

**LESBIAN
SPACE
PIRATES**
BOOK ONE



HOPE RED

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Lesbian Space Pirates

By

Hope Red

Book one of the

Lesbian Space Pirates series

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Captured

Lana punched the controls on the screen in front of her. Blue and green buttons flashed up with speed and control options. She would have to move out of hyper speed to navigate her way through the Kuiper belt. She pressed the button to take her down to a manoeuvrable speed and then touched the green rectangle activating the AI autopilot.

It had been a routine job picking up supplies from Mars to bring back to Eros Station. A five-day round trip back to Eros and then a couple of days rest before she would probably get sent off on another journey. She got out of the cockpit seat and pushed her brown hair back off her forehead, slicking it back and brushing the beads of sweat from her brow. The artificial gravity always made these little cargo ships heat up the life support to tropical levels. She unzipped the front of her spandex flight suit down to her waist; releasing her round, sweat covered breasts and slim, toned stomach to let them cool down. She clunked in her knee-high flight boots on the metal grid of the bridge over to her cabin door. It opened automatically and Lana walked into the cramped room.

What she would have given for a shower instead of having to wash in the little sink in the corner. She splashed some water on her face and over her breasts, noticing how erect her nipples were. Feeling a little cooler, she laid down on her bunk to get a couple of hours sleep as the ship computer navigated its way through the rocks and asteroids.

As usual, Lana dreamt of pirates. She was always the captain in her dreams, navigating through the asteroids, capturing booty and looking hot as she led her crew dressed head to toe in latex.

The ship's computer voice woke her abruptly, its droning old-fashioned robotic tone echoing inside the cabin.

“Captain, vessel blocking our route forward. Incoming comm from vessel.”

Lana rubbed balled fists into her rectangular eye sockets, her brown eyes watering at the firm touch.

“Okay, I will take the comm in the cockpit. Patch it through.”

She pulled the zip up on the flight suit. Why the fuck did her boss, Hendricks, insist she wear the ridiculously tight thing when she was working? It squeezed all of her parts, creating a camel toe effect with her pussy lips and burying itself right into her ass crack so that it felt constantly sweaty and dirty. Underwear wasn't allowed. Company policy apparently and, without a bra, the flight suit rubbed and chafed her nipples until they were sore and permanently erect, poking through the thin silver material.

Lana squeezed into the cockpit seat and stared out.

“Shit, space pirates” she hissed.

A large dark metal ship, many times the size of her little battered cargo ship, glared back at her out of the cockpit window. It had painted markings, guns pointing from various turret placements and patches and repairs all over the sleek shaped battle cruiser. She had seen similar configurations before and she knew she was in real serious trouble unless she could talk her way out of it.

She switched on the comm.

“This is cargo ship 237 out of Eros Station with the Starfly delivery company. Can I assist you in any way?”

The comm system was silent and then the holoscreen lit up with a face. A strong looking, breath-taking woman with red, wild tussled hair appeared before Lana. Her high, defined cheekbones framed a face that curved into a narrow pointy chin. Her lips were permapainted in fiery red gloss. A green eye stared out at Lana, the other with a scar running over it glowed blue, clearly a cybernetic prosthetic. A titanium ring through her eyebrow and a stud in her nose shone out in contrast to the charcoal eyeliner around her eyes.

“What the fuck is a cute girl like you doing all alone in pirate space?”

Lana felt a pang of nerves in her stomach but held her voice steady and calm and replied, “I had to navigate through the belt. I wasn’t given enough credits for the hyperway. My bastard of a boss is too stingy to let me use it. Not worth the expense with this cargo, he reckons”, she added at the end with her best attempt at dismissiveness.

“What are you carrying in your hold, cargo ship 237? Our scanner shows twenty sealed containers”, the holographic projection shimmered as the voice modulated over it.

They’ve scanned the ship. They’ll know I don’t have any defences and that I am the only person on board. Lana thought quickly before speaking.

“A supply of vegetables for Eros Station. Beets mostly. Nothing of any value. Not worth the effort of lugging about, really.”

“Oh, I think you have something of great value to me and my crew. It’s not the beets, although I could find a use for them other than eating. It’s not the wreck of the ship you are in but... I think you might be a prize worth taking and, if you don’t live up to my expectation, I could always sell you to the next slave trader that comes along. I am pulling you in. Prepare to surrender and be boarded. Do not put up a fight or you will get your pretty body hurt and that would be bad for both of us.”

A tractor beam held the cargo ship in place and then slowly pulled the small vessel into a large door that had opened in the side of the pirate cruiser. The guns followed it until it was sucked into the dark space inside the doors. Lana silently punched controls trying to send an emergency distress beacon out but she was fairly sure it wouldn’t work when caught in the beam. She was scared and could feel her hands starting to shake as she reached for her gun from under the cockpit seat.

The hull of the little cargo ship magnetised to the base of the landing bay as the doors closed behind her. She could see the space inside from the window being pressurised and re-filled with air. It was then that she heard a clunking sound as something was attached to the door at the back of the ship. A noise of whirring ran through the corridor. The metal door’s computer control was being hacked, forced to open its pressurised seal in front of Lana’s eyes. She ran over to the containers at the back of the ship and knelt behind one of them, the gun shakily pointing at the cargo door that was being overridden. A final deep rumble meant that it had been re-programmed and the door slid open.

Darkness and silence for what seemed like an age and then they came inside.

Two women clad in strapped and studded PVC corsets, tiny pleated skirts and knee high belted leather boots with high heels flanked a third in the middle. She wore a tight grey bodysuit and had decorative makeup around her eyes and forehead like war paint. They were adorned with various chains and cuffs and embellished with tattoos and studs. Lana aimed her gun at the one in the middle. Her hands shook as she fingered the trigger.

The two women in the leather boots raised their guns and pointed them at Lana. The woman in the middle laughed coldly, tilting her head back. “Fire that peashooter at me and the twins here will turn you into a pile of goo. That thing will barely tickle me, I’ve been shot so many times.”

“If I do, will you guarantee my safety?” Lana asked with little hope.

“Absolutely not. That’s why you’re here. I can say that we might not kill you if you play along. Drop the weapon and this will go a lot easier for you, wench.”

Lana had read about the way space pirates treated their captives and realised the choice between death by plasma rifle or being taken alive wasn’t a great one but she nervously, cautiously lowered her gun.

The middle pirate moved forward and pulled something off a gun belt. Lana raised her gun hand again but the woman kicked at her hand, knocking the gun to the floor with a thud. A dull pain ran up Lana’s arm as her bones shook. The pirate pressed a device into Lana’s stomach and searing energy pulses ran through her body, forcing convulsions and making her cry out, then her eyes closed and nothingness gripped her mind.

Lightwhip

Lana's eyes bleared back into focus. As she regained consciousness, she attempted to move but found that her arms had been shackled in a metal cuff that held both hands tightly high above her. Her lips felt dry as she surveyed the room. Dark metal covered the surface. A mesh wall let little beams of light into the room in front of her. She was shackled against the back of the cell and could feel the cold metal press against her butt cheeks through the spandex flight suit. Her boots had been removed and she felt the metal chequer plate flooring on the balls of her feet, the only part of her that could reach the floor. She became aware that her body was damp in places. Sweat had formed patches on the suit under her armpits and in her ass crack. A large damp area on the front of her crotch contributed to her discomfort as her body had clearly lost control after being pulsed.

She wondered how long she had been out when she noticed a camera in the corner of the room. They were watching her and they would know that she had come round.

Before long, the two women that had held their plasma guns either side of the pirate that pulsed Lana, stalked into the cell like a pair of wild cats. Stretched out in the shackles, it was difficult to recoil but she felt the need to move away from the feline-shaped pairs of dark eyes that hungrily stared over her body. The women were identical and must have been either twins or clones. They had matching short dark pink hair, shaved at the sides and both wore a titanium ring through their small noses. A spike stud pierced out of the top of their chins just below pouting blue lips.

The one on the left spoke, "She's hot. I can see what the captain was thinking. I wouldn't mind tasting this one for myself right now, Li."

“The captain wants her on the bridge right away, Mei. We will have to wait until she is done with her”, the one on the right responded in a similar high voice. They closed in either side of Lana and clamped a thick pillory around her neck and pressed control buttons on the side of it. The collar part whirred and closed in around her neck to fit it securely. Mei and Li unclamped and removed each hand from the shackles only to cuff them either side of the pillory device. They removed shock batons from holsters strapped to their legs under their tiny PVC skirts and touched them to Lana’s hips causing her to jolt her body at the bee sting feeling they gave off.

“Move bitch or we’ll stick these somewhere that will really get you jumping”, Li snarled into Lana’s ear.

Lana obeyed nervously and was led by the twins through the dark grey metal, steam-filled corridors lit with dim lights from above, until they came to the bridge of the ship. The captain and, Lana guessed by the numbers, most of the crew waited in a wide semi-circle. Computer screens, chairs and a large viewing window formed a background around the figures. Lights from the screens twinkled different colours and distracted Lana from the faces that were all fixed on her and her body.

The captain stepped forward, “Welcome to the Bloodrose, girl. My name is Captain Victoria Scorby, also known as ‘Blue-eye’. Who do I have the pleasure of hosting on my ship?”

Mei and Li kicked Lana roughly onto her knees, thudding them hard onto the metal flooring.

“Answer the captain, bitch”, Mei hissed sharply.

“Lana. I’m Lana Green”, she replied defiantly, not wanting to show the fear that she really felt, whilst being made to kneel on the hard floor.

“Well, Lana, let’s get a good look at you. Release her from the pillory, Mei”, the captain known as Blue-eye commanded.

A button was pressed on the side triggering a release mechanism for her hands and loosening the neck seal so that it could be lifted over her head. It felt good not to be in bondage for the first time since she had been captured and she rubbed her wrists with her fingers.

“Take the suit off and lets see what you have under there”, Blue-eye directed this order to Lana.

Lana looked at the women surrounding her and then at Blue-eye.

“If you think I am going to strip off in front of you and all these leering women, you have another thing coming, Captain. By the Laws of Inter-system commerce 2235, I insist that you release me immediately and find me safe passage back to Eros Station.”

She had barely finished speaking before the pirates all started laughing wildly. Blue-eye also found what Lana had said to be seriously amusing and had to take a moment to stop laughing before she spoke again.

“You’ve got some balls, little Lana. I am going to enjoy breaking them”, Blue-eye glanced at her crew and raised them into laughter again before moving her shining blue eye back to Lana again.

“I think you misunderstand why you are here. You are the booty in this haul. Now I said take your suit off.”

Lana just stood, her jaw clenched, brow furrowed. Mei and Li moved to her sides and pulled at one of Lana’s wrists each, wrenching her arms behind her whilst unzipping the suit down the front of her body and peeling it off her back and arms so that it dangled down below her exposed butt cheeks but remained still tightly grasping her legs.

“She needs to be taught to do what she is told. Raise the whipping post. Greta, you have the honours”, Blue-eye said.

A metal post rose from a hatch in the floor of the bridge. Two shackles dangled from the sides. The woman that had pulsed Lana when she was captured stepped forward showing that she was Greta. Tall and slim with long blonde hair tied back tightly into a high bun. Her long face held an air of cruel coldness, dark blue eyes looking emotionless as she placed the hand of a heavily inked left arm around the back of Lana’s neck and pressed her bodily down in front of the whipping post. Mei and Li took Lana’s hands and threaded the shackles around her wrists, clicking them shut to secure her body into the position on her knees. Her back and ass were exposed, the suit still squeezed around her shapely legs.

“Look at that round, juicy butt, ladies, and that bare, soft back just ripe for a good stinging with the whip... and all that skin to ink up. What did I tell you all? She’s worthy of being taken aboard”, Blue-eye called out to all on the bridge.

“Aye, Captain”, came the inharmonious but enthusiastic responses from all the pirates on the bridge.

“Start the whipping, Greta, twenty lashes. This will hurt, Lana, but won’t cause you any lasting damage. The lightwhip is designed to have a nasty sting from its energy layer but doesn’t leave a mark that lasts longer than an hour or so.”

Greta took a metal handle from her weapons belt. Her long legs in her latex thigh boots, moved into a stance to allow for extra force from every movement. She touched a small button on the side of the handle and a yellow light immediately appeared in the form of a whip. Greta arched her arm back and in one sweeping motion she struck the whip forward, cracking it over Lana’s bare back and buttocks.

“Aaargh!” Lana howled out as the whip struck, lightening pain seared over her back and butt, her mouth opened widely uncontrollably and her eyes clenched closed.

“Delicious”, muttered Blue-eye as she soaked in the reaction of her curvy, petite captive.

The second strike whipped down over Lana, this time higher on her back, making her shoulders arch backwards as if to escape the pain. The third struck her butt cheeks soundly bringing tears to her brown eyes that ran down the sides of her face.

Again the whip struck and Lana could only bawl sorrowfully as the energy it was made from stung onto her bare skin.

On the last few lashes she was only able to moan weakly. Sweat covered her face and body. Her eyes were wide now in disbelief at what was happening to her. She was being whipped, her ass and bare back exposed. Her round, ample breasts hanging down in front of her with erect pink nipples as twenty or so strange and dangerous women leered at her naked body as it received a cruel lashing that left temporary red marks all over her back and butt cheeks.

Finally, Greta stopped. For Lana it couldn't have come soon enough. The feeling was like nothing she had ever felt before. It stung as though it was still being whipped. Yet, strangely, at the same time it had also made her feel more alive than she had in a long time. She had gotten lost in that moment with the sensations on her back. It was as though nothing else existed apart from her tingling skin.

She panted for a while trying to regain some dignity and control over her senses.

Washed out

Blue-eye ordered Mei and Li to take Lana back to the cell and make sure she was washed, fed and given some water. They gave Lana a bowl of cold porridge and a cup of water and then re-shackled her hands high above her and set about with a soapy bowl of water and two sponges.

They pulled the tight spandex space suit off of her legs so that Lana hung completely naked. It was the first time she had been unclothed since leaving Eros Station and the freedom at letting her skin breathe and her sweat dry was dampened slightly by having two identical strangers breathing in heavily near her crotch.

Mei and Li licked their lips as they sponge-bathed Lana's skin, moving the soapy surface over her curves and gliding over her smooth skin. They paid particular attention between her legs, almost pushing the sponges into her asshole at one stage. No part of Lana's skin was left un-lathered as the twins worked their way round her until they had finished. Mei walked off a short distance and brought back a hosepipe and pointed the nozzle at Lana. Li pressed a button on the wall and a cold jet of water sprayed over Lana's soap covered body.

Lana shrieked at the coldness and tried to move out of its path but couldn't go anywhere with her arms stretched up in metal cuffs. Her nipples went rock hard and her muscles started to contract and shiver. Just as quickly as the cold water had hit her, it ended equally abruptly and she was towelled with a rough but clean cloth.

The twins had followed their captain's orders and should have left Lana alone but curiosity got the better of them.

“I have to know how she tastes, Li”

“Me too, Mei. I want to see if her asshole tastes as good as she looks.”

“Let’s do it, but we’ll have to keep the noise down or the captain will hear us. I know”, Mei exclaimed and pulled her thong down from between her legs and balled it up. Lana, guessing what was to happen clenched her jaw shut but Mei just grabbed her nose and squeezed it until Lana was forced to gasp her mouth open only to have it stuffed full of Mei’s well-worn thong. Li pulled her matching thong down and wrapped it around Lana’s head a couple of times until it was tight and acted as a gag that held Mei’s thong stuffed into Lana’s helpless mouth. Lana’s protests were muffled as she tried to shake the thong gag off but couldn’t. The twins had shown that this wasn’t the first time they had done something like this with the expert efficiency of their mouth binding.

They turned Lana so that her left arm pressed against the back wall. They both crouched down, Mei at the front and Li behind. Mei placed her mouth at the base of Lana’s wispy pubes and lapped gently downwards; parting the pussy lips with her wet, thin tongue. Li moved in behind and parted Lana’s round, globe-like butt cheeks and breathed in deeply before a tongue flicked and darted around the light pink rim of her anus. She moved her tongue and spat onto Lana’s tight, pink, butthole then kissed her lips sloppily over the hole.

Lana gasped as Mei pressed her tongue into her pussy, slurping as she fucked it inside the hole. Li started to French kiss at her ass and then, after relaxing the sphincter, pushed her tongue up Lana’s asshole.

The twins each moved a hand down themselves, exploring their own bodies,

caressing breasts under their strappy PVC corsets then moving a hand over their kneeling legs and thighs and down between their parted legs.

Mei and Li licked and tasted Lana's holes hungrily as they started to rub their own pussies and assholes. Lana was starting to moan heavily through the thong gag. She could taste girl-sweat, pussy and ass in her mouth and the saliva that was starting to fill her mouth only helped to strengthen the taste. Despite her best effort to tell herself that she shouldn't be having these feelings, the thought of her restrained and naked, being eaten out by identical nasty, sexy, young women, having her asshole and pussy tongue reamed whilst tasting sex in her mouth was bringing her close to orgasm. Lana, a deckrat from Eros Station was about to cum in the hot-lipped mouth of this punk pirate girl while her twin shoved her tongue deep into her tight, sweaty asshole.

"She tastes so good, Li!" Mei announced to her twin, pulling away and wiping saliva from her studded lower jaw then rubbing at her ring-pierced nose.

Li reluctantly pulled her tongue out of the little, pink hole to respond, "If you think her pussy is good, you should get a taste of this fucking asshole. It's delicious."

Mei took Li's reply as an invitation and pulled Li round to the front of Lana allowing her room to get behind their captive. She spread the round cheeks widely apart and pressed her nose onto the wet hole.

"Mmm", she sighed and plunged her tongue into the anus, kissing and pressing her lips around the rim as she tongue-fucked the hole. Li looked up at Lana and, seeing that she was getting close, found the clit with her tongue and started sucking over it, swirling her tongue. This went on for several minutes and Lana moved closer and closer to climax before physically shuddering and roaring a

muffled and drawn out “Fuuuuck!” cumming harder than she had ever done in her life.

Mei and Li continued on for a while longer, holding Lana in the grip of ecstasy until the quick frigging movements of their arms that reached around behind their own skirts brought them to synchronised climax, both of them letting out two high-pitched squeals as they came.

The twins rose to their feet. Licking their lips, they moved in close to Lana and sucked and kissed one of her nipples each before gently removing the thong gag from her face. Mei balled them both up and stuck them down the front of her corset. Her smile was serene, almost kind as she unlocked the cuffs and let Lana sit naked, clean and satisfied on the floor. Then she took Li’s hand in her own and they left, locking the door behind them.

The Synthetic

Lana had drifted off into a disturbed, exhausted sleep. Distorted nightmares involving all kinds of pirate violence filled her mind, making her jerk out of sleep several times as the scenes that played out in her head got to the worst parts. Finally, when she was pulled out of her weary slumber for real, Lana found it difficult to believe that she wasn't still in one of those terrible dreams.

Standing in front of her was a blank faced synthetic with something that replaced her hand that wouldn't have looked out of place in a horror movie.

The synthetic was female and completely convincing as a human apart from the pale, electric blue eyes and the tattooed symbol on the right side of her face. Her hair was short and dark, her skin a creamy caramel tone and she wore a full red latex bodysuit that squeezed at her designed-to-be-perfect body. However, even the stunning face and body of this synth couldn't distract from what replaced her hand.

They came out like three snakes, all a light beige, kind of like skin in colour but shiny like plastic. They moved around independently as if sensing and slowly exploring the room. Each one must have been about twelve inches long and over five inches in circumference, ribbed like a venting tube but with bumps all over them and the ends appeared to be shaped like penis heads.

The synthetic's face looked blankly, which was usual for their kind, but she stood close to Lana, as if studying her.

The synth placed a thick metal collar around Lana's neck and clamped it closed. A metal hoop attached to the front of the collar held a heavy chain that the synth had wrapped around her wrist. With no sense of mercy, the synthetic pulled at the chain, yanking Lana's neck with the collar and making her fall forward. The synth turned and walked through the cell door as Lana followed, at first walking like a dog to try to keep up and then managing to clamber up and get onto her bare feet as her naked body was led by a metal leash.

She was walked to a strange room filled with tools and devices and a large medical style chair with separating leg sections and stirrups.

Synthetics were capable of emotions nowadays but often had particular personality traits that meant that some emotions were enhanced and others were absent completely. This one clearly didn't feel pity or empathy as she dragged the fearful Lana into the middle of the room and looked the naked body over with a distant, vague look of interest.

"Sit on the chair", the voice that came from the synth sounded like a woman's voice, harmonious and clear but a gentle buzzing sound, like a swarm of bees shadowing every word, told the listener that this beautiful woman was not human but instead had been designed and built in a factory.

Lana obeyed and pulled her naked body up onto the chair. Once sat down, her legs and arms were placed into restraints that automatically tightened around her wrists and ankles. The leg sections of the chair were hinged so that, when the synthetic pressed a button, the two sections split and stretched her legs apart and then upwards. The seat area flipped away and left her naked holes bare and exposed. Lana couldn't help but feel turned on by the situation. The synthetic, cold and expressionless, served only to spur her on by making her feel completely under the control of the merciless, powerful replication of a woman.

“I am going to perform some physical checks and prepare you as per the captain’s orders”, the synth narrated as she pulled equipment trays on trolleys full of shiny metallic tools closer to the chair that Lana was bound into.

Lana choked down her nerves as she stared at the equipment. The curiosity as to what was about to happen was intense and this synthetic, a figure of artificially created female perfection was the ultimate dominatrix, not showing any guilt or mercy due to a total lack on conscience. Lana felt the fluttering in her stomach start to make her exposed pussy wet.

The synth picked out a gadget that resembled a torch off the trolley nearest and pressed a button on it whilst pointing it closely over Lana’s crotch. Immediately the sparse but unkempt pubes above and around her pussy started to fall out onto the floor. The synth moved the device around, exfoliating all the soft hairs until Lana’s pussy was completely bald and shiny as though it had never had a hair grow in its vicinity before. The device was lowered between her cheeks, along her perineum and around her asshole making sure that any wisp of stray hair was ejected from her skin. She had the same treatment over her legs and armpits even though the hairs there were recently shaved.

“This treatment will last for one year. You will no longer need to shave or exfoliate”, the synth said in a tone that wasn’t meant to be impressive or helpful, just informative.

Lana looked down at her body, it looked bare and different but she liked what she saw, as her lewdly spread and restrained lower body made her want to be taken.

A permapaint stick was picked up from the trolley and the synth moved with it around to Lana’s face. The stick moved in around her mouth and began to place

its permanent coating onto her lips. Lana's heart started to race. Her body was being changed in its appearance and she didn't have a say in how it was going to look. If ever there was a way to truly dominate someone's body without fucking or punishing them, then this was it.

The lips were finished. She licked them and smacked them together. They felt slippery and shiny as though they had a coat of wax on them.

The synth held a gun-like tool over Lana's belly button and pressed. Pain shot through Lana's skin and her mouth shot open in a silent scream unable to get the noise out through the shock. As quickly as it came, the feeling passed and she looked down to see that she had been pierced through her belly button with a platinum stud. Her ears were treated to the same but by the time the two studs were being punched into her right ear, the feeling of being stung with the device had started to feel kind of nice, like a dull ache that tingled straight through her body and she could feel it resonating right through to the canal of her pussy and in her rectum. It felt good and, despite herself, she found herself wanting more.

More came. The synth released Lana's left wrist from the thick cord restraint by pressing a control. The arm with the three snaking penis things attached served to turn and squeeze around the arm, holding it firmly in place with the inner arm and underside of Lana's wrist facing upwards. A needle tool with an attached compartment on top was held carefully in the synth's other, normal, hand. She touched it to Lana's skin and pressed. A prick of tickling pain teased at Lana as the needle penetrated her skin. It was removed and then pressed back in again closely next to the first. Lana's pussy was starting to get seriously slippery and she could feel her clit swelling. Her nipples were hard and pointy as her eyes darted over her gorgeous artificial dominatrix and her own, now sexier, body.

The synth worked at a blinding inhuman speed and had finished the tattoo within several minutes. It cleansed and sprayed the tattoo with a protective shield and applied spray to the belly button and ear piercings.

“I am now going to check and measure your orifices”, the synth said matter of factly.

“If you resist, it will cause discomfort”, it added in a poor attempt at a bedside manner.

The three snakes uncoiled from Lana’s arm and the synth walked in front of her to stand between her parted legs. Pale, un-alive eyes looked down at her pussy and anus as the synth’s right arm moved the snakes within reach of a burrowing spot for at least two of them. Lana felt two of the penis-shaped tips touch against her pussy lips and press onto the rim of her anus.

Resist? After all that, I need you to fuck me you fucking synth, Lana shouted in her head.

Outwardly she maintained her role as the subservient patient as her insides begged to be taken after being fired up by everything the synth had done to her.

The penis head on her anus squeezed out a lubricant and rubbed it over the rim, pressing some of it into the tight hole. The other head rubbed up and down her pussy lips, building on the slippery lubrication already there. There was no build up of anticipation, the synth had a job and got to it. The heads ventured their way in, squeezing and pressing on simultaneously into their respective tunnels.

Lana cooed quietly, her lips curling subtly upwards as she stared at the shining eyes of her ‘lover’ and then back down at her small body as it was being filled.

The snakes moved their way deeper as they slid and curved into the tunnels. A ripple effect could be felt as the rimmed surface of the snakes moved, caterpillar-like, pushing further and further inside her at a slow, steady pace. The feeling of being filled so deeply in her pussy and ass was filling the aching emptiness that she had felt as she became aroused earlier.

The synth stared off into the middle distance and her eyes flashed in a non-rhythmic way. It appeared she was processing data. Lana soon realised she was processing information from telemetry being taken by the snakes. Her tight tunnels were being assessed and processed, Lana realised. The snakes pressed on as far as they could go and then stopped. Lana felt a feeling of fullness rise from her lower intestines and a pang of pain from her stomach as the snakes pressed against the walls of her insides.

Fuck me then, you no-hearted synth, Lana called out in her mind as she felt the overwhelming desire to orgasm.

She tried to wiggle and slide up and down on the shafts but couldn't get enough movement thanks to the restraints and the lewd, spread position in the chair. Just as she was about to re-adjust to get more purchase on the surface of the chair, the snakes started to coil back out of her fuck tunnels.

“Don't pull out yet... please”, she heard herself saying softly but loud enough for the synth to move focus onto Lana's face, a curious look of interest forming on its previously blank features.

It actually smiled but continued to pull out until the heads had squelched out with a wet crackle, leaving the holes momentarily gaped and hungry looking.

The synth's smile continued as she moved over to Lana's head.

“Open wide... slut”, it said flatly.

Lana's head snapped back to look at the synth, shocked that it would address her in any way, let alone call her a 'slut'. It lifted the clean third snake up along with the other two and it started to curve towards Lana's glossed lips and then stopped before it touched them. The synth hesitated and then drew the dildo-like tentacle back. One of the other ones moved towards her face instead. It had the distinct, rich scent of her ass, which Lana had always had no problem with. Was this synth going to make her suck on the ribbed monster that had been probed right up to her insides? Was this a conscious effort to be cruel and sadistic or just a random choice to test Lana's reactions? Either way, Lana felt a shudder of pleasure at being treated so nastily.

The penis head rubbed against her slippery lips and she could smell the rich, malty scent mix with the sweet scent of the gloss. It pressed for her to open her lips and she submitted willingly.

Her lips ran along its shaped surface as it moved steadily into her mouth. The taste of her ass blended with saliva and made her want to reach down and rub her clit, feeling shudders of joy as the humiliation of being fed her own anal probe ran through her mind.

The synth pressed on, pushing right to the end of Lana's mouth and then down her throat. Lana started to gag and swallow as the twelve-inch arm dildo burrowed deeper. Her throat became sore and her eyes started to water, tears pouring down her cheeks but the synth pressed on until Lana could feel it had moved into her neck. All this time the synth continued to smile the smile that had not left its face since being asked to stay inside Lana's holes.

Lana could feel her stomach start to convulse and sweat started to bead on her upper lip and forehead. The synth took this as a sign and steadily reversed the deep throat invasion back out until it left Lana's mouth on a thick web of saliva and phlegm that came to rest on Lana's chin and upper chest.

"Checks and initial alterations complete", the synth said, losing the smile. It took a thick white plastic collar with lights on the side and closed it around Lana's neck. A computerised locking system sealed the two sections together with a buzz and a click.

"The collar will allow you to travel freely around the Bloodrose. You will no longer be confined to a cell but if you do anything the captain doesn't approve of or try to escape, this collar will provide you with enough of a disincentive to stop you from attempting it again. Is that clear?"

"Yes", Lana replied.

"There are some clothes on the side here that you are to wear. Whilst you are on the ship, you will serve the crew in the mess. Dress and await here for someone to take you to the kitchens", the synth's buzzing voice said as it released the restraints with a button before turning and walking out of the room, the snake arm dangling at its side. Lana couldn't help but watch the perfect ass sway away in replicated feminine fashion as the impossibly tight second skin of the red latex bodysuit creaked in time with the movements. She found herself wondering if synthetics' holes tasted of anything, knowing that they were used for sexual recreation on Eros made her think that maybe they did.

[A mess in the Mess](#)

Lana took the clothing off a counter on the right side of the room and, knowing that she wouldn't have a choice of style, put it immediately on. It was a serving girl costume it had a black PVC holster that ran underneath her breasts with shoulder straps and a white net bra attached in it that held her breasts tightly. A PVC pleated skirt was separated from the top by Lana's bare, exposed, lean stomach, now with added belly button stud. The skirt was ridiculously short and no underwear had been provided. Nothing new there, Lana shrugged to herself. A pair of black shiny heels finished the costume and Lana found a mirror to have a look.

Her lips were clear gloss, no added colour just her natural tone with added shininess. The tattoo looked good on her wrist, the spray had set it perfectly. It was a blue eye inside a heart around two inches wide and one inch in length. Her piercings looked sexy and she started to feel a transformation in her mind as well as in her body towards her situation. She leaned against the side counter and was about to touch herself; the temptation had been overwhelming her ever since she had been freed from the restraints, when a gruff, heavysset woman appeared in the doorway.

“So you're the new pet are you?” she asked rhetorically, a stern frown on her wide face.

“A little thing aren't you?” She asked again in a rhetorical manner but with added mild curiosity.

“Follow me.”

Lana followed the big woman, noting the food stains over her long red cotton smock. They walked through several corridors before reaching a large, dark room with a long banquet table running along the centre of it. The woman ushered Lana into a side room where equipment and machines clearly set this area out to be the kitchen.

“It isn’t difficult, wench. I am the cook. I make the food and you serve the food and clear away the dirty pots and wash up. Do a good job and the crew may go easy on you. Mess up and you are in for a hard time. The Captain likes to let the crew play with one of her pets... up to a limit... but they will get to that limit, you can be sure of that.”

Lana realised that her usual feisty attitude wasn’t going to do her any favours but couldn’t help herself.

“I can hold my own”, she found herself saying as she jutted out her chin.

Cook just chuckled coldly and gave Lana a wry look as she spoke.

“Sit down over there and peel those onions until the crew arrive for their grub”.

It didn’t take too long before the crew started to arrive and rowdily started to shout and pull open bottles of Lunar wine.

“Food!” they called out demandingly.

“You had better serve them this, wench”, cook said putting a pile of small roast chickens onto a big serving dish and then turned back to tend to a large pot.

Lana struggled to lift the heavy plate. It must have been almost as wide as she was tall and had twelve small replicated roast chickens on it. She heaved it up off the table and staggered into the mess hall.

The crew fell silent for a moment and then, all eyes on Lana, snickered and whispered, nudging one another. She wobbled as she moved the heavy serving plate around the room, offering a chicken to each of the pirates.

“Chicken?” she asked.

None of them refused, all stabbing the chickens with a fork.

“I like the breast best”, said one of them.

“I’m a leg girl, myself”, another said out loud, laughing.

“Well, as for me”, the blonde pirate, Greta, said, “I enjoy the butt the best”, and she slapped a chicken-greased hand underneath the PVC skirt, making Lana’s cheeks bounce.

All the pirates laughed crudely at that and stared hungrily at Lana even as they pulled at the flesh of the replicated chicken.

She walked back to the kitchen. Her high heels made her butt stick out as she walked, the now empty greasy plate in her hand.

“You’d better take the vegetables out, wench, before those carnivores fill themselves up on just meat”, Cook said, handing her an equally large tray piled high with various cooked and mashed vegetables.

Lana struggled with this one even more. Again, as she entered the room, the pirates hushed and stared at her as she moved awkwardly to the table.

“Vegetables”, she announced and intended to place the tray on the table in the middle. It almost succeeded, until a mocha-skinned, shorthaired pirate stuck a long leg out in front of Lana. She fell forward almost immediately, the tray in front of her crashed to the table and her stomach banged against the edge, winding her. Her head was jolted forward and she fell face first into the pile of mashed swede. The tripper got up and moved behind Lana.

“Hungry little piggy, this wench”, she played to her and Lana’s attentive audience.

They laughed cruelly. “I wonder how hungry she is? Eat piggy!”

“Yeah, eat it up piggy”, came from a few of the others.

The tripper pirate was strong. She took a knot of Lana's hair in her fist and held the head down on the mash. Her other hand found its way easily under the PVC skirt that now struggled to hide Lana's holes as she was bent over the mess table. Sharp nails dug at the side of her rim and pussy lips as her right cheek was held in a claw like grip.

"Eat, piggy", tripper hissed into Lana's ear.

She was hungry and it didn't smell unpleasant in any way but the humiliation of being made to eat like an animal in front of all these women made the act dirty and sexual. Her pussy started to betray her as her lips started to become slippery and her juices wet the tripper's fingertips. She took a big bite into the mash and chewed. In some strange way the filling of her mouth felt sexual, like at least something was getting filled up.

"Not like that. Piggies don't chew", tripper rammed Lana's face into the mash, smothering her.

When her head was eventually lifted she gasped for air, her chin, nose and cheeks, covered in the swede. She realised what she was meant to do. Like the dirty little pig that tripper wanted her to be, Lana gulped at the swede, not chewing or tasting, just swallowing and filling.

Tripper must have felt Lana deserved a reward for making the crew all laugh wildly because her hand released its talon like grip and she started to rub at Lana's pussy lips before finding her clit. Lana moaned into the mash heavily trying hard not to stop as her focus shifted to her groin.

“I think she likes the mash, girls. Her compliments to Cook”, tripper said rubbing faster.

Lana was close to cumming, she just had to show the woman that she was a good pig and keep swallowing swede mash until there came a point when she was too far to hold it in. Her body started to shake and she felt an orgasm rising from her clit and move all around her body, making her legs lose the strength to hold her and her eyes roll back into her head. Mash fell from her mouth attached to saliva as she exploded in orgasm.

“Aaaaah”, she moaned out in a primal noise that came from deep inside.

After about two minutes, Lana regained enough control of her mind and body to lift her head wearily from the mash and vegetable tray.

“She needs cleaning up. Lets wash her face. Hand me a bottle of Lunar Wine”, Greta commanded.

A blue haired woman passed her a bottle and she uncorked it.

“Turn around, wench. On your knees and show me that cute little face of yours.”

Lana thought for a moment to tell Greta to shove that bottle up her big ass but, remembering the whipping, slipped off the table and onto her knees, looking up at Greta with a conflicted mixture of hate and obedience.

Greta loved the fact that she had broken this stubborn, angry girl. She had seen her type before, a deck urchin that had grown up on the wrong side of the station, having to stick up for herself and trust no-one. They were always the most fun to watch when they obeyed. It made her so wet to look into those brown, fiery eyes.

She took the wine and poured it over Lana's face and chest as she rubbed the mash off of the girl's skin. The white net bra became stained with the red of the wine as Lana's torso dripped with wine. Her nipples had become hard, partly at being touched, partly because of the cold wine. Her face smelled strongly as a layer of wine damply covered her from her forehead down. Greta crouched down and began to run her tongue over Lana's face, licking up a mixture of sweet wine and salty sweat.

“Open your mouth, piggy”, Greta ordered.

Lana opened her shiny lips wide. Greta moved in close so that Lana could feel her breath. She made a noise in her mouth and then spat into Lana's gaped open mouth onto her tongue.

“Swallow it, piggy”, she ordered. Lana looked up angrily but her lust took control. She slowly, still staring at Greta closed her mouth and then gulped the spit down her throat.

“Say thank you”, Greta goaded hoping to get a reaction.

Lana gritted her teeth but then saw Greta move a hand to her lightwhip.

“Thank you”, she muttered reluctantly.

“Right girls, the rest of the wine on her is all yours”, Greta declared.

It didn't take the rest of the crew long to respond. They lifted Lana bodily off her knees and laid her on the long table. There must have been nine or ten tongues on her body. Lana couldn't count them all as the crowd smothered her and her sense of touch was overloaded. She could feel tongues grazing around her cheeks, ears and neck, one belonging to the blue haired girl was pressing its way into her mouth, parting her lips and forcing a kiss. She could feel other tongues and lips tasting their way over her chest and two mouths clamped over her nipples, the lips sucking and lapping at her breast whilst their tongues flicked and licked her rock hard nipples.

Just as she could feel hands starting to slide over her thighs and part her legs, a voice in the background created a huge reaction from the crew. They immediately pulled off of Lana and jumped to attention. The feeling of going from sensory overload to nothing was strange and Lana found herself sitting up to see what it was that had made everyone back off from her body.

Captain Blue-eye stood glaring at her crew, the synthetic eye shining like a laser scope over each of their faces as they stood stony-faced looking in the direction that they had come to attention.

Lana attempted to fix herself, putting the stained net bra back over her breasts and smoothing back her hair. Blue-eye slowly turned her gaze to Lana.

Her red lips moved sexily as she spoke, “Lana, follow me. I will get you cleaned up.”

Lana looked at the crew and then back to the captain and, dropping off the table, she walked behind Blue-eye as she turned and left the mess hall.

[The Captain's Cock](#)

Blue-eye's cabin was large. A king-sized bed was the centerpiece with posts around it. There was a desk and various chests with screens showing maps of the solar system running ship movements in real-time.

Lana was pointed to the en-suite, "Take your time, Lana, and use whatever you want. You can use my bathrobe. It's hanging up inside".

Lana stepped into the bathroom and immediately marvelled at the size of it. It was bigger than the unisex changing room at the Starfly delivery company and at least she wouldn't be showering in front of that slimy pervert, Hendricks. She removed her serving wench clothes and walked over to the shower. She melted in the heat of the water and all the aches and pains of her capture fell away, all except the neck collar still tightly clamped around her neck.

She reluctantly left the bathroom after the best part of an hour and walked back into Blue-eye's cabin. The captain had busied herself looking over maps and making notes on a digipad. When she saw Lana appear through the door, she put down her work and stood up.

"That robe is a little big for you, isn't it?" Blue-eye laughed, almost sweetly.

"Yes, Captain", replied Lana.

"Come over to the bed and sit with me", Blue-eye said, moving over to sit on the comfy looking mattress and tapping her hand on the bed to her right.

Lana, wearing a thick white cotton robe, moved over to where Blue-eye had patted and sat down.

“Tell me, Lana, what is your story? How does a cute girl like you end up working the cargo run through the belt?”

“Not much to tell, really. I never knew my parents. They died in a mining accident on an asteroid. I grew up on Eros Station, the most corrupt and sordid place in the system. I lived on D deck, down where all the waste processing goes on and the labourers live. I hung around with other deckrats and we would pickpocket and steal our next meals from tourists and traders to survive. I would get caught occasionally but took whatever punishment they would dish out and then carried on. That was until Hendricks, my boss, found me one day, trying to steal a bottle from a shipment of Martian Whisky. He offered me a job cleaning his warehouse and then I worked my way up from there. It’s a lot better than how some of my old crew on D deck turned out. Most of them are either in prison or mining ore on the asteroids.”

Lana felt comfortable, almost proud explaining how she had overcome the odds and Blue-eye noticed this as the girl spoke, watching her lips move with a smile forming on her own.

“You sound like you’ve almost lived a pirate life growing up and you’ve obviously got some talent at piloting or you wouldn’t have been given a ship. You’re different to the others we capture, Lana. That old laser pistol you had when we found you. That’s an old pirate weapon, I can tell from the modifications. You are fascinated by our way of life, aren’t you?”

“It took me a years worth of credits to get it. It had belonged to Mad Jack Sirenum, or that’s what the trader on C deck told me. Before I got my job, I had always dreamt of leaving the station and becoming a famous pirate.”

“What about now?”

“Being a slave isn’t the same as becoming one of them. It isn’t how I thought it would be when I met pirates. The reality is quite different.”

“Lana, you aren’t a slave to us. Greta, Mei, Li, even me all went through the same treatment before we joined the crew. Do you think people are born pirate?”

Lana thought about this and shook her head, smiling at the thought of the last sentence, but then thought about the thing about joining the crew. Was Blue-eye suggesting what she thought she was?

Blue-eye reached over to the collar and Lana flinched slightly as a finger pressed against the side of it. It clicked and buzzed and then unlocked, falling onto the bed behind her.

“There, you aren’t a slave any more. Not to anyone here or on Eros Station”, Blue-eye whispered.

She reached across and kissed Lana gently on the lips, slipping a hand into the robe to caress her soft breasts. Lana sighed and allowed the captain to put her tongue into her mouth, reciprocating as they both lay back on the bed.

Blue-eye moved herself on top of Lana and pulled at the robe cord, opening the front and exposing Lana's lean but shapely petite body with its soft, bare crotch. The Captain removed her corset, revealing more ink on her chest; skulls, maps and dragons weaved and painted over her hot body as they swept down her right arm to a host of other patterns and shapes that meant everything to a pirate and made little sense to an outsider. It made Lana feel the sense of danger that this woman on top of her truly possessed and she found herself wanting to give her body freely to this beautiful, powerful woman.

Lana traced down over Blue-eye's chest, down her lean abs and over her belly ring and started to pull at the breeches until they rolled down the pale skin of her round butt cheeks.

That's when she found it. She jumped bodily up the bed and gasped. There, attached to... no part of her, where her pussy would be was a synthetic penis and testicles. It was becoming hard and obviously worked in a similar way to a regular one but the 'veins' appeared like circuit trails, dimly glowing blue.

"It's alright, Lana. It's something I had done a while ago. It was a preference for my benefit and those that I am with as you're about to find out."

She lay back down on top of Lana and kissed her passionately. Lana could feel the swelling tip rub against her pussy lips, parting them and lubricating as it moved. Lana felt Blue-eye's hands firmly holding her hips as the woman on top of her moved her pelvis forward and pushed her penis into her.

"Oooh", Lana moaned. The penis was hot, hotter than a real one, and that made her feel like her insides were melting with pleasure.

Blue-eye moved deftly and expertly. Here was a person that knew what a woman liked and could feel the pleasure herself as she moved inside a lover. She moved in and out in perfect rhythm, kissing Lana's neck and then sucking and gently biting her bottom lip. Lana felt herself losing control as her body gave itself fully to this powerful woman with a dick. Blue-eye understood everything at this moment and, hearing Lana start to moan in time with her pushing into her pussy, she stepped up the pace. Their bodies locked tightly and Lana brought her legs up around Blue-eye's butt, turning her pelvis up to meet the increasingly powerful movements of Blue-eye's hips as she brought her hard shaft into Lana.

Lana could feel herself close to an earth-shattering orgasm as the build up from her lower body was the most intense she had felt in her life. Just when she thought she was about to cum, Blue-eye took it to the next level and knocked Lana into ecstasy. Blue-eye's cock vibrated!

"Fuuuuuck", Lana moaned and shook as though possessed. Just at that moment a flood of hot liquid came out of the penis and squirted into Lana. Blue-eye roared an orgasm out and this took Lana further into paradise as she lost all control of her shaking body and the view of Blue-eye's bouncing breasts blurred into whiteness.

It took her a while to recover but when she had, she turned and kissed Blue-eye on the lips.

"Thank you, Captain."

"Call me Vicky, Lana, You are my girl now. There is just one thing that would really seal the deal so to speak. One thing I have always had a preference for."

Lana guessed and sat her petite frame on top of Blue-eye, her round, globe-like butt cheeks sat on top of the large, still swollen, cock. With her back facing Blue-eye as she lay on the bed, Lana had positioned herself in a reverse cowgirl. She rose slightly to take the shaft that she would ride and rubbed it against her asshole. Sweat and juices served as a lubricant and she relaxed the sphincter to take the tip inside.

It was Blue-eye's turn to gasp as Lana sat down again, the shaft was sucked up inside her butt as she gave out a sigh of satisfaction at being filled up. She rode up and down the shaft, fucking it into her sweaty asshole as her butt cheeks clapped against Blue-eye's pelvis.

Within minutes it was too much for Blue-eye to contain her lust and she swung Lana around to lay face down on the bed. She climbed on top and pushed the cock back into the tight fuck tunnel. She pressed herself into Lana holding her down firmly with her hands gripping the sides of her waist, just above her hips.

“Yeah, Fuck me pirate captain. Fuck my dirty, tight, virgin asshole.”

Blue-eye groaned with lust, near orgasm but Lana went on unmercifully.

“Punish my little hole for resisting. You captured me, now take what is yours.”

Blue-eye started to call out a long wail as her body started to convulse.

“That's it, Captain. Steal your treasure. Plunder my booty and cum inside me!”

Lana roared out the last sentence and Blue-eye opened her mouth but no word came out as her body convulsed and a flood of hot cum filled Lana's rectum making her orgasm again. The shuddering girl made Blue-eye moan and then slump in a sweaty heap on top of her. They lay like that for a while until Blue-eye turned Lana round and thanked her with a long, soft kiss.

"Your welcome, Vicky. You can take my booty as often as you want."

Blue-eye melted but after a few moments she returned to a business-like manner.

"Actually, my sweet. I do have something you can do for me. Do this and I will make you a member of the crew with the duties of being my lover."

"Okay, Vicky. Whatever you say... Captain."

"I will call for Syn, you met her earlier. She will take you and dress you. We had to burn your work uniform. I think you understand. Besides, I think you will look hot in Latex."

[A part of Blue-eye](#)

Lana couldn't believe she had agreed to this. She would effectively be giving up the keys to the place that she had grown up in to a woman she had just met. Fuck it, she thought, what has Eros Station ever done for me?

She shifted uncomfortably in her pilot cockpit. It wasn't the clothes she had been given. It was something far more stimulating than that. Blue-eye had given her something she hadn't thought possible to carry onto the station. It contained a sensory link with Blue-eye and had a data port to take down the shields and weapon systems on Eros. Only one thing, it had to be carried inside her to pass through security. Of course they would notice it but they wouldn't be able to see the inner workings. It had a kind of reality shielding on it that made it seem like a solid object for detection. If Lana had known that she had been handling a secret super-computer, she might have been a little more delicate.

The comm flashed on as she approached the station. Hendricks' round, sweaty face came up on the screen.

“Where the fuck have you been, Lana? That shipment of whisky is worth half of all the deliveries this month. I will be docking your pay for the time you missed plus the cover I had to arrange for your jobs.”

“Sorry, Hendricks”, Lana lied, “I ran into some trouble with system patrol. They wanted to check my paper work but held me on their ship for three days to do it.”

Hearing the words 'system patrol', Hendricks calmed down. He gazed at Lana.
"What are you wearing? I don't like it."

"That's not up to you if I am not on the clock now, is it Hendricks? Now get off the comm so I can land this garbage can."

Hendricks clicked off. Lana called up for docking and sat back as the ship went into autopilot.

She stepped out onto the landing bay and walked off to security.

"Hey, Sanchez. How's it going?"

"Lana. Hey. Wow, looking hot, girl. What is that skin-tight suit you are wearing made of? Latex, right? And orange, girl, that's a bold fashion choice. But, hot, very hot."

"Thanks, Sanchez. Buzz me, through."

"Just a quick scan, Lana, and you can get some R and R. Hold on, what's that? I didn't know you were into buttplugs... and one that big? It's bigger than my... Anyway. Through you go."

Sanchez is probably going to be having a busy time in the rest room with his right hand in about ten minutes after seeing that thing shoved up my butt, Lana

thought to herself.

Lana still couldn't believe she had agreed to take Blue-eye's, apparently detachable, penis-stroke-secret supercomputer in her asshole all the way from the Bloodrose to Eros. To top things off it had stayed erect the whole way. It was no easy feat but, apparently Syn had tested the measurements and, as Lana had proved, it was possible.

Lana made her way immediately to the Starfly office and walked in. She passed a couple of other pilots but kept her head down and went to the unisex changing room. She unzipped the crotch of the latex bodysuit and tried to relax her sphincter. She pushed and groaned until eventually the penis slid out of her ass. It smelled like sex but Lana didn't have time, she had to focus. She walked back to the office and found a spare terminal. A latch on the base of the penis opened and a data port plug whirred out. She attached it to the nearest port and watched as the smelly tool hacked into the station's system, the vein lights flashing red.

She waited for what seemed like forever as she kept watch around her, making sure nobody caught her in the act. Finally the veins turned to green and Lana removed the drive. She lifted the penis to her mouth and talked into the tip.

“Can you hear me, Vicky? It's done. The systems are able to be switched off now.”

Within moments, Lana heard the station red alert siren. The Bloodrose must have moved from its hiding position behind an asteroid and was now locking its weapon systems onto the station. Every comm system around her flashed on at the same time.

“This is Captain Victoria Scorby. You know me as Blue-eye. Your station is defenceless. All our weapons are locked on. My demands are being sent to your computers. Have it ready and placed in the cargo landing bay within the hour. I will choose one of your pilots to shuttle it to the Bloodrose. The Lesbian Space Pirates thank you in advance for your contribution.”

Thank you.

This story continues in

Taking Her Booty