

Chapter Three

Despite her overwhelming size, Aliara was actually much lighter than expected, at least once they got the battle armor off her. Sketch hadn't been sure how to remove it, but Serena knew how to get it off the Y'bari soldier with almost no pause at all. Beneath the heavy armor, Aliara wore a sleek black bodysuit that had several prongs that connected to the mechanics of the armor itself.

With the armor off, he could see the woman's form better, and he was struck by how remarkably large her breasts were, each one of them having to be basically the size of his head, the fabric of the black suit so tight he could see the indentation of her nipples through the surface.

“How the hell did you know how to get her out of that armor?” Sketch said as he moved to grab Aliara's ankles while Serena was grabbing the woman's wrists, making sure to attach the soldier's case to her belt first, unwilling to leave it behind for whatever reason. The Y'bari wasn't too heavy, but the general size of her made her unwieldy to carry solo.

“I actually know quite a lot about the Y'bari, Sketch,” she said to him. “Those of us within the Royal House had Y'bari assigned as personal guards for a while. I saw them taking the armor off and putting it on loads and loads of times. I even helped them take it off sometimes.”

Once they had her on the elevator, they set her down and Helen began to move the shifter down two levels towards the brig. “This is only going to get us killed, Princess,” Sketch sighed. “You know that right?”

Serena giggled a little and moved over to kiss him, her lips like a burst of sunshine on his own. “You need to trust me on this one, Sketch,” she replied. “It's all going to work out fine. No, *better* than fine. *Way way* better.”

The elevator stopped, and they moved to pick the soldier up once more, carrying her out of the elevator and into a portion of the ship that Sketch almost never walked through, which included the medical bay and the brig. He'd thought several times about retrofitting the areas to just be additional cargo holds, but each time Helen had talked him out of it, insisting that some day, he wouldn't be the only person on board *The Praeteritus* and that when he finally got a crew, he would need both of these rooms to function as they were designed to.

Despite the fact that he hadn't used the brig before, it was still spotless and dust-free, as Helen's army of micro utility droids would come through and clean the area up regularly. The last thing he wanted was to get caught up in some sort of fight between a deposed Princess and a member of the Starless Dominion's private army, but somehow, he was pretty certain he just didn't have a choice in the matter. The brig had a couple of cells to it, and as soon as they had Aliara's body in the center of the room, Serena set her down so she could unhook the case from her belt. “Gods below, that's fucking heavy,” she said, setting the case on a nearby shelf. “It might be heavier than she is.”

Because of the height differential between humans and the Trophe, Sketch had often found himself having to build sets of steps around commonly used portions of the ships, although Helen had done him the courtesy of having the bridge controls lowered to a more acceptable height for him. She'd offered to do that for the entire ship, but Sketch had pointed out he really only needed it for things he would regularly use. The doors were generally controlled by Helen anyway, so there was no need for manual buttons that he could use, but when it came to things like the brig, all of the tables were basically just above his shoulder height.

“Helen, open cell one, would you?” Sketch said aloud.

“Do you want the force shield translucent or transparent?”

“Transparent,” Serena said, as they began to pick her up again. “I need her to be able to see through it. The force shield won't affect Sketch's empathic abilities will it?”

“No, m'lady,” Helen replied. “We haven't found much of *anything* that will dampen them. If

anything, the force shield might even subtly reinforce them.”

“Good,” Serena said with a broad smile. “That’s just what we want.”

“It is?” Sketch asked, as they lowered the Y’bari Centurion onto the floor.

“You bet your sweet ass it is,” Serena chuckled. “Now where was it... ah! Here it is.” She seemed to find some sort of latch or hook on Aliara’s bodysuit, and after she unfastened it, part of it began to breakaway on the side, as Serena began to slowly pull Aliara out of the suit.

“What the hell are you doing, Serena?” Sketch said, unsure if he should look away or keep looking on. “As tight as that is, there’s no way she could have weapons concealed in it!”

“Well,” Serena said with a chuckle. “One, you’re wrong.” She reached into the back of the bodysuit and pulled out a single silvery tube about the length of his finger, which she tossed to him. “That’s a universal solvent. She could’ve probably carved an escape hole out of the floor with that. And two, that’s not the reason we’re taking the suit off of her.”

Sketch found himself a little unable to speak as the suit was peeled off Aliara’s top, exposing those voluminous tits of hers, capped with nipples that would’ve been simply to-scale human analogs if not for the one slight difference in that they were a sort of muted pastel blue shade, not all that different from one of the shades of her hair.

“You may not know this, Walker,” Serena said to him, “but the Y’bari are somewhere around an 83% genetic match for humans.” She was starting to work on the unconscious woman’s waist now, sliding the bodysuit down over her hips, exposing a sizable pubic bush, neatly trimmed and maintained, but with dark green hair the color of algae in bloom. “The Starless Dominion would never tell us anything about the Y’bari’s history, and the Y’bari themselves don’t know fuck all about their own past, but the royals theorized that maybe some alien visitor passing Terra in the early stages of human development abducted say twenty or thirty of our primitive ancestors and then kept them as pets, and they evolved on their own.”

“Shame all the other royals except you are dead,” he said, finally just accepting he was going to look on, as Serena tossed the now-removed bodysuit out past the edge of the cell. “So much lost information when they all died.”

“Not as much lost as you think,” Serena said to him a smile, raising her right hand up in the air, waving it at him. “You don’t know what that is, do you?”

He looked on at her in confusion for a moment. “What *what* is?”

“On my bracelet.”

He’d noticed she was wearing jewelry, but hadn’t taken a particular interest in it up until she’d drawn his attention to it, stepping in a little closer. “Is... is that some sort of storage crystal?”

“Hey, put one point on the board for the old timer,” she laughed, almost sounding impressed. “It’s a royal information matrix. When the Starless Dominion took over, the royals didn’t want to lose all the records and data they had, so they had a couple hundred of these made. And the archive itself was built into the walls of the House of Sanada, so anytime I walked through a doorway with the bracelet on, all the newest information would be added to my copy of the archive. There’s tons of information in here that’ll probably help you... I mean, help *us* loads... we might even be able to get an idea where we could track down an Ashaka for you.”

“Why didn’t you mention it sooner?”

She giggled again, rolling her eyes at him. “We’ve been a little preoccupied, you know? And I’m still more than a little cock-mad since you can’t seem to dial it down a bit. If anything, since she got here, it’s been even harder to focus.”

“My abilities are working on two brains now, yours *and* hers, and I have no idea how that’s going to play out,” Sketch frowned. “I’m a little more surprised my head hasn’t started to hurt. Maybe because I haven’t had to use my abilities in so long they’re tapping into a reservoir of built up energy.”

“It’s also possible she’s amping you up even more,” Serena said. “You weren’t wrong about the Y’bari being especially sensitive to the empathic abilities of The Calm. That’s the main reason the

Starless Dominion had the order wiped out – they were able to influence the Y'bari in ways they didn't care for. Anything that threatens their control cannot be allowed.”

Serena stepped out of the cell and reached high to push a button to turn the force wall on, a slight blue tinge in the air where the shield deployed. “She shouldn't be out too long... oh look, I think sleeping beauty's starting to wake up.”

“The hell did you do to me?” Aliara said, rubbing her face with one of her large hands.

“Well, we—” Sketch started to reply before Serena cut him off.

“I shot you in the head with a stun round,” Serena said, proudly. “You were checking out my man's ass, and I took offense to that.”

'My man?' Sketch thought to himself.

“You two idiots have signed your own death warrant,” Aliara grumbled. “Why the hell am I naked and why is it so hard to focus?”

“You don't remember me, do you Aliara?” Serena said, placing her hands on her hips. “To be fair, you didn't see me *that* often, but I would've thought I might have made an impression.” She pushed her hair back out of her face, wiping some of the grime off. It took a moment, but the facial expression on the Y'bari shifted quickly once she seemed to recognize her.

“Princess Serena O'Quincy,” Aliara said in a hushed, almost shocked tone. “How the fuck are you even *alive*? You were slain with all the others on the Parlor Day Massacre.”

“See, I wasn't, not that most of our supposed Y'bari defenders did much to prevent that,” Serena sneered. “Most of them were the ones *doing* the massacring. But you didn't have to get your hands dirty because you were off doing deliveries, much like you always were. You see, Sketch, Aliara here was technically part of the House of Sanada's Royal Guard, but because she had a tendency to question orders a lot, she had been demoted to courier duty. None of the royals wanted her for a personal protectorate, something I always thought was a mistake on my counterparts' judgment. Hell, I might have taken her for myself if I hadn't already had Rozo.”

“Did Rozo make it out with you?” Aliara asked, seemingly with genuine concern. “Tell me it was some other corpse the strike team found and mistook for his?”

“Is that an attempt at camaraderie I'm seeing from you, Aliara?” Serena said, clenching her fingertips together into a fist. “No. He gave his life defending mine, defending all us royals, like every other bonded Y'bari did, fighting against their own kind who had come to slaughter all the human royals. It was his plan to incinerate the body of a servant girl who'd been killed in the crossfire and use that to fake my death, but Rozo had been too heavily wounded to come with us, so he decided to use his death to help sell the story of my own demise. It's good to know that his death sold the story.”

Aliara slowly rose up to her feet, standing over them, looking down at them, as though she hoped her height might intimidate humans, although the fact that she looked unsteady in her stance didn't help sell the intimidation any. “You know I have to kill you now, Serena,” the Y'bari said. “Orders are orders, and I have to follow them.”

Serena chuckled a little bit. “What if you *didn't* have to follow them, though? You always struck me as a Y'bari who seemed particularly unhappy beneath the Starless Dominion. There's a way out, you know. A way for you to be able to ignore their orders entirely for now and all time.”

“I have zero interest in taking the Final Solution, Serena,” Aliara said, glancing around her cell. “Because not all is lost yet, and I can find some way to break out of this... out of this cell... and... and overtake... *fuck!* What are you doing to my *mind*?”

The Y'bari soldier's hands were rubbing along her hips, as if she was trying to keep them busy, to keep herself occupied, but her legs wobbled a little beneath her, as she turned to look at Sketch and couldn't help but moan a little bit.

“Fuck, *he's* doing it to me, isn't he?” she said, her voice dropping an octave, into an almost husky tone. “What the *fuck* are you doing to me, you thrice-damned human?”

“You've probably never seen one in your lifetime, Aliara, but *he* is a member of The Calm. He's

a Storm, to be specific,” Serena said, taking the box down off the shelf, bringing it over towards the door to the cell. “And because he doesn't have his Ashaka, his tool of control, his abilities are sort of running rampant, doing their own thing, without his say so. You feel it, don't you?”

“I feel... something,” Aliara said, biting her bottom lip for a moment. “I don't know *what* the fuck I'm feeling right now...”

“Oh right,” Serena said with a smirk. “Rozo told me about that. How the Y'bari don't know sexual pleasure or gratification unless they're bonded with someone. In fact, they have their sexual desires suppressed until they're about to be bonded. But the Storms could override that suppression, and let the Y'bari feel things like desire, heat and lust. Things you're feeling right now, aren't you Aliara?”

“Is... is *that* what *this* is?” she said, the expression on her stern face slipping into one of confusion and nervousness. “Is that why it feels like I can't think clearly? Like my body is too warm for its liking?”

“That's it exactly,” Serena replied, opening the top of the toolbox that Aliara had brought from her ship into theirs. Inside of it looked like hundreds of small compartments, each with a symbol on it that Sketch couldn't read or translate, presumably the written Y'bari language, another closely guarded secret, if reports were to be believed. “When a Y'bari is about to be bonded to someone, they take... well, *one* of these pills in here, although I don't know which one. It removes the genetic inhibitors that keep the Y'bari from feeling things like love, lust, joy, sadness, regret... all the parts of their humanity that the Starless Dominion thought would just get in the way of their perfect warrior species.”

“*FUCK*, why is it so fucking hard to *think*?” Aliara shouted, slamming a fist against the wall of the cell, her knees bending just a little bit.

“Because instead of the inhibitors coming down slowly and gradually, one of them got knocked down first and foremost and in a big, bad way,” Serena giggled. “All you can think is how your body wants to be touched, to be fondled and caressed. How you feel like nerves you never had access to before are suddenly lighting up, and you don't know what to do with them.”

“Rozo...” Aliara said breathlessly. “He was bonded to you. He... he was a friend of mine.”

“Friend?” Serena sneered. “I thought you weren't *allowed* to have friends as a Centurion. I thought even the most casual of attachments was frowned upon by your superiors.”

“Kept...” Aliara said, her massive chest rising and falling with eager breaths now. “Kept it secret... from superiors...”

“Oh *ho*,” Serena said with a nod. “So you've *always* been a little troublemaker, but you've just kept it well hidden. If you were friends with Rozo, then you know what I'm offering you. If you're bonded, you know that overrides any control over you that the Starless Dominion would have.”

“W-w-w-what?” Aliara said, dropping to her knees, her legs too unsteady to hold her up now.

“In just a little bit, after your body is so warped by lust and sexual desire that it feels like none of the muscles in your body will work, I'm going to open this door, and I'm going to give you a choice,” Serena said. “Life and freedom, or death. Not much of a choice to me, but it *has* to be your decision. Unlike what the Dominion did, *I* believe in giving people a choice.”

Sketch had been trying to exert some control over his abilities, desperately wanting to tamp them down or bring them back in line, but it felt like every time he pressed against that spot inside of his mind, instead of reducing his output, he only seemed to dial it up even more. The flush that covered Aliara's skin was evident, as was the damp slickness on the inside of her thighs. He'd decided to stop struggling against it, lest he make it even worse.

Some part of him wondered how the hell Serena had ever been with a male Y'bari, as the size and scale differences seemed almost insurmountable. A Y'bari male would have to have a cock the size of a human forearm, and even the most gifted of human men would have trouble giving a Y'bari female enough to notice.

“Princess, please...” Aliara whimpered. “Couldn't... couldn't you just let me go?”

“We're long, long past that point, Aliara,” Serena said, reaching down, pulling the shirt of

Sketch's that she'd borrowed up and over her head, leaving her dressed just in a pair of panties. At some point between Aliara's hailing and her arrival, Serena had apparently also removed the royal tag that had been affixed to the piercing through her nipple, not that it mattered much at this particular moment. The piercing itself still remained, though, a brass colored ring with a small ball to keep it sealed. "You can *smell* him, can't you?" she said before glancing over Sketch's direction. "Old leather, machine oil, sweat and a hint of persistent orange. You must love fresh oranges, don't you Sketch?"

He smiled a little bit, blushing just a little, trying not to notice the two nearly naked women in front of him, and failing badly. "My one vice. My fixer instructs clients to leave a bag of freshly grown oranges with each pickup, so I know she's signed off on the job. Most times that's only one or two, because they aren't always easy to come by, but sometimes it'll be a great big sack of them."

"Don't worry, Aliara," Serena said, pushing down her panties down to the floor, leaving her nude in the room. "When he fucks you, you're going to be so overwhelmed with orgasms that any hint of regret you have left remaining will simply be washed away with them."

He laughed nervously, looking away from them. "I don't think we're to scale for that to work, Serena."

"Oh? Oh! Oh, right. I didn't mention it. Part of the bonding process involves biomorphing, changing the sex organs to match and be to scale with the person or persons the Y'bari is bonded to," she giggled. "When I first saw Rozo nude, I thought to myself, 'my god, that dick won't fit in me no matter *how* much I loosen up,' but then he bonded to me, and a day later, his cock had shrunk down to what I considered the perfect size." She licked her lips, stepping towards Sketch. "Although clearly I had my sights set too low, because he was smaller than you are, and you fit *just fine*, don't you, Sketch?" She reached forward and dragged her fingertips across his chest through the layers of cloth he'd yanked over his form earlier to conceal his tattoos from the Y'bari Centurion. "I guess my opinions of what's ideal have changed over the past few years."

"She's... she's right," Aliara panted. "Whatever you... think... is ideal, that's what I would have. If I were.... If I *did* bond with you... which I won't..."

"It's actually in your genetic makeup, Walker," Serena said as she started to draw layers of cloth off of his body. "Although your mental state affects it too. It's kind of nice, having someone who has a sex part that's basically tailor made to exactly what your body thinks will *feel* right. Humans and Y'bari can even cross breed, I'm told, although we royals never had a chance to test that."

"Oh... oh god," Aliara whimpered. "You're... you're not going to..."

"Relax," Serena said, taking off the last of Sketch's tops, exposing the highly tattooed arms and shoulders of his. "As fun as it would be to *breed* you, Centurion, nobody's going to do it against your will. If you decide you *want* to, though, well, we're certainly not going to stop you..."

Serena's slender fingers trailed along Sketch's belly and started toying with the belt holding his pants up, and he felt a slight shiver run up his spine at her fingers, a reflexive pulse of Warmth bubbling out of him and into both the women in the room, something that made Serena purr and Aliara groan.

"Rozo tried to be a good lover, but like all Y'bari, he didn't know a damn thing about sex or sexuality," Serena said. "He tried reading up on it, but he didn't take the study all that seriously, claiming it would detract from his ability to protect me."

"That... that's true," Aliara said, her hands rubbing up and down the tops of her thighs.

"No no, dear," Serena said, unbuttoning Sketch's pants, pushing them down towards his ankles. "Rub your hand right over your slit, where you're feeling the itch. I know you've been trained not to do it, but you need to ignore that now and learn how to bring yourself pleasure."

"I... I shouldn't," the Y'bari said, although her hands were slowly creeping towards the insides of her thighs. Her eyes were locked on his cock like it was a predator ready to strike at any moment. "It's... it's forbidden..."

The young princess giggled, giving Sketch's cock a tug. "All the fun stuff is." He was hard, being in the presence of two beautiful female figures, even if one of them was marginally out of scale.

Aliara's ass rested on her heels, and finally, her legs spread wide as she brought one hand down to stroke across her large pussy, her back almost snapping into an arc as soon as her fingertips brushed across that flesh, a sharp sudden gasp of inhaled breath cutting through the air like a knife. "Oh fucking hells that's good..." Her pose was one of supplication, her head turned to one side, her breasts thrust proudly out for them to look at.

"And that's barely the tip of the spear, Aliara," Serena said, licking her lips. "Even though Rozo was only what I'd call an adequate lover, he helped me discover the things I liked and the things I didn't. He was a piss poor student of that, too, I'm afraid, so he never learned to lean into those things, no matter how much I tried to teach him. But Sketch is excellent."

"It's... it's so fucking difficult to *think*..." Aliara whined. "God, his *scent* is fucking *intoxicating*. And that cock of his... I could get so *tight* around it..."

"You want him, don't you, Centurion?" Serena taunted. "You're fucking *yearning* for him to just fuck you until your nerves are overwhelmed with signals they've never sent before."

"N-n-n-no...? Y-y-y-yes? F-f-f-Fuck I don't... I don't fucking know. I can't... I can't fucking *think straight*, no fucking idea what I fucking want..." Her voice, which had been higher pitched before, was descending into a deep growl now.

"Her thermic levels have risen by several degrees, Sketch," Helen's voice said, a certain level of amusement in her tone. "And her vagina is quite significantly more damp than it was when she arrived."

"Gods, Helen," Serena laughed. "You need to loosen up a bit. Pussy. Cunt. Twat. Snatch. Unless we're in a strictly *non*-sexual situation, I don't *ever* want to hear you use the word 'vagina' again."

"Yes m'lady. Let me try again." Helen paused for a moment, then in a wanton, sultry tone Sketch had never heard from her, spoke again. "Sketch, her cunt is fucking dripping for dick. For *your* dick, Captain. I think you ought to let her have it." He'd never known Helen to have a sex voice before now, and the fact that she did both made him a little more nervous and excited him just a fraction.

"Gooood, Helen..." Serena cooed. "We'll make a slut out of you yet." Her fingertips continued to slide up and down up his shaft slowly. "Same for you, Aliara. You'd never known what lust was like until a few hours ago, and now it's the only fucking thing rolling around in that pretty head of yours." Her other hand reached to slide along his back, pulling him closer to the edge of the cell, using her foot to slide the box of medicines until it was almost right up against the cell's force shield. "How old are you, Centurion?"

"75 Imperial cycles," Aliara said, her fingers very cautiously stroking across her own clit.

"That means she's barely 25 in human terms, Sketch," Serena chuckled. "What, was the House of Sanada your first assignment out of the academy?"

"It... it was, m'lady," Aliara said, wincing a little bit. "This touching... it soothes but... it doesn't not *relieve*, it... it does not *alleviate*..."

"That's the problem with an unconventional uncapping, Centurion," Serena said, an almost vindictive smile on her face. "The only time sexual pleasure is permitted for a Y'bari is if they are being paired with someone, although once they're paired, they have full access to it. But the uncapping? That's irreversible. That means if you go back to your people, you will be considered sullied, defiled, worthless. They will reject you at best, kill you most likely."

"Why... why would you... *choose* to do this to me?"

"Nobody *chose* to do this to you, Y'bari," Serena sighed. "Except maybe you yourself. You didn't *have* to come aboard *The Praeteritus* to deliver the Hapzix. You could've simply deposited it in our hangar and departed, but you decided you wanted to see the inside of this vessel. Because you were bored, if I had to guess, based on the state of your ship."

"Kill me... or set me free... m'lady... you cannot be... this cruel..."

Serena's face clenched up in anger. "Your people killed every family member or friend I ever had, all because the Dominion decided the royals were more trouble than they were worth, so do not

Speak to me about what level of cruelty I am and am not capable of," she seethed at the taller woman. "I'm the only royal left, and you have no idea the pressure that has me under."

"Not... not the *only*..."

Serena's head wheeled up to try and stare Aliara in the eye. "What did you say?"

Aliara laughed, wheezing in a breath, as if realizing she had a card left to play in this game.

"You... you don't know... hahaha... oh I've got a bargaining chip now, m'lady..."

"You can't hold onto it for long, though, can you, Aliara?" The princess was attempting to regain control of the situation, but Sketch could see she was a little rattled, some piece of information having been introduced that didn't line up with her world view. "All you have to do is agree, take the pill and choose us instead of the Dominion," she said, as she leaned her arms against the force shield that formed the door, moving to widen her legs a little bit, wiggling her ass in his direction, inviting Sketch to stick his cock inside of her.

"You... you make treason... sound... so easy..."

"It's *freedom* not *treason*, Aliara," Serena said, sliding one arm off the wall to reach beneath her, rubbing at her own pussy, using her index and middle finger to spread her folds, not looking back, keeping her face pointed at the Y'bari. "You'd be bound to us, but we won't force you to do anything you don't want to, won't make kill your own people, although they're likely to be hunting us..."

"Trading... one master... for another..."

"Except we won't order, won't command, won't control..." Serena purred at the larger woman before looking back over her shoulder at Sketch. "Are you going to fuck me, or are you going to make me *beg* for it?" She giggled a little, licking her lips. "Is that what you want? To see me whimpering and pleading just like the Y'bari on the other side of the cell? 'Please, Storm Walker, shove your mighty cock inside me and let me know your love once more. Rip my young womb open and fuck me until my knees cannot lock... Fucking rail me!' Shit like that?"

"I mean," Sketch chuckled, "I just wanted to hear you say it, so I knew you really wanted it."

"Does it turn you on to hear me *say* it, Walker?" she said, turning her eyes back to focus on Aliara, as he moved to close the distance between them.

"If I deny it, you'll know I'm lying, and if I admit it, you'll have power over me," he said, as the tip of his cock touched against the back of one of her thighs, making the princess shiver with anticipation, trying to manipulate her body to get herself into position.

"I only have as much power over you as you give me, and that will only ever equal, never exceed, as much as I give you over me in return," she purred. "Now that that fucking dick inside of my twat before I start leaking all over the fucking floor..."

"I've got power over you, huh?" Sketch laughed as he lined the tip of his shaft up against her wet folds and then pushed forward, a strangled groan escaping his lips, one that was echoed by both Serena and Aliara. "That'll disappear once I get an Ashaka again."

"You believe that, Walker, and you're a goddamn fool," Serena moaned, lifting one of her feet before stamping it down hard on the metal floor, as if to try and recenter herself. "Fuck, you feel so fucking *good* inside of me... so fucking *full* of your *dick*..."

"You're a bitch, Serena," Aliara whined. "Cruel. Heartless. Wicked."

The bottom of Serena's fist thumped against the force shield, the almost completely transparent blockade responding with a slight ripple of blue coloration, as if simply noting the strike. "Far less cruel than your Dominion masters, Centurion," she gasped. "Join us, and you will have access to your sexual side, to pleasure and lust and delight and joy."

"Is... is that what this is?" she whimpered, her fingers strumming quickly against her pussy.

"Why... why does it feel... like a hunger... that I cannot quench..."

"Because you can't orgasm until you're bonded," she said. "A cruel fact of life put upon you by the Starless Dominion. Don't you want to let them be your past and not your future?"

"I... I don't..."

“Fuck, Walker, you're so *fucking* good at that,” Serena moaned carnally. “You're barely started and I'm already close to creaming all over that fat dick of yours...”

“I'm not far myself,” Walker said. “Several years of solitude have left me... sensitive...”

“Don't you fucking *dare* cum inside of me this time, Sketch,” she growled at him. “Not this *one* time. You think you're getting close, slow down...”

“What?”

“You fucking heard me!”

Aliara lifted one of her feet and kicked at the force wall, and while the blue coloration ripples were much more visible, the force shield held. “ *FUCK!* ” she shouted. “This is untenable! Intolerable! Gods below, it is *fucking evil.* ”

“Yes yes *fucking yes,* ” Serena yelled before she tensed up, and he could feel her seeping liquid all over his cock, even while she vibrated in the throes of a sudden orgasm that gave no real warning before it was upon her, as she banged her head against the force wall, every muscle in her body going into the shakes.

Aliara's other hand was pinching one of her nipples now, her face a contorted masque of lust and frustration all bubbling into one heady cocktail of emotions. “I can take no more of this!”

Serena slowly pulled herself forward, slipping Sketch's still hard cock out of her, the length of it gleaming with her milky white fuck cream, as she laughed. “Then which pill will it be, Aliara?”

“The... the upper ri— ... no... the second tray, bottom center, with what looks like two circles with an overextended diamond between them...”

Serena knelt down and lifted the top tray from the box, setting it aside, finding a compartment with a single pill in it, four other compartments to the left and three to the right, the top of the compartment having two ovals with a symbol in the that looked a bit more like four X's shoved together to form a diamond in the center of them. The pill itself was clear with a sort of swirling mix of blue and red metallic looking liquids inside the pill, as if the two liquids were refusing to mesh together, each holding its own in a battle. “This it?”

Aliara glanced over at it, then nodded feverishly. “That's it. Give it.”

“You know what it means, don't you?”

“You know I *fucking* do, Princess,” Aliara snarled. “Do you?”

“Just confirming your choice,” Serena said, a smug look of satisfaction on her face. “Helen, lower the force shield.”

“Excuse me, m'lady?” Helen's voice said. “Are... are you certain that's wise?”

“We've tormented the Centurion long enough, Helen,” the princess replied.

“Centurion no longer,” Aliara sighed, although to Sketch's ears, she didn't sound particularly sad about that development.

“Lower the door,” Serena repeated.

“Captain?” Helen asked, wanting Sketch's confirmation.

To his eye, Serena and Aliara had been engaged in some sort of battle of wits, but it seemed like a victor had been discovered, based on the princess's confidence. “We're going to have to trust her sooner or later, Helen,” he replied. “Lower it.”

There was a pause, much longer than Helen had ever taken in executing an order before, but after what felt like a minute or two, the force shield dropped, and Aliara leaned forward, then flopped onto her stomach before rolling onto her back, as if she did not even have the energy to keep herself even partially off the ground. “Give me the pill, princess,” Aliara huffed, her breathing jagged and uneven still. “And your word of loyalty to me as I am giving to you.”

“To *us,* ” Serena corrected. “We're the crew of *The Praeteritus* now, and so will we be until either we are no more, or the ship is.” She held out her hand with the pill, as Aliara opened her mouth wide. Serena dropped the pill into the Y'bari's mouth, then looked over to Sketch. “Are you close?”

“I've eased off a bit, but I'm not far,” he said, as Aliara swallowed the pill. “Why?”

“Come here, Walker,” she said with a soft smile.

He moved to stand almost over the giant woman, as Serena's hand began to fondle his balls. “When you're close, tell me,” she said quietly. “Look at this magnificent specimen of femininity you have before you, Miles. She wants to worship you, to adore you. But more importantly, she wants you to *fuck* her, to teach her what the sensations of orgasms are like, and to reward her for choosing risk over security, choosing adventure over safety, choosing lust over fear. She, much like I, will be your ideal lover, a warrior woman in the world and a fucking *freak* in the sheets. We will devote part of each day studying what makes you tick, makes you shudder, makes you weak in the knees. We will learn every sexual thought you have ever entertained, and will bring them all to life vividly.”

Serena's eyes were focused on his, and they were practically gazing into his soul. “You... you just met me...”

“Shhhh... Shhh shhh shhh... I know that and you know that, but our bodies? Our bodies are going to learn whatever it takes to make you orgasm endlessly and as intensely as your does to us,” she purred. “Look at her... just look at her... she wants to taste your seed, don't you Aliara?”

“I... I can't fight this... I yield... you win... if it will break this damn... then you... you *must* claim me... you must *own* me... I am yours, Storm Walker... if... if you will have me...”

“What... what do I do?” he asked the princess.

“Are you ready to cum?”

“Nearly there...”

“When you're about to pop, you need to shove your cock into Aliara's mouth as much as you can, and make sure she takes all of the seed you are going to give her, and that she licks your dick clean, both of your juices *and* mine... You want that, don't you, Aliara?”

“Yes, m'lady.”

“And what will that make you?”

“A Centurion no longer.”

“And instead?”

“Yours... your concubine and warrior... your...” She inhaled a breath, as if she was letting go of some long-held beliefs and embracing her new identity. “Your fuckpet, your slut, your protector and whore and lover and soldier and whatever the fuck else you two want me to be, but *fucking take me already for fuck's sake! BIND ME!*”

The way she began to talk faster, more enthusiastically and more energetically, it was clear to Sketch that whatever reservations she'd had before, they were left in the stardust of the ship's wake, and the Y'bari was opening her mouth as wide as she could, sticking her tongue out, her amber eyes looking up at him imploringly, almost desperate, as if the wait was literally eating her up inside.

He was about to push into her mouth when Serena moved to sit down on the floor, lifting up Aliara's shoulders and head, propping her up so that the Y'bari's mouth was exactly at waist level.

“Well?” Serena laughed. “She's waiting. *Feed your slut.*”

Between the needy look on Aliara's face and the mischievous grin on Serena's, he was about to pop when Aliara's arms lifted up suddenly, her massive hands grabbing his asscheeks to force his feet to slide across the floor until he felt his cock enter her mouth, like she was trying to swallow him whole. The increased size of her didn't mean that her mouth was much deeper, and when he felt the head of his dick touch against the back of her throat, he placed both hands on top of Aliara's head and let loose.

Despite the fact that he'd given Serena two loads over the last twenty-four hours, there was something unique and unusual about this, the way that Aliara was holding his body against her face, refusing to let him pull back, even as she swallowed and drained his balls of jizz in addition to licking up every bit of Serena's cream off of his shaft.

Somewhere in the middle of it, the Y'bari let loose a cathartic moan of pleasure that sent shivers up his spine, being that his cock was absorbing all of it, and it made him give a couple of extra spurts when he thought he was dry. The tremors lasted for a long moment, and then he felt her hands suddenly

fall off of his ass and bang against the floor, her tongue stopping in its movement, as she went slack, almost completely lifeless, and Sketch stepped back, sliding his softening cock from her lips, as he noticed they were moving.

He bent down and could hear as the quietest of whispers “Imprinting, human, subjects: 2” repeated over and over again. Perhaps, he thought to himself, this bonding was a lot less figurative than he'd been expecting...