

DARK DESCENT

By Otto Maddox

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Chapter 2

"Remember, democracy never lasts long. It soon wastes, exhausts, and murders itself. There never was a democracy yet that did not commit suicide." - **John Adams** (1814)

The buzzer on the dormitory door woke Adrian with a sudden start and nearly caused her to roll off the bunk...before she realized what was happening.

"What the fuck?" Grasping with frustrated efforts, she righted herself in the bed and sat up.

The door buzzed again and this time was followed by physical pounding.

"Open up...it's Lieutenant Bolen."

"Oh shit," she cursed in a hiss of air more than words. Desperately she looked around for a mirror in the tiny room and to her dismay found nothing. Two bunks, a table and chair...one terminal and a door that opened into nothing more than a closet with a poop chute in it. "Dammit...I probably look like crap!"

The door buzzed again.

"Shit," she grumbled as she stood up and picked her jumpsuit up off the floor where she'd discarded it. Zipping it up, she stumbled to the door control and opened it.

"Wow, you look like shit," he commented with a smirk spread across his hard chiseled face. "You settled in yet?"

"Well I was, boss...but you kinda woke me up."

"Sorry...I know I promised 48 hours, but I got a problem downstairs and I'm gonna need an assistant...so do you feel up to it or what?"

"Yes sir...I'm good...just need to get put together and I'll be fine I think," she replied as she leaned against the door frame to steady herself.

"Question...why are you down in the civie section? N-deck is all non-military personnel?" he asked with an arched eyebrow as he eyed her with a curious look.

"Umm...long story...but let me just say that I'm glad I ended up here rather than in the dorm of my predecessor," she answered with a half-hearted smile.

"I'm guessing you heard the whole story huh?"

"Yes sir...wirey details and all."

"It happens...she was pretty depressed for a while and was apparently refusing to take her meds for it. Being cooped up in this tub for so long will get to even the best people."

"I noticed that...my roommate...or bunker...whatever they call them, is a little odd...as are some of the other people I've met since yesterday," she admitted as she straightened up and made deliberate eye contact with him. "With the exception of you, sir...you seem to be the only normal person on board."

He grinned and chuckled somewhat before responding.

"Thanks for the compliment, Tiny...but sucking up will not get you any leeway with me. I'm gonna wait out here in the hall for you. Get your shoes on and let's move. Half of flaming G-deck is on backup power because of some kind of relay short down in the tube."

"The tube?" she asked as she turned and bent over to grab her shoes.

"Oh, sorry...the Central Core...we call it the tube because it runs all the way through the center of the ship like a giant straw that's about 150 foot wide. Everything engineering related emanates from the tube. And nobody likes going down there because of the grav generators."

"Gravity generators...Stone systems?" she asked as she finished tying the lace on her last shoe.

"The ship has one large one that creates artificial gravity for the whole of the ship and then the two engines have separate generators as well. But inside the Central Core, the design team placed sectionalized, small units that can be used to counteract the effects of the ship's primary system. Basically it enables us to turn off gravity in the tube so we can move shit around easier when we're replacing or working on large units," he explained in the tone of a lecturing professor.

"So it's like anti-gravity generators then," she suggested with a humorous air.

"Yeah, exactly...but the problem is, depending on who's working down there and on what...you can encounter some seriously weird gravitational phenomenon. And it can really play hell with your guts if you're not used to it."

"As in---"

"As in you will puke your guts up...so again, I ask you if you're feeling up to it?" His brow arched again as he waited to gauge her response.

"Honestly I haven't eaten anything since waking up...I just took a shower and crashed. I don't even remember my bunker leaving this morning...so I doubt I got much to vomit up anyway. So how long do you think it'll take?"

He leaned back on the door frame and sighed.

"Honestly if it's just a cable gone bad...two hours. If it's something worse, I have no clue...but once we tear into it, we're gonna be stuck till it's done. So you wanna eat first?"

"No...I'll take my chances...I still feel kind of sick...that shot they gave me yesterday...has made me feel totally gross," she added, rubbing at her sore arm.

"Hormones...it's normal. Every six months all the women on board get a little cranky. Everyone's birth control shots are due at the same time. We guys call it Hell Week." He chuckled again and stood back upright. "Alright, let's get to it then. I got tools waiting on us down there already, so c'mon."

After a twenty minute walk through a maze of corridors and people, Adrian and Bolen arrived at a small service door that was hermetically sealed and pressurized.

"Computer...open Door 219...authorization, Lieutenant Robert Bolen, Engineering Chief, Decks R through Q."

"Authorization confirmed...stand away, Lieutenant," a distinctly artificial male voice responded, transmitted from the speaker port above the door control panel. Within seconds, the seal on the door popped and Bolen entered a numerical code into the panel and the main panel slid open revealing a long and narrow hallway leading off into dimly lit darkness.

"Follow me," he said as she stepped over the door lip and quickly moved down the narrow hallway.

Adrian trailed him and found herself feeling claustrophobic almost immediately.

"Where the hell are we at?" she asked as she caught up to him.

"This is a core service tunnel. The tube itself is separated pretty far by the ship's hull. Mostly to create a buffer zone so the gravitational anomalies don't affect the rest of the ship. So to get in, you have to follow one of the various tunnels throughout the ship. Didn't you get an orientation on the ship's design?"

She grunted before answering. "I did...but I'm having trouble remembering things...mostly recent crap...like I can

remember boarding the shuttle to the station...being naked...and not much else after that till yesterday when you woke me up. The tech said I'd get my memory back gradually."

"Yeah I was shit for brains myself for about a week. I mostly need you for manual labor today though...so don't stress. And speaking of being naked," and he broke off as he came to a stop in front of four cylindrical containment lockers. "You ever use a Sym-suit?"

"That's a symbiotic protective suit, right? Um, no...no I know about them but we never rated high enough to get to use one in training."

"It's cause the bitches cost about fifty thousand a piece...I never seen one either till I got assigned to the Magellan. But they are far superior to any space suit you have ever seen or worn and I do not go down into the tube without one."

"Is it that dangerous down there?"

"Two years ago...some moron was dickin' around with the controls on one of the grav-generators and somehow it got fucked up and pulsed out an uncontrolled grav-wave with enough force that it killed him, two other engineers and shot several tools they had that were loose clean through the outer walls of the ship. Luckily there was no fire or it could have depressurized several decks and killed no telling how many people. Since then all tools must be in hand or clipped to you or stored in cushioned bags and nobody...and I mean no-fucking-body touches the Stone generators unless they are authorized by a Command officer to do so."

"So it depressurized the tube?"

"Ship sealed itself luckily...but for several hours there was no breathable air...and only the ones of us smart enough to be wearing Sym-suits and magnetic boots lived to tell about it."

He punched a large red button on one of the cylindrical lockers and it popped open revealing a space helmet, shoulder harness and hip harness. In the bottom of the locker was a set of large magnetic boots.

"Where's the rest of the suit?"

Bolen laughed out loud.

"What?"

"The suit is symbiotic... meaning it works with your body like a second skin. It's literally alive...it's an artificially created lifeform that's sole purpose is to spread all over you and absorb both heat and radiation to protect you. It's a type of nanotech."

She frowned and her eyes bulged.

"Oh crap...I remember now...it's a white goo that oozes out and seals you up in the helmet and harness sections...people tend to freak out when they put one on the first time."

"Yeah it will freak you out...feels like a big thick skin sealing you up. First time one saves your life though, you'll want to take it back to your dorm and sleep with it on, let me tell you."

"We have to wear them?" she asked with a look of distaste.

"You work with me...you're gonna wear one." With a quick jerk he pulled the helmet loose from its emplacement and sat it down on the floor at her feet. "I'm not dragging your corpse out of here...I've done that...and I'm doing it again." His typical jovial appearance changed somewhat to something more morose and ominous. "This ship is state of the art, woman...but you fuck up down here and it's not just you that can die. Watch your own ass and watch everyone else's too."

"I take it you're a little particular about who you work with?" she remarked as she hit the red button on the locker next to his.

"I am...very much so," he replied as he unzipped his jumper. The movement took her off guard and she suddenly recalled

that the Sym-suits would not seal well over clothing or hair, hence the need for the helmets and hip unit.

“Oh shit...we have to strip...down...” her words trailed off into nothing more than a hiss but he heard her and his sad appearance suddenly perked back up.

“Yeah, Tiny...you gotta get naked,” he answered with a grin as he dropped his jumper all the way down and stepped out of the legs, revealing his full nakedness to her.

Adrian's legs suddenly felt weak again and she had to fight hard not to tremble. Deidra had been all to right when she said Bolen was hung like a moose. The penis that wiggled between his thighs had to be six or seven inches long and that was completely limp!

“Think about it later, Petty Officer...we're working now,” he chirped with an air of military command.

“Oh sorry,” she apologized when she realized he'd noticed her gawking eyes staring at his genitals.

“Relax, PeeOh...you're not the first woman aboard this ship to see my junk or stare at it. I'm a big guy...so I got big parts. You're tiny...so you got small parts. Just bodies...stare and get it out of your system...I want you focused when we get down there.”

“Yes sir,” she muttered but even as she began to unzip her own jumper she still couldn't take her eyes off of his dick as it dangled side to side with every movement he made as he put his suit on.

Bolen eventually got his hip harness attached and his man parts disappeared with it, ending her peep show. With the flick of a button on the shoulder unit, a white, thick goo began to ooze out of the bottom of both it and the hip unit. As she watched in awe, the white liquid spread till it had completely covered his entire body.

"Am I clear?" he asked. "See any gaps?"

"No sir...it looks sealed," she replied as he nodded within the suit helmet and then stepped his feet over into the magnetic boots. "C'mon PeeOh, you been standing there doing nothing...let's move with it."

Embarrassed, she turned away from his view to drop her jumper. As she stepped out of the legs and discarded it inside her locker, she realized her nipples were raging hard.

Great...fucking fantastic...they'll probably bulge right through the fucking suit too I bet...like that won't be noticeable.

Sighing, she pulled the shoulder unit out and hefted it up and over her head and into place. Several moments later she had the entire suit positioned and she turned to face him.

"I can't do it...can you hit the button?"

"Pussy," he snickered and slapped her chest unit activation button with probably more force than necessary.

Instantly she felt the symbiant ooze began to spread across her body. It was creepy feeling...a sensation like a latex slime being poured on you. She closed her eyes and held her breath as it finalized its envelopment of her body.

"Hang on...don't spaz," she heard him say just as the final hole sealed and a suction suddenly clamped down on her whole body all at once. It didn't hurt, but it was sudden and unexpected. "Breathe woman!"

She gasped and then exhaled and realized she was breathing canned air inside her helmet and despite the tightness of the suit, she could move completely normal.

"That's it...move around...your body wants to rip it off...but it won't restrict you...move around and let your body get used to it and you won't feel so closed in by it."

After a few moments her claustrophobic fear began to subside and she stepped into her magnetic boots.

“Give them a second to engage,” Bolen advised her.

A tiny heads-up display appeared on the inside of her helmet glass and it read:

BOOTS ENGAGED – SUIT SEALED – OXYGEN 100%

“Alright PeeOh...you’re all green so let’s go fix us some wiring.” And with that said, he turned and stomped off down the corridor with her in tow.

The lift was deserted, save for Deidra and the illustrious Prego. The elevator was huge by most standards...more a tram than an actual lift system, it shuttled crew members from one end of the ship to the other. Usually it was crammed full of military and civilians both, but only during the changing of shifts in the morning or in the evening. “Traffic Jam” was the general phrase used to describe the shift-change bustle. But during the mid-shift hours, it was not unusual to board the lift and find yourself alone or with only a few people.

Deidra always tried to travel during the off hours, as getting into the lift when it was packed out often ended up getting her titties gouged by some jarhead with pointy elbows. She hated crowds in general.

She’d never expected to be on the lift alone with Prego though. The woman was seldom ever seen by her. She seem to be more of a mythical unicorn at times. She was housed on R-deck, nearly at the top of the ship...she had no idea what her job was, but the woman seldom ever was seen down this far in the ship. Whatever job she did, she did it up top.

Deidra turned and looked at her, sucking up what sexual static she could before the woman noticed her unwanted

attention. She looked absolutely pregnant. Skinny all over but with a hugely bulging belly that made her appear nine months gone. She was cute too...perfect face...perfect nose...lips...hair... she was just gorgeous, and from what she'd heard over the years, there had been more than one fight over her. She apparently didn't harbor too many relationships...kept to herself for the most part.

Never gonna be a better moment than now, bitch...DO IT! Deidra told herself as she stepped over to where Prego was sitting on a bench along the back wall of the lift-tram.

Glancing at the doors, she noted the console screen above them indicated the ride would end in five minutes...and she'd have to depart the car...probably never seeing the woman again for who knew how long.

"Hi," she said as she dropped down on the seat beside her. "I'm Deidra," she added as she smiled at the fat woman.

"Odd...I thought for sure your name was twenty five," Prego popped back without moving her gaze from the poly-digital document she was reading...the one that was resting atop her gargantuan belly.

"Oh...you've heard of me," she muttered, already off her game.

"I've heard of *them*," she corrected her, still not looking away from the document display.

"Yeah, well I've heard about you too, Prego," she shot back with a tiny bit of attitude.

The woman looked up then and twisted to look Deidra dead in the face. "Can I help you?"

"Why you so fucking rude...I just said hello...damn!"

"No one says hello to me...they say, Damn...check her fat ass out...and it then moves one of two directions...either one, they then hate me...or two they try to get between my legs." She

sighed and returned her eyes to her document screen. "So which is it with you?"

"Okay...trust me...I get that...literally, I GET THAT...it's the same with me...and once they get the tits, they're done with me usually...zat how it goes with you?"

"All the time...I stopped bothering to be excited by the guys a while back. They don't even like me...it's a conquest thing...y'know they actually...I mean the Marines actually have a rating system going for the women with the biggest bellies on the ship? They just wanna fuck me to get a higher rating on their stupid little game...how stupid is that?"

"I wouldn't know," Deidra admitted, sighing just a bit as she leaned back in the seat. "They don't award points for tits apparently."

"So why you talking to me?"

"The truth?"

Prego looked sideways at her and smirked. "Yeah, the truth."

"I actually have a thing for the bellies...and not like the Marines...it's not a game with me...I honestly get hot for'em," she admitted, not for the first time.

Prego snorted and then cut loose with a silly laugh.

"Oh shit, are you fucking serious?" she asked as she brushed her red bangs out of her eyes with one hand and then scratched oddly at her lip. "I mean for real...you're really hot for a fat gut?"

"I am totally," Deidra replied with a dead straight expression on her face. "I like to eat pussy while that big gut just kind of looms over my face and jiggles...I'm a freak...what can I fucking say, y'know?"

“Guess I shouldn’t laugh too hard at you...seeing as how I have a thing for titties,” and with that said, she reached out and groped Deidra’s tit through the fabric of her jumper.

“Oh shit...are you on duty?”

“Nobody is gonna miss me for a little bit,” Prego replied as she twisted in her seat and got a better grip on Deidra’s massive jug. “Is there anywhere on this end of the ship we can get some privacy you think?”

“Oh I’m gonna find somewhere,” Deidra asserted as she reached out with both hands and gripped the fat woman’s bulging belly before leaning in and tongue kissing her.

Three hours later, Adrian and Bolen were still pulling cable through conduits when a strange gravitational wave hit them. Another technician...a civilian named John, was about twenty feet from them working on some sort of air conditioning when it struck and he immediately puked inside his Sym-suit helmet.

Adrian grabbed at a pipe along the wall to steady herself as the wave washed over her. For a brief moment she felt like she was going to float upwards and then all at once she weighed five hundred pounds and dropped to her knees. The fat in her belly sagged downward through the Sym-suit and she could visibly see it doing so...her skin ached and she had to let her neck go and just rest her head against the inside of her helmet. She had to use all the strength she could muster to raise her hands up enough to cup her belly and support it. The weight of her body shifted again and increased and she screamed and dropped to the floor. She felt like she’d swallowed a bowling ball and her belly skin was tearing or so it seemed. She gave in and collapsed to the floor and curled into a fetal position,

letting her belly sag to hardness of the deck along with the rest of her unbearably heavy body.

“FUCK!” she heard someone shout over the open intercom channel. “What the fuck...oh shit...oh shit!”

“Central...Central...gravitational anomaly...tube...section 52 ...do you copy?” The voice was Bolen this time...despite the wave effects, the man was still trying to take command and advise someone of the situation. “Curl into fetal positions...don’t fucking fight it...hold on...just hold on everybody.”

Adrian felt assured that it would pass in a moment...gravity would return to normal...that Bolen was in command...but then she realized Central Command was not responding to his calls...and she immediately realized something was wrong.

The QM’s office was tiny but it was one of the few rooms on the forward end of the ship that occupied by a single person, and everyone knew QM liked to watch. The little swarthy fucker was a grade-A nasty perv and he was renowned for letting people get quickies in his office...IF you let him watch.

Prego or Deena, as it turned out, was a bit hesitant at first, but Deidra eventually talked her into it.

“It’s either here or we have to go all the way back to the far end of the ship to my quarters and we’re gonna lose an hour doing that shit,” she’d pleaded.

“So I can wait...I’ll come down to your room later tonight or something...I don’t like that freak!”

“He’s harmless...I’ve done at least four people in his office over the years...he don’t even say nothing or wank off or nothing. Fuck! You’ll forget he’s even in here. C’mon...I’m

dying here...I been having a hard-on for you for like ever...I'll explode if I have to wait six hours...I'm not kidding!"

"His dick comes out and it's over...that's all I'm saying," Deena finally capitulated as they entered into the QM's office.

The bridge of the massive Magellan was a flurry of people and activity. Admiral Benjamin Harnett was seated at his command chair reviewing updates from the Magellan's sister ships. Inter-ship communication was routine and each vessel's captains briefed the others on a daily basis so that everyone remained aware of what their fellow ships were doing and what their positions were.

"Captain...I don't wish to alarm you...but I have been detecting some extremely fast moving objects in close proximity to our position...I believe we may be in or near some sort of debris field. Possibly left by some passing object, perhaps a long gone comet or other fast moving body." ARTI, the artificial intelligence that managed the ship's functions commented over his console speaker.

"Are we in danger? Should we take evasive maneuvers, ARTI? We're following the precise trajectory of the Drake, are we not?" He feared space debris as any astronaut did. Even a fleck of dust could cut through the fabric of a ship's hull if it was moving fast enough. He asked the question with a bit more fear in his voice than he would have liked.

"That is correct sir...but cometary bodies can string out trails of debris for long distances...and in very narrow fields...so it is possible the Drake did not encounter any of the debris when it passed this way. As for danger, I cannot say with certainty on this question. The objects I am detecting are at some distance from us...and I am only able to discern their

movement...only their disruption of the space around them as they pass. They are extremely fast whatever they are. I am unable to even gauge an accurate estimate of their speed."

"How big are they?" he asked with an even faster heart rate.

"I am unable to determine this, Captain."

"Well reset our navigation markers...move us out away from the closest ones you've detected. I'd rather be off course and safe than on course and sorry." His panic began to fade some as he felt the ship immediately shift its course. The artificial gravity was near perfect as long as the ship continued moving forward in a straight line, but when the engines kicked in for maneuvering, one could always sense the shift. Sometimes it was minimal...other times things would actually move...pens rolling off desks...cups vibrating, it just depended on the amount of force the engines exerted and how well the artificial gravity compensated.

"I concur Captain, I am making necessary navigational maneuvers at this time," ARTI notified him, though he'd already sensed the movement.

Suddenly the ship shuddered and things began to crash and break throughout the gigantic control room.

"ARTI...what the fuck was that?" the Admiral barked over the den of muttering and shouts from the various crew on the bridge. He braced himself in his chair with one hand and began punching at his command console with the other. "ARTI! Answer me motherfucker!"

"I apologize Captain...I am unable to determine what is wrong at this time...it would seem we may have been struck by some debris," the overly calm computer voice responded with its annoying British accent.

"Somebody tell me what the fuck is going on, dammit?!" the Admiral bellowed out at no one in particular, and his demands sent crewmen scrambling. "Get the fucking computer bitch up here...the one with the tits...maybe she can figure out what the fuck is wrong with this piece of shit----"

The QM stood quietly at the door to his office. It was closed, but it couldn't be locked for security reasons, so he'd positioned himself in front of it in case anyone, such as an officer, had the authority to order it opened. Most of the higher ups seldom made an appearance in his office, but on occasion one would drop in unannounced and he was not going to lose his job over a couple of bitches he only got to watch fucking.

One day they gonna get all worked up and want some dick and I'm gonna be the one standing here...yep...or at least that's what he always told himself...but the truth was, after seven years and hundreds of sex partners on his desk top...not a single pair had ever offered him anything other than a thanks after they were done.

He knew he wasn't the best looking fellow on board but he wasn't the worst either. *There are over 650 pussies on this ship awake at any given time...one of them is gonna hand it over at some point...I know it...just gotta play it cool.*

He'd been excited to see Twenty Five walk in. He was a tit man at heart and would give his left nut to get in her jumper any time, day or night...and she seemed nice, but she never seemed to give him much thought. What he hadn't expected to see was Prego waltzing in with her. That nasty fat bitch was absolutely grotesque. He could still remember issuing her jumpers too her seven years ago when she first came out of cryo. She'd had a beer belly then...big round gut...but she was

still pretty cute...but over the years, she'd packed on more and more and it was all right in the belly...till now she looked like she was nine months toward dropping a rugrat.

She takes her jumper off and I bet it sags to her fucking knees, he thought as he watched her unzipping along with the tit queen.

Oh what fantasy that bitch is...I wish I had a camera so I could fucking record this shit. Just then he remembered he actually had recording capability through his terminal. He'd never recorded any of the people who had fucked in his office before, but then again...he'd never had two chicks in here before either. Twenty Five had been in more than once with Marines over the years...but he'd always been afraid to get busted taping it. The Marines didn't care much for him and he didn't want to end up on their shit-list. But both these ladies were civies...and not a ball swinging between them.

Nonchalantly, he stepped over to his desk and quickly tapped the security activation panel and touched the record button...then swept some digital documents off his desk and flopped them down in his chair before rolling it back away from the table.

"Use the desk...the floor is gross," he added.

"Thanks Q...seriously...you are the coolest dude on this boat," Deidra said to him as he stepped back to the door.

"Yeah I know...just make it quick...I love your titties...but not enough to get busted."

Within moments, Deidra was flat on her back on the desk top and Prego was on top of her, sitting on her face. The fat bitch's pussy was just draped over her face and Deidra didn't seem to mind, she was just chowing down, mouth all up in the fatty's cunt...her arms straight up and her lovely hands rubbing all over the big woman's belly.

“Oh yeah you like that belly don’t you...rub it...yeah...now eat my pussy bitch...eat that shit...yeah...rough...bite it...oh baby like that,” Prego crooned and growled like an animal as she shifted her hips back and forth, side to side, grinding her fat pussy into Deidra’s face.

Disturbed that Deidra’s tits were squished up between the fat bitch’s thighs and he couldn’t see them well, the QM had found himself unintentionally staring at the redhead’s big belly.

Don’t know how those Marines do that shit...they run a fucking game to see who can bag the biggest fatty...it’s just nasty I tell you!

As he watched the hands of both women pawing at the massive round gut, he noticed it began to jiggle...then suddenly it was almost shimmying but the redhead wasn’t bouncing. And without warning she said something to him.

“What the fuck is that?”

He glanced from her jiggling belly up to her face and realized immediately something wasn’t right...and then he felt the gravity wave hit. For a second he felt light and could have sworn his feet lifted from the floor and then all at once he felt like the room was swirling. He grabbed at his mouth and then for the wall to brace himself. When he got a hold of himself, he glanced back over at the desk to the two naked women there and what he saw there made him want to vomit worse than the gravity wave.

The fat woman’s belly sagged down and had literally engulfed Deidra’s head, pinning her to the table top. The woman’s tits were drooping too and her head was lolled forward and she was wobbling atop the desk as if she were being tugged back and forth by unseen forces.

Deidra, suddenly couldn’t breathe. Her arms felt like they were weighted down, but she strained and got her hands up

onto Prego's belly where she began to claw at the massive bag of fat to try and push it off of her head, but the other woman wasn't moving, and now her ass seemed to be boring down into her stomach.

WHY IS SHE SO HEAVY?! No sooner had she thought the question than she knew the answer: gravity wave! And it was a bad one. Maybe the ship's artificial gravity generator was malfunctioning...but it should shut off automatically. The damn Stone generators were designed to shut off rather than exceed normal gravity ratings. She knew that because she helped program the damn things. No, something else was wrong and as she struggled to free herself from Prego's fat belly, she suddenly began to panic. *I'm gonna smother to death under some bitch's fat...this is crazy!*

With renewed vigor and a determination not to die that way, she strained again and all at once the fat woman slide off to one side and thumped heavily to the floor. The sound was not one of simple falling. It sounded for all the world like breaking bones and maybe something nastier.

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit," she heard the QM muttering.

She tried to sit up but couldn't...instead she opted for wiggling till she managed to roll over...then she pulled herself to the edge of the table but dared not let her head cross over the side. She feared it might snap her neck if she did. The table was solid and it was holding her in place...she'd be okay as long as she didn't get her body in a bind...and sooner or later the damn computer would shut the gravity off surely!

She rolled her eyes toward the QM and he was lying on the floor with a look of horror on his face...his own eyes staring blankly towards her...but his gaze was lower...beneath the table where Prego had fallen.

Oh fuck...oh fuck she's dead...or fucked up...shit!

The gravity wave suddenly lifted somewhat and she felt lighter as if she might be able to sit up. With desperate vigor, she slid off the table and down onto her knees on the floor.

"DEENA?!" she called out but the other woman wasn't moving and she immediately realized why when she noticed the woman's back was abnormally twisted. She was screaming before she realized it.

"Shut up...shut the fuck up!" the QM shouted at her from the doorway. "This never happened...you hear me...you were trying on jumpers...the gravity hit...she fell...that's all...you get your head screwed on right bitch...don't you fucking freak out on me!"

"She's dead...look at her...fuck you motherfucker!" she shrieked back at him as she tried to stand up only to be forced back down as another gravity wave encompassed her.

"FUCK!" she screamed as she fought furiously to get off her knees...but she was upright...and the weight of her immense tits shifted from eight pounds to something near eighty pounds. She fought to stay upright, battling against the forces jerking her forward, but even her head was too heavy to hold up. Lolling it forward, she closed her eyes and attempted to scream, but nothing would come out.

Across the room, the QM was curled up in the fetal position lying flat on the floor, staring out at her. She cursed him and then the next wave hit...and she shrieked another curse before flopping down hard on the backs of her legs. As he watched in horror, her immense tits...that usually hung down to just above her belly button...jerked forward and down, distorting in shape before his disbelieving eyes. It was as if all the fat that filled them suddenly liquified and filled up the bottoms of them. The tops of her breasts flattened and the bottoms where her nipples were expanded grossly till stretch marks began rippling across

them. She couldn't do anything. She wobbled back and forth like the fat woman had done before she collapsed and died. As he gawked, the skin at the top of her chest just below her collar bones...strained and then tore in a grotesque display of gore and blood. She screamed then...some sort of gurgling animalistic sound just as her tits ripped...and then as the contents of her breasts exploded onto the floor...relieved of the excess weight, her torso shot backwards and the QM clenched his eyes shut as he heard her knee joints snapping.

He opened them again...only to see blood rolling towards him in some strange sort of tidal wave. He thought it was from Deidra...but then he realized another pool was rolling forward to meet hers...and it was coming from him.

And then the heat hit him and everything went white.

The main entrance door to the bridge was gone...just completely gone and before he could finish his sentence, the Admiral was gone as well...incinerated in a brilliant flash of super-heated fire that ignited within the ship as a burning chunk of comet debris drilled through the Magellan at half the speed of light. The chunk was no bigger than a small car, and had broken off from its mother while passing in close to a red dwarf some ten thousand years earlier. While the mother comet broke free of the star's gravitation pull, the debris it lost during its swing around it did not, and for several hundred years, that debris swirled around that same star while slowly picking up speed until finally a single chunk broke free and pulled all its smaller companions with it. Like the proverbial astronomical shotgun blast, the small star fired the cometary debris out into space...and as it moved further and further away from the star, the debris began to move faster and faster, less restrained by

the star's gravity. Ten thousand years later, the tiny remains of those chunks passed closely to the Magellan's path. And as they did so, the ship's engines, fired in an effort to evade the debris, ended up creating a gravitational well which actually drew in the debris. As if the ship had suddenly been painted with a targeting laser, the super-fast space debris began to home in and impact her hull. The impacts were tiny at first, small holes no bigger than a fingertip... suddenly popping open throughout the ship...and then the bigger chunk hit and the sparks from its grinding through the ship's metal hull ignited the oxygen within the ship...the flash fire literally scorching the many decks instantly and then just as suddenly the fire was gone as was all the oxygen within the decks...sucked out through the exit wound made by the debris chunk.

In the blink of an eye, 12,000 crew were dead. Most in the upper decks incinerated instantly by the fire...the ones in the lower decks sucked out through the gaping holes in the ship.

ARTI realized what had happened the moment the first debris speck impacted the ship, but his efforts to shut down the engines could not be affected quickly enough to prevent the continued collisions. By firing the giant gravity drives up, he'd produced a momentary bubble of gravity in space that had altered the course of the debris field...permanently...so even when the engines disengaged, the debris continued to rifle through the vessel.

Inside the cryogenic storage banks, thousands boiled alive inside their containers. Other would die later from their stasis systems being damaged. With no way to deliver nutrients and oxygen to them, most would die slowly of suffocation or starvation. A few would wake on their own...their bodies trying desperately to stay alive. The few that managed to break out of their tanks...immediately died from lack of oxygen in the

depressurized decks. Most were simply too weak to battle their way out of the tanks. Most simply faded away in the deep sleep of stasis.

Something was bumping her head...tap, tap, tap...the sensation was starting to annoy her and Adrian slapped at the nuisance only to strike hard steel with her bare hand. The tapping stopped though and for a moment she was relieved but then the curiousness of the matter seemed to wake her from her slumber.

"What the fuck?" she muttered through dry lips. She'd obviously been breathing through her mouth for some reason...and the pain in her nose would probably be the reason why. "Oww...what the hell," she moaned but as she tried to touch her face, her hand struck something hard in the way. Blinking, she focused and realized she was inside a space suit...her hand was on her face plate...the blast shield down and her vision of the outside blocked off.

"Suit...status display," she whispered as she became more conscious and more afraid. Inside her helmet, a small HUD screen appeared, projected on the glass within, that said:

SUIT SEAL DAMAGED – OXYGEN 8% - FAILURE 18 MINUTES

Oh shit...where am I? Am I free-floating in space? Was the ship destroyed?! Her mind began to run in various directions all at once trying to figure out what had happened.

"Suit...open visor," and with a click, the reflective and protective visual shield on the outside of her helmet opened revealing nothing but darkness beyond. "Wait...if my suit seal is damaged," and she recalled her hand feeling bare on metal a

moment earlier, “then if I were in space I’d be frozen solid and dead by now.”

She was definitely floating...no gravity at all...but in light of the last thing she remembered...no gravity was good gravity.

“Suit...exterior lights on,” she ordered. With another click, the light on the helmet of her suit lit up and illuminated the interior of the Central Core shaft. Debris was floating everywhere and as she panned her body around, she quickly noted several bodies of other crew floating around her...most did not appear to be wearing protective suits...and most appeared to be broken in unnatural manner...some were even missing limbs.

“What the hell?” she mused to herself, trying to maintain her composure and not panic. She was alive and that was something, was it not? Finishing a full 360 spin, her light finally illuminated something that was not right to her mind...a large gaping hole in back of the tunnel...and she was undoubtedly at the rear of the ship now...how that could be, she had no idea. She and Bolen had been mid-ship...at least two miles from where she now floated...and all the debris and bodies...none of the material had been near them. Only one other technician had been visible to them at the time the gravity wave hit.

“Boots engage,” she commanded and at once, her magnetic boots clicked and began to hum audibly and within a second or so she was locked to the bulkhead. She was now able to move with control. She looked upward again and scanned the hole in the end of the tunnel. It was about three feet wide and was plugged with some sort of sealant and chunks of various debris.

Ship’s hull sealant, she recalled. It would activate within seconds if a puncture occurred. Basically the ship had two skins, one inner and one outer and the sealant filled the space in between. A hole that size though...had certainly been gaping

for at least a short period. *Must have made a helluva suction in the tunnel...probably pulled us all down here because we had no gravity.* Suddenly she realized just how close she came to being sucked out into space. The fact that only her nose hurt was a minor nuisance. She didn't think it was broken...but certainly it was bruised. *Probably head-butted my helmet at some point.*

"Bolen?" she called out over her intercom. "Lieutenant?"

There was no answer.

"Command...anyone...can anyone hear me?"

Again there was no answer.

Suddenly she decided it might be smart to look her own body over. Bending and reaching up with one hand, she tilted her light downward and surveyed herself. Her Sym-suit was shredded...pieces of it barely hanging from her...literally the skin like entity was tattered and certainly dead.

"Suit...exterior oxygen rating?"

EXTERIOR OXGYEN – 88% - MODERATE

The HUD display was glowing orange, not a good sign, but 88% was better than what she was going to have in her helmet in a few more minutes.

"Suit...disengage helmet and cut oxygen feed."

The suit's internal computer complied and the helmet seal popped with a hiss and she was immediately assailed by hot air from the tunnel. She pulled the helmet off and then worked to get the shoulder harness off...tossing both sections into free-float after unclipping the light from the head unit.

"Fuck...no idea how to use these magnetic boots," she grumbled as she ducked a piece of random metal debris that floated a bit too close to her head. As she moved, her left boot unlocked and then relocked. "Hah!" she chirped as she figured

out how to move her legs. Heel up and then toe...and the boot would unlock for a second and then relock automatically. Lift the entire foot and nothing. You had to roll your foot as if walking to make them move.

Clicking and clanging she began to work her way slowly away from the rear of the tunnel and away from the debris and body cloud. After about twenty minutes, she'd made it a few hundred yards down the shaft and was in the clear. Another twenty minutes and she saw someone in the distance fighting with a door trying to get it open.

"HEY!" she shouted as loudly as she could and the sound reverberated throughout the tunnel. The figure to which she shouted stopped and turned to look her direction. It looked like a man...in white.

"NAME AND RANK!" the voice of the other survivor bellowed back to her, echoing down the shaft.

"Petty Officer, 3rd Class...Adrian Powell, Engineering," she called back.

"TINY?!" the voice echoed...distorting it but she could tell it was Bolen...Bolen was alive! She wanted to run but the boots weren't designed for that. So slowly she trekked towards his position with a steady clanging noise.

"Fuck...I thought I'd lost you...when I came to, you were gone...I been working on this door for at least an hour," he explained loudly as she worked her way closer.

"I think I got sucked down toward the rear of the ship...there's a hole back there...couple of feet in size...it sealed, but there's bodies...junk...all swirling around," she replied, explaining the veritable storm of danger she'd just walked out of.

"Anybody else alive down there?" he asked as she reached the bottom of the stair case upon which he stood at the top of.

"I don't think so...most were...broke up...no suits...what the fuck happened, El-tee?"

"I don't know, Tiny...I just don't know...but if there's a hole back there, I'm guessing we got hit by something...space debris...could have been anything...fucking chunk of shit blew out a vent from the Drake...no telling." Frustrated he backed up and began wailing on the door control with the wrench he held. "FUCK IT...FUCK IT...FUCK IT...FUCK!" he screamed loudly as he whipped the console into pieces. "Can't fix you...I'll fucking beat you to death you stupid whore!" Angrily he backed up and leaned against the stair railing.

"Glad you made me wear the suit," she said as she clanked her last magnetic step up onto the platform with him.

"Boots saved your ass didn't it?" he smirked despite the gaping rip in the side of his cheek. "Owww..." he groaned and reached up to paw at the wound.

"That's gonna need stitches big guy," she mumbled to him as she stepped closer to him.

"Nose broke...your eyes are both blacked," he commented as she worked to get a bandage from the tiny medical kit attached to her hip unit.

"I don't know...it hurts...and I can't breathe very well."

"Don't bother babe...a bandaid ain't gonna help," he snorted as she grabbed his chin and attached the sealant bandage to the side of his face.

"Chicks dig scars...don't you know?" she asked with a nasally sort of half-laugh.

"It's deep...I got no sensation on this side...and my eye is kind of blurry too...nerve damage...I don't know," he muttered. "We gotta get out of here...this is the last place search teams are gonna go...they'll handle topside decks first...civies and

command and control...depending on how bad this is, we could be down here for days.”

“Why won’t the door open?”

“This one is the third one I’ve tried...the oxygen level is low in here because of that hole probably...so the computer won’t depressurize and unlock the door...security and safety protocol.”

“Have you tried commanding the AI to over-ride the door?” she asked, knowing full well he’d probably already thought of that.

“ARTI doesn’t respond. The terminals are all dead throughout the fucking tunnel. It’s like power is down...I don’t know...I get nothing on anything and nobody was even responding to my intercom channel calls.”

“Are you okay...you look odd,” she commented as he leaned forward and wobbled for a moment.

“Low oxygen...I shouldn’t have nudded on the door...light headed now, dammit...stupid...really stupid.”

She realized she was practically naked save for her boots and her hip unit...but she suddenly felt the need to touch him and all at once she found herself hugging him tightly, her bare breasts pressed against his own bare chest.

“Easy PeeOh...protocol,” he mumbled with little desire to enforce the matter. Reluctantly he found himself wrapping his arms around her and holding her even tighter against himself. “Don’t spaz on me...we’ll get out of here at some point...got to be other survivors aboard, right?”

DAY 2

“Any luck with that thing?” Adrian asked as she lightly stepped across the platform towards Bolen. He was seated at

one of the myriad of doors that strung along the four mile expanse of the Central Core tunnel. This particular door had been the eleventh or twelfth they had worked on since getting trapped the day before.

"The terminal on this one seems to still have power...I'm trying to hack into the ship's primary computer through it...don't know if it will open...but at least maybe we can get some information about the rest of the ship...send an SOS maybe," he replied those his words sounded off...mostly a result of him not wanting to talk because of the gash across the side of his face. At least it had stopped bleeding overnight and that was a good sign.

"Hrmph," he grunted without saying anything else.

"What?" she asked and turned to look over his shoulder.

"That's why we got partial gravity...the ship is rotating on a Z-axis...we're in autopilot mode...that means C&C is out," he replied with slightly slurred speech.

"That some sort of emergency thing?"

"Yeah, it's assumed the gravity generators might be disabled in the event of a catastrophic event, so the ship's secondary engines...the standard rocket propulsion thrusters... they kick in and twist the ship so that we begin to roll like a bullet fired from a gun...creates moderate gravity, pushing us to the outside of the ship's frame.

"Beats mag-boots," she mused, as she sat down beside him and bounced slightly. He reached out and grabbed her to prevent her bouncing again.

"Maybe you'll eat a cookie or two if we get out of here so I don't have to hold you down, dammit," he mockingly grumbled at her as he pulled her back to the deck plating. "Careful...I think we're only about maybe 20% normal grav...slightly muscle exertion can kick you clean across the room."

"Obviously," she agreed as she steadied herself. Just flopping down on the deck had made her bounce nearly a foot into the air. "Find anything else?"

"Looks like we were hit by some sort of debris storm...sort of shotgunned us...multiple impacts and penetrations all over the ship...and there was a fire on the upper decks including the bridge."

"A fire...how the fuck was there a fire?"

"It depends...if the debris was hot...when it passed through us, it could have ignited the oxygen inside the ship...would have been a sort of flash-fire, but it could have been intense depending on the temperature of whatever it was that hit us."

"Any survivors...what about the computer?"

"ARTI has been disconnected from several parts of the ship I think...he's still registering, but I can't get him to respond to inquiries...probably damaged...shut down non-essential systems to conserve power...as for survivors...so far we're it."

"Well we can't stay in here...we need food and water dammit," she grumbled and then made a move to stand up. Forgetting about the gravity issue again, she shot straight up into the air and continued to hover for a few seconds before descending once more.

"I'm starting to think you like doing that," Bolen snickered as he reached out and grabbed her leg to help pull her down.

"Not really," she countered as her bare feet touched the deck again. Looking down she watched her small tits jiggling and quivering like slow-motion jello even after she'd stopped moving. "Though it's pretty cool how my tits do that."

"I'm working...no distractions," he muttered and pretended not to look.

"I see you looking," she quipped with a lopsided smile that made her nose hurt.

Just then the door hissed and opened.

"BOOYAH!" he bellowed and reached to push the door further open. "Bout fucking time, dammit!"

"I thought the air pressure---" she began but he cut her off.

"Yeah, yeah...I got into the door's detection system and just diddled around with the settings...I couldn't bring the pressure up, so I just fucked up its meter readings so it thought the pressure was higher than it is...and voila!"

DAY 5

The inside of the dormitory compartment was nothing but charred remains and singed metal. Just another in a long line of nightmarish scenes for Adrian. She played her light along the back wall and noticed another corpse floating underneath the bottom bunk.

"Fuck," she hissed under her breath as she turned and exited the room. Across the hall, Bolen was coming out of another dorm room. Their eyes met and he just shook his head.

"Are we the only people alive...SHIT!" she shouted louder than she intended. In the last week, she'd broken down and cried more than a few times over the matter.

They'd searched through deck M through S during the last few days and found no one. The crew and command levels were burnt to a crisp. However hot the impacting object had been, it'd been quite enough to scorch everything and everyone through the entire upper third of the ship. Near the actual holes in the hull, nothing remained but cracked metal. Further away from them, they began to find bodies here and there, mostly sealed in rooms like the dorms, but little else remained to indicate anyone had ever been alive within the ship.

And worst of all, the fire had taken every bit of material they could have used. The infirmary was nothing but black dust and the mess hall was about as bad. No food...no water...no medical supplies. They were having to wear air tanks just to breathe. Luckily they'd found a descent stash of them sealed in the service tube they'd escaped the Core through days earlier, but they wouldn't last much longer...and hope of finding survivors grew slimmer by the minute.

"We're not gonna find anybody are we," she said through the oxygen mask.

Bolen didn't respond...just shook his head. Talking made his face hurt, so he'd taken to using looks and nods to communicate during the last day or so. She didn't think his face was infected, but he'd certainly taken some nerve damage and it was probably going to get worse before it got better. But with no medical supplies she couldn't stitch him up or do anything about the pain.

On a brighter note, her own face was doing better. The swelling in her eyes had gone down and she was able to breathe again through her nose. Apparently she'd just whacked her face and not quite broken her nose...it was a small victory in light of the disaster, but at this point she was clinging to whatever she could get.

DAY 8

When the oxygen tanks ran out, they'd been forced to abandon their search and rescue efforts and return to the Central Core. Along the way back down though, Bolen had noticed a service conduit and had crawled down it. To their astonishment, the duct led down into L-Deck, the first of the cryogenic stasis storage decks. And to their elation, several sections on the far front end of the deck had not only minimal

oxygen, but also intact compartments. The Cryo-tanks had in fact, survived the devastation that wreaked havoc on the upper levels of the ship. The shower systems functioned and they got badly needed water...but they still had no food.

Sitting at the foot of the shower with a bloated belly full of water, Adrian sighed and looked up at the internal glow of one of the four cryogenic tanks that dominated the compartment.

"Y'know," she said to Bolen who was still drinking from the drizzle coming out of the shower nozzle. "There's a nutrient feeder line on those things."

Bolen twisted the knob and turned the flow off before he turned to look at her. Their eyes met and then he twisted and sat down beside her so he could gaze up at the tank as well.

"It'll kill them," he said with a slight speech impediment...a slur that had worsened during the last few days.

"I know...and...what's worse...we need ten times more than they do...we'd have to kill ten just to stay alive," she admitted reluctantly. "But I'm really hungry."

"We were the last ship...nobody is coming for us," he added and put his head down.

For a moment she thought he was just depressed, but then she heard him begin to sob and then the sobbing become a terrible cry of despair and she ended up holding him and whispering to him that it would be alright...something he'd been doing for her for over a week. Apparently the situation had finally gotten the better of him. Where she'd been have small break-downs regularly, Bolen had been bottling his up...and now, faced with having to kill to stay alive...it was more than he could hold in.

"What right do we have...I mean...they're in cryo right...they might be alive centuries from now...but we won't be...so do we

kill ten of them to save ourselves...or what do we do?" her words finally broke him out of his state of lament.

"I don't know," he replied...trying to wipe his face off the best he could without any fabric. "I...I have to tell you something," he added, fighting to gain his composure. "I found a pistol on a marine security officer yesterday...it's in the bag over there," he said, pointing to the oxygen tank bag they'd been using to store whatever things they found in. So far the bag had remained mostly empty save a few tools and metallic items that had survived the fires above.

"What are you saying?"

"I'm not gonna do it...I can't...it ain't right," he responded, still wiping at his eyes. "Fuck...haven't cried since I was like fifteen I think."

"So we shoot ourselves?" she stared at him in shock. "We haven't even tried to get further down past the Core...C-G decks might be better off...we might find supplies down in A and B...fuck that's where all the equipment is!"

"We aren't going to reach Habitat...and the other ships can't come back for us...even if they tried, they'd have to dump their load at Habitat and turn around...those ships will be a hundred years old by then...derelicts...and here we are 75 years out...even if they tried...we'd be dead before they got here. And if a distress signal made it to earth...it'll take 25 years to reach them. And honestly, until they know what happened to us, they'll re-route all other ships around our last known position. And as large as we are, they'd never know we were aboard...we are fucked...just totally fucked, Adrian."

It was the first time he'd used her real name. Somehow it meant something to her but she wasn't sure what. Reaching out she snagged the canvas bag and pulled it toward her. Unzipping it, she fished out the pistol and stared at it.

“Okay...they avoid our position for twenty seven years, right...okay...then they get the signal...know it was a random collision...so they dispatch a rescue ship of some sort...which then takes twenty seven more years to reach us...so...so I’m like 74 by then...but then it’s either 27 years back to Earth or 73 more to Habitat.” The numbers didn’t allow for any leeway. He was right...even in a best case scenario, rescue was useless.

“Please...you think they’re gonna allocate construction and costs to build an empty ship to send out here for us not even knowing if we’re even intact or alive...no...no if they build a ship, it’s gonna be stocked out with colonists and it’s gonna be heading to Habitat non-stop,” he added with an air of distaste. “Like I said, Adrian...it’s no use.”

“So how we gonna do this?”

“Do yourself...it’s over...don’t really need a plan there do you?” He tone was getting more depressive by the minute.

“Yeah sure...just bite the barrel,” she sneered and handed the gun to him.

“No time like the present,” he grumbled and hefted the gun upwards towards his mouth.

“WAIT!!” she shouted and slapped him. “Fuck man...hold up dammit.”

“Why? I’m tired being hungry dammit...”

“I...I gotta tell you something...something I never told nobody before...I don’t wanna die with it on my conscience.”

“What...you shoplift something as a teenager?”

“No...worse...way worse...”

“What? You kill somebody?”

“No...but...” and she sighed heavily. “When I was a teenager...I had three brothers...one older...two younger than me, okay...and...my older brother Steven...he...I...” she couldn’t finish it.

"C'mon...just spill it...I'm dying here...literally."

"Stop it!" she quipped and slapped him. "This is not funny and shooting yourself isn't either!"

"Would you rather I start crying again?"

"Noooo," she conceded.

"Alright...then spill it."

"We had sex," she confessed.

Bolen snorted and blinked but said nothing.

"No comment?"

He grinned. "Well you are from Alabama!"

She slapped him again on the shoulder. "Asshole!"

"So are you serious...you did it with your own brother?"

She sighed and leaned her head back so she could stare up at the ceiling rather than him.

"Okay...soooo..." he prodded her when she didn't continue.

"Well we lived in this tiny two bedroom, one bath trailer house growing up...brothers had a room and I had to sleep in my parents room or their room...no other options really and honestly my parents was just gross...so I ended up sleeping in the room with my brothers and it just wasn't anything odd for them to strip down in front of me...and Steven just had this really huge dick, y'know?"

"Uh-oh," Bolen blurted and suppressed a laugh.

"Yeah, uh-oh is right," she agreed. "One day I came home and walked into our room and he was jerking off to some porn shit he had on his net terminal...and it was the first time I'd ever seen him hard, y'know...and it was just huge and red and...and LONG...and I was just this stupid horny teenager y'know...a total walking sack of hormones."

She closed her eyes and suddenly she was back there...so many years earlier...

"Holee shit loser...what the fuck are you doing?!"

"What's it look like beanpole?" Steven retorted with a look of distaste at his sister having barged in on him. "You gonna stand there and watch or you gonna bug off and leave me alone?"

Adrian just stood quietly for a moment thinking about it. She'd had a crush on her brother for several years now and here he was jerking off with his gigantic dick right in front of her and the two of them were alone in the trailer...her younger brothers off somewhere probably getting into trouble...her parents both at work.

"Maybe I wanna watch," she said, as she closed the door behind herself...sealing the two of them inside the tiny bedroom packed with four separate single beds.

"You are such a freak," he commented as he started to pull his pants up.

"Awww," she faked a groan. "I'm not gonna tell nobody!"

"What?" Steven blurted and twisted to stare at her with wide eyes and a disbelieving expression.

"C'mon Stevie...just do it...I wanna watch...I'm not gonna tell nobody...damn," she asserted.

Glancing at his screen, she realized the women on the video were supposed to be teens...wearing pigtails and uniform skirts...not more than a B-cup between them. Her own were not much better than A's if even. Truthfully she mostly only had a pair of perky areola more than anything resembling a legitimate tit. While all her friends had been busting out over the recent years, her petite frame had done not much of anything in the realm of curving out.

The opportunity to get crazy would never be better though and she knew it. And she knew Steven would never tell on her

for fear of getting in the shit himself. It was perfect...if he'd do anything with her. Hell, as horny as she was, she really would settle just for getting to watch him jerk off to some nasty whores on his computer...but if he decided to do something else, she wouldn't object by any means.

Like most teens, she'd seen porno...she knew how women acted to be seductive, but she'd never really considered herself attractive enough to bother with it. Guys never paid her any attention...she was homely and skinny...and poor. At fifteen she'd never had a boyfriend...never been kissed...nothing. She was dying to get near a dick...even if it was only her older brother's.

"What the fuck are you up to," Steven asked as he let go of his dick and let it flop across his bare thigh.

His dick had quickly gone flaccid...dashing her hopes for anything...but she wasn't ready to give it up just yet. Glancing at his terminal screen again...to the women on it...she suddenly had a flash of inspiration.

Reaching up with both hands to either side of her head, she latched on to her shoulder length hair and began to twist herself some pigtails while stepping toward her brother and his desk as she did so.

The desk was a catch-all for all four of the siblings, so aside from the single old computer terminal, it also was home to a myriad of personal effects ranging from books and toys to a stapler and rubber bands...the latter being her target. Within a few seconds, she had them wrapped up in her hair holding her pigtails in place.

"Why you wanna watch that?" she asked him as she leaned back on the desk beside him and pulled her t-shirt up and over her head, tossing it off to the floor. "So you like naughty schoolgirls or what, bro?"

“Put it back on,” he told her, but she noticed his dick was already growing hard again.

“Or what?” she dared him to respond as she reached behind her back and unclasped her excuse for a brassiere.

“Fuck,” he gasped as she popped the garment off and tossed it off to wherever her shirt had landed. She had nothing but tight ass shorts on now and he could literally see the crevice between her legs...and he knew she had to be a virgin, so why was she being so nasty all at once...and why with him? And then he realized why as he looked down and noticed his own raging erection. “You wanna touch it don’t you?” he asserted more than asked.

“Promise not to tell...and I’ll do more than that,” she added and started pushing her shorts down.

Moments later they were on one of the beds and he was pile driving his massive cock into her tight pussy, cramming her so full she wanted to scream. He was seventeen and strong and rough and he wasn’t taking it easy with her...he was fucking her so hard that it hurt at times and she didn’t care. It felt so good inside her that she just didn’t give a shit if he was tossing her around or bruising her a little here and there.

“Oh fuck...oh shit fuck shit,” he rattled off all of a sudden and his bucking hip movements increased two fold in speed and fury and she distinctly noticed the sensation of his ball sack slapping the back of her ass cheeks all at once.

He’s gonna cum in me...oh shit...oh shit...I’m making him cum! The idea both horrified her and excited her. The fact that she was making him cum was awesome...it meant she was sexy and hot and all the things the other bitches at school were...it meant she was finally a woman or sorts...but he also wasn’t wearing a condom and she knew there was a chance she could get pregnant if he came in her. *Oh fuck...at least if I got knocked*

up I might have some tits and an ass finally, she considered the thought almost humorously...but in reality she was wondering if he would pull out or not...surely so!

About that moment the bedroom door burst open and her two younger brothers barged in and stopped dead in their tracks, dropping their book bags and football helmets.

Tim and Sam were both fourteen...twins...and both had pretty decent size dicks too, though they weren't nearly as developed and muscled as Steven was...and before that moment she'd never thought of either of them in a sexual way, but lying there on her back, her head hanging over the edge of the bed...looking upside down at them as they stared at her and Steven, she suddenly found herself thinking about fucking all three of them at the same time.

"What the fuck..." it was Tim who muttered the words first but from Sam's expression he was thinking pretty much the same thing his twin was.

"Fuck me!" she called out loudly and reached her arms out for them. "Fuck me! Same time!" she grunted through the rough thrusts of Steven, who, for some strange reason, didn't seem to care when his younger brothers barged in...and whom continued to hump voraciously.

She couldn't recall what happened much after that moment, but somehow, some way...she'd ended up taking all three of them on. Brief images and sensations...Steven inside of her, ramming himself deeper and deeper and dicks in her hands, both hands...Tim and Sam...jerking them and sucking them...cum in her face and then waking up covered in crust and feeling disgusting...her usually tight vagina flared and stretched, gaping grossly...as if it'd been worn out...her brothers in the living room playing video games on the television there.

She'd spent the better part of the next two hours in the bathroom showering and scrubbing, trying to get the stink of sin and sex off of her...and failing miserably. Gross didn't quite describe it. She'd done something she could never undo...and something she could never erase from the minds of her brothers. They'd never look at her the same again.

Later, she'd faked a lack of memory...claimed she smoked some shit one of her friends had given her...and they bought it. Neither three of them ever acted like anything happened that afternoon...after she said something about the dope to Steven.

"Yeah, you was acting a little freaky," he'd admitted...but he wouldn't ever say much else on the subject. The following year he graduated and joined the Marines. He'd been on the first wave fleet to Habitat-5. She'd graduated two years later and joined the Navy...and now she too was on her way to Habitat...or she had been at least.

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"Wild shit," Bolen stated the obvious as he piddled with the pistol in his hands. "So you never admitted you knew what they did?"

"They did?? You mean what I did...I incited it...and I know it's sick and all...but I fucking enjoyed it, y'know...at the time anyway. After it was over with I wanted to puke for the next six months, but y'know...it was me and not them." She exhaled and looked down at her pudgy belly...still flabby despite not having anything to eat for a week. "I don't know what got into me and I don't know what made me want to do that...curiosity is what I lie to myself and say...but I'm not sure."

"Situations will make people do strange things. You didn't walk in on him...ya' probably would never have done that," Bolen consoled her somewhat. "Teenagers do stupid shit..."

you're stuck with the mind of a kid and the equipment and hormonal drive of an adult...it's the gray zone where you got the capacity and the drive, but not the brains to use it right...so don't kick yourself too hard over it. It ain't like you tied'em up and forced yourself on them."

"I know...but I think what bothered me the most is they just bought the dope story and...and moved on. It was like the assholes had no problem using their stoned out sister for sex and then never looking back."

"Did you hate them for it?"

"I don't know...not really...just made me mad...so mad I haven't been with a man since."

"Are you serious?"

She just turned her head and met his gaze directly and then she leaned in and kissed him.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...ahhhh!" she moaned as she rode up and down on Bolen's foot long dong, grinding her hips to work it with each slide downward. "Cum in me motherfucker...give it to me!" she demanded and he complied, releasing a massive flood of his semen inside of her.

She collapsed beside him and sighed. The kiss had been the ignition and then they were both naked and he was in her and then it was over...the whole round lasting no more than probably four or five minutes. Fast and furious...but it had been awesome.

She stood up and lightly danced off toward the hall, hoping to find somewhere to pee where it wouldn't cause trouble. Down the hall from the cryo-room they'd been in, she found a restroom stall...that was shockingly still intact. She opened the

door and seated herself...realizing too late that the electricity that powered the toilet's ejection probably wasn't working.

Better in the hole than out in the hall, she guessed as her trickling stream slowed to drips.

BLAM!

The single shot rang out and reverberated down the hall and scared the living shit out of her. Immediately she knew what it was and screamed an inhuman wail of grief.

Bolen's body lay naked on the deck flooring right where she'd left him. He'd wrote "SORRY" in the film of condensation that covered the lower half of the cryo-tank closest to him.

Dropping to her knees, she screamed and cried for what seem like hours...more than once lifting the pistol and putting it in her own mouth...but try as she might, she couldn't pull the fucking trigger. She wanted to die...she wanted the isolation and the nightmare and the hunger to all end...and it would only take the pull of a tiny metal trigger to end it...but for some reason she couldn't do it.

"FUCK YOU BASTARDS!" she eventually screamed and stood up, grabbing madly for the tubing on the side of the cyro-tank. "I'm not gonna die like this...NO!" And with a furious jerk, she ripped the feeder tube loose from its mountings.

Moments later she'd managed to use a saw they'd had in their equipment bag to cut the line and she was now sucking nutrient mixture from it.

Lieutenant Bolen had been a man of moral standards...a man who would rather kill himself than take an innocent life to save his own. For that reason she idolized him...but she was not of the same caliber.

She was selfish and sinful and a dirty whore who fucked her own brothers once...her morality was only as thick as it had to be. She wanted dick once and did what she had to do to get it.

She wanted food now and to live...and she was going to do whatever she had to do in order to have both.

To be continued...