

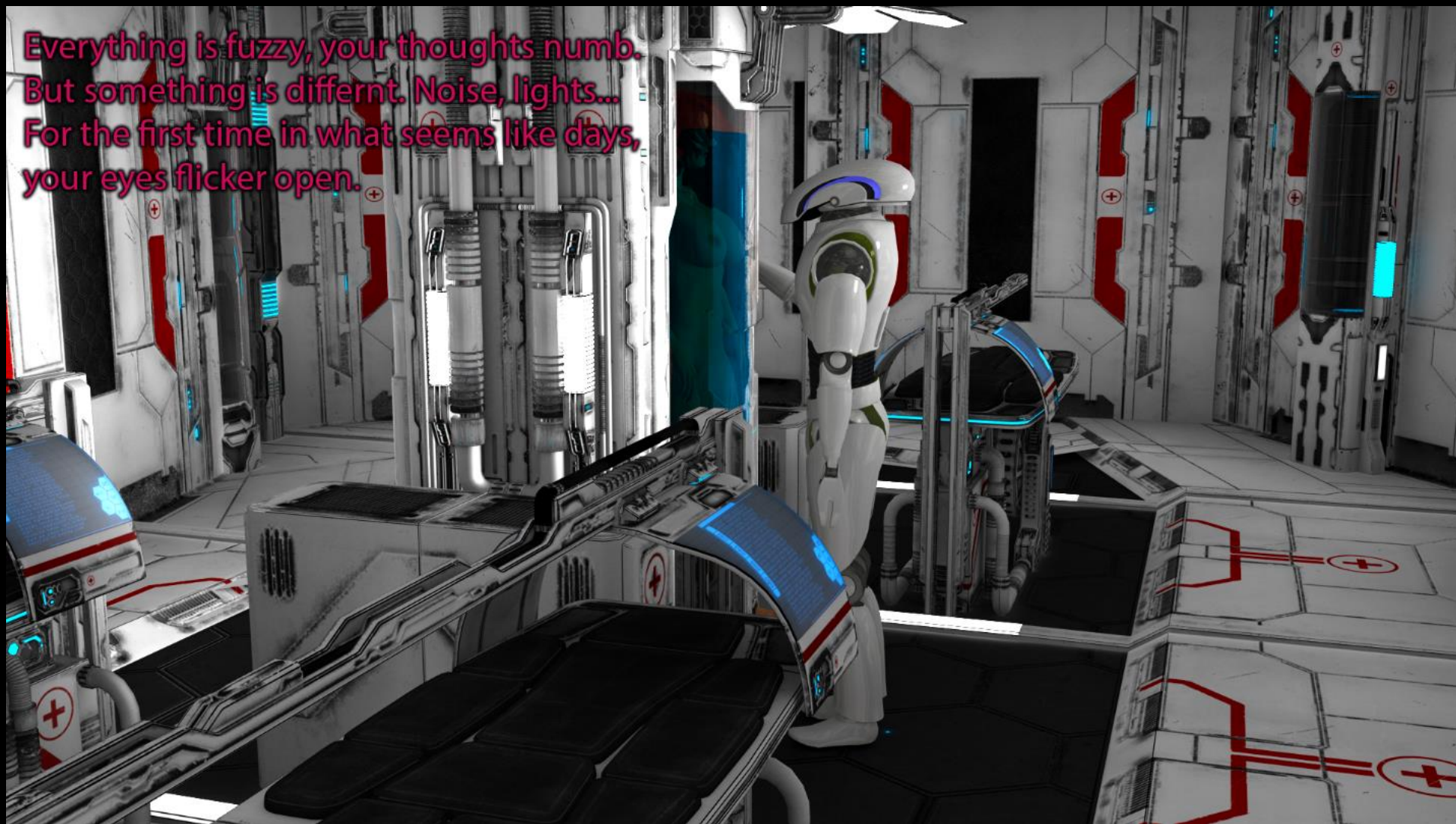
STARWORLD

Part 1





Everything is fuzzy, your thoughts numb.
But something is different. Noise, lights...
For the first time in what seems like days,
your eyes flicker open.



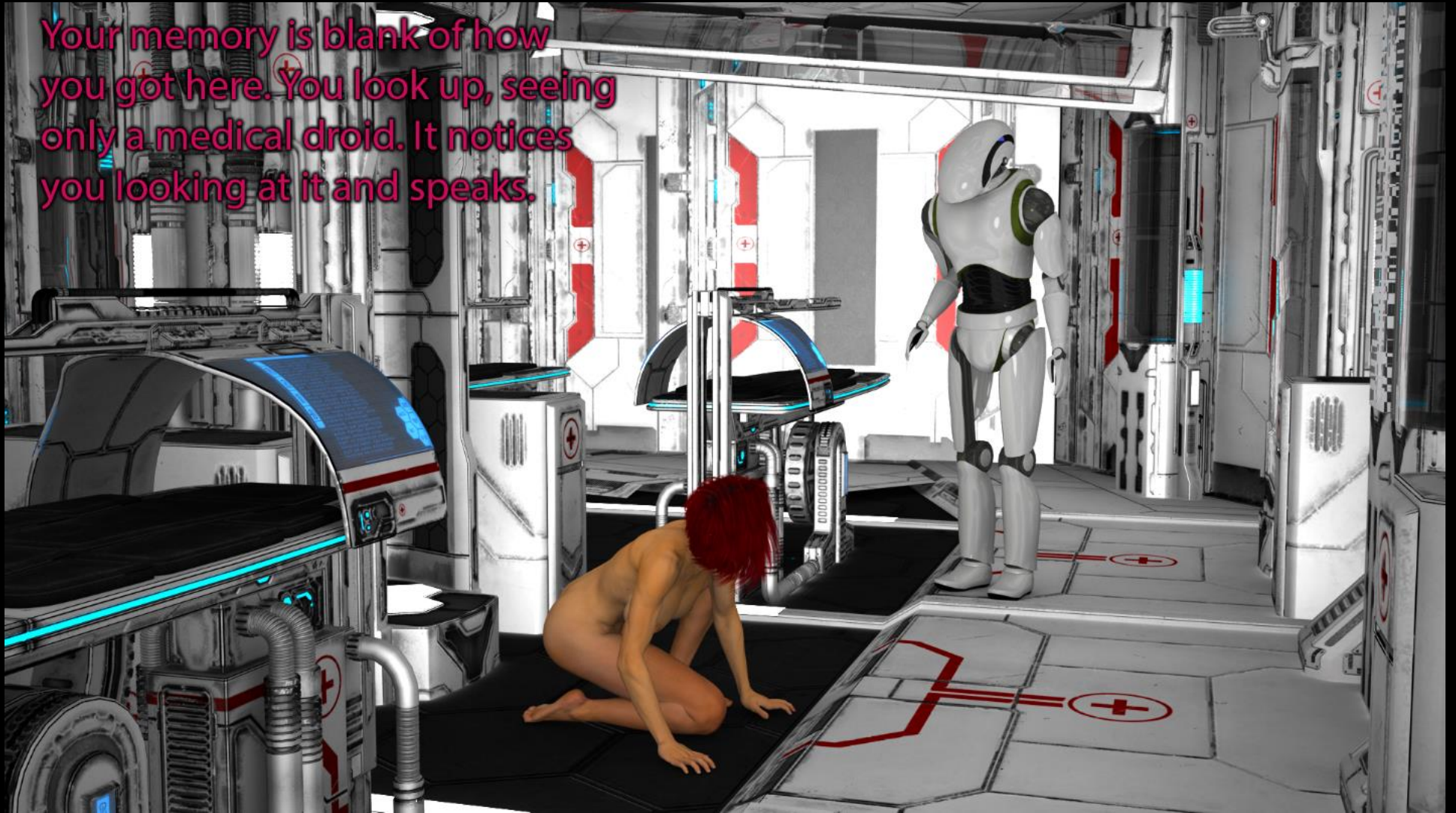


Where...where is this?

You slide out onto the cold floor, catching yourself on your hands. This...this is a ship's sickbay? Yes, yes that's it. You just decanted from an emergency medical pod. But...why?



Your memory is blank of how you got here. You look up, seeing only a medical droid. It notices you looking at it and speaks.



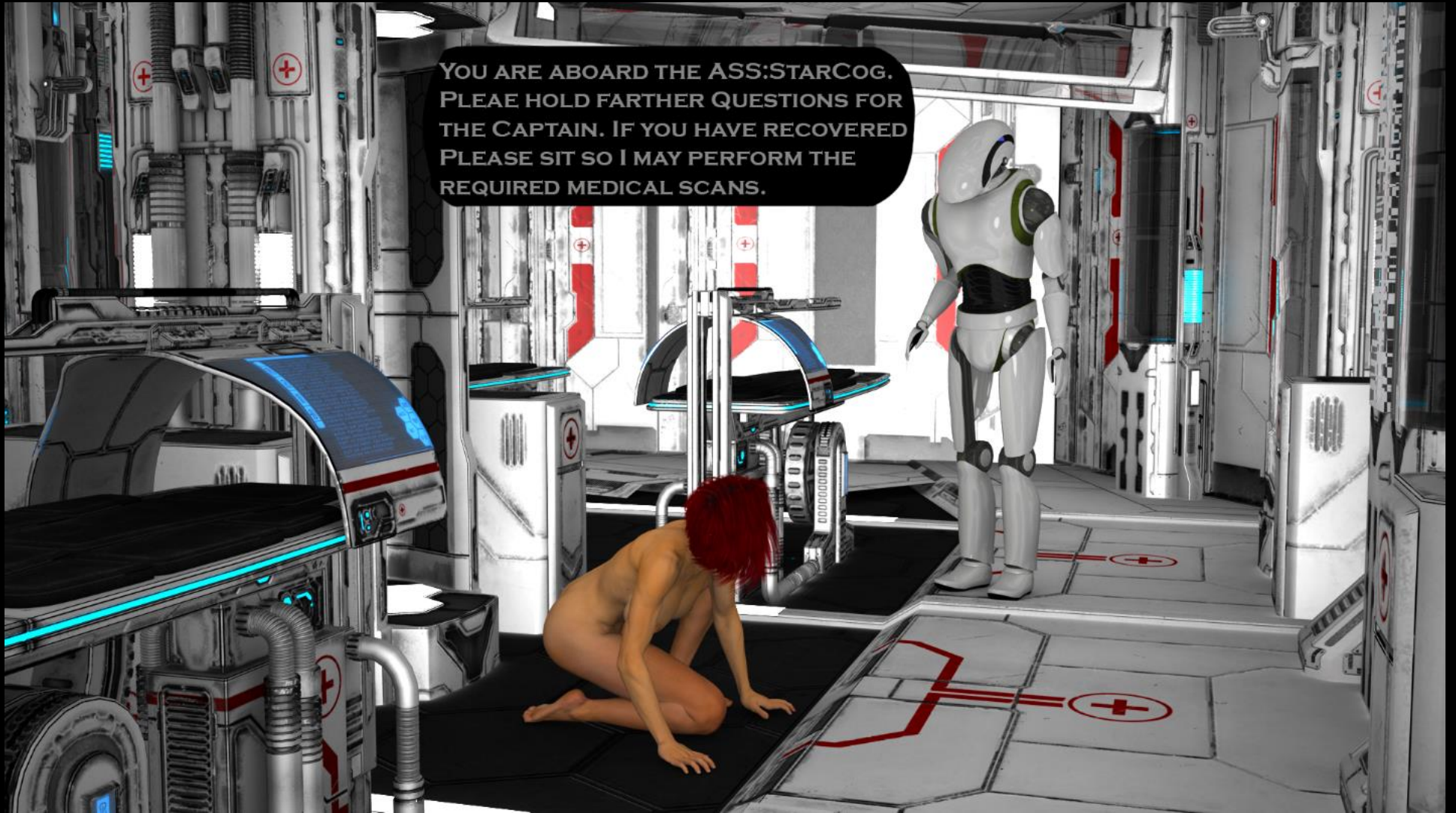
GREETINGS SAPIENT. PLEASE SIT ON THE TABLE WHEN YOU ARE ABLE. I MUST LOG YOUR HEALTH BEFORE RELEASING YOU.





*Where am I?
What ship is this?*

YOU ARE ABOARD THE ASS:STARCOG.
PLEASE HOLD FARTHER QUESTIONS FOR
THE CAPTAIN. IF YOU HAVE RECOVERED
PLEASE SIT SO I MAY PERFORM THE
REQUIRED MEDICAL SCANS.



Knowing that this is all you'll likely get from the droid, you heave upright. You're a little unsteady, but you make it to the exam table. The medical droid immediately steps forward and begins scanning. Several minutes pass in near-silence as it does its job.





**SCANS COMPLETE.
YOU ARE FREE TO GO SAPI-
ENT. THE CAPTAIN HAS
TASKED ME TO INFORM YOU
THERE ARE CLOTHES IN
THE NEAREST STORAGE
LOCKER.**

You feel a bit better once you dress, even if the clothing is pretty basic. A generic, figure hugging ship's suit and a decent pair of boots. There aren't even any panties, but you know some races don't use them. And ASS isn't a human ship designation.





Now that you're clothed,
you guess it's time to find
an actual crew member.

It doesn't take long at all to realize that the ship is nearly empty. Eventually, you make it all the way to the cockpit, where you finally encounter someone.





She seems busy, so you hesitate to bother her. Instead, you take a moment to narrow down her species. With the pink skin and blue hair, you narrow it down to two possibilities. Then you nod. ASS. Aleuion Space Service. You relax a little at the identification. Aleuion's are largely peaceful.



Even as you relax, she seems to realize you're there. She turns her head slightly and tells you to wait just a moment...

A short few moments later,
the Aleuion locks in a course
and hops to her feet with a
happy little cheer.



Warship
Terran
Alliance
09885

*Hey! You're up! Awesome!
Bet you're suppppperrr
confused though, huh?*



Warship
Terran
Alliance
09885



You nod firmly, quickly asking who she is and how you got here.

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Yeaaaaahhh, about that. The first bit is easy. I'm Captain Lynla, sole-proprietor of the cargo runner ASS:Cogstar! The rest, though...I can only guess at. You see, I found you drifting in an escape pod. You were pretty badly hurt, too.



Warship
Terran
Alliance
09885



You aren't...like a space pirate or something, right? I mean your identity file didn't seem piratey, but you had fucking disrupter wounds!

You hold your head as memory abruptly returns. Your cruise ship was boarded by Imperial Raiders. The Empire hates the Haven Star Republic and often raids their shipping. You, along with a few other passengers and crew tried to fight back. Knowing if you didn't, you'd end up being taken as Imperial Pleasure Slaves.

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Shaking yourself, you explain to your rescuer how you fought your way to an escape pod. You were the last one standing and were shot just as the door closed.

Oh, fuck! Are you serious? Oh man, I'm glad the raiders were gone by the time I came through. They'd have simply executed an Aleuion. Fucking prudish psychopaths!

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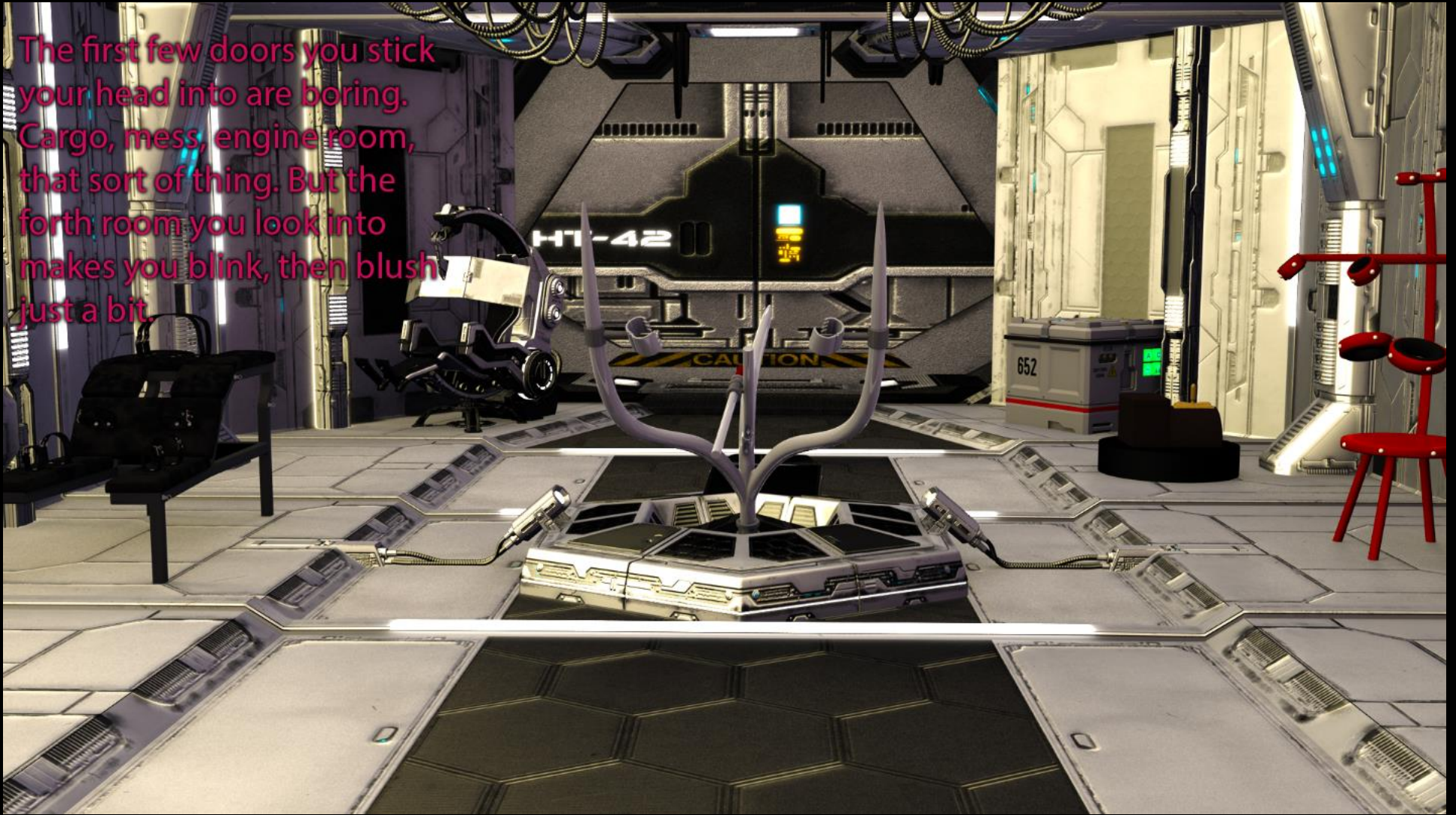
Well, I'm super-glad I picked you up now. But...I'm gonna reset our course to cut farther inside the Haven Republic's borders. With raiders nearby... Anyway, make yourself at home on my ship! I'll come find you when I'm done with the new course!

Warship
Terran
Alliance
09885

Thanking the Captain,
you leave to explore
the ship.



The first few doors you stick your head into are boring. Cargo, mess, engine room, that sort of thing. But the fourth room you look into makes you blink, then blush just a bit.



Unable to resist a closer look, you edge into the room. The Haven Star Republic isn't exactly inhibited...but that's quite a ways from having an entire room of sex machines aboard a cargo ship.





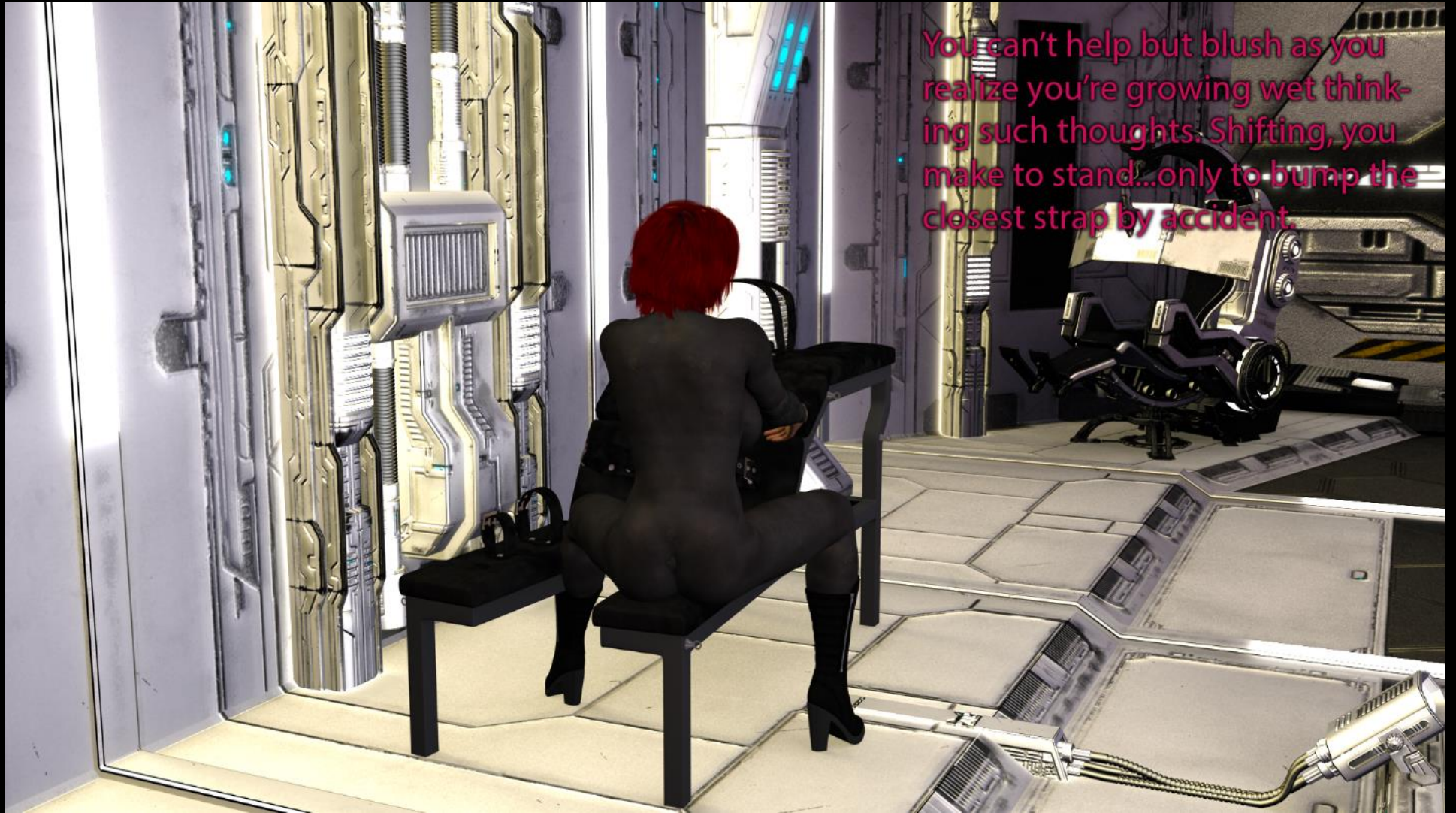
Of course, the Captain IS an Aleuion. Their species has something of a... reputation. They secrete pheromones that can affect most species over time, and they adore sex. Usually the kinkier the better.



Given what you're seeing here, taking up precious space aboard a cargo-runner, you suspect their reputation might be deserved. And you can't help but be curious about the machines...

Growing bolder, you actually sit on one of the less-threatening looking devices. You touch its padded surface, imagining what it must be like to be restrained and vulnerable in this thing.





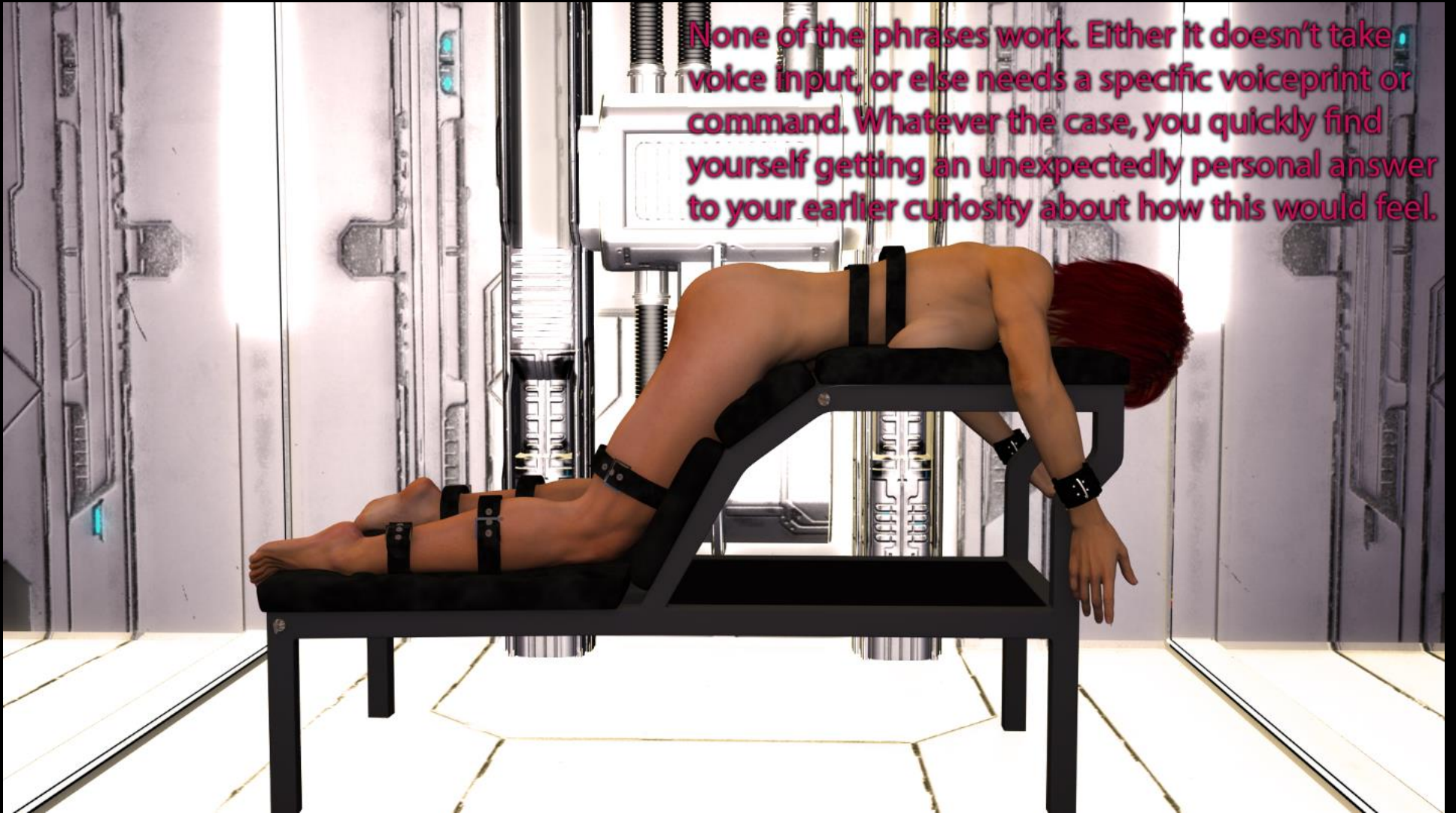


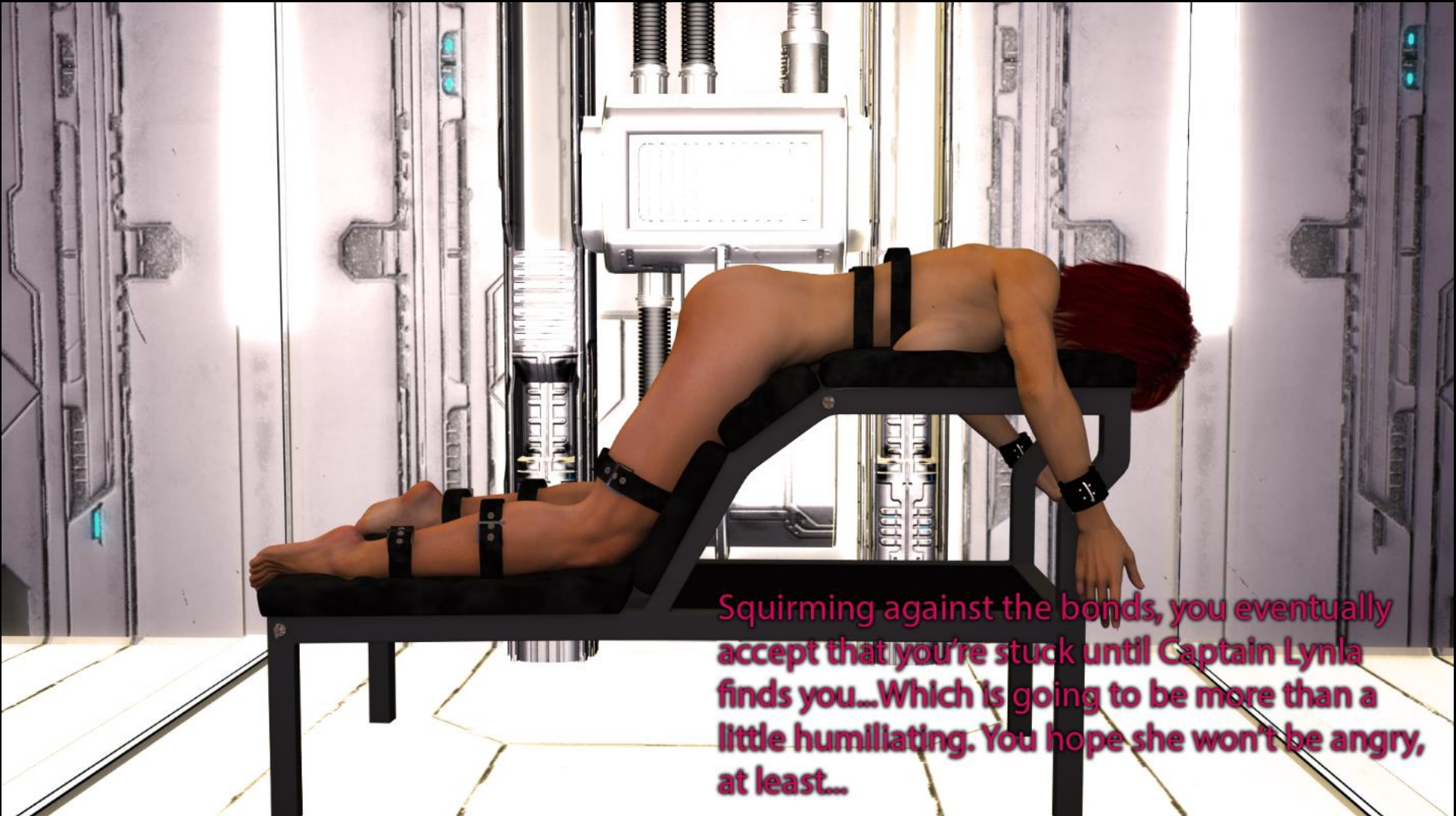
The bench beeps twice...then
tendrils shoot out from below.
You barely have time to let out
a startled curse before they wr-
ap around your body and pull!

The tendrils quickly rip through the ship suit and drag off your boots, before pressing you face-down into the bondage bench. The straps prove to be just as automated as the tendrils, quickly fastening around your limbs even as you frantically try various command phrases.



None of the phrases work. Either it doesn't take voice input, or else needs a specific voiceprint or command. Whatever the case, you quickly find yourself getting an unexpectedly personal answer to your earlier curiosity about how this would feel.



A character with short, vibrant red hair is lying on a black medical table in a futuristic, metallic environment. The character is restrained with several black straps: one across the chest, one around the waist, and two around each leg. The character's head is turned to the right, and their right hand is resting on the table's frame. The background features a complex, industrial-looking structure with various pipes, panels, and glowing blue lights. The overall atmosphere is clinical and high-tech.

Squirming against the bonds, you eventually accept that you're stuck until Captain Lynla finds you...Which is going to be more than a little humiliating. You hope she won't be angry, at least..

As time ticks away and you become used to your...predicament, you can't help but think of all the fun things this could be used for, if you'd done this on purpose. You squirm in your bonds as thoughts of being taken like this, used however your lover pleased, trickle through your thoughts. Despite your best attempts to distract yourself, your arousal increases with every new thought.

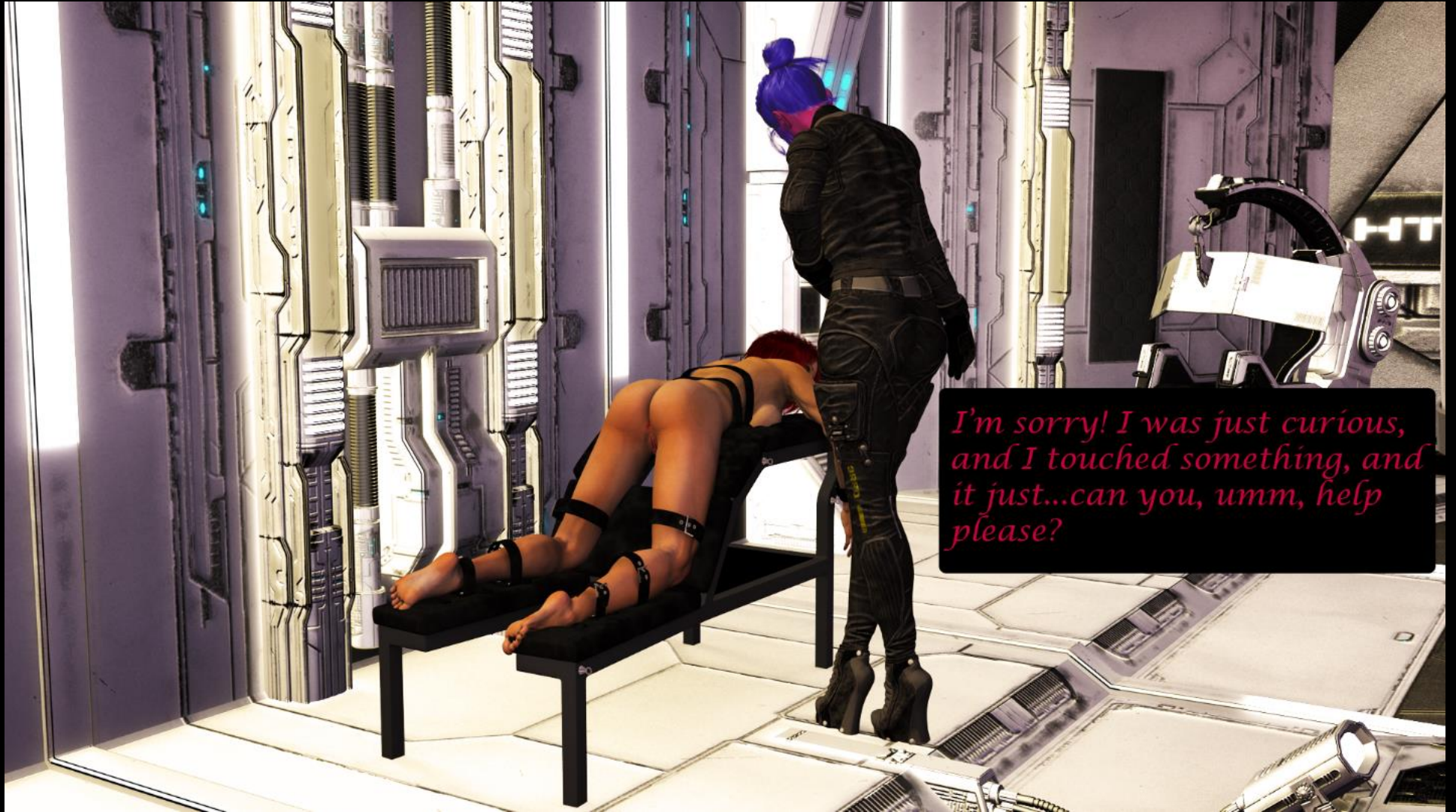


Finally, after what seems like an eternity, you here the sound of approaching boots...



Oh! I see you found my playroom already! I didn't expect you to be quite so forward!





I'm sorry! I was just curious, and I touched something, and it just...can you, umm, help please?

Lynla giggles at your fumbling explanation, causing your to blush and look away.



Got caught by the auto-mode, did you? You really should have considered how I use all this equipment all alone, sweetie.



As for 'helping' you...that can mean quite a few things. Given how wet you are, I wonder just what you really want...?





You moan, unable to help it as the rough texture of her glove caresses your drooling pussy with a feather-light touch.

You...could have protested, when she pulled away.
But you didn't, only blushing as the Aleuion woman
teasingly stripped in front of you. When you still don't
protest, she smiles cheerfully and grabs a toy from a
nearby container...



You whimper as Lynla teases you with the tip of the toy, then you moan low and long as she slowly presses it how, your pussy eagerly accepting the toy.





That second moan gives way to more as the Captain expertly fucks you with the fake cock. The sensations redouble when she finally turns it on, the vibrations causing lewd gasps and mewls to spill from your lips.

When you cry out in climax after a few minutes, you expect it to end... Instead, Layla lets you have only a few moments to recover before abruptly hitting the toy in your pussy and kneeling between your legs.



*Do you know the best part
about medical pods, Alexis?
They leave you COMPLETELY
clean, inside and out...*





With no more warning than that, she spreads your cheeks and you feel her wet tongue probing your rosebud. Your eyes blow wide open at the new, unfamiliar sensation, but you're too far gone from the toy buzzing away inside you to protest.

You HOWL as her tongue slithers into you, seeming to go on forever, reaching ever-deeper. As it finally reaches its limit, some part of your delirious mind screams that her tongue is TOO LONG. Then, as it starts to writhe and twist, all you can do is moan, all thought driven from your mind.





Your whole body tenses and shudders as you cum with a silent scream, your voice and lungs too spent to put sound to the full-body sensation. The collapse, boneless feeling, into your restraints. Thankfully, before its continued buzzing can become painful, Lynla shuts off the toy, pulling it and her tongue out of you to the sound of your meager whimpers...

It takes several minutes for you to recover, during which Lynla releases you. She helps you up when you regain your strength... then looks away awkwardly.



Um...sooo...oh hell. If you were another Aleuion, I know you'd be fine with this. But I know humans can be totally weird about sex.





Did I...I mean...are you okay with...err. Fuck, I don't even know what to say now!

It takes several minutes for you to recover, during which Lynla releases you. She helps you up when you regain your strength... then looks away awkwardly.

Despite your own embarrassment over what just happened, it's hard not to giggle over how uncertain your host is acting now that it's over. Her sudden nervousness gives you the courage to answer... truthfully.





It's fine, Captain. I certainly wasn't expecting this...but it was fun. I...wouldn't even say no to more, later, maybe?

Oh! Thank the spirits of leistria! And if you're up for it, we're totally doing more! I'm horny as fuck, now! But...later, okay?





You smile and nod shyly.
You certainly owe her after
that...but it's probably better
to get out of this sector of
space before either of you
get any more distracted!

A deep space photograph of a starry night sky. The background is a dense field of stars, with several prominent bright stars showing diffraction spikes. The colors range from white and yellow to deep blues and purples. In the center of the image, the text "End Part 1" is written in a white, serif font.

End Part 1