

BLACKSTAR'S LADY

By Katrina Susan Henderson



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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BLACKSTAR'S LADY

By Katrina Susan Henderson

1. Hired Aboard the *S. S. Eglad*

That day was a hot one on the planet Kaistarus when I applied for the position of Assistant Purser on the *S. S. Eglad*. I was in the port of Ameth in a long line with a lot of other hopefuls who wanted a job to survive the depression that followed the Damocles Uprisings, even if it meant shipping out into the hazards of deep space. The line moved slowly. Positions on the *Eglad* were scant, but it was the first freighter in port since the Damocles Uprisings had occurred here in my home sector. After about an hour of waiting in line, at last it became my turn.

“Position wanted?” asked a man with the bars of the first mate.

“Assistant Purser,” I replied.

“Right. Name?” he questioned.

“Evan Vale,” I answered as curtly as he had asked.

“Your papers, please!” he demanded.

“Aye, sir,” I said as I removed a minidata disk from my wristcomp.

He took it from me and inserted it into a terminal in front of him. He scanned it for a few minutes and then looked up at me.

“Seems you don't have much experience on starships,” he stated blandly.

“Aye, sir. My experience has mostly been with surface pleasure craft and merchant supply. I last served on the Ameth Cruise Ship *Persephone* in the position of Assistant Purser. I felt that I could now transfer my talent to space, specifically, to interstellar ships since the Uprising is over,” I replied steadily.

He broke a slight grin and asked, “Why not apply for Chief Purser?”

“I've never been in space outside this star system and will have some new ropes to learn. I'll make less mistakes and learn more as the Assistant Purser, besides, you didn't advertise for a Chief Purser.”

He gave out a good natured laugh and replied, “Well said. I'll do what I can for you. Come back after lunch and I'll see if I can get a word with the Captain. By the way, the handle's Gordon, Gordon Scott.”

“Thank you, Mr. Scott. I'll be back after lunch and I hope to be able to serve with you,” I said with relief.

“Aye, me too, Mr. Vale. Now be off with you. Next applicant, if you please.” He motioned me along.

I walked away a bit lighter on my feet. At least I hadn't been turned down outright like the other jobs I had applied for. It was a long wait until after lunch. I amused myself by checking out the rest of the spaceport. Everywhere, robots and personnel scurried to get the port ready for ships that would soon be heading back into this sector. While the *Egland* may not be the last ship to stop here, it was the only ship I had a chance for while I still had part of my bankroll left to pay for the things I'd need aboard.

The reason for my recent hardship was the Damocles Uprisings and the depression that followed it.

When the war came I was classified as unfit for the service because I had failed the Uniform Physical Combat Screening Test which separated the men and women suited for such horrors from the 'children', and I found myself serving on planet bound supply and cruise ships advancing from auto-scuttery work in their galleys to Purser. So, I was no war hero.

When the depression had hit, it had hit not only the sector, but also me, with a devastating blow. When the Uprisings had finally come to an end, my job had deserted me for a returning veteran and my father and mother were dead. Despite the fact that the Commonwealth had finally restored order the depression had destroyed most of my family's money as well as my own investments. All I had left was the few meager credits that inhabited my savings account.

I waited the hours out, trying to stay away from the food vendors that tempted me to spend my last few credits. With any luck, I would soon join the ranks of the employed again. I quickly checked my cheap chronometer and saw that it was nearly after the lunch hour. I quit my contemplation of my predicament and headed back for the interview area. Once I got there, I saw not only Mr. Scott, but an older gentleman with a gray beard and mustache dressed in the uniform of a merchant captain.

“Ah, here we are, Captain. Sir, may I introduce, Mr. Vale, who has applied for the position of Assistant Purser,” stated Mr. Scott formally.

“A good day to you, Mr. Vale.” The Captain offered his hand.

“Aye, sir. I hope to be able to serve with you, if I'm not being to presumptuous,” I replied shaking his hand smartly.

“Not at all, Mr. Vale. I appreciate a person who takes a bit of initiative. As it so happens, I've reviewed your record and found it, and yourself, acceptable. You will report to Chief Purser Ward on the *Egland* at 1600 hours. Ward will see to your comfort and briefing. Mr. Scott will give you a list of things you'll need to bring.”

“Aye, sir. And, thank you, sir, for this opportunity.”

“Good. Carry on, Mr. Scott,” he replied sauntering off.

“That, by the way, Mr. Vale, that was our skipper, Captain John Baxter. I've sailed with him for five years now and he's a fine a skipper as anyone could hope for. You work hard and with diligence and he'll make it worth your while. All of us that have

shipped with him for more than three years are now part owners in this here company and if you work out, the skipper will cut you in for a piece of the pie,” he said taking a piece of paper out of his comppad.

“Sounds good to me, Mr. Scott. Is that the list of the supplies I need to take aboard?” I asked.

“Aye, that it is, Mr. Vale. Here you go. Get the goods and meet us here a bit before 1600 hours. Ward will be wanting to meet you then,” he replied handing me the list.

I took the list from him, snapped smartly to attention and said, “Aye, sir. Will there be anything else?”

“No, Mr. Vale, and drop that military shit. We're all freeloiving entrepreneurs on the old *Egland*. Now, git,” he answered giving me a sloppy salute.

“Aye, sir,” I replied with a grin as I hurried off.

It took me till nearly 1600 to get all the goods Mr. Scott had on the list. When all was said and done, I had only a few credits left and not enough for the extra clothing suggested on the list. I decided that I would just have to do with the two sets I already had, even though, both were beginning to look a bit worn. With the last few credits, I splurged and bought myself my last meal ashore. It wasn't very good, but since I had gone without since dinner last night, it tasted just fine. After I finished, I went back to the docking pit where the *S. S. Egland* was ported.

The *Egland*, as I mentioned before was a freighter, an old one at that. She sat in her pit. A pitted tower of dull metal with her name emblazoned on her in partially rubbed off red letters. Her registry, which could barely be made out, identified her as an independent merchant man and her home port as Alibulus which was in the Viarta Sector. Well, she may be old and decrepit, but she was home now.

I hoisted the strap of my bag onto my shoulder and walked around the ship to the main gangway. As I came around to it, I noticed someone standing there waiting for me. As I got closer, I saw that it was a gray haired lady of about the same age as the captain. She eyed me warily as I approached and seemed to be sizing me up. I admit that I did not present the best image I could have. My clothes were obviously worn and the bag caused me to struggle a bit due to its weight. Now, as I have said, I'm not the most athletic person in the galaxy, actually, I was quite weak when it came to moving things around. But, I had not been hired as a labor droid, and I was strong enough to push the right buttons, so to speak.

As I got closer, I noticed that she was wearing the uniform of the Chief Purser, and as I came to the bottom of the gangway, I stopped and came to attention saying, “Permission to come aboard?”

“Permission granted. Here, let me help you with that, little man,” she said with a roar of friendly laughter reaching for the strapped bag, “That bag is bigger than you are.”

“Uh, thanks,” I replied as she easily took the bag from me leaving me only my duffel bag.

“No problem. Follow me and we'll get you settled in,” she answered leading me into the interior of the *Egland*.

It took us about ten minutes to get to the Purser's cabin which was located in the center most part of the ship around the main spinal where the crew quarters were located. The *Egland* was typical of her design with the cargo holds on the outside cylinder and the crew sections located in the inner cylinder. Occupying the spinal, itself, was the ship's main drive, the computer, and occupying the very top of the spinal, the ship's bridge and navigation array.

She opened the door and beckoned me inside the Purser's cabin. The cabin was typical of those found on most ships, consisting of a small bathroom, a small living section complete with two desks, a couple of chairs, two bunks with a small wardrobe next to them, and a set of two drawers underneath the bunks. She set my bag down on one of the bunks.

“Well, here we are. Set down and make yourself at home,” she said sitting down on the bunk opposite the one she had set my bag down on.

“Thanks,” I replied sitting down opposite her.

“Allow me to introduce myself, I'm Angelica Ward, the Chief Purser. You must be my new assistant,” she began with a thin lipped smile.

“Yes, ma'am. I'm Evan Vale and I hope I work out well,” I replied with a grin.

“I'm sure you will, Evan.”

“What's the ship routine?”

“Well ship routine requires us to prepare meals for the crew in the ship's galley for three shifts. One meal at 0600, one at 1500 and one at 2200. In addition to cooking the meals, we serve them and do the dishes. We do the laundry and ship's cleaning. Once a week, we conduct a detailed inventory of the supplies we have. And we are in charge of entertainment procurement.

“Since you are a salaried employee, you get paid on the first of the month. Money doesn't do you much good until we hit port so it is just banked with the Galactic Credit Banking System until we reach port. You will be issued a card after your first week here,” she explained.

“That's sounds pretty standard to me. It is the same on surface cruise ships, only more so. So, I guess I'd better get settled in. Where do I bunk?”

“Why right where you are, dear,” she replied with a smirk.

I looked shocked, but had to ask, “And where will you bunk?”

“Why right here, hon,” she answered patting the bunk she was sitting on.

“But. . .,” I began.

“No buts about it. You've been assigned the position of Assistant Purser and that's the bunk of the Assistant Purser. Don't worry, I don't bite. Besides, me and the captain have an understanding and frankly, there's no room in it for you. I'm sure we'll get along fine. Just think of me as your mother and we'll get along just fine.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Good. Now put your things away and get some rest. We have work to do since we are leaving in the morning and the captain wishes to have a get together this evening for all our new help. I've got a couple of things to check up on, so I'll leave you to get settled,” she said, adding with a little chuckle, “Feel free to borrow anything of mine you may need. We girls need to share everything, but the crew.”

I was in a state of frank shock as she got up and left the room. I had never lived in the same house with a woman, other than my mother, let alone sharing a room with one. I sat there for a few minutes and then after a bit of soul searching decided that the best thing to do was unpack. I opened my packs and sorted everything out on the bed. It sure didn't amount to much. It was a change of clothes, nearly worn to thread bareness, a couple of pictures of the family, a portable entertainment center with discs, a ship's toiletry kit, a personal hygiene kit, a portapad and pen, and last of all, the item that took most of my money, my own set of emergency vacuum gear. I had flinched over the price for that set of emergency vacuum gear, but it was a necessity. Without it, I could die in an emergency. The whole suit fitted easily into a waist belt and would envelope you in a stout plastic membrane that would protect you for eight hours in space.

I opened up the two drawers under the bed. The first one I opened was filled with feminine undergarments. I blushed a little at first looking at them in fascination. They were soft to the touch and made of fine delicate cloth. I pulled my hand away and shut the drawer. I would just have to ask Angelica to put her dainties somewhere else when I got enough money to restock my depleted wardrobe. I opened the other drawer and finding it empty, put all of my things within.

After I had my few belongings set aside, I placed my change of clothes on the bed and went to take a shower in the bathroom. I took my towel with me and a thin but serviceable cloth robe that I have had for years. I locked the bathroom door behind me and looked about the bathroom.

The bathroom was small and consisted of a sonic shower, a toilet and a small wash basin. Littering the top of the wash basin, totally covering it in fact, were a large selection of Angelica's beauty aides including her complete make-up kit. My mother had never had one of those and she never wanted one. She maintained that a woman didn't need make-up to look beautiful. I had, of course, agreed with her, but I still thought women who used make-up looked better with it than without.

I took off my dirty clothes and sat them on the toilet set with my robe and towel. I climbed into the sonic shower and activated it. It was computerized, one of the latest models I had ever seen. It was obviously not ship standard and I realized that Angelica must have bought it with her own money. It had a fantastic equipment assembly and had every function that I could have described. As the shower started to soothe me, I noticed that it had a voice activated computer.

“Hello, computer,” I said dubiously.

“Good day, mistress. I sense you are in urgent need of restoration. Should I execute the prearranged program?” answered the computer promptly in a woman's voice.

“Yeah, sure,” I replied with a grin.

It was obvious to me that the computer in the shower had been preprogrammed to respond to Angelica and it didn't have any sensors to tell it that I was not. Suddenly the shower seemed to sting a little more and I noticed that the sonic shower head began to change shape and rake over my body. It seemed to be following a prearranged program of targeting parts of my body.

“Stop it,” I said as the stinging became painful as it sought out my labia majora and settled for the head of my penis!.

“Stop what, mistress?” the computer sang back sweetly.

“Stop the shower,” I replied as the stinging began to impact on my face.

“I'm sorry, mistress. The program you have initiated is not capable of being aborted as per the prearranged instructions. The program is scheduled to terminate in two point three seconds.”

I endured the final few seconds and then the shower switched back to it's normal soothing function and the computer said, “Normal function resumed. Do you require defoliation?”

“Will it hurt?” I asked dubiously.

“No, mistress. Shall I proceed?”

“Very well,” I answered with a sigh.

“Acknowledged, mistress. Defoliation sequence engaged. Do you wish for a hygiene cleansing.”

“No thanks.”

If the shower had seemed pleasant before, it was doubly so now as it began to knead and massage my body. It was wonderful how the pain I had experienced before was rapidly fading away. I glanced down at my body.

“Oh my God!” I cried out loud for the hair on my body had fallen away and was riding the sonic waves out the sonic shower disposal chute .

I was completely hairless from my chest down to my feet, except for a tuft of hair that had been left on my privates. My arms and hands too showed a complete lack of hair and were smooth and supple to the touch, just like a woman's!

I stood there in shock as the sonic shower sprayed a fine lotion over my bare skin until my now soft skin glistened with a faint floral scent before the shower terminated it's functions. I slowly got out of the shower and went to look in the mirror above the small wash basin. I groaned aloud as I noticed that my facial hair was also missing. My goatee was gone as were my long sideburns while my eyebrows had been shaped into a narrow arch over each eye. Of the 5 o'clock shadow that normally occupied the shaved areas of my face, there was no sign that hair had ever grown there.

Suddenly, I heard a knock at the door and Angelica's voice saying, “Are you about done, hon? Time's a wasting and we don't got all day to be about our work!”

“Sure, Angelica. Just a minute,” I replied hurriedly donning my robe and pushing my collar length bushy hair back noting that it was now cleaned, conditioned, and wavy with full body curls as if it had been styled in a salon!

Nervously I realized that the computer had given me the complete beauty bath that it would provide Angelica.

Thank God I had sense enough to refuse her hygiene routine or I might have found a tampon shoved up my penis, or worse!

I hung my towel up on the provided hook and noticed that my dirty clothes were gone. In puzzlement, I opened the door and exited the bathroom knowing that there was no place to hide my shamefully feminine appearance!.

“Well, you certainly look refreshed,” said Angelica sweetly as I went to my bunk for my clothes. “My, don't we smell nice.”

“Uh, thanks. What the. . . !” I exclaimed as I found my clothes gone from the bed.

“Whatever is the matter, hon?” asked Angelica with a grin on her face.

“Where are my clothes?”

“They were horrible, hon. Threadbare and worn, so I put them and your dirty pair in the recycler,” she replied in puzzlement.

I sat down in shock on the bed. My clothes were gone! *What was I going to do now.* I let out a slight groan and put my head in my hands.

“Whatever is wrong with you, hon?” Angelica questioned, sitting down next to me and putting her arm around my shoulders.

“Those were the only clothes I have,” I groaned miserably.

“Oh! I see. Don't worry. I have it all figured out.”

“You do?” I asked in amazement.

“Certainly. You can wear the old Assistant Purser's uniforms until we get to the next port and you can buy yourself some.”

“Great, Angelica. That would do I guess,” I replied as she got up and went to the wardrobe.

She rummaged in it for a few moments and came out with a uniform that looked like hers. As she brought it over, I found myself blushing. It was too much like hers. It had the standard ship's blouse on top, but in place of pants, it had a long straight skirt!

“I can't wear that!”

“Why not. You're the new Assistant Purser and this is the Assistant Purser's uniform,” she stated matter of factly.

“But, it's a woman's uniform,” I blurted out.

“So, it is, but it's the only thing you've got now that your other clothes are gone,” she replied placing it on the bed.

“But, I'll look silly in that, that. . .,” I stammered, wondering if she was taunting me.

“No, you won't. I'll help you. Now come with me.” She seized my left hand with a surprisingly strong grip.

I was in a state of shock and let her lead me into the bathroom. On the way, she grabbed a chair from one of the desks and placed it in front of the wash basin.

“Here, sit,” she ordered.

I sat down in the chair and she got out her make-up kit. She opened it on the basin and then turned to me.

“I see you used the restoration setting on the shower,” she stated bluntly with a knowing giggle.

“Yes, I guess I did,” I replied with growing embarrassment as she began to use a beauty-spray from her kit to apply something to my face.

“Don't fidget, hon. I'm just putting on some foundation. I never used that setting myself. It came special on this model, but I kind of like shaving my hair off myself, so I always reply no when the computer asks me about the restoration sequence. I was going to get it deleted at our last stop, but Kaistarus had no one who could reprogram it.”

“Oh, so it was just shaving hair,” I sighed in relief.

“Nope. Your hair is gone for good if you didn't modify the program.”

“What?!” I exclaimed leaning back from her.

“Oh, I see you didn't. The program was specially designed to eliminate all hair on a woman except for a triangle tuft of hair in her middle, femininely curved eyebrows and the hair on top of her head. As a matter of fact, it was designed to curl the eyebrows and stimulate hair growth on the scalp and I see that your long lashes are already nicely curled. Once I finish with you, you'll fit right in,” she replied reaching again into her make-up kit.

I sat there in stunned disbelief as she continued to work on me. Next she applied with the beauty spray brush some powder and some soft pink blush. Then she applied eye shadow and mascara. Lastly, she had me purse my lips while she applied a soft pink lipstick to them. She then got out her hair styling kit and soon gave me a new hair do. When at last she stepped away I saw myself in the mirror. I was shocked to see a pretty girl staring right back!

“Not bad. You look a lot like my niece, Cassandra. Well, come on, hon. Let's get you dressed.”

I mutely followed her back into the main part of the cabin. She stopped and reached for the drawer full of the feminine undergarments. I gasped as she fished out a pair of lacy white panty briefs, a flowered lace trimmed bra and a woman's flesh colored self adhering hygiene sanitary pad.

“Here you go, hon,” she said handing them to me.

“But, but. . .,” I stammered.

“Put them on, now,” she ordered irritably.

I nodded mutely and turned from her. I opened up the front of my robe and felt the cold air of the room against my hairless naked body. It was damn cold in there!

As I stood there, she grabbed my manhood saying, “Don't panic, hon. I'm just fixing you up for your monthly.”

As I watched in shivering fear mixed with renewed humiliation she gently peeled a coat of plastic from the sanitary pad's urethra outlet inserting it into my meatus before she carefully pushed my genitals up into my body cavity and then placed the surgical pad over them. She then pressed the small labia majora pad in place making my front as smooth and as natural looking as a girl's during her period.

Unlike the old fashioned napkin or tampon style menstrual pad this device was designed to prevent any urinary infections, or allow any messy leakage of the blood flow from the woman's vagina. During her period she had no messy pads or such to fuss with when she used the toilet. When her period was over the pad changed color and could be easily removed.

“That looks good, hon. Now you can put on the rest of your clothes yourself,” she said with a satisfied look on her face. “Just remember, if you want to pee, get to a toilet as soon as possible. We girls can't clamp off any hose, sweet thing.”

I dubiously took the white pair of shape fitting panty briefs and stepped into them and pulled them up, surprised to see that the high waisted panty was designed to shape the waist while it flattened the tummy and lifted my derriere much like a under-wired bra might lift a woman's breasts!. They felt fantastic against my hairless skin feeling silky and utterly soft. All in all, they felt more comfortable than my old underwear. Next, I took off the robe and fumbled with the bra.

Angelica laughed and helped me with it.

“There now. You lean forward slightly so that your breasts will hang in the cups and pull the straps up your arms to just below the shoulder with the breasts just setting in the cups. Oh, dear. You don't have much so we'll just have to stuff you when we're done. Now take one end in one hand and one in the other and reach back. Now just stick the self adhesive strips together and then pull the straps up over your shoulders. Now was that so bad?”

I had followed her instructions as she had spoken them and I was now wearing the bra with its white lace flowers laying on my chest . Angelica then reached into the drawer again and pulled out a pair of nylons and stuck them into the bra cups to form perfect looking breasts.

“That should give a gal a little more development when she wears a gown so that her boy friend can drool with passion. Your shaping up fine, hon.

“All you need to do is put on the uniform and pair of thigh highs with deck shoes and you'll be set for work,” she noted getting out a pair of nylons and handing them to me.

I laughed dubiously, but after a bit of trial and error, I got the sheer silky hose rolled up to my thighs where they clung like a second skin. I stepped into the skirt and

pulled it up to where Angelica said it should go. Next I put on the blouse and noticed that the uniform fitted easily and it flattered the cup of my false breasts.

Anglica went to the wardrobe and brought back a pair of white deck pumps with two inch platform heels that went along with the uniform.

I put them on and stood shakily on my feet.

“Very good, now walk around a bit.”

I took a few hesitating steps and nearly fell down between the restriction of the skirt and the heels on the pumps.

Angelica laughed at me and then showed me how to walk with mincing steps. It did make it a lot easier to walk but it tended to let my uplifted ass sway back and forth, as I minced about the room.

Anglica took a ships tote bag out of the wardrobe while I put on my emergency vacuum suit belt. She handed me the ships tote bag and said, “Come on, hon. It's time for work.”

She lead me out of the cabin and out into the ship. My first day at work on the *S. S. Eglan*d had begun.

And already I had been transformed from being a man to looking like a pretty woman!

2. Cassandra, the Assistant Purser

For the first hour and a half we met no one as we worked. We first had to inventory existing supplies and plan the meal for the Captain and crew.

All during our preparation of the meal, Angelica kept up a lively conversation including suggestions on feminine behavior along with some questions about my past and then she supplied information about herself.

She had left home at an early age and had drifted from ship to ship ever since. She had recently landed the post of Chief Purser on the *Overion* which had been her last ship prior to her recent hiring on the *Eglan*d. Her previous employment had been terminated when she had a falling out with the Chief Engineer who wanted to have sex with her and she didn't want it with him. All in all she was a tough old gal and she now had her sights set on Captain Baxter.

When I asked her why, she just laughed and replied that she wasn't getting any younger.

I just laughed along with her and bent to my tasks.

It felt strange to me that after wearing the clothes for a couple of hours, that I had completely forgotten about them as I had my painted up face.

That all changed, however, when Mr. Scott entered the galley. He did a double take at the door and then came over to us. I felt the color rise to my cheeks as he saw me standing there, in shock, in my white pumps, made up face and cute little Assistant Pursuer's uniform.

“Good day, Ward. Where's Mr. Vale?” he asked in a steady voice.

"Oh, he couldn't make it, Mr. Scott. He had an emergency he had to attend to. Something dealing with the police, I think," she replied quickly. "So I got a replacement for him."

"Oh, I see. And who is this ravishing girl who is helping you?" he questioned looking me straight in the face.

"Well, Mr. Scott. Permit me to introduce you to my niece, Cassandra Berrie. Cassandra, this is Mr. Gordon Scott, the first officer of the *Egland*."

"Hello, Miss Berrie," he said flashing me a grin.

"Uh, hello, Mr. Scott," I replied extending my hand.

He took it, pressed it to his lips. "Haven't we met somewhere before?"

I was in a state of panic, pulled my hand back and stammered, "I don't think so, Mr. Scott."

"Excellent," he replied turning back to Angelica. "She has spirit. She'll do just fine here. Well, I've got to nip off and tell the Captain of the change in the roster. I think he will be pleased to find that we have a lovely girl on board rather than a man on the run from the police. See you at dinner, Miss Berrie, Miss Ward,"

With that he went out the door whistling a tune that I was unfamiliar with. I looked down at my hand where he had kissed it like it was something from the other side of the galaxy. Where he had kissed it, it was still warm and seemed to have burned itself into my skin. I looked up in confused consternation over my strange unmasculine emotions when I heard Angelica giggling.

"What?" I demanded crossly.

"Nothing, dear. Well, if you passed Mr. Scott's test, you'll dazzle them all."

"Why did you tell him that I was named Cassandra?" I questioned as I resumed my work.

"Well, we can't have you running around as a boy, can we. After all, all you've got is women's clothes now."

"But, I can't pass as a woman," I blurted out quickly.

"Of course, you can. You just did and with flying colors I might add. With me here to help you, you'll pass for as long as you're with us. Besides, most of the men on this tub only know the whores in the ports they visit and for only one night at that. They wouldn't know a real woman if she turned around and bit them.

"From what I can see, if the most experienced one here can't tell you from a real woman, than you are secure here for as long as you want to work on the *Egland*, and none have had a closer intimate relationship with a woman than Mr. Scott.

"All you have to do, if you don't want to be Cassandra after this voyage is over is to leave the ship at our next port of call and buy yourself some male clothes and return to your life, such as it is. Until then, though, you're my niece, Cassandra Berrie. Any questions, Assistant Purser Berrie?"

"Just one. What happened to Mr. Scott's relationship?"

“Why, Cassandra! That’s his business, but she was killed last year while they were at an art exhibition on Herenius V. Now, don't you go repeating what I just said. Especially in hearing range of Mr. Scott. Now, am I going to get any argument about your being my niece for the rest of this voyage?”

I knew I was beat."No, ma'am."

That seemed to suit her fine and she turned back to her work humming a tune.

I bent again to the food and soon we had dinner prepared. Together we put a table cloth on the captain's table and set out the dinnerware and glasses. We set the food on the table and filled the glasses.

As we were finishing up, the crew walked in with Mr. Scott. Most of them where the typical spacemen you see at any port. Generally ill kept but in a good humor from just coming back from shore leave.

Of the crew, the only one who looked positively mean was the Chief Engineer. He was a muscle bound hefty man of about forty and had a long jagged scar down the left side of his face.

“What's this?Two bitches now?” he growled out.

“Now, Rosco. Don't go on like that. These ladies have fixed us a fine meal. Why don't you try to be civil, engineer?” Gordon said easily.

“That bitch, Ward, is enough for me. I don't want an Assistant Bitch to contend with as well,” he barked out giving us a leering glance.

“Too bad, Rosco. Just put up with it and that's an order.” Gordon maneuvered himself between us and the Chief Engineer.

With that, Rosco just snorted and took his prearranged seat at the table.

Seeing that a fight was not immediately in the offing, the rest of the men took their seats.

Mr. Scott came over and held our chairs for us to sit at the table before he assumed his seat. It was odd having a man hold the chair for me as I seated myself, odd but somehow pleasant.

After a couple of moments, the captain walked in.

“Captain on deck!” exclaimed Gordon rising to his feet.

The other men followed suit and I would have too if Angelica hadn't caught my arm and gave me a negative shake of the head.

“At ease, gentlemen and ladies. Please me seated,” replied Captain Baxter taking his seat.

Captain Baxter must have had his best dress uniform on. It's medals were polished and the lapels were well pressed and stuck out rigidly like a pair of jet wings. His beard and mustache where neatly groomed making him look like one of those legendary old men of the sea.

“Well, the meal looks exquisite, ladies. Come let us feast and then we'll have a nice little get together over dessert.” he ordered and with that picked up his knife and fork and dug into his dinner.

We all followed suit.

All during the meal, I followed Angelica's lead, eating in small bites and sipping gently from the glass. Following the captain's instructions, we kept conversation to a minimum during the meal except for the passing around of dishes.

I felt a guilty glow over how many times I was asked to pass a dish that was close to me to Gordon. Every time I passed a dish to him, his eyes seemed to smolder and I felt my heart give a little jump. *What in the off-worlds was happening here I was behaving like a romantic school girl?*

After dinner was done, Angelica and I gathered the dishes, dumped them into the autowasher in the galley and served dessert.

After dessert, the captain looked up.

“That was a delightful meal. Now down to business. Tomorrow morning, we will lift off and proceed to our next stop, Delos Major. There, we will meet the *Serendipity* and take on a load of urgently needed pharmaceuticals for the planet Neus Sierra.

“From there, we will proceed at flank speed for Neus Sierra. Once there, we will deliver the drugs and load Neus Sierran wine before making way to the trading center at Ventix in the Shakespear Sector. Now that has a flight time of thirty two days, including layovers, so we'll be in port at Ventix come your next pay, with a healthy bonus, I might add.”

With that the crew gave out a satisfied grunt and turned back respectfully to the captain. The captain gave a brief run down of himself and his career. He then called on each of us to deliver our own brief description of ourselves and our career.

First Mate, Gordon Scott, one day, wanted to command a merchant ship of his own and had come from a long line of privateers. His father had become famous during the Agresti Uprising as a privateer for the Galactic Commonwealth. He had been educated in the merchant service by his father and had attended a brief stint at the Galactic Commonwealth Reserve as a spaceship gunner.

Chief Purser Angelica Ward wanted to become a permanent Chief Purser or perhaps a corporate accountant and had come from a long line of ancestors who were proficient in the mercantile trade.

When it finally got to me, I was totally nervous, but I managed to stammer out, “I'm, uh, Cassandra Berrie from Ameth, Kaistarius. I'm, uh, glad to be here and I want to be the Chief Purser on a Galactic Cruise ship, someday, or at least the Cruise Director.”

“You're Angelica's niece, correct?” asked Captain Baxter politely.

“Yes, Captain. I, uh, was lucky she remembered me for this job. It was looking a little rough since the depression that followed the Damocles Uprising,” I replied, starting to feel a bit more confident.

“What did you do before this?” asked Gordon eyeing me carefully.

I thought quickly and then replied, “I was a student at Ameth Ardan University.”

“That's a girl's college, isn't it, hon?” asked Angelica prompting me.

“Yes, it is,” I replied looking down quickly.

“What did you study?” Gordon asked with a smile.

“Catering and Hotel Recreation Management,” I answered with a smile of my own.

“Very good, Miss Berrie. You're next, Rosco,” said the captain dismissing me with a flash of his eyes, much to my relief.

“Well,” muttered Rosco. “First of all, I think this voyage's a bad idea. Bringing women along and all. Now I know you've got a thing for Ward, cap, but this other young lady is just trouble.”

“Why do you say that, Rosco?” asked Gordon pointedly.

“The young one will tempt the lads away from their work. They won't work squat if she's around,” he answered.

“If that's a problem, Mr. Chief Engineer, I'll try to make it a point to stay out of the Engine Room,” I replied tartly.

“That ain't the problem, missy. Just knowing you're here is enough,” he replied glaring at me.

“That's enough, Rosco! Now tell the lads and lasses your background,” interjected the captain quickly.

“Aye, sir,” replied Rosco going into his, obviously, much repeated spiel.

After all the introductions were over, the captain dismissed us telling us to get some sleep because we would be lifting off in the morning. After the others had left, Angelica and I put away the dessert dishes and the glasses in the autowasher and activated the cleaning robots.

When we got back to our cabin, Angelica said, “Not too bad, Cassandra. That was a good extemporization you made on your background. It fits in nicely with your reasons for being here. Though, I'd watch out for Rosco. He's a little touched in the head.”

“I noticed! What's his problem anyway?”

“Don't know. He's always been like that. Well, it's to bed with us now. You want to use the bathroom first, or shall I?”

“You go first,” I answered setting down on the edge of the bed kicking off my pumps.

Soon I heard the shower running and after a half hour it was my turn. After sonic-ing off, I was greeted by Angelica who handed me a pink silk lace trimmed nightie. I was so tired, that I put it on without any argument and was soon blissfully asleep with the fragrance of roses and vanilla surrounding me.

The next morning came awfully early with me and Angelica having to get up at four o'clock in order to get breakfast out before we took off. It was a fast instant breakfast as we didn't have time to cook.

Angelica had helped me with my make-up again that morning, but I had started to experiment with it myself before she took me, once again, in hand. It appeared that the previous occupant of my cabin had been a Susan Mei who had quit the previous run to this one. It was surprising that Susan had nearly been the same size as me. Angelica said that she would show me how to alter my other uniforms later if I needed to.

At five o'clock, the captain's voice came on the intercom.

"Attention all hands, this is the captain. Report immediately to your lift off stations. Countdown commences in thirty minutes with liftoff occurring at 0600. That is all."

"Where do we go for lift off?" I asked Angelica as we finished putting the breakfast dishes in the autowasher after having put away the previous evening's dishes.

"Come along. Our station is in the Computer Room Annex near the Main Computer. We'll be monitoring the cargo holds on the computer while we lift off."

"Right," I answered shutting the autowasher, but not turning it on.

We left the dining area and took the elevator in the spinal up to the Computer Room Annex. There, we took chairs at the consoles and strapped ourselves in.

Angelica showed me how to configure the monitors to show us the cargo holds in small pictures across the monitor screen. Angelica had given me the port side cargo holds to watch as she took care of the starboard holds.

At T-minus fifteen minutes, Angelica said, "Activate the voice activator on your left. You will have to give orders to the computer in case one of the crates breaks loose. Just tell it which crate is loosening and what to do about it."

"Right, Angelica," I replied pushing the actuator.

"Yes. How may I serve you?" asked the computer politely.

"Begin monitoring Cargo Bays 2, 4 & 6," I answered.

"Acknowledged, mistress. Monitoring begins."

"Do you know me?" I asked the computer in amazement.

"Affirmative, mistress. I assisted you with your shower yesterday. I maintain all records on all authorized personnel on this vessel."

"What do you know about me?" I asked pointedly.

"Name:Cassandra Judith Berrie. Date of Birth:January 22, 3136. Age:26. Sex:female occupation:Assistant Purser. Education: Ameth Lower, Middle and High School. Ameth Ardan University and you have a B. A. in Catering and Hotel Recreation Management. Martial Status:Single. Only known living relative:Angelica Christina Ward."

"Who gave you this information?" I asked.

"Information comes from the Central Ameth Registry," answered the computer punctually.

“Angelica?” I asked in a whining voice.

“Computer disregard the following,” ordered Angelica.

“Affirmative, mistress.”

“Don't worry about it, Cassandra. I took care of everything while you were asleep. After we lift off, I'll be happy to explain it to you. Now you just watch the cargo like you're supposed to. Computer, normal operations,” Angelica said irritably.

“Acknowledged, mistress. T-minus ten minutes and counting.”

I just sat there in a huff. *What had she meant? She had taken care of everything?*

The computer couldn't lie when it had said it had found the information it had displayed to me. Even the pictures it had flashed on the screen detailing my life that went along with the read out had looked like me as a girl! It was scary to see photos of a little girl who wasn't me as I was growing up, yet this soulless machine had identified them as me!

At T-minus five minutes, the engines began their warming up sequence and the ship began to vibrate on her landing jacks. At T-minus ten seconds, the ship was rattling like it was coming apart at the seams as the primary fusion motors started their firing sequence.

As I watched, I noticed the strap on two of the crates break simultaneously. There wasn't enough time to re-strap them down. I had to think fast or else, the cargo in that section would be ruined by flying debris from the two crates that were breaking loose.

“Computer. Grab Crate 2-00345 and wedge it into the space between crates 2-00227 and 2-00228. Grab Crate 2-00888 and wedge it into the space between crates 2-00333 and 2-00334. Maintain grapple contact at all times,” I ordered quickly.

“Affirmative, mistress. I must warn you, that extenuator damage may occur on the grapples.”

“Acknowledged, computer,” I answered sarcastically.

At zero, the ship gave out a loud groan as it picked itself off the landing apron of its landing pit and rose into the sky. At least that was what I hoped was happening! The ship seemed to be coming apart from the sound of it, but the *Egland* managed to jack herself off the apron and into the sky.

After about five minutes of bone crushing pressure, the captain said, “Attention. We have achieved escape velocity and the artificial gravity generators have kicked in. In ten minutes we will be activating the hyperdrive. After that, it will be normal routine till our arrival at Delos Major. Please standby at your station until the initiation of the hyperdrive. Captain, out.”

“Well, we're on our way,” I said at last.

“So we are, Cassandra. Computer re-strap the two loose crates in hold 2.”

“Acknowledged, mistress.”

“Deactivate voice interface,” ordered Angelica.

“Acknowledged, mistress,” replied the computer shutting off its voice link.

“Okay. Now that it's no longer monitoring us, I'll explain everything. Now, since some people are bound to check on you. I took the liberty of obtaining some fake records for you. It was easy enough since most of the Ameth records were lost in the Damoscles Uprising. I just substituted my niece's information for yours,” explained Angelica in a light voice.

“Won't the real Cassandra get in trouble?” I asked earnestly.

“No. She's been dead for the past ten years. She was only sixteen when she died. If she had lived, she would be about the same age as you. I have a friend in the Galactic Registry Office who helped me, as she owed me a favor. I hope you appreciate the risk I took in order to falsify these records.”

I felt my heart go out to her and replied, “Certainly, I do, hon. It's just that it's only for a month. It is a lot of trouble for you to go through for just that much time.”

“It is worth it, though,” answered Angelica. “Because I never got to know my niece as a grown up woman and you look so much like her that, well, it's like I get to know her for a month. It's kind of a memorial to the way I wished things could have been between us.”

Now I understood what was behind all that had happened to me so far. The disappearance of my clothes, her dressing me up and passing me off as her niece. She was trying to atone for all the missed years with her niece. Slowly, I nodded my head.

“I understand, Aunt Angelica.”

She flashed me an open grin that seemed to brighten the room.

As I basked in that glow, the captain came on the intercom saying, “Attention all hands. Hyperdrive initiation will occur in fifteen seconds. Stand by.”

At the count of zero, the hyperdrive kicked in.

As the tingling sensation of the drive hit me, I caught a distorted glimpse of another time and place in my mind's eye. What I saw appeared to be a wedding. The bells peeling as the commissar said the final words of that most ancient of vows. As the groom kissed the bride, I saw, to my utter amazement, that I was the bride!

As quickly as it had come, it was gone again as the ship came to its standard cruising speed in hyperspace and the glimpse receded in my memory leaving me only a faint impression of it all.

I looked quizzically at Angelica who just shrugged and said, “Sometimes during hyperdrive transitions there occurs a sort of distorted dream view of the future or past. They're just possibilities, really. Not all come true. Whatever was it that you saw?”

“Whatever it was, it is impossible. What next?”

“Standard routine, now. Let's get started. After lunch, it is to bed with you because I got the day to evening watch and you got the midnight to day watch,” she said unstrapping herself.

“All right, auntie.”

3. Delos Major

The first few days aboard the *S. S. Eglad* went on without event. I performed my duties as Cassandra and no one seemed to suspect that I wasn't the woman I outwardly appeared to be. When one of the men started to get more than friendly, Mr. Scott always seemed to be there to quash it before it could get nasty. After a time, the men seemed to get the idea to leave me alone. Often, I would see them whispering and pointing in my direction. Whenever I would approach them, they would shut up and just look at me with stupid grins on their faces. It was a constant puzzle to me why they did that after having been so forward with me before.

On the fifth day of our voyage, I was just finishing up with the midnight shift and heading back to my cabin when I heard noises coming from one of the storage rooms. Even though I was dead tired, I came to a stop in front of the room.

"So it's arranged then?" asked a voice in a muffled whisper.

"Yes. We deliver the goods and we get paid a million credits," answered a low voice that I identified as Rosco, the chief engineer.

"Good. When is delivery?" questioned another voice.

"That's been arranged. Now, off with you before someone suspects," growled Rosco.

I quickly made my way away from the area. I heard them coming out into the hall, so I quickly ducked into the open door of a cabin. I shut the door behind me and gave a start at the sound of someone clearing their voice. I turned and came face to face with Gordon Scott.

"Well, well. It's not often a pretty girl runs into my cabin and locks the door behind her. What's wrong?" he asked, looking at my panic stricken face.

I gulped, looked down and blushed furiously. *Now how was I to explain this?*

"I see you're at a loss for words. Sit down now, before you fall down."

"Thank you," I replied gratefully collapsing onto a well cushioned chair.

"Something to drink, perhaps?" he asked kindly.

"Thank you," I answered politely.

He got up from where he was seated on his bunk and put down the book he had been reading.

I was curious, so I read the title. I sat back quickly in my chair in utter amazement. The book was Blackstar's Lady one of the most romantic adventure novels of our time. I remembered having read it in college for an assignment and had been struck by the love between the hero and the heroine.

"Here you are, Cassie. I hope it's all right for me to call you that," he said handing me a glass of fruit juice.

"Sure, it's all right. Thank you for giving me time to collect myself." Taking a sip from the glass I set it on the end table next to me.

"Certainly, Cassie. Now what is this all about?" he asked standing next to me expectantly.

I looked down and was just getting ready to start when I heard, simultaneously, the door creak from someone listening against it. Quickly, I got up out of the chair and grabbed the amazed Gordon Scott in my arms. I heard the door knob turn and the door begin to open. In utter panic, I turned to face Mr. Scott and met him face to face. Our lips brushed each others and suddenly, we found ourselves kissing.

His mouth was fantastic against mine. His tongue a stabbing limb of pleasure, his mustache was a gentle tickling against my bare face and his breath was warm and sweet, and my poor heart was pounding in excited fear and awareness that I actually was kissing a man!

We only pulled out of the kiss when we heard the door open the rest of the way and a gentle knock.

Gordon pulled back from me and turned to face the intruder while keeping his left arm securely around my waist.

There, standing framed in the doorway, was a very bewildered looking Rosco and two of his boys.

“What is the meaning of this intrusion, Mr. Gorman?” growled out Mr. Scott like a lion that had just been interrupted in its feast.

“Sorry, Mr. Scott. Just reporting the dogwatch off duty and all normal,” he stammered out nervously glaring at me with the evil eye.

Instinctively, I pulled myself tighter against Gordon, trying to put as much of him between Rosco and myself as I could.

“You interrupted my off duty shift just for that?!” exclaimed Gordon in threatening tones.

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir,” he replied backing toward the door.

“Rosco, don't ever do that again. The next time you enter my quarters unbidden, I'll beat you to a pulp and flush your remains into the void. Now, get out of here before it comes to that!”

Rosco only hesitated a minute, then turned to his boys.

“Come along, lads. Nothing to be done here. Good night, Mr. Scott.” Rosco left closing the door behind him and after a few minutes, Gordon let go of me and went to the door.

He opened it, looked out into the hall, shut the door and turned back to face me.

“Well, they're gone, Cassie. Now what where you about to tell me before you flung yourself into my embrace?” He grinned mischievously as he came back to sit once again on his bunk.

I sat down next to him.

“While I was in the gangway outside Storeroom 3, I heard Rosco and someone else saying something about arranging to get some goods that would be worth a million credits. It sounded suspicious to me.”

“Tell it all to me, Cassie. Word for word,” Gordon demanded levelly.

“Yes, Gordon.” I promptly tried to tell Gordon exactly the way I had heard it in the gangway.

Gordon looked thoughtful for a moment. “Well, it seems that Rosco's up to his old tricks again. The captain's warned him about those indiscretions of his.”

“What kind of indiscretions?” I asked curiously.

“Nothing you really need to know about, honey. Let's just say it has to do with illegal pharmaceuticals. Don't worry your pretty head about it. I'll report that I overheard it to the captain and we'll try to catch him at it and turn him over to the authorities. In the meantime, do you think they might suspect you of telling on them?”

“Most likely.”

“Well, we will have to make them not suspect you of eavesdropping. Instead, I'll tell you what. I like you and I think you like me, so let's spend more time together on the midnight watch. After all, we have the same shift, and if they see you and me together a lot, they'll think we're just sweethearts. That will convince them that you were simply headed for a rondavue in my cabin with me. What do you say, Cassie?”

I felt my heart skip a beat. *Would it really work? I didn't see how it could not, but what about me? What would happen if Gordon discovered my secret? Was it worth the risk in order to cover my tracks?*

“Are you sure it would work, Gordon?” I asked shyly.

“I'm positive it would, Cassie,” he replied lightly.

I gave out a sigh, turned to face him with a smile on my painted lips. “Very well, Gordon. I guess we're sweethearts now.”

With that, Gordon let out a deep chuckle and handed me my glass of fruit juice. Together we toasted our plan to each other and drained the glasses. “Well, it's getting on into morning shift and I'll be late if I don't get ready. Why don't you keep yourself occupied in here while I get ready, then I'll walk you to your cabin just in case we run into Rosco and the boys on our way,” he said getting his stuff out of his wardrobe.

“All right, Gordon,” I replied sitting down in the chair.

Soon, I heard the sound of a trimmer being used on facial hair and then the sing song of a sonic shower. While I sat there in the chair, I noticed several magazines on the end table. I picked them up and looked at them. Two of them were starship catalogs and sales brochures. Apparently he was very serious about owning his own ship. Another of the magazines was Privateers Monthly from the fringes of the Commonwealth and Star Soldiers of Fortune also from the fringe.

Soon, the shower stopped running and out walked a clean and neatly uniformed Mr. Scott. He came over to me and extended a hand to me helping me out of my chair. He then crooked his arm and turned to me with a grin.

“May I escort you to your cabin, Miss Berrie?” he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

“Why, thank you, Mr. Scott. I'd be honored,” I replied placing my arm in his.

With that he led me out of his cabin and down the gangway. It felt odd to be walking like this, arm in arm, with a man like a woman walks arm in arm with a man. We

came across several of the crew who just smiled and gave a knowing nod and scurried along their way. After a short trip through two decks, we arrived at the Purser's Cabin.

“Well here we are, Cassie. I don't think most of them would believe that we weren't sweethearts after that promenade,” he said with a smile.

“I think you're right, Gordon. Well, you'd better get going. Can't keep the Captain waiting, so until later then,” I said opening the door.

“Cassie?”

“Yes, Gor. . .,” I started as he grabbed me and pressed his lips onto mine.

I stood there for a moment, completely lost in the rapture of his touch. His lips were like a firebrand searing me deep in my soul. At last, he pulled away from me leaving me shaken.

“Until tonight, Cassie.” He tipped his hat and walked up the gangway whistling that tune of his that I still couldn't identify.

As he disappeared around the curve of the bulkhead, I leaned back against the door frame and let out a deep sigh.

“Well, don't just stand out there, girl. I've got to finish getting dressed and I don't want just anyone to see me in my dainties,” growled out the cranky morning voice of Angelica.

“Yes, Aunt Angelica,” I replied tiredly entering the cabin and shutting the door behind me.

Inside the cabin, Angelica was doing her make-up at her desk. She looked up at me and motioned me over to her.

I sat down on the my bunk, kicked off my pumps and moved to a position to support my head in my hands as I laid on the bed on my stomach.

“So, young lady. Been seeing a fellow I do believe. Who is it, sweetie?”

I blushed a little.

“It was Gordon. I mean, Mr. Scott.”

“Well, already on a first name basis and does he call you Cassandra?” she asked while putting on her eye shadow.

“No, he calls me Cassie,” I answered shyly.

“A pet name already. Better be careful, dear. We're got to keep your privates a secret, so just play coy.”

“Do you think I should just stay away from him?”

“Too late for that, honey. You let yourself be seen with him. It's too late for that now. Now tell me what happened, and don't let out one juicy detail,” she ordered as she finished her make-up.

While she dressed, I told her the whole story. When I got to the kissing part, she let out a little laugh, but bade me to continue. By the time I had finished with the story, she was ready for her duty shift.

“Have you ever kissed a man before?” she asked with a strange look of curiosity as she adjusted her uniform blouse.

“No, ma'am,” I managed with an embarrassed blush.

“Well, honey. Sounds like you had a full night. Now you go in and get cleaned up and hop into bed. Second shift will come early. Tah, tah, dear.” She left the cabin.

I tiredly divested myself of my clothes and grabbed one of Angelica's silken robes off her dresser and hit the showers. I took a pleasurable shower and then, donning a silky negligee, jumped into bed. I turned the lights in the cabin off and soon drifted off to sleep. The last thought on my mind was mysterious enough.

Exactly what had happened in Blackstar's Lady?

The next two days proceeded at a rapid pace. I discovered, much to my delight, that Gordon was a delightful person to be with. I soon found ourselves becoming fast friends and I looked forward to seeing him whenever our schedules allowed.

Soon we arrived in the Sarracus Sector and were approaching the space station Delos Major. The captain expertly piloted the ship into the docking port and most of the crew disembarked.

It wouldn't be until later that I would be allowed some rest and relaxation on the space station. Angelica and I conducted a complete inspection of the ships stores and supervised the removal of the cargo we had for Delos Major.

While we were finishing the unloading, Gordon came over to where we were standing.

“Hello, ladies,” he said solicitously.

“Good day, Mr. Scott,” replied Angelica.

“Hello, Mr. Scott,” I answered in echo.

He looked at me, and gave me a wink.

I looked down my face aflame. When, I looked up Angelica had buried herself in her inventory book and Gordon was waiting for me to get over my bout of embarrassment.

“If you're almost finished here, Cassie, I'm not doing anything the rest of this evening. How about dinner and a holoshow?”

“Well, uh. Sure, Gordon. I'd love to, but I need to do some shopping first,” I replied unsteadily.

“Excellent. You buy yourself something nice on the ship's account. I'll pick you up at your cabin, let's say at 1800?”

“All right, 1800 it is.”

“Excellent. See you then, lover,” he replied giving me a quick kiss and then moved off before I could say or do anything else but wave with a stupid grin on my lips.

“Well, so he's calling you lover now,” an amused Angelica noted looking up from her inventory book.

“So!” I challenged.

“Nothing, honey. Let's finish this up and then we'll go shopping. I think that working together we can find something nice for you to wear tonight for your date. A pretty gown, and just in case he wants to get real friendly, a pair of boobs.”

Date?!

I realized, suddenly, that was just what I had done. I had made a date to go out with Gordon, on my own time with nothing to do with our make believe romance. I suddenly felt a shiver down my spine.

Boobs?!

What if Gordon thought this was a romance blossoming? What would happen when, I mean if, he ever finds out my private secrets?

Angelica and I finished our work and after a shower and a change of uniform, we took our purses and hit the shopping malls of the space station. Delos Major was the main space station at the exact center of the Sarracus Sector. It was twenty miles long and over ten miles high with enough dock space to park fifty freighters with room to spare.

Angelica and I went to several stores and shopped until we were ready to drop. I needed just about everything and Angelica helped me make wise choices. For dinner, I purchased a very nice low-cut dress of electric blue Meridian spider silk, matching silken hose and a pair of silver laced pumps.

And, at Angelica's insistence we went to a huge beauty salon designed to correct any flaw. It seemed like hours later when we emerged after a complete head to foot makeover, including a pair of perfectly natural looking breasts bouncing and jiggling on my now bra-less chest!

“Officer Gordon will just love petting those beauties,” Angelica laughed using her hands to jiggle my new breasts causing me to blush with chagrin. “My, they are warm and the nipples are actually hardening like the real things. He'll just love them, cup cakes.”

With this new reminder of my changing life I dressed and we went out into the mall pushing two anti-grav carts loaded with feminine goodies.

While we were shopping we came upon a jewelry shop which had fine pieces of jewelry on display.

“Oh, those earrings would go beautifully with your dress, Cassandra!” exclaimed Angelica in excitement.

“They are exquisite. If I only they came in clip-on style.”

“Come along, Cassandra. We'll go in and get them.”

I docilely followed her and soon we were besieged by sales people eager to help us. We looked at several of them, but all were pierced styles.

"They're all very nice," I observed. "But my ears aren't pierced."

"Why, honey. We can fix that. Set down here," said one of the sales ladies.

"But. . ." I sputtered as Angelica pushed me down onto the seat gently.

"It won't hurt a bit, honey," replied the sales lady as she applied an instrument to my ears.

I felt a brief prick of pain that disappeared quickly to be replaced by a cold feeling. Once done on one side, she did the other.

"There now. That wasn't so bad and you don't have to worry about them closing on you. They're permanently in place."

My mouth dropped open and I sat there stunned. My ears had been pierced permanently. For the rest of my life, I would have pierced ears. The sales lady had me try on a variety of earrings until I found the set I liked.

After leaving the jewelry shop, we returned to the ship and Angelica helped me with my shower and preparations for my date.

At 1800, there was a knock at our cabin door and Angelica opened it.

"Oh, Captain. Good evening. Mr. Scott. Come along, Cassandra. Our dates are here."

I just smiled and followed her out the door where I was immediately claimed by Mr. Scott. All together, we left the ship and entered the station. There we split up, the captain and Angelica going to a fancy Alzarian restaurant while Gordon and I went to an Earth style Chinese restaurant.

The dinner was great and the conversation more so. Gordon was great at telling stories and he often made me laugh. He seemed to be having a good time and so was I. After dinner, we went to a holoshow and saw Star Gales which was a delightful film of people of Scottish descent fighting off an oppressive power. I immediately recognized the theme song. It was the same tune that Gordon whistled!

I found the holoshow to be romantic and dreamy as well as packed with action, just the perfect picture to take a pretty girl date to see. At the end of the show, when the heroine and the hero get together in a loving wedding scene, Gordon reached over and kissed me.

His kisses were as hot as the summer wind and the music in the background only added to my excitement. I found myself trapped between the desire to push away his amorous body in horror while wishing, much to my surprise, that I was a real girl so that I could give everything to this fantastic man.

As our kiss ended, the lighting came up and I found that we had kissed all the way through the credits. From the looks on the faces of some of the other girls in the theater, I hadn't been the only one to have been kissed through the holovids credits.

After the show, Gordon escorted me back to my room and giving me a long sensuous good night kiss, bid me a good night.

I entered the cabin after the last tones of his whistling faded down the corridor. I closed the door to the cabin and flopped down on the bunk in near tears wondering at the shame I felt over my all-too feminine surrender to his masculine desires.

I knew that I was never really manly, but was I gay?

Still I was thrilled with the sensations of being a woman kissed and fondled by a virile man and didn't know if I would be able to sleep. I wanted to be with him so that he could fulfill me. Kisses and a little petting were not enough.

After an hour of struggling with my shameful feminine tears and emotional sexual feelings I got undressed and ready for bed. I was surprised to find myself drifting off to sleep as soon as my head had hit my pillow, with my thoughts focused on the wonderful day I had spent and would never forget.

4. Piracy in High Space

The next day, the *Serendipity* arrived with the medicines we were to deliver to Neus Sierra. It took us a little under an hour to load the ship with the medical supplies.

While Angelica and I took care of stowing the cargo, along with some lads with forklifts from the docks, Captain Baxter and Mr. Scott took care of arranging for the *Egland* to receive immediate liftoff status as soon as the loading was complete.

The captain got the permission he sought and we took off from Delos Major. We separated from the space station and entered hyperspace as soon as we were clear of the system.



Once again, the strange hallucinatory glimpses of the future intruded on me even as I watched the cargo holds to make sure none of the cargo broke loose. This time, I was a witness to a fight between Gordon and Rosco. The two men were striving to mortally wound each other. It seemed to be somewhere on the *Egland* not to be far in the future. As quickly as it had come, the glimpse was washed away and mostly forgotten as the ship accelerated into hyperspace.

Our trip to Neus Sierra was scheduled for ten days and would take us from the Saracus Sector into the neighboring Nogard Sector. It would also take us perilously close to the Starcrusher Nebula where it was said the Starcrusher Pirates had their secret base.

The Commonwealth Galactic Patrol had more than once scoured the nebula for the pirates, but the intense zones of radiation and large amounts of space debris made navigation hazardous. The pirates, however, had a guide map through the nebula to their hidden base.

The first seven days were pretty much routine on the *Egland*. I performed my duties and seemed to not be able to keep out of sight of Gordon, although I readily admit, I didn't try to avoid him. I was afraid that he might have actually fallen in love with me and he was too nice to hurt with my private secret. I did my best to remain friendly, but this only seemed to make him strive more to be in my company.

On the eighth day of our trip, I was in Cargo Hold 5 checking on our store of frozen dehydrated foods, freezing my buns off, when I heard the sound of voices outside the refrigerator.

"Well, today's the day, lads. Later this evening, the interested parties will be coming to get their goodies," said the voice of Rosco in low menacing tones.

I froze in place and listened closely. Something awful was about to happen. I kept silent and tried not to make a sound. The beating of my heart and the whoosh of my breath sounded loud in that refrigerator.

"Good, Rosco. Now what about the rest of the crew?" asked the voice of one of his engineering lads.

"I'm afraid that the captain is going to have a fatal accident as is that trollop of his."

"What about the other, Rosco? Can I have a prod at her first?" asked one of the lads lustfully.

"Not until after I do. I owe that bitch a little of this prick," growled Rosco.

"Think she suspects anything?"

"Nah! She's just a ditsy bitch. She's so stuck on that Gordo piece of shit that she couldn't see the deck under her high heels."

Well, at least that made me feel a little better. As long as they thought I was a ditsy female, they would not suspect me of spying on them, as long as they didn't find me in here. It was damn cold in that fridge and I began to rub my hands to keep myself warm. I hoped these mutineers didn't take too long so that I could get warm again and warn Gordon of the plot to kill the crew.

“What about, Gordon?”

“Don't worry about him. You two just take care of the captain and the rest of the crew. I'll take care of Gordon. After that, we'll take turns dallying with the ditsy bitch. Hey, maybe I'll let Gordon live long enough to see us all have her one at a time and then in a huge gang bang until she's dead,” Rosco suggested sending a shock of sheer terror into my heart. .

“Sounds great boss. When do we do it?”

At that moment, a most unfortunate thing happened. I had left the refrigerator door slightly ajar while I was working in it and the heat from the cargo bay heaters had started the ice melting. Suddenly, a huge chunk of ice that had formed on the ceiling of the long needed to be defrosted refrigerator, broke loose and crashed to the floor with a loud bang. Splinters of the ice flew about the refrigerator.

I put my hands up to protect my face and tripped over a crate on the floor. Involuntarily, I let out a scream and fell on my backside on the slippery icy floor.

“What the. . . ?!”

Suddenly, the door to the refrigerator was flung open and Rosco and his two bully boys entered the refrigerator. They advanced upon me menacingly.

I screamed and tried to scramble away from them. Unfortunately, I couldn't get a grip on the ice and suddenly I felt hands on me. I struggled and cried out, but they quickly overpowered me and dragged me out of the refrigerator. They sat me down on one of the crates and tied me down with some mnemonic rope.

“Well, it appears that the ditsy bitch is a spy after all,” said Rosco evenly.

“Yeah, boss. Do we rape her and off her now?” asked the skinny first lad.

“No, lads. This is even better. When old Gordo sees we have his popsy here, he'll come right into our clutches. Now you two run along and take care of the captain and his bitch while I entertain our charming guest.”

“Right, boss. Be back as soon as the job is done,” said the obese second lad drawing a mini submachine gun from his jacket.

Rosco's two lads left, both armed and soon the sounds of them faded as they moved away. Rosco walked around me a couple of times, then moved another crate in front of me. I kept up a constant screaming for help even while he did this. At some length he sat down, waited for me to pause for breath and then he hit me hard in the face.

“Shut up, bitch. No one can hear you here. I've turned off the communicators and the cameras. That stupid lout of a computer doesn't even know we're in here,” said Rosco intensely.

“What is going on?” I demanded in anguished fear. “Why are you doing this to me?”

“Why else do you think, bitch. You're interfering with my operation. You couldn't keep that candy ass of yours out of our business,” he growled reflexively.

“But, I don't know anything.”

“Bullshit, bitch. You heard every word. Don't play the dumb bimbo bit with me. I see that it was all a charade. Had everyone fooled and I'm not easy to fool.”

“What are you going to do with me?” I cried anxiously.

“That's the first intelligent question you've asked. Why, I'm not sure yet. I might kill you or I might not. I haven't decided yet. Would you like to influence my thinking?”

I looked down in shame over my cowardly reaction and whispered, “I want to live.”

“Good. I'll tell you what I'll do. You give me a nice blow job and maybe I'll feel more kindly toward you. What do you say, bitch? Do you want to suck big daddy's peppermint?” he asked persistently.

Slowly, I nodded my head knowing that my resistance to his horrible desires would lead to my being battered to death by his bare fists while he no doubt tried to rape me. God knows what he might do if he found out the truth about me!

Rosco grinned and stood up in front of me. In one swift motion, he unzipped his fly and moved to stand in front of me. He reached into his pants and pulled out his massive manhood and dangled it in front of my eyes as its thick shaft began to fill with blood and its purple red dome flared upward through his foreskin to glisten with damp wetness from its meatus. .

“Okay, bitch. Get started. If you bite, I'll blow your head off now,” he ordered pointing a gun at my head with one hand while the other pushed my head downward towards his sex organs until I couldn't take a breath without smelling his musky maleness.

“Lick my balls first like a bitch in heat, then clean off my prick with your tongue like a little girl delighting in the taste of a peppermint stick until you happily beg to take it all into your mouth so that you can suck on it until it releases its thick creamy filling for you to swallow down in hungry eagerness.”

Fearfully, I stretched my head forward to his warm crotch running my wet tongue over his huge balls filled scrotum balls begging to taste their bounty as my eyes gathered in the immense size of his prick which I eagerly began licking feeling its throbbing growth. I pretended to be tasting a sugary candy stick as I squealed in childish delight over how wonderfully sweet it was and how I couldn't wait until I could suck out its thick creamy filling.

As he stretched in growing delight I could see only its hard prong like shinning red tip completely engorged and free of the foreskin as I opened my lips and delicately accepted its bulbous rubbery head into my mouth!

I felt the cold metal of the gun barrel against my skull.

Slowly, I began pump his prick by moving my head forward and back feeling its hot thrusting penetrate deeper and deeper towards my throat as its huge size filled my mouth and I could now see his balls coming closer and closer!

I seemed to be swallowing his dick as he pushed it deeper in and out until I all but gagged as his rubbery prong rammed its way pass my uvula to reach my throat causing me to swallow little breaths of air while milking this wondrous tit!

“That's good, bitch. Now make me cum in your mouth. Be good to your daddy,” moaned Rosco as I continued to urge on his manhood.

God, how I hated this man. It took all I had not to bite down on his prick and making him a eunuch! But, if I did, I would soon be dead and I wanted to live. At least this way, it might prolong my life for a few precious seconds.

Suddenly his whole body paused in mid thrust with a shudder and I could feel his hose like organ began to shoot in spastic squirts his hot salty fishy secretions deep into my throat until the creamy blue white cum first filled my mouth. Then the sperm filled bounty of his huge testicles spilled from my mouth in creamy gobs on to my assistant purser's uniform and down between my warm heaving breasts staining my bra, while all I could do was to swallow down more and more of his sexual fluid like an over eager nursing calf sucking milk at her mother's huge udder.

He let out a grunt of animal satisfaction and pulled back.

He grinned at me, put away his manhood, zipped up his pants and said, “Not too bad, bitch. However, my lads do it better. Just like a bitch to not know how to please a man. But, then you are a virgin aren't you bitch?”

Tears of utter shame flowed down my cheeks while I sobbed piteously feeling the taste of his cum and knowing deep in my heart that like a prostitute I had actually begged to suck him off. I said nothing and he belted me again.

“Say it, bitch!” he roared pulling back his fist again.

“Yes, yes! I'm a virgin!” I screamed in fright feeling the crushing pain of the first blow.

“Thought so. Well, you won't be a virgin when the boys get to you. Poor, poor Gordo will just have to miss out on taking your girlish virginity. Hah, hah, hah!”

“Not if I have anything to say about it, Rosco,” came a calm voice from among the crates.

“Don't, Gordon. It's a trap!” I screamed at the top of my lungs.

“Shut up,, bitch!” snarled Rosco looking among the crates. “Come on out, Gordo. I have your sweet lipped cuntie here. If you don't come out. I'll just have to pop her right here.”

“Don't hurt her, Rosco. I'm coming out!”

“Nice and easy, Gordo.” Rosco moved to cover the crates where the Gordon's voice originated.

From the crates against the far wall, Gordon stepped out with his hands up. He walked toward us slowly.

When he had approached to within twenty feet, Rosco commanded, “Stop right there. That's close enough, Gordo.”

“What now, Rosco?” Gordon asked simply.

“Well, first we have a little chat, and then you die,” replied Rosco.

“Well, if I'm going to die, can I at least have a seat until you do it?”

“Sure, Gordo, old buddy. Set on that there crate and keep your hands where I can see them. Don't try any heroics. I've got my gun trained on your sweetie's head and I'll blow it off if you make any sudden movements.”

“I understand, Rosco. No funny business,” replied Gordon as he sat down.

“Good, Gordo. Why don't you say hi to your bitch? She may not be as thrilled to see you since she has had so much fun sucking my cock! She even begged to do it! Just like she will beg for the boys to pop her cheery.”

“Are you all right, Cassie?” Gordon asked with concern.

“For the moment,” I replied shaken and deeply mortified by the thought that Gordon might have even seen shame!

“Well, ain't that just sweet. Tell me, Gordo. Do you love this little bitch?” asked Rosco cocking his pistol. “She claims she is a virgin, but I guess she has given you a blow job at least. Too bad.”

“Please, Rosco, don't,” Gordon begged between clinched teeth.

“Hah! Hah! So you do care, Gordo. Good. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a ten second head start out the door. After that, I'll take the bitch to engineering and I'll wait for you. There, we'll fight, man to man for her. The winner gets the spoils. What do you say, Gordo?”

“You hold all the cards, Rosco.”

“Good. Now get going, Gordo, before I change my mind and off you both now,” growled Rosco.

“See you in few minutes, sweetcakes. See you in Engineering, Rosco,” said Gordon.

“You have ten minutes, Gordo. If you don't come by that time, she's a dead bitch.”

“I'll be there, Rosco,” Gordon answered, simply leaving through the hatch.

Rosco came over and untied me from the crate. He heaved me over his left shoulder like a sack of grain and took me out the door ass first. I was utterly helpless in his grip and soon we were descending levels down the antigrav tubes to the engineering deck. Once there, Rosco hung me by my bound wrists over the hook to a block and tackle next to the hyperspace drive and took up a position behind a console to cover the entrances to Engineering. He reached into his jacket and pulled out a hand communicator.

“Oliver, Edmunds. You there?” he asked urgently.

“Sure, boss. We're here,” replied the voice of the first lad.

“Good, Oliver. What's the scoop?”

“Mission accomplished. The captain had a fatal heart attack and the bitch died of overexertion. The rest of the crew, except for Gordon, committed suicide in Airlock 4,” answered Oliver.

“Good. Now pick up Gordo. Don't hurt him, yet. I've got a score to settle first. Bring him here if you see him on your way back,” ordered Rosco.

“Right, boss. Out,” replied Oliver.

I hung there thunderstruck. The captain and Aunt Angelica, dead? Deep in me, I felt as though I had just lost my mother and father again and I began to sob.

After a few minutes, Rosco growled, "Ah, stop your whimpering, bitch. They both deserved it. They all deserve it. Cheating me out of what is rightfully mine."

"What do you mean, rightfully yours?" I asked between sobs.

"The *Egland*. It should have been mine. Baxter swindled me out of it and put my drug trade out of business. Those were the days. Crates full of Darkstar and a whole galaxy to peddle it in. I was on my way to being a billionaire. But he put a stop to that. Now the bastards check me everywhere I go."

At that moment, Gordon and Oliver landed at the bottom of the antigrav tube.

"Edmunds lost fair and square, Rosco," stated Gordon as they stepped out on the Engineering floor with Oliver covering Gordon with his pistol.

"Hah! Okay, Oliver. What happened to Edmunds?"

"This bastard attacked us. Before I could do anything, he knifed Edmunds in the chest. Fortunately, I was a little further away and got the gun on him. Too late for Edmunds though," reported Oliver.

"Too bad about, Edmunds. Well just take position over there near the intercooler while I beat some sense into Gordo here. Come along, Gordo. Take position in the center ring where your popsi and you can get one last long look at each other before I beat you to death," ordered Rosco.

Gordon came over to the ring painted on the Engineering Room floor where the block and tackle used to remove sections of the engines would set the parts on the floor to be looked on.

Only, now, I was dangled from the hook on that block and tackle.

I looked at him with intensity. *God, I must look a mess.* My hair was disheveled, my uniform crumpled and cum stained, my make-up a horror show with my cheeks stained from crying.

He on the other hand looked confident. There was a little blood on him, but none of it was his. His eyes seemed to be drinking in the sight of me and his lips parted. It was chilling and exhilarating at the same time as he seemed to hungrily lick his lips.

Suddenly, Rosco turned and shot Oliver in the back as he moved to his position. Swiftly, Rosco shifted his gun back on Gordon and me.

"Well, it's time, Gordo. It's just you, me and the bitch left. Thanks for taking care of Edmunds. Saved me a bit of trouble," rumbled Rosco.

"No honor among thieves, Rosco?"

"Let us just say, I like to be well paid. No shares."

"I see. Before we get down to our duke-a-roo, why don't you fill me in on what's happening?" Gordon asked with a grin.

“Sure, why not? It's really elementary, Gordo. These medicines we have on board are worth a lot of money to some friends of mine. They can later resale it at Neus Sierra at ten times the price Baxter would have got for it.”

“I see. So your friends would make a mint and cut you in for a slice.”

“Right, you are. Now that that's done. Strip down to your skivvies and we'll get this finished. After you're laying there broken on the floor, I rape and kill the bitch in front of you and then take care of you a bit more slowly. I wouldn't want to deprive you of my special gifts,” said Rosco.

“Special gifts. Oh, I see. You're really an assassin.”

“Right. I'm a Yukuzo.”

Deep in my heart, I felt a sinking sensation. This was awful! The Yukuzo were reputed to be the foremost ninja assassins in the Commonwealth. They were routinely employed by the Criminal Syndicate to take care of special projects that required stealth and a total lack of compassion. Suddenly, I was very afraid that soon Gordon and I would be dead.

“Well, enough chit chat, Gordo. It's time to pay the piper,” said Rosco throwing the gun into the antigrav tube sending it up the spinal.

The two men approached each other warily. Rosco waited for Gordon to make the first move. Gordon stepped in and executed a full round house at Rosco who nimbly danced to one side and side kicked Gordon in the kidneys. Gordon let out a wof of pain as Rosco did a spin kick that connected with his face. Gordon went down on the floor.

“Get up, Gordo,” said Rosco dancing back away from him.

Gordon got up slowly.

God, I wish I could go to him. I thrashed a little on the block and tackle, but still couldn't move. All I could do was sob out encouragement to Gordon and hang there helplessly like the damsel in distress I had found myself to be.

Gordon approached Rosco who attempted to front kick him, but Gordon grabbed the leg and pitched Rosco to one side. Rosco got up and threw a punch at Gordon who stopped it with a grunt and made a false motion toward Rosco's stomach with his left. Rosco moved to intercept the false punch and Gordon gave him a right cross to the face. Rosco flipped over backward and came back up on his feet.

“Not bad, Gordo. But fun and games are over. Now it's time for me to get serious and kill you,” growled Rosco approaching Gordon again with death in his eyes.

Suddenly, the ship gave a violent lurch to one side sending me up against the hyperdrive. I screamed in fear as I was suddenly close to its whirling mechanism. There was a loud grinding noise and the hyperdrive came to a sudden stop, followed by the closing of all hatches and the emergency gravity to seize us in its life saving grasp.

“We're under attack!” shouted Rosco.

“Seems like you're friends decided to cut you out, Rosco,” said Gordon nastily.

There was another shudder and suddenly one of the bulkheads crumpled. A hurricane erupted in room as a huge rent opened in the hull!

Rosco, who was closest to the hole let out a scream as he was sucked out of the ship and into the void.

My line was pulled taut as I was pulled toward the opening until my bound wrists were lifted free unhooking me from the block and tackle. . At my belt, my emergency vacuum suit sensed the hull breach and enveloped me.

With a scream, I was pulled toward the opening as Gordon made a frantic grab for me while hanging onto a wall shelf for dear life, but I was pulled out into the void.

I fell away from the ship. Next to it, was the menacing shape of a ship painted black against the void. As I fell away, I saw a bright dot heading toward me. It was a person in a space suit and zero-G maneuvering pack. He grabbed me and dragged me toward the black ship. As we got closer, I could see the emblem on the tail fin. It was a star being crushed in a gauntlet fist.

I was a prisoner of the Starcrusher Pirates.

5. Prisoner on the *Rogue Princess*

The person in the space suit took me into the main airlock on the port side of the black ship. Once inside, the figure operated the airlock and pitched me in. The airlock functioned perfectly and soon air and warmth flooded the airlock. My emergency vacuum suit lost its rigidity and hung over me like a shroud.

I left it on for a bit, too scared to remove it.

After a few moments, the inner door of the airlock opened and a large woman dressed in black studded leathers entered. She was tall and blonde and could easily have made two of me. She looked me over carefully and then drew a knife. I drew back as far as I could in the constricting emergency vacuum suit. She just let out a cruel laugh and deftly sliced the emergency vacuum suit that had become soft in the presence of oxygen.

“Well, well. What have we here? It appears to be a pretty girlie,” she commented as she pulled the remains of the emergency vacuum suit away.

“Where am I?” I asked in confusion.

“Best not to ask questions, honey. But I'll answer that one for you. You're aboard the *Rogue Princess*, an auxiliary frigate of the Starcrusher Pirates. I'm Lieutenant Bridgette Nichol and I'm happy to have captured you. Vance, step in here a moment and help our guest into the mediscan.”

From the inner door of the airlock stepped a man who reminded me of stories of ancient Earth barbarians my mother had once told me about. He was huge, had a red beard and piercing blue eyes. He came over to me and threw me over his left shoulder without so much as a grunt of exertion.

With Bridgette in the lead, he carried me through the ship to the ship's medical station where he dumped me onto a surgical chair as she turned on a nearby computer.

“Contact with the captured ship's computer identifies the patient as a female Assistant Purser, named Cassandra Berrie,” the computer voice began before providing a brief bio on Cassandra while the chair enfolded my body in a cocoon of hard plastic and various probes began to explore my body.

“Patient is fit for duty except for a few bruises and cuts due to being hit by a strong human male fist. Considerable residue of male sperm and related ejaculation fluid from a single male donor has been collected from the patient's mouth and body and preserved alive for future analysis.”

“Donor?” Bridgette laughed along with a sullen Vance. “Dumb machine, she had just finished off sucking cock when we captured her.”

“Patient is not a female despite evidence of realistic prosthesis breasts and lack of sex organs. Probes detect that patient is an intact biological male.”

“That ship must have been a real fairy land,” Bridgette mused aloud as the computer completed its examination and the chair released me.

“Okay, Vance, it's the brig for our little cock sucker.”

After a while, we came to an area that appeared to be the ship's brig and had cells enclosed with security energy screens.

“Ah, here we are. Vance, release her,” commanded Bridgette.

Vance set me down, drew a knife and deftly severed my bonds. I felt the rush of circulation return to my limbs. *God, I hurt! That damned machine must have dug its probes into every nook and cranny of my body!*

It took me a few minutes to get some feeling back. While I was recovering, Vance watched me like a hawk while Bridgette lowered the security energy screen to one of the rooms.

I noticed that there were several rooms like this branching off this main room. I felt a sinking feeling as I realized that I was to be imprisoned. I looked around carefully for a way out, but saw not a one in evidence.

“She's wary,” commented Vance to Bridgette.

“That's good. It shows she is bright as well as decorative,” replied Bridgette stepping over to stand beside him.

“Now what?” I asked half afraid of the answer.

“Strip,” ordered Bridgette.

I was mortified into panic. I was a prisoner of the pirates and now she wanted me to strip. Once they saw what I was beneath this female garb, I had not a doubt that they would kill me. I looked around in panic and quickly backed against a wall.

“She's too frightened to think coherently, I guess. Vance, strip her,” commanded Bridgette.

The huge man approached me and I shrank from him. He reached out and grabbed the front of my feminine uniform. With a wrench of his mighty muscles, he ripped the

blouse of the uniform from my shaking frame. He threw it to Bridgette and grabbed my skirt, yanking it down.

“Well, so your name is Cassandra. A good name for a pretty boy-girl. And you were the Assistant Purser. That is good. Obviously you are no stranger to serving your fellow crew persons,” commented Bridgette dryly examining my name plate and the cum stains on my uniform blouse.

Next, Vance pulled my slip from me leaving me in only my white lace edged bra and panty brief. With a deft hand, he grabbed the middle of my bra and pulled with a sharp yank.

I gave out a cry of utter dismay as the bra was pulled away and breasts were exposed to Vance's fascinated eyes as he actually reached his big hands out to fondle my bouncing boobs.

“My, God, ma'am, those boobs are real!” Vance stepped back in puzzlement.

I dropped to the floor and covered my breasts, my face aflame. Soon it would come. Soon I would be dead and this would be all over. I looked up as I heard Bridgette laughing out loud.

“Get up, Cassandra. Hah! Hah!” she ordered between gawfs.

Vance allowed me to rise.

Carefully, I rose to my feet with my hands still covering my chest.

“Well, well. It appears that she's really is a woman. Maybe we had better take a look and see if she has a pussy too. Vance, remove her panties and let's see exactly what she is.”

Vance, his face expressionless, reached out for me while I just stood frozen in terror and did nothing to stop him. He grabbed me around the waist with his left arm and grabbed my panties with his right. He jerked them down exposing my sanitary hygiene shield. He grabbed the wrapping and pulled it off exposing my male sex organs. He stepped away from me and went to stand next to Bridgette who had burst out into another fit of laughter.

“What a clever way to hide your little dickie and balls. Well, it seems that Cassandra wasn't born a girl, eh Vance,” Bridgette observed after she had settled down.

Vance grunted and looked at me with glaring eyes.

I shrank from him against the cold wall of the brig. I was frightened out of my wits.

When were they going to just get it over with?

“This is amusing. Cassandra, hide those dainty things with your little napkin,” she said pointing at my manhood.

Quickly, I reached down to the floor and picked up the all too female sanitary pad to nervously put it back on feeling the humiliation of my situation when my manhood was completely covered. To the world I now looked like a very frightened menstruating female standing in naked shame. Then I straightened up and leaned heavily against the wall.

“Good. Now step forward, Cassandra,” commanded Bridgette as Vance collected the remains of my clothing, and to my distress dumped them into a recycler.

I was hesitant, but I stepped away from the wall.

For the next few minutes, Bridgette looked me over carefully. She felt my silky smooth skin, she made me move around at her direction. She made me stretch and pose in many different positions. At last she moved away from me.

“Not bad. With a little work, I think we may have something here. Now get into that cell, Cassandra,” ordered Bridgette.

I looked around, but there was no way out. Vance still had his knife out and was fingering it menacingly. I had no hope of escaping these pirates. I lowered my head dejectedly and entered the cell. As soon as I had crossed the threshold, Bridgette activated the security energy screen sealing me inside.

“I’ll be back to talk to you later, hon. I’ve got work to do right now. Come along, Vance.” Bridgette was obviously dismissing me from her thoughts.

The energy screen turned opaque and I found myself in a three meter by three meter room. It was totally white and devoid of decoration. It had a bunk, with a thin padded mattress on it, a water closet and a small basin. All were situated so that a person in the brig monitoring room could see the all too naked female prisoner at all times.

I laid down on the bunk and buried my head in my arms. I began to cry out loud as I laid there. I was a prisoner of the pirates, but everyone else was dead. Alas, that included Gordon. There was no way he could have survived only clad in his undies when the bulkhead blew. After a while, I exhausted myself crying and fell asleep.

I must have been asleep for hours, because when I woke up again, I felt the familiar surge of the hyperdrive as the ship entered hyperspace. My stomach was growling from not having been fed and I needed to go to the bathroom. I got up from my prone position on the bunk and went to the water closet. I sat down on the toilet and let it out hearing the now familiar sound of my gushing pee. After I was done, I wiped myself. From outside, I heard a very feminine laugh as the security energy screen went transparent revealing Bridgette laughing at me.

Quickly, I stood up to face her.

“Very good, Cassandra. At least we won't have to teach you that,” she replied laughing.

“What do you want of me?” I asked testily.

“Now, now, honey. I told you we would have a nice chat. Now set your pretty behind on the bunk and we'll talk about what is going to happen to you,” ordered Bridgette.

I didn't feel like it, but the obvious thing was to play along with her. I went over and sat down on the cot on my legs as I had often done when I was in my old cabin on the *Egland*.

Bridgette nodded in approval and sat down at the monitoring console. Setting next to her, was a well built brunette woman with severely mannish cut hair.

“That's better, Cassandra. This is my lover, Avona. Avona, this is Cassandra, the one I told you about,” Bridgette introduced with a wink towards her friend.

“Excellent. She has the right build. Stand, girl, and remove your hygiene pad,” ordered Avona in a surprisingly masculine voice.

I didn't have much choice. I arose from the bunk and removed my sanitary pad causing my manhood to spring out partially erect. I turned a bright shade of red with embarrassment hearing their amused giggles.

“Step up to the security energy screen so I can get a good look,” ordered Avona.

I approached the energy screen. *God, I felt like a hunk of meat on display.*

Avona made me turn about as Bridgette had earlier, but she also had me pull and display my manhood. She didn't look at all lustful, but more interested and speculative. After a few moments, Avona said, “That's enough, girl. Get dressed again.”

Gratefully I ran back to the bunk and soon had my manhood hidden. With my obvious breasts I somehow felt more comfortable with it hidden. I sat back down on the bunk as Avona sat down again next to Bridgette.

“Well, what do you think, Avona?”

“Looks good. What do you think, love?” Avona replied.

“They look delicious.”

“Good. It's settled then. Make all the arrangements and I'll be happy to fulfill my part,” Avona said with a grin on her face.

“All right, love. I'll take care of it with Captain Devi. You'd best run along now. Your duty shift is coming up.”

“Right. See you tonight, lover,” answered Avona giving Bridgette a deep French kiss.

Avona left in a convincing male stride leaving me alone with Bridgette. Bridgette reached over to the console and depressed a few buttons. A panel in one of the walls opened and a platter of food and a cup of liquid was inside.

“I thought you might be hungry, Cassandra. Why don't you eat and then we'll talk,” said Bridgette.

I was famished and dehydrated. I reached into the hole and quickly took out the food and liquid. The utensils were constructed of a recycle plastic that would evaporate after thirty minutes leaving no trace. The cup, however was of a longer lasting substance so that I could get water for myself later. I ate and drank quickly as Bridgette busied herself at the console. Often she would be speaking to someone on the communicator, but I couldn't hear any details through the security energy screen. When I had finished, I set the utensils and plate aside and they evaporated.

“Well, now that you're refreshed, we can talk. I will permit you to ask me some questions afterwards. First, I have some questions to put to you. First, how long have you been cross dressing?”

“For about the last two weeks,” I replied carefully.

"I see. You're not bad for only being out for two weeks, a natural at it I would say. Now, who got you started on it?"

She got the whole story out of me about my hiring aboard the *Egland* and my consequent drafting as Cassandra by the lonely Angelica. She listened to me carefully and soon I found myself blabbing about everything including my romance with Gordon, and my humiliation over my feminine emotions as I sucked off Rosco. She questioned me carefully and against my will, I found myself answering her every question truthfully.

That was when I realized that I must have been drugged. Something in the food or water I had was laced with a truth drug!

She continued to question me about everything that had happened on the *Egland*. At last the questioning stopped and I felt the effects of the truth drug beginning to wear off.

"That was very good, Cassandra. Now you may ask me a question. I may or may not answer it."

I thought for a moment, then asked, "What is going to happen to me?"

Bridgette looked thoughtful for a moment and then grinned saying, "Well. You're going to help me fulfill a dream of mine. Whether you want to or not. I'm going to claim you as part of my spoils from the taking of the *Egland*."

"What dream is that?" I asked in fear.

"You'll see soon enough, honey. Now, I know you have another question, so go ahead."

"Were there any other survivors?" I questioned biting my lower lip.

"No, honey. There was no sign anyone left alive, however, we haven't recovered the bodies of Rosco or Gordon. Probably never will, but the rest are most assuredly dead," replied Bridgette.

I lowered my head sadly. "I see. So now what?"

"There is nothing else to do but to save yourself, honey. Now, I'm willing to let you live if and only if you do what I wish. That is enough for now. Vance will be along to collect you later and bring you to me and then you'll see what I want of you. Rest well, Cassandra."

Bridgette reached out and opaqued the security energy screen leaving me alone with my thoughts. I sat there on the bunk and stared at the wall. I was lost utterly lost. Bridgette was right, however. The only thing I could do now was try to survive. I didn't know what she had planned for me, but it was better than being dead.

I laid down on the bunk and felt sleep hit me like an iron ball. *Drugs again*, I thought as I passed out.

I awoke later to find the lighting subdued in the cell. I stretched lazily and sat up. Obviously, the drugs had worn off. I picked up my cup and got a drink of water from the basin. While I was there, I washed my face and ran my fingers through my hair. Good lord, it definitely needed washing or at least a good sonic.

I got another cup of water and went back to my bunk and sat down. As I was sipping from the cup, the security energy screen went transparent and I saw Vance on the other side.

“Come,” he ordered in a gruff voice shutting off the security energy screen. “And put on your new clothes, bitch.”

I set down the cup and walked out of the room. There, on the floor was a nearly transparent silken sack like pink gown that barely reached my knees, the skirt was slit high up my right thigh in the front and cut with a similar slit towards my right rear! Nearby was a pair of clear pink plastic three inch high heeled sandals!

“I'm naked!” I complained after dressing while, Vance quickly put me in a pair of wrist restraints and put a collar and leash on me.

“Good. Come with me. If you make a sound, I will slit your throat and come up with some excuse for Bridgette. I don't care if you want to kill yourself. Do you understand?” he asked sourly.

I nodded my head in silent agreement.

“Right. Now your leash commands are simple. One jerk means **stand** with your head bowed and hands behind your back. Two jerks means **heel**, and you will walk and stand three steps behind me to my left and follow me where-ever I go remembering to walk erect with head and eyes downcast, hands at the small of your back. When you walk I want to see those tits bounce and your ass wiggle like a bitch with happy wagging tail. Three tugs, is **stay**. Four tugs means **sit**. You will sit erect on your heels with your knees apart and your hands behind your back. Five jerks means **kneel** with you on your knees and your head on the floor. A sixth pull means **lie down**. You will roll over on to your back with your hands cupped to your breasts and your heels drawn up to your rear with your knees open until they touch the floor.”

He picked up a stun prod in one hand while he manipulated my leash to give me lease and voice commands as if I were a common bitch! After about half an hour I was stunned and slapped into obeying his commands without any other thought until I was grateful when he petted me.

“Good. Heel, girl.” He pulled twice on the leash and I dutifully minced quickly behind him while my breasts jiggled to each step and I made certain that I rotated my ass invitingly.

I obediently followed him as he led me down the corridors of the ship. Occasionally we would pass other pirates who would salute Vance respectfully as their leering eyes studied my nearly naked blushing utter shame. Once he had me **sit** while he talked to a junior officer.

I noticed that there were also some girls here in skimpy outfits, all wearing electronic collars obviously running errands and such. In one side corridor, we saw one of the girls giving head to one of the pirates.

Vance just grunted and yanked me onward.

At last, we came to an area of officers living quarters. Here I had to kneel before a senior officer, who examined me before giving me the command, "lie down, bitch." Submissively I assumed this humiliating position while he examined me further.

"She shows promise. Let me know if her owner wants to sell her."

"Aye Aye, sir," Vance replied with a smart salute before he tugged on my leash once followed by two more jerks.

We came to a large double door cabin with a gold name plate to one side labeled Captain's Quarters and Vance hit the entry key. The door opened and there was Bridgette in a very revealing negligee of black Alastorian serpent silk.

"Ah good, Vance. I see you've brought her. Bring her this way," ordered Bridgette leading us into the master bedroom.

As I followed dutifully in the heel position Bridgette smiled with satisfaction.

Her quarters were quite luxurious and she was obviously a very wealthy pirate. The master bedroom had a huge zero gravity bed, a fine set of dressers, a huge walk in closet and a reading chair and table.

"Set her down there, Vance," commanded Bridgette pointing to the reading chair.

Vance had me get up into the chair, removed the leash from my collar and undid my wrist restraints. He then strapped my hands to the chair arms and my legs to the chair legs. I was pinned and helpless.

When he was finished he handed the lease to her. "Bitch, she is your mistress, and you will obey her. If your new bitch is naughty, I will be happy to whip her."

"Very good, Vance. You can go now," said Bridgette dismissing Vance.

Vance left her quarters leaving us alone.

Bridgette smiled at me and went over to her dresser. There she got out a make-up kit and came over to me.

"Recognize this, Cassandra?" she asked showing me the kit.

"It used to be Angelica's, mistress," I replied with a sinking feeling.

"Yes. Now it is yours through me as part of my spoils." she laughed. "Well, I've got to get you ready for tonight, honey. Just lean back and let me do all the work," she ordered.

I leaned back in the chair and she began to make me up. She did so deftly and with confidence. She even redid my long blonde hair into a very feminine style. At last, she stepped back and looked quite pleased with herself.

"I think you will do just fine now, honey."

At that moment, there was a sound from the doors admittance key.

Bridgette looked at me, smiled and said, "Ah, there he is now. Just be a sweet thing and wait right here. Now open your mouth, Cassandra."

She reached into a drawer and pulled out a gag and approached me with it.

"I have a nice bone for you."

I looked at it in horror. The part of the gag that went into the mouth was shaped like a man's limp penis, while the rest of it consisted of a realistic scrotum with jiggling balls!

“Don't try to fool me, honey, I know that you have sucked off a man before.” She approached me and I clinched my mouth shut. She struggled with me a bit, then she slapped me.

My mouth popped open and she deftly inserted the soft flesh like penis into my mouth and secured the awful gag with a strap about my head. .

“There now. Just suck on that, Cassandra. I'll be back in a moment.”

I sat there filled with rage. I couldn't remove myself from the chair and the gag filled my mouth. In order to breath, I had to loosen it occasionally with my tongue feeling the flaccid lifelike shaft, half imagining that it was alive. It felt too much like Rosco to make me want to suck it!

In the next room, I could hear Bridgette with someone. Their voices were so low that I couldn't hear them, although the sounds of kissing and groping were quite evident.

After about half an hour, the door to bedroom opened and in walked Bridgette and someone in male garb. I realized with some small amount of surprise that the person in the male garb was Avona!

“Well, here she is Avona. Just as I promised,” said Bridgette sweetly.

“I can see that, honey. Now watch Bridgette and learn, Cassandra,” Avona ordered gleefully.

With that, they went over to the bed. Avona sat down on it and Bridgette knelt on the floor. Bridgette deftly removed Avona's masculine footwear and socks underneath. Next she undid her shirt exposing her surprisingly hairy chest. There was no sign of breasts, instead there were masculine pectoral muscles. There were slight scar marks to indicate that the breasts had been removed and replaced with a more masculine chest. Bridgette then removed Avona's male trousers exposing a set of men's briefs that had a bulge in them.

Bridgette slowly pulled Avona's briefs off exposing a strapped on dildo. It was obviously one of the two way designs with one end buried deep in Avona's pussy and the other sticking out.

Bridgette looked at me. “Now, I know from the cum stains on your old uniform that you know this part.”

With that, she began to suck on the dildo. Beneath her, Avona groaned as Bridgette went down on the dildo pushing it further into Avona as she rapidly took it in and out of her mouth. After a bit, she stopped and let Avona remove her lacy negligee. After it was removed, Avona began to suck on her tits. After a few moments of that, she pulled Bridgette onto the bed with her and made love to her. The whole time this was happening, Bridgette described the feelings she was having.

After a while, they both cried out in ecstasy as they reached orgasm and then collapsed next to each other on the bed.

I had discovered that during the course of their torrid coupling, that I had inadvertently sucked even harder on the penis gag as it actually began to uncoil with pulsing throbs like a real one would!

“She sucks it well, doesn't she, my love?” Avona noted with a near masculine chuckle.

“Quite well. She's obviously a natural at it,” replied Bridgette dreamily.

“That works out quite well for me. No doubt the little bitch wonders what we have in store for her. Shall we tell her now, honey?”

“I think the time is right, dear. Let me do it.”

“Be my guest, love,” replied Avona stroking her dildo.

Bridgette approached me and knelt near me.

“As you can see, pretty Cassandra. Avona and me have been lovers for a long time. Now, Avona and I like to make love as you have just seen. If Avona were male instead of female, our relationship would be perfect.

“Starcruiser Commander Captain Devi is all for normality when it comes to promotion and right now our relationship would keep us from progressing further in the ranks. I deserve the rank of captain since I command this vessel, but he will not have it even though other women hold that rank. Now that we have you, we can fix that,” she said matter of factly.

I looked at her wide eyed in horror. She couldn't mean that!

“That's right, little Cassandra. We want your manhood. Don't worry though. You're just too precious for words and leaving you a eunuch would be a crime since you obviously like men so much. In exchange for your manhood, Avona has agreed to give you her womanhood.”

“That's right, Cassandra. We'll have a little swap. I'll get what I and Bridgette want and you'll become the girl you should be,” said Avona looking at me sharply.

They both laughed at me and made love to each other again. After about two more hours of their instructional techniques in loveplay, Bridgette had Vance take me back to my cell and there left me on the bunk with the penis gag slowly pumping in my mouth.

After a few hours, I drifted off to sleep appearing to be contentedly sucking on the gag.

6. In the Hold of the Pirates

The next day, I awoke to find the gag removed. Sometime while I had slept someone had removed it.

For the next two days, I was left alone in my cell with only the meals to mark the passage of time. With the security energy screens up, I could never tell from one hour to the next when I was being monitored. I decided that the best thing to do was just ignore them. I managed to clean myself, as best I could in the wash basin and tried to while away the hours. Often, I would just sleep or rest on the bed and day dream.

Most of all, I fantasized about what could have happened if the pirates would not have attacked. Always, I would break down in cry when the realization hit me that all of the people I had known on the *Egland* were dead, especially Gordon. It was during one of these crying bouts that the *Rogue Princess* dropped out of hyperspace.

“Break out complete. Maneuvering for docking at Starcrusher Hold. All hands, standby for docking,” came the voice of Bridgette from the speaker system.

After a few moments, I felt a slight shudder run through the ship as mooring clamps connected onto the hull of the *Rogue Princess*. Within a few seconds, the intercom sounded the all clear and that the *Rogue Princess* was docked.

It was a couple of hours later that the security energy screen was lowered revealing Bridgette and Vance.

“Cassandra. We've arrived. come here, girl.”

Meekly I followed her order. It was at that moment that I realized that they intended to take me about in my near naked state. But, seeing no escape I stepped out of the cell and stopped in front of Bridgette and Vance.

Vance stepped behind me and said, “Cross your wrists.”

Knowing of the helpless position which I now found myself, I had no choice so I crossed my wrists. Vance put the wrist restraints on me and also put on the collar and leash. I stood there stoically as Vance finished up and placed the end of the leash in Bridgette's open palm.

“Excellent, Cassandra. Now don't fight me or it will go hard on you. Do you understand?” asked Bridgette forcefully.

“Yes, uh, mistress.”

“Good. Only say it next time with more submissive humility and feeling, my pretty one. Now follow me threes steps in back of me and slightly to the left. That is the proper place for a bitch or a slave to follow after her mistress,” Bridgette demanded with a mocking smile on her face. “Heel, bitch!”

Meekly I followed her leash commands as she led me from the brig of the *Rogue Princess*.

Bridgette led me out of the *Rogue Princess* and out a long transparent travel tube connecting the ship to a massive space station built on a huge asteroid. The complex sprawled all over the large asteroid, obviously having almost all of itself consumed by the complex, and extended to encompass three other asteroids connected at equilateral points.

Docked among this array, could be seen a huge number of ships ranging from several small cutters all the way up to one large cruiser. On all of them could be seen the metal gauntlet clutching a star, the emblem of the Starcrusher Pirates.

I couldn't believe I was here. The place that every agent of the Commonwealth Navy would have given a years pay to discover and here I was , a lowly cross dressed Assistant Purser being taken into slavery upon it.

Once inside the complex, Bridgette led me through several corridors into what was apparently a maximum security cell area. It was buried deep in the complex and had numerous robotic and human security guards armed with deadly blaster weaponry.

"What have we got here, Lieutenant?" asked one of the men setting behind a security console while his eyes studied my naked form.

"A prisoner to be kept for safe keeping until after the dividing," answered Bridgette.

"Excellent. Was it a rich haul?" asked the man.

"Fine, Major. The plan went exactly as Captain Devi outlined it to me," replied Bridgette.

"Good. We'll just place her in cell 33. Ensign Riccio, front and center," commanded the Major.

A young man in the black and blood red uniform of the pirates stepped up and said, "Yes, sir."

"Take this one back and put her in cell 33. And, Riccio," said the Major.

"Yes, sir?" asked the man taking my the leash from Bridgette.

"No dallying with the prisoner," continued the Major turning back to Bridgette.

As the man, sulkily, led me down the passageway to the cells, Bridgette said, "Take good care of that bitch, Major. I want her for myself, this time, so keep her safe and unspoiled or I will be back with my cutthroats."

"No need to threaten me, Lieutenant. I know all about your rogues and besides, it would upset Captain Devi if you or I were to fight. I'll keep her safe and unspoiled," replied the Major irritably.

"Just see that you do," snapped Bridgette spinning on her booted heel and storming from the room.

The man led me down to a cell marked 33 and opened it. He shoved me inside roughly and sent me sprawling onto a thin padded metal shelf that served as a bunk. He came in after me, and pinned me face down on the bunk. I started to struggle, but he slammed me down with more force.

"Don't move, girl. Just lie perfectly still or I'll have to rough you up," growled the man.

I lay there pinned and completely helpless. As I laid there frozen, he took the leash from my collar, pushed and prodded the collar a bit, and then he removed the wrist restraints. It was a relief to feel them no longer on my wrists. I felt his weight leave me, but I still laid there, absolutely still.

"I've armed your alarm collar now, girl. If you so much as sneeze without permission, your head will be severed from your pretty body. Someone will be by to collect you later," snarled the guard.

After the door to the cell had closed. I then carefully got up. What I saw, didn't fill me with much hope. If the cell on the *Rogue Princess* had been Spartan, the cell here was absolutely barren. There was only a foul smelling hole in the floor for bodily

wastes and slow continuous running stream of water into a basin on the floor. I sat down miserably on the bunk and leaned against the bulkhead.

I sat there in that cell for what seemed like most of a day when the door opened and Vance appeared in the company of the man who had pitched me in here.

“Come out now, girl,” ordered the man abruptly.

I quickly got out of the cell and went to stand before them. Vance disarmed my collar and reconnected the leash, but didn't put me in the wrist restraints, much to my relief. Vance then led me out of the cell area and into another area of the complex.

To my amazement I was led to a pet beauty salon where I was placed in a large private cage among several others containing various barking dogs, and several silent naked human slave girls and boys!

About a half hour later a woman wearing a slave collar, but dressed in a neat plastic uniform came to my cage and opened it. Snapping on a leash she had me follow her commands into a large room with several tables, each equipped with various grooming tools. All about various dogs, and other exotic pets were being groomed along with human slaves.

My attendant ordered me to *sit* on a table while she looked at my leash and removed it to set it aside along with my shameful slave dress and my hygiene shield, before she had me *lie down* for further detailed inspection.

“Frankly, Cassie,” she mused in disgust as she studied the computer screen nearby for her grooming instructions with a look of disappointment while her plastic gloved hands toyed with my penis and balls. “I'm going to recommend that you be spayed completely. It is awful how the ladies allow their pets to remain unneutered. However, we do have another solution.

Seeing the fear in my eyes she allowed a thin smile looking over to a nearby table where a Doberman bitch sat in silent pain as her attendant bandaged her ears.

“Yes, I think that you might look cute with your ears clipped to neat alert points. It's the fashion, along with muting human pets until all they can do is make a lovely soft little yipping sound when it amuses the ladies.” She picked up a sonic cleanser and set the controls until, I felt it play over my body as she continued, “I think that such little improvements serve to make a bitch happy and content, and very very attentive to her mistress' every wish.”

Minutes later I was placed in a cage in the front window of the shop. My hair was permed into a very sexy looking long wavy style to my shoulders with my face made up with lustful red lips and other semi-permanent cosmetics until I looked like a sex slave. My new slave collar was jewel studded with a tag noting that I was *Cassie* and containing information about the various shots I had been given along with my owner's name and address. I was dressed in a transparent silk shorty gown and to my horror she had applied a new sanitary pad before area of my fake labia majora was folded into itself and secured by three golden rings!

Vance studied me as the shop keeper pointed out how Bridgette's instructions were kept before the shop keeper gave him a brochures on spaying, ear styling, and muting

for better obedience. Collecting the brochures with a thin smile he snapped the leash in place and I soon found myself quickly mincing behind him with wiggling tits and ass.

After a few minutes we arrived in an area that was on the surface of the asteroid under a huge dome. Through it could be seen most of the pirate fleet as well as the stormy neon laced clouds of the nebula with only a few stars peeking through now and then.

The whole dome was decked out as medieval castle's great hall. The raised table at the end of the hall was arranged with a pair of thrones flanked by ornate chairs for guests. At opposite ends of this great banquet table set at 90 degrees were two long tables with place settings for hundreds of couples on either side. In the center of this great U was a stage for theater in the round. Above the wall hung the ships flags of the fleet and below were the prize items of booty kept for their beauty, some of the rarest pieces of art from across the galaxy, the Statues of Erimis-VII, the Royal Tiara of Nephyllos, and the Mona Lisa were only a few of the treasures to be found there.

Vance took me over to between two pillars set into the floor opposite the throne table. There he put me in restraints that stretched me out into what would be an open display. Vance grunted his approval after testing my restraints and turned to me and said, "Keep quiet if you want to live. Soon the rest will arrive and the spoils of the day displayed and divided. If you speak, you will be killed. Do you understand?"

I nodded submissively.

"Good, girl," he answered and walked off.

After a few minutes, other arrivals were brought in. Two of them were humans, in an obviously much abused state, and a large lizard like being that had to be heavily restrained.

Then crates of loot were brought in. Most were stamped with the logo of various private merchant companies, others with Commonwealth markings and still others with the marks of the smaller stellar governments outside the boundaries of the Galactic Commonwealth.

Next came a huge group of beings, mostly silk clad nearly naked human slaves, who began to set the tables and prepare the rest of the hall for the feasting to come. I noted that they, and my fellow captives, all wore collars like mine. I only hoped that none decided to push the button on my collar if someone acted up!

Next, the pirates began to file in. The lower ranks filled the ends of tables below the main one, flanking us on both sides. Next came the ships' officers with Bridgette entering in what was obviously her best dress in the accompaniment of her lover Avona in a more masculine cut uniform. They took seats at a table off to my right, just beyond the two abused men who hung on the pillars beside me. Beyond the reptile being, came the pirate ship commanders as high lords and with their ladies placed closer to the high table. It could be noted that by rights Bridgette should be sitting closer to the main table since she was a ship commander.

After they had all been seated, a man in a harlequin outfit came in, stood in the middle of the crates of loot and announced.

“To the officers and crew of Starcrusher, it is my pleasure to announce the entrance of his most exalted presence. Please rise and greet our leader, our inspiration, our unity, Chief Lord and Commander, Captain Trent Devi!”

From the intercoms blared the sound of trumpets with the entry of a man dressed in what was obviously once the uniform of a Galactic Commonwealth Space Commander. It's black platisteel sheen was marked by the addition of the markings of a captain and a sash of royal purple still wore on the few planets that held reigning monarchies. Walking beside him, was a very pretty woman of Scandinavian descent dressed in a very elegant dark blue frock. The pirates got on their feet and cheered as he and his woman walked over and assumed their stations behind the main table.

“Set my subjects,” ordered Captain Devi as he sat down on his throne.

With long practiced ease, the pirates resumed their chairs under the watchful sensors of the security robots I now saw on the upper bulwarks of the dome.

Captain Devi clapped his hands and one by one slaves filed in with trays of food. One at a time, they approached the captain who took a bit of food from each tray. After serving him, they then served the rest of the high table then moved down to the officers. Lastly, they served the pirate crews.

As soon as the last of the food was distributed, Captain Devi picked up a goblet of Neus Sierran wine and shouted, “A toast my brave lads and ladies.”

The pirates all lifted their goblets in unison as Captain Devi continued:

“To the deeds of the day that under the gaze of the naked stars have been recorded in the name of our glory!”

“Here!Here!” replied the shout of the pirates who drained their goblets along with their leader.

“Let the feast of the Starcrushers begin!” exclaimed the captain.

With that, the feast began in earnest. As the pirates ate the first course, a group of acrobats came out and amused them with their antics; they were quite good. After that, a stage magician came out and performed a few tricks, although I think his pretty assistant got most of the applause. After five more courses and a succession of stage how antics more and more outrageous, Captain Devi stood up and the music came to a halt.

“Now that the main course is satisfied, it is time for the dessert! First let us identify the goodies laid before us. Herald, read the list,” ordered Captain Devi.

“Yes, my captain. First the capture of Captain Hurt of the *Startiger*. In total, after the share due our leader: cargo worth 240,000 credits and no prisoners.

“Next, Captain Lionel of the *Ventoff*. In total, after the share due our leader: cargo worth 150,000 credits and two male human prisoners worth 12,000 credits each.

“Next, Lieutenant Nichols of the *Rogue Princess*. In total, once delivered to the people of Neus Sierra and after the share due our leader: cargo worth: 1,000,000 credits and one cross-sexed human prisoner worth 30,000 credits,” announced the man in the harlequin costume.

At the totals gathered by the *Rogue Princess*, I heard a collective gasp from the pirates. I saw Bridgette smile at the totals and she and Avona noted the hatred and envy thrown at her by the assembled pirates. After the commotion calmed down, the herald finished his list and bowed to the captain.

“Excellent haul, my loyal subjects. Now to the division, 50% of the remaining treasure goes into the common coffer to repair and re provision the fleet. Of the rest, 30% is reserved to pay the crew and officers other than the officer in charge. The remainder is the property of the captor. The disposal of the slaves is up to the captor. Captain Hunt, what is your decision for your captives?” said Captain Devi.

“Sell them in the open market, my captain, and I will split half the profits with thee,” answered a gray beard pirate in an ornate black uniform.

“So be it. And you, Captain Elkart, what of the reptile?” asked the captain leaning back in his chair and toying with his dagger.

“I propose to enter him to the gladiator pits on Phargos as a fighting slave. If allowed, my captain, I will share half of the winnings with thee,” answered a rat faced man in a red cloak worn over his black uniform.

“It is pleasing in my eyes to see such innovation towards getting rich on behalf of one of my officers. It is most acceptable, Captain Elkart. Now, what of the cross-sexer, Lieutenant Nichols?” questioned Captain Devi, leaning forward in his chair, “She looks to be female from here.”

Bridgette rose to her feet along with Avona tarrying behind her, and came over to where I was chained.

“My lord, captain. Thank you for allowing me to speak. For a long time I have been in your service and have not received the promotions due me,” started Bridgette.

“Lieutenant . Do we need to go over it again?” asked the captain with a pained expression.

“Please, captain. State it here in the open,” dared Bridgette insolently.

“Very well, Lieutenant . Have it your own way!” exclaimed Captain Devi rising to his feet. “As a ship's captain you are entitled to bring your grievance out in public.”

He placed his right leg up on his throne chair and said in an angry voice, “No one in my command is allowed to do unnatural things. You know that I have said that often enough.”

With a growl, the remainder of the pirates gave their ascent, except for Avona and Bridgette.

“Now, Bridgette may be a good officer and one of the best raiders here, but she is unnatural. You see that woman dressed in the mannish garb next to her? That, my subjects, is her lesbian lover!” exclaimed Captain Devi pointing at Avona and Bridgette.

The rest of the pirates turned and glared at them. Bridgette and Avona stood fast with their heads held high until the commotion wound down. As silence returned to

the dome, and the captain returned to his seat, Bridgette stepped into the dead center of the floor.

“Yes, my captain. All that you have said is true. I am in love with Avona and she is with me. Happily, I have now found a solution to the captain's objections. I will keep the slave and I request a six months leave from the fleet?” replied Bridgette.

“And for what are you purpose for leaving the fleet for that time?”asked the captain whose accounts would suffer from the loss of services of the *Rogue Princess*.

“I intend to fly to the Consortium of Sheila and there engage the services of Dr. Elenor Van Hale,” answered Bridgette slowly.

Captain Devi sat up straight in surprise and mutter, “The galaxy's foremost medical center?”

“Yes, captain. Avona has agreed to become a male and with the male organs on this slave, we intend for it to come to pass,” said Bridgette.

“Hah! Hah! I see,” Captain Devi roared with laughter followed by the laughter of those assembled. “With this bizarre change then your relationship will be male to female. Well, that would overcome my objections. What of the slave?”

“It would be sad to waste her. Even though only a mere cross dresser, she shows promise as a female. We have decided, it would be sad to waste Avona's womanhood in a tissue vat. Instead we would make an exchange between the slave and Avona. Maleness for Avona and femaleness for the slave,” replied Bridgette with a smile.

“Excellent. Then you intend to keep her for a lesbian servant along with your new man?” Captain Devi asked shrewdly.

“No, my lord,” Bridgette continued, “As you can see, my captain. She has charms even though she is still a male. She is soft and hairless. She is sweet and demure. She has obeyed me well and is smart as well as decorative. She will make a fine female slave to please men. After I have what I wish of her, she is yours to dispense or keep as you will.”

“Excellent. What name have you called the slave?”asked the captain pleasantly.

“Cassandra, my captain. It was the name on her uniform and I felt it appropriate,” answered Bridgette.

“Excellent. Your request is granted. Bring her back to me as a fully trained slave girl and upon your marriage to Avon, after he recovers, a captainship is in order,” replied Captain Devi.

“My thanks, captain!” exclaimed Avona and Bridgette together before they retreated to their seats

As the party progressed the ladies at the banquet tables excused themselves to walk about in small social groups to permit the men to get down to serious drinking and carousing with their slave girls.

Noting that Lady Devi was approaching me with her group Bridgette hastened to join us.

“She does look like a female,” a lady in green Earth satin observed actually allowing her hand to fondle my breasts while I bushed with growing shame. Her hand then probed my pubis! “Are we allowed to have the rings removed so that we can see if she really is a male?”

Bridgette shrugged, but Lady Devi laughed good naturedly while studying my humiliation with a critical eye.

“I really see no purpose for that. Although she has a whore's face and breasts suitable for a female animal it is also clear that she lacks the waist and hips, which could be corrected” She paused speculatively to add, “I think it might be a waste to have her changed. Frankly, I have no problem with your love affair, Bridgette, and heaven knows the men are like all sailors: sadists, drunks and sodomites, to paraphrase an ancient Earth admiral, er Churchill.”

The ladies all giggled appreciatively knowing how hypocritical the men actually were.

“I agree, and I believe we already have enough female sex slaves,” a Lady in a golden Herad gown observed looking at her lord being given head by a servant girl. “A few less whores and a few pregnant bitches might be in order judging by the prices that new slave babies fetch.”

There was a nod of general agreement.

“Well, I do have the sperm from the last man she sucked off,” Bridgette suggested to my absolute horror and the laughter of the ladies. “When she has been changed I could have her sent to you pregnant, as a bonus.”

Oh, no, not with his baby!

“A bonus, indeed. It's a shame they all can't get pregnant that way,” another lady suggested with a bitter little chuckle.

“And, why can't we have a little fun when they're away.”

“That is why it's such a waste to turn ‘her’ into a female,” Lady Devi mused. “Why not castrate her and change her form into that more agreeable to the female image. While your lord is home, she is just a spayed female incapable of offering sex to him. And when he is gone you can have a little cock hound of your own to play with.”

The ladies broke into amused laughter, unable to determine if she was serious, but a few eyed me with a strange speculative smile before they all moved away.

7. I'm a Product of the Consortium of Sheila

I found myself back in my cell on the *Rogue Princess*, unbound and left with food and water. Then the lights were dimmed and I was left alone.

Soon I was to become a woman actually impregnated with Rosco's seed! I folded my legs up under me and huddled in the corner of the cell. At that moment I was more scared than I had ever been in my life. I fell asleep there, a huddled crying mass awaiting my fate.

The next day, the *Rogue Princess* set out with me in her brig. The ship entered hyperspace and I found my mind flooded by feelings as if someone were caressing me

and fondling me. I felt something grab at my chest and then a pleasurable feeling as something began to lick and suck on it. As the wave began to move past my consciousness, I realized that I had real breasts, and I was nursing a baby! I tried to blot this horrible nightmare out of my mind and as soon as it had come, the wave had moved on and we were in hyperspace.

For the next seven days, I was permitted to see no one. Over the speaker system was piped in music with, just barely discernible, the whispering of a voice. If I sat still and concentrated, I could just make out the voice. It was a man's voice telling me how sexy and feminine I was. It kept on and on, day and night urging me to surrender to being a woman desiring to submit to his wondrous penis! There was no escape from it.

On the eighth day, I felt the familiar surge as the ship dropped out of hyperspace and back into normal space. I had just finished using the toilet, when the security energy screen went transparent.

Standing there was Avona, dressed in a well tailored Earth style white military style jacket while Bridgette stood by his side dressed in a blue chiffon after five cocktail gown.

“Ah, good. I see you are up and about, Cassandra. We've arrived at the main world of the Consortium. Vance, let her out,” ordered Bridgette as she placed a collection of lingerie and a dress on a nearby chair along with a pair of nylons and shoes. Nearby was a make-up kit. “The Consortium isn't into naked female animal slaves. You had better get dressed.”

“Yes, Commander. Come out, girl,” commanded Vance as he lowered the energy screen.

I followed his orders. I quickly donned the blue high waisted girdle that pulled in my waist while the matching long line bra lifted my breasts with near conical bra cups. After the nylons were rolled to cling tightly to my upper thighs I put on a form fitting blue satin slip. The high collared midnight blue Chinese styled satin dress clung to my conical formed breasts and fitted snugly about my shapely waist and hips with its slit skirt reaching to just mid-thigh. Vance fitted a black leather control collar studded with midnight blue Regan crystals over the collar of the slinky dress while I stepped into three inch heeled dark blue sandals. When I completed my make-up Vance handed Bridgette a small remote control..

She smiled as her finger selected a button on the small remote causing a strange humming to sound to numb all thought and I stood there like a living mannequin!

“Good, girl, heel!” Bridgette ordered before placing the remote into her clutch; taking Avona's arm and leading us out of the brig.

Soon we left the *Rogue Princess* and the vicinity of the spaceport. In front of the spaceport, we caught a cab and were soon racing down the streets of the city of Sharran.

I realized that Bridgette and Avona were dressed for an evening attending the galaxy wide famous casinos of Sharran after they had checked me into the medical center.

The skies of Shiela, the main world of the Consortium, were classic blue with the first signs of sunset by cheery yellow stars typical of most of the Earth-like worlds in the Commonwealth. It was in neutral territory between the Galactic Commonwealth and the Arkan Kingdoms.

The Consortium had started as a holding company, but had quickly developed into its own interstellar corporate government. It was well known that the Consortium would do anything for the right amount of credits.

Eventually, we arrived at the Consortium Medical Center. There, we got out of the cab and Bridgette led us inside. We entered the center and came to a stop in front of the reception desk that was run by a human who had obviously been electronically augmented since she wore a transceiver band about her forehead and there was no sign of a communication panel at her desk.

"May I help you?" asked the receptionist.

"Yes, we have an appointment with Director D'Vasco," replied Bridgette.

The receptionist got a faraway look in her eyes and said, "I see. Is this the Orion party?"

"Right first time," replied Bridgette with a grin.

"Very good. Take the lift to level 7. Director D'Vasco will see you now," answered the receptionist.

"Good." said Bridgette leading us to the lift.

Soon our lift arrived at level 7 and we disembarked. We went down a brief hallway that terminated in a door that was marked:

Director Barbara D'Vasco, Sex Reassignment Medicine.

As we approached the door, it opened and a middle-aged woman in a woman's business suit got up from behind a large desk.

"Ah, come in. You must be the Orion party. I'm Director D'Vasco. How may our humble medical center be of use to you worthies?" the Director asked politely.

"Thank you for seeing us, Director. I'm Bridgette Orion. Perhaps you've heard of me," Bridgette greeted lightly as we entered the room.

"Of course we have, Ms. Orion. Such a tragedy about your parents. At least you're not going to be poor for the rest of your life," the Director observed with concern tones.

"Of course. Well, I was sort of a black sheep you know. Sometimes I didn't get along well with my parents and now I find myself in a dilemma," Bridgette noted sadly.

"Please set down, Ms. Orion. What is this dilemma and how can we help?"

"Well, since I'm an only child, once I'm dead, the Commonwealth will get all my money. Now I don't want those greedy lawyers to get rich off my family. What I want is to get married and have some children to carry on the family legacy," Bridgette said with a catch in her voice as she sat down and Avona stood by her side while I stood politely behind them.

"I see. So why don't you get married?" asked the Director.

"Well, I'm in love with Avona, here," answered Bridgette.

The Director looked bemused for a moment since lesbian marriages were quite legal on Sharran and then said, "I see, you wish for your, er husband, to sire your child. That is technically possible with a suitable donor. So, what can we do?"

"You have the most advanced transplant facility in this octant of the galaxy. I still want Avona as she is but with one slight adjustment. I want her to be male. And I have heard that your methods and retraining into the new sex are unsurpassed," replied Bridgette.

The Director was obviously flattered and she smiled saying, "Yes, our methods are foolproof. Who is the manhood donor?"

"Why, Cassandra here. She's quite willing to give up her manhood and become a sexy feminine girl. Aren't you dear?" Bridgette urged sweetly as she reached into her hand bag.

Did I really want to live so much that I would be willing to live for the rest of my life as a girl? There was no argument in my mind, I wanted to live!

"Yes, Ms Orion," I replied dutifully adding, "I have always wanted to be a woman, doctor."

"Isn't that sweet, Director. She's a good girl," Bridgette observed with a smile.

"Yes, I see that. She'd make a fine candidate if she isn't sterile from too many hormones," answered the Director getting up and coming over to look at me. "I presume that you would prefer that her sperm acquire the genetic chromosome DNA patterns of your partner."

"My thoughts exactly, Director," replied Bridgette. "How does the process work.? Is there a lot of surgery?"

"Not really. The key to our process was discovered about a thousand years ago when it was found out that an old wife's tale about psoriasis patients not having cancer was in essence correct, if you discount cancer of the skin from too much solar radiation. The symptoms of genetically acquired psoriasis is the rapid reproduction of dead cells, while cancer is the rapid reproduction of live cells. Both processes are related to a DNA segment responsible for the body's total regeneration every two or so years up until the onset of old age. The knowledge gained from this research has allowed us to double human life-span, regeneration of body parts, cloning, and DNA transplantation, without surgery.

"In this case we do remove the sex organs through a portation process, genetically re-engineer them, and then transplant them allowing the rest of the body to adapt to its new sex as if the patient had been born male or female.

"The patients are kept in a special chamber for weeks until the process is complete."

“Do you mean that all that surgery Avona had to give him a more masculine form was a waste of time and money, not to mention the pain. That the new Avona would be totally male?”

“Yes. As you must understand, we keep our technology secret, because that is the way we make our money. The more primitive worlds may be hundreds of years behind us.”

“I think we should start as soon as possible.”

“Good. No need to do a credit check on you, Ms. Orion. Your account should easily handle everything. I got confirmation from your Uncle Trent shortly before you arrived,” the Director noted. “Anything else.”

“Well, yes, dear Cassandra's boy friend is somewhere in space,” Bridgette explained with a wry smile over the irony of her words as she reached into her clutch purse to produce what looked like a cue ball, “And she wants to surprise him with a bouncing baby boy. Here is a cryogenic sample of her lover's sperm. She also needs a mind wipe with her memory reconstructed as a housewife from New Terra. That is her lover's home world and she is anxious to fit into a society where women are sex slave chattel.”

I wanted to scream my outrage, but I knew that no one would rescue me. Perhaps a mind wipe would be best, then I would have no memory of my utter shame of becoming a woman forced to bear Rosco's child!

“Our transplant memories are at your service, Ms. Orion. The father's name?”

“Ah, yes. What is the young man's name?” Bridgette asked with a mischievous smile.

“Gordon Scott,” I replied with a blush wanting to remember Gordon rather than Roscoe.

“Good. When can we start?”

“How about now?” answered the director. “I can see that Cassandra is ready, but you and



Avona have other plans for the evening. I believe we can start her examination, but I will need both candidates for a few weeks while the transfer is made.”

Bridgette nodded handing the Director my remote control and the Director hit one of the buttons on her desk with an amused grin as she picked up the remote and said, “Assessing. Send an Orderly up for a new patient.”

From the desk came a male voice saying, “Right away, Mum.”

The orderly came and took me to a padded holding room where he locked me inside. Suddenly, nozzles in the walls opened and gas poured into the room. In moments, I laid unconscious, knocked out by the gas.

Hours, days, weeks later, I woke up. The first thing I noticed was that I was no longer bound. The second thing I noticed was that I was no longer clothed, instead I was wearing a baby doll styled nighty. The third thing was that I was still in the padded room resting on a padded couch. The fourth, and most shocking, was that I was no longer male!

Where my manhood had once been was now a smooth picture of womanhood. In fact I could see that somehow they had completely transformed my body into that of a rather sexy female. I slumped down against one of the walls and began to cry. I cried for hours until the door opened to my room.

“Get up, girl,” ordered a voice from the doorway.

Shakily, I got up onto my feet.

The figure in the doorway was of a man dressed in a white lab coat but he had a surgical mask covering his face. His voice had been firm, but gentle and somehow familiar to me. It was difficult to tell with the muffling caused by the mask. He motioned me to follow him, and led me out of the room. I had thought for a minute to make a run for it, but here I was, totally female dressed in a pair of baby dolls and totally weak. It was all I could do to follow him at his slow pace.

As we walked, he held up his clipboard and asked, “You are Cassandra Berrie, correct?”

“Yes, master,” I replied with a sexy feminine voice that I hardly believed was mine.

“Good. This way. Doctor Forsythe will examine you.”

He took me into a room and there was an older lady. She smiled at me, and motioned the orderly to her. They talked together in low voices.

“Hop up on the couch, Cassandra, and we’ll begin. You can go now, orderly,” commanded the doctor.

The orderly bowed slightly and left.

Doctor Forsythe reached onto a nearby table and took out a stethoscope. She placed it on my chest and began to move it around.

I shuddered slightly, as it was cold against my ample breasts.

“Good. Everything sounds okay. No after effects of your surgery, dear?” asked the doctor.

“No, mistress,” I replied unsteadily.

“That is very good, Cassandra,” she replied beginning to examine my pelvic region. After a while, she looked up apparently satisfied.

“Everything looks good, Cassandra. I think I can send you on to the next part of your re orientation. Before I send you on, you may ask a few questions,” said the doctor, not unkindly.

“Thank you, mistress. Who else knows of my operation?”

“Not everyone, dear. Well since I'm a gynecologist, they had to include me. Of course, the director, the people you came in with, Professor Hale and her team, who performed the evaluation and the surgery, and lastly, Doctor Helga Noresson, our chief psychologist and trainer.”

“So, the orderly, didn't know?” I questioned.

“Of course, he doesn't know. He didn't even know who you are. Here, all our patients are just numbers on a sheet. No name is on any of our records for reasons of corporate security.”

It took all I had not to blurt out about the orderly who had escorted me here. He had seemed to know me! Who was he, and how did he know me as Cassandra?!

“How long have I been unconscious, mistress?” I asked curiously.

“For several weeks, my dear. But that part is over. Now we will reacclimate you to your new role in life,” she replied.

After a moments silence, the doctor went over to an intercom. “Send two orderlies to my office.”

“Yes, Doctor Forsythe,” came the crackling answer through the intercom.

After a moment, two orderlies came and took me away. They escorted me down the hall and into an office with the name plate:

Helga Noresson, Doctor of Psychology and Training.

Sitting behind a large orange Vressawood desk was a Nordic woman with a heavy build.

“Ah orderlies, thank you. Come in, honey, and we'll get better acquainted,” ordered the lady confidently. She motioned me over to a large overstuffed couch while the orderlies withdrew. I sat down on the couch feeling the soft leather fabric clinging to me as I put my legs under me and looked about. The room was moderately furnished and had a door that led deeper into the complex. The leather chair she was sitting in was of fine Orynix hide and adjustable. On the wall were her certificates including her doctorate in psychology and her masters in training.

“Yours is an interesting case, Cassandra. I think that by the time we're through here, we can guarantee you a complete recovery from your fixations.”

“What fixations, mistress?” I asked innocently.

“Why the illusion that you were once a man, honey. It is clear from our records that you are an average housewife from New Terra. Your friend, a Ms. Orion, is quite con-

cerned that you may have had a major personality change as a result of a blow to the head. Fortunately we do have the necessary public records and your family videos to reconstruct your past along with the various training programs that you attended to receive your Home Mistress degree. In addition, we will train you to be the perfect hostess and sexual playmate. When you have your next period we know that you will be ready to accept your husband's sperm, so that you can produce for your husband, Gordon Scott, the baby he expects to see when he returns from space. Don't worry. Our success rate is truly remarkable. Now, lay back and we'll begin," she answered.

I looked about the room frantically, but saw no escape. I saw the shadows of the two orderlies who had brought me outside the door, and the other door was obviously locked. Besides, Helga could have snapped me in two with a flick of her index finger.

Obligingly, I laid on the couch on my back. It was warm and so relaxing. She brought her chair over to me and started telling me to relax. It was so easy in that couch. So warm, so soothing, so much like a mother's womb that I drifted off. In my ears, I heard her voice, and inside I found what she said to be true.

For the next six months these treatments continued. The memories of my childhood returned. I knew my mother, my father, my sisters and brother. My years and years in school at New Terra. My sale to a space officer, Gordon Scott, as his lawful wife and sexual chattel. And ever so many other memories that flooded my mind until the obvious delusion that I had once been someone else vanished. In addition to them, I learned how to host a dinner party, the myriad of galactic rules of etiquette, how to smile for hours on end and how to move and act like a woman. I learned how to talk with grace and how to dress myself and do my make-up, not only for day to day wear, but how to do it to entice a man.

I was often taken from one room to another within the complex as the whole sources of the Consortium were motivated to train me as the perfect lady in waiting and as an erotic seductress. I was so pleased when, at the end of the sixth month, I noticed that I now had a huge belly and a pair of breasts ready to nurse my husband's baby. I was even happy with the knowledge that I would have to serve as a servant to Ms. Orion until I had repaid her the costs of my stay at the medical center. It was the least that I could do as one trained to accept such obligations. God, I felt so feminine and so alive.

One day, as I was doing my expectant mothers aerobic exercises, Helga came over to me and said, "Stop for a minute, Cassandra."

"Yes, mistress."

"Come with me, girl," she ordered spinning on her heel.

"Yes, mistress," I answered, following her meekly.

She led me back into her office and motioned me to the couch. She sat down at her desk and opened the top drawer of the desk. She reached into the drawer, and took out a box and envelope.

She smiled at me and asked, "Do you know what I have here, Cassandra?"

I leaned forward eagerly and replied, "No, mistress."

“Well, your six months with us is up today and I must say, you came along magnificently. No lingering doubts about your femininity are there, Cassandra?” she questioned.

“No, mistress. I'm a complete woman and happy with it,” I answered with a smile.

“Good. And how do you feel about your new life as a servant?” she asked with a smile.

“Fine, mistress. It is a debt that must be paid. And when Gordon returns home he may be able to buy me back so that, I may even have servants of my own and be the lady of his household.”

“Only if you apply yourself, girl, and then, only if your master or mistress allow you,” she said.

“Of course, mistress,” I answered with downcast eyes.

“It is good to see that ambition in a pretty thing like you, honey. Now to this. Whenever one of our students graduate, it is common for the orderlies to get together and get the girl a nice parting gift. It has always been our custom for me to present it when I felt the girl had learned all she could here. I've decided that the time for you leaving us has come,” she said with pride and a little haltingly.

“Leaving, mistress?” I asked in shock.

“Yes, Cassandra. As of this day, you are now cured of your fixations and are released into the custody of your master and mistress. They are waiting outside for you, but before you go, here is the gift from the orderlies,” she replied.

I took the box from her outstretched hand. It was a small black velvet box with a hinged lid. I looked up at Helga who merely nodded. I opened the box and inside were the most exquisite slave girl collar I had ever seen. The gold fabric of the collar was studded with large man-made Earth diamonds. I was so overcome with emotion that I began to cry.

Helga took the box from my quaking hand and with great compassion, put the collar about my neck. She then got out a mirror from her desk and held it up for me.

God, it was the most beautiful collar that I had ever seen.

“I take it from your reaction that you are pleased.”

“Oh, mistress. They're the prettiest things I have ever seen. Can I keep them?” I questioned.

Helga laughed and replied, “Of course, dear. All graduates are guaranteed one item when they leave, and that is always their gift. Your master and mistress have both already approved. Now, run along back to your room and pack your things that your mistress brought you here with. I want you to then come back here where they will pick you up.”

I smiled at her, executed a perfect curtsy and went back to the small bedroom I had been provided with during my training. I slipped into my maternity clothes. I packed my few belongings in a ladies tote bag and freshened up my make-up. After all, I

wanted to appear my best in front of Master Avon Lee and Mistress Bridgette Orion. I then took my things and returned to the office of Doctor Noresson.

“My, oh my. Is this the same little girl we left with you six months ago?” asked Bridgette in amazement as I walked in

“Not quite the same, Ms. Orion, I mean, Mrs. Lee.” replied Doctor Noresson.

“It all right, Helga. I'm still getting used to it myself. Ready to go, Cassandra?” asked Bridgette.

“Yes, mistress,” I replied sweetly.

“Good, Cassandra. Ready to go, dear?” answered Bridgette.

“Of course, my wife. Follow us, Cassandra,” said Avon in a commanding voice.

“Yes, master,” I replied getting to my feet and picking up the bags.

“Well, good bye and good luck, Cassandra,” said Helga giving me a sisterly kiss and hug.

“Thank you, mistress, and I'm going to miss you,” I answered with my heart in my throat.

With that we left her office and went back through the main part of the hospital. Most people gave me no more of a look that they would have any other pretty girl walking down the hall in a pretty pink maternity dress. In the main lobby, we came to a halt as my master and mistress had to fill out my release papers.

Suddenly, I heard a voice in my left ear say, “I love you, Cassie.”

I looked around hurriedly and only caught a momentary glimpse of a white lab coat disappearing around into the hallway.

Who could it have been? Better yet, how did I hear the voice and no one else here appeared to have heard a thing?

“Cassandra, we're leaving!” shouted Bridgette looking at me.

“Yes, mistress,” I replied following them out of the hospital.

8. Blackstar's Visit

When we arrived at the planetary space station I was surprised to discover that my mistress actually owned a large armed freighter called the *Rogue Princess*.

Minutes later, after we had boarded, she turned me over to a mean looking sailor named Vance, who took me to her quarters where he ordered me to undress and while I was naked he removed my beautiful diamond collar and placed it into my mistress's jewel chest saying, “A common bitch doesn't wear diamonds.”

He then placed an electronic collar about my neck saying that if I disobeyed it could be exploded to kill me. With this he snapped a leash to my collar and with leash in one hand and a short electronic whip in the other set about to train me as if I were a bitch to respond to leash commands!

It was soon after that I learned to my horror that my master and mistress were pirates and I was to be given over to their pirate master, a Captain Devi to serve his lady! I was never to see my beloved New Terra, or see my husband Gordon again!

At the end of a week, we arrived back at the hold of the Starcrusher pirates. The *Rogue Princess* under the pilotage of my master and mistress docked at the complex and soon I was heeling them into the main dome.

Once there, I was led to the great quarters of Captain Devi to join the rest of the servants. After the slave mistress inspected me with some interest I was shown to Lady Devi, who examined me before asking questions about my 'mate' and when I would be expected to deliver my litter. Satisfied with my answers she had the slave mistress assign me to a slave responsible for keeping the household bath rooms cleaned and I was given a kennel pad.

Three months later I delivered a baby boy. He was beautiful. But, to my utter surprise he was taken away after six months and sold to never be seen by me again!

A month later I found myself with the other household slaves preparing for a great feast under the dome. Soon all was in readiness for the entrance of the Captain Devi.

I heard the bugles sound and the herald announce, "Presenting, our lord, Captain Devi."

At the sound of the applause, I hoisted my platter of food and got in line with the rest of the scantily clad servants. After Captain Devi made his initial announcement, the overseer opened the doors to the main hall and ordered us through.

One by one, we approached Captain Devi and he took one item from each platter until I came up.

"Stop, girl," he ordered.

Instantly, I dropped to my knees. I was sweating bullets. *What did the great master, Captain Devi want with me?*

"Arise, girl," he commanded.

"Yes, master," I replied rising to my feet gracefully.

"Spin about and wiggle your ass," he ordered setting back in his chair.

"Yes, master," I answered and complied with his request.

"Good. Now serve the rest," he replied dismissing me.

"Yes, master," I said hurrying off after he took a slice of roast Vork off my platter.

The next man I came to, was wearing a mask and sitting in the guest of honor's seat. My heart skipped a beat when I saw the name etched on his uniform. It was Johnathan Blackstar. I offered him some Vork and he took a slice off it and patted me on my rear. God, he was just like the man in that romance novel. Even under his clothes, I could see that he was built well and his mouth, the only part of his face below his mask, was firm and demanding.

One by one, I served the remainder of the pirates, often having to retrieve refilled platters of Vork and getting my ass patted and pinched in the process. I was more fortunate than one of the girls, who was later beaten when she dropped one of her trays. I, at least, had managed to hold onto mine even as two pirates had pinched me soundly on my bottom.

After the serving was done, I and the other servants were permitted to kneel against the wall on the far left of the dome, knowing that after the feasting and division of the spoils that I was to serve one of the pirates, as the pirates finished their feasting and got down to business. First, the spoils of their ill-gotten gains were divided with Johnathan Blackstar's coming last.

“And last of all,” spoke the herald. “The loot captured by the visiting, Captain Johnathan Blackstar of the starship *Revenge*. The loot and cargo all totaling 1,000,000 credits has been given as a gift to his lordship, Captain Devi, as a token of goodwill and alliance between the Dark Lightning pirates of Blackstar's and our own immanent selves.”

There was much applause while Captain Blackstar and Captain Devi shook hands in mutual respect. Something strange was going on here. Captain Johnathan Blackstar was just a fictional character in the book, Blackstar's Lady. I wondered who the man behind the mask really was. It was obvious that he was using a false name and did not want to be identified.

“Permission to speak, Captain!” shouted the voice of Bridgette after the applause had died down.

“Who wishes to address the captain?” asked the herald.

“Captain Bridgette,” replied Bridgette stepping out of the crowd.

“Ah, Bridgette. I see you have returned with your husband and slave girl,” said Captain Devi setting back down in his chair.

“Yes, sir. I wish to present her to you as per our agreement. Cassandra, front and center!” ordered Bridgette.



I heard the order and swiftly ran down to the center of the floor. There, I put myself on my knees and placed my head on the floor.

“Do you still wish her, my lord?” asked Bridgette formally.

“I except. You have proven your worth to the Starcrushers and your gift seals your commission. Later, I will give you your orders,” replied Captain Devi.

Bridgette executed a bow and disappeared into the crowd. From my prone position, I could just make out the figure of Captain Blackstar moving close to Captain Devi. I knew that they were whispering to each other. Soon, Captain Blackstar leaned back to one side and Captain Devi leaned back in his chair with a smile.

“Arise, Cassandra,” ordered Captain Devi.

“Yes, master,” I replied quickly rising to my feet.

“Tonight, you will serve my guest, Captain Blackstar, as his slave girl,” he commanded.

“Yes, master,” I answered.

“Good. Now run to the overseer and he'll take you to the slave mistress who will prepare you,” ordered Captain Devi.

“Yes, master,” I said as I bolted from the main hall amidst the laughter of the pirates.

I hurried to the slave mistress of Captain Devi who had me bath and change into a very provocative short styled nightie. She then had me put on my make-up, thick and sexy. I could hardly believe the results. I looked like a slut looking to rut with her master. I must admit, I smiled at the thought. Later that evening, she escorted me to the room of my master's guest.

“Here we are, Cassandra. Now let me put your blindfold on,” said the slave mistress.

“Yes, mistress. Why must I be blindfolded?”

“It is the wish of the master. He does not wish to be identified with his mask off by even a lowly slave like you.”

“I understand, mistress,” I replied taking the bathing materials thrust into my arms.

“Good. When I have gone. Knock on the door,” ordered the slave mistress.

“Yes, mistress,” I answered.

With that, I knelt in front of the door as she left me there. For a few minutes, I did nothing. I was filled with fear and embarrassment. What if I didn't meet his expectations? Slowly, I reached up and gently knocked on the door. The door opened instantly. He must have had good ears to hear such a subtle knock as mine.

Slowly, I got up and entered the room. I couldn't see a thing, but I heard him move so that I would recognize where he was. I cautiously approached and when I felt his hand on my shoulder, I realized that I had at last arrived. Quickly, I knelt on the floor and placed my forehead to the floor.

“I am here to serve you, master. Command me to your pleasure,” I said in the formula that I had been taught.

I felt him move around and test my blindfold. When he had apparently satisfied himself that I could not see him, I heard him move away and take off his mask. He was unmasked, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't see him.

Then, I felt his hot breath on my shoulder and his arms wrapped around me. He pulled me gently forward until we had arrived at what felt like an inset bath tub. At last, I was on more familiar ground. I gently sat down the bathing supplies.

“Am I to bathe you now, master?” I asked.

For an answer, I felt my sexy nightie pulled from my body leaving me standing nude. Then he turned me to face him. I knew what I was to do, so I reached out and found the knot on his robe. I gently undid it and knelt to kiss him on the belly. Then, I walked behind him and finished removing it, kissing him on the back. I then put the robe and belt to one side, kissing them, and then stood before him with my head down.

He put the bathing materials in my hand and helped me into the bath. He joined me and I began to wash him. I must have been doing a good job of it because his small utterances of pleasure were clear to me.

After the bath was finished, he took me from the bath and guided me to the bedroom. On my left, I could feel the great bed and I felt him set down upon it. Next, I felt the gentle pressure of his hands on my shoulders. I realized, with a grin, what he wanted.

“Yes, master,” I said reaching for him.

Soon, I had his cock in my mouth and was soon pleasuring him. I kept it up for quite a long time before his stiff manhood filled my mouth with his delicious cream. I swallowed it down greedily. It was warm and salty and all so good.

After he had spent himself, he picked me up and placed me on my back on the bed. Then he began to knead and lick my breasts. God, it felt so good. He licked and sucked them, and I felt the nipples become erect. Soon I was moaning in pleasure. After a few minutes, he stopped and I felt my legs being gently pried apart.

“Yes, my master. Yes,” I cried out as I threw my legs wide.

Soon, my master, began to use me for his pleasure. It was the most wonderful feeling of his filling womanhood. He took me to the height of ecstasy and then over it.

As his seed spilled itself in my womanhood, I screamed, “Take me, master. Take your slave girl, Cassandra. She loves her master!”

After that, he fell asleep atop me. He felt good atop me and I knew, that was where I wished most to be. Soon, I fell asleep too, happy to love and be loved by a master.

The first thing I noticed the following morning was that Blackstar was no longer atop me. I was no longer blindfolded and saw the slave mistress standing above me.

I quickly knelt on the bed and said, “I'm sorry, mistress. I didn't see you come in.”

“That is all right, girl,” she replied. “I have been instructed to collect you. Get up and follow me.”

“Yes, mistress,” I replied stepping off the bed.

She led me out of the room and down the hallways of the complex. Soon we arrived back at the slave quarters of Captain Devi and I was put back to work.

The morning passed uneventful, and at noon us slaves were fed with the scraps from breakfast. It was always difficult reaching in a trough and grabbing out some food before the larger slaves took it from you hands.

During the afternoon, I was clad once again in only my common electronic slave collar armed with an explosive and assigned to running errands. I was running an errand for the captain from the control center when I came across the body of a pirate laying unconscious on the floor just out of range of the security scanners. I was about to let out a scream when a hand clasped over my mouth.

“Quiet, Cassie. If you scream, I will have to knock you out. Do you understand?” a muffled voice demanded.

He let my mouth go and I replied, “Yes, master. Please don't kill me,”

I heard the sounds of footsteps approaching and he grabbed my arm saying, “This way, Cassie.”

He dragged me down the hall and into a converter room. Here, for the first time, I got a look at him. He was wearing a mask, the mask of Johnathan Blackstar!

He reached behind a converter and brought out a pair of wrist restraints and secured me to a post. Next, he put a gag on me and put a belt on around me which I identified as an emergency vacuum suit! Then he opened a closet and drew out a space suit from behind the radiation suits.

“I bet you're wondering what's going on, Cassie. Now you will see,” he said taking off the mask.

I'm glad that he gagged me because I could have cried out in joy. It was Gordon Scott, my own true love! My eyes were in tears over my gag.

He just smiled at me and pulled on the space suit. After he had it on, he put his helmet under his left arm and released me from my wrist restraint. He reached into his right pocket and took out a small tool. He lifted up my long soft blonde hair and began to run the tool over my explosive collar. Soon, a small click was heard and he then removed it from my neck. Free of the threat of death at last. I turned to face him with tear filled eyes. He reached up and removed my gag.

“Oh, Gordon. I thought you were dead,” I cried in disbelief.

“Not so, Cassie. I escaped, but enough of that. We've got to get out of here. The entire Commonwealth Navy is on the way,” he said.

“But how?” I asked.

“I was the one who bought the diamond collar for you on Sheila,” he replied.

“You were the orderly?”

I questioned in stunned disbelief.

“Yes, Cassie. I'm actually an officer in the Commonwealth Secret Service and I've been tracking the raids of the Starcrusher pirates. My job on the *Egland* was to attempt to capture a pirate and force the location of this complex. I was unable to do so, and managed to escape death by using a radiation suit in the engine room maintenance closet. I saw you sucked out of the *Egland* and captured by the pirates.

“I though I had lost you, when your records showed up in a routine security scan of this octant on Shiela. I took the place of one of our agents on Shiela and positively identified you.

“I then arranged for the gift to you to be a cunningly concealed sub space beacon. It operates on a very rarely used low energy setting and is only good for about ten Astronomical Units. I found a pirate craft entering the nebula and followed it in. Once I got in range. I homed in on you,” he explained.

“I see. Now what?” I asked.

“We escape. The *Revenge* is parked off the lower sector. We'll go out an airlock and board her. We will then pull away and join the rest of the fleet where we will witness the destruction of this station. Now, let's go. You'll divert the guards and I knock them out with my stunner,” he ordered.

“Yes, master,” I replied.

“None of that, Cassie. You'll call me Gordon except where we need to fool the pirates. Okay, let's go,” answered Gordon.

I went out ahead of him with the deactivated collar hanging loosely around my neck. The emergency vacuum suit was turned so it was only visible from my backside like some of the slave girls did during drills and emergencies. I lead Gordon to the closest airlock and found it guarded by one pirate.

I motioned Gordon to stop and went up to the guard.

“What is it, girl?” growled the pirate as I knelt before him.

“Master. There is a man unconscious on the floor back there,” I said.

“Lead me, slave,” ordered the guard.

“Yes, master. This way,” I replied getting up and leading him down the hall past Gordon's position.

As we passed, Gordon stepped out and shot the guard. The guard crumpled to the floor and Gordon and I hastened to the airlock. Gordon opened the outer door and we climbed in.

He started to cycle the lock, when the alarm went off.

“Damn! They've jammed the outer airlock door. We're trapped!” exclaimed Gordon.

We were doomed. How could we escape? His gun couldn't cut through the door. Only an explosion could do that. Unconsciously, my hand went to my collar and I suddenly had an idea.

“Gordon. What about this?” I asked handing my collar to him.

“It just might work, love. Cover up now and I'll touch it off,” he ordered placing the collar at the base of the outer airlock door.

I cowered against the inner airlock door and he came back to stand over me. He braced himself and fired at the collar with a beam of laser light. The laser activated the explosive compound in the collar and it exploded with a loud bang.

Suddenly, the outer airlock door broke loose and the air in the airlock, quickly evacuated into space sucking me and Gordon into the void! My emergency vacuum suit activated and I was enveloped once more in a plastic bag!

Gordon grabbed me and began to maneuver us toward the lower section of the complex using his suit jets.

We were making good time when I noticed men in suits following us. I tapped on Gordon's shoulder and pointed rearward. He shook his head in acknowledgment and took the suit thrusters to full.

Looming up in front of us, blocking the light of the illuminated nebula beyond, was a large black ship. As we got close to the hull, Gordon reversed his jets and we fell toward it feet first. Behind us, the figures continued to accelerate, but pulled off at the last moment.

As we got to within feet of the ship, an airlock opened and we floated inside. The outer hatch shut just as the pirates outside let loose a volley of fire. As air flooded the airlock, I felt the rumble of the ships sub-light drive being thrown into motion.

Gordon reached down and ripped open the emergency vacuum suit freeing me. I quickly reached over and helped him remove his space suit.

“Come on, Cassie,” he ordered opening the inner lock.

Outside, we were greeted by a man wearing the uniform of the Commonwealth Navy.

“Welcome back aboard, sir,” said the man to Gordon as his eyes took in my naked form in appreciative surprise..

“Good to be back, ensign. Take Ms. Berrie and find her something to wear. I'm off to the bridge. Cassie, go with Ensign Green here. I'll see you when you're dressed. Bring her to the bridge when she's dressed, Ensign,” ordered Gordon.

“Yes, Gordon,” I replied as he took off at a run.

“This way, please, ma'am.”

He led me to another area of the ship and with the help of some of the nurses on-board, I managed to find a reasonable set of clothes. Ensign Green then took me to the bridge.

The bridge of the *Revenge* was a maze of instruments and touch screens. On the main view screen was depicted the nebula and what looked like most of the Commonwealth Navy in this octant.

“Cassie. Have a seat at that computer station,” ordered Gordon pointing at an unmanned station.

I took the seat he indicated and then put on the seat restraint.

“Captain Scott. Admiral Ramerez is giving the order for the fleet to move in,” said the female communications office.

“Thank you, Lieutenant. Helm, hard over and make it dead slow,” commanded Gordon.

“Aye, sir.” was the reply from the reptilian helmsman.

The *Revenge* moved in slowly with the rest of the fleet and soon the pirate base was in range. The pirates never knew what hit them. The Commonwealth Navy first targeted the base itself and once it was destroyed, began to pair off and hunt down the pirates ships. Only a handful of them got away and for the first time in twenty years, there were no more pirates in this octant.

“Well, that's that,” said Gordon with a smile.

“Captain. Message from the Admiral. All ships are to return to base,” said the communications officer.

“Acknowledge the order and set course for Spacebase 234.”

“Aye, sir,” came the reply as Gordon got up and came over to me.

“Well, what do you think, Cassie?”

I took off my seat restraint and replied, “It was a great victory. What next?”

“Well, I guess I'll get a reward and a promotion to the Admiralty for this. I don't know what I'm going to do though. Being a base officer may not be so bad but I'll be alone. And then there's the social scenes, the parties, the receptions. How in hell can I handle it all?” he answered.

I looked at him with tears of joy and said, “I could take care of it, if you want me.”

“Want you? But of course I want you,” he replied.

“Well?” I asked impishly.

“Well, I think that Admiral Ramerz could be persuaded as he is a commissar to perform a marriage ceremony. You interested, Cassie?” asked Gordon with a smile.

In my head, I once again relived the marriage ceremony in my hyperspace glimpse and the feel of an infant in my arms and knowing it was mine. It could all come true if I wanted it. Did I? Of course, I did! I was destined to be a New Terra housewife, and finally my Gordon would really be my husband, not a mere dream memory made out of memory tapes...

In my mind I remembered the answer that Blackstar's lady had given Blackstar.

“Of course, milord Blackstar. What took you so long?” I quoted with a smile.

He took me in his arms and kissed me tenderly. I knew that I had found love at last, just like Rebecca did in [Blackstar's Lady](#).

THE END