and was good at. I was *very* good in fact.

The first two periods were with bladed weapons. I was quite skilled with throwing knives, although they weren't my strongest area. Then it was swordplay, which I loved.

Still, my sore bottom was a distraction, and I struggled to win my matches, although win them I did. I hardly ever lost any more, and for real training I had to fight the tutor, an ex-military cyborg. Even he lost to me on the odd occasion, which was saying something, as he was a machine, and much faster and stronger than I was. Of course, I could have won all the time if I Boosted, but that wasn't something I wanted people to know about.

After blades, it was shooting. First with rifles, again, not my favourite, but then it was pistols, and here is where I *really* excelled.

I don't know what it was, but from the first gun that daddy gave me when I was five, I could shoot. Even back then I rarely missed, even un-Boosted. And at The School I never, *ever* lost. I could outshoot everyone with either hand, both hands, and my virtual trophy shelf was full of trophies.

So, after a double lesson of range shooting, and then mock-combat, all of which I handily won, I felt a lot better, despite my bottom pain.

I stripped, cleaned and reassembled my guns, and handed them into the armoury before heading off back to my room to change into my evening attire.

On the way out of the range, I discretely threw away my supplement pill in a disposal unit. Then, with a feeling of relief, I turned to and proceeded to walk back to my room. On the way I bumped into Nuba, who had already obviously finished her classes and changed clothes.

"Hey there!" She greeted me with her wide smile. She was wearing a shockingly coloured bright pink blouse, with an indecently low top, and tight black trousers on, which showed off muscular legs. Black trainers adorned her feet.

"Hello," I replied.

"You heading back to your room?"

"Yes, I've just finished classes."

"May I accompany you?" she asked me.

"Well," I hesitated, and then shrugged. "I don't see why not."

"Good, because I don't know where your room is!" She laughed, loudly, seemingly not caring about the stares she attracted from the students nearby with her raucous behaviour.

I was about to say something back when she looped her arm through mine as we walked. I was shocked at such informality, and out in the open too! Too shocked to do, or say, anything, so by the time I'd regained my senses, I felt it had been too long, and would be awkward saying something now.

Besides, it was... nice somehow, this contact with another human being.

So I endured the stares as I navigated us to my room, arm in arm. I even began to smile a little bit at my fellow students. 'Look at the bad girls!' I almost felt them saying, and took a perverse pleasure in thinking that I, for once, was a bad girl.

In any case, we made it to my room without any further incident. Nuba had just strolled alongside me, humming and taking in the surroundings, totally at ease. I envied her her composure a little I think.

When we entered my room she let go of my arm, which left me feeling a little lonely.

"Welcome back Alice," my synth servant said, activating. It took my blazer and school materials off me.

"This is Nuba," I introduced my new friend. "She will be staying for dinner."

"How lovely," it replied. "I shall make the required arrangements once you have changed."

"I... er..." I paused as my synth began to unbutton my blouse.

Nuba simply grinned her grin and sat on my bed, watching me get undressed.

I didn't really know what to do, I mean, it wasn't as if I'd not undressed in front of other girls before, we did it in gym every week, but someone this seemed different, although I couldn't really put my finger on why.

Nuba's eyes gleamed as the synth slipped my top off, leaving me in my bra.

"Nice," she commented, which made me blush again, and cross my arms over my chest.

The synth was slipping my skirt off by then, so moments later I was standing there in my underwear, practically naked in front of this new girl! My heart sped up as I saw Nuba looking me up and down. She practically licked her lips, and I went weak at the knees.

Before the synth could dress me, Nuba pulled out her pad and began tapping away. I didn't know what she did, but suddenly my servant stopped pulling clothes out of the drawer and turned about.

"I shall go and get dinner," it said.

I looked on, amazed, as it dropped my top and left the room, leaving me standing there in my smalls!

"What?" I said.

Nuba put her pad down and then patted the bed next to where she was sitting.

"Come her, sit," she said. "Before it comes back. We won't have long."

I felt dizzy with confusion. Nothing like this had ever happened before!

"Come on sweet cakes, I won't bite, not yet anyway." Nuba patted the bed next to her again.

Hesitantly, my arms still crossed over my chest, I did as she said, sitting carefully down on my poor bottom.

"Oh, I nearly forgot, the cream!" Nuba fished a small pot out of her pocket. "Here, lay down on your front for me." She pushed me, gently, and, not knowing what else to do, I allowed her to position me face down on the bed.

"What a cute little bod you have," she said, as I lay there.

"Oh," I gasped. Her words hit me somehow, making my heart beat faster.

"They've really had you on supplements for a long time haven't they sweetie?"

I nodded, head spinning, and then gave a little squeal as she pulled my knickers down!

"Hush, relax, I'm just going to put some cream on. Oh my, they've made a mess of your cute little arse."

Again, her words made me breathe harder. My hoo-ha tingled like never before as I felt her gently touch my bottom, smearing a soothing balm over my injuries.

"Ohhhh," I moaned at her touch. What was this feeling? It was... amazing!

"Like that huh?"

"Ohh, yes, please," I gasped. "Don't stop!"

She rubbed more lotion on my behind, and I bit my pillow hard to stop from screaming, not from pain, but from something far, far opposite!

Shivers were running through my body now, and my breath was coming hard and fast as this girl caressed me. Not just my bottom, but my back, sending me into a euphoric state.

Then, just as I thought things couldn't get any more extreme, Nuba slipped a finger down between my thighs and gently stroked my private place!

A bolt of feeling, so intense it was like electricity, took over my body. I screamed into my pillow as ecstasy washed over me, took over my being. Without meaning to, I Boosted, and then Nuba cried out as her hand was trapped between my thighs, which were suddenly as strong as steel.

I tried to stop, but my body was out of control now, surges of this new feeling burst through me until, with one enormous explosion, I climaxed.

After probably ten seconds, my body relaxed, un-boosting at the same time. Nuba finally managed to pull her hand free.

"What did you do? What was that?" she gasped.

I couldn't reply, overwhelmed as I was.

What was that indeed!

Slave.

Sth led me back to the same room I had slept in last night.

"He didn't tell me to put you in the brig at least," he said to me, with a sad smile and a shrug.

I just nodded and stepped back in.

"I'll be back soon." With that, the door slid shut and I was left to my own thoughts.

I stood still for a moment, and then threw myself on the bed face down and burst into tears. I know, it was a pure spoiled little girl moment, but it's not every day that you are sold into slavery.

I sobbed for about five minutes, which made me feel a bit better, before my natural stubbornness reasserted itself.

Sitting up, I wiped my face, gritted my teeth and swore to myself. Whomever bought me would soon regret it! I still had the ability to Boost, which I'd managed to keep secret, thank goodness. And that could give me an advantage. Plus, I wasn't sold *yet*. There would be a way out of this, I was sure. I'd just have to keep my eyes open for any chance.

It was probably a good job I came to that conclusion just then, because the door opened once more and Sth stepped in carrying a bag. He put it down and looked at me.

"Okay, you understand this isn't my fault right?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Just to be clear, it won't do any good hurting poor Sth. They'll just get someone else in to do this,

and they won't be as nice as me, understand?"

I didn't really, but I nodded anyway. He did too, and then took a deep breath.

"All right then. Strip."

"What?"

"You heard me. Off with your clothes."

I just sat there and stared at him.

"*Come on!* What do you think the captain meant when he said 'get you ready'? He's going to have his way with you, at least in some ways. I'd learn to live with it if I were you, the alternative won't be pleasant, I can assure you from bitter, *bitter* experience."

I wasn't sure what experience he meant, but I could tell he was sincere. I looked down at the floor and then made a decision. It didn't seem like I had a choice anyway.

So I stood up, turned away from Sth, and slipped off my jumpsuit.

"Oh my," was Sth's only response. "You're lucky I'm not the man I was, literally." When I just stood there, he spoke again, with a touch of impatience in his voice. "Come on, turn around. I've seen it all before you know, although perhaps not in such a nice package."

That didn't help, but I did what I was told anyway, and turned to face him.

"Drop the arms, I need to see what I'm working with."

I obeyed, and thus stood there, totally naked in front of this man, glowing red with shame. I had been naked before of course, but never with a man.

"Oh, well, I won't be needing the razor then," he said, as he looked at my private area. "Lift your arms."

I did, closing my eyes and pretending I was somewhere else.

"Nope, no razor needed," he confirmed.

I realised he was talking about my lack of body hair. Well, he could thank The School for that. Mother Superior viewed bodily hair as unhygienic and, for some weird reason, unnatural. Hence every student, when they first arrived, was given an injection. I don't know how it worked, but from then on the only hair we had was on our heads.

On further thought, perhaps she viewed it as unnatural because she was a robot. A type of being not known for their hairiness. Some things you may never find out.

"I don't think you need another shower either," Sth went on. "Okay, let's get the metal out of the way then." He pulled something that looked like a gun out of his bag. My eyes went wide.

"Oh, don't worry, it will only sting for a little while. We'll start at the top and work down. Sit on the bed sweetie."

I obeyed, wondering what horrible thing was going to be done to me now.

Sth walked over and unrolled a cloth on the bed, revealing an assortment of what looked like earring of various sizes and shapes. Most were gold or silver.

"The ears first, let's be traditional," he muttered, more to himself than me. He slipped an earring into the gun machine and looked up. "Hold still, if you pull away it might tear your ear, and that will hurt."

I remained still as he lined the gun up with my ear. There was a short, sharp prick and he pulled

back. "One down..."

He pierced my right ear six times in all, and the left seven, with the last one in the centre of the lobe.

"I'm going to leave your eyebrow and nose," he said. "Sometimes less is more. However, your lip I think. This is going to hurt a bit more."

I closed my eyes as he pulled my mouth open. Three painful jabs, and the taste of blood later, and I had three rings of various sizes through my lower lip, on the left side. The bottom half of my face felt numb.

"Right, that was the easy lot," he said.

My eyes widened. Where else could you possibly pierce?

I didn't like the answer. A short, and painful few minutes later, I had two small golden rings hanging from my nipples. Tears ran down my face at this desecration of my beautiful body.

My belly button was done next, a sparkly diamond affair this time. Sth assured me they were real diamonds too. When that was done he stood back and looked at me. I didn't like his expression.

"You're not going to like this one I'm afraid," he said. "Lay back and spread your legs wide for me."

"What?" I cried. It was bad enough being naked in front of him, but now he wanted me to expose myself? My most private area too?!

"Sorry sweetie," he said. I think he genuinely meant it, but that was cold comfort.

Sobbing gently, I, reluctantly obeyed. Lying back and spreading my legs wide, showing him what only girls at The School had previously seen, and most not that close.

I felt him feel my clit, and started breathing hard, both from fear of what he was going to do, but also because I was getting turned on! I cried a bit harder then, for becoming some dirty girl who liked humiliating herself, even for strangers.

Then the pleasure was interrupted by a click and a searing pain. I screamed, and my hands shot down to my Area, only to be caught by Sth.

"Don't, don't touch," he said. "It will only make it worse."

Through my tears I sat up and looked down, to see a silver ring through my clit! Not only that, it had a tiny bell on it, which tinkled when I moved.

"That's the captain's favourite," Sth informed me. "He likes to joke that he can hear you cumming with it. He *will* make that joke." He paused. "You'd be advised to laugh at it."

I just nodded as I sobbed. I felt my humiliation was complete.

It wasn't.

"Right, stand again," Sth instructed me. "And put these on."

He handed me what looked, at first glance, like two pieces of black string. On closer examination they turned out to be the smallest pair of panties ever, and matching top.

The thong, for that was what it was I found out later, had just enough material to cover my pussy. I put it on gently, taking care not to nudge my new piercing. The bra, if you could call it that, had two tiny bits of material that barely covered my newly decorated nipples. I felt more naked wearing the things than without, for some reason.

"My god girl, you're going to fetch a fortune at the market," said Sth, when I was done. "Still, the

captain likes the whore look, so..." He threw something else at me.

These were fishnet stockings. I pulled them on with a sense of dread.

"Good, good." I was handed something slightly more substantial next, which turned out to be a kind of very short dress, although the material was translucent, leaving little, if anything, to the imagination. It only came down to my thighs in any case.

"Finally, shoes." He passed me two bright red shoes. They were high heels. So high that I had trouble standing in them.

"I'm almost hard myself, and I haven't been like that for a while," said Sth, looking me over from top to toe. He reached into his little bag of horrors once more. "Now, have you ever worn makeup?"

"What?" I asked. "No, of course not."

He pulled out a number of items from the bag. "Well, this is going to be another new experience then. Hold still now."

By the time he had finished applying the makeup I look very different. I had never seen the stereotypical cheap whore look, closeted at The School as I had been, but that is what I now looked like. Apparently the captain liked the style.

"Oh, you'll do. Captain Murder will be pleased."

"Wait," I said. "His name is *Murder*?" It was the first time I'd heard him referred to as anything but captain.

"Well, I doubt it's the one he was given as a baby, wherever and whatever that was," Sth replied, putting his kit back in the bag. "However, all pirate captains, from back before pre-history, have had some evil sounding name. No doubt he chose it, or someone gave it to him, and it stuck."

"What's his first name then?" I asked, distracted from my situation for a moment. "Brutal?"

"Hah, good one!" Sth said. "No, it's just Murder. Nothing else. Well, apart from the captain bit of course. Now, are you ready for this?"

"How could I be?" I asked.

"Point taken." Sth paused for a moment, and then fished something out of his pocket. "Do you want to take something? It will dull the senses, might make it easier for you."

"Are you offering me drugs now?" I asked, eyes wide.

He shrugged. "It's nothing hard, just a bit of Crush."

"Thank you, I guess, for the offer." I stood up. "However, I'm going to go in to this with my senses fully functioning."

"As you will." Sth put the small packet back in his pocket. "Oh, before we go." He dug around in his bag and pulled out a long, thin cloak. "Wrap this around you. If you walk out in the corridors like that, any pirate that sees you will not be able to hold themselves back. You'd never make it to the captain's quarters."

I wrapped the thing around me gratefully, and then followed him out of the door, tottering in the high heels, which I wasn't used to.

We went up several decks, back to the short corridor from before, where I'd had head my disastrous news. This time though, Sth led me to the door at one end. He knocked twice and then, without waiting for a reply pushed it opened and peered in.

“He's not here yet,” he said to me. “Come on.”

I followed him in, to find myself in the most sumptuous room I'd been in since I left my parents mansion. A deep purple carpet lined the floor, with expensive rugs placed at strategic intervals. Several cupboards were located along one wall, along with a table and chairs. And in the middle of the far wall, dominating the space, was a magnificent four poster bed.

All of the furniture was real wood, with elegant carvings. The whole place must have cost a fortune.

“Where are they?” Sth was muttering to himself. Whilst I was gazing at the décor, he'd gone over to a chest of drawers and was busily searching through them. “Ah, here.” He picked a couple of items out and turned back to me. “The final pieces,” he said.

The first was a collar. I was to wear a collar like a common dog! It was plain black, leather, with a single metal hoop that Sth positioned over my throat. Then he wrapped cuffs, of similar design, and also with a metal hoop attached, around my wrists and ankles.

I felt sick.

“Perfect,” he said, pulling my cloak off and stepping back, admiring his work. “Oh yes my dear, you really have no idea...” He shook himself and took a deep breath. “I won't be overly surprised if he doesn't want to keep you for himself. Right, over here, he'll be along soon, and you need to be in position.”

I followed him, wondering if maybe I should take him up on the offer of those drugs after all.

“On the bed,” he said. “Lie down on your back.”

With a sense of deep trepidation, I did as I was told. Sth took one of my arms and lifted it up over my head. I looked around, to see that each of the bed's posts had a silver chain attached. Sth took one and threaded it through my wrist restraint, locking it somehow. Then he did the same with my other wrist, and my ankles, so I was left spread out like a star on the bed.

“Oh, I have to leave, you're doing things to me that aren't possible,” Sth said, as he finished. “Good luck sweetie, try and enjoy it I guess, is my only advice.”

With that, he turned and fled out of the door, leaving me there, exposed and helpless, a slave waiting for her master.

~*~

I wasn't there alone too long. After only about five, quite uncomfortable, minutes, I heard footsteps approaching. The door opened and in stepped Captain Murder.

I'll admit, he was handsome, physically. I mean, I guess. I'd not associated with any males properly for years, stuck in The School as I had been. The only men I'd seen whilst there were in films.

Anyway, I decided yes, he *was* handsome. Was he my type though? Did I have a type? I didn't know. I guess I would, maybe, find out. Although being able to choose a man for a partner, if I even wanted a man, seemed to be out of my reach for the moment. Just now, others were making my choices for me.

Murder stopped abruptly as he saw me on his bed, all laid out, like some present. I saw his eyes widen as he took in my prostrate form, moving over my whored up body from high heels to overdone makeup on my face.

He was wearing his usual green jacket, along with dark trousers, but even from where I was, I could see a bulge form in his crotch.

"Oh my *word*," he said, stepping close, his gaze taking in my heaving bosom. I know, cliché right? But I have to say, as usual my body was betraying me. I was getting excited.

I must have moaned slightly, because he smiled. "That eager eh?" Sitting down on the bed next to me, he slid his hand over my breasts, caressing them, fondling my new piercings, which sent sharp spikes of pain through my nipples which, naturally, made my pussy itch even more.

I struggled in my restraints slightly, panting hard now, as his hand moved down to my private place. He slipped a finger up my practically not-there skirt thing, and then inside my tiny panties, and tugged the ring so recently and cruelly pushed through my most sensitive body part.

I wailed now. "*Come on!*" I cried, desperately wriggling about as my lust rose. My pussy was sopping wet, and he ran a finger over my crack, making me squeal. The little bell tinkled, and I almost expected him to comment on it, as Sth said he would.

"Oh, so tempting," he said instead. "But I promised my men a payout."

So saying he stood up and pulled off his jacket and shirt, revealing a slim, muscular body. I have to say, I took a deep intake of breath. He was *fit!*

The pants slid off next, to reveal something I'd never seen before. A man's private area.

"Oh no," I said, as I saw it jutting out. I had no basis to go on, concerning size, but it looked plenty big enough to poor little me! Below his rod, a sack hung down, as I'd seen on animals, only less furry obviously.

He reached down and, swiftly, I could hear him breathing hard himself now, undid my restraints. Before I could make a move of my own, he'd flipped me onto my front and torn off the thong.

"I'm sorry, this may hurt a bit, but I simply can't wait," he whispered, as he climbed onto my back. Pulling my legs apart, he stroked my sopping wet pussy again, before pushing his finger into my ass.

I screamed. It wasn't the pain so much, it did hurt a little bit, but the suddenness. It didn't last long though, he pulled out, and I gasped in relief. That didn't last long either, because he moved up onto me, squashing me down into the bed and making me whimper.

I felt something else prod at my back hole, and realised what he was going to do a second before it happened.

I screamed again, louder this time, as my poor little asshole was stretched wide, to accommodate his man thing. Squirming did no good, he was too heavy, and I resisted the urge to Boost. That would have been a mistake.

He pushed himself into me, I felt him going deeper and deeper into my poor being, until finally his balls rested upon the top of my legs. I could hear him moaning hard, even over my cries.

Then he started pulling back, which made me wail again. However, now I wasn't just in pain. My treacherous libido had kicked in once more. I'd found out at school that pain could also be pleasure, and it was no different here.

As he plunged back in, he stroked my body, sending me into confused convulsions. Was I hurting or was I in ecstasy? I couldn't tell! My body was sending me conflicting signals, and, for some reason, the act of being violated like this was... was...

I screamed as I orgasmed. The pain of my asshole being stretched, this man's meat deep inside my innards, my pierced and abused body, my dripping pussy, all came together in a mixture of feelings that caused me such intense feelings I saw stars.

I came again, and again, as Murder's thrusts sped up, became furious and then, with one gigantic push, he climaxed. I could feel liquid being injected deep into my poor, orgasm racked body.

I came one more time, shuddering and jerking violently, and then passed out.

~*~

When I came to I was still in Murder's room, lying on his bed, totally naked. I winced. My asshole hurt, as did the various places I had been pierced beforehand. It seemed I was destined to have things stuck into my body, one way or another.

I felt at my bottom. It appeared to have survived, although there was something sticky seeping down my thighs. I remembered Murder's thing spitting out some kind of liquid into me, and something Nuba hold mentioned to me once came back to me. He'd put his semen into my body! That was what males did!

I was vaguely disgusted.

"So, you're awake."

I rolled over, to see the captain enter the room from a side door I'd not noticed before, probably a bathroom. He was unashamedly naked, and I must admit I felt a twitch from down below as I took in his form.

His man thing – penis! That was what it was called! - was no longer all pointy and stiff, which meant I was probably safe for another few minutes. It didn't look half as threatening in its current flaccid state, but I knew only too well how circumstances could change.

Murder was grinning. He walked over to the bed and sat down next to me, caressing my body gently. Despite the pounding I'd just received, I shivered, as my treacherous body responded to his touch.

"You are one horny bitch aren't you?" he said, seeing my reaction. "Well, I'm up for another round for sure, with a little help. Here, get off the bed."

Wondering what fresh hell I was in for now, as I allowed him to pull me off the bed. I slid off, ending up on my knees. At first I tried to stand up, but he held my shoulders, keeping me down there. Then I realised what was positioned right in front of me.

"Take it," he said, holding it out.

He could only mean one thing. He wanted me to suck it! I nearly jerked backwards in shock! Surely this wasn't a thing? Yet I had partaken in just such activities at The School, with females, so no doubt it worked with males too, albeit in a slightly different way.

Slightly reluctantly, I took it in my hand, it felt soft and warm to the touch, and closed my lips around it.

Immediately, alarmingly, it began to expand in my mouth.

"Ohh!" Murder panted, as he slowly moved it in and out of my oral cavity.

After a few moments though, he smacked my head, causing me to lose my grip. It flopped out, striking my chin on the way.

"You need to put some work in bitch," he said. "Work it!" So saying, he manoeuvred his penis, which was nearly back to its full size again, back in.

I wasn't really sure what to do, but I assumed he needed movement on my part, so I experimented, moving back and forth, licking it, caressing it with my tongue and fingers both.

Murder guided me as I went, correcting what he didn't like, and encouraging me when I hit the spot, so to speak. And it wasn't long before he was thrusting back and forth energetically.

Again, I realised what was going to happen just before it did. He moaned, loudly, and I felt his body tense. Seconds later his penis twitched, and he ejaculated his semen into my mouth, which, as it turned, tasted foul.

I tried to pull back, but he held my head in position, and I was forced to allow him to fill me up with spurt after spurt of the disgusting stuff!

"Don't spit it out!" he ordered, as the flow finally stopped, and he relaxed his grip on my head.

With great effort, I held his goo in my mouth as he pulled out, although some dribbled down my chin.

"Look up, open your mouth, show me," he said.

What sort of pervert was this man? Still, I obeyed, looking up at him and opening my mouth, displaying the load sitting there.

"Excellent. Now, swallow."

"Whha?" I managed to say, without spilling any.

"You heard me slave! Swallow your masters cum!"

So, semen was cum too. I was sure learning a lot today, including how hard it is to swallow stuff that tastes horrible. Even so, I managed, somehow, opening my mouth again at his command to show I had completed the task.

"Excellent. You will learn."

"May I go and clean myself now?" I asked him. I still had his cum dribbling down my legs, as well as dripping off my chin onto my breasts.

"No, you shall not clean it off until you are back in your room. As a reminder of your new status. Do you understand?"

Miserably, I nodded.

"Good. Wait there." He strode over to the door and pressed a button, before wandering back over to a cupboard and picking out a luxurious looking gown, which he wrapped around himself.

A few minutes later, there was a timid knock on the door.

"Enter," he said.

The door opened, and Sth stuck his head around. "Captain?" he asked, taking in the scene.

"Escort her back to her room. She can clean herself when she's back there, not before. I'll be requiring her again... soon." He looked at me with an expression of pure lust.

"Very well captain." Sth slid into the room and, after a moment or two, located my cloak, which he wrapped around me. "Come on sweetie," he said, helping me up.

He guided me barefoot and naked under the cloak back to my room. "I'll be back with some dinner soon," he said. "You take a shower. There's a new towel there for you."

I nodded, shivering, still in shock at what I'd just been through, as he closed the door behind him.

I dropped my cloak, turned on the shower, and cried under the water.

~*~

Sth delivered me dinner some time later, after I was showered and clean, at least on the outside. I didn't think I'd ever truly feel clean again. However, I did feel a little better once I'd shovelled the food into me.

He came back later, to take my plates away, and to drop off a bag with my 'uniform' in for the next session. "Don't put it on until I tell you," he said. "It's not very likely he'll call you in the morning, he's usually busy then. Still, be ready, just in case."

I just nodded at him as he looked at me with pity. "Good night sweetie," he said, and slipped out of the door.

I thought about opening the bag to see what horror awaited me next time, but I was too exhausted and despondent. I needed to escape this place, and soon. If they managed to sell me at some slave market, it could be even worse.

I eventually fell asleep, into nightmares that were only slightly worse than my waking moments had been.

~*~

When I managed to recover a little, I turned around, to see Nuba nursing her hand.

"Are you all right?" I asked, wiping sweat from my forehead.

"I think so," she replied. "I'm pretty strong, enhanced bone structure you know, so don't think anything's broken, but it was close. What did you do?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to. I'll explain later."

"Yes, of course, come on, let's get you dressed before your synth comes back. Stand up."

She helped me stand, now only clad in my bra and socks. Even as she did, her hands roamed my body, which didn't help my composure *at all*.

"You're hot as hell," she whispered to me, as I stood there, shaking. Then, to my absolute shock and bewilderment, she kissed me!

It was only a brief kiss on the lips, just a light peck really, but it made me wobbly once more.

"What's happening?" I wailed, clutching at her.

"Oh my, it really is bad isn't it?" she simply replied. "I'm sorry, I'll go slower. Come on, stand still, let me dress you."

So I did what she said, still quivering as she slid my panties back on – she had to steady me for a second as I nearly fell over there – before picking up the clothes my synth had dropped and carefully dressing me.

We finished just in time. The door opened as I was letting Nuba slip on my shoes, and the synth came back in, carrying a large tray.

"Dinner," it simply announced, putting the tray on my table.

"Thank you," I replied. "You may let us get on with it."

"Yes ma'am," it said. It slid into its charging slot and deactivated.

"Let's eat," Nuba said, and guided me over to the table.

We sat down at my little table and Nuba played mother, taking the dishes off the tray and arranging them. I pointed out where my cutlery was kept, and soon we were munching away.

"So," she said, once we'd sated out initial hunger. "What's with the super strength?"

I looked around, there was only the synth, which was on standby, but even so, I wasn't sure if it could still hear me. Seeing my hesitation, Nuba stood up and went over to the synth's docking station. She opened a panel and spent a minute fiddling, before returning to the table and picking up her spoon again.

"She can't hear you now, I've disabled all audio inputs."

"Are you sure?" I asked, rather shocked at this level of competence. I mean, yes, we did study engineering, but I'm not sure I'd have know where to start doing what she had just done.

"I'll tell you later, but you first." Nuba spooned up some rice into her mouth and looked at me intently.

Sighing, I nodded. "Very well, but this goes no further, understand? I mean, *no one*. I shouldn't even tell you, but, well... Anyway. No one!"

"I swear." She held up three fingers in some kind of salute, which I assumed must have meant something on her homeworld.

"It's a genetic mod," I said.

Nuba's eyes widened. "Oh! No wonder you want it kept quiet. How have you escaped the Purity Enforcers?"

"It's registered with them actually. Because it was done before the Gene wars, and because it's genetically passed on, and because my family is stupidly rich – mainly that last reason – we've been allowed to keep it, as long as we keep it quiet. You see why I'm trusting you here?"

"I do." She nodded.

It is a big deal. In case you aren't familiar with galactic history, the whole of human civilisation, spread across the entire galaxy, had a gigantic war hundreds of years ago. There are still many planets that haven't finished rebuilding, and many that will never be habitable again. All because of genetic modifications to the human race.

Eventually the Purists, as they were called, defeated the Gene forces, and when the Galactic Government was formed after the war, genetic modification was rigidly monitored and restricted. I mean, yes, your basic improvements are still allowed of course. Enhanced body strength, disease resistance and so on, but anything more, and sooner or later the Purity Enforcement Bureau will be knocking on your door. Or, more likely, kicking it down and dragging you off. Rumours of where the Edited are taken are many, and none of them are pretty.

"So, you have super strength then?" Nuba asked.

"It's more than that actually. Strength, speed, reflexes and, well, one or two other things. But it does come at a cost. When I Boost it uses a lot of energy, very quickly, so I can't do it for a long time."

"Wow." Nuba had paused with her spoon halfway to her mouth as I had explained. She shook her head and carried on eating.

"So, your turn, what did you do to my synth?" I smiled at her.

"Oh, nothing superhuman, sadly. I'm just a really good hacker. Didn't you wonder why I was transferred here at such a late age? I've been kicked out of just about every other school."

"Oh." I thought about it and giggled. "Useful."

"Yes." She smiled back. "But, I can't take it offline for too long, or someone will notice."

"You'd better put her audio back then," I said.

"In a minute." Nuba put her spoon down and stood up. She came around the table and took my hand, pulling me up too.

Then she kissed me.

It wasn't like before, it was a full on, open mouthed, tongues invited, snog.

It took me a short while to get the hang of it, but when I did, I took part eagerly. Feelings that I'd never experienced ran through my body, and my downstairs area began to tingle again.

"Oh, stop!" I said, pulling away, panting hard. "Why do I feel like this? My..." I pointed down to my pants.

"Your pussy? It's been turned off for years by the suppressants they've been feeding you. Now it wants to play catch-up. Oh, I'd better hack your synth so it doesn't notice."

She pulled away from me, leaving me feeling wobbly and breathless, and went over to her pad, where she proceeded to tap away for several minutes. I returned to the table and finished my food off.

"Done," she announced, just as I was clearing the plates up. She put her pad down, went over to me and kissed the top of my head, and then walked over to the docking area and undid whatever she had done before. "And done." She repeated.

"I think I have been," I said.

New Tricks.

The next morning, after a terrible night's sleep, I climbed out of bed, showered, used the toilet and then returned to the bed, unable to summon any enthusiasm for anything.

I woke up again when Sth opened the door to deliver breakfast.

"Come on, pull yourself together sweetie," he said, putting down the tray. "You were fucked, it happens. But you're still alive, and where there's life, there's hope. Look at me. I could have given up when they cut me, but I didn't. I admit, I would have hoped that I could have escaped somehow already, it's been years, but I'm alive still. Still hoping."

I sat up and looked at him. "What do you mean? Cut?" I asked.

"Oh sweetie," he said. "You don't know much do you?"

I shook my head.

He looked at me for a moment, and then, shockingly, lifted his tunic up.

I looked. If I'm being totally honest, he wasn't an attractive person. Does that make me shallow? Maybe it does. Still, I looked. He was a fat man, but below his bulging belly hung his penis. It wasn't a big one, and it was soft, like Murders had been between 'bouts'. Then I frowned. Something was missing.

"You have no..." I gasped.

"That's right. I'm a eunuch," he said. "The captain before Murder took me when I was about your age. He was a twisted fuck that one, liked the boys. I put up too much of a fight for him, so he chopped them off. He'd have probably finished *me* off too, after I'd suffered for a while, but there

was a coup, and Murder, well, murdered him, took over. He allowed me to stay on as a slave. You can say what you like about the current captain, but he's always treated me all right." He dropped his tunic back down.

I stood up and put my hand on his arm. "I'm sorry Sth," I said. "You must think me a spoiled brat, whining and moaning when you've been through so much."

"Don't be daft lass," he said, smiling. "You've fought back all the way. I've never seen anyone as strong as you. You're just going through a rough patch now." He gripped my own arm. "You *will* get through this. I believe it." He paused and smiled. "Just don't forget old Sth when you come into power."

I grinned then. I was still suffering, but what this person had been through was far worse. If he could keep going, then so could I. And let's face it, I didn't suffer a lot, did I? Could you count multiple orgasms as torture? Swallowing a bit of cum was the worse I had to endure.

"I promise, when I'm captain, I won't forget you," I said.

"That's my girl." He looked at the bag he'd left me last night. "Just remember that when you look in there."

I raised an eyebrow.

"I'd eat your breakfast first, you're going to need your strength." He patted my arm again, and then turned and walked out of the door.

My resolve boosted, at least slightly, I sat down to eat my meal.

~*~

The morning was boring. I spent most of it lying on my bed. At first, I tried to figure a way out of my current predicament. When that failed, my thoughts drifted to Nuba and, predictably, after a short time my hand slipped into my jumpsuit, and down to my pussy.

Several minutes later, I brought myself off, gasping and panting. It seemed Nuba may have been taken from me, but she wasn't out of my system.

I slept a little again after that, waking up only when Seth brought me lunch.

"Am I to remain in here all the time?" I complained.

"I'll ask the captain, or you can. He requires your services a little later. Eat your food and then get changed. He pointed to the bag."

"Oh." I nodded, suddenly not really wishing to leave the room.

"I'll come back later," Sth said, and left me to it.

The food was rice, some green vegetables, and something that could have been a kind of meat, or maybe it was soy, covered in gravy. I didn't know, but I ate it anyway. There was even rice pudding for desert, and a pot of green tea. It was basic fare, but fairly tasty.

"It seems I won't starve to death here at least," I muttered, as I finished the tea off.

Once I'd eaten and drunk everything, I decided I couldn't put things off any longer. "Okay then, let's see what horrors are in store for me today." I picked up the bag Sth had left and emptied the contents onto my bed in a pile.

The first item was a black bra. It was made of some kind of stretchy plastic stuff. It was rather small, and my poor boobs were squashed in them. As an added bonus, there were holes for my nipples, which allowed them to poke through. I shook my head. People were certainly imaginative

when it came to sex costumes.

The panties were of the same material, and also small and tight. However, they confused me for a short time, as protruding from the material, was a plastic penis like thing. It took me a minute to realise that the thing was on the *inside* of the pants, and the only way I'd be able to wear them would be if it was shoved up my backside.

"Oh dear or dear," I said. "Why? Why is this happening to me?"

I sat down on the bed, holding the pants in my hands in despair. The plastic phallus wasn't as big as Murder's real one, but it was dry, and I was sure it would hurt. Then I saw a small jar amongst the items from the back. I frowned and picked it up. It had writing on the side: 'Lube'.

Lube? *Lubrication!*

I nodded in understanding, and opened the top. Inside was a kind of gel. I scooped a finger in and sniffed it. Minty! Shaking my head, I proceeded to coat the plastic thing with the lube. Then, standing up, I put one foot on the bed and, taking another glob of gel, and a deep breath, I wormed my finger up my bottom hole.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, as it slipped up there quite easily with lube. Then: "*Oh*," again, as I began to breathe harder. "*Dammit!* How is this turning me on?"

I pulled my digit out and climbed into the pants. They were tight, and it took some effort. They also had a hole in, no prizes for guessing the location of that. Eventually the tip of the plastic penis reached my asshole. Taking another deep breath, I placed it on the bed and sat on it.

"*Ooohhh!*" I cried, as it slid up inside me. "*Ohhhh!*" I had to cross my legs because the tingling from my special place had really started up.

Eventually, after some deep breathing, I managed to calm myself down, and stood again, pulling the pants up fully, which caused me a Moment I can tell you.

When I finally managed to get them into position, the plastic penis was right up in my ass, and my pussy lips protruded out of the hole, squeezed out by the tightness.

"Oh dear, oh dear," I said again.

The next item was a fairly light silver chain. At first I thought it was a necklace, but the ends didn't seem right. It was only after a few minutes of thought that I realised where else it could go.

Sighing, I clipped one end to one of my nipple rings, and the other to the other. The chain swung between them.

"Imaginative," I repeated.

Next was my least favourite. The dog collar. Shaking my head, I put it on, feeling like a traitor to myself. Even as I did though, my poor squashed pussy began to tingle again.

"You be quiet," I said to it, to no avail.

Lastly were some fishnet stockings and a pair of black shoes. They had heels, but they weren't as high as the other ones, and I actually had half a chance of walking in them. They were still not comfortable.

Wincing at the tight clothing, I sat back on my bed, shifting uncomfortably with the thing pushing up my ass, and waited.

After only a few minutes, Sth opened my door and walked in.

"Stand up please," he said.

I did, and he looked me over. "Oh my dear," he commented. "You are quite something else." He frowned for a moment. "Actually, here's an idea. If you can get Murder to fuck you, properly I mean, and deflower you, your value at market will go way down. I mean, you'll still sell for a *lot*, but it would make the difference between profit and loss for him."

"So then maybe he wouldn't sell me?" I asked.

"It's possible. Of course, you'll still be stuck here as a slave. I'm not sure if that would be better or not. There's no guarantee, it's just the best thing I can think of."

I nodded, considering it. At least here was a known quantity. If I was sold off who knows who I'd have to serve, and how they would treat me? It might be worth a shot.

"Come on then," he's waiting. "Here." He handed me the cloak again.

Wrapping it around me, I followed him out, bracing myself for my second session as a sex slave.

~*~

Captain Murder was waiting for me this time. He was already wearing his robe when Sth opened the door to his chamber and, basically, pushed me inside. I felt as if I was in an ancient arena, being fed to the lions.

Maybe I was, in a certain way. Murder certainly looked me up and down like he was going to eat me when I slipped my cloak off.

"Get over here *right now* and suck my cock," he said, shucking off his robe and pointing to his thing.

'Cock' was a new term for me, and I filed it away for future use, as I waddled forward. The plastic penis up my ass made moving uncomfortable.

Dropping to my knees I took his already hard *cock* in my mouth with only the slightest hesitation, and began working on it as I'd been taught the last time.

It wasn't long before old Murder was panting and puffing away, and I braced myself for a flood of cum, but it didn't happen. He pulled out before that, much to my relief.

"Stand up," he said.

I did.

"Oh my universe, look at you, you little fucking tart. Do you know how hot you are?"

"What I do, I do well," I said, trying to engage him a little, keeping in mind the whole 'fuck me in the pussy' plan. I stuck my ass out a bit, and tried a pout.

I'm not sure if it worked or not, but he pushed me forward, bending me over the bed, and spread my legs as wide as they would go, bearing in mind the tight garments I was wearing.

"Such a horny little slut," he said, stroking my exposed pussy through the slit in my panties, making me moan. My crack immediately became wet, which made him chuckle. "I've never seen anyone get so hot, so fast. You are something else. Delicious." He played with my area a little longer, making me cry out and grab the sheets on his bed.

"Oh, just **fuck** me already! *Please!*" I begged him. I wasn't even thinking of the plan at this point, I was just so damned horny. "Put your cock in and do me!"

"If only I could," he said, still playing with me.

Damn, he had some self control!

Eventually he stopped playing around and yanked at my tight plastic panties. I cried out again as he pulled them down, which pulled the plastic thing that was up my ass out with a pop. I screamed in pain and lust.

"Nicely widened for me," he commented, and, wasting no further time, rammed his meat into my still gaping asshole. I screamed again, as he penetrated deep into my poor, abused being.

My pussy dripped as he pounded away, harder and harder, making me cry out with each thrust. It didn't take long. I heard the familiar moans, felt him speed up and finally, with one last mighty drive, he unloaded his semen into me once more.

He must have been saving up, because it just kept on coming and coming, flooding my insides.

Finally, gasping for breath, he pulled himself out, which meant a torrent of his goo spurted out of my hole and gushed down my legs.

"Holy shit," he said, slumping down on the bed next to me. "That was probably the best fuck I've ever had! If only I didn't have to sell you."

"You *could* keep me," I panted, reaching down for his now wilting cock and fondling it.

"Oh baby, I would enjoy that, but you're simply worth too much. Still, we can enjoy ourselves in the meantime eh? Why don't you use your mouth to clean me up down there?"

This was not going to plan. Not only had I failed to entice him with my wares, but now I had to suck his cock clean straight after it had been up my ass!

Still, I forced myself down there. It wasn't quite as bad as it could have been, most of what I could taste was the minty flavour of the gel I'd had on the plastic thing.

On the other hand, my ministrations soon had it getting hard again. As he began to get more excited, he rolled me over and began thrusting himself into my mouth. I tried to resist, but he was on top of me by then, pushing his cock so deep into his mouth that I was forced to swallow the thing. I nearly gagged, but managed to control it as he sped up, so he was now actually fucking my throat! I squirmed about under him, not enjoying this new perversion at all, but he was too strong. I began to have trouble breathing, and was just about to resort to actually Boosting, when he cried out. I felt his cock twitch, and then realised he was shooting his load straight down into me, delivering his semen almost directly to my stomach!

After a second or two, he pulled out, which made me choke and cough as I gasped for air.

"Sorry if I hurt you there," he said. "You're just so hot I couldn't stop myself." He watched as I rolled over and spat out some of his cum, still wheezing. "Are you okay?"

"I'll live," I croaked, but I was now more than ever determined to escape this situation.

"Good, then I'll be seeing you for dinner." He stood up and pressed the bell for Sth to attend, whilst I wiped my mouth on his sheets, which probably ruined them. Like I gave a toss.

~*~

Sth arrived in due course, and, after a short conversation with Murder, which I didn't hear as I was still too busy coughing and spluttering, wrapped the cloak around me and led me back to my room.

"You did well today," he said, once we were back.

"Not well enough," I replied, feeling my neck. "He didn't deflower me, as you put it."

"We still have some time," Sth said. "Before that though, have a shower, you're going to be at the captain's table for dinner later."

I looked at him. "Really?"

"Yes, although, I will say, it's not going to be how you think."

"I don't like the sound of that," I said.

"You probably shouldn't," he said, ominously. "Get yourself cleaned up. I'll be back before dinner."

"I look forward to it," I replied.

"Sarcasm doesn't become you." He wagged a fat finger, and departed.

I scowled at the door, and then started stripping off my remaining clothes. A long shower had my name on it.

~*~

As promised, Sth returned some time before dinner. He carried another bag with him. I looked at it with distrust. I was beginning to hate those things.

"Here you go, take your jumpsuit off and we'll get started.

Sighing, I slipped out of my overalls and threw them on the bed. Only then did I realise that I was standing naked in front of this person without a second thought. Perspective is everything I guess.

It was probably a good thing I came to that decision just then, because Sth emptied the latest bag and held up something.

"Is that a furry top?" I asked. "Am I going somewhere cold?"

"No, it's your dog outfit. The top of it anyway." He handed it to me, and I examined it. "Put it on."

It turned out that the thing was a band of furry material that went around my chest. Of course, it couldn't be entirely that simple, or maybe the person who had designed my last bra had also designed this, as there were two holes for my nipples to poke out of.

Delightful. Still, at least it wasn't too tight.

"The bottom half." Sth passed me another piece.

These were shorts, although, again, perhaps predictably by now, there was a slit in them to allow my pussy 'to breath', although it wasn't so obvious when it I was wearing it, as the fur covered it up a bit. There was quite a wide hole around the ass area though.

"Leggings," said Sth. I think he was enjoying this, and I scowled at him.

As he said, they were furry leggings, although the knees were padded. That was a bit worrying.

"Oh, your collar, you'll need to put that on again." He pointed at the thing I had on earlier, which was in the corner of the room, where I'd thrown it.

I gave him a Look, but went and fetched it, like a good dog apparently, and he helped me put the horrible device on again.

"Mask."

"What?" I asked, as he gave me the next item.

"See for yourself," he said.

I did, holding it up. It was a full face mask, of a dog. It even had ears and a bit of a muzzle around the mouth hole.

Reluctantly, I fitted it over my head. It limited my vision a bit, but apart from that, wasn't really uncomfortable.

"Almost there," Sth said. "Just need you to put your paws on now."

"My what?" I said, from under my dog face.

"Here, hold out your hands." I did as I was told, and he slipped some, essentially, furry mittens over my hands. They were designed to look like paws.

"Oh, nearly forgot," Sth added, pulling something else out of the bag. "Er, you need to get down on all fours I'm afraid."

Not liking this at all, I did so.

"Hold on whilst I lube it up." I heard him fiddling, but the word 'lube' only meant one thing to me.

I was right.

"Stick your bottom up," I was instructed.

Making a face, I did so, and was rewarded by the cold feel of what felt like another plastic penis against my rear. It wasn't quite the same though, as I soon found out. This one was wider, *much* wider, and I gasped as my poor asshole was stretched enormously.

"It hurts," I complained, even as my stupid pussy began to itch.

"It's a butt plug, kind of," Sth informed me, adding another new phrase to my growing repertoire. "Nearly there." Suddenly the thing narrowed, and my ass basically sucked it in. "There, done. Your tail is now in place."

With some effort, I bent round and, peeking from under my mask, found that the end of the butt plug, as it had been referred to, had had a furry dog-like tail stuck onto the end of it.

"Oh my universe," I said. "Who the fuck thinks these things up? I want to meet him, and shoot him in the head."

"Oh, the human race has a very active imagination in this area," Sth piped up. He sounded a little too happy today, in my opinion. "Right, let me just fix your lead..." he bent down, and something was attached to my collar.

"Good girl," he said.

"I swear, if you take the piss I will come for you in the night and cut your throat," I snarled at him.

"Sorry," he replied. He did sound sincere. A bit sincere anyway.

"The captain says you are not to speak tonight, as dogs don't speak. He likes his role play. On the other hand, dogs don't usually give blow jobs either." He shrugged.

"Blow jobs?" I asked. "Oh! You mean when someone sucks..."

"Yes, that," he confirmed.

Another phrase then. It seemed that The School had really left out a large part of my education. Even Nuba hadn't mentioned many of these, although I suppose they were mostly related to men.

"Come," he said, and yanked my lead, although gently. "Let's go walkies."

"Okay." I started to stand up.

"Hey, what are you doing? Do you think those knee pads are in there by accident? Dogs walk on four legs."

"Oh shit."

"Yes, now, come on, we'll go the back way, and get you there before anyone arrives."

I shuffled out after him, and was led, literally, down the corridor, and to a door I'd not been through before.

"Okay, you're going to have to climb down this yourself, because I'm not carrying you, role play be fucked," Sth said, as he opened the door to reveal a shaft beyond, with a ladder affixed to the opposite wall. I peered in, looking up and down. The thing must go through every deck on the ship! It gave me vertigo.

"I'll go first," he said, climbing gingerly in. "Just don't slip and fall, it's a long way down."

"I'll do my best," I said, following him.

The climb was tiring, and seemed to go on forever, but, eventually, Sth made a sound, and opened another door, carefully climbing out. I skipped out too, glad to be out of the narrow confines.

"We're on the other side of the mess hall," said Sth. "Get on all fours please."

I obeyed, and was led into the food hall, which was still and silent. Apparently we were early. I wasn't upset, the thought of the entire ship seeing me like this wasn't a nice one.

"Here, you're going under the captain's table," said Sth. "There's even a long table cloth on today, which should block anyone's vision of you under there, although that might be more for the captain's privacy than yours."

Grateful for small mercies, I crawled in. There was, indeed, a cloth hanging down, almost to the floor, although there were one or two small holes in it here and there. Still, better than nothing.

Oh, and how nice, there were two bowls on the floor too. One had some food in, another, well, I assumed it was grog, because it wasn't water. Unless someone had peed in it. I wouldn't put it totally past them.

"Have a nice dinner," said Sth, tying my lead to the captain's chair.

"Yeah, thanks," I replied, but he had gone.

I was left on my own for the moment, so I took the opportunity to slip off a mitten, or paw, whatever, and stuff the food down me, using my hand. I had a horrible suspicion that if I waited for Murder, he'd want me to eat it like a dog would. The water *was* actually grog, and I slurped that down quickly too, which soon had my head spinning.

I'd just about finished when I heard noises. People were coming in! Quickly, I smeared a bit of gravy around my face mask, and put my mitten slash paw on again.

Then I sat and waited, like any good dog would for its master.

~*~

Murder arrived after about ten minutes or so, I estimated. It was a little hard to tell really, being under a table and all bundled up in my dog outfit. I spent most of the time trying to get comfortable, I couldn't sit down properly because there was a giant butt plug stuffed up my ass.

The mess hall had started to fill up by the time he arrived. Sitting down, he peered under the table at me.

"Ah, there's a good doggy," he said. "Come here girl." He patted his knee, and I crawled over to him, like an obedient bitch.

He stroked my hair for a minute, while I rested my head on his knee. Then he pulled his chair closer and unzipped himself.

This I had been expecting, so I set about giving him a blowjob, as I now knew it was called, whilst

he ate and drank and chatted to his lieutenants. I'm fairly sure they were aware of what was happening, they were right next to him after all, but no one said anything that I could hear. It was all a bit surreal.

It didn't take very long for Murder to pause his chewing and started panting heavily, and, sure as eggs is eggs, as they say, I was soon 'enjoying' a dessert of captain's semen. As I'd been taught, I kept the foul stuff in my mouth until he patted my head and gave me permission to swallow. I then had to lick clean his cock before he put it away again, much to my relief.

I needed to get rid of the taste, but I didn't dare say anything, so I picked the grog bowl up in my mouth, not an easy task, especially in a dog mask, and nudged his leg with it.

"What is it girl? You want something? Oh, you're thirsty. Here you go then." He poured some of his drink into my bowl, which I'd put back on the floor.

Spilling some of it, I nudged it away from him a bit, and then, not daring to pick it up in case he saw, lapped at it until the taste of cum had been overwhelmed.

Then, with nothing much else to do, I lay down and simply listened to the talk around me.

My old Intelligence teacher, Ms. Hershaw, had said that all information should be gathered and recorded, as you never knew when it would be useful, so that's what I did now. I listened to what the captain and his cronies were talking about, as best I could.

Most of their conversation didn't really make sense to me, not having any real context for it, but, as the meal went on, talk turned to promoting someone named 'Old Will.' Apparently one of the men I'd killed when they took me was of some rank or other. This was slightly more interesting to me, as I'd not considered the pirate command structure, other than the captain, and his immediate reports.

Anyway, there was some debate about whether Old Will should be promoted, or someone called John. In the end they decided on Old Will, and the captain stood up to announce this.

Mildly interested in seeing who this Old John was, I crawled over to one of the holes in the tablecloth and peered out as the captain started to speak.

Apparently the decision to promote this Will person was contentious, as there were as many boos as cheers when it was announced.

A slightly older man, fairly thin, wearing a striped shirt and ragged breeches, stood up. He had thinning grey hair, and carried a well worn rapier on one side of his belt, and a pistol on the other side. This, it seemed, was Old Will.

He started to accept his new role, and thank the captain for it, when he was interrupted by a younger fellow.

The newcomer wasn't a happy bunny, and said so in quite strong terms. This, I deduced, was John. John was quite the burly figure. He only carried a sword that I could see, although he was wearing a dark jacket, so a gun could have been under that.

The argument became quite heated, until, finally John decided to take Steps. "I wish to challenge!" he shouted.

Immediately the room quietened down. I perked up. This was interesting.

"Go on," I heard Captain Murder say.

"I challenge Old Will for his position, as is my right, and as laid down in the company rules."

"Challenge has been called," Murder said. "Old Will, what do you say to this?"

"I accept," Old Will replied. "To be settled by swordplay, this very minute." He didn't seem surprised at the challenge, or indeed upset. I raised an eyebrow.

In any case, this was met by a good deal of cheering from the rest of the crew, many who had had more than a few tankards of grog by that time.

"Clear the space then," shouted Murder. "Let's get this done!"

I was a bit concerned that they would move my table, but I needn't have worried. The captain sat back down as the rest of the crew moved theirs, either out of the room, or just out of the way, to make an arena of sorts.

Whilst this was happening, Murder tapped his leg. "Dog, where are you?" he said.

I waddled over to him. Did he want another blow already?

It was even worse than that.

"I need a piss," he informed me, pulling his penis out once more. "Open your mouth, you're going to be my toilet."

I nearly shouted no to this, but I restrained myself just in time. If I objected, or even refused, no doubt there would be unpleasant consequences. Besides, it wasn't as if Nuba and I hadn't done some 'wet work' as she had once called it, so I guess this wasn't so different.

"Come on, don't make my angry," he said. "Open up."

I did as I was told. He pulled my head forward, and stuck his, thankfully not erect, cock into my mouth. After a moment, he sighed, and a flood of liquid began to flow.

Prepared though I was, I still spilled some, but managed, somehow, to catch up, and gulped down his urine as best I could.

It seemed to go on forever, and I was really beginning to struggle, plus, I'd drunk some grog as well, and my own bladder was pretty full already, without the contents of a grown man's adding to it.

Still, I managed to, just about, make it to the end. There was a minor puddle under Murder's chair, and I had pee leaking down my chin, but the mission was accomplished well enough.

He finished up, wiped his cock on my mask, and put himself away.

"Very good girl," he said, patting my head. He brought his other hand down, and I automatically opened my mouth as it came close. Something was popped in, and I found myself chewing on some steak.

"Good girl," he repeated, and let me go. I slid backwards, chewing on the delicious steak, but also groaning a bit. I *really* needed to pee now!

The fight was about to start it seemed, and I wanted to watch, but my bladder was really complaining. I didn't dare pee on the floor, so I squatted over my empty food bowl, and went in that instead. At least the hole in my costume was actually useful this time. The bowl didn't hold all of what I wanted to do, but it did relieve the pressure, and I was able to scoot over to the hole in the tablecloth just in time to see Old Will standing over the prone and bleeding form of his younger challenger.

"Yield," he said.

"I yield," John replied, and the older man nodded and put away his blade.

"The promotion goes to Old Will," shouted Murder, and there was a round of cheering.

After that, the crew began to wander out of the mess hall. Murder, without even peering under

the table to check on me, left with his lieutenants. I frowned. What a bad master, not even checking on his pets!

With no further orders, still very uncomfortable, and somewhat drunk, I lay down on the floor and fell asleep.

~*~

I was woken up sometime later. The room was dark by then, and obviously empty.

“Hey, come on sweetie.” It was Sth, leaning down and looking under the table.

I sat up. Well, I half did, the thing up my ass stopped me from sitting properly. I ached everywhere, especially my bumhole, and was actually glad the dog outfit was warmer than what I was usually dressed in, as it wasn't very warm. I still needed to pee too.

“Let's get you back,” Sth said, helping me out from under the table. He stood me up and wrapped the cloak around me, and we walked out of the usual entrance. It must have been late, as there were very few crew out and about, and so I wasn't gawped at by crowds of people as I was finally escorted to my room.

Sth helped me undress, and pulled butt plug out of my ass, which was a relief, although the act made me horny again of course. Then he waited until I'd emptied my bladder in the toilet.

“I'll see you in the morning,” he said, once I was all done.

I just nodded and climbed into bed, and, as soon as he was gone, my hand crept down to my pussy.

“Nuba,” I whispered to myself, closing my eyes and picturing my lovely girlfriend, and played with myself until I made myself cum.

It wasn't the same though.

~*~

The episode with Nuba after class disrupted my rest, and I slept badly that night, feeling groggy when I woke. Nuba's hacking must have worked, because the synth could hardly have failed to notice my reactions when it wiped me after my toilet, and washed me in the shower. I nearly fell over in the shower, and I'm surprised my moans couldn't be heard next door.

So, I was late to breakfast, and feeling out of sorts when I sat down opposite Nuba, who simply grinned at my discomfort as she drank her coffee.

I scowled at her, although I couldn't help smiling as I did so. She was so different from me, from anyone I'd known really, and it attracted me in a way I didn't understand.

We chatted softly over breakfast, and then parted for classes.

All morning I shifted uncomfortably, both because my backside was still hurting a little, although the cream Nuba had given me had nearly healed it overnight, but mostly because my pussy was dripping wet. I couldn't stop thinking about yesterday, and Nuba kissing me. Odd that, of all the things she did, that one was what was at the forefront of my mind.

Still, I made it through the morning classes, partly because quantum spatial calculations and advanced physics were both interesting subjects to me, and once more slid into my seat for lunch.

Nuba strolled up a few minutes later, sitting into her chair with a feline movement which had me breathing hard again. Oh my universe! How could I keep going like this?

As if reading my mind, Nuba leaned over and whispered to me.

“Listen, I've been thinking,” she said. “I've checked the regulations, and we can request a room

together. What do you think?"

"Really? Oh, *yes please!*" I gasped, a little too loudly. The girls on the next table looked over at us with a frown.

Nuba smiled. "I thought that might interest you. I'll put in an application later. In the meantime, dinner at yours again tonight?" She gave me a wink that could really only mean one thing.

"I can't wait. *Really,*" I nodded.

She giggled, and then we were distracted by our food arriving.

I enjoyed lunch. For the first time since I could remember, I was relaxed, simply enjoying a meal with a friend. Nuba was an interesting person, she'd obviously seen a lot more of the galaxy than I had, although that wasn't a high bar. Before I knew it, the chime for afternoon classes went off, and I had to, reluctantly, leave.

"Don't worry," she said, as if reading my mind. "See you later." With a jaunty wink, she turned and left.

I felt better for a while, and headed towards my class, which was a double period with Ms. Tattler again. However, when I arrived and sat in my seat, my nerves started to play up. The teacher seemed annoyed today, not with me, but just in general, and without the distraction of Nuba's conversation, my pussy started to itch again. Ms. Tattler taught theoretical alien psychology, a subject I had never really found interesting, and so, once more, I found myself being scolded for not paying attention.

I tried to, I really did, but I slipped off into a daydream, and before I knew it she was shouted at me, and I knew I was in for it.

"Alice, *again!* Get up here," she ordered, picking up her switch and sitting on her large seat.

"Oh no, miss!" I cried, jerking back fully into the moment.

"No, it's too late for that. I don't know what has got into you the last day or so, I shall be speaking to your supervisor if this keeps up. For now, hopefully a dozen strikes shall make you focus."

Trembling, I walked up the aisle. Some girls tittered as I did so. As someone who was considered a 'goody goody' I wasn't universally popular.

"You know what to do," Ms. Tattler said, as I reached her.

I did. I dropped my knickers and bent over her lap. And then I discovered something. As I pulled my skirt up, exposing my backside to the whole class, I found my heart beating fast. I was getting turned on! Even more!

"Oh no," I moaned. Luckily, I suspect everyone thought this was for the beating I was about to receive. Well, it was of course, but not in the way they thought.

The switch came down, and there was a sharp pain on my buttocks. I cried out, but my pussy was now practically dripping. The pain was pain, but it was also sending waves of pleasure through my body. I moaned again, as I quivered with both lust and agony. The combination was almost too much to bear.

The hits kept falling, and on about the seventh, I could no longer contain myself. I climaxed. A spasm ran through my body, and I cried out.

Again, this probably looked like me shrieking in pain, but the fact that I had just cum, in front of the teacher and entire class, sent me into an orgasmic state. I shivered and shook and tensed up as my ass was whipped over and over, sending pain that was pleasure through my being.

"Oooohhh!" I cried, tears running down my face.

Finally, it was done. I was so shaken I could barely stand, and Ms. Tattler had to help me up.

"I hope you've learned something here Alice," she said, looking down at me, standing there in front of the class, tears streaming down my face, my knickers still around my ankles, my pussy and ass both on fire.

"Oh, I *have* miss," I bumbled, although not in the way she meant.

"Mmm. Report to the nurse," she said, misunderstanding the state I was in.

"Yes miss," I blubbered.

I dare not put my panties back on, my ass was so sore, so I stepped out of them and, carefully, picked them up and took them with me. Sniggers followed me out of the door, and I knew this story would be all around the school tonight.

The thought of that just made my pussy tingle even more.

A Cunny Plan.

I woke up after a long night's sleep, alone. For some reason, everything seemed very empty and bleak. Sighing, I climbed out of the bed to make use of the toilet again, before slipping back under the sheets and falling back asleep, thoughts tumbling about in my head.

The next thing I knew was the door opening, and Sth walking in with my breakfast tray.

"Morning sunshine," he said, putting the tray down.

I ignored his greeting. "What do you know about my kidnapping?" I asked.

Sth sighed, and sat on my bed. "Not a great deal," he replied. "Just bits and pieces that I overheard here and there. I do know there was some argument about something. I heard the captain shouting at someone on a comms line just before we intercepted your ship. I know it was about you, because I heard your name, and Nuba's, mentioned. Not sure what it was about though. I do know there was some unrest with the crew when the captain couldn't get the ransom from your family. That would have been a big win."

"So, if I'm not sold, what will happen? Will there be a revolt or something?"

"A mutiny?" Sth made a face. "I don't think so. Before we took you we had a good couple of raids, so people still have a fair amount of loot from those. Because we've not put into port for a while, no one's spent much of it. In fact, that's the reason we're heading to port now, to sell you, but also for some R & R. We're long overdue, and the crew are a little restless."

"How long do I have?" I asked, miserably.

"Probably four days," he said. "Sorry sweetie."

"It's not your fault," I replied, but I was getting really worried now.

"Eat your food, I'll be back later to get you ready."

I nodded, and swung my feet out of bed as he left my room.

"Four days," I said to myself. "I have four days to make the captain fuck me."

Now, there's something I never though I'd say.

~*~

For the next few days I was called to the captain's room repeatedly. My outfits varied from the bizarre to the minimal, although they were always imaginative.

I threw myself into the role of making myself as dirty a girl as possible, to try and get the captain to deflower me. I pouted and cavorted, and learned all the bad words that I could so that I could talk dirty to him. I played with him in all the ways he wanted, and suggested more.

In short, I became a total whore.

And yet, he continued to resist the charms of my lovely, smooth, beguiling pussy. That's not to say he didn't use me, and use me hard. My asshole was getting loose from all the pounding it took, and I was even beginning to get used to the taste of his cum.

But no matter how I cavorted, he still didn't take the bait. The bait that I offered to him every chance I could get.

I resorted to teasing him, as much as I thought I could get away with, and calling him nasty names as we played about, but that just turned him on more, still not enough to use my proper hole though. I began to wonder if he really liked boys, despite the fact that I didn't look boyish at all.

Whether he was just really stubborn, restrained or whatever, it was frustrating to me on a number of levels.

On the third day after my doggy experience, I was called up for duty, as had become usual. It was early afternoon, and Sth had given me the first outfit I'd worn, the teeny-tiny little bikini. I remembered the first time I'd put it on, and how horrified I was to wear it. This time I didn't bat an eyelid. As far as I was concerned this was practically normal attire now. At least I didn't have something stuck up my ass. The only thing I didn't like were the shoes, which were the high heels, as they were really uncomfortable and hard to walk in. They didn't bother me much though, as I knew they'd be off the moment I entered his room. In fact, I didn't really know why he bothered with the outfits at all really. It wasn't as if he didn't just tear the stuff off me almost as soon as I walked in. Maybe it was a control thing.

Anyway, when I entered his room he was there already, but fully clothed, and talking to someone via his pad.

He waved at me and pointed to the bed, so I went over and lay down on it, rubbing my body in what I hoped was a sexy way, to try and get his attention.

All I did was make myself horny though, as he was concentrating on his call. It sounded, from what I heard him saying, as if there was some issue with a permit for clearance for something. This was worrying. Perhaps it was a permit to dock at a space station, or a planet, which meant we were getting close to the port where I would be sold off.

Eventually he snapped a few words down his pad and disconnected.

"Shit, I have to attend to this." He looked down at me, waiting for him, practically panting. "I will be five minutes, *at the most*," he said, and turned and just left me there.

"Well, this is disappointing," I muttered. I was horny as hell, and now I had to wait. It was tempting to play with myself a bit, but before I could get started, there was a knock on the door. "Captain?" The door opened, and a head peered through.

"Oh, hello." It was one of the captain's lieutenants. He gave me a good look, I can tell you. Well, I wasn't surprised. My teeny tiny bikini thing barely covered anything.

"Where... where is the, er, captain?" the man said, unable to tear his gaze away.

And then I had an idea. It was a variation on the plan from before, and was dangerous, but if it worked it could mean my life of slavery could be averted. At the very least it would sow discontent amongst my captors, and cost them money. Yes, it was worth the risk.

"He's gone," I said, trying to look upset. "He said he would be back in an hour, maybe more. Can you believe that? What sort of man leaves a young, horny girl to herself?"

"I... I..." it was almost funny to see such a large, aggressive male at a loss for words.

I stood up and sauntered closer to him, trying to pout. "I have an idea," I said, in what I hoped was a sultry voice.

"Y... Yes?"

I pulled at his hand, which was enormous compared to mine, he was a really big chap!

"Why don't *you* take care of me?" I smiled. "You look like a proper fellow."

"Oh fuck," he gasped, more to himself than anything I think. "But the captain said..."

"*Are you a real man or not?*" I interrupted, stamping a foot for effect. "I *thought* pirates were brave, daring. I *thought* the didn't fear anything?"

"Well..." he said, his eyes focussing on my breasts.

"Maybe you don't like girls." I tried pouting again, and stepped back a pace, trying to jiggle my boobs as I did so.

"No!" he almost shouted. "No, I mean, yes! Yes, I like girls!"

"So then," I smiled and batted my eyelashes.

"Oh fuck," he moaned again. "You said the captain?"

"Will be at least an hour," I lied. I was beginning to get worried, I didn't think beguiling him would take this long. Maybe I'd overestimated my looks, or underestimated the hold the captain had on his crew.

"Fuck it," he said, and pushed his way into the room, closing the door behind him.

I took another step back, an involuntary one this time. He really *was* a big man!

"What's your name handsome?" I said, recovering my poise and sidling up to him. 'Oh my universe!' I thought.

He was nearly twice my height, and muscular beyond belief. His dark leather jacket had no sleeves, allowing him to display his mighty sinews to good effect. His arms were covered in tattoos, including one animated red dragon that flew up to his shoulder and then back down to his wrist.

"They call me Grog," he said, eyes gleaming.

"Because you like the drink I assume?" I moved even closer and traced the, enormous, bulge in his groin. "I can see you're a big man Grog."

"Oh sweet mercy!" he gasped, as I played with his tool through the material in his pants, which was being subjected to vast pressure by the looks of things.

"You like to fuck Grog?" I asked, which possibly rated as the most stupid question ever asked. I pulled at him, tugging him towards the bed. "You want to take me big man? Do you think you can handle it?"

In way of a reply, he picked me up and, literally, threw me onto the captain's bed. I landed on my

back, legs wide. He grabbed his pants and practically ripped them open, and it was my turn to gasp.

He **was** a giant! I wondered if I would be able to handle *him*! Well, it was too late to back out, as he leaped onto the bed after me.

I didn't want to be crushed, so I jinked to one side and, very very quickly, and only for a split second, Boosted, which helped me flip him over onto his back.

"Oh my word!" I said, sidling down to his cock, which wouldn't have looked out of place on a pony. Using all my recently learned skills, I kissed the end of the thing, which was standing up like a tree, and then, needing to get this done quickly, I ripped my panties off and quickly positioned myself over it.

I stopped as the tip of his giant member was right at the entrance to my as yet unviolated pussy, hesitating, but Grog was having none of it, I'd goaded him past the point of no return. He grabbed my waist with his huge hands, and pulled me down, ramming his meat deep inside me in one sudden, brutal move.

"**FUUUCKKK!**" both of us screamed at the same time, likely for different reasons.

My pussy was sopping wet, which is probably the only reason it didn't split under the immense pressure. There was a sharp pain, and it felt like something had torn down there, and for a moment I think I even blacked out.

When I came to my senses, he was deep inside of me, moving me up and down as he slid himself out and in my tender body, my breasts were bouncing around like a balloons in a storm.

The pain started to fade, but it was almost irrelevant, as waves of lust now swept over me. I screamed in ecstasy. *Why had I not done this before?*

"*More you fucking bitch!*" I cried at him, and he rammed himself so hard into me I thought I was going to lose the use of my legs.

"Fuck! Oh *fuck!*" he cried, as we sped up, our bodies slamming together harder and harder, faster and faster.

"*What the shit!?*" Another voice, an *angry* voice, came from the doorway.

It was too late, we couldn't stop. The captain couldn't have timed his entrance any better, for, in an almost choreographed moment, both Grog and I came.

I screamed as a massive, *massive* orgasm made my body convulse and jerk, whilst Grog shouted in triumph as he shot what felt like a barrel-load of semen deep into me.

And then something tore me off him, and I was flying across the room, leaving a trail of sperm behind me like the plume of smoke from a rocket. I had a glimpse of Grog's gigantic cock, still upright, and still spurting his load like a white fountain, before I hit the floor.

"*What the fuck!?*"

I shook my head as Red's voice joined the party. Groaning, my poor little cunt was practically numb, I took in the scene I had orchestrated.

"**Captain!**" shouted Red. She was just inside the doorway, two others with her, I recognised both of them as high ranking pirates from the top table in the mess hall. Both were gaping at my naked form.

Captain Murder had his gun out, standing over his bed and pointing it at Grog's head, although in my opinion, there probably wasn't the majority of blood in that part of his body at that moment.

"**You!**" he cried to the man, who was lying on the bed panting.

"He took my virginity!" I cried, in an accusing manner. Well, it wasn't a lie.

"She..." Grog finally found his voice.

The captain cocked his pistol. "You're going to die for this," he snarled.

"**No!**" I shouted. "I want to!"

That stopped everyone.

"What?" the captain asked, his gun still aimed at Grog's head.

I stood up, rather shakily, which allowed about a litre of Grog's sperm to dribble down my legs.

"I challenge him for his position!" I said.

"What?" Murder repeated. "You can't do that, you're not a crew member."

"I accept."

"What?" Murder said, for the third time, looking back at Grog, who had just spoken.

"I accept," the large man said. "It's my right, as the challenged, whether to accept or not, no matter if she's not a crewmember."

With a dazed expression, Murder looked at Red, who nodded.

"He's right captain," she said. "He can accept the terms, if he wants, and that means you have to let him take the challenge."

"And when I win, I'm vindicated," Grog added.

"If you win," I muttered, but quietly, not wanting to interrupt the process when it was going the way I wanted.

"But Grog also gets choice of weapons," Red added, glaring at me through narrowed eyes.

Maybe not *entirely* my way. I'd have chosen guns.

"Swords," Grog said, immediately, and also looked at me, his expression unreadable.

"Accepted," I said. Like I had any real choice.

"**Fuck!**" shouted Murder, lowering his gun. "**Fuck!**"

I nodded. Fuck indeed.

~*~

I was sitting in my room, still not in the brig at least, in my jumpsuit, which was not as clean as it had been, but at least covered me.

Murder had everyone leave after the whole Grog fucking thing, and Sth had taken me back, telling me he'd return to take me to the main event when it was all ready. So I'd had a shower and, despite my nerves being on fire, managed to take a nap.

Hence I wasn't expecting the door to open as early as it did. I was even less expecting who walked through it.

"*Nuba!*" I cried, leaping up and into her arms. "I thought you were dead!"

I threw myself at her and kissed her passionately, making us both stagger back until she hit the wall.

After a long, wonderful, snog I pulled back. "Where have you been? How did you get here? How..." I paused, as I suddenly registered her attire. "Wait a minute. Why are you dressed like them? Are you a pirate?"

"Alice, thank the universe you're okay! Look, I don't have much time..." she said, but I wasn't listening.

I pulled away, confused thoughts running through my head.

"Alice, it's not what it looks like," Nuba went on.

"You're one of them?" I asked. Tears began to well in my eyes.

"No, I... Well, yes, but *listen*..."

But I didn't. I was busy connecting the dots. "Did you join the school just to meet me? Were you a spy? *Did you cause this?*" The last part came out as a wild screech.

"Alice, please, I can explain..."

"**Do you know what's happened to me?**" I shouted at her, tears now running down my face. "They're going to *sell* me! They've made me a *whore*! For *real*! I can't believe this! I trusted you! I... I *loved* you!"

"Alice, please..."

"**No!**" I yelled. "**No!** Get away from me! I never want to see you again!"

"Shit, I don't have time for this, I'm not supposed to be here," she said, glancing about, as if someone could be watching.

"*Good!* Go then! Leave me and never come back!" I threw myself onto my bed face down and pushed my face into my pillow, weeping madly.

"Alice... I..."

"**Go!**"

"I'll come back," she said, in a quiet voice.

I didn't reply.

I heard her mutter something to herself, and then the door opened and closed.

I bawled into my pillow, whilst my heart shattered.

~*~

I'd cried myself out, and was sitting on my bed in a dark, *dark* humour when Sth came to get me.

"Oh," he said. "You look terrible. What happened?"

"Never mind. Let's do this." I was in a bitter mood, just right for the violence that was to come. My hand itched. I *wanted* to kill someone.

"Okay." Sth took a step back, out of my way, as I stalked over to the door, my face as dark as thunder.

He let me pass, and then guided me along. "It's in the mess hall," he explained as we walked. I didn't reply.

I could hear the noise of the assembled crew as we approached the dining area. They fell silent as we entered.

The tables and chairs had all be cleared out, all except for the one on the raised area. Captain

Murder, Red and a couple of his lieutenants were standing there, waiting. The rest of the crew were lined up around the walls, no doubt eager for the show.

In one corner stood Grog. Another pirate, almost as big as he was, was standing next to him, holding a sword that was about as tall as me. Grog had taken his top off, showing off his hugely muscled torso. Inwards, I gave a grim smile. That was a mistake, leaving himself more exposed.

Murder raised a hand, and the murmur that had resumed slightly fell off.

“Challenge has been given and accepted, under our pirate code,” he said, his voice washing over us all. “The weapon chosen is the sword. Do the contestants have theirs ready?”

Grog's friend made a noise, and held up the massive blade for all to see. Then all eyes turned to me.

“Where am I supposed to get a sword from?” I shouted back, angrily.

Silence.

“Someone lend me a sword,” I shouted again, holding my arms wide and turning to scan the crowd. “So I can stick it in this dog.” I pointed at Grog, who growled.

Silence again. I looked around desperately. If no one would...

“Here.”

My eyebrows went up in surprise. Red had stepped forward. Of all the people, she was the last one I would have expected to help.

She approached and pulled a blade out of the scabbard she was wearing on her hip. I'd only seen her with guns before, but I guess it made sense she would have one.

She held it out, ceremonially, in two hands, and I looked it over. It was a narrow blade, a sabre, a lighter weapon, obviously, than Grog's, but one suited for a smaller frame. I could tell it had been well kept. The hilt was simple, nothing fancy, with a dark grip, but even so, it was a quality weapon.

I bowed, very slightly – it seemed appropriate – and took it from her, also with two hands.

Red looked me in the eye, and nodded. I nodded back, and she turned and walked away whilst I tested the heft of my borrowed weapon.

The balance and the length were slightly less than optimum for me, Red was taller than me after all, but it would more than do. I gave it a couple of swings, getting used to the feel. Oh yes, this would do indeed.

“Let's gut some pig,” I said, turning to face Grog, who was now holding his own huge weapon.

The crowd let out a low growl in response.

“This duel is over when one contestant is disabled, or submits,” Captain Murder shouted. The duelling area is this room. A contestant who steps out of this area forfeits. Understood?”

I nodded, as did Grog, who stepped forward.

To the onlookers, it must have seemed a monumentally unfair contest. A giant of a man, immensely strong and experienced, against a slip of a girl, barely half his height.

Well, trust me, looks aren't everything.

Grog attacked first, as I knew he would. With a loud cry, he threw himself forward and swung his sword in a massive horizontal sweep that would have, literally, cut me in half if I'd let it.

I didn't even need to Boost.

Rolling under his clumsy attack, I ducked and cut, a dark rage fuelling me. There was a very slight sound, and a flash of red, and I rolled. Regaining my feet, I turned around to face him again.

Grog had managed to stop his charge and was trying to recover. He was standing still though, and even though he was facing away from me, I could imagine the look of puzzlement on his face as his legs refused to respond.

As I watched he buckled, slowly falling to his knees. I had sliced the tendons on my pass. A simple enough move for someone with my skill.

I ran up behind the massive man, now down to my level, and brought my borrowed sword around his neck. Before he knew what was happening, I pulled it across his throat, cutting deeply into his flesh, severing the artery.

Blood spurted out, spraying the onlookers closest to him.

I stepped back, panting hard, my blade dripping, and watched as, like a giant tree, Grog slowly fell forward, hitting the deck with a meaty thud.

There was dead silence for a moment, followed by a massive outcry from the surrounding pirates. I couldn't tell if they were cheering or jeering, maybe both. I didn't care. I carefully wiped Red's sword on the body, and then turned and walked back to where she was waiting, alongside Murder and his crew. The captain was standing there with his mouth open, but Red had a satisfied look on her face.

I stood before her and offered her her blade back, holding it out in two hands as she had done to me.

"Thank you," I said, when she took it. Then I turned and walked calmly out of the room.

Sth was waiting just outside the door, a neutral look in his face. He gestured, and escorted me back. We didn't say anything the whole way, and then, when we opened the door, I found a visitor waiting for me. Sitting on my bed.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, too tired to be properly angry. "I told you I didn't want to see you again."

"Could you give us a moment, please?" Nuba asked, standing up and looking at Sth.

"Sure honey." He looked at me. "I'll be back in the morning," he said, and, with a kindly pat on my shoulder, departed.

"Well, you're making a name for yourself these days," Nuba said, as I slumped onto the bed.

"What do you want? I'm tired," I replied, pulling at my jumpsuit.

"Here, let me help."

So I allowed her to undress me, and even though I was still furious at her, it was nice being looked after again, with someone who actually cared about me. She flicked my piercings as she went, making me gasp.

"These are new," she commented. "I like."

A moment more, and I was undressed. Nuba held up my poor jumpsuit. "This needs washing. It's smelly, and there's blood on the sleeve."

"Please," I said, suddenly overwhelmed by recent events. "Please..."

"Oh my dear, I'm sorry. Shush. Here." Nuba pushed me over from the sitting position I'd been in,

lifted my legs onto the bed, and lay me on my back. Then she slid onto me and kissed me.

I responded, pulling her close, revelling in the touch of her lips again. I ground my crotch against her, and she slid down, making me moan.

Then she went to work on my pussy, and I remembered what I'd been missing. In very short order I was writhing around on the bed in ecstasy, as she worked my tender area as only she could. A minute later I felt like my cunny would explode, as I experienced a mind blowing orgasm, making my whole body convulse.

"Thank you," I gasped, as she climbed up and lay next to me, her hand making gentle patterns on my stomach.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "This wasn't how it was supposed to go."

"Don't talk for now, please," I said, overcome with a flood of emotions. "Just hold me."

She did, and I snuggled up to her, taking comfort in her familiar form, and fell asleep in her arms.

~*~

Half way to the nurses office, I realised I couldn't go. If the nurse saw me like this, or, even worse, examined me, it would immediately know I'd not taken my suppressant. I stopped and considered what to do. I'd just have to wait until later, and get Nuba to put some cream on me again. The thought of that sent my heart racing.

I couldn't take it any more. I turned about and went into the toilet. Going into the end stall, I sat on the toilet and, carefully, explored the area that Nuba had played with yesterday.

Waves of pleasure ran through my body, and before I knew it, I was rubbing myself hard.

It only took seconds before I was gasping and shuddering as I gave myself a massive orgasm.

Panting hard, I opened my eyes, realising that I was feeling a little better. Still, I had to make it through another double session of maths, so I didn't stop.

For the next fifteen minutes I madly friggd myself, giving myself about five orgasms in a row. By the end of it I could barely stand up, but the chime for break interrupted my thoughts, and spurred me on.

Slipping my knickers back on, they were still wet from my pussy juices earlier, I straightened myself up as best as I could and left the stall to wash my face.

I'd just finished, and was leaving, when several other girls walked in. They saw me, and whispered together as I stalked out, as proudly as I could.

In the corridor I almost ran into Nuba.

"Are you all right?" she asked. "I heard what happened, it's all over the school gossip boards."

"Oh dear," I said. "Never mind, just bring your cream later will you?"

"Of course." Nuba gave me a look, and then nodded. "You'll be okay."

"I must look a mess," I said.

"A bit puffy around the eyes," she replied. "Look, I have to go, my next class is on the other side of the campus. I'll see you later though."

"Okay," I said, resisting the urge to hold her, and she darted off through the crowded corridors.

Seeing Nuba helped put my head back in the game, not to mention the recent twenty minutes of self-abuse, so I walked into the next class on a more even keel.

The double period of terraforming theory went as well as the last class had gone badly, and I walked slowly back to my room feeling more at peace with the world. My ass still hurt of course, but I was feeling more like me again. All it took was half a dozen orgasms it seemed.

I was a little late getting back, and so it was a wonderful surprise to open the door and find Nuba sitting on my bed, waiting for me.

"How did you get in here?" I asked. "No, never mind, I can guess. Is my synth...?"

"She's off and blind," Nuba said, walking up to me.

Then she pulled me close and kissed me. Deep, and long.

I melted into her arms. I was in what the old religions called heaven, pressed up against this fascinating girl, held by her, kissed by her.

Finally we parted, coming up for air.

"Now, we need to get you undressed," she said.

"Oh!" I replied, as she started taking my blazer off.

"Someone has to look after you," she giggled. "You synth is in self-diagnostic mode, could be a while, and when we're sharing, you won't be wearing any clothes."

"Oh!" I repeated, as she slipped my blouse off.

"That's right. Oh, look at these lovely breasts." Nuba unclipped my bra and pulled it off, exposing me. She cupped my right tit, and I uttered a small squeak.

"What happened earlier?" she asked, as she undid my skirt and threw it onto the bed.

"I was spanked for being a bad girl," I managed to get out, as she pulled my knickers down. My heart was beating so fast I thought it would explode.

"Oh, you're the wettest thing on this planet girl!" Nuba exclaimed, seeing the state of my underwear. "No, hands to the side please."

I allowed her to pull my hands away from my breasts, so I was now standing naked in front of this tall girl, who seemed to have such control over me.

Nuba took a step back and looked me slowly up and down. "Oh yes," she said. "You're going to be a lot of fun."

"Nuba!" I exclaimed. I was going wobbly kneed, standing there for her to examine.

"Yes, time for your medicine." She pulled out the small jar of cream, and guided me to the bed, where I was, once again, laid down on my front.

I thrashed around a little as she carefully rubbed the cream onto my injures. It seemed half a dozen orgasms weren't enough after all. But she took her time, on purpose I think, and I was soon screaming into my pillow as my lust levels went up and up.

"There," she said, after an eternity. "Now, on your back my little bitch!"

The naughty talk almost made my climax there and then, but I allowed myself to be rolled over, and Nuba spread my legs wide, so my most intimate area was fully exposed to her gaze.

"That's a sweet sweet pussy you have," she said. I was expecting her to fondle me again, but no, instead she place her head between my legs and started working me with her tongue!

I started to scream again then, and had to clamp my own hands over my mouth quickly. The waves of pleasure that were coming from her work nearly overwhelmed me, and I shuddered and jerked

as I came and came and came again, over and over in quick succession. I Boosted too, for a moment, as I lost control a little, but my legs were open wide, so Nuba didn't notice.

And after about a minute of constant orgasms, I simply lost consciousness.

Crew.

I woke up alone, and for a moment forgot where I was. I put my hand out to feel the bed next to me, but it was cold. I felt miserable, even though I should be celebrating my victory from yesterday.

Slipping out from under the covers, I made my way to the shower and washed. I didn't even play with myself, that's how detached I felt.

I'd just climbed into my jumpsuit when the door slid open.

It was Red. Sth was with her.

"I suppose congratulations are in order," she said.

I shrugged.

"Now for the prize. Pack up your things, you're moving," Red went on.

"What? Where?" I asked. "But I won, aren't I a lieutenant now? Whatever Grog was? That's the rule, isn't it? A victorious challenger takes the position of the vanquished."

"I think you've been reading the wrong rulebook," Red said. "That *can* apply, perhaps, but the captain has final say. The only time that is a set rule is if you challenge the captain, and win. Just in case that's your next move." She raised an eyebrow in a questioning fashion.

"I think I'll rest on my laurels for the moment."

"Wise choice," she said. "Now, you've managed to fight your way out of slavery, good work, but there is *no way* the captain, or most of the crew for that matter, would accept you as a lieutenant. So, you're now a crewmember, yes, but you start at the bottom. Hence, you reside with the others of your rank."

"Well, it's not going to take long to pack," I said. I picked up my towel, and slung it over my shoulder. "There. Done."

Red nodded. "Travel light. I like your style." She turned to Sth. "Take her to the crew quarters, there's a spot in Marx's team."

"Yes ma'am," Sth said.

Red turned back to me. "When you've settled yourself into your new bunk, go to the armoury. Tell Heth that you're to have a pistol, a dagger and a sword. Come to me if he gives you grief. Oh, and Sth, get her some new clothes and footwear, for fucks sake."

"Thanks," I said.

"One last thing," she said.

"What's that?"

"If I were you, I'd keep out of the way of the captain. Out of his sight even. He is **not** happy about losing the chance to sell you. You've cost him a lot of money. All the crew actually, as we'd all have had a cut."

"Understood," I said, "Sorry about that." Although I wasn't at all.

Red nodded, and, without any further conversation, turned and left. I looked at Sth.

"Shall we go?"

We went.

~*~

My new quarters as a crewmember, ironically, seemed to be a step down from my quarters as a sex slave.

Sth led me down a lot of decks, until we arrived in long corridor with numerous doorways. Trotting along, we eventually arrived at one with the number five above it. Without bothering to knock, he pushed it open and stepped through. I followed, to find myself in a space not all that much larger than Murder's cabin.

It was definitely more cramped though. Poles had been rigged to run from floor to ceiling at regular locations inside the room, and hanging from these were sheets, acting as makeshift partitions. We walked down a fabric corridor within the room, until we arrived in the corner, where a hammock was strung up in a partition made of same said sheets.

A small locker was in the corner, and a crude shelf had been stuck on the wall.

"Your new home," Sth said, gesturing.

I raised my eyebrows.

"Hey, Lea, you here?" Sth called out.

One of my 'walls' moved aside, to reveal a similar partition beyond. A woman, tall, with black hair and a magnificent bosom, revealed herself. She was wearing a white shirt, dark blue pants and knee high boots.

"Hey," she said. "Oh, ranked up did you?" She held out a hand. "Lea," she said. "Good kill earlier."

I shook her hand. "Thanks. Alice," I said in turn.

"Lea, could you give Alice the two credit tour, and take her to the armoury, and supplies, so she can get some clothes and boots? It's on Red," Sth said.

"Can do." Lea nodded.

Sth turned to me. "It's been... real," he said, and left.

"So, first time as a pirate?" Lea asked.

I giggled, and she smiled.

"Come on, put your... towel(?) down, let's show you around."

"Thanks," I said, but then put a hand out to stop her. "Before we go, I need to know, do I need to watch my back with you? I've killed seven of the crew now."

Lea looked at me for a second, but then shook her head. "Not that I'd probably tell you if I was planning on slitting your throat in the night, but no, you don't need to worry about that from me. Snoring too loudly, maybe, but as I hear it, you were simply fighting back on your ship, and Grog, hah! Grog had it coming. I'll not miss that bullying oaf."

"Okay." I nodded, slightly reassured.

"So," Lea said, "there are five of us here, well, six now I guess, with you. The others are all out at the moment though." She made her way through the hanging sheets. "We have Grandad in the opposite corner, he's a grouchy fucker. I don't think he'll like you, but ignore him, his bark is worse than his bite. Then we have the twins, Vin and Win. They keep to themselves, pretty much. You don't fuck with them, they won't fuck with you. Finally we have Tom. He's new, joined at our last stop. He's the son of some friend of the captains. Seems like a good kid, but a bit wet behind the ears, if you know what I mean."

I nodded, although I wasn't sure what wasn't wet behind the ears about myself.

I stopped again. Lea stopped as well, looking at me curiously.

"And what do you do about..." I paused, not sure about how to bring the subject up. "Er, liaisons?"

"Fucking you mean?" she asked.

"Well, yes."

She smiled. "There's a storage area over there if you want a bit of privacy, otherwise, just keep the noise down when people are trying to sleep. No one gives a fuck here. Mmm, maybe wrong choice of words."

"And, er," I looked her up and down. "She was certainly attractive, I felt a familiar tingle. May I..."

"I don't do girls," she said, not unkindly.

"Had to ask," I replied. "You're pretty hot."

"Thanks," she said, and I think she was pleased. "Now, let's get you some stuff to kill people with."

We made our way up several decks, passing other crewmembers along the way. Most ignored me, or just looked me up and down. One or two scowled at me, but I went unmolested.

"Red runs a tight ship," said Lea when I mentioned this. "She'll space anyone who starts trouble."

"Red? Not the captain?"

"Oh, Murder will too, if it comes to it, but Red's his second, her main duty is looking after the crew, which includes discipline, day to day stuff and so on. The captain is more of a bigger picture person."

"Ah, I see."

"Here we go, the armoury." We arrived at a metal door, which was currently open. Lea headed in, and I followed, to find myself at a counter. A metal grill ran from the counter top to the ceiling. There was a small opening where the two met.

"Heth, you here old fellow?" shouted Lea. She banged on our side of the counter.

"Aye, what's up lass?" A grizzled man shuffled into view. He was wearing a heavy leather vest and matching pants. A flat cap rested on his head, which appeared to be bald, and a pair of round glasses sat on his nose.

Red says this one is to have a pistol, a knife and a sword. And not the crap stuff either, she knows how to handle them.

"She does, does she?" Heth peered at me through his glasses. "This the girl I've been hearing about? Death incarnate, so I hear."

"That's her, so don't piss her off by giving her crap."

"Aye, aye, all right then. Keep your breeches on." He turned around and shuffled off between

some of the shelves that occupied his side.

"Death incarnate?" I asked Lea.

"Gossip," she replied. "This place runs on it. According to who you listen to, you can kill with a look, you're a cheap whore, a con artist or a witch."

"Maybe some of each," I suggested.

Lea giggled. "I think, maybe, you're all right." She looked me up and down again. "And I know I said I don't do girls, but perhaps, sometime, for you and your cute bod, I might make an exception." She smiled.

I grinned back. "I look forward to it," I said.

~*~

The next morning I woke early, feeling a lot better than I had the previous day, although the synth still made me climax when it washed me in the shower.

"So it goes," I said, accepting the fact that I was now horny at the slightest touch.

My bottom was feeling a lot better too, after Nuba's cream had done its job once again. I resolved to try and not get beaten for at least a few more days, until it was properly healed this time.

Then I stopped dead. What had I just thought? I was *planning* on getting spanked in front of the class, maybe unconsciously, but still! I couldn't believe what a naughty person I suddenly was. Was this all because I had stopped taking the suppressants? Would the other students be the same if they stopped too?

Surely this couldn't happen to everyone. I mean, all the students who left The School stopped taking them, didn't they?

Or maybe it was just me. Maybe I was just a naughty, bad, person.

I resolved to ask Nuba about it, and hurried to get ready and go to breakfast. Leaving my room, I walked to the mess hall, noticing how several girls tittered and looked at me as I went by. Such was the price of infamy I concluded, ignoring them.

Nuba was already sat at, what I now liked to think of as *our* table. She smiled gently when I slid into my seat.

"Morning," she said. "Sleep well? Every... *where* feeling all right today?" She waggled her eyebrows.

"Yes, thank you," I said. I glanced left and right, and leaned forward. "Do you think there's something wrong with me?" I whispered.

Nuba frowned. "Sweet cheeks, there's nothing *at all* wrong with you, quite the opposite, you are mighty fine," she whispered back, and winked at me.

"No! I mean, you know, my..." I dropped my voice even lower. "Urges."

"Oh." Nuba sat back and thought for a second. "Let me think on it a bit. Oh, here we go."

Mother Superior had just announced breakfast, and the serving synths started to weave their way through the tables, delivering the food.

"So, I forgot to mention yesterday," Nuba said, after a minute of masticating the newly arrived meal. "I put in the request to share a room. You may get a confirmation message this morning."

"Wonderful!" I said, smiling widely.

"I'm hoping it will be approved today, it should be quite quick, from what I read on the network, but you need to concentrate in class, no more whippings, or they might take a closer look, and that would be not good."

"Oh, right." I nodded, and resolved to be on my best behaviour. The classes today were P.E in the morning, which would probably be running today, then the afternoon was tactical theory, and I had a self study period for the last part of the day, which had to be done in the library. I told Nuba my schedule.

"Sounds okay, be careful in the showers at P.E though. Lots of pretty girls around you!"

"Oh no! Why would you say that?" I asked.

She just grinned her mischievous grin, which by itself nearly set me off.

"Stop that!" I scolded her.

"Hey, I'm just smiling." She shrugged her shoulders and sipped her coffee.

I made an exasperated face, and continued to eat.

After the meal was done, we said our farewells and went off to classes.

P.E was, as expected, running. Thinking about Nuba has said, I chose a place in the darkest corner of the locker room, and slipped out of my uniform and into my running shorts and top as fast as I could. I kept my face to the wall as I was changing too.

All done, I made my way out, and joined the teacher and the few students who were already ready.

Conscious of my new found celebrity, I hung back from everyone else, and when we finally started the run, which was around the large, artificial park The School had created under a giant dome, I ran fast, trying to get ahead of the pack.

Long distance running, though, wasn't my strong suit. I wasn't built for it. My boobs bounced too much, even in the sports bra I'd put on this morning, and I didn't have long enough legs for a good stride, so it wasn't long before I was back in the middle of the pack.

"Hey, Ally!" It was Jade, someone who, before Nuba, I'd have considered my best friend, although we didn't see each other very much, as we had nearly totally different timetables, and her room was at the opposite side of the school to mine.

"Hey," I panted back.

"Are you okay?" she asked me, puffing along besides me. Jade was not much taller than me, but she was really thin. Wiry someone had called her once. In direct contrast to me, she had practically no boobs at all. "I've heard all sorts of stories about you lately," she went on.

"I'm fine, thanks. I've just been feeling a bit unwell, and got distracted in class. You know how boring Ms. Tattler's class is, so I was daydreaming, and not paying attention."

"I see, well, listen you know you can talk to me anytime, don't you?"

"Thanks," I said, smiling over at her.

"See you at the usual place in a few days?" she asked.

"Of course," I said. We usually met at the weekend, when school had a couple of days break, and just hung out together. To be honest, I'd forgotten about that, but I didn't want to snub Jade, who had been my friend for a long time.

"Cool, see you at the finish line then fatty!" she joked, and sped off. She was a much better runner

than me.

"Fatty," I muttered, shaking my head, but smiling too. We did tease each other, but in the good natured way that people who know each other well sometimes do. I thought about shouting out after her to grow some boobs, but then that may have got me in trouble, and I was trying to be good, especially today.

By the time I had made it round the course, many of the other girls had already finished, and the locker room was busy with dressed, partially dressed and undressed young women.

When I was on my suppressants, I wouldn't have batted an eyelid, but now, walking through all that attractive, naked flesh, I saw the place through new eyes.

"Oh my," I muttered to myself. How had Nuba known? I mean, I was attracted to her, a self admission that startled me even as I thought it. Was she my... *girlfriend*? I had to think on this more, but then I bumped into another girl who was on the way to the shower. She was totally naked, and I felt her breast press against me.

"Sorry!" I said, blushing.

"No worries," she replied, smiling innocently back at me, and carrying on to the shower area.

I realised that I was the only one thinking lustful thoughts. None of the other girls would notice anything. That would be my saving grace.

"Hurry girls, we're a bit late today," the teacher said. She was Ms. Henderson, a cyborg. Her robot body was shaped like a human female, which I always thought a bit freaky. Still, her shout reminded me that there *was* one other person who might notice any odd behaviour on my part, so I resolved to keep out of her sight.

I stripped off, and being naked made my heart rate go up for some reason. Perhaps it was the movement of the air against my flesh, I don't know, but I had to close my eyes and take some deep breathes.

"Are you okay?" A girl next to me put her hand on my shoulder.

I jumped, her touch hadn't helped my condition *at all*, or the fact she was only wearing her skirt, and had a really nice pair of breasts. I had to tear my gaze away. She was looking at me with concern on her face.

"Sorry!" I said. "You startled me. No, I'm fine, just out of breath from the run. I guess I'm not so fit."

"Come on," she said, looking me up and down, in a totally friendly and innocent way. "You're fit as anything. I'm fatter than you!" She patted her belly, which wasn't fat at all in my opinion.

"Sure, you're verging on obese," I said, smiling at her, to let her know I was joking. She was cute too! I shook myself. "Anyway, sorry, shower time."

"See you later," she said, as I walked quickly away.

The showers were a nightmare. I never realised what a dirty, bad girl I was, with naughty, evil thoughts. I tried to put myself in a corner, but the shower area, which consisted of a long, narrow stretch of tiling with shower heads protruding from one side, was busy and crowded, and I kept getting jostled as girls came and went.

I nearly came myself, although in a different fashion, as I washed as quickly as I could. I didn't dare wash my pussy or ass, because the slightest touch down there would have likely sent me into convulsions. It was bad enough with the water trickling over my skin.

Somehow I survived. I wrapped my towel around me, scurried back to my locker, the friendly girl next to me had gone by then, thank goodness, gave myself a cursory drying off, threw my clothes on and practically ran to the toilet, where I went into a stall, yanked my pants down and frigged myself off as quietly and as urgently as I could, until I came in a shuddering, gasping, desperate orgasm.

Room Mates.

I had been given weapons! I now had a light straight sword, not unlike Red's actually, although not in quite as good condition. It came with a battered, but serviceable, scabbard and belt, which I wrapped around my waist, and a small kit for keeping it sharp.

I also had a matching knife, which I slotted onto my belt, on the other side to the sword.

And lastly, but not at all least, a pistol, with a shoulder holster, and several extra magazines. It was an old model, but a good one. I recognised the make, and knew I'd not been stiffed. It held twelve rounds in a clip, and had been well maintained.

Heth and Lea watched as I deftly dismantled it, checked it over, and then reassembled it again.

"You're right," Heth said. "She knows her guns." Lea nodded.

I slipped a magazine into the chamber and looked at them. "I'll need to test fire it somewhere," I said. Never go into a battle with an untested weapon, my firearms instructor had once told me.

"We can arrange that later," Lea said. "Thanks Heth. Come on Alice, let's get you some clothes that don't make you look like you've been sleeping under a bush for a month."

I waved goodbye at Heth and holstered my new firearm. With the sword at my waist, and the gun, I strode out with more confidence, no longer helpless. Okay, I'd never really been helpless, as long as I could Boost I could probably take out most enemies in a fight, as long as the numbers weren't stacked too much against me. But now I could take people on without using my most desperate resort.

Only a few metres from the armoury was the clothing stores area.

"This is for the crew when we're out for a long time," Lea told us. "It's used for situations just like this. Hey Manny, I need some clothes for my friend here."

Manny was a slim man, dressed in shocking red and white striped baggy trousers, and a matching long coat with padded shoulders. He had a thin, pale face with neatly trimmed black hair and a tiny goatee.

"So, this is the infamous Alice is it?" he asked, in a sing song voice. "She doesn't look up to much."

"You want a duel?" I responded. "I've only just got this sword, and need to test it out."

"Oh heavens to Betsey!" Manny said, throwing his hands up in, what I assumed was mock horror. "I'm not ruffian! Go and bully someone else with your rough ways."

I raised an eyebrow.

"No lovey, I'm not one for all that brutish malarkey, but I can fix you up in something better to wear. Such a pretty girl," he said, prodding at my soiled jumpsuit and making a face. "Come come, this way my dears." He waved us along, through a small door in the back, and into a long, thin room stuffed full of clothing.

"Oh my," I said.

"I know, the captain only gives me so much space, but what can one do?" he twittered. "Now, let's take your measurements. Take that horrible thing off please."

I unclipped my weapons and handed them to Lea to hold, and then slipped out of my jumpsuit, to stand naked in front of them, uncaring. My recent experiences had stripped me of any real inhibitions it seemed. I saw Lea taking a good look, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh my!" Exclaimed Manny. "What a lovely lovely body, such a shame you're not a hunky young fellow. Come, hold your arms out, let me measure you."

I did as I was told and he pointed a small machine at me. "All right then," he nodded, looking at the readout. "I have a few things that will fit, you're not exactly a giant. First though..." He turned and opened a chest nearby, rummaging around until he found some items that satisfied him.

"Here," he said. "Not that I don't admire a beautiful form, even if it is on a girl, but I think you need some underwear." And he threw me several sets of panties and bras.

"Oh, thanks," I said. It seemed a long time since I'd worn any, but I slipped a pair on whilst he scurried about, looking for clothes. Somehow they seemed constricting, and I scratched and fiddled as we waited.

After about five minutes, Manny returned, holding a pile of clothing.

"Try these on lovey," he said.

It took another twenty minutes, but I eventually left there wearing a white shirt, long black jacket, black breeches that went down to just below my knees, and some strong, knee high boots. I purposely left the shirt top buttons undone, to show some cleavage. This was not because I was the sort to show off, but because it could distract an opponent slightly. Maybe not much, but, as someone who wasn't large and strong, I had learned to take every and any possible advantage I could.

The pistol was snug in the holster under my arms, and the sword and dagger pulled at my belt. Unfamiliar weights, but comforting. I also carried a backpack with a few more items, and my old jumpsuit, which I had refused to part with.

We made our way back to our room, and I realised I'd have to pay attention to the layout of the ship or get lost.

Back in our quarters, we found that the inhabitants had returned from wherever they had been.

The first one we bumped into was an older man, barely taller than me. He had white hair and straggly beard, and was wearing a black and white striped top.

"Grandad, this is Alice, she's over by me from now on," Lea said, introducing us.

Grandad looked me up and down. "Heard about you girl," he said. "Trouble is what you are. Don't mess with me." Then he turned about and retreated into his little partition.

Lea just shrugged and moved us on a few steps.

"You in twins?" she asked, pulling a sheet back. "Oh, sorry."

I got a glimpse of two figures, entwined together on the low bunk they had, before Lea dropped the sheet back down.

A second later, it was pulled back again, to reveal a tall, slim man. He was dressed casually in black trousers and a white shirt, that was mostly unbuttoned. His blond locks cascaded over his

shoulders like a river of gold. Beneath his open shirt was a smooth chest and stomach that didn't have an ounce of fat on. I breathed a little harder.

A second later, he was joined by a woman, and I realised that twins they had to be. She was, essentially, him, but in female form, although with long dark hair. Her front was open too, revealing a wonderfully pert pair of tits, and another washboard stomach.

"Oh my," I said, going slightly wobbly at the knees.

"You must be Alice," the man said, extending a hand. "I'm Vin, or is it Win? We sometimes get confused." He gave me a flash of shining white teeth.

"H... hello, s... so glad to meet you," I managed to get out, shaking his hand as my hear rate soared.

"So lovely to meet such a cute new member to the team," the woman said, and she hugged me and kissed me on the cheek, at which point I nearly wet myself.

"*Ooohh*, lovely to meet you too," I quavered. I must have looked like a total tool at that point, but they didn't seem to notice.

"We'll see more of you soon," the woman, Win, (or was it Vin?) winked at me. Then they let the sheet drop again. A moment later, unmistakable sounds emanated from behind it.

I looked at Lea in confusion. She just waggled her eyebrows at me.

"I thought they were twins? Brother and sister?" I whispered as she pushed me onwards.

"Oh, they are," she nodded.

I opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out, so closed it again and concentrated on trying to get my heart rate down a little, with limited success.

"Ah, and here's our final member," Lea said, as a new figure came into view.

"Oh, he'll do," I muttered.

"This is Tom," Lea introduced me. "Tom, this is Alice, she's with us now."

Tom was maybe only a few years older than myself, although, somehow, he looked younger. His short, tousled, blonde hair was styled in spikes, and blue eyes shone from a handsome face. He had a muscular, fit frame, and wore a tight black t-shirt that emphasised it nicely.

Short white trousers allowed me to view a nice pair of legs. He was wearing sandals.

"Hello," he said, smiling a little shyly at us both.

I unstrapped my sword from my belt and my gun holster. "Lea, will you hang onto these for a bit?" I asked. She looked a little confused, but nodded. I handed her the weapons and my backpack.

"Hello Tom," I said, stepping closer to him. "Do you like to fuck girls?"

"Ah, a... I... I mean, ah, yes?"

"Good." I looked at Lea. "Where's that small closet space you told me about earlier?"

Grinning madly, she pointed.

"Excellent." I grabbed Tom's hand, and pulled him along behind me in the direction indicated. After only a second's hesitation, he allowed himself to be guided.

I found the door seconds later, and yanked it open. Beyond was a really quite small space. On one side were some shelves, various cleaning items and other bits and bobs on them. A brush, mop and bucket were leaning on the other wall and, at the back, a small desk.

A low light just about managed to illuminate it all.

"*This will do,*" I said.

Allowing the door to swing closed behind us, I went over to the desk and dragged Tom around, so he was partially sitting on it.

"I'm sorry about his, but a girl can only stand so much," I said to him, undoing his shorts and yanking them down. He had a pair of boxer shorts underneath, and they were removed quickly as well, to reveal a very nice, and rapidly inflating cock.

"*That will do,*" I muttered, and leaned over to give him some oral attention to speed the process along.

"Oh my!" he gasped, as I took him in my mouth, using my skills learned in the captain's room. "Oh my!" he repeated, panting hard.

I didn't want him to get too excited too quickly, so I held off and stood back up, pulling at my new pants and boots.

"Should have worn the skirt," I muttered to myself, referring to another piece of clothing Manny had provided, as I struggled to get out of them, kicking my boots away. The panties followed, and I pushed Tom back onto the desk, so he was sitting on it.

Then, climbing onto his lap, I lowered myself onto his waiting cock, which slid into my moist pussy so very easily.

"*Oooohhhh yes!*" I moaned, slowly riding on his meat. "That hits the spot!"

"**Fuuuck!**" wailed Tom. He was gasping and panting hard already. "Oh fuck!"

I'd barely started when I felt him tense, and his cock twitch, and then a flood of semen spurt up into me.

"*Hey!*" I cried.

"I'm sorry," he said, going red and looking sheepish. "It's... well, it's been a while, and you're so very *very* hot!"

I frowned at him, and pulled myself off his now sagging member. Cum flooded down my legs, dripping onto his thighs.

"We'll see about this," I said, once more going down and taking it in my mouth.

His cum tasted different to the captain's, I found, but I wasn't bothered about that now. I needed fucking, and quickly!

He was young and fit and, apparently quite horny too, so it only took a minute or so of work on my part before Little Tom, well, not that little, was awake again.

"Right," I said, "Let's try again shall we?"

He nodded, red in the face still, as I mounted him for a second time, sliding myself back on to him.

"Oh yes big boy," I moaned.

This time Tom stayed the course, and it was me, wailing and crying and humping up and down on him like a crazed bitch, pawing at his hot bod, who came.

Gasping and panting, I leaned against him for a second as the orgasm receded. Then I looked at his face, and smiled.

"Let's give you dessert, shall we?" I said. Sliding off him, an act that made us both gasp, I once

more applied my mouth to his hard, cum and pussy juice covered dick, working it up and down as I played with a nice set of balls swinging underneath.

It didn't take long, I recognised the signs and replaced my mouth with my hand to get him to the finish line, which he did, ejecting a stream of spunk out, which splattered on the door.

"Nice one," I said, as the stream finally subsided. I wiped my hand on his shirt, grinning all the while, and then picked up my boots, underwear and pants.

"Thanks Tom, nice to meet you," I said, and gave him a quick kiss on the lips.

Then, leaving him still panting, and with a slightly bemused expression on his face, I walked back to my little hammock, leaving a trail of sperm on the floor as I went, not caring that I was bare from the waist down.

Look out galaxy, Alice was back!

~ End of Book I ~

This is just the first book of Alice's adventures! Read books II and III, where she travels the galaxy meets strange new people, (and fights and/or fucks quite a lot of them), on her way to discovering her destiny.

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