

Copyright © 2021 by Tigerstretch.
[Support me on Patreon](#)

Star Pets Deep Space Adventure

Chapter 1 - Pilot

"Vix, we don't have enough chairs. So you can sit on me. And Oreo, you can sit on Clara."

"Okay."

"Sure."

It took a lot of planning and convincing, but it was finally happening. All the petgirls from the Cakes & Pets café were off at the same time. During the hottest summer month, downtown turned into a ghost town, and Lucy closed the café for two full weeks.

Trixie spent the last month convincing everybody, including Lucy, to play an ultimate game of Star Pets Deep Space Adventure. It was not the original name of this board game, but Trixie felt it would be more fitting to change it to something more pet-related. She even went the extra length and used some masking tape to modify the box cover. Being a Sci-Fi Dungeons and Dragons type of game, Trixie also took the liberty to change a thing or two in the main storyline.

And today was the day. Everybody met in the dining room at the pethouse and were ready to give it a go, even if they knew that their game master, Trixie, was going to massacre the story and turn it into something kinky. Perhaps that was even the reason why they were all present and motivated.

"Alright, everyone. We can start. Here, I built all your characters already. It's all on those little cards."

"Hey, aren't we supposed to build our own character?"

"Nah! It was easier that way. I know you all so well, so believe me when I say they are very accurate."

After distributing the characters sheets to her friends, Trixie began telling them the story she had imagined.

And the odds were in favor of something exciting.

"KYAAA!"

"Oh! Sorry, Misti! I didn't see your tail."

[**Misti**]

Height: 5'2"

Hair: Short blonde

Eyes: Blue

Species: Cat - Black tail, black ears

Suit: Black

Profession: Engineer

"Right! Look before you drop boxes everywhere, Asha!"

[Asha]

Height: 5'2"

Hair: Long, black

Eyes: Dark Brown

Species: Snow Leopard - White with black spots tail, Black and white ears

Suit: White with black spots

Profession: Navigator

It was an exciting morning at the spaceport. A small crew of animal girls loaded up a large number of refrigerated crates in the cargo bay of their rented space bus. Ears flicking and tails wagging, everybody hurried to complete their assigned tasks so they could get on their way. It was not every day that they could go to Europa, the prettiest moon of Jupiter.

"Awww, Vix! What did you do to your suit? If captain Lucy sees you like this, she will be mad at you."

[Vix]

Height: 5'2"

Hair: Short brown

Eyes: Brown

Species: Red fox - Fluffy red tail with white tip, fox ears

Suit: Red/white

Profession: None, just a cuddly friend.

"I don't know... It's not my fault, Trixie. That stain wasn't there before."

[Trixie]

Height: 5'2"

Hair: Short blonde

Eyes: Blue

Species: Rabbit - Bunny tail, long white ears

Suit: White

Profession: Tactical

"Alright, come with me, foxy. It looks like it's just grease. I'll help you clean it up."

Those high-tech suits were expensive. Under what looked like shiny latex, there was more than meets the eyes, so damaging them would be shameful. The snow-white rabbit girl grabbed her fiery red fox friend's hand and led her inside the bus to find the proper cleaning supply.

As they entered, Meeka was going through her preflight checklist and course-plotting. The raccoon girl was a skilled pilot, but this flying bus was a cheap rental, and there was nothing more unpleasant to fly.

"Trixie! I told you not to board just yet. I need my peace and quiet when I'm preparing a flight."

[Meeka]

Height: 5'2"

Hair: Short Brown

Eyes: Brown

Species: Raccoon - Ringed tail, black and white ears

Suit: Gray/Brown

Profession: Pilot

"Chill out, Meeka. Vix sat in some grease. She is new and doesn't know where all the stuff is. We just need to clean it real quick."

"No wonder... This spaceship is a piece of junk. It's pissing oil from every orifice."

"Graphic... You know, we don't want to die. So make sure the ship is safe to fly."

"That's Misti's job. She is an engineer. I'm just a pilot. You should tell her about that grease you found."

"Yeah, yeah... I will. Come, Vix. Let's get away from the grumpy raccoon."

The rabbit girl and the fox girl shuffled between the empty rows of passenger seats toward the back of the cabin to fetch what they needed.

Meanwhile, at the spaceport, two friends were arguing over some necessary paperwork.

"Oreo! Stop touching my form. I know what I'm doing!"

[Oreo]

Height: 5'2"

Hair: Short Black

Eyes: Black

Species: Cat - Black tail, black/white ears

Suit: Black/white

Profession: Biologist

"You are doing it wrong, Accalia! If you don't declare those seeds, they will destroy our merchandise when we arrive, and I'll get blamed too. They are very strict about what we can bring to Europa."

[Accalia]

Height: 5'2"

Hair: Short, Black

Eyes: Almond-shaped, dark brown

Species: Grey wolf - grey tail with white tip, Grey ears with white fluff

Suit: Grey with a white belly

Profession: Scientist

"They are NOT seeds, Oreo. I'm the scientist, and I tell you, they are nuts."

"I'm the biologist, and I tell you. Pecans are seeds."

"Hey, catface! We brought pecans last time, and nobody said anything."

"We were lucky. That's all."

"Noooo! Don't touch my form, I said!"

"But it's wrooong!"

As they were fighting over what ingredients needed to be declared, a firm voice interrupted them.

"HEY! How come you are not done with the paperwork yet? Can't you work together for once? We have to go right now! We are already late."

[Lucy]

Height: 5'7"

Hair: Long brown

Eyes: Brown

Species: Female Human - Caucasian

Suit: Standard issue, Black

Profession: Captain

"Accalia does it all wrong!"

"No! You did it wrong!"

"Alright, you two. Give me those forms. I'll show you how it's done. Unbelievable."

Lucy spun the two electronic forms around, grabbed a digital pen, and scribbled many things that Oreo and Accalia couldn't manage to decipher. For a couple of minutes, she darkened the two plastic sheets before saving them.

"There! See? Not that hard! Now, let's go!"

The two girls picked up their forms and couldn't make sense of anything Lucy had written on them.

"But, Captain... Nobody will be able to read that!"

"That's the point. If they can't read them, they won't find anything wrong. Come on. It's time to go. Follow me."

Oreo and Accalia looked at each other, puzzled, but at least they could no longer be held responsible for whatever would happen after they landed on Europa...

When Lucy arrived at the rental bus, she summoned her entire pet crew.

"Alright, girls! Form a line! Let's go over this one last time."

All at the same time, the petgirls lined up in front of Lucy, purposely bumping into each other in a way to initiate hugs and cuddles. In the background, the rear cargo door of the ship was slowly closing. All the crates had been loaded up already, Meeka had completed her preflight work, so all there was left to do was listen to the mission briefing, and then they would be good to depart.

Lucy stood in front of them and clapped her hands once to catch their attention.

"Here we are. So, listen. This trip is a milk run. Nothing complicated. It is the 50th anniversary of the colonization of Europa. We have a shipment of cakes to deliver to the party, and we will stick around for a bit to entertain the guests. There will be a bunch of politicians, artists, and leaders of all kinds. They are not our usual target audience. But this is also the 300th anniversary of the Cakes & Pets café. When my many-great grandmother, a fine woman, created this small business, I'm pretty sure she didn't think her restaurant would still be active today. And

this is why I wanted all of us to travel together for this special occasion. It will honor her creativity and hard work along with our determination to perpetuate her legacy."

Misti raised her hand.

"What is it, Misti?"

"We also honor her by looking like her original pets, right?"

"That's correct. When you joined the Café and accepted to undergo those cosmetic enhancements to look like the original pets, it was to honor them. Back then, they didn't understand genetics as we do now, so the girls had to wear cute costumes. But I'm sure they would be very proud of the new direction we took. We made sure you were all as adorable as they were, just a bit more real."

"Well, our space suits do look like their costumes, so it's almost the same. It's just much more fun to have real ears and tail, at least, when Asha doesn't drop a big box on it!"

"Well, Misti, stop looking at her like this. How many times did I tell you to watch your tail? Apparently, the original Misti had the same issue. She wouldn't listen."

"Awww."

Trixie raised her hand.

"Captain... Is that why you gave us their names too?"

"Yes. You know that already, Trix. I showed you the picture of the original pets. The original Trixie was an amazing person. You are lucky. Wear her name with pride."

Vix raised her hand.

"Am I as adorable as the original Vix?"

"I don't know, Vix... The original Vix was a legend of cuteness. But you are very adorable too. I'm very glad you joined the team at the last minute for this trip."

"Awww..."

Oreo raised her hand.

"Are you all going to ask questions? We will never be able to leave... What, Oreo? What is it?"

"If we are going to Europa to celebrate the Cakes & Pets café, why can't Clara come with us?"

"Why am I not surprised that you are asking about her? ... Oreo... You didn't bring her along, did you?"

"N... no... You told me not to... But, it's not fair!"

"I know she is your friend, and I won't report you. But don't you ever bring her on my ship! Is that clear?"

"She is my girlfriend. I... I swear... she is not here. I'm just saying... it... it would be nice if she were..."

"Stop insisting, Oreo! Not going to happen! Alright! Enough talking. Everybody, go sit inside the ship. We have a two hours trip ahead of us."

As all the petgirls trotted happily to the ship, only Oreo dragged her feet behind the pack, a bit depressed. Vix rubbed her back gently and whispered her concerns.

"Oreo... I'm sure you brought Clara with you... That's wrong. Lucy said no."

"Nooo... I swear... I didn't!"

"If Lucy finds out, she is going to be so mad. She might even take her away from you."

"I didn't! I swear!"

"Okay... but don't say I didn't warn you..."

"I knooow, Vix... Stop talking about it already!"

As the two last animal girls entered the cabin, Meeka started the engines, causing a dust cloud to envelop the ugly ship. On her right in the co-pilot seat was Lucy, and right behind them were the six other pets sitting two by two. Misti pulled Trixie's long ear for no reason, Oreo looked down as Vix tried to cuddle with her, and Asha kept putting her finger in Accalia's fluffy ear to annoy her. Everything was normal, and the small crew was ready for their road trip.

As the old rental space bus took off from the spaceport, everybody knew this trip would be a bit special. It would be an homage to the legendary animal café.

Somewhere else in space.

"General Alkasha! We are ready for the final test. Shall we proceed?"

[General Alkasha]

Height: 5'10"

Hair: Long Black

Eyes: Black

Species: Female Human - Tanned

Suit: Latex supreme ruler outfit, Black

Profession: Supreme ruler of the Quokka empire

There was only one person fit to sit on the imposing throne overlooking the large bridge where several women in military uniform performed their duty; General Alkasha, supreme ruler of the Quokka empire. The taller woman was incredibly gorgeous, and her outfit couldn't do anything else than flatter her perfect features. Comfortably sunk in the white fur-covered chair, it couldn't do anything else than make her black latex outfit stand out. Those long glossy stockings and opera gloves perfectly shaped her limbs, and this form-fitting blouse made of the same stretchy material did little to hide her cleavage or toned belly. Her small shorts molding her crotch, butt, and hips also didn't provide any assistance to dim her confident look. Of course, all of this was nothing compared to her stunningly long black hair topped with this black military beret. From behind her eyepatch, it was easy to see that this woman meant business and had led her life by example and sacrifices.

At her feet, clinging to her long black heeled boots, two beautiful collared girls were also a concrete symbol of her ability to obtain whatever she desired.

[Ivy]

Height: 5'2"

Hair: Short blonde

Eyes: Blue

Species: Female Human

Suit: Latex bikini - Blue

Profession: Sexual Slave of General Alkasha

[Amy]

Height: 5'2"

Hair: Short Red

Eyes: Rubellite

Species: Female Human

Suit: Latex Bikini - Red

Profession: Sexual Slave of General Alkasha

"What do you think, Ivy and Amy? Should we proceed with the final testing phase on my ultimate warship and go conquer new worlds as I did with yours?"

Her two slaves couldn't do anything else but remember their past lives. Those two beauties were enjoying their nature-connected existence in a small fishing village before the Quokka Empire invaded their planet, leaving them no other choice but to submit to this new God-like

power. And when General Alkasha got enamored by their bodies and decided to use them for her personal pleasure, they had learned about the good perks that came with their new status. Despite having their steel collar symbolically chained to the throne, they didn't have any intention of leaving their ruler's side anymore. Their only desire was to sink further into total submissiveness.

They wrapped their arms around Alkasha's glossy legs, making sure to press their chest against them to feel the warmth of their beloved Mistress. Amy even dared to slide her soft wet tongue along the high heel boot surface. Only them were allowed to touch Alkasha that way and take the risk of getting punished for it.

To her question, there was a unanimous answer.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Yes, Mistress!"

This near-brainwashed obedience was rewarded by the delicate hands of their leader ruffling their silky hair, which procured them with incredible sexual stimulation.

General Alkasha looked at the officer who was waiting for an answer to her crucial question.

"Very well. Proceed with the complete reboot of the ship systems. We will be in a very vulnerable position, so make sure there is nobody around who could take advantage of the situation."

"We already scanned the sector several times, General. We haven't detected any ships in the vicinity. We are truly alone."

"Perfect. Once this test is completed, nobody in the known universe will be able to contest my superiority. I have a few worlds in mind that will deeply regret having stood up against me in the past."

"Yes, General."

The pretty officer woman turned around and relayed the order to another officer who looked identically to her. Only her uniform was slightly different. As a matter of fact, the whole bridge was filled with officers who looked identical, which could have been mind-boggling from an outsider's point of view.

"Begin the countdown for Procedure Zeta! All systems reset begin in thirty seconds. Align the ship with interstellar winds, vector 130, 20, alpha 27. Switch auxiliary power to a minimum using backup energy from bank 17. Disable all shields and weaponry..."

Without a single glitch or hesitation in her clear speech, the deck officer continued to orchestrate this ultimate test. The whole warship would go dark for a twenty minutes period before being revived from scratch. Shall this operation succeed without issues, the vessel would officially have passed all the scheduled tests and be considered part of Alkasha's fleet. This new one would, by far, overpower any other warships under her command. This unique toy would simply be unstoppable and would ensure her dominance in the sector, and probably more.

"In Five... Four... Three... Two... One... Proceed with the complete shutdown of all systems. Long live General Alkasha!"

Everything came to a halt. All lights and consoles gradually shut down, but a faint glowing red light above the General's chair. All at once, the officers populating the bridge collapsed to the floor or on their chairs as if their life energy had been sucked out of them. All buzzing, humming, and beeping stopped, plunging the ship into a deep slumber.

The ultimate warship had died and would be drifting in the cold and empty space for the next twenty minutes, which would allow the reactor cores to cool down enough to initiate the startup sequence.

General Alkasha yanked her slaves by their collar and pulled them closer so their soft cheeks would touch.

"Look. Look at all those stars. Who do they belong to?"

"To you, Mistress Alkasha."

"That's right, Amy. Now, I want you to kiss Ivy in the most sensual way you can while I'm basking in my universe. Show me how much I can rely on you to please me."

"Yes, Mistress."

Amy gently wrapped her perfect arms around Ivy's neck and engaged in the most torrid kiss she could. Back in their village, those two had been best friends. Never in a hundred years, they had a desire to entertain a romantic relationship. They only had eyes for the males back then, and thinking about sexually touching a girl was downright unappealing. But now, they were asked to do it over and over, increasingly boldly and erotic, and it didn't seem to cause them any discomfort. They would do everything to please their ruler.

Ivy pulled Amy even closer and made sure their kiss was as deep as possible. Her childhood friend turned her on so much. All she wanted was to have sex with her in a way that would please her Mistress. She wasn't sure why things had changed, but being a sex toy for the pleasure of others was all she desired. It was great that her friend Amy was on the exact same page. The

initial resistance they had displayed when they had been forcefully enslaved seemed like a distant and unpleasant memory, one that should ideally be forgotten.

"NOT GOOD! NOT GOOD!"

"WHAT HAPPENED?"

As Meeka attempted to stabilize the old rental ship after a big explosion occurred in the engine compartment, Lucy browsed the screaming computer diagnostic in an attempt to assess their situation.

Time was not on their side.

"The quantum jump failed! We are stuck in Jupiter's gravity field."

"Buy me some time, Meeka! We will figure it out."

"I CAN'T! This crap flying bus doesn't have enough power to get us out of here!"

All the petgirls sitting behind the pilots were somewhat nervous. As much as they knew that Meeka and Lucy could fly any ship, eyes closed, their situation seemed more dire than usual. Jupiter was a big ass planet, and flying too close to it could indeed cause a crushing death. The ship shook abnormally, and black smoke filled the passenger compartment; it was not a good sign. Something burned.

Not wanting to breathe any of this, Vix was the first to press on the high neck of her suit with a finger. A cute fox mask with black lenses enveloped her head. The sexy red suit she wore was not only a testimony to the original Cakes & Pets café, but it was also an advanced spacesuit designed for this kind of adventure.

She wouldn't need to rely on the external toxic atmosphere to breathe while the cute animal mask was on. It would also provide her with extra protection against whatever would happen next. If they were to get out of this alive, it wouldn't be a smooth ride.

As soon as the other girls saw what Vix had done, they all did the same. One by one, the animal girls' cuteness level skyrocketed as they put their masks on, making them look even more like the original café pets.

Meeka and Lucy, at the helm of the distressed ship, also suited up. Meeka was a cute raccoon, and Lucy had this very human helmet with a full-length visor. All the pets thought her suit was

boring, but Lucy had no intention to wear an animal suit as they did. Being human was good enough for her.

"Lucy! Our main engine is gone. We are in trouble!"

"I see that, Meeka!"

"What can we do? We are going to crash!"

"Then let's do another quantum jump!"

"WHAT!? NO! I don't have time to plan a new course! Anyway, the computer is all messed up."

"You don't have to. We will perform a random jump. Just make sure the ship is not pointing toward Jupiter, or else it's going to be a very short jump."

"But... We can end up anywhere!"

"I know that. But I don't see another option. Do you?"

"N... No."

"Good. End of discussion. Keep our nose away from that planet... we are jumping in THREE... TWO..."

"NO! NO! GIVE ME MORE TIME!"

"WE DON'T HAVE MORE TIME! JUMP!"

In a desperate attempt to survive, Meeka yanked her Yoke to the left to steer the rental bus away from Jupiter before a bright light blinded everybody. There was no question about it; this was undoubtedly the worst space jump in human history.

As physics dictated, what they attempted just now was the perfect recipe for disaster. Experiencing multiple malfunctions and being stuck in a powerful gravity field were pretty much checking all the no-go boxes on the checklist for an interplanetary jump. They could end up at the other end of the galaxy.

"Mmm... Ivy and Amy. You are such perfect little slaves. You have no idea how much you two turn me on when you are kissing like this."

The two girls, wearing the most sexual facial expression ever, separated for a moment, causing a blob of saliva to fall on Alkasha's rubber stocking, which didn't displease her. Seeing her two slaves genuinely enjoying what she had ordered them to do was very satisfying. Conditioned to be sexual objects and lose control, begging for more all the time was now part of their core personality.

"M... Mistress... Can you play with us?"

"Perhaps later. The ship will reboot in three minutes."

"But... we really want you to punish us."

"I promise I will. Just keep kissing for now. I love seeing your drooling like this."

"Yes, Mistress."

It was enough for the two girls to lock their perfect lips together once more and try to get more of this good feeling fueled by obedience.

As General Alkasha kept observing her two dedicated slaves, which she couldn't grow tired of doing, alternating with the mesmerizing sight of deep space that the large bridge windows offered to her, she couldn't be more pleased.

After ten years of hard work, planning, and designing a ship that would ensure her absolute domination over everything she knew, the moment had finally come. She already knew that this last routine test was going to succeed. It was a mere formality. Soon, her officers would wake up and resume their work, the ship would be operating nominally, and once all the energy banks were replenished, Alkasha would finally be able to get to work and provide the Quokka empire with what it deserved.

The entire universe.

WOOM!

A small ship pierced the darkness of space fabric. This could be called a successful jump in a way that the ship and its occupants seemed to have survived it, but everything else about it was awfully wrong. No matter what Meeka and Lucy tried, none of the ship's commands seemed to respond. The little space bus aimlessly drifted in deep space after the last random catastrophic quantum jump.

"Where are we?"

"No idea. Our computer is completely dead."

"I don't know any of those constellations. We are lost!"

"Calm down, Meeka. We are alive, which means we can find a solution."

"LUCY! LOOK! WHAT IS THIS THING?"

"Oh, my... This is... ominous."

"WE ARE DRIFTING TOWARD IT!"

"And what in the universe is this thing?"

"It... it looks like a ship, Mistress."

"I see that, Amy. What is it doing here? It's way too small to be out here by itself. And why was it not detected during our scans?"

"It seems to vent atmosphere, Mistress."

"Mmm... You are right, Ivy. But... They are heading our way. This can't be! We are only a minute away from our system restart! Are they rebels?"

"Mistress... I've never seen a ship like this used by our enemies. It's... very ugly."

"Indeed... It doesn't look like anything I've seen before. In any case, their presence cannot be tolerated."

"They... they are going to hit us..."

"I see that. They are not a threat, but if they dare touch my new ship, they are going to pay the price with their life."

"Hold on, everybody. We are going to bump into that huge thing!"

"Are those cannons?"

"It looks like it."

"There are a lot of cannons."

"I see that."

Slowly but surely, the space bus floated between two massive turrets toward what seemed to be the bridge of a humongous warship. The absence of light on this ghost vessel made it look even scarier than it was, and it was already very very scary.

As the warship systems were gradually coming back online and the women officers were getting back on their feet, General Alkasha spat a very clear command.

"SHOOT THEM! SHOOT THEM RIGHT NOW! DON'T LET THEM TOUCH US!"

"Our weapons are not online yet, General. We are still restarting our weaponry."

"IF YOU DON'T FIND A WAY TO STOP THEM, I WILL DISMEMBER YOU!"

"I'm sorry, General. They are going to hit us in ten seconds. There is nothing we can do about it."

Clunk!

"Aaah! Lucy! Our cakes!"

"I don't care about our cakes, Meeka!"

Indeed, the slight impact between the old space bus and the massive warship was just enough to burst open the cargo door and eject all the crates containing the delicious cakes into space.

That was dramatic.

"They impacted us, General. No damage to report. They are now floating just above us. But they released several small items that are about to hit our windows."

"Are they weapons? Space mines?"

"No energy signature detected, so I would think not."

An array of whirling space cakes floated toward the big windows. Alkasha walked down her throne and joined her officer to witness what would follow with her own eyes.

And then the creamy desserts just silently splattered on the heavy glass in a very dull way,

"What... are those?"

"I don't know, General. But they look so creamy."

"Creamy my ass. They soiled my ultimate warship on its first day."

"Should we shoot them down now, General? We have acquired a target."

"NO! CAPTURE THEM! They are going to pay dearly for this grave insult!"

"Yes, General!"

"Ugh! What now?"

"I don't know, but we are heading right to that hangar. I think they didn't like our cakes."

"Don't make jokes like that, Lucy."

"Relax, Meeka. They probably just want our triple-chocolate cake recipe."

"That's not funny either!"

"Well, look at the bright side. We won't die in space."

The smoking space bus slowly drifted toward what seemed like a huge garage door. This was not a coincidence. They were pulled in on purpose by the people operating the warship. Would they be friends or foes; that remained to be seen. Lucy tried to lighten the mood because it would have served no purpose to scare off her petgirls more than they already were.

"Open it up. I want to see the face of my enemy!"

"Yes, General!"

General Alkasha stood up in front of the wrecked space bus sitting in the main hangar. On each side of her were Ivy and Amy, sexier than ever, still contorting of arousal due to their long kissing session; wherever their Mistress went, they followed, even if they were dripping wet.

Sparks sprinkled from the small ship accompanied by sizzling noises, and black smoke still rose from it. A couple of officers were trying to pry the side door open while a small squad of armed ones was ready to shoot as needed.

After the burned metal panel fell heavily to the metal floor, they ordered the passengers to exit the dead ship.

"In the name of our supreme leader, get out of the ship. Don't attempt anything, or we will shoot."

"Oh, would you relax!? What's with the aggression before even saying hello?"

Understanding the gravity of the situation despite her sarcasm, Lucy exited the bus with her hands up. Behind her, the petgirls, still fully suited up, followed her lead and lined up at her side in front of the armed squad.

After a quick inspection of the bus, the officer announced that there were no other occupants.

"General! It's all of them. There is one human and seven... things. They appear to be unarmed."

An evil smile appeared on Alkasha's face. Followed closely by her two sex slaves, she walked directly toward Lucy, who seemed to be the leader.

"Well, well, well. Attacking my new ship was a bold move. I have to admire that foolishness."
"Attacking? What are you talking about? And why are you dressed up like a dominatrix?"

Right after that comment, one of the armed officers stuck Lucy in the back with the butt of her weapon. That was enough to make her fall to her knees.

"Oooww! What's your problem!? Why would you do that?"
"Silence! Do not disrespect our supreme leader!"

Alkasha smiled and turned toward the other curious-looking rubber creatures with black eyes.

"And... What are those things? And why are they... so cute?"
"They are my petgirls, and if you touch them, I'll bite you. Owww!"

Lucy received another hit between the shoulder blades, which made her fall to her hands this time. Alkasha smirked again and placed a finger under Trixie's little rabbit muzzle.

"Oh, my... This one with the long ears is so adorable. How is this even possible. I will have to turn her into my sex slave."

Trixie just shrugged. Being a sex slave didn't sound all that bad, so it was a strange threat. Instead of slapping Alkasha's hand away, she just hugged her and pressed her face in her large boobs. That General was one powerfully erotic chick, and getting closer to her was enough to make Trixie feel all fuzzy.

"What... What is she doing?"
"She is hugging you, what do you think? She has a thing for slutty women. OWW!"

For the third time in a row, Lucy got hit in the back, which sent her to the floor in pain. A couple of officers pulled Trixie away from their supreme leader.

Visibly irritated, Alkasha stepped back.

"ENOUGH! You have attacked my ship. You, the human, you'll be executed, and those strangely adorable creatures will become my slaves."

"Good luck with that. Some of them, probably not the rabbit, will make a fuss about it."

"Oh, don't you worry about that. I have my way to persuade them."

Alkasha snapped her fingers and her two slaves, Amy and Ivy, fell to their knees, screaming.

"Aaaah!"

"Yaaaarr!"

Their collar had jolted them in the neck and made them submit immediately. It was totally unnecessary to control those two as it was more a reward than a punishment, but it was a good way to demonstrate the idea. As the two bikini-wearing girls recovered, they crawled to Alkasha and clung to her legs, clearly turned on by what she had done to them, and begged for more.

"Aaah! Mistress... Can you punish us more?"

"It felt so good... we want more!"

"Mmm... I'll give you much more soon, yes."

Lucy slowly pushed herself back to her knees and watched that messed-up scene. Not only had they landed in the hands of a warmonger, but that sexy General seemed to be a sadist as well. There was no way she would let her petgirls become slaves to that psychopath. But for now, there was not much she could do about it.

"Take them to the brig until I'm ready for them. I need to go back to the bridge to make sure my new ship is fully operational."

"Yes, General!"

"And send someone to clean my windows!"

"Yes, General!"

As Alkasha walked away with her two sex slaves in tow, the female officers pushed Lucy and her pets toward a different door. At this point, it was clear that they were in trouble. Outside Trixie, who was kind of thrilled by this adventure, the other pets were getting quite worried.

"TRIXIE! What kind of story is that? And why are you the only one who got to hug Alkasha?"

"Because she likes me the best!"

"I want to hug her too. A latex-wearing space dominatrix. That's so hot!"

Clara placed some snacks on the table next to the board game as the other petgirls tried to argue about the story development pointlessly. She returned to Oreo and discreetly whispered in her ear.

"Oreo, I like Trixie's story so far."

"Yeah, me too. I didn't think she could come up with something like this."

"But I don't understand my character. Why am I not in the story yet?"

"I don't know, Clara. Maybe she will tell us soon."

"Maybe."

Trixie, unsurprisingly, dug right in the fresh food before anybody else could. With her mouth full of egg sandwiches, she dismissed the criticism that was fired at her by her friends.

"Heeey! It's my story. I'm the game master. I'm the one who decides how things happen! Give me a bit of time before whining. We just started."

"Vix is supposed to be the cutest. Not you!"

"I know, Asha! But that's debatable. Okay! Let me continue. You'll see. We are getting to the fun part."

"Hurry! I want to know how we are going to get out of this mess!"

"Yes, yes. Calm down. So, the female officers escorted us to the brig and..."

This couldn't be good.

Lucy and her pets had been thrown inside some sort of jail with no bars. Instead, there was an invisible wall preventing them from escaping. Touching it just caused pain, so after trying a few times, they gave up and just sat on the floor to discuss their situation.

"Lucy! What can we do?"

"I don't know, Accalia. Not much, I guess."

"I don't want them to execute you."

"They won't. We will find a way out."

"How can you be so calm?"

"Accalia, there is a solution to every problem. We just have to find it."

After they had locked them into the brig, all the pets retracted their masks, but that didn't make the guards flinch, which was a bit strange. Actually, there were many strange things about those cute female officers who seemed to fulfill a plethora of roles on this ship. Not only were they all attractive women, but they were also all identical, as if they were twins.

"Lucy, don't you find it strange that their officers all look the same?"

"Yeah. I was thinking about that too."

"Maybe they are clones? Or robots?"

"Mmm... If they are robots, they are way more advanced than anything we know."

"Robots? OH! I have an idea then!"

Surprised, everybody turned to Vix, who had her arm raised high in the air, waving it as if she was still in elementary school.

"Vix. You are not a child. If you have something to say, just say it. You don't need to raise your hand."

"Yeah, well. I think Oreo can save us?"

Before anybody could process what Vix had just proposed or why, Oreo sprung to her legs and tackled her to the floor.

"Viiiix! Shhhh! Nooo!"

"No, no! Oreo! Tell them! It's fiiine!"

"Nooo! I don't want to. I don't want to lose her!"

"Oreo! It's a different situation here. We are in trouble. Only she can help us!"

"Nooo! Lucy is going to be super mad at me!"

Extremely suspicious, Lucy began to have a good idea about what was happening between her two pets. She stood up and grabbed Oreo by the collar.

"Eeep!"

"Oreo! Did you bring Clara with you? After telling me you didn't?"

"Nooo! Vix is lying! Clara is not here."

"Which means she is, right?"

"..."

"Oreo? Tell me the truth now."

"... Aaaaah!... Yes. But she is my girlfriend! I didn't want to leave her behind! It's too haaard!"

"Oh, boy... You are such a piece of work, Oreo."

"Awww! You weren't supposed to know! It's Vix's fault!"

Oreo went to the corner and sat down, hugging her knees. It wasn't fair. Lucy wouldn't have discovered her lie if Vix had not mentioned anything.

But all the pets weren't on the same page. They all knew about Clara, but it was not too obvious why Lucy always made a big deal out of it every time she caught Oreo red-handed. So

Trixie asked the question, which wasn't the first time, but she tended to forget things because she often got distracted by more fun stuff during the explanation.

"Why are you so mad at her, Lucy? Clara is important to her."

"Ah, Trixie. You never listen to anything I say, do you?"

"I listen. I just forget."

"Right. Ah well, I'll tell you again, then."

"Yay! Storytime!"

Lucy sighed and shook her head. Her petgirls weren't too good at history. Cuddling and hugging seemed their number one priority in life. But since there was not much else to do at the moment, she didn't mind reminding them how dangerous Clara could be.

"Alright. So, as you know already, Clara was part of the original crew of the animal café."

"She was super cute in the pictures."

"Yes, Vix. She was. But her story is not as simple as that. You probably learned about the Alter Ego AI."

"Yes. It was a technology destined to replicate someone's personality in a device paired with an AI so you could carry a loved one everywhere you went without that person needing to follow you physically."

"That's correct. It was a very powerful device, and it almost caused the downfall of humanity when one of them had infiltrated all the biggest planetary systems. The AI was way too powerful to be controlled safely. Someone had replicated the personality of a power-thirsty dictator in one of those Alter Ego devices, and it quickly got out of control. This crazy AI had infiltrated everything and brought society to its knees before it was finally stopped. Following that, the Alter Ego devices were all destroyed and declared illegal."

"So, what's the point? What does it have to do with Clara?"

"Come on, Vix. You know where I'm going with this. The original Oreo had uploaded Clara to an Alter Ego device. And OUR Oreo found it in a very old box in the basement of the café a while ago. And just to make things worse, she got a crush on Clara-AI and vice versa."

"The original Oreo didn't destroy it?"

"Apparently not. Clara's AI was registered with the Alter Ego company but was declared lost because nobody had ever found it. Since this law had been long obsolete, I allowed Oreo to keep her, but I made her swear that she wouldn't connect Clara's Alter Ego device to any network or bring it on our trips. This ancient technology is way too dangerous. But, as usual, Oreo didn't listen."

Oreo, still hugging her knees, let herself fall to the side. This was so embarrassing. Not only Lucy told everybody that she had a crush on an ancient AI, but on top of that, she did break the

rules and felt very guilty about it. She knew Clara was just an AI replica of someone who didn't exist anymore, but she was so nice and lovable. It wasn't fair to leave her behind during long trips even though she wasn't a real person.

But now, she knew what Vix wanted from her, and now that Lucy knew Clara-AI was here, she probably considered the same thing.

"Oreo, bring Clara up. We need to talk to her."

"Nooo... You'll do bad things to her. I don't want to lose her!"

"Oreo, we don't have a choice. Why don't you let Clara decide for herself."

"Nooo! Please! I love her too much!"

Vix, empathic, went to Oreo and patted her back. She knew that Oreo experienced real love even though Clara was an AI, so it was a bit heartbreaking to ask her to put her lover at risk. That said, it was probably the best thing to do now, and it didn't necessarily mean that Clara would be harmed in any way, shape, or form.

"Come on, Oreo. Give me your Alter Ego device. We will do our best not to break it."

"You... you promise?"

"Yes. But we need her. She's all we got."

"O... okay... But let me talk to her, okay?"

"Sure."

Sniffing, Oreo slowly rolled back to her butt and looked at Vix, who petted her between her cat ears. After a long sigh, she reached into her sleeve and pulled out a small circular device with a blue light on it. She carefully placed it on the floor and pressed the middle button. It was as simple as that.

A few seconds and a little beep later, a small hologram of Clara, tall like three apples, took shape above the device.

"Oreo!"

"Hi, Clara."

"So, did you manage to sneak me in without Lucy finding out?"

"Shhh! She is listening. Everybody is here."

"... Oops."

"Clara. We... we need your help."

"..."

"We are prisoners on a big spaceship. It's all alien and all, and we don't know their technology. We wanted to know if you could help us."

"... I... I don't know. You said I should never connect to any network, or Lucy would scold us and destroy me."

"I know... I'm scared too. But we need your help right now. Lucy said she wouldn't be mad at you and that she wouldn't punish me either."

Lucy had said no such thing and just shook her head at this blunt lie. Oreo seemed to take this opportunity to cover her butt and make sure she wouldn't lose her beloved Clara-AI.

"So, Clara. Can you check if you can access the ship systems or something?"

"... Y... yes... Let me check."

"Thank you."

"Oh!"

"What is it?"

"I found over a hundred networks on different frequencies. It's easily accessible. It seems to be a central system controlling a lot of smaller ones."

After hearing that, Lucy quickly turned Clara around and began to ask her questions.

"Clara! Those must be the officers. Are they robots? Is that why they are all identical?"

"Yes. It appears so."

"Can you disable them? No, better... Can you take over their programming?"

"... but Oreo said that I should never take over any systems, or you would destroy me."

"No, no, no. It's fine. Take over everything you can on this ship."

"But... Are you sure?"

"Yes. Go ahead."

"Done."

"What? Already?"

"Yes."

"That was anticlimactic."

Just now, everybody realized how powerful the Alter Ego devices were. Clara had effortlessly connected to the ship network and took over the whole robot crew in less than a second. There must have been a very good reason for this technology to be banned, and it was probably it. Nobody would be able to react quickly enough to stop such an AI from infecting a complex system.

However, today, it was more than convenient.

"Scary, but fantastic. Now tell those officers to arrest everybody on that ship except us."

"I accessed the crew log, and there are only three people on this ship. General Alkasha, Ivy, and Amy."

"What? The whole ship is operated by robots?"

"It appears so."

"What is the meaning of this!? Let me go! I'm your supreme leader!"

"... Aww... I don't know, madame. Lucy said I had to arrest you."

"Why are you talking like this? Since when are my clones shy?"

"..."

"Answer me!"

"... Lucy... she is coming."

On the bridge, all the officers had stopped working, and some turned to Alkasha and her two pretty sex slaves to apprehend them. Alkasha didn't know it, but the reason for their awkward behavior was because Clara had taken over all of them. AI or not, Clara had never been too good at communicating.

Meanwhile, two hacked officers guided Lucy and all her pets to the bridge. Clara couldn't wait for Lucy to take charge because if Alkasha were to fight back, it was very unlikely that she would have the guts to fire a weapon at her. It was way too scary.

Fortunately, her wish was granted when the sliding doors leading to the bridge parted open, and Lucy walked in with a vindictive grin on her face.

"Wooow! That is a massive ship, General! It took me a while to get here."

"What is the meaning of this? Why have you let the prisoners escape?"

"Don't waste your saliva. We hacked all your officers. We control them now."

"That's impossible. Nobody knows this technology but me. I'm the one who created it, and this is the only ship using it."

"What can I say? You are not that smart, apparently. Your ship is our ship now."

Vix and the other pets found a nice wide console to climb and sit on to watch the show while Meeka rushed to the helm station and tried to figure out how it worked.

"Okay, General Slut, here is the deal..."

"My name is General Alkasha, supreme leader of the Quokka empire! And you'll address me properly!"

"What!? Quokka empire? Like the small marsupial?"

"... The small mar...? NO! The Quokka empire is the strongest civilization in the entire universe, and I'm their leader!"

"Whatever. To me, you just look like a cheap dominatrix. Anyway, as I said, here is the deal. This is now our ship, and you have to leave. Do you have another ship you can use? I think I saw some in the hangar. I would lend you our space bus, but it's pretty much out of service."

"... Leave... my ultimate ship?"

"Yes. Basically, you are a psychopath, and I want you to get out. Leave your slaves with us too. You shouldn't treat people that way."

Lucy had good intentions when she mentioned that she wanted to free Amy and Ivy from Alkasha's grip, but as soon as she stated her desire to help them, the two sex slaves rushed to their Mistress, panicking.

"NO! WE WILL NEVER LEAVE OUR MISTRESS!"

"THAT'S RIGHT! She is our beloved leader! We live to serve her!"

"..."

At first, Lucy thought these two had been brainwashed, but did she really want to perform therapy sessions to bring them back to reality? She already had so many problems to deal with, and the slavegirls looked so far gone already. It was probably not worth the headache at this point in time.

"Fine! Whatever. You can leave too. So, do you have a ship or not?"

"Yes, I do. But know that if I leave this ship alive, you'll have the entire Quokka empire on your back. I won't let you get away with this high crime until you crawl before me, and I terminate your life most painfully."

"See? That's why I want you to leave. You are not well in the head. Clara, take them to their ship. If they attempt anything, shoot them in the kneecaps."

"..."

"Clara. Do as I say!"

"... O... okay."

Using the armed clones officers, Clara reluctantly invited Alkasha and her sex slaves to exit the bridge, making Lucy roll her eyes. This Alter Ego AI was certainly powerful, but Clara's personality seemed to be on the weak side.

Fortunately, General Alkasha was not an idiot and had understood her situation well. Even if extremely displeased by this turn of events, she knew that she was powerless without her clone officers or access to weaponry. As a sound military tactician, it was better to retreat now, regroup, and fight back later. At least her two sex slaves proved once more their loyalty, and she would be able to unleash her anger at them later.

It seemed that Clara would allow her to use the ship of her choice to leave the warship, so she headed straight to her personal shuttle, a large and luxurious spacecraft designed to her liking. It was not nearly as big as the ultimate warship she just lost, but it would be enough to return to her fleet comfortably and plot her revenge.

"So, Clara. What can you tell us about this ship?"

"It has a name."

"What name?"

"The Nemesis."

"Oh, that's dark."

"It's a warship of great power."

"It looked like it, yes. Can you operate it?"

"Yes. I accessed all the systems."

"Do you know where we are then?"

"No. I don't know anything about space travel. I just helped the original Lucy at the café. I know how to serve cakes and coffee. But I can learn if you teach me."

"That's going to be fun. Asha, you are our navigator. Can you teach Clara how to use a star map?"

"Yes. Come, Clara. I'll show you."

One of the hacked officers followed Asha to a table that seemed to be their version of the star map system. Asha's experience combined with Clara's computing ability should allow them to figure something out.

The creepy part was that Clara was everywhere all at once. She used all the officers on the ship to perform various tasks, including using one to hug her girlfriend, Oreo.

"Aww, Clara! I didn't think I would be able to hug you one day."

"Hehe. I know. It's nice."

"We can hold hands and go to bed together too."

"Yes. I would love that."

But then Lucy intervened before things got out of hand.

"Oreo! Work now, cuddle later. Listen, everybody! I need all of you to take a copy of Clara and understand how this ship is working based on your specialty. We will need food, water, a bathroom, and all that beautiful stuff."

"Yes, Lucy. Come, Clara."

"I'll find the food. Come with me, Clara."

"Follow me, Clara. We will find the bedrooms."

"Yes, Trixie."

"Nooo! I don't want Trixie to find a bedroom if Clara is with her."

"Calm down, Oreo! You have your own Clara."

"They are all mine! She is MY girlfriend!"

Lucy's head was about to explode. This must have been the most confusing situation she had ever experienced. The petgirls alone could drive her nuts, but having so many Claras named Clara all around the ship made her dizzy.

She sat on the comfortable fur-covered throne and took a moment to breathe. Sure, things have ended well in a way that she and her petgirls wouldn't die tonight, but it would be quite a challenge to return home after this absurdly defective quantum jump they had to perform. They could be anywhere in space-time. As she said, there was a solution to every problem, but this one seemed quite a bit more complex and daunting than any other.

At least this throne overlooking the bridge was soft and comfy.

"Aaaah! Mistress!"

When General Alkasha was irritated, she liked tying her slaves up and using them for sexual purposes. Since she was VERY irritated at the moment, Ivy and Amy didn't have it easy.

After leaving the Nemesis in her luxury shuttle, Alkasha had set course to her fleet, which should take about a day and a half to reach, and then dragged her two sex slaves to her stunning bedroom.

For a mistress shamelessly wearing black latex, a pastel pink bedroom was a bit surprising, particularly because what she liked to do to her two girls wasn't exactly romantic.

Right away, she threw Ivy, the blonde slave, inside a display case and set the system to extreme arousal, her favorite mode. It looked nothing less than a rectangular glass box through which Alkasha could keep an eye on the slaves she had collected. However, it was unbreakable, and its occupant had no means to escape without outside intervention. The system filled the box with a fine mist that had for effect to strongly intensify the poor girl's arousal, to the point where she couldn't resist playing with herself. The devious trick here was that every time she came, her collar repeatedly shocked her. Ivy had experienced this before, and even though she desired to please her Mistress and was grateful for this wonderful treatment, it was a bit challenging.

As for Amy, the red-haired slave, Alkasha had tied her the bondage-ready bed, spreadeagle, to ensure full access to all her body parts. After having spent some quality time flogging her without pause, Alkasha decided that a little reward was in order for the unbreakable loyalty her slaves had displayed earlier. So Alkasha buried her mouth in her slave's hairless crotch and would lick her until and after she begged for mercy. And only then would she have a fresh excuse to punish her even more harshly. Perhaps she could join her childhood friend, Ivy, in the display case and have fun pleasuring and shocking each other for the night.

Alkasha didn't like to let the negative things in life take any pleasure away from her. She was a supreme leader, and she could do whatever she wanted to whoever she wanted as long as it pleased her.

"Aaaah! Mistress! I... I came again!"

"I swear, Amy. I will destroy them the same way I destroyed your world."

"Y... yes, Mistress."

"I will enslave those cute creatures. They will be mine!"

"Yes, Mistress. I loved it when you turned my best friend and me into sex slaves! They will love it too!"

"You are right. But for now, I'm still irritated."

"Yes, Mistress. Punish us more, please. I want you to feel better."

"Good girl. You are such a great slave. Maybe I will synchronize your collar to Ivy's. Every time one of you will cum, the other will get shocked."

"Yes, Mistress. We will love this if it makes you happy."

"Trixie? You are a pervert!"

"I know! But seeing you squirm on your chair means that you are a pervert too, Asha!"

Around the board game, all the petgirls were indeed a bit warmer than usual. Trixie's story was quite an interesting one and had fueled their arousal a little bit. Their bunny friend had quite a twisted imagination sometimes.

But that was definitely a good thing.

"Okay, let's take a break. Then I'll start the second part of the adventure."

Asha stood up and walked to Trixie to give her a hug.

"It better be even hotter."

"Haha. It will be. I swear!"

Did you like what you read?

[Support me on Patreon](#)