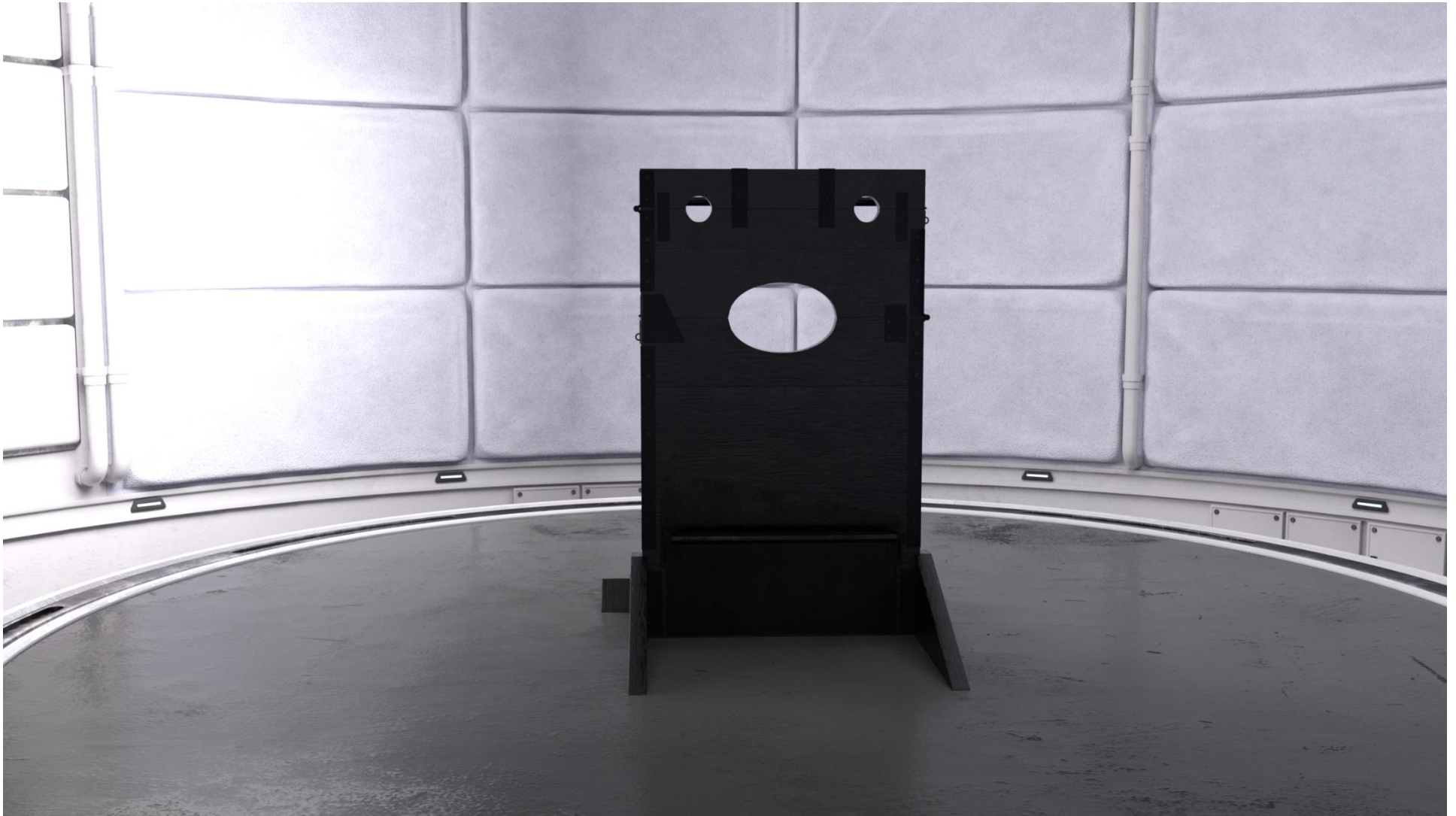


Stranded on Silas Station (Part 2)

Novus Peregrine



The next room was far plainer than the first had been, making Tara frown. The primary feature was clearly the device right in the center of the room, which she blushingly recognized from her porn collection as some sort of pillory. Otherwise there were no systems, ports, or even another door. Though, as she looked to the left, she did note *one* detail that made her wonder even more about this place...



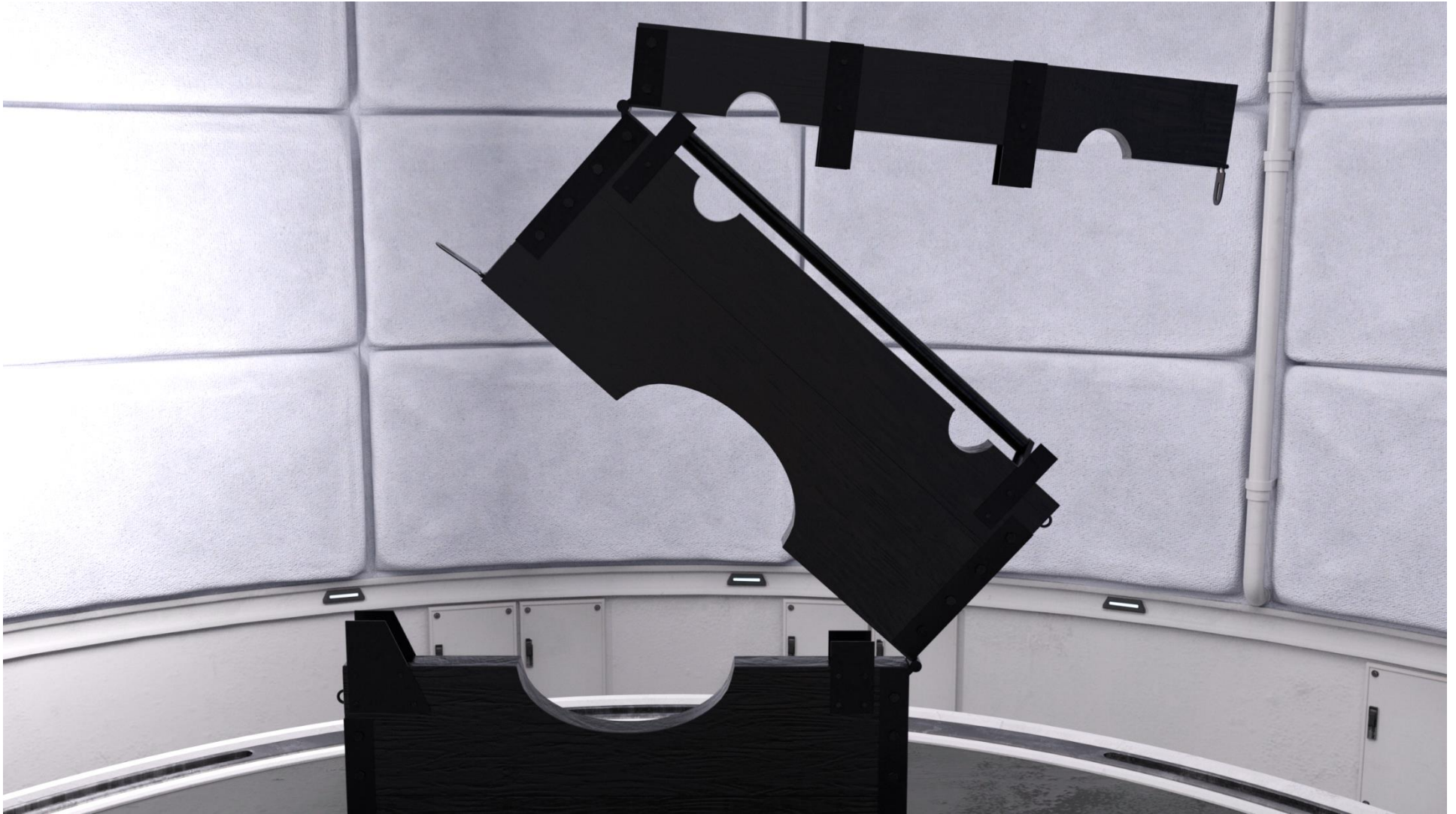
An observation window, of the type that might be used in any lab testing environment. Added to the lack of creature comforts so far, she was beginning to wonder if this 'resort' had been more for those admitted...or for the observes who might have already arrived. Even that thought seemed a bit wrong, however, as there were no signs of opulence past the observation window, either. Oh, it was certainly possible that any such things had been removed when the facility was decommissioned. But that didn't feel like the answer. Perhaps it had doubled as some sort of research facility? Whatever the case, she wasn't seeing much opportunity to escape the system in this room. Even if she had something to break the window with...



...An issue that was made more problematic as there was a circular gap around the base of the main platform. She *might* be able to brace herself awkwardly on the storage below in order to get at the window. But, even if she did, that glass was almost certainly reinforced...and her tools were back in the

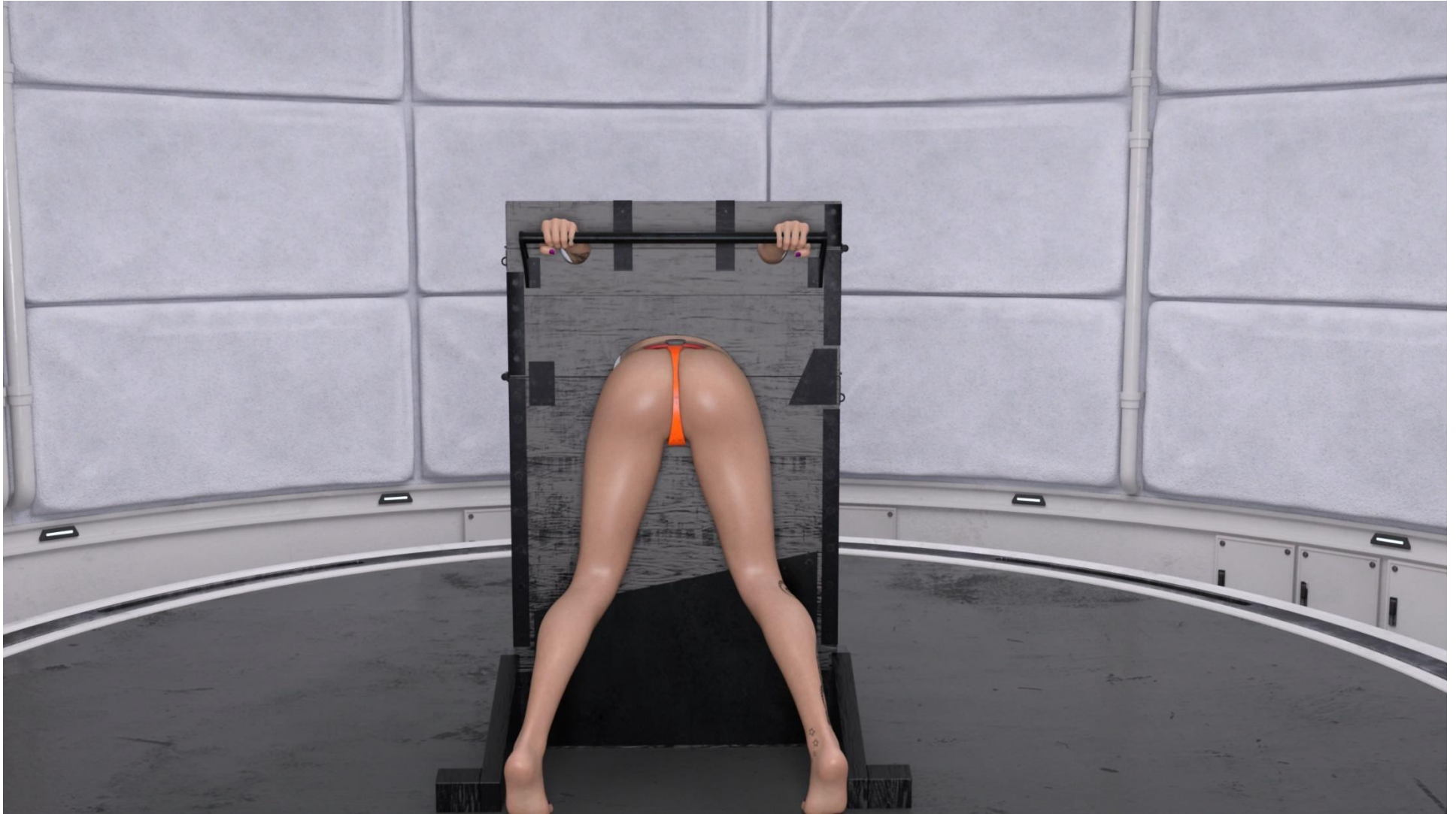


lockers two locked doors behind her. Worse, of course, this facility was automated and might well react badly to any blatant attempts at forcing her way free. Frowning, she turned back toward the center piece of the room...and blinked.



“Subject 5768, please submit yourself to the training device.”

Right. That very automation she'd just reminded herself of wasn't going to let her just loiter around, either. It was designed to...do something. 'Train' people, according to what she knew. And, given her own thoughts of mere moments before, she didn't exactly have much choice but to play along. She rocked on her heels for a moment, flushing a bit as she realized she was a *little bit* turned on by the situation. Acknowledging that and justifying that she didn't really have much option anyway, she took tentative steps toward the pillory, bending over at the waist.

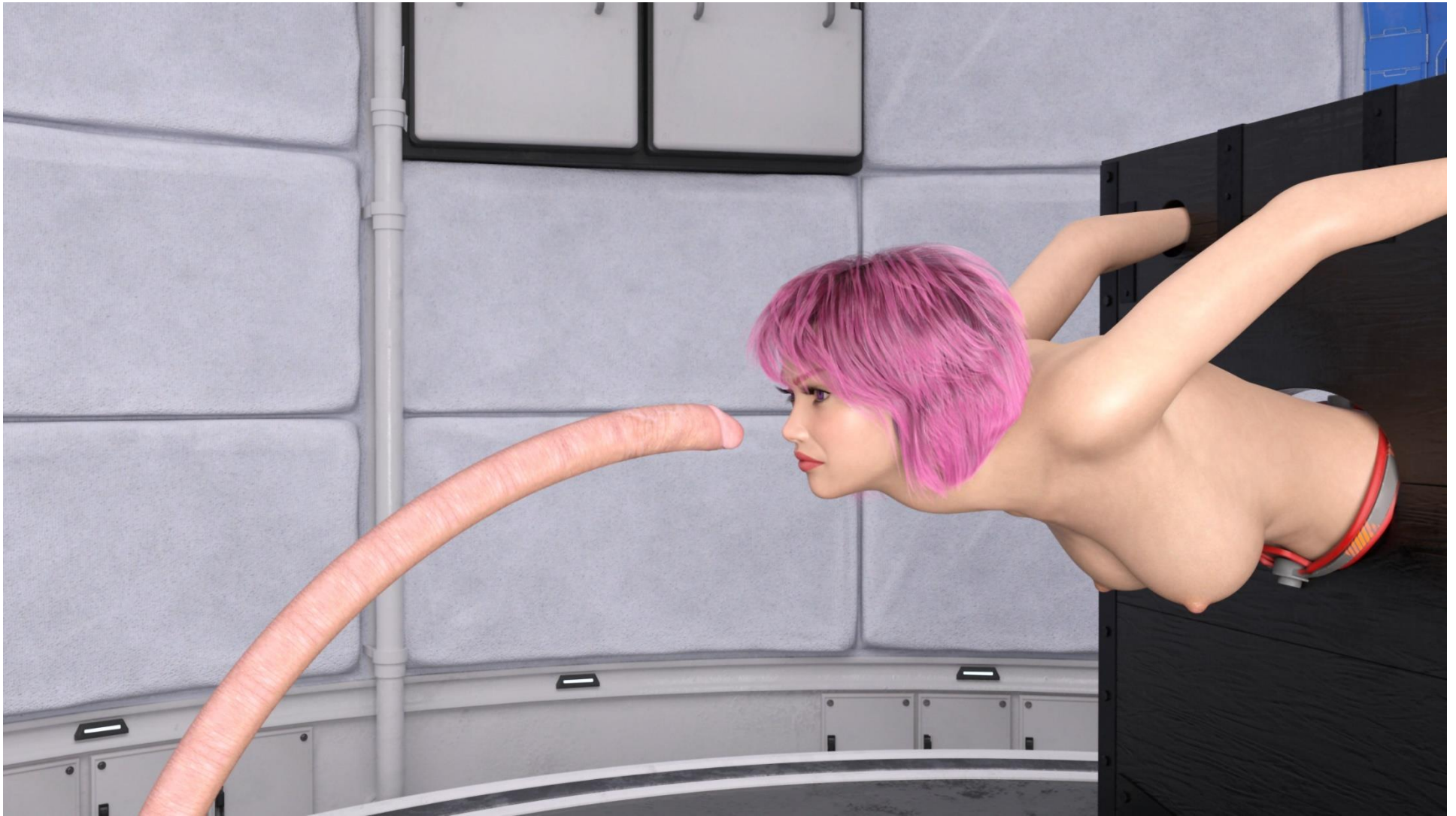


The automated system quickly secured her in place and the voice returned.

“Subject: Tara Winward’s compliance has been noted. Subject shows signs of being a Good Girl. Thank you for being a Good Girl, Subject Winward. Your first stage training will now commence.”



...Okay, that was both embarrassing and a little humiliating. Had they programmed it to talk that way on purpose? A moment later, she was distracted from that thought by a small circle spinning open in the seemingly solid floor. She blinked in surprise at what emerged.



That...wasn't the same sort of mechanical tentacle from before. At first glance she was creeped out since it looked *organic*. Thankfully, as it got closer she was able to tell that it was, in reality, merely very good synth-skin. Even so, it was certainly an odd step sideways from the purely metal monstrosities from before. Just what did...?

“Subject 5768: Tara Winward. Oral training commencement. Please pleasure the provided pseudo-cock to the best of your ability. Pointers will be provided based on your performance.”

...What?

Tara sighed, rolling her eyes as the tentacle moved closer...



She reached out tentatively with her tongue. She'd never really been all that big on blowjobs...and the tentacle was still squicking her out just a little, despite knowing it was just synth skin. Not to mention that she wasn't at all thrilled about the situation she'd found herself stuck in. Well, at least she just had to listen to the voice as it made stupid observations and pretend to go along with them. It's not like it could actually tell how much effort she was putting in, right?



“Subject: Tara Winward’s ability is deemed lacking. Subject should try harder or face corrective measures.”

Corrective measures? Well, she supposed it probably just noticed that she wasn’t actually taking the thing in her month. Sighing, she did just that.



Ugh. The taste wasn't bad compared to the few boyfriends she'd done down on, but it was still a bit squicky, though she was adjusting quickly as it failed to produce any slime or creepy alien effects. Grumbling, she half-heartedly swirled her tongue around the tentacle, wanting this to just be over with.

"Subject: Tara Winward had continued to resist proper effort. Corrective measures, Stage One, engage."

Wait...what?



Tara paused as the tentacle withdrew and, in the silence, she heard the door open and the sound of footsteps on the floor. She instinctively struggled, not liking the idea that someone or something unknown was behind her. But, of course, she was thoroughly trapped in the pillory. Its basic design was sound...and it had clearly been upgraded with the same security field tech as the first room, which prevented her from getting *any* sort of leverage.





As she struggled, it was only by luck that she noticed enough of a reflection in the glass to her left to see what was actually coming. Seeing the firm-faced android was both a relief and frightening. It, at least, wasn't some actual person, just another automated function. On the other hand, she had no idea what it was going to do. At least, not until it stopped and raised its hand...



Tara yelped as a firm spank hit her right cheek, then yelped a second time as it was quickly joined by another to her left. She made an indignant noise at the painful humiliation...but the automated voice was unmoved.

“Subject: Tara Windward has been a Bad Girl. Stage One Punishment has commenced. Subject will receive 40 Strikes.”

...Forty?! She squealed and squirmed as the bruising on her cheeks began to build up, every hard smack stinging more. After a dozen or so, she began to plea for mercy, eventually even devolving to promising to be a 'Good Girl.' Yet, it didn't matter. With merciless precision, she received exactly 40 spansks, twenty to each cheek.





She whimpered as it finally ended, tears leaking from her eyes and her ass feeling like it was on fire. Then, after a few moments of pause, she found herself unexpectedly moaning instead as the android's hand turned a soothing cold and massaged her bruised buttocks with gentle skill. Some sort of cream was applied, easing the sting farther...but sending a rush of arousal through her body, her pussy beginning to drip under the cold metal of her chastity belt.

“Subject: Tara Winward had completed Stage One Punishment. She will try again. Remember, only Good Girls are rewarded. Bad Girls are punished.”

Tara nodded fervently, not even questioning at this point. That had only been *Stage One* punishment, after all. She did *not* want to know what Stage Two would be! Her mental visions were filled with electrified nipple clamps and other horrible things. No thank you!



This time, when the tentacle approached, she dove into the effort with a will. While she might not be overly fond of giving blowjobs, she wasn't *unskilled*, and this time she was *very* motivated to get it right. She suppressed her gag reflex, taking the tentacle-cock deeper even as she swirled and lashed at the tentacles cockhead with her tongue. The automated voice gave her occasional advice and she followed every bit of it, as faithfully as she could!







She was surprised, and surprisingly to just a bit disappointed, when the tentacle pulled away. Only to be startled anew as it pumped a hot load of cum all over her face. She made an instinctive noise of distress, but there was nothing she could do...and she didn't want to be punished again. Acting on some half-realized instinct, she spoke aloud, trying to make up for her faux pas.

“Thank you, Master!”



The moment the words left her mouth, she was rewarded by a deep thrum starting in the crotch plate of her chastity belt. The vibrations transferred to her magic button and she moaned, instinctively darting her tongue out to the cum trailing down her face. Her mouth exploded with an extremely pleasant flavor...vanilla cream and strawberries? And then she couldn't focus at all as the vibrations picked up power and began to erratically pulse...



Random fluctuations of power came and went, first in pinpricks, then in waves. The feeling of something penetrating her surprised her a moment later, despite the cover of her chastity belt still being in place. Confused, but too high on pleasure to care, she tried to hump back against whatever it was. It didn't work, whatever the toy was it was *inside* her belt. And then all thought truly left her head as she howled her way through one of the most powerful climaxes of her life.

Yet the vibrations didn't stop.

They didn't stop, in fact, until they'd sent her through two more consecutive orgasms.

Wrung out, she slumped in the pillory as the pleasure finally stopped. The locks released...but she was unable to move for long, long minutes. Finally, gathering herself on shaky legs, she managed to work her way out of the pillory...





As she stood, the *room itself* seemed to spin, the door now in front of the pillory instead of behind. She stared, wondering if that had been the reason for the gap around the platform. Why would someone even build a room like that? Was it merely another security feature? After all, she couldn't exactly go back if there was no *door* to go back through! She shook off the thought a few seconds later and staggled toward the door, idly dabbing at a bit of the still-drying cum

on her face and drawing it to her lips. She blinked in surprise as the taste registered again...then shrugged and went back for more. It *was* tasty, after all. She just hoped it wasn't past its expiration date and actively poisoning her.

With a sigh, Tara went through the door, half terrified and half shamefully eager to see just what would happen next...