

SPACE CAPTIVE

Martin Hughes

Published by Fiction4All (Fetish World Books imprint) at Smashwords

Copyright 2019 Martin Hughes

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction novel are at least 18 years of age.

CHAPTER 1

Real fear gripped Liz now. Her hands were moist and slippery as they clenched the control handles of the auxiliary quasar cannon behind the bridge. Blinking sweat from her eyes, she tried to sight on one of the fast-moving pirate vessels which were converging on her crippled cruiser like hyenas on a stricken antelope back on Earth. The whole ship lurched sickeningly, putting off her aim, as it took another hit. The acrid smell of burning plastic and insulation was sharp. Flaring her delicate nostrils, she tried to find more clean fresh air. Hot under her combat armour, she shifted uncomfortably as a bead of sweat trickled down the curve of her spine and between the cheeks of her bottom. She splayed her legs farther apart to keep her balance on the tilting floor, knowing it was really just a matter of time because the ship couldn't take much more of this punishment.

Although not particularly fearing death itself, capture by these pirates was another matter. Tales of their sadistic barbarity preceded them and this had always been at the back of her mind when on operations in this awful sector of space. Now it was uncomfortably in the forefront. She tried sighting on another of the swarm of ships, mainly to take her mind off her situation, but her concentration lapsed as she considered how she had arrived in this predicament.

She recalled her pride on graduating from the Euro Space Academy of Brussels, back on Earth. Hers were the top marks for the class of 2196 in astrogation, and the highest ever marks for a British girl. There were many who thought that with a face like an actress and a sexy curvy body to match, her long dark hair would be better found gracing the 3D tele-vid screens than a space uniform.

However, Liz was determined to live life to the full in space for a few years. Then, just on her twenty-seventh birthday when she had indeed thought about settling down, she had been made second-in-command of the Solar Federation's newest space cruiser, the Explorer. It was a dream to virtually run such a powerful ship, and especially under the command of its present Captain. She had fallen in love with Harry when he had been her tutor at the academy and, although their relationship had never - then - been consummated, she knew that he loved her too. Now their feelings were their own secret, never to cross into their professional lives. Although they were lovers when on leave, in space it was purely business and Liz won the respect of most of the 100 or so officers and junior ranks below her.

This was Explorer's second long cruise in the virtually lawless Magellan region of space and it was proving just as successful as the first one in stamping out the activities of the pirates. These criminals no doubt felt, due to their vast distance from Earth, that they were above the universal laws of mankind. However it had always been agreed that such laws should apply equally to all who colonised space after the Mesonpower drive was discovered in 2030. This development finally allowed ships to exceed the speed of light and travel vast distances from Earth. Only vessels such as the Explorer could try to bring a measure of lawfulness to the outer regions and prevent the ruthless murders, hijacking of raw materials, black market, and hostage-taking.

Explorer had been more successful than most previous ships in trying to curb the barbarous activities of the pirates. At 400 metres and 10,000 tonnes it was far bigger than most and its armaments could devastate any known opposition. Both Liz and Harry had heard rumours of 'wanted' signs with their pictures on them springing up on the outer worlds, but had felt safe within the mighty walls and defensive shields of their ship. They had not counted on the sabotage during their last overhaul which had disabled some of her vital systems whilst more than two weeks away from the nearest help. Nor had they foreseen the armada of small pirate ships which had been waiting for them in a pre-arranged ambush whilst they were answering a distress call from a nonexistent cruise liner.

Liz was suddenly jerked back to the present when a blast of scorching air nearby sent her crashing to her knees, protected only by the thick insulation of her body armour and helmet. She thought it must

be the end, and visions of Harry drifted into her mind. She desperately wanted to be with him one last time and began to ease herself to her feet to get to the bridge where he had been trying to fly the crippled ship. Suddenly, however, the metallic floor vibrated around her, announcing someone's arrival.

Liz looked up expecting to see some of her crewmen but was shocked to find herself staring down the barrel of a needle-beam gun held by a space-suited figure. A gruff male voice addressed her from the impersonal helmet towering over her.

“Surrender or die, it's over.”

Unthinking, Liz tried to lunge at him but, too late, she sensed the movement of someone else behind her. The crack of a stun gun was the last thing she heard before darkness enveloped her.

When her senses returned she found herself lying uncomfortably on a floor, still in her space armour but devoid of any weapons. Loops of thin but tough wire bound her hands behind her, the tightness virtually cutting off her feelings to leave her fingers as useless as tingling cucumbers. Her head ached abominably from the effect of the stun gun - but she knew from past experience that it would soon pass.

She spotted several of her crew lying in a similar predicament, and from the bouncing movement of the floor she guessed they were in a small pirate shuttlecraft. Everyone was anonymous in the suits, unless close enough to read the name flash on the shoulder. To her dismay, though, glancing round from her limited viewpoint, she didn't see Harry's distinctive captain's echelons.

Her stomach churned. Surely they hadn't killed him? A captain would be a good bargaining chip with the Federation. It might be that her own, second-in-command, insignia had spared her when she had tried to fight back at her own capture. Then she realised that in the place of the badge was a jagged hole in her outer suit from the blast of a phaser. She realised that she was lucky to be alive. Or was she....

A terrible bleak emptiness engulfed her. Perhaps Harry had died fighting - as maybe she ought to have done? If he was dead, and at the hands of these savage bastards, she knew that she too wanted to die here avenging him. The uncertainty of his fate gnawed at her - yet she dared not compromise him, or herself, by asking.

Eventually they docked with another craft and Liz began her new life in captivity. As they were herded down corridors to a holding area she saw other prisoners and it gave her hope that Harry might have been on another shuttle. Although their hands were unbound they all had to lie spread-eagled face down on the floor. Their external suit microphones were switched off and sacks were pulled over their helmets to leave them in mute, helpless darkness. She felt so horribly utterly vulnerable. Then she heard several gruff commands from their captors and felt a painful kick until she lay in exactly the position required. She guessed it would be useless to demand humane treatment for her and her crew. Their only hope was total compliance until they could assess the situation. Apart from their surnames on their suits, their captors would have no idea as to the identity or sex of their space-suited prisoners but, as Liz lay obediently immobile, she knew it would only be a matter of time.

Finally hands pulled her to her feet and hustled her along, stumbling and helpless, until the sack was pulled off, restoring her vision in a smallish room containing a man and woman wearing the 'uniforms' of the pirate empire. A pile of discarded space suits and clothing took up one wall. The armed guards who had brought her stood back against the wall but Liz was still daunted by the rough cruel features of the hard-faced captors who now addressed her.

“I'm Lieutenant Tarik. Get the suit off, get everything off, we'll check you before you're taken to planet-fall. Your precious Federation may have planted bugs or sensors on you and try to get you back. Now hurry, get it all off mister.”

After removing her gauntlets and unscrewing the helmet, Liz heard raucous laughter as the pirates

saw her properly.

“Well, well, we've hit the jackpot, it's Hartley, the second-in-command. I remember her from the posters, and those news broadcasts,” announced the man, licking thin lips. “Get it off girl, all off. I've seen articles about you, interviews too. You're the Fed's pin-up. You're supposed to be a looker... Hurry or I'll do it for you.”

Despite trying to steel herself, a red flush of shame covered Liz's delicate cheekbones as she divested herself of the bulky suit to finally stand before her captors in her blue one-piece coverall. Suddenly, without the protection of her ship and its awesome technology, the glamorous life of a space crusader had taken a new turn. It was one thing to seek out and destroy pirate ships, punching computer buttons from the safety and insulation of the huge steel ship which had been her home for so many months. However, being face to face with her enemy was entirely different.

She felt terribly, vulnerably afraid. However, she tried to face up to the responsibilities of command.

“Look, I don't know who you are. My name is Elizabeth Hartley. I am Second Officer of the Federation Cruiser, Explorer, and I demand to know how many of my crew are prisoners and what has happened to my Captain--arrgghh.”

Liz's brave speech was brought to an abrupt end when one of the guards doubled her up gasping with a blow to her stomach. The pirate lieutenant waited patiently for a few seconds whilst the pretty girl caught her breath. A strand of her long black hair escaped from the tight bun she customarily wore under her space helmet, and fell down to partially cover her exquisite face.

“Prisoners may not talk. You lost all rights when you set out to destroy us free-traders. Not so brave now without your fancy ship, are you? We don't give shit who you were, girl, but you're just a prisoner now, our prisoner. You're not second in command, there's no one to command now. So the number and identity of our prisoners is not your concern. All you have to do now is obey orders, our orders. If you talk again you'll regret it. You'll be questioned later but right now.... take your clothes off.”

Although a humble pirate, Tarik would certainly guess how the beautiful woman standing before him would feel. Suddenly she had been stripped of her power, security and status, forbidden even to talk and now was forced to completely and publicly undress before the enemies she had been trained to hunt and kill. A bulge obviously formed at his loins as she looked down to avoid his eyes whilst her hands moved hesitantly to the zipper of her coverall. She stepped out of it to reveal a small white pair of bra and pants. Her hands crossed over her thrusting breasts as she looked up again at her tormentor, hoping that undressing this far would be sufficient. It would be fairly obvious that her flimsy feminine covering was too small to conceal anything, but the brute seemed unwilling to deprive himself of a rare treat. He may have seen the odd news footage of the glamorous Federation commander being interviewed, and some occasional shots of her sunbathing off duty. Now he would no longer have to use his imagination.

“Get it all off...or do you require assistance?”

The stray lock of her hair flicked across her face as she woodenly shook her head, licking her lips nervously. Then she reached behind her to unclasp her bra, keeping her eyes downcast as she dropped it on the floor before slipping her fingers into the waistband of her tiny thong knickers, bending, and pushing them down her curving, slender limbs with a delicious elastic rustle.

“Undo your hair, let it down,” he ordered when she was quite naked before his appraising eyes.

Shoulders heaving, Liz reluctantly reached up to unpin the several clips still holding most of her hair tidily in place. Automatically she shook her head in a feminine gesture, her long tresses cascading delightfully in a dark waterfall over her creamy smooth white shoulders.

Her captor licked his lips in appreciation. Suddenly this previously neutral impersonal figure, looking so capable, almost harsh, with hair pinned up was transformed into a vision of lush, exquisite,

femininity.

“Give me your watch, you will not need that any more.”

She removed the expensive diamond timepiece Harry had given her last year and handed it to her tormentor, who glanced at it briefly and put it in his pocket.

“Hands on head, legs astride, open your mouth wide; wider than that,” he finally ordered.

Tarik whistled softly at the sight before him. His captive was no longer an officer of a predatory space cruiser but simply a naked helpless woman, and an exquisitely beautiful one at that. Below her shoulders, brushed by the cascade of dark hair, thrust a pair of medium sized breasts tipped with red button-hard nipples jutting forward with her hands on head posture. A flat belly led to shapely thighs tapering to slender legs, whilst behind her curved the rounded cheeks of a firm bottom. Making her stand with her mouth ridiculously wide open, to display perfect small white teeth, was presumably to allow anyone to see at a glance if a prisoner had concealed anything there before the search proper. It also added to the victim's feelings of humiliation and total subservience.

Liz stared dead ahead, bare flesh shivering from unaccustomed nudity in such surroundings, lips quivering as her tormentor slowly walked around her, his boots clacking on the metallic floor. All the while, the woman with him smiled, hatchet-faced as she surveyed the spectacle, smoking an evil-smelling cigar. Liz blushed even more profusely when the pirate glanced at her red-painted toenails, vibrant compared to the grey metal of the floor and his large black boots. Those boots casually kicked aside the delicate tiny exotic underwear, which had until so recently snuggled warmly against her feminine intimacies. A silent sob formed within her as she recalled Harry buying her those delicious wisps of lace; never dreaming them being viewed in such circumstances.

She and Harry had been due an off-duty day and had planned to swim together in the Explorer's large swimming pool with its genuine sand forming a secluded cove, an island of tranquillity in a sea of space. A tear formed at the corner of one of her large brown eyes as she realised just how dramatically events had changed since they made those plans. Harry might not even be alive and she was a helpless captive of the pirate empire. She jumped, startled as she felt the man's hand pat her bottom familiarly. How many times had she shouted at or slapped a stranger who had previously dared to do that; and that was when she was fully clothed.

Tarik smiled as the soft globes twitched and flinched under his hand whilst he lightly stroked the silken flesh of her delightfully smooth bottom, tapping lightly. His hands then moved to hold and weigh the cool orbs of her breasts, the nipples springing to erection like red buttons under his rough, hard thumbs.

“You had a lover on board I'd say. Otherwise you wouldn't have bothered to paint your pretty toes and to dress so sexy. Lucky man,” he announced shrewdly, with a final pat on her rounded cheeks before addressing his female accomplice. “Check her all over, Sergeant Dork,” he crudely emphasised the word.

They must know that Liz had absolutely nothing concealed on her body but, while the man completed the paperwork on her he licked his lips at the sight of his female companion's uncaring hands pulling her this way and that, travelling all over her, prodding, probing.

“You Federation scum killed my husband,” the woman announced briskly. “So I'm going to enjoy this.”

The bulkhead practically shook as Dork slammed Liz against it, making her lean against it on outstretched hands, kicking her shapely legs wide apart and ordering her to stand just on tiptoe. The woman had a cigar planted firmly in her mouth and its fumes made Liz cough. But Liz dared not object. The coarse hands ran expertly under Liz's hair and through the stray strands on the nape of her swan-like neck. Continuing under her armpits, they slid down her sides, making her shiver, and over the pert cheeks of her bottom. Smiling evilly over her shoulder at Tarik, the woman trailed a finger between the firm globes, seeing them clench under her crawling touch before she pushed past the sphincter

muscles into Liz's tiny, secret, passage.

Liz gasped, shuddering as the crude digit filled her. It stretched her so uncomfortably and unnaturally. Then, the other hand moved over the soft down of her dark wiry pubic hair to the ripe womanly lips below, insinuating itself against her. One finger began rubbing in circular motions until her love bud reluctantly grew whilst the other delved into her other warm entrance. She squirmed, dropping onto the soles of her feet until Dork snarled, lips hissing against the soft hair on the nape of her neck, ordering her to strain up again onto tiptoe. When the woman detected the first signs of moisture in the lush warmth of Liz's womanhood, together with the subtle gyration of her hips in unwanted arousal, she immediately withdrew her fingers, laughing crudely.

"She's clean, but the cow was getting to like it," she smirked.

Liz shuddered delicately as she remained leaning against the bulkhead. Her legs quivered with her whole weight resting on tiny painted toes.

"Keep it up slag," the woman snapped, painfully slapping the curves of her white bottom.

Without hurry Tarik continued with the paperwork as Dork bawled out her victim for trying to ease down from her aching toes. When he had finished he strolled over to the splayed figure. Her bottom flinched and contracted as his broad palm slapped to add another red splayed imprint on it.

"You're done. Put on your new uniform and you'll be taken to a reception centre at our headquarters. I'll remind you again, no talking whatsoever."

As Tarik spoke, Dork handed Liz a pair of thin striped pyjamas consisting of baggy trousers with string through the waistband and a loose top held by just a couple of buttons. It was a hideous yellow with white stripes, ridiculous and ill fitting, and with no underwear. Having struggled into the garment and tied the string around her waist, Liz's hands were roughly pulled behind her and fastened with plastic cuffs. A sign with a number 15 on it was hung around her neck. In contrast to her awful new uniform, Liz saw the hag retrieve from the pile on the floor her expensive underwear. The bitch drew them slowly across her face.

"I'll keep these, I think - you'll not be needing them where you are going."

The guard who had brought her had been viewing the entire proceedings with a lascivious grin on his face. Tarik now handed him a folder and he took Liz away, bare feet scrabbling over the cold metal floor.

The flight to the planet was uncomfortable. Liz was with several other crew, all wearing identical attire and numbered. Forbidden to speak, they were strapped into seats facing each other in small cubicles, their wrists still fastened painfully behind them. They smiled reassuringly at one other. Seeking relief in humour Liz realised that she, and the others in the cubicle, looked like scarecrows in their striped jackets.

One young teenage crewman, Kirk, had difficulty in averting his eyes from the front of her ill-fitting jacket, where the two buttons allowed most of her delicious cleavage to spill out. Liz knew that for many of the male crewmembers she was a fantasy figure, featured in many young dreams in various states of undress. The lad, naked himself under the 'uniform,' was obviously visualising her similarly naked and secured just inches in front of him. He would also have guessed that the pirates, who had so thoroughly and humiliatingly searched him, had also ran their hands over her enticing and nearly visible curves.

Cringing in embarrassment his manhood stirred and to his obvious horror suddenly jutted, purple and proud, through the baggy slit of his trousers. All in the cubicle had seen the display, but Liz, diplomatically, averted her eyes, staring at the black canvas covering the ports until his arousal had subsided.

After the bumpy discomfort of their eventual landing, the prisoners were unfastened and led out. To Liz's horror there were reporters with cameras to witness the shame of the crew of the Federation's most powerful ship being led away into captivity. Liz guessed they were from neutral colonies who would transmit their downfall around the civilised worlds for all to witness. Heroes and heroines of the Federation being led away as miserable prisoners of war by a rag-tag band. All would know that their powerful cruiser defeated by tiny pirate vessels. "Good propaganda," thought Liz gloomily as she and the others had to walk slowly past the cameras in their ridiculous outfits, showing their captivity numbers, wrists bound behind them. She kept her eyes lowered in her shame.

She wondered what her many friends back on Earth would make of the sight of her, the bubbly party girl, who normally wore mini-skirts when not in uniform. Suddenly catching sight of Harry, Liz's spirits soared. He was alive. The man she loved was alive! The beauty of her apprehensive and tense features was enhanced tenfold as she smiled. Maybe she could now endure the coming ordeal.

When he caught sight of his lovely Liz, Harry too felt elated. His heart went out to her. Despite being barefoot in her baggy pyjamas she looked so lovely. He saw that she was number 15; he was number 69. Their allocation was obviously random, just part of the de-humanising process. Harry accepted that they were just puppets now in the hands of these brigands, and their only duty was to come through whatever was thrown at them. He gave praise to the makers of the Explorer though - mentally counting, he realised that the vast majority of his crew had survived. He swore that if he and Liz survived this he would at long last ask her to marry him. That day, he realised, was likely a long way off - as was Liz, so near yet so far as she was pushed to stand one side of the room and he was shoved to the other.

A huge barrel-shaped pirate probably in his fifties and sporting a thick black moustache stepped before the captives to address them.

"Right, listen up. It's showers for you imperialist Fed scum," he bellowed. "Numbers 1 to 40 will shake your arses over here in a line. Numbers 41 to 90 will go when you return. Move it you slags. When I give an order you jump. You are not imperialist soldiers any more, just f—king prisoners." He emphasised his point by swishing a cane across the pyjamas-clad legs of a rather large, dusky crew-woman nearest to him.

"Eeeehh," the negress screeched, trying unsuccessfully to move out of his reach as he pushed her stumbling into a line. Her squirming movements loosened her baggy trousers, which dropped to her ankles in a yellow puddle of material.

Harry gritted his teeth in frustration at his inability to help as the huge pirate gave the rather large rounded cheeks of the woman's bare bottom a smack as she endeavoured to crouch down and pull up the garment with her fastened wrists.

"Might as well leave it, fatso, it's all coming off in a minute anyway," the man laughed. "I want you all lined up tit to arse, tight together, no gaps as you head off into the shower room. And the same when you're going through the shower, keep it snappy and keep together. You'll get to know each other real well I reckon," he laughed.

With a helpless look, Harry saw his beloved Liz, squashed into the tight line with Sergeant McDuff, one of their largest and most repugnant crew members, pressed tightly against her softness from behind. Harry could imagine the man's lower regions eagerly thrust against Liz's soft bottom as they shuffled off to the showers. Their enforced silence allowed them to hear clearly into the shower room and Harry gritted his teeth again when he heard the shouts and orders from within.

"Get their cuffs off. Right, all of you, strip, I want you all buck naked except for your numbers, keep 'em on. I want a tight line, tit to arse, tit to arse. I don't wanna see no light between you. Press together, go through in a chain slowly, slowly, keep pressing together."

Approximately a third of the crew were women but such sensibilities didn't mean a thing to this rabble. Removing the baggy pyjamas Liz found it shamefully embarrassing to be nude amongst her crew

like this, but there was simply nothing she could do. The jets of warm soapy water hissed, a roaring tattoo beating onto their bodies. She found herself having to push her slippery, body tight against Lieutenant Rose Pierce in front of her. Rose was in her early twenties and had been newly promoted to head of personnel on Explorer. The firm cheeks of the Lieutenant's small rounded bottom were tight against her pubic bush and her own soft breasts were squashed against the delectable curving spine of the girl.

"Sorry, Lieutenant," she managed to whisper into the girl's blushing ear beneath her fair wavy hair.

Rose gave a shrug of her slim shoulders and an understanding, forgiving, flash of her large green eyes. Liz could see now why Pierce was such a popular girl. She had often wondered about how close the blonde beauty was to the handsome Lieutenant in charge of the ship's Marines. Rose had a pretty, doll-like, face and her figure was as good as her sexy eyes promised. Liz found herself even beginning to enjoy the sight and feel of the girl's soft nudity pressed against her as they moved. Her small breasts with tiny pink nipples glistened deliciously under the water's cascade. She could understand the interest of the Marine officer.

Liz had to consciously get a grip of herself. She wasn't knowingly a lesbian and she was responsible for all of these people in the acute danger they all shared. Perhaps her unnatural feelings were brought on by her complete loss of control? She could do nothing; she was here due to circumstances totally beyond her control.

Then a hard crude sliver of male flesh pushed obscenely against her bottom and she certainly had no difficulty in turning her mind to matters. Temporarily she forgot Rose's soft soapy curves pressed against her hard nipples. She was sickened by the huge presence of Sgt McDuff behind her. Liz had never liked the man and his ways, and he never really seemed to accept her as his senior officer. Now he took full licence as she felt his thickening manhood pushing hard up between the globes of her soapy bottom, the hair from his chest tickling her spine. His large hands brushed her thighs as they shuffled through the showers. Feeling sick, turning round to glare at the bastard she squirmed away from the marauding fingers as best she was able.

After the line had slowly moved through they had to repeat the process, but with plain water to rinse them. A third time through and hot air blasted out to practically dry them. Near the end, each crewmember had to stand hands above their head, slowly turning whilst de-lousing powder was puffed onto them.

Liz looked away as a grinning pirate made Rose turn her inviting body oh so slowly while he lovingly squirted the powder, even taking the liberty of rubbing it into her feminine curves. Then he slapped her bottom to send her scampering off to find her discarded outfit.

Next came her turn and she had to repeat the same humiliating performance before the grinning gap-toothed pirate. As she turned like a ballerina, Liz couldn't help but notice the smirk on McDuff's face, drinking in her body, which the bastard had probably drooled over for months in his dreams - or probably whilst she gave him orders. Liz had to look away as he looked pointedly at the orbs of her thrusting breasts, and then down at his stiff organ swinging before him, pointing towards her. There was no way to escape the familiar hands of the pirate, smoothing the horrible smelling powder onto her pubis, belly and breasts and patting her backside to indicate she could leave and dress.

Many of the prisoners, including herself, used the toilets in the shower block. Although there were no doors, there was a modicum of privacy and Liz hastily squatted whilst McDuff was being de-loused.

Like pale ghosts under the thin coating of powder, the prisoners, hand-cuffed again, were led back to the main hall. Liz, smiling bravely, caught Harry's eye before he and the others in the second batch were taken for their showers.

When Harry and his colleagues had been brought back they sat in silence on the opposite bench. The pirates had caught two crew members talking and the lashing the man and woman received from a crop ensured no-one else disobeyed that order.

Time passed slowly. The captives guessed that it must be evening by the ship's time. They were tired and hungry. It was all part of the wearing-down process, they realised.

Eventually most of the crew drifted awkwardly to sleep and only awoke, disoriented, when two of the pirates passed down the line popping tiny concentrated food and drink tablets into everyone's mouths. It was the mush that deep space crews of small vessels took to sustain them when there were no proper food and drink facilities on board. Although it was unappetising, it was at least nourishing.

A ripple went through the silently waiting prisoners when the huge barrel-chested pirate who had ordered them into the showers stood before them again with another announcement.

"Interrogation time, ladies and gentlemen," he said sarcastically. "You will be questioned individually and your stories will be double checked with each other's. I think you already know that it would be very unwise to lie," he said with a wink and a grin. "First, numbers 1 to 6 will stand to be taken for questioning."

Harry gritted his teeth as four men and two women from his crew were led away. More time passed, more numbers were called out and the prisoners were led away; none were brought back. He knew the time would come, but it still hit him like a mule kicking his stomach when Liz's number 15 was called out. Their eyes briefly met. Then a sun-scorched, Arabic-looking pirate, who was guiding her arm, obscured his view as beautiful Liz, second in command of the mighty Explorer, was led away to her fate.

CHAPTER 2

The Nimbles were a race of dwarfs bred to carry out engineering work in deep space within the confined access of the engine rooms of space cruisers. When the cost of putting a payload into space could be measured in terms of a year's salary per kilogram of weight, it made good economic sense to make use of genetic engineering to create such dwarfs. With the good pay available to them the dwarves were happy, and they ensured that the mighty space engines kept turning. However, with the newer misionpower-driven ships, the dwarves were often no longer required. Originally bred for a purpose which now seldom existed, they were naturally bitter and often penniless, tending to drift towards the dregs of planetary low-life. The natural in-breeding which occurred after society lost interest in it's little space engineers also created more and more unbalanced and deformed dwarf monsters (some unkindly called them Trolls). The little, shrunken and embittered creatures always sent an unconscious shudder through Liz and she avoided them whenever possible.

It was thus that she felt a trickle of sweat down her back when, after leading her silently along endless corridors, the bronzed pirate giant, ushered her into a gloomy, tiled room occupied by a hideous-looking dwarf. The squat, barrel-shaped brute rose, the close-set eyes under a bulbous forehead glinting in the half-light; the characteristically long nimble fingers at the end of his muscled arms flexed in anticipation.

Liz shivered, trying to take a step back as he advanced on her, but the iron grip of the pirate giant who had brought her there only allowed her to shrink back a little.

"Oh, what a pretty one," the dwarf slobbered, a thin blob of spittle escaping his thick lips as he clambered up onto a nearby chair to match her height.

Liz jumped, pushing back against the pirate's body as the horrible bony fingers reached out, turning her contorted face this way and that. The piggy eyes then glanced down at Liz's gaping cleavage and she screamed as a finger jabbed the softness of her left breast.

"Nice," the Nimble slobbered.

"Enough, Mungo."

Liz could have cried with relief as a severe-looking woman strode into the room. She was middle aged, her white coat covering a bulky unflattering figure. Behind her old-fashioned thick pebble glasses, pale unblinking eyes admonished the dwarf with a stare. He shambled away a little. "Release the prisoner's hands," commanded the woman. Liz thankfully rubbed her aching wrists as the pirate removed the cuffs which had confined her for so long. She began to relax a little, her pounding heart slowing as the prospect of being raped by the diminutive fiend seemed to recede.

"Leave us," the woman ordered the pirate giant, watching him as he closed the door behind him. Casually she walked up to Liz, standing before her, intimidating but not threatening – yet.

"You've met Mungo, I see," the woman continued to Liz, her cold eyes travelling slowly up and down the pyjamas just covering her trembling body. "I hope you will not give him cause to get ... angry. Like most Nimbles he can get quite carried away. He is very protective towards me." She smiled, ruffling the thin hair of the squat man. "You and your ship have caused us much trouble here on Magellan, so it's very good to actually have you with us here in the flesh. Talking of which," the woman dismissively pointed, "please take off those ridiculous pyjamas."

Liz quavered, her hand automatically clasping her neck, looking at the small grinning figure by the woman's side.

"Please, not in f-front of a ...may I..."

Slap! Slap!

Liz's plea was interrupted by the surprisingly strong and vicious hand of the woman. Two teeth-rattling slaps left and right made her step back in shock, clasping her stinging cheeks and buzzing

ears. She couldn't recall the last time she had been slapped, at least not that hard. Her muscles tensed to instinctively strike back but she could also see an aggressive alertness about both of her captors and accepted that would be a bad move.

"You insolent slut," spat the woman, "you dare to question my orders? You had better forget, and damn f—king quickly, your previous notions of who you are, your authority and what you should and shouldn't do - and in front of whom. You are simply now a prisoner of this breakaway nation and that nation consists of various oppressed peoples under the thumb of the Federation. However, the Federation isn't here to help you now; you are no longer in your fancy ship. You are here in front of Mungo and myself to be questioned. Those to be questioned are always required to be in the nude, it helps to concentrate the mind. If the body is laid bare then the mind too will follow. You will now strip of your own accord, or Mungo will do it for you."

Liz looked apprehensively at her tormentor but found no warmth in the staring eyes behind the thick antiquated glasses. Surely, as her captor was a woman herself, thought Liz, she would know what she was asking of her - to undress under these circumstances. However, the woman just stared at her, waiting, and so, hesitatingly, Liz unbuttoned her jacket. There was a tense silence in the chamber as Liz stepped out of her covering to let it drop at her feet in a puddle of yellow.

The woman licked her lips, as did Mungo the dwarf. They both so obviously and obscenely appreciated the soft curves of Liz's body, one hand crossed over her rapidly rising and falling chest and the other covering her pubic bush. She remained immobile apart from a delicate shivering as the dwarf and the woman walked behind her.

She felt tempted to move a hand to cover her bare bottom, but that would only have drawn attention to it. Desperately she wanted to be anywhere but in this chamber so vulnerable before the hideous creature and his impassive mistress, especially being naked and under such scrutiny. Only Harry had recently seen her in this state of undress. But quite likely he too was by now standing naked in a similar chamber. If only the ground would open up and swallow her; she felt so sorry for herself. .

"Oh, ooh," Liz yelped and jumped as a rough calloused hand stroked one cheek of her bottom. She shuddered, feeling sick at the impertinent touch.

"She so smooth, like silk, Madam," announced the dwarf.

"What? Oh yes, well," said the woman jerking back from her thoughts. "Let's get started, we have a lot of them to process today. Secure her please, Mungo."

To add to Liz's worries she had seen something like longing in the woman's eyes until the dwarf had interrupted her daydreaming. She was, she realised, standing nude in a dungeon before a possible rapist and a lesbian; entirely at their mercy. She tried to isolate her mind from her body as the Nimble actually touched her bare flesh, manhandling her into the position he required. She had initially pulled back but she knew the strength that such dwarves possessed - and Mungo was no exception. Although he was half her size, she was as helpless as a baby in his hands.

The diminutive creature twisted and cuffed her wrists painfully behind her up between her shoulder blades so she had to stoop awkwardly forward.

"Oooh, lubbly," he giggled as Liz's posture thrust forward her shapely breasts. His large, long fingered hands briefly squeezed her soft swinging orbs, then lightly patted them, giggling as they wobbled under his hands.

It was horrible, degrading; she felt sick, yet she knew resistance was utterly useless.

"Oh stop it, please," begged Liz, but the dwarf just grinned, easily sidestepping a kick she aimed at him before carrying on his task of lovingly binding her.

A hand, with sickeningly familiarity, encircled her supple waist and guided her to a large metallic grill raised from the floor and resting horizontally between two supports. Lightly slapping her bottom he made her get up on it, kneeling, making her spread her legs, which was the thing she least wanted to do. She felt so exposed.

The woman looked on at the ritual of binding, again appearing excited at the shapely feast of pink flesh. Mungo by his small size almost looked like a child, but he was a child having free licence with a lush young woman. That woman shuddered uncontrollably in disgust as his hands shifted over her, tightening cold chains, adjusting, patting the soft skin confined by them.

They all knew that it was all part of the breaking-down process to make the subsequent questioning that much easier.

Liz was naked and helpless, now unable to move anything but her head. Her confined wrists had been fastened to a ceiling pulley, and raised so that she had to kneel erect on the grill, painfully bent forward so that her torso was virtually parallel to it. Her bare breasts, covered in goose-flesh, jutted provocatively out and down as if she were posing. The little fiend patted the curved tightness of her bottom thrust out immodestly by her posture. Her ankles had been fastened about half a metre apart; she longed to protectively squeeze her thighs shut, but that was impossible.

She shuddered in helpless disgust, shivering as his long fingers traced over her silken curving backside. By virtue of being forced to kneel bent forward, her whole weight pressed her knees against the slats of the grill causing her considerable discomfort. Her bent posture also caused little fiery arrows of pain to dart along the screaming, protesting muscles of her cramped back, which she longed to straighten.

Those crude hands then moved to her nipples, pinching and squeezing cruelly. Her most intimate flesh was in the hands of the small sadist. It made Liz gasp in pain, until her buds became unwanted hard red buttons in his large hairy hands.

Licking dry lips her eyes were wide with horror as he fixed a clip-on remote control electrode to each of her buds of desire. They looked like kinky ornate body jewellery, more so with the glinting micro-chip on each clip concealed under a tiny green glass bulb. She was sick with fear, gasping, wincing at the pain from the tiny serrated jaws clamped to her most sensitive flesh. They were so innocent-looking, one could almost believe them to be ornate earrings, swinging from the tip of each breast. They hung so close, just below her moist frightened face, yet she was utterly unable to remove or even touch them.

Finally, the dwarf made Liz open her mouth by taking the soft flesh of her inner thigh in a cruel pincer-like grip.

“Haaaah,” she gasped in awful pain.

Then as her mouth opened to scream at the cruel pinch on her sensitive flesh, a ball gag was unexpectedly thrust into her mouth and strapped in place.

“Hugghhh,” she could only give a muffled grunt.

The horrible rubbery taste and smell of it stretching and filling her nearly made her choke. Yet she had thought they wanted to ask questions. She had her set-answers ready to reel off - just like in training. Liz’s panic levels increased her mind racing. Were they simply going to torture her for the fun of it?

The woman, sitting at a desk just before Liz, noted the surprise in her captive’s eyes.

“You are wondering why the gag. Well, firstly my dear, I give a demonstration of what you can expect if you lie, or fail to tell the whole truth. And frankly, I don't want to be deafened by your screams. Then when I feel you are actually ready to answer correctly without all the bluff and bravado, Mungo removes the gag and off we go.”

At the mention of his name, the dwarf pulled up a small seat next to the desk so that he gazed up into Liz's large imploring eyes. His curious piggy eyes were just inches from hers. The woman handed him a tiny control panel and Liz flinched back the small extent possible by her bindings. She tried to guess the effect on her when the dwarf touched one of the buttons on it. The woman spoke into a recorder.

“Captain Stern of Area Seven of the Magellan Free Trading Empire questioning Commander

Elizabeth Hartley, second in Command of the enemy vessel Explorer. This interview timed as commencing at 10.17 Magellan time, 22 Sep 2202.”

Captain Stern then turned off the machine.

“Now I'm sure you planned to say all sorts of things: demanding your rights, how you should be treated, and then providing just the information they train you to back on Earth.” She smiled at the shocked effect her words had on her captive. “Yes, we know all about that and I want to get all that nonsense out of the way at the start. Then you can just concentrate on answering the questions I ask, and totally truthfully. Remember we shall be cross-checking with your crew and I'm sure they will be sensible with their answers. So first off let's get the unpleasantness out of the way, shall we?”

Stern nodded to Mungo. In horror, Liz saw, as if in slow motion, one of his supple fingers crawl across the panel and depress a button.

“Arghh,” Liz's world exploded into mind-bending and intimate pain. She squealed through her gag as her right nipple seemed to explode into flames. The pain lanced deep into her being and carried on for what seemed hours, but was probably just a few seconds. In futility she tried to jerk away but in the process only succeeded in nearly dislocating her shoulder blades, causing even more pain. She could really only shake her head, eyes screwed tight shut, toes curled until finally the agony subsided. Groaning, her eyes opened again, blinking away the salty sweat. With dread she looked at the calm bespectacled face of her tormentor.

“We mustn't leave the other side out, must we, my dear?”

“Pluh,” Liz tried to plead through the gag but she saw the horrible finger move to the other button and her left nipple also erupted into burning agony.

“Gruuuggggghhhh,” Liz practically snarled through the gag filling her bulging mouth as both her breast and her head became a mass of searing pain. They were torturing her sensitive nubs of flesh, intended for soft lips and fingers.

“Now both together, please, Mungo,” the hateful instructions seemed to drift across to Liz through a sea of red as she tried to concentrate on the agony eating her soul.

It thus continued for several more minutes. The calm voice and face swam before Liz's eyes, asking her over and over if she was quite sure that she was ready to answer truthfully. And was it worthwhile for them to remove the gag for the questioning to begin? Another bout of pain took her and shook her like a dog with a rat as Stern's head again nodded to the grinning Nimble. When the red mist cleared before her eyes Liz felt a warm wetness and heard a dripping sound. She had released her bladder, splashing onto the grill.

Stern looked down and spoke with heavy sarcasm.

“Quite the lady, aren't we, Commander Hartley?”

Liz could only sob behind her gag in her shame and humiliation as the dwarf joined in by clapping like an imbecile at what he had made her do.

By the time the gag was blessedly pulled from her aching jaws all thoughts of evasion and her scant training for such situations had been driven from Liz's mind. The Federation had no right to expect her, a young woman, to have to endure this treatment. Thus she had no compunction about telling her interrogator just what she wanted to know - within reason of course.

Before Stern switched the recorder on again she reminded Liz about the ease with which she could be disciplined if she was not co-operative. The grotesque creature who could make her world explode into agony with one flick of a finger nodded and grinned alongside her.

So it began.

“You are Commander Elizabeth Hartley of the Terrorist Ship Explorer?”

“Y-yes, I am from the Federation cruiser Explorer.”

Stern switched off the recorder and nodded to the dwarf.

Liz tried to open her mouth to protest but the gibbering bastard jabbed a button and red hot pincers

of pain shafted into her sore breasts before she could do so.

“Harghhhhh.”

Stern put her hands over her ears as Liz's screams echoed round the tiled room. When the tortured woman had regained her senses the calm voice was addressing her again.

“You will refer to it as a terrorist ship, because, here, you are to us terrorists. You will also address me as Capt Stern, Madam. Is that quite clear, or do we need another session?”

“No, no, I...I understand,” Liz shook her head emphatically, but another, albeit smaller, tweak of fire lanced across her sore nipples making her jump to set the chains jangling.

“I repeat, Captain Stern Madam, is the correct form of address Commander, and I want you looking me in the eye at all times, no evasion. Right?”

“Yes, sorry, Captain Stern Madam,” panted Liz, ensuring she looked only at the woman who controlled her, controlled her pain. They certainly wanted their pound of flesh, and were getting it.

“Right, we'll go over that first question again, Commander,” Stern announced, resetting the machine.

“You are Commander Elizabeth Hartley, second in command of the terrorist cruiser Explorer?”

“Yes Captain Stern, Madam,” whispered Liz shamefaced, her despairing eyes continually darting to the dwarf's fingers, large and pleading, in the hope that he would not hurt her again.

“You are answering questions of your own free will and not under duress?” Stern gave Liz a meaningful look.

“Yes Captain Stern Madam.”

Stern felt a lovely warm feeling between her thighs, rubbing them together surreptitiously, as she made the beautiful woman before her crawl verbally, conscious of the wide frightened eyes looking constantly into her own. They were moist, the tracks of tears, tears she had caused, running down her finely chiselled face. This one was certainly a beauty, she thought, glancing at the proud breasts jutting down, looking somehow even prettier adorned with their crowning green caps of pain. The subdued lighting of the chamber was just sufficient to see the soft sheen of perspiration on the hollows and contours of Liz's supple body. Before her was the lovely dip of Liz's back and the beauty of the rounded curves of her pert bottom swelling and thrusting out behind with her awkward posture. The Commander's thighs were, she thought, in exactly the right proportion to her legs. At their apex was a neat patch of black hair with a few delicious wisps hanging by the just visible bulge of her ripe vulva.

Her captive could have any man she wanted by clicking her fingers. Stern had seen the background material on the woman. However, Stern had found her own road in that direction a little more rocky. Unmarried, the wrong side of fifty, she found that her main pleasure now was in questioning helpless prisoners such as these. The Explorer's capture had certainly netted her enough raw material to play with. And the fact that this captive was a woman, and such a beautiful one, only enhanced that pleasure. She secretly squeezed her thighs together as she contemplated the gorgeous girl kneeling before her, knowing how much the proud creature was in her hands - and would indeed be before long - literally.

“Come along, dry your tears,” she spoke more softly now and on an impulse went to her trembling captive. The girl's lovely face felt hot and sticky as her hands gently stroked away the hair plastering her cheeks and wiped the trails of dampness from her fine cheeks, making sure she also brushed the full, quivering lips. Then she stepped back.

“How many vessels of this empire has your ship destroyed, Commander?”

“Er, I think...,I think, tw... twelve, Capt Stern Madam,” answered Liz fearfully.

“Do you know how many men were killed in those attacks, Commander?”

“N-no Capt Stern Madam.”

“Do you care?”

“Yes, we-we only wanted to stop the trading not, not to...”

“Stop snivelling, you stupid little girl,” interrupted Stern, “I'll help you. You have recently

murdered well over 600 men from this Empire, Commander. Do you regret that?"

"Yes Capt Stern Madam," her whisper was only just audible.

Indeed Liz did now regret engaging with the pirate empire. At this precise moment she regretted it more than anything. No more gung-ho heroism. She was now faced with the painful reality of capture by a ruthless and sadistic enemy and she regretted anything which prolonged that pain. Her whole interrogation had not gone as she had been led to expect. So far they had not asked her for any technical details of her mission. Instead she was slowly being led mentally across to the Empire's viewpoint - or it would sound that way to anyone hearing her words.

Finally though, with the politics and propaganda out of the way, she was questioned at length about the ship and mission and she was able to give the partially guarded answers they had all been trained to give. A little voice inside her warned that maybe she ought to have told the truth more fully, especially if other crew members did, but she wasn't going to betray all of the secrets of her ship. She had to keep back some dignity, try to score some points.

Then a question to throw her was casually tossed in towards the end of the session.

"Who is your lover on board ship Commander?"

"I, er, n-no-one, Capt Stern Madam, I have no lover."

"Interview with Commander Hartley terminated at 11.15 hours." The woman turned off the machine and addressed her prisoner. "Your eyes tell me you are lying, Hartley, I know you must get it regularly. I've no time to find out now, but I will do so. I'm sure someone will tell me, and then we'll talk again." Stern nodded to Mungo.

Although she guessed, with relief, that he was simply going to release her, Liz still involuntarily flinched back as far as her confinement would allow, as the grotesque dwarf approached her. Grinning again, he wiped a dribble of spittle from his slack mouth on the back of his hand.

She tensed as the long hairy fingers unclipped the awful electrodes from her sore nipples and the blood painfully throbbed back into the sensitive constricted flesh. She moaned as the beast briskly rubbed the circulation back into each pinched bud, closing her eyes in helpless disgust as the hands mauled her precious breast fruit.

Finally, he released her ankles and then her wrists. She groaned in relief as she at last had the luxury of supporting herself on all fours on her aching hands. Her head hung down and was partially obscured by a black curtain of her lush cascading hair. She knew she looked and felt like an animal. Making her wince in pain, Mungo harshly grabbed her arm to lead her from the grill. Left to her own devices she would have gingerly eased herself but he was in a hurry and simply pulled.

"Aaah, please ..." Liz's tortured and cramped muscles were jerked straight with an agonizing twang.

The dwarf looked on with appreciation etched into his ugly face as, without thinking, she pushed her hands into the small of her back, arching it to relieve the ache, but at the same time thrusting her bare breasts right out. His eyes drank in the soft bow-like curve of her body from her shoulders, covered in a mantle of black hair from her thrown back head, to the firm rounded cheeks of her bottom, her breasts jutting in proud relief before her.

"Lubbly boobies," he drooled as Liz hastily covered her nudity with her hands as modestly as she could.

"Now pretty bird have to go in cage," he said, hauling a rope on another pulley.

"Leave the clothes Hartley," Stern's voice quiet but deadly serious as Liz went to retrieve her discarded pyjamas. "You're little better than an animal, and caged animals don't wear clothes do they," her voice was laden with sarcasm. "Mind your pretty head."

Liz looked up startled as a large birdcage swung down and Mungo secured it at waist height unlocked and opened its door.

"I can't ..." she began, looking in disbelief at the tiny space she was expected to squeeze into, but

the dwarf's insistent grip on her arm brooked no refusal.

"In, girl," he prompted with a long arm pointing at the door.

Liz could hardly believe that she could fit into such a small space, but somehow she did manage to clamber in, feeling the Nimble's groping hands on the tight curves of her bare bottom. She was confined in a stooped crouch on the balls of her feet, her back curved down. Her breasts touched her splayed thighs and her head and neck were awkwardly bent. The bars of the cage were too small for her arms or legs to protrude and so she could gain no relief or extra space by dangling them through. Such a cramped confinement was another torture in itself and she knew her back, thighs and neck would soon ache intolerably.

Suddenly she felt herself lifted, swaying into the air as the dwarf pulled a rope and tugged her cage behind him along an overhead track. He pulled her effortlessly down a long corridor, Liz swinging helplessly in her cage until he came to large block of what could only be big lockers. Her torturer went to one 'locker' and opened its heavy door. Then he threw some switches so that her cage was routed onto the pulley track which led to that open door. He pulled again on the rope so that her cage swung along to that locker. It was featureless within, apart from a small air conditioning vent and a grill on the floor and Liz guessed it was just big enough to hold the cage. She began to panic, surely she wasn't going to be shut away, filed away, in there?

The bastard made some more adjustments and Liz's cage effortlessly transferred onto small rails set into the ceiling of the locker before he pushed it into the gloom within. He slowly set the cage spinning around and around on the chain so that her cramped vista alternated between the three walls and Mungo's grinning face framed in the open door. It was a natural instinct for her not to have her back to the monster. So rather than facing the dark blank walls she continually tried to twist her cramped neck to keep the open doorway, with its light, in her view.

"Please..." Liz began, beginning to panic as the walls of the tiny locker engulfed her cramped cage.

"You stay in here until you wanted for questioning again, lady," the dwarf explained. "It's soundproofed so no-one hear you. If you good I feed later and you can piss and crap through cage when you want."

"Wait, please wait ..." she began, but the door shut with a heavy clang to leave her in pitch darkness. Her cage swung gently with her movements as from her hunched position she looked around, but the gloom was impenetrable. Her back was already beginning to ache from its enforced posture and her thighs began trembling. Carefully, she eased herself down onto the soles of her feet to relax the strain on her ankles, but that only increased the curvature of her back. Liz realised she would have to alternate her position when it became intolerable, to share out the burden of pain and strain between her various cramped limbs. She had read about such contraptions in old history books of the 'Dark Ages'. She believed they were called 'Little Ease,' and she was now learning first hand just how they lived up to that name!

"Help, please, is anyone there?" Liz called out at the top of her voice, but only the deadened sound of her own words echoed back to her ears. There was not a whisper, not a sound save the creaking of her suspended cage and the subtle hiss of air being circulated. There was not a glimmer of light. She was to all intents and purposes totally alone and cut off from the world. She began to cry softly.

Commander Elizabeth Hartley, second in command of the most powerful space cruiser in the known worlds, squatted naked, confined in cramped silence and darkness within a tiny cage, awaiting whatever the dwarf and other pirates chose to do to her next!

CHAPTER 3

Mungo was now pulling another cage towards its temporary resting place in the prisoner storage rack - as the pirates called it. Whistling a tuneless song, he was happy with his work. Although good with his hands the dwarf wasn't burdened with a surfeit of intelligence, and it constantly amazed him how the rack of lockers could hold so many individuals.

At times he had seen over two hundred prisoners confined there for various crimes. All were within inches of each other in a total area of only a score or so square metres, and all in isolation and darkness within their tiny cages. They would be suffering and after his uncaring treatment by the Federation, Mungo was very content to return the treatment to the 'big' people. Every Federation ship he had applied to for an engine room job had curtly turned him down, and when he had been tempted to steal, he had languished in a prison for three months. He hated the Federation and all that it stood for. How wonderful, he thought, that he could humiliate and torture any of their personnel unlucky enough to fall into his hands. He would make the pretty commander suffer, he decided.

Mungo knew he was not attractive to look at, hideous might be a better word, and had accepted it. In fact, in this job he found it was a positive advantage. It increased the discomfort of the charges he and his fellow Nimbles had to deal with.

He glanced at the prisoner in the cage he was pulling now. She was tall, blonde, and quite voluptuous, making her folded confinement even more difficult for her to bear. Her paperwork said that she was Lieutenant Helen Swale, a young IT officer on board Explorer. Unfortunately for her, she spoke in a fast-talking, cultured, aristocratic manner. She was the sort of person Mungo knew would normally not even spare him a glance. The naked flesh of her buttocks squashed against the bars made an irresistible target and he cruelly pinched and tweaked it so that the youngster yelped and screeched in pain and rage, but she was quite unable to move away. Then he grabbed a handful of her long blonde hair, pulling sharply.

"You a fat pig," he lied, cruelly poking her large breasts, "but you get thinner in cage." He laughed, banging her cage against an open locker door.

It happened to be the locker next to where Liz was confined and Mungo stopped to rub his hands over the stained and greasy bulge in his trousers at the thought of the commander. He decided to treat himself to another look at the beautiful girl, one of the best in this bunch he thought. Possibly his feelings were due to her being such a senior officer and yet now ... under his power. She had been in her cage for two hours, although he knew to her it would seem much longer. He decided to give her some food, relishing such control over his charges, and activated the miniature cctv surveillance camera hidden in her cage.

He saw the girl's eyes had darted upwards at a faint sound. It would have been the first sound she had heard besides her own shouting since being shut up in this claustrophobic darkness. It probably seemed like hours ago to her. Her back and neck would by now ache intolerably, her cramped muscles burning, her thighs twitched in their folded confinement. When the light flooded in, she blinked furiously to adjust her eyes and saw Mungo's hideous face haloed in the open door. There was no space to shrink back even if she had wanted to, but would she really want to? Hideous though he was, he could bring her out from crushing cramped solitude into the world of sound and light again if he chose. He could sense the silent plea in her anguished face.

The dwarf decided instead to slowly rotate his prisoner's cage so he could view again her beauty from every angle. He halted the movement with her back to him, and try as she might, he saw that Liz couldn't quite turn her head around. Mungo licked his lips at the sight of the bare curving spine beyond the bars, each segment of it in clear relief until it disappeared towards the graceful swell of her shapely hindquarters. He trailed a long finger between the bars to prod a cheek of her bottom, delighting in the

way she jumped slightly; then the finger moved slowly into the cool cleft between.

“No! Please.”

He loved the way she winced and gasped as he pushed into the enticing resistance of the rubber ring of her dark passage.

“You got nice bum,” he announced, finally withdrawing and spinning her around again to face him. “Take food, drink,” he said thrusting two tiny tasteless capsules of space rations through the bars.

He grinned as the Commander shuddered in disgust as she accepted the tablets from the fingers that had just been delving deep within her rectum but she was realistic enough not to refuse sustenance. He saw her desperately bite back tears as the door began to swing shut again. But before it did he saw from the startled pity on her face that she had heard and seen the fellow member of the Explorer being ‘stored away’ for future use.

Mungo recalled from the blonde’s interrogation report that Helen Swale was Explorer's youngest officer and a highly intelligent one at that. Now like Liz she was also doubled up in agony like an animal within the tiny confines of her cage. Mungo pulled her into a locker alongside her commander. He saw Liz’s momentary look of pity at how the girl's large breasts were squashed, even more cruelly than her own, against her thighs. The two women somehow managed to smile and call out briefly.

Angrily the Nimble banged his hand on the bars of each cage and poked each woman with his long fingers, making them screech in pain.

“No talk, prisoners no talk to each other.”

Liz's iron door shut with a loud and frightful clang. Once more, she was totally alone in the dark without a sound penetrating her awful little prison.

Time passed so slowly in her isolation. The muscles of her calves and thighs were knots of fire screaming for release as she squatted. The cage was too small at its base to allow her to sit. Eventually came the humiliation of her being forced to empty her bladder and bowels in the unnatural environment. It did not come easily. It was shameful and degrading, but also necessary. She felt unclean, just like an animal in the old zoos on Earth which she had read about.

There was no other interruption of her lonely silent confinement. Her white-knuckled hands gripped the closely set bars of the cage in her pain. If only she could have squeezed her legs and arms through them to give her more space, but it was impossible. The soft hum of the air conditioning was her only companion.

CHAPTER 4

The door of the locker crashing open startled Liz from her musings. Her large eyes looked hopefully at Mungo's hideous features as he proceeded to pull out her swinging cage.

"More questions for you," was his only comment as he began tugging her along the corridor.

Liz decided that whatever was now in store for her couldn't be much worse than the pain from her tortured muscles in this endless stooping cramp. As the cage bounced on its chain, Liz had another view of the banks of lockers. They looked so practical, so innocent. The casual observer would have no idea of the misery which those soundproofed doors concealed; little individual boxes of muscle-burning agony.

As the cage rotated again Liz saw two other cages being pulled along, each by a dwarf. Their small mentors pointed at their mouths and waved their fists at their confined charges to emphasise that they were to remain silent whilst their jailors chatted. One cage contained the young crewman Kirk and the other Sergeant Cathy Flanders.

In contrast to nearby Helen, Cathy was the oldest female crew-member. However, despite being in her early forties, and her face being contorted in pain, her long dark hair framed a pretty face and fell to a still beautiful, trim, body. She had two teenage children and an Earthbound husband; her first love to whom she was apparently totally faithful. They would no doubt never have imagined her in captivity like this.

Their thighs were necessarily splayed wide exposing their most intimate secrets to each other, and Liz tried to avert her eyes from Kirk's large manhood. Initially hanging down, it now slowly stirred, no doubt influenced by the close proximity of two delectable, naked women. However, their treatment over the last few hours had removed any thoughts of modesty as they silently smiled encouragement at each other.

Liz briefly wondered about Harry's fate; was he being questioned by Captain Stern? Her dead, fish-like eyes would be consuming his fine body. Or perhaps he was crouched in a tiny cage within a locker? Maybe he had been next to hers? A twinge of muscle cramp forced Liz to squeeze her eyes shut and by the time she had regained her senses Mungo was pulling her cage along again.

Her destination was a similar chamber to before, but it appeared to be empty.

"Please, I am too stiff. I cannot..." began Liz as he unlocked her cage door.

"Ooohh, urghh." She cried out as, totally oblivious to her locked muscles, the stocky brute simply scooped her compressed nudity and pulled her out by her arms so that with twanging muscles she was instantly and painfully straightened. Oblivious to anything but the immediate need to at last uncoil to full length again, Liz hardly noticed Mungo's lopsided grin. He watched, licking his lips, whilst her lithe body stretched up on tiptoe. She gave thanks that at least she and the other crewmembers were sufficiently physically fit and supple to withstand such treatment without permanent harm.

With a hard and undignified slap across the delectable rounded softness of her bottom Liz was once again manhandled by the dwarf. He even grabbed her nose in a painful pincer-like grip to lead her like a naughty child to the position he required. Tears of pain and humiliation sprang to her eyes. She knew that resistance was both useless and painful and she thus allowed him to chain her wrists to a pulley above her head and her ankles wide apart to ringbolts set in the floor. He then pulled her wrists up on the pulley until she was standing, legs astride painfully on tiptoe. Her ribcage was taut, her breasts pointing at her tormentor.

Liz looked on apprehensively as the dwarf positioned a contraption between her legs consisting of two vertical metal poles with one suspended between them. Adjusting the poles he ensured the horizontal rod was high enough to brush uncomfortably against her delicate woman's lips. She could just avoid contact with it by straining to the very tips of her toes, but as soon as she relaxed her

quivering legs, the rod nestled uncomfortably into the softness of her sex again.

Methodically, her small tormentor pulled up a high stool, set it beside her and climbed on it so that his drooling face was level with her strained twitching features. She saw that he held a pair of black-out goggles but her attention was soon directed to her breasts when the brute suddenly, eagerly, reached out and tweaked each red bud in his long fingers and twisted painfully.

“Arghh, please,” she sobbed as the intimate white-hot pain engulfed her.

“Lubbly tits,” Mungo sighed as he pushed and mauled in his hairy hands the smooth, beautifully shaped orbs jutting towards him. He giggled as he pushed his thumbs hard against her nipples, squashing them into the yielding flesh as if he was trying to introvert them. She gasped, quite unable to flinch back more than a few inches, but then a noise from outside concentrated Mungo's mind again. Quickly, he left her breasts and slipped the goggles over her eyes rendering her quite blind. Liz heard the stool being moved away and then a different male voice in the room.

Sightless, naked and bound, totally helpless, Liz trembled in fear not knowing what the man might do to her.

“Ah, Commander Hartley I see, even if you cannot see me. I am Lieutenant Zuke, but you will call me 'Sir'. I am sorry to subject you to more discomfort, but I'm afraid some of the answers you gave Captain Stern didn't quite tally with those of your crew and I shall need to delve a little further.”

Zuke smiled at the sight of the beautiful naked woman, straining up on her toes, legs immodestly wide, her head questing blindly in the direction of his voice but still looking sensuous under her large black goggles. Her beauty was in stark contrast to the squat ugliness of the little mutant who stood by her flank and who, he could tell by the red marks on her smooth breasts, had just given her a mauling.

The lieutenant turned at a sound behind him and smiled as a dwarf brought in another cage on a pulley. It contained the naked and gagged figure of Harry Clarke, the Captain of the Explorer, who started in helpless fury at the unmistakable sight of his beautiful second-in-command. Zuke glanced again at the interrogation reports on his desk from Explorer crewman Sgt McDuff and one or two others indicating that the Captain and Commander knew each other rather well!

Harry's confinement was even more restrictive by virtue of his wrists being strapped behind him so that he was unable to remove his gag. This also meant of course that he could not pull on the bars to ease his position. Instead, his weight rested either on his head or his back. It was obvious from the expression on the captain's white face that he would dearly love to have wrenched the door off his cage and strangled their little tormentors - and the smirking Lieutenant. Instead he could only watch in tormented silence.

Zuke turned again to Liz.

“As I say, we need to go over some of your previous answers Commander Hartley. If there is any hesitation on your part or attempts to mislead us, the rod between your pretty legs will be instantly heated. It cools just as rapidly when I switch it off but of course if you are reticent it may remain hot, burning your most private parts for some time. Additionally, your friend Mungo has quite a thin cane, which he will apply to your rather splendid backside. Firstly the customary demonstration.”

“Please...no. oh, oh, aaaargggghh!” A horrible burning pain had ignited between her legs, scorching the soft lips of her sex. It was worse that she couldn't see what was happening, only feel the pain. Liz's cries gradually increased in intensity as Zuke's hands moved on the switch and the rod became even hotter. It was enough to make her want to put even more strain on her aching toes to keep her soft lips and sensitive flesh away from it. Even then, at absolutely full stretch, she could feel the unpleasant heat curling her hairs. “Pleeeeeease,” she wailed, her body a taut line of pain as she tottered, stretching further upright to try and minimize the heat at the apex of her thighs.

Harry's restrained hands were fists of helpless fury as he saw Liz straining to the very tip of her toes, muscles knotted in her thighs, her body tense as a bow-string. He bit down harder on the

gag as Zuke, descended from Afro/Arabian stock on Earth, casually strolled over to Liz, trailing his

fingertips lightly over her straining thighs. The unexpected contact outside of her blindfold made her jump. The swine then turned briefly to give Harry a broad, man-to-man wink, before patting Liz's magnificent, twitching and clenching bottom. He then removed his hand and nodded at the waiting dwarf.

Whhaaack.

“Haaargghh, ow, arghh.”

Liz gasped as the cane lashed across both cheeks of her bottom to leave a line of burning agony. The pain was enhanced when she squirmed down. The soft petals of her womanhood again came into full painful contact with the hot pole, sending her arching back again onto her toes.

Harry's straining body slumped a little when Zuke turned off the switch and Liz was able to sink back very slightly onto the balls of her feet, the rod just a warm glow lying against her love lips.

“Hmm, nice upholstery,” Zuke smirked with another wink at Harry as he stroked the rounded contours of Liz's pert bottom, a finger traced over the thin hot line left by the cane. The hand from the darkness outside of her goggles made her flinch again. “If you are a good girl Commander, your bottom will still be just as soft and silky when we have done.”

“Look. ... please Lieutenant,” Liz gasped, panting as she tried to absorb the pain and indignity, “I've answered your questions. I've nothing else to... aaarggghh,” her rebellion ended in an arched-back screech as, simultaneously, the pole became hot between her legs and the cane lashed down across her buttocks to create another line of throbbing pain.

Zuke switched off the pole after around thirty seconds so that his victim collapsed down, subsiding as far as she was able, gasping for breath, her chin resting on her bosoms.

“Two errors Commander,” Zuke continued matter-of-factly as if nothing had happened; as if he hadn't just been responsible for inflicting agony on a his helpless captive. “You spoke out of turn, and you neglected to call me Sir. Do you want to repeat it, or shall we go over the questions again?”

“No, no S-sir, I'll answer the questions,” Liz's words tumbled over each other in desperation.

She just wanted this to be over. They could keep plugging away forever until she cracked and told them everything anyway. In addition, the other crewmembers must have already given in and told the pirates whatever they asked. There was no choice, she would have to fall in line; she could no longer afford to hold back, to be out of step with the others. She just wanted to get away from this horror, curl up and awake from the nightmare of pain.

“Now, Hartley, you previously gave the maximum speed of Explorer as five mega-pecs, but this conflicts with other statements. Tell me again, what is its maximum?”

“Eight megas...sir,” Liz responded to this anonymous voice from the darkness with a long sigh.

“Good, that tallies. Now when will the next ship of this class be built on Earth?”

“Er, I, I think another two years sir.”

“Hmm, better than your previous answer of no more being built, but just think a little harder Commander.”

“Aaaaaaaargghhhh,” Liz gasped out, arching forward as the heat burst out between her legs again.

“OK, ok, it, it m-might be a y-year sir.” What did it matter she thought, they obviously had the correct version from others.

“Good, that's better Commander. I hope you appreciate that with only a little persuasion the Captain was most forthcoming.”

Liz had sufficient faith in Harry to not believe that he would easily crack, but he was only flesh and blood. In any case, between them, most of the crewmembers knew collectively as much as he did. The mention of Harry's name brought a tear to her eyes under the goggles and she sobbed. Was he safe? Would she see him again?

Harry, just a few metres away with fists balled in impotent fury, saw Zuke croon over the sobbing Liz. His hands were around her shaking shoulders, stroking. He lifted her chin, kissing her lips,

murmuring softly as if he cared.

The questions continued and Liz's answers flowed as did her tears. Then, as with Stern, the personal questions arose. Obviously, Liz guessed, the crew had not held back in that area either.

"How long have you been the lover of Captain Clarke?"

"I-I, er, we. About two years sir," replied Liz softly, resignedly.

"Do you love him?"

"Yes Sir."

Harry's face was a picture of impotent love as he gazed at his sweetheart.

"How often do you f--k?"

"Please, why?"

"Do you want more of the hot rod," Zuke sneered. "As I say, the Captain has been very forthcoming; boasting you might even say, like men naturally do. So think carefully before answering Commander. How often?"

"It, it's not that often...Sir, we are in space for long periods. Perhaps... perhaps every landfall we...we do it a few times."

"Think Commander, and be honest," Zuke insisted, seemingly wanting to squeeze the last drop of humiliation from his prisoner, and in front of her lover. "On average, how many times?"

"About twice a month sir," it was a whisper.

"Good. Now what is the maximum number of times in one night and what is your favourite position?"

Liz just wanted the floor to swallow her up, wanted this voice from the darkness outside of her goggles to stop, but she knew that luxury didn't exist.

"I ... I think four times one, one night Sir," Liz stopped to catch her breath. Her mouth was dry from her previous screaming and she was swamped with fond memories contrasting so vividly with her current hell. "I... I like it... st-standing face to face Sir."

The lieutenant continued to extract a few more intimate secrets from Liz, smirking silently every so often to a purple-faced Harry. Then he strolled over to her and with another wink at the hapless captain, he moved the rod from between her thighs and placed his hand over her pubic bush.

"Is he as big as this?" he asked casually, sliding a finger between Liz's splayed thighs.

She gasped, quite unable to flinch away as she felt two long, strong fingers rub gently over her sex lips.

"There, I'll make them feel better for you," he spoke softly in her ear.

Liz parted her lips, gasping, as the experienced fingers found her clitoris and gently enlarged it with a circular motion of desire. Her small pink tongue briefly flickered out and around her lips as the fingers slid up into her, the thumb flicking her now engorged bud. A mouth also closed over one of her breasts, sucking her now erect nipple. Teeth began gently nipping on her teat.

"Oooohhh, hmmm." Now matter how much she hated his touch, despised it, it was so much better than the previous torture. Maybe it was that contrast but it felt sooo good. She was ashamed of herself but she was a helpless captive to those fingers.

Zuke disengaged from the swollen cone, crudely adjusting his manhood, which was a stiff flagpole under his trousers as he regarded the beautiful naked woman whose hips were gently undulating under his moving fingers. Her body was unconsciously trying to absorb more of him into her enticing, silken, moist softness. Her mouth was open, slack, head thrown back and tendons taut in her neck, toes curled to the extent that supporting her weight allowed her.

"I think I'll let you come commander, you've had a pretty rough ride."

"Yes, pl... oh, yeah, yes, yes ..." Liz began to gasp urgently.

Zuke turned to give Harry another grin as his fingers worked on the panting girl, her hips now jerking up and down, gyrating around the fingers that were currently the centre of her universe. Her

shapely nates clenched, opened and contracted under his ministrations.

“Yeah, I bet it’s better than anything you ever got from him isn’t it? Or shall I stop?”

“No, oh, oooh please no, don’t stop. Yes, yes it’s better, yeeess.”

Liz didn’t know or care what she was saying at that time, although she might reflect later. Right then, she just knew she didn’t want those fingers to stop. She needed them; needed the release they were giving her after the tension of her ordeal. She needed the exquisite electric desire that throbbed into her.

Finally, with mouth wide open and head thrown back, long hair cascading down her slender back, Liz gasped to her jerking, shuddering climax. Zuke’s dark brown fingers were deep within her liquid womanhood. All in the room could hear the squishing sound as he worked within her.

Her internal muscles gripped him, holding him, before gently relaxing with a shudder. She knew that if her legs had been free, her thighs would have clamped around those long digits of his.

Eventually, as she slumped slightly as far as her bonds would allow, her mouth slack, the lieutenant slowly withdrew his glistening fingers from her heat. Smirking evilly, and turning to Harry’s cage, he held the fingers under his nose, then walked over to the Captain.

“Hmm,” he commented softly so only Harry could hear, actually pushing his fingers through the bars under Harry’s nose.

“Well, well,” he remarked when he noticed the partially erect manhood of the squatting man swinging between his thighs, “you enjoyed it too?”

Indeed, although Harry would have done anything to prevent the brute from handling Liz, he was only a man and could not deny an element of lust in seeing his beautiful naked lover in the throes of her orgasm. He jerked back the few inches his confinement would allow but was unable to prevent the lieutenant’s warm sticky fingers from reaching through the bars and holding his stiff penis. The hands slid up and down, rubbing in Liz’s love juices. Harry couldn’t prevent his erection growing. In fact the memories the sights and smell of Liz induced were almost sufficient to make him climax. It took much teeth-clenching willpower to prevent himself ejaculating under the bastard’s fingers.

That knowledge only increased Harry’s impotent anger. His fists tightly secured behind his back were balls of fury. Uselessly he tugged and strained at his straps but they wouldn’t budge. If willpower alone had been sufficient he would have wrenched his cage apart, strangled the lieutenant and the two hideous dwarves, and released his love, taking her trembling nudity in his arms. He would have told her that it was all right, also that he had said absolutely nothing about their affair during his interrogation.

Yet Harry’s thoughts and desires counted for nothing. He was, he knew, simply a prisoner as helpless as was Liz. With a grin and another wink, the lieutenant painfully slapped his swinging penis and turned his attention back to Liz.

“Back to your cage now you little beauty. You randy little tart, I bet you’re passed round the whole ship often enough.” He laughed into Harry’s strained face before the dwarf pulled his cage out of the room again.

The lieutenant nodded for Mungo to take care of Liz whilst he too left the room. She would never know the unseen man who had so used her.

Liz felt ashamed of her performance under the fingers of the unknown interrogator. She had said horrible things and all before the hideous Nimble. When the dwarf had restored her sight by pulling off the goggles, she was left blinking in the unaccustomed light as Mungo winked at her, shamefully patting her bottom.

“You hot eh,” he giggled, transferring one hand to the warmth of her spread thighs.

“Noooo, please,” she gasped shuddering under the Nimble’s fingers as he removed her bonds. And she was thus almost thankful to be squeezed back into her tiny cage.

They passed another cage of human misery presumably on its way to questioning, Liz was unable to meet the eyes of the nude occupant, Ensign Kate Crisp. The pretty dark-haired girl looked up from

her hunched position but Liz looked quickly away, a tear in her eye. Illogically she felt that by giving way to the lieutenant she had somehow betrayed both herself and the crew who counted on her. Possibly though, she wondered if her feelings might have more to do with the afterglow of an orgasm. Normally such an act would be enjoyed between sheets rather than squatting in a tiny fetid cage being pulled by an ugly dwarf, especially when she had no idea who the man was that had taken her to those limits.

Was it also, she mused miserably, that she hadn't really wanted the fingers to stop? Liz pondered what she had become. The all-embracing darkness and solitude of the locker, after the door had banged shut on her cage, allowed her to sob freely in her shame.

CHAPTER 5

Time passed, Liz didn't know how long. She drifted into sleep, woken at intervals by stabbing lines of red fire shooting along her protesting, cramped muscles. When the discomfort became unbearable she changed position as much as the cruel bars allowed and then drifted off to sleep again. She frequently wondered what was happening to the others, especially Harry, and what would become of them all.

The sound of the lock being turned startled her into awareness as the door opened to once again allow her to rejoin the world outside her contorted isolation. She was almost pleased to see the obnoxious dwarf. He pulled her cage out of the locker without comment and towed it behind him the short distance to the room where she had first been questioned.

Capt Stern was seated at a desk and she remained occupied in some papers whilst Mungo unlocked the cage door and pulled Liz's aching body from its trap.

"Aaaghhhh," she gasped as she slowly unbent from the cruel confinement which she had thought would never end. Her back and thighs ached terribly.

To her surprise, after she had carefully straightened her limbs, she was not bound again but was taken by the diminutive creep by the hand, like Tarzan's chimp leading Jane, to stand before Stern's desk.

"Hands on head please Commander," Stern ordered without looking up, relying on the dwarf to ensure her orders were complied with. "And I want you remaining silent and still, you little whore – none of your tricks here even though your tits are sticking right at me." Liz flinched and blushed at the words knowing that her performance under the fingers of the lieutenant would now be common knowledge amongst the pirates. She felt so ashamed of herself but knew there was nothing she could say in mitigation no matter how automatic and instinctive her body's reaction had been as an alternative to pain.

Minutes ticked away whilst she stood before Stern's desk as directed, feeling very out of place and anxious without her clothes. Only the deep resonant ticking of a clock broke the silence, that and the rustle of papers as the woman flicked through them. The older woman was seemingly oblivious to the beautiful naked girl standing obediently before her.

Liz remained staring ahead but always conscious of the dwarf prowling about behind her, looking at her. Her enforced posture showed her body to its best advantage, yet she didn't want that under these degrading circumstances. How she longed to lower her hands, cover her body from the avid gaze of the dwarf - but wisely she didn't. Somehow she tried to think of nice things, to forget that she was so exposed and helpless before these fiends. She could see the dwarf from the corner of her bleak eyes.

Mungo was once again openly drinking in the delicious succulence of her body, his hand straying to the pocket of his trousers. The swollen hardness there was plain to see.

Liz could have no way of knowing, but she maybe guessed, that Mungo and the other pirates were normally allowed to 'use' the females when they had been drained of useful information. She certainly wouldn't have known that this dwarf had particularly asked to be assigned to her in view of her exceptional beauty. So she would be treated to the sight of Mungo fetching her to and from the lockers and being present at her interrogations; in reality she would be his plaything.

She was a powerful space ship commander from planet Earth, an intelligent woman in charge of a large crew. Here though, she was simply a beautiful naked woman who would eventually have to do the bidding of the grinning creep. He wiped a sliver of spittle from his mouth as he drank in the elegant beauty.

Finally the silence and the vivid and so contrasting thoughts of Liz and her small tormentor was interrupted by Stern.

"Well, Hartley, I am afraid you have caused us much trouble," the Captain fixed her captive with an

icy stare over her glasses. "Firstly in destroying so many of our ships and crew, for which you as a senior officer must take responsibility, and secondly for being evasive and rather economical with the truth during your questioning."

Stern held up her hand and resumed her tirade as Liz opened her mouth to try to interject. "Silence ... or Mungo will punish you. I am not interested in excuses or any of this crap about you being merely soldiers and our planets being at war. You have roamed around these regions, delighting in trying to subdue us from the safety of your ship using your fancy computers, weapons and technology. But now at last you are here before us without your ship and it is time for you and your fellow officers to pay the price; to atone for your actions."

Stern then lifted a casket from the floor at her feet. Feeling as if she had been kicked in the stomach, Liz saw it contained all of her personal items from her cabin on Explorer.

"Interesting personal effects," her tormentor pronounced, extracting some objects onto her desk.

Liz felt the knife twisting in her gut as she saw her treasured possessions in the pirate's hands. Each brought back its own fond memories but was coldly examined and peered at in these hideous circumstances.

There were her books, which she still preferred to stories downloaded onto digital players. She loved them and would cuddle up and retreat into alone in her cabin at night to avidly read them. Now they were screwed up on Stern's desk. Those and many other of her personal possessions had been given to her in tender circumstances, contrasting so vividly with the present reality. The 3D vid discs, her personal player, photos, holos, intimate clothing, all were carelessly thrown across the desk.

"What a little slut you are," Stern held up a sexy black thong. "Well you won't need that trash any more," she carelessly threw the tiny garment to the eager dwarf for him to caress with utter perversion.

Liz was utterly humiliated; no woman should ever have to meekly endure such insults and shame. She felt that she had been doubly stripped bare and now turned inside out, like her memories. Elegant and sexy dresses, underwear she had expected only Harry would see, were held up for ridicule before being ritually screwed up into balls and thrown into a corner - as was her life now.

"Hmm, for a tramp you've expensive taste in perfume Commander," Stern announced spraying some behind her ears. "Shame to let these go to waste," she put the tiny phials in her handbag.

The beautiful scent contrasted so vividly with the permeating stench of fear engrained in the walls. She remembered that particular scent, remembered dabbing it behind her ears before Harry came to her hotel room and swept her into his strong arms. Liz blinked back tears, licking dry lips as the bitch picked up one of her delicate black thongs between thumb and forefinger before sweeping it and the remaining articles back into the casket and standing up. Her life had been swept away, taken from her - but she was wrong if she felt she had yet hit rock-bottom.

"This was an interesting one we found hidden in the Captain's Cabin," she sneered, extracting a hologram.

Liz felt sick, disgusted, as Stern and Mungo gloated over the nude picture of her, which Harry had taken some time ago. In it she struck a revealing pose, pouting her charms below the invitation in her wide brown eyes. It was only intended for his eyes and its exposure before these hideous creeps made her feel sick. She began to weep, hands covering her red face.

"Keep your hands on your head," Stern reprimanded as Mungo pulled her back into position. "And spread your legs wider - you're obviously used to it. "Wider, you stupid slut," barged Stern as Liz so reluctantly awkwardly parted her thighs, aware of her delicate hair-fringed sex lips on full view. Now the Captain licked her lips as her eyes roamed over the exquisite beauty before her. "No tears; too late for that you little tart; anyway you've got quite a nice body."

She reached out a thin hand and making Liz flinch as she stroked her fingertips over the soft warmth of one of her breasts, the nipple firming up under her thumb. She gently weighed the orb in her hand, lifting and examining it. Her other hand stroked Liz's neck, smiling at the girl's sickened

expression as her fingertips trailed down the spine to stroke and linger on the satin cheeks of her bottom.

“Very nice little arse. In fact, yes, you are a very pretty woman Commander. I was discussing you with Harry when he was standing here before me just as you are now. I was surprised that his ... er manhood was enough to keep you satisfied,” she lied blatantly, smiling as Liz’s face grew ever more crimson. “I’m sure you can do better than that between your shapely legs. Maybe we shall meet again after you have been punished.”

Liz was relieved as the hands left her, but worried by the nature of the conversation.

“Punished? What- what are you going to do with us?”

Whack!

“Ow,” Liz cried out as Mungo’s hand slapped across her bottom leaving a red swathe of pain in its wake. Such was the hardness and strength of his hand that the brief slap felt to her as if the hand remained pressed against the tender throbbing cheeks for several seconds.

“You do not speak without permission, Hartley,” scolded Stern, “but I will in any case explain on the way to your first trial. Firstly you may dress.”

Automatically, Liz glanced towards her personal clothing from Explorer, but Stern laughed.

“No, you left such choices behind when you attacked us. You can wear this,” she decided, throwing Liz a bright red cat-suit. “Hurry girl, put it on - or go naked, it is irrelevant to me.”

Cringing before the dwarf and the cold-eyed woman, and mustering as much dignity as she could, Liz squeezed with difficulty into the tight, two-piece garment. Made of thin latex rubber which clung to every contour like a second skin, it was designed to titillate. Even the outline of her nipples, strangely aroused by the rubber’s caress, clearly protruded. The cheeks of her buttocks moved with almost visible definition when Stern had Liz walk up and down a couple of times. Her body flowed gracefully under the material whilst Mungo clapped like an imbecile. It was an outrageous garment she would never have dared to wear at home. To all intents she had been transformed into a tart.

Then, the dwarf cuffed her wrists together behind her back rendering her helpless again.

“Open mouth,” the Nimble demanded, and Liz had the discomfort of a ball-gag jammed in her mouth, bulging her cheeks, but the tiny transparent strap made its presence nearly invisible.

“There, all ready now,” Stern said like a parent having readied a child to go out. She fastened a small collar and thin silver chain around Liz’s slim neck and then lightly patted her bottom with utter familiarity. “Come along then, I’ll explain about your endurance tests of contrition on the way.” The elder woman tugged the sensual figure of Commander Liz Hartley along by the lead. They left the room, Stern’s footsteps clacking on the metallic floors of corridors whilst Liz’s bare feet padded softly along behind.

“You see,” explained Stern like a teacher to a backward child, “we have from you and the others all we want, but we have to take popular opinion into account.”

Stern stopped walking for a moment and pulled Liz into a little recess in the corridor. The bound girl was unable to flinch back as Stern pulled Liz’s softness against her. The breasts and belly beneath the thin latex material crushed against Stern’s rough uniform. Stern’s hands stroked over Liz’s shoulders and down her spine whilst she continued.

“We are both intelligent women,” she sighed, “and you must realise that although we are both professionals, spacers, the people of this planet require to see their aggressors punished. Unfortunately for you they need to see justice done. We are perhaps not as barbaric as the reputation we like to project. We are just a people who want independence from the Federation. However, the ordinary people here, the people who support us, have suffered because of your ship and it is necessary that they see the perpetrators suffering themselves. There is nothing personal in this, in fact you are a gorgeous creature,” she laughed, squeezing the firm ripe fruit of Liz’s bottom, making the lush beauty squirm uncomfortably as she pressed herself unnaturally against her.

“You realise I hope that we have to make an example of some of you, especially the officers, for the benefit of the people. All of your interrogations have naturally been filmed and extracts will be broadcast. However, you will also go through endurance tests, as will some of the others, which will again be filmed for the benefit of the people. The only person who will be spared, for the moment, is your Captain. We have to have some regard for his rank, but that is where you come in,” she peered intently at Liz, stroking her long hair and over her shoulders.

“Plggghh, gggrggh,” Liz grunted through her gag, her eyes imploring Stern to remove it – which she eventually did.

“Th-thanks,” Liz worked her dry mouth. “Please, please yes spare Harry,” she emphasised trying as much as anything to distract the exploring hands from her body. “Taking it out on someone of his rank would only be counterproductive; it would be betterhah,” Liz gasped as the woman’s hand cracked sharply across her cheek. And when as her mouth opened the gag was roughly pushed back in.

“Shut it Hartley, you don’t get it do you,” her tormentor’s hand now closed around her slim throat. “You no longer make suggestions or have any say in things, in fact you no longer talk unless I tell you to,” she squeezed lightly to leave Liz choking. “It’s already decided; you as the next most senior officer, will be undertaking the endurance tests on the Captain’s behalf. However, if you refuse to undergo them properly, or you fail to complete them, then not only will you of course suffer but so will your crew and Captain. Please then be very clear about this Commander. Not only your life but those of your Captain and crew will depend on your obedience. If you fail to comply there will be regular, and filmed, executions until you change your mind, with the blame being clearly attributed to yourself. So, my pretty, the fate of so many depends on you,” Stern smiled, gently patting Liz’s soft cheeks, only slightly distended around the gag.

“Many of you may come through all of this and then, when public opinion has been satisfied, we might be able to bargain and to exchange you for something ... worthwhile - although you I would like to keep,” she sighed.

Suddenly, Stern grasped Liz’s face and kissed her forehead. Sighing, her hand splayed across the firm bottom, urgently crushing their bodies together, her captive’s softness wriggling against her. Collecting herself with an obvious effort, Stern broke away.

“Hmm you’re delicious, but we had better go now before they send out a search party.” She adjusted the collar of her uniform, patted her hair into place and, with a sharp jerk, continued to lead her beautiful captive along on her leash.

They passed some large cells containing several members of the Explorer’s crew. In marked contrast to the others Liz had seen, they were dressed in space coveralls, appearing to have been well treated. She caught the eye of Sgt McDuff who, with a sickly grin ambled over to the bars, licking his lips and openly drinking in her curves as he scratched his huge belly.

“These crew members were more co-operative than the others,” explained Stern, “and so they are receiving better treatment.”

“Good morning Commander,” he said mockingly, his eyes slowly moving down to encompass her splendid body, and then back to Liz’s angry eyes above the gag, “I hope you are enjoying yourself,” he smirked.

“She has not been as co-operative as we had hoped and she does have a certain responsibility for Explorer’s activities in the area, McDuff,” Stern replied for Liz, “so her stay will not be as comfortable as yours I’m afraid.”

“Oh I am sorry,” McDuff responded, “but she does look, er, rather nice in fact,” he scratched a hand lazily over a bulge in the crotch of his trousers. “Give me a few hours alone with her and I could make her more cooperative,” he sneered.

“I think you’ve had a sufficient eyeful of your Commander, McDuff,” rebuked Stern sarcastically, “she must be getting on her way.”

Thankfully, Liz felt a tug on her leash and she was led out, her beautiful eyes glaring at McDuff who wolf-whistled as she tottered from his sight. She wondered what she could have done to make the creep hate her so much. But she was filled with an awful premonition that one day the bastard might get to fulfil his perverted ambitions towards her.

CHAPTER 6

Liz found herself pushed into a narrow, cylindrical cell about five metres in height. It had smooth metal walls, unbroken apart from a largish grill set about two metres up. Capt Stern took off her prisoner's collar and leash, replacing it with a plastic collar studded with buttons which she carefully adjusted.

"Two hours should do it," Stern muttered to herself, thumbing buttons on the collar. She leant against a wall, regarding Liz who was still gagged and with wrists fastened behind her back.

"The collar will heat up in two hours until it melts into your neck, Commander. That is how long you have to complete the obstacle course and find me. It will beep with increasing frequency as your time limit approaches." The Captain smiled at the expression of horror which flitted across Liz's face. "No that wouldn't be very nice would it," she lightly patted Liz's bottom as if she was a concerned mother emphasising a point. "It can only be de-activated by my code and I shall be somewhere at the end of this first course - assuming you complete it. Naturally, I will unfasten your wrists and remove the gag but I don't think we'll bother with clothing. A person, naked, just using their courage and wits, faces far more of a challenge I think."

Stern indicated with a twirl of her fingers that Liz should turn around, and with relief she felt the cuffs removed from her wrists.

"Now take the pretty suit off my precious, I want you naked as nature intended."

Her hands going to the zip, Liz felt strangely awkward stripping in the tiny confinement in close proximity to the woman. She hated the woman who was subjecting her to so much humiliation. Struggling, she finally managed to place the rubber garment in Stern's waiting arms. Her hands automatically covered her bare breasts and sex from the cold eyes.

"You're a big girl now - as I can well see. I'm sure you can unfasten the gag yourself." She smiled, "I'll leave now, I expect you'll want to start the course as soon as you can. You have one hour and fifty nine minutes left." She slipped out, locking the door behind her as Liz struggled to get the feeling back into her hands and unbuckle the strap of the gag from behind her head.

She looked around her prison wondering what was expected of her but the cell was featureless apart from the grill. Suddenly the lights dimmed to a faint eerie glow and Liz heard a horrible gurgling from the below the floor and the sound of running water. She could only just make out her bare feet on the floor in the dim red light but then her heart sank as cold water began spurting in from a panel at floor level.

Liz gasped in shock as the icy water bubbled around her, she lifted one bare foot at a time but the remorseless tide swirled up to her knees with no sign of abating. Desperately looking around in the dim light she saw the only possible means of escape was a conduit high in the wall protected by a grill. She jumped up to grip its lip, her feet thankfully clear of the numbing water.

Pulling herself up she stared into the dark foreboding entrance to the conduit beyond the grill. It was the last place in the world one would want to enter - but then she felt the lick of the water tickling her flailing ankles as she held onto the edge. Looking down, the dim red light reflected dully back on the frothy, steadily rising, water and she realised she would have to try and get into that tunnel, or drown where she was.

Resting her weight on one elbow Liz hooked her fingers in the tough plastic of the grill and pulled; it moved a little, giving her hope but not sanctuary. She realised she would have to use her full weight and the strength of two hands. Carefully bringing up her knees so they rested on the vertical wall just below the conduit entrance she hooked her fingers into the grill and, arching her back and pushing with her knees she tugged.

The grill moved; it creaked, but it held. Whilst drawing a shuddering breath, resting for a moment,

the grill cut agonizingly into her fingers, but she clung on bravely. The rising water, blood red in the reflection from the dim light, was not far below the taut curve of her bottom. She knew she just had to pull that grill out.

In addition to the creaking of the grill was the creaking of her muscles and sinews as she strained, arching back, teeth clenched, eyes closed. She began jerking on it, clambering on it like a monkey, pulling with her entire weight. With a wrenching crash, the grill burst free from its fixings to send Liz and the broken grill tumbled backwards into the icy swirling water.

Initially panicking as she was totally submerged, she then felt the metal floor beneath her feet and managed to stand. The water swirled just below her goose-pimpled breasts. With a desperate lunge, the suction of the water trying to pull her down, she just managed to jump, again grasping the conduit. She strained up on quivering, cold muscles to haul herself slowly into the threatening darkness of the tunnel. She was like a large pink fish being pulled over the side of an old-fashioned fishing vessel. Finally, she flopped, gasping and shivering on her belly in the darkness of the conduit tunnel, her bare shoulders touching the cold rounded walls.

For a few moments she lay collecting her thoughts and her breath. Without thinking she had hooked the strap of her gag over her arm and that, and the torn grill section, was with her in the tunnel. She began to discard them but then stopped, being naked, any object she had with her might be of some use for whatever lay ahead. Then, to her horror, she felt the icy trickle of water cascading along the tunnel in which she lay, between her legs and under her heaving belly. She realised that she would have to move fast to escape it. It wouldn't take long to drown in her metal coffin.

Slithering along like a snake, she tried to shut her mind from whatever horrors might lay ahead in the pitch darkness. The water now nearly covered her hanging breasts. Inching forward it remorselessly pursued her. In the claustrophobic tunnel there was just the sound of her rasping breath, her slithering movements and the rushing water. Now only able to keep her chin above water, she was beginning to panic in the confining darkness.

As it reached her mouth, Liz had to incline her head upwards to gulp in each breath. But that was but a brief respite soon her eyes, nose and then whole face were submerged. Liz was a fighter but as the bubbles echoed in her pounding ears and her lungs burned for oxygen she gave up. Stern had won, and this was to be Liz Hartley's ignominious end, drowned in a dark tunnel like a rat in a flooding sewer. As she lay in her watery tomb using her last breath to say goodbye to Harry a surge of water carried her forward slightly and her extended hands found an upward bend of the tunnel. Sobbing with thanks she reacted instantly to twist and pull herself round the upward bend and stand once again, albeit retching and with icy water licking her shins.

Shivering, she looked up into the dark void of the tunnel stretching up above her. There was no indication of what might be up there, but, with the water continuing to rise, now up to her knees, there was no doubt she would have to climb up into it. Warily bracing her shoulders against the metal walls to support her weight she inched her body upwards into the gloom, spreading her thighs to press against the walls to hold her. Time after time she repeated the exhausting process; reach upwards, expand, slither, wedge, flick her wet hair from her eyes then reach up again. At last well clear of the churning water she braced her shoulders, allowing herself a few minutes to recover her breath and push the ever-present panic back deeper into her mind to prevent it overwhelming her. Yet she knew she couldn't relax. As her breathing subsided a little, she could hear the unpleasant gurgling of the water still rising in the darkness of the tunnel below her. Gritting her teeth she knew she must continue; she must somehow survive.

Eventually, on one upward thrust of her arms, Liz felt a horizontal tunnel leading off the vertical one. Giving silent thanks she hauled her shaking body into it, being careful not to make a mistake and go sliding back down into the dark void and the ever-waiting icy tomb below her.

She allowed herself the luxury of lying on her belly trying to collect her breath for a few minutes

but she was conscious of the collar about her neck and the need to struggle on. Desperately she wanted to get the frightening encumbrance from her neck, get through this and obtain release hopefully for Harry and the crew too if she was successful. But her heart pounded in terror at what might lie ahead of her. That hammering in her ears was the only sound in the world for her. Naked, alone in the dark and frightened, it would be so easy to give way to panic but she somehow forced herself onwards.

CHAPTER 7

Harry was relieved to be released from the cramped confinement of his cage. However, he was uncomfortable at still only being allowed to wear the ridiculous pyjamas, especially when taken into a rather more plush looking room than that in which he had been interrogated by the vicious bitch Capt Stern.

It was high-ceilinged and spacious, and Harry was grateful to be allowed to ease himself into a luxurious chair. He was further surprised when one of the dwarves served him a cup of coffee with biscuits. Then a far door opened and a tall slim middle-aged man entered. He was elegantly dressed in the fashionable Regency style of a purple suit with flowing cuffs and collars. Harry felt even more out of place, dirty and ill at ease in his loose, smelly pyjamas. The man smiled, causing the pencil-thin moustache under his thin sharp nose to curve upwards exposing gleaming white teeth. It wasn't a friendly gesture.

"Welcome, Captain. I am Commissioner Valdez, Chief Executive of the Magellan Empire. I apologise for the nature of your confinement but I am afraid that the Federation is not popular on Magellan."

"I protest most strongly, my crew and I have been treated despicably and I demand humane treatment for them in accordance with the space charter for prisoners of war." Harry felt at last that there was some light at the end of the tunnel, but Valdez interrupted as he was about to continue.

"Not quite so fast Captain. Things can be made better, a lot better, for you and your crew, but we first wish you to disable the self-destruct mechanisms on Explorer which we have been told all about by some members of your crew. Then we can use the ship ourselves, maybe even use it to return your crew as passengers."

Harry cursed inwardly that someone had blabbed about the destruct mechanisms but he supposed it was inevitable, and the pirates weren't fools.

"That is impossible, you cannot expect me to hand over a fully fledged fighting ship to...", but Valdez interrupted.

"Think carefully Captain before you finally decide. Take time to think about it in fact. You see, there is a certain Commander Hartley...yes, I can see by your expression and tightening

knuckles on your cup that you are fond of her. We were told that you and she...well ... you know... Indeed I appreciate your taste, I have seen the film records of her interrogation, she is very attractive without clothes isn't she? And what about that holo in your cabin? Well, as we speak I am afraid that your Liz is undergoing a nightmare."

"Now look here. What have you done...?" Harry leapt to his feet, but the dwarf pushed him back into his seat.

"Pray let me continue Captain, for her sake. You see, as you sit here drinking, in luxury, take a look upwards at those large ducts running below the ceiling." Smiling, he pointed upwards as Harry's eyes followed suit.

"They look quite innocuous from here don't they?" he continued. "However, on the inside of them is a nightmare world. You see, your Liz is at this moment, crawling naked through those ducts, in total darkness, encountering all sorts of frightening obstacles and things which could kill her, not least freezing water."

"You..." But the dwarf's threatening gesture with a gun made Harry fall silent again.

"Don't interrupt Captain, just listen. Imagine her crawling in the dark, naked, reaching out with shaking hands, wondering what she will encounter next but told that she must keep going and reach the end or a pretty little necklace she is wearing will burn her head off. So she goes on her own little obstacle course."

As Harry made to stand again, white faced, Valdez interrupted him by switching on a vid.

"In case you are wondering, Liz isn't the only one suffering, I'll find a record, at random, of another of your crew-members."

The wall-sized screen flickered into life to show a pretty woman, who Harry recognised her as a Sergeant, Cathy Flanders, with a strong, forceful personality. She stood stiffly naked, hands on head, before a smiling, muscular teenage youth, his long dark hair in a ponytail. Casually the youth reached out to fondle one of her generous breasts. Harry was amazed when she didn't react adversely. The youth's fingers trailed lazily up the valley between her breasts, up over the pulse of her throat, flicking her hair to gently circle and suggestively probe past her parted lips. When the hand returned to her bosom, the woman's white teeth bit her lip but she didn't otherwise react.

"When I did that before your interrogation you told me to stop and f—k off if I recall correctly?" the youth enquired.

"Yes Sir," Cathy's response was a whisper - the control she had to exercise was obvious.

"Now what do you say girl?"

"Thank you, p-please fuck me Sir," she parted with each word as reluctantly as one would a week's pay.

When he had removed his clothes, the youth's manhood was in proportion to his powerful body.

"On your back, legs spread," he ordered, "here comes another ride to heaven. You enjoyed the last one. Just relax, unless you want to go back in the cage."

Valdez faded out the picture as the slender woman, dark eyes flashing fear and controlled anger, parted her limbs to reveal her velvet secrets below a dark bush.

"My men take their job of eradicating any resistance very seriously," Valdez explained smoothly, "you'll remember Zuke with Liz no doubt," he snickered crudely. "Now, think about it for a week or two Captain," he continued seemingly without a care in the world. "In fact I don't want an answer before then I want you to think, and think again, and imagine what is happening to Liz, and the others. We have other little things in mind for her, including maybe relaxing in a labour camp along with the rest of the crew. I'm sure she will enjoy it all. After she has experienced these novelties, whilst we examine the ship at our leisure, I will ask you again about de-commissioning the self-destruct. We may well have discovered how to disarm it, but I gather the odds are maybe against it. You may refuse, you are a big brave man I'm sure but please spare a thought about what will then happen to Liz, and your other crew members – permanently."

CHAPTER 8

Liz had been sliding along the tunnel on her shivering breasts and belly for several minutes, making fairly good progress but reluctant to surge ahead in the pitch darkness without first blindly reaching out with her hands before each slither forward. Then her questing ears detected the first sounds of shuffling and squeaking somewhere ahead. Her pace slowed down, her heart in her belly.

The sounds grew louder as she now inched ahead until, eventually she could see tiny red pinpoints waving in the darkness ahead. She stopped dead, her knuckle pressed into her mouth, her belly quaking in fear. Whatever they were in the darkness, they didn't seem to be coming for her. So taking a deep shuddering breath, Liz eased forward until her hands felt a thin mesh with the red pins and squealing noises on the other side of it.

She pulled back slightly in panic. A dim yellow light showed her a pit set into the tunnel, fenced off with a grill. A similar grill the other side of the pit showed her where the tunnel resumed. The gap was too big for her to jump, to proceed she would have to get through the wire and crawl. But running round in the pit were rats, big brown ones. She estimated there to be a total of around twenty creatures in the pit. Although they wouldn't kill her, the thought of crawling through them whilst they scurried over her, feeling their sharp teeth whilst she blindly struggled through the pit, nearly made Liz physically sick. Commander Liz Hartley, second in command of the powerful Explorer, lay naked and crying on her belly before her squeaking foe.

Harshly, Liz told herself to think. She had too much spirit to simply lie there awaiting death like a cowed animal. Then she remembered the gag and grill she was dragging along with her and a frantic idea came to mind. Within a couple of minutes she had fashioned a kind of fly swatter.

Pulling at the wire mesh, the tiny teeth trying to bite her fingers, she managed to prise up a small section. Immediately the creatures surged towards it but she quickly pushed her improvised swatter through the gap, closing and holding down the mesh.

It must have been five sickening minutes of steady slashing and lashing of each horror which tried to get at her through the tiny hole in the grill before the last of the starved creatures was stilled. After catching her breath for a few more minutes and steeling herself again, Liz finally wrenched up the grill. Sweeping aside the litter of tiny bodies with the swat, Liz crawled through the pit without looking too closely at the things her bare knees encountered. As she struggled with the mesh on the far side she heard a scuffle behind her and felt a furry body on her thigh. Screaming, she lashed out, kicking the stunned rat away and struggling even harder until she was able to wrench the grill free and crawl once again into the relative safety of the dark tunnel.

Panting, feeling sick, Liz stopped when she lay full length on her belly in the tunnel but then, with a metallic rustle, that final persistent rat squeezed through the flap after her and she felt its snout sniffing along her thighs. She had stupidly discarded her bloodied swatter on the pile of bodies she had left behind her and she could only strike out blindly with her fist until the thing stopped moving and she kicked it away back into the pit with her foot.

There was a sound in her ears and she suddenly realised she was sobbing in revulsion. That experience was truly awful and she had faced it naked and alone with only improvised weapons. Yet, she pondered with a shudder, what would it have been like to try and cross that pit with nothing and the creatures still alive? She was nearly sick at the thought.

Regaining control as she knew she must, the 'pin-up' Federation Commander managed to still her weeping before crawling off again into the darkness.

Suddenly her questing arms felt a gap ahead of her and she thanked the stars above for her foresight in not blindly surging ahead without caution. Her groping hands identified a sharp turn in the tunnel so that it plunged straight down. She couldn't feel the bottom with outstretched questing arms

and awkwardly scrambled up to sit on the lip dangling her feet into the darkness. She could hear water lapping below her and, when she lowered herself slightly so that just the tip of her buttocks remained on the edge she felt the cold water with her feet.

Liz knew she had no choice and slowly inched down bracing herself, gasping at the shock of the cold water passing her knees and thighs. It finally lapped at her armpits by the time her feet touched bottom. Having previously escaped the water and endured the rats, she could have cried in wretched exasperation. Things weren't getting any easier for her.

Shivering, she explored under the water with her feet. There appeared to be another L-bend in the tunnel - so that it proceeded horizontally again, but now under water. Maybe they wanted her to die here. Did they want to prevent her getting out? More likely, she tried to think logically, positively, the water was a barrier for the rats. Shivering, she could imagine a hapless prisoner driven mad by the bites of the pursuing creatures and diving into the water to escape. And that, she realised was just what she would have to do.

Teeth chattering, she hated the thought of having to crawl into the cold, black, watery tunnel, but time was gradually ticking away. There was absolutely no choice. Taking a deep breath she ducked under water to feel round with her feet and arms but she felt nothing. It was obvious that the tunnel continued underwater for some way. She would have to turn around and plunge head-first into it rather than feet-first.

Gasping with effort, she hauled herself back up onto the lip of the tunnel and turned round. Taking a deep shuddering breath she relaxed her shoulders to plunge headfirst under the cold inky water. She nearly lost her nerve when her shoulders momentarily stuck on the sharp underwater bend but then she was round it and frantically pulling and squeezing herself along under the water. Panic began to gnaw at the edges of her consciousness as the tunnel seemed to stretch on endlessly. Her lungs felt that they would soon burst and red dots began to appear before her eyes.

She tired, about to give up, convinced that she would be trapped naked and alone in the water-filled subterranean tunnel when finally her desperate clawing hands felt an upward L-bend in the tunnel. She twisted round it with the last of her energy until she could straighten from a squat to thrust her head once again into the life giving air.

The dark-haired beauty stood stomach deep in icy water, trembling with cold and reaction, rivulets of water coursing from her shivering body. Gasping for breath she tried to collect her wits and her breath after the ordeal. It was several minutes before she could again think clearly. And then her imagination transformed the band around her neck into a searing band of molten metal. Galvanising her protesting muscles into action again she wedged herself upwards to haul herself, once again, into a dry horizontal tunnel.

After edging along it Liz realised, thankfully, that the tunnel was becoming warmer. She speeded up, crawling as fast as she could, breasts swinging wildly, wondering how much time she had before the collar activated. Warm air was blasting out of vents all around her; it was a welcome contrast to the cold water behind her. Now the metal floor became almost hot to touch and her shivering had given way to lungs rasping, gulping burning. She slumped for a moment, her body shining with sweat. Hadn't they done enough to her? Determined that they wouldn't beat her, she bit her lips and crawled on. Frantically she used her knees and elbows to minimise her contact with the hot metal, trying to protect her breasts and thighs. But she was roasting, sweat stinging her eyes as she crawled as fast as possible through the darkness.

Thankfully her progress was made easier as the tunnel became wider and sloped down slightly. Without warning, she must have passed over a hidden pivot because the entire length of pipe in which she was crawling tilted down. It was now too wide for her to brace herself and, screaming, she slid headfirst down the inclined tube, like a helter-skelter, to crash headfirst onto a pile of sacks in a heap of pink sprawling limbs.

She thought that it was over; at least she was out of those terrible tunnels. But the sight of the other occupant of the room in which she had landed doused her initial relief.

One of her crew, Ensign Kate Crisp sat naked in a chair. Her wrists were strapped to its arms, her neck to the back and her ankles splayed to each front chair leg. She couldn't talk because her teeth were clenched tightly around a large phallic shape attached to pulley set on the floor before her. Springs came from the pulley to wrap themselves around her breasts. They cruelly encircled each tormented orb so tightly that they thrust out rigidly from her body. Another phallic object, far from static, was positioned on a vibrator below a hole in the chair rigorously pumping in and out of the girl's pouting womanhood. The effect was obvious on poor Kate. With her face deep red, her body shone with perspiration, her hips moving slightly with the continual thrusting.

Immediately Liz rushed to Kate, unable to just leave her like that; the girl was her responsibility. This was despite the collar's beeping reminding her of the short time left, and a sign around Kate's neck: 'Prisoner Undergoing Punishment - Do not Touch.'

The tormented young girl opened her aroused eyes at the sound of Liz. They immediately opened wider in panic as the Commander reached for the phallus in her mouth. The girl's eyes darted urgently between the phallus in her mouth and pulley holding it – she was desperately trying to give her a message as she shook her head.

Gently Liz eased the phallus from Kate's clenched teeth, holding it tight, keeping the tension on the spring. After briefly stretching her aching jaws the Ensign, breathless from the pounding activity between her thighs whispered.

"Please don't let it go Commander, it's on a spring and, ahhh, and they...they say if released it'll cut off my boobs."

The wire already encircled Kate's mounds of tortured flesh too tightly for Liz to ease them off without a cutter. In addition, the time limit must be nearly up on her collar. Liz wondered how long the other phallus had been pumping below; she wiped the sheen from the girl's brow. It was a cruel torment, if she relaxed and opened her mouth the effect on her tortured breasts would be indescribable.

"Commander," Kate whispered, licking her lips. "I-I must tell you. I heard from one of the crew that they are going to make the Captain disable the Explorer's self-destruct. As you know, it will otherwise activate if they try to use the ship or its weapons. They figure they can make him and the others who know the disarm codes use them."

"What!" hissed Liz, trying to think.

Harry, herself and four other crew members knew the codes. After face-scans had confirmed their identity any three of them had to simultaneously punch in their own secret numbers to deactivate the self-destruct before the ship could be powered up. However, Liz knew a way of overriding the codes. If the three code-holders halved their codes the system would show it had been apparently disarmed but in reality, the destruction would only be delayed - until anyone tried to use the ship's weapons.

She and Harry were the only ones to know of that ruse, a recent and secret modification. Liz knew that she needed to get the message across to all other code-holders who might be asked to de-activate. That was Harry, herself, Rose Pierce, Ensign Kate, Sergeant Cathy and another ensign – Joanne. Swiftly she whispered the alternative codes to Kate and asked her to pass them on to any of the others she came into contact with.

Liz felt a pang of guilt. She so wanted to help Kate but the rapid beeping of her collar reminded her with gut-wrenching dread of her own plight. She could do nothing for the girl. After explaining, Kate nodded in understanding, opening her mouth to again take the jaw-aching tension of the horrible phallus between her clenched teeth.

The only other object in the room was the familiar red cat-suit with a note instructing her to don it and leave the room.

Thus attired, Liz, with a pained smile at Kate, slipped into corridor. Her relief at surviving the

horrid tubes, and the need to get that life-saving code made her momentarily forget the shameful clothing she had to wear. In reality it provided no more covering than another layer of skin - tight and inviting. Padding softly along the tiled floor corridor she reached a dead-end. Fists balling in desperation, she fled in the opposite direction, breasts bouncing.

With a shriek, she rounded a corner to cannon into the horrible fat pirate, who had first called them for interrogation.

"Please, where is Capt Stern?" Liz pleaded, with the fat slob, conscious that the collar would probably soon activate, aware of his eyes devouring her enticing figure.

"What's your name girly?" He ignored her question.

"Commander Hartley. Please, where's Captain Stern? I need to see her straight away."

The brute's slit eyes roamed over her trembling body as he licked fleshy lips. She shrunk back against the opposite wall.

"If you want the Captain you'll have to come here and kiss me first me beauty, and ask nicely."

Liz clasped her hands together in supplication. Swallowing hard she padded forward so the tips of her bosoms almost touched the barrel gut or her tormentor.

"Come on darlin', squeeze your sweet self up against me, kiss me nicely and I might help you."

Liz knew she had little choice, and even less time. Cringing in revulsion she gently pressed her softness against the horrible smelly slob. Suddenly his huge arms were around her, a great paw, sliding down her back. It splayed to painfully squeeze the cheeks of her bottom pushing her succulence into the hardness of his crotch. His other hand squeezed and mauled her sickeningly. She gasped as a finger pushed inside the rubber leggings, gripping her bottom and sliding into the cleft between. It made her squirm in revulsion but she dared not object. The sounds coming from the collar were becoming ever more rapid. .

Tentatively she pressed her lips against those of slob - they felt like two slugs.

"No, no," he bellowed, pushing her away. Liz's eyes widened in surprise at the rejection. "I want proper respect and take that silly little play-suit off. Then I can feel you up properly. Come on, you beauty what are you waiting for? If you want to see the Captain you must undress and show you want me."

Nearly retching with loathing, she un-peeled the rubber to stand trembling nude before her gross tormentor. His dirty, thick fingers beckoned.

"Mmm, very nice. Come here, little girl; push hard up against me legs and mouth wide. Show me you're a willing girl and I'll tell you. That beeping sounds like a capture collar will explode before long."

Knowing there were no alternatives, Liz obeyed. His obnoxious hands roamed over her satin skin, delving, probing, squeezing, making her shudder as her mouth opened to his coarse tongue. The wet hardness against her belly told her of the pleasure that her uncontrollable wriggles of disgust were giving him as fingers delved over her ripe sex lips and within her orifices. They filled and revoltingly stretched her secret passage. He broke off from her kiss to suck and chew the reluctant nipples hard as buttons; all the while he had her writhe against him. She knew she had to give in to him if she was to get the collar off.

Finally, with a revolting belch he eased her away regarding her shivering body as he weighed her heaving breasts in his sweaty hands.

"Good upholstery, and nice and juicy - all ready for the Captain - if you ask nicely. Say, 'pretty please - Sir', " he cruelly tantalised his victim.

"P-please, pretty please Sir," she practically begged feeling sick.

"Right, little one, come with me," he patted her bottom as he encircled her waist and led her several doors up the corridor. He knocked and pushed Liz inside.

Stumbling to halt on a rich carpet, clutching her clothing against her flushed body, she was so thankful to see Stern. The Captain was lying on a richly upholstered settee, a glass of wine in her hand.

However, to her shock and disgust the older woman wore only a dressing gown. A quiver of dread made Liz tremble.

"So you made it at last," the woman's calm words paid no recognition to the frightful terrors Liz had endured.

"Yes, the collar - please," she begged.

"Well ... the cameras monitoring your progress indicated that that you ignored the sign and talked with Ensign Crisp. That is a punishable offence."

"I'm - I'm sorry Captain, she's my responsibility and she was suffering ... Oh please take the collar off, I've done as you asked."

Liz hated to beg but such was the reaction to her ordeal and her terror of the horrible time bomb around her neck.

"Well, I think I must cane you first, and then we'll see," said Stern calmly. "Incidentally, you've forgotten the respectful form of address. But as I'm off duty you may simply call me 'Mistress'. Ask, correctly, to be punished and then we'll attend to the other matter - assuming there is still time to remove it before it activates."

Liz could have screamed with helpless frustration. Her hands went to her collar in an instinctive gesture but there was no way she could budge it. Her imagination went into overdrive; was its temperature increasing? The beeps were nearly continuous now. Would she actually get any warning or would her death be instant? Stern was looking quizzically and Liz knew she had to do exactly as this monster ordered. She took a deep shuddering breath to control her frantic emotions.

"M-mistress, please Mistress punish me now," Liz asked, her shaking hands clasped in pleading.

"Very well Commander, I will punish you. Drop that silly cat-suit. I want you by the settee with one foot on its arm, your hands on your head. I'm giving you four on each inner thigh."

Liz's stomach quaked in dread but she couldn't protest without wasting time. The cane was her route to getting that collar off. Quickly she scurried to obey - stretching the tendons of her thigh, then clasping her hands to her neck feeling very exposed.

Maddeningly slowly, Stern strolled over, taking careful aim with a slim cane, tapping once, twice. Then she whipped it up onto the soft silky flesh under Liz's thigh midway between her knee and the curve of her bottom.

"Aaaargghh." Throwing her head back, eyes screwed shut, her breath hissed through her clenched teeth. The pain was excruciating as it leapt across her sensitive flesh. She very nearly wrenched her foot from the settee. Only a supreme effort of will kept it vulnerably in place, her fingers locked more firmly on her head, as she blinked back the tears of pain.

The willpower she needed to maintain that vulnerable pose increased in equal intensity to the pain as the cane marched steadily closer and then bit into the most sensitive flesh of all: the crease under her bottom where her delicate love petals were. The pain was awful, burning into her sex.

"Very good, Commander, other leg please, and stop sniffing woman."

Stern felt intoxicated with power as she forced the beautiful frightened girl to change her exposed position. She viewed with pleasure the delights of the mauve slash of the captive's sex under her raised thigh, the deliciously pert bottom. She was a real catch. The delicately heart-shaped face was somehow enhanced by the tears trickling down it. Her long dark hair flowed down her curved back, the dip in her spine led to the enticing swell of her perfect bottom. Her posture, knuckles white with tension, thrust forward her breasts and erect red nipples. She looked so deliciously vulnerable with lips quivering in fear.

Deliberately taking her time, knowing the girl's desperation for the collar to be removed, Stern bent to closely examine the well proportioned inner thigh which had already received her attentions. Four red lines of torment crossed the velvet flesh of that inner limb and she licked her lips seeing how the final ridge actually crossed the most intimate lips covered in fine, soft hair. Liz gasped anew as Stern ran a

finger down one of the lines she had raised. She wondered whether the girl would have detected the slight tremor as her hand passed across her love lips, a finger-tip curling into the warm heat of the bud beyond.

Stern savoured the warm liquidity of her victim before getting a grip of herself and applying four more thin lines of fire rapidly under Liz's other thigh. Oh how wonderful it was to make the succulent beauty jerk like a puppet in her dance of pain. Power and control were wonderful things, she thought, especially when she had such a lovely in her net. Beauty and brains for her to crush and enjoy.

"There, that wasn't so bad was it?" she whispered to the tearful girl, kissing her full, trembling lips; she was exquisite.

"Please, Mistress, the c-collar," Liz begged.

"Oh, one final thing," whispered Stern gently, ignoring her concern, instead savouring the look of horror in the girl's wide eyes as she parted her gown to reveal a pair of shrunken breasts. "I am going to take you, as a man would, with this dildo." She produced a huge black rubber phallus. "I am going to fuck the arse off you, but I'll first extend the time delay on your little toy." She deftly touched buttons below her victim's chin so that Liz shuddered with obvious relief when the collar was silenced.

"Have you had sex with another woman before?" Stern asked perfectly reasonably.

"No Mistress," was the shamed reply.

"Good, I enjoy taking a new girl for the first time - I'll instruct you in what to do. But don't forget, you haven't got forever until the collar re-activates. Undress me and fit the dildo please."

In desperation, Liz removed her hands from her head. In an act which would have been unthinkable a few days ago, she slid off the woman's gown. Her mentor wore only a large pair of thick white pants. Ignoring her sickened feelings, she slid them down the legs to reveal a bush smelling of talc. Liz felt the woman's fingers on her shoulders, moving to cup her breasts. Following Stern's directions she strapped the nine inches of large black dildo around her tormentor's skinny waist.

The cow's breath quickened as Liz positioned herself on the bed, legs akimbo and hips arched. The wonderful flower-like offering of her sex, a rosy slash defined by a quilted covering of down, pouted between her splayed thighs. She gasped, tensing as a stiff finger probed both of her delightful orifices making them involuntarily contract and grip before her tormentor climbed so unnaturally upon her lush body. She had never been with another woman and never wanted to; this was horrible, obscene.

Liz felt nauseous as she reluctantly moved in rhythm with the woman lying on her. She thrust her hips with tune with those pounding between her splayed thighs, drawing the large dildo ever deeper into her. Obediently, she clasped the back of her ravisher, holding the older woman just as she would Harry. The thought squeezed bitter tears from her tightly closed eyes.

The crone's breath smelt of cloves as it engulfed her when the cold thin lips pressed against hers, the tongue foraging into her mouth. Then, two spindly hands thrust under each cheek of her bottom, pulling and impaling her ever deeper onto the wicked dildo. It pumped in and out like a piston.

A frenzy of action signalled that her hateful 'lover' was reaching her climax. The woman thrust and panted between her legs, instructing Liz to grip her thrusting buttocks. The dildo was obviously also rubbing against the user's clitoris. Suddenly, the woman went tense and still, every sinew straining, mouth gaping before she collapsed with a shuddering sigh on Liz's sticky body.

Now, in addition to the terrible exploding collar, which was occasionally beeping again, Liz had another collar. This one was of leather, leashing her to the bed-head. Again, her wrists had been cuffed and fastened between her shoulder blades. Thus, quite helpless, she had to endure being snuggled up in the bed with her captor.

Stern drifted in and out of sleep. She pulled the exquisite creature closer, feeling the softness and warmth of the gorgeous body pressed against hers. Her fingers trailed lazily through the girl's dark tresses, entwining, feeling the silkiness as it brushed her creamy shoulders. Sliding down the exquisite curve of the arching back, she traced down over each delicate nodule of her spine. Then she stroked

over the smooth cheeks of her perfect bottom. Delightfully, the flesh quivered as her fingers delved into the cool cleft between to stroke over the soft down lining of the plump silken flesh of her love lips. Moving over those petals a finger came to rest against the hot puckered entrance to the girl's bottom.

Her captive shivered in obvious with revulsion as Stern's hands cradled and stroked her. It was as if they were lovers rather than a cruel powerful woman with her helpless victim. She caressed the quivering contours of the face wet with tears, the full sensuous lips, and ran through the rich dark tresses of hair as if they were lovers. She pulled the shivering body closer to hers, fitting it against her. With full licence she explored the perfect bottom, probing and delving with complete possession and freedom.

Feeling Liz wriggle uncomfortably around her finger, Stern felt the gripping, almost sucking, resistance of the rubber ring of her anus. She pushed the girl's head down onto her shrunken bosom ordering her to suckle. As the mouth went to work, Stern decided to later put the girl's tongue to work further down her body - after she had dozed for a while longer.

Later Stern shuddered and smiled happily as her fingers worked deep within Liz's honey-like vagina whilst her thumb expertly flicked the now engorged bud of the clitoris. The girl's hips were delightfully beginning to twitch and writhe under her ministrations. Stern too was giving herself over again to an orgasm as her victim's reluctant tongue probed into her sex. She felt the heat increasing around her finger which was embedded deep within Liz's womanhood, felt her finger being gripped slightly within those succulent lips.

Just as the bubble of pleasure began to explode within her, Liz too shuddered, momentarily losing the sickly perfumed heat of Stone's pubis as, with head thrown back to expose taut sinews, mouth wide with pleasure, the Commander climaxed under her fingers. Although Stern was pleased at having forced her victim to reach a reluctant orgasm she was annoyed that it had distracted her tongue. Impatiently she slapped the wriggling bottom until that tongue resumed its duties.

Eventually Stern released her prisoner's wrists, again re-setting the leather collar. She sighed with contentment, stroking down the girl's spine as her ordeals evidently caught up with her and she lapsed into the sleep of the exhausted.

CHAPTER 9

As if in a dream, Liz recalled being carried and then laid on a hard flat surface - the chill of which finally edged her from the sleepy cocoon to reality. She was lying face down in a tiny metal cell, still wearing both collars. A note beside her from Capt Stern read:

'Your collar will activate at 11.00 hours – hope you don't oversleep.'

Glancing at the clock above the door Liz saw with pounding heart that she had little more than an hour. Desperately, she continued reading. She wished she had been allowed to keep her own watch, without which these terrible time bomb ordeals were even worse, having to worry and guess about time remaining.

'You must before then find Miss Sulin, who gives gym instruction in this complex. If you do so in time, you must ask her to key in her code, which will reset the collar, allowing you to complete a further task which she will explain. Nudity can be offensive, so you'll wear the outfit behind the door. You will also fix the collar's cuffs around your wrists. The door will then be unlocked.'

With trembling fingers she pulled on a skin-tight leotard, which like the cat-suit clung to her like a second skin. It emphasised rather than concealed every contour of her body. Sufficiently low cut to reveal most of her breasts, her nipples protruded through the thin material. Below, the garment disappeared tightly into her cleft, exposing much of her bottom. Awkwardly, her fingers closed the cuffs hanging by her neck over her wrists. This apparently satisfied a hidden observer because the door unlocked. A final glance at the clock, then she struggled to grip the door handle with the few inches allowed by the chain on her neck cuffs.

Refreshed and alert after her sleep, the exposure of her skimpy attire brought renewed shame. Her breasts were practically spilling out but her confined wrists prevented her doing anything about it. They jiggled uncomfortably as she hastily padded along empty corridors, the slap of her bare feet echoing. She knew she must quickly find someone to direct her to Sulin.

"Hey you! Where are you going?" A young soldier with cropped hair had appeared round a corner, and advanced scowling. His eyes flicked over her as he fingered his phaser weapon.

"I need to find a Miss Sulin in the gym as quickly as possible pl..... Arggh," Liz's explanation ended in a gasp of agony as his heavy boot kicked her shins making her sag wincing against a wall.

"Why? Who are you?" he snarled. "All I see is a lump of shit in a capture collar."

"Please," she gasped, "you don't know what they've been doing to me here. I need to find Sulin, she has to deactivate this collar - I'm Commander Hartley from"

"Shut it Hartley," he interrupted, "no one gets through here without me frisking them." "Stand straight against the wall," he leered.

Liz shivered helplessly, wishing she could grab his weapon, but knowing she stood no chance. And, anyway, what could she do then? His hands started in her hair but then moulded against her heaving breasts, lifting them from their covering. He chuckled as he stroked the gooseflesh, his thumbs rolling the rubbery tips to a conical hardness.

"Please..."

"Not so bad eh? Now we'll just look down here, spread your legs, wider."

His hands, trembling slightly, slid up the satin thighs, a finger curled to hook the tiny strip of material at the apex to one side.

"Just what you think you're doing, Morgan?"

"Gina! I... I thought you were still on duty in radar..." The soldier's hands left Liz as he confronted a tall, green-haired teenage girl who had just emerged from a nearby door.

The girl's enraged look made Liz freeze. Her hard face was scowling, making the ornamental chips embedded in the flesh of her face jingle. Such face decoration was in fashion in these lawless parts,

possibly because they enhanced a sinister appearance? There was certainly no doubting her hostility, or the soldier's unease, as the girl stormed across to the frozen tableau.

Liz, with pinioned wrists her breasts jutting, felt incredibly vulnerable and ashamed, as the jealous she-monster vented her rage.

"Ouch! Gina."

The first slap cracked across the soldier's face.

"Argghh!"

Then her fist then sunk unexpectedly into Liz's fluttering belly, doubling her up and preventing speech. Tears were already springing from her eyes when the girl jerked her upright again by a fistful of hair. Then her hand slapped back and forth to make Liz's face sing with pain.

"You filthy scrubber. Trying to get my man by flashing these eh?" Liz was unable to prevent the girl now indolently slapping her bare breasts so that they bounced wildly with red handprints springing up across them. Liz was enraged; with her self-defence training she could have easily overpowered the girl, but not helpless as she was now. She knew she must try to mollify the young bitch.

"Look Gina, please it's not..... no, ooow," Liz gasped as she endured another teeth-rattling slap which made her blood boil.

But then thankfully the outraged girl again turned her attention back to her boyfriend and Liz took the opportunity to scamper off, her breasts dancing freely as she took various corridors to distance herself from the venom. After several minutes she slumped, gasping for breath, still no closer to finding Sulin. Then the young soldier appeared again.

"Found you again my pretty. My girlfriend's gone off in a huff and it's your fault. So you can make it up to me now," he smiled cruelly.

"Look, I'm sorry; I just need to find Sulin - in the gym."

"I'm not taking you anywhere until I've checked you over, till I've seen you properly. In here," he pushed her into an empty room.

Liz stood painfully on tiptoe, the cord attached to her collar stretched over an overhead beam choking her if she relaxed. If she hadn't been able to take some slack by gripping the wire with her pinioned hands she would surely have passed out.

"Now I'll have a little feel-up."

Discarding his gun and jacket, the grinning soldier sauntered across to her. She would have kicked him if she wasn't straining upright. The hands roamed at will over her restrained body, squeezing, then fingers pinching, and probing within her. She gasped, squirming.

"If you free my hands I could make it better, do things, Morgan," Liz gasped as she thrust her breasts against him. He was unable to see her gritted teeth before her lips parted sensuously to kiss him.

As his hands took their liberties with her pliant softness, he probably could hardly believe his luck at what the one hand he had freed was doing. After stroking teasingly down his zip, it had delved within his trousers. Now Liz found an electric tightness as her cool fingers extracted his pulsing length, stroking up and down the shaft. Cupping his balls, she squirmed against him.

He screamed as her fist tightened around his scrotum, making him bend gasping under her touch.

"Now, you've had your feel," she hissed in his ear. If you want me to close my hand like this...."

"Aaarghhh," he gasped as her fingers fractionally tightened.

"You'll, very carefully, release my other hand and take me to Sulin," she continued, "or I'll rip these off," she spat giving a painful squeeze which made him whimper again.

With relief, Liz heard the shouted commands of a gym work-out in progress. The collar's beeping told her she had a matter of minutes to its activation. Releasing the lad's balls, she shoved him away.

"I don't think either of us want to tell anyone about this do we?" she whispered, clipping the cuffs back on herself and opening the door.

Around a dozen of the Explorer's crew, wearing tiny leotards similar to hers, were straining to

perform PT exercises before several cane-wielding and armed pirates. Liz's heart sank when she realised Harry was not amongst them. She felt so alone and needed him to comfort her more than ever.

In charge was a beautiful, young teenage negress. She appeared to be of Oriental extraction and wore a skin-tight work-out suit over her lithe, ivory body. Demonstrating the movements she demanded, she spat instructions to Explorer's crewmembers. But now all eyes turned at Liz's entry, and the negress ordered her sweating charges to halt. Outnumbered, any fanciful thoughts Liz had entertained about overpowering Sulin were dashed.

"Miss Sulin?" Liz enquired respectfully, conscious of that she needed the girl to remove her collar.

"Come," the negress stood astride, hands on hips, a finger beckoning until Liz stood directly before her. She professionally eyed the body before her, her white teeth gleaming in a smirk, then ran knowing hands over Liz's body. "Hmm, good muscle tone." Without warning her hand smashed out to crack Liz across a delicate cheek. She gasped, the manacles preventing her touching her burning flesh. "You've no need to know my name, cunt. No-one interrupts my PT class, but, as you're dressed for the part, you can now join it."

"Please I must... oooff."

The black fist punching into her belly doubled her up, her belly aching painfully.

"Silence! One more word and I'll have you thrashed." Somehow Liz knew she must swallow her pride and just endure their perverse games if she was ever going to get the collar off. "Now one of my colleagues will make you sweat some fat off your arse while I get back to your friends," the teenager lied outrageously as she patted Liz's firm backside.

"Grab those fucking weights and give me fifty squats," a large pirate bellowed at her.

Trying to forget her shame and fear of the collar Liz began hefting the heavy weights up and down, her muscles creaking with strain, sweat soon shining through her thin leotard. Up and down she struggled, holding weights in each manacled hand whilst the bastard ogled her thighs. They were necessarily splayed for balance, the thin strip of material tight against her exposed sex lips, cutting up between them. How she longed to adopt a more demure pose.

As Liz exercised, the young negress strolled down the line of her crewmembers, who were no doubt grateful for the break from their own labours. Their leotards were nearly transparent with glistening sweat. Desperately she tried not to think about the collar, her muscles quivering with the strain of the exercises, or whether the young girl was indeed Sulin. She guessed that they would toy with her mentally and physically until the collar's time limit was about up.

The door opened and a deeper flush of shame spread across Liz's and her colleagues' faces as some athletic-looking young men sidled into the gym. They had excellent physiques and they knew it. Sulin smiled in greeting and then turned her attention back to her hapless charges whilst the newcomers watched the enforced show.

From beneath the screen of her damp, flying, hair, Liz saw that most of the glistening bodies of her crew carried traces of the canes. The familiar faces whom Liz was used to seeing in space gear, confident and in control, were now simply fearful creatures dressed to shame and only a cane length away from torment if they failed to obey. She guessed rightly that they had not been as co-operative as the pirates wished.

Now that Sulin had an audience she was showing off. Slowly she strolled down the immobile lines standing rigidly to attention as she had now ordered - like some hideous version of a parade in Space Academy. Then she cheekily extracted and held the large black manhood of a young Negro ensign, making it twitch and grow in her fingers.

"Name?"

His whispered reply was followed by a gasp of agony, making the man cry.

"You slags will give me your name, and address me as 'Miss' when I get to you," Sulin shouted, cruelly squeezing his penis. "Right?"

“Yes Miss, Sorry Miss,” the Negro winced.

“Hmm, quite big, pity you’re not a pirate – then you could avoid all this ...unpleasantness,” the negress giggled, stroking his hard, muscled rump and making mock thrusting movements at him with her hips before moving on.

Now, she stood before Kirk, her eyes smirking as she extracted his flaccid penis.

“I bet you're a virgin?”

He looked down shamefully, hearing the laughing from the lads observing the spectacle before Sulin stroked his manhood and then left him, to move on down the line.

Content with merely giving a disdainful look at a black crew woman, she sauntered on.

After respectfully giving her name, Rose Pierce shuddered as Sulin's eyes indolently appraised her.

“Nice 'come to bed' eyes - and I bet many have.” She stroked the pert curve of her victim’s bottom over her leotard. Biting her lip, Rose squealed, instinctively jerking her bottom away from the marauding hands. “Cute little arse,” the negress leered, wolf-whistling.

Gasping with her exertions, Liz imagined Rose's relief when her tormentor at last moved on – but unfortunately Sulin turned back to Liz. She guessed that their shaming was for the benefit of the cameras and the audience, but there was no doubting the sadism of the young black girl. The cow grabbed a handful of her damp hair stopping her knee bends as the fat pirate ordered the crew back to their exercises.

“You wanted me, girl?”

“Please Miss Sulin, use your code,” Liz pleaded, her fingers touching her collar.

With a painful grip on her pinioned arms, the negress dragged Liz into a tiny office, closing the door. The walls seemed to shrink around them as the young girl stood looking at her, smirking. The only sound was the collar's rapid bleeping and her panting for breath.

“The Federation killed my brother, you know,” Sulin hissed, her powerful hands bunching the leotard at Liz's cleavage as she pulled her victim closer.

“I'm sor... “

“Say one more fucking word and it will be over for you, whore. Don't cheapen his memory with false platitudes,” she interrupted, reducing Liz to a gasp of agony by squeezing her boobs visible through their thin covering. “He was just someone else who didn't conform, and whom you Feds trampled on,” the negress snarled, painfully twisting Liz’s nipples. “But I must now decide whether to spare your life by de-activating the collar.”

Liz sniffed back a tear, nearly wetting herself in fear but not daring to antagonise the spiteful bitch. Then a small Oriental youth entered the office and Sulin embraced the newcomer, her lips seeking his, releasing Liz.

“Face the wall, girl,” Sulin ordered hoarsely, “hands on head.”

Feeling like a naughty schoolgirl, Liz obeyed. She tried to ignore the disgusting sounds of intimacy from the couple behind her and the rapid sounds coming from the collar by looking through the glass wall.

The obese pirate was standing directly behind Cathy Flanders and Lynne Pitch, two of the older crewwomen. Their age did not detract from their beauty - nor spare them the beast’s attentions. As if they were young girls, he tapped their taut buttocks with a cane as they repeatedly touched their toes before him. The leer on his face contrasted directly with the shame and despair on theirs.

After some giggles and comments, a hand slapped Liz’s bottom and the youth broke away from Sulin to turn her around to face him. She longed to be free -- to knee him hard in the groin and chop her hand down on his scrawny neck – but that was a just a dream. His slanted eyes, darting almost contemptuously over her scantily-clad body, only came level to her neck, but his dominance compensated for his lack of height.

“If she survives the next test she might be useful for tonight's celebration; she and a few of the

other pretty ones. Extend her collar delay, Sulin, and prepare her.”

CHAPTER 10

The infra-red vid image showed a terrified, sexily-dressed young woman sitting in a tiny upright hover-seat suspended just above the floor. Various clamps held her immovably in place, fists clenching in tension around the restraints on the chair's arms. With her thighs secured widely apart, the white v of her knickers was clearly visible under a short black leather skirt. Her breasts, straining through a tiny black jumper, which left her midriff bare, were obviously unfettered by a bra. Strapped in the chair in total darkness Liz tried to control the rib-breaking hammering of her heart. Fear made her mouth dry, fear of the unknown.

Sulin had explained this test whilst the smirking girl had selected the most provocative of Liz clothes for her to wear. Liz had never liked funfair rides but this hideous parody of one would take her into the lair of someone called 'the beast' deep within the bowels of the complex.

"We use the beast for messy jobs," Sulin had eagerly amplified. "He's quite mad, lacking most human inhibitions. He lives in the caves below the buildings and in return for his 'assistance' with awkward interrogations we feed him victims and satisfy his childlike fascination for theme-park rides. You've about two hours before the collar activates - unless you can persuade him to use his code. However, you might welcome that release." Sulin laughed cruelly at Liz's shocked expression, stroking her victims strained face as she secured her. "Just pray he doesn't chose to release the chair's clamps, or arrange for it to crash, before he plays with you."

Although now only a few metres away from the brightly lit room with Sulin, Liz was now in a different world. The chair to which she was tightly clamped had followed an invisible beam through huge steel doors which clanged ominously shut, to suspend her in a frightening, black void. Her flared nostrils detected stagnant water and she could hear something large wallowing in it - far below her.

A blood-curdling screech blasted out of the darkness and something brushed her face. She flinched away only just managing to control her bladder. Then the chair suddenly lurched forward in a spine-bending jolt and, without warning, dropped into the darkness. The shock of the violent manoeuvres prevented her venting the scream her brain demanded. A dim light showed her, about to be flung headlong into the waiting clutches of a huge squid-like creature, but another violent change of direction left the tentacles impotently lashing her legs as she flew past.

Now she was wrenched to a stop and flung upside down, only the clamps preventing her falling into the filthy water just below her. A disturbance on the surface was heading for her but in the nick of time the chair whisked upwards to avoid the snapping jaws of some unknown horror just missing her, its foul breath enveloping her.

Liz heard a high-pitched giggle echoing somewhere in the distance and the chair again lowered her, still upended, closer to the water. She thought the madman controlling her was either going to dunk her, or release the clamps to let her fall into the mind-numbing horror below.

"Pleeeaseee," Liz screeched before the chair dragged her inverted body rapidly upwards and then forwards in a stomach-churning wrench, her hair streaming behind in a dark blur. Strobe flashes showed her hurtling toward rock faces or plummeting to the ground far below her. When she was not screaming in terror, her teeth were clenched in tension, all of her muscles knotted.

She caught glimpses of a horrifying, blob of white flesh. The beast was grotesque. Unshaven, with long matted hair, he must have weighed between twenty and thirty stone. His naked folds of blubber rippled in mirth as he pushed buttons on a console to control her fate. Gibberish laughter oozed from his slack mouth. She was terrified at being in his hands.

Thankfully the chair's pace was slowing but to her horror she found she was sliding down towards the waiting, gibbering creature. Then worse, the chair jerked to a stop a few metres from him and above a bubbling swamp. The heat and stench hit her like a hammer. Something brown and slimy oozed above

the mud, its hooded eyes regarding her as potential dinner before sliding beneath the surface again. She flinched back into the safety of the chair before it suddenly tipped upside down to leave her hanging over the cauldron below.

“Haarghh,” she screamed as the chair released her and she fell.

A wrenching jerk nearly dislocated her legs as she found herself hanging upside down below the chair by the remaining clamps on her ankles. Blinking the sweat of fear, and heat, from her eyes she looked up from the waiting snout just a metre below, to the beast controlling the chair who reclined on a huge bed.

“You want me to let you go?” The voice seemed to emanate from the man's gross belly.

“No, please don't, no.”

“What's it worth? They send me most people to get them to talk about secret things. If they tell their secrets I can let them go - or keep them here.”

Liz realised she was dealing with a cruel, childlike, mind trapped far behind the age of his gross body.

“Anything, please, I don't have any secrets but I'll do anything you want.” Helpless, she knew she had no bargaining power.

“But I take anything I want anyway - so what's new?”

“Just let me down... properly on the ground, and we can talk, you must be so lonely down here,” Liz desperately sought to make some level of contact with him. Instinctively she flinched as he threw something, narrowly missing her head.

“You catch sweet - and I might not drop you in the mud. Hands behind your back, you catch in your mouth.”

Every nerve screamed in terror and frustration. She could imagine the spectacle she presented, hanging upside down, show off her small white knickers moulded to her curves, swinging desperately this way and that, mouth gaping trying to catch the offerings from her giggling tormentor. Finally one bounced off her chin and dropped into her mouth. It tasted sickly-sweet, vile to her churning stomach.

“Nice?”

“Mmm, thank you; now could you...”

“I don't like that sort,” he interrupted. “I sucked it first,” he laughed, setting his stomach wobbling. Liz felt doubly sick but managed to hold down the second-hand sweet.

“You look quite pretty, we could play?”

“Yes, anything.”

“You take those pretty clothes off first and I look at you. Hurry up, throw them to me.”

“Please...”

“Now girly,” his roar echoed round cavern, “or I drop you in mud.”

Desperately, Liz pulled her jumper off, breasts bouncing free as she threw it to him. His sausage-like fingers trailed through the material as his pig-like eyes glinted over her, waiting. He released the clamp for a few seconds on first one ankle and then the other, leaving her dangling even more painfully by only one leg at a time. By twisting up, Liz awkwardly managed to pull off first her skirt and then her panties and throw them to her tormentor. He sighed, rubbing the warm, intimate, garments across his nose. Again Liz thought of Harry, and the occasions when he had peeled those same garments from her eager body. A tear trickled down her inverted face.

For several minutes he had the chair turn slowly for him to view every facet of her shining body, before he lowered her onto solid ground. She curled in a heap, gathering her breath and wits, controlling her pounding heart. But any respite was short lived.

“You must do whatever I say, right?”

“Yes, but couldn't we just talk first, I'd like to know...”

“No, I eat now. You kneel, hands on head, back straight, no moving no talking. Do it now.”

Wearily, Liz obeyed. Although the rock was hard under her knees, she was at least spared the attentions of the obese slob who practically flowed to a food dispenser and helped himself to sticky buns. To her horror, she saw what had presumably been past victims. Their teeth smiled whitely at her from de-composing faces where he had arranged them like ornaments. Liz felt sick and so lost again – but was determined not to die down here – anything but that..

Her tormentor just stared at her whilst he ate. It made her realise she hadn't eaten, but the sight of him squeezing food into his fleshy mouth was thankfully a good diet incentive. It would, she knew, look so out of place on the vids; a young woman, kneeling silent and still in an underground morgue, completely naked before a gross giant who casually stuffed his face. He then amused himself by throwing stones them at her, making several bounce off her breasts with a stinging impact, She gasped and squirmed helplessly.

“I said no moving. Now you kneel with legs wide apart.”

She winced as she complied, her belly recoiling as he threw food between her spread thighs and large ants delved between her parted knees to retrieve it. Feelers brushed her knees in their passing, but she managed not to flinch.

The completion of his snack was signalled by a rumbling belch and an even less savoury noise from the rear. Another unwelcome noise was the occasional bleeping from her collar.

“Come here, on hands and knees, crawl to me.”

Every centimetre of hard rock under her knees sent needles of fire jolting into her but she was finally at his side. His unwholesome feet rifled idly through her hair before painfully kicking her breasts making them wobble - and him laugh.

“Stand and show me your bottom, bend over.”

She obeyed, conscious of his curious eyes gazing at her silken, trembling flesh. A thick finger probed slightly into the cleft. “Now we play video game,” he gurgled child-like dragging her enthusiastically by the hand, like two naked lovers. His rolls of fat bounced and quivered with his movements. With her hands engulfed by his huge paw, she had no opportunity to wrench free, and even is she did - where could she go?

He led her to a wrought-iron chair before a large vid screen. Effortlessly he secured her arms and legs with huge leather straps making it impossible for her to move more than a few inches.

“Please don’t,” she whispered uselessly as his sweating hands, painfully attached large metal clips to her nipples, making her gasp in agony as they bit down on those sensitive buds. Wires trailing from the savage clips tinkled merrily with her each shuddering breath. She looked down curiously at a touch pad with numbers inset into one of the arms by her bound wrists.

“You see last person who play game, then you play too,” he guffawed.

When the screen flicked into life Liz gave a jolt of fear, her bowels, almost loosening. A naked man sat strapped into the same chair, the clips and wires attached to his penis. Desperately, although his life depended on it, his red eyes, bulged from tired sockets, to fix on the screen. It was filled with countless dots. His long blonde hair was plastered to his face and his lean body shone with sweat. Then he looked down to finger the touch pad.

Immediately his body jolted forward, chest bulging, eyes screwed shut, mouth open in a rictus of pain. For several seconds he remained thus, Liz abstractly noting how he grew stiffly erect under the clip. Then he sagged, head lolling, his body shaking with sobs. His wild eyes pleaded with his tormentor, the Beast, who rolled over to him, gently stroking his chest and then his erection. The picture cut out.

“You have to count whatever comes onto the screen and tap in correct number - or it hurts,” he chortled as the screen showed 'Welcome to Level 1' and then filled with squares. “You have the time shown on the screen to give right number, then the electricity comes on,” he explained, settling down with more sweets.

“Please can't we just...”

“No, you play first or get shock.”

Briefly scanning the screen, Liz had no difficulty with the ten squares before the ten seconds was up. Immediately, a greater number of triangles was displayed, to also be counted in ten seconds. Liz just made it. Now the screen had filled with spaceships to be counted in thirty seconds. Although she thought her addition had seemed right, it must have been in error.

“Haaaahhh,” breath hissed from her gaping mouth as her nipples erupted in agony. It felt as if a thousand pins had been driven into each breast and every muscle locked rigid. The pain was bad but not as intense as her torture session with Captain Stern - but now she was given less time to recover. When the pain ebbed she realised that the spaceship picture had re-appeared.

“Please ...” she was so frightened

“You count.”

She sagged in relief at, this time, getting the correct number, but immediately a sea of flying saucers filled the screen to be counted in sixty seconds. Sweat trickled under her arms and pooled in her eyes as she mentally divided the screen into quadrants. Somehow she managed to get it right. Now a seemingly countless number of dots was before her, and she had ninety seconds.

Her eyes felt they were on organ stops rotating in sockets filled with hot sand. With ten seconds to go Liz knew she had lost count. Mouth sagging, she tapped in a guess and was rewarded by another jolt of white fire across the tips of her breasts. It seemed to go on longer than last time before shaking and finishing with her. As her head sagged weakly onto her damp chest, she looked up at the screen with dull eyes and groaned as it again filled with dots, and the ninety second counter.

“It hurt more each wrong answer,” he explained carefully as if to a child, his eyes staring curiously into hers.

The Beast sat smirking and she gritted her teeth, her agony all the worse for it being simply for his amusement. Licking dry lips and flicking damp hair from her eyes, Liz began counting again. She controlled her breathing, relaxed, forgot the collar, concentrated, putting to one side the penalty for failure. After tapping in a number, Liz tensed every muscle in anticipation of searing pain.. but none came. Disbelieving, she opened her eyes to see, 'Level 1 Completed.'

Sheer relief forced tears from her eyes when he told her they wouldn't play the next level till later. She allowed him to wipe her eyes before unfastening and leading her by the hand from the chair.

“Sit on my lap.”

Although thankful for the respite, it took every ounce of her willpower to sink onto the filthy flesh which engulfed the delicate curve of her trembling bottom. She couldn't prevent herself shrinking back as a grimy hand with long nails trailed over her thighs.

“Pretty lady spread legs wide for me.”

Again cranking up her willpower she edged her thighs apart, hating her vulnerable shame. She thought she would probably be sick, instead strangely, it was he who looked disgusted. His hands didn't venture between them to explore her mauve flower, instead they closed around her throat.

“I kill you quickly, or cut bits off to feed to my pets?”

“C-can we talk first.” She choked, her hands closing gently over his. She knew she had no hope of prising loose that vice-like grip and instead tried a more feminine approach. “I'd like to be your friend - if you want me. I could stay here with you. We could do anything you want together.” Liz took a gamble based on the evidence her scattered wits had been able to collect. The look of confusion on his face confirmed her desperate theory.

“Do-do what together?”

“Make you feel very good, better than those men you played with before,” she glanced at their bones. “I know how,” she whispered huskily, easing his now loose hands from her throat and sliding her hands down the quivering jowls to rest on the folds of fat of his nipples.

“I don't know?”

“Just trust me,” she breathed, ignoring her rising sickness as she slithered down to lay full length on him. His stench and flab engulfed her body and senses but she forced herself to hold him tightly, her tongue licking down the revolting belly. She could imagine the view she afforded her watchers. A naked woman seemingly writhing with lust, her limbs entwined with the equivalent of a human jellyfish.

“I can do, willingly and whenever you want, what those men wouldn't,” she sighed expertly to conceal a gagging shudder of distaste. Her lips tickled over the shrunken head of his penis hidden below a fold of fat, feeling it twitch and grow. Taking a deep breath she guided one of his hands between the cheeks of her bottom and pushed her own fingers between his own flabby buttocks, feeling the liquid heat there. She just had to shut down her mind and senses. Forming a mental picture of Harry, she held it tightly to her as she sucked and delved in the sea of fat.

When he was panting and erect, she whispered about how the terrible collar would explode before she could finish him unless he deactivated it with his code number. The finger, previously horribly active within her anus, filling and stretching, stopped moving.

“Code? What? The number I have to tap on view screen to get food?”

“Yes, do it quickly though otherwise I cannot carry on,” Liz squirmed, wriggling her bottom and gripping his intruding digit with her sphincter muscles, fighting her sickness – knowing she must do this.

She held her breath as his trembling fingers tapped buttons below her chin.... and was rewarded by silence from the collar. In genuine relief, she kissed him full on the lips.

“No, not that,” he pushed her away violently onto her back. “Not from a-a woman.”

Realising her mistake, Liz backed away as the angry man-mountain advanced. Her only retreat was into the bubbling swamp but, before she faced that dilemma, soldiers with stun guns, descended from the ceiling far above in previously hidden hover cars, ordering the Beast back.

CHAPTER 11

Liz and her companions, Cathy and Lynne crouched in trepidation under the framework as Sulin pushed their hover sled. The negress had told Liz that her two companions would be executed if she didn't obey the instructions given them. They were stifling under the cover, which enclosed them in flickering gloom, preventing them seeing where Sulin and her boyfriend were taking them.

The only good thing was that Liz had been able to whisper to Cathy the subterfuge over halving the self-destruct codes should she be asked to do so.

"Remember my instructions, you start singing immediately I tap the cover," hissed the sadistic girl just after Liz had managed to get her message across to Cathy.

Then they heard numerous chattering voices, cheering and clapping surrounding them, Stern's was the loudest. Then two sharp raps. Liz wound up her self-control and managed to comply.

"Happy Birthday Dear Captain Stern ... Happy Birthday to you."

Stern clapped, laughing with amusement as Sulin and her boyfriend slowly lifted the cover from the fabricated birthday cake standing in the centre of the room - to reveal the source of the voices from within.

Blinking in the sudden light, looking bemused, Liz, Cathy and Lynne were singing the Birthday song over and again. They had obviously been ordered to keep smiling because they had little to amuse them. Their bodies were bent in a cramped, humiliating pose beneath the cake's hoop and they were naked but for black thongs tightly criss-crossing between their breasts and down between their thighs and buttocks. And they each had candles protruding from virtually every orifice apart from their mouths, the flames dancing prettily. The women, their faces already shining with the heat of their confinement, blushed crimson as the countless laughing guests viewed their enforced cabaret and shameful predicament.

Their mouths and nipples stood out in relief from the lipstick which adorned them; their hair was interlaced with delicate flowers. Additionally, their sex lips, pouting temptingly from between their spread thighs, were similarly enhanced with rouge. Stern managed to control the quickening of her breath especially at the delicious sight of the beautiful commander.

The Captain's hands rested casually on the thrusting, curved hindquarters, lightly patting as she posed for the inevitable vid shots for the album. She blew out the candles from many interesting angles. At a signal from Sulin the three women stopped singing and repeated what must have another text etched into their hearts.

"Thank you for your kindness in showing us mercy, Captain, and for allowing us to see the folly of our ways. We are humbled before you."

Stern again patted them, playfully ruffling the hair of all three women before mingling her guests.

Liz and the others were left in the enforced poses for the convenience of the guests who examined and fingered their decorated bodies. To her dismay, she saw three other crewmembers being used for Stern's celebrations. Rose, Kate and Helen were hostesses, serving food and drinks. They wore only short, tight, blue tee-shirts which barely covered their buttocks, and revealed them whenever they leaned over. Men, and women, casually draped their arms around the girls, touching, probing as they selected their dishes.

A young lad had cornered Rose.

"What shall I have? I wonder," he pondered the dish Rose held before her, whilst his hand curved around her buttocks under their covering, patting and stroking. "This seems nice." Now Liz could see a finger delving between Rose's sex lips, making her squirm before she could, thankfully, escape to another guest. "Hmm, juicy."

“Now, a final dish Captain,” announced Sulin, gesturing in a large hunk wearing the uniform from one of Explorer's crewmen.

A smile on his handsome features, the male stripper paraded around, gradually shedding the starched garments to reveal a shining, muscled, bronzed body covered only by a tiny thong. As he gyrated around to pulsing music Rose was nearest to him.

“Take her, give her one,” went the chorus. Although she tried to slide away, the smiling giant gripped her arm.

Blushing crimson, Rose had to put down her tray and allow the brute to lead her before the assembled throng. To wolf-whistles and cheers, he tilted her face up to him, kissing her as his hands slid down her body, clasp and pulling her against him. Slowly, he raised her arms and, in a single movement drew her garment off. A gasp of appreciation bubbled from the watchers as the full beauty of the blonde's body was revealed to them. She looked so small and sensual, crushed pinkly against the giant half again her size. One hand slid down the graceful curve of her back, the other splayed across the perfect globes of her bottom. He made her writhe tightly clasped against him, to the beat of the music.

Rose, to hide her shame, kept her eyes fixed only on the powerful chest before her. She gasped at the size of the bulge pressing against her. Now, the hands on her bottom lifted her slightly so that her weight rested on that protuberance, pushing it harder against her ripe core which was becoming involuntarily warm. Perspiration beaded hotly on her when she had to bend to slide off his thong. Someone took the opportunity to slap the curve of her thrusting bottom, making her squeal, but she concentrated on the whispered orders from the brute. And she had previously been told that Liz would be executed if she stepped out of line at all. Under her fluttering fingers, his huge member sprang out - to a cheer from the audience. It brushed her belly, making her shrink away, until she was crushed against his nude body. Then, he eased them apart a little, a hand on the small of her back arching her towards him.

He played her body as would a musician with a violin. His tongue darted to lick and nip the erect tips of her breasts whilst his other hand strayed between the flexing globes of her bottom. Easing her thighs apart, a long, thick finger slid over the tiny bud of her anus to find the larger entrance beyond, curling up into the moist heat.

“Hah, h, haaah,” she panted, surrendering to the hands, unable to prevent herself wriggling around his digit. Then, a hand on the back of her head pressed her lips to his nipples and he instructed her to kiss them into hard buttons - just like her own red cones. The feel of him was making a tingling heat build within her, not at all unpleasant. Although she felt strangely guilty, she reminded herself that she had no choice but continue with what she had been told to do. Now, having to, wanting to, stroke it, she heard more whoops and cheers as the audience saw his penis grow to an enormous size under her tiny butterfly-like ministrations, pulsing, its tip gleaming with moisture.

As he thrust his hips at her in simulated sex, his jutting manhood slid along the sexual valley at the apex of her spread thighs, rubbing hard against her aching clitoris. Although, a true performer, he was holding himself back, almost detached, she wanted this brute now, or at least her body did. She was oblivious to the watching eyes as he easily lifted her and impaled her, with a squish, onto his flagpole. Her head was thrown back in a gasp of pure pleasure as he filled and stretched her, throbbing deliciously within her, whilst his hands, grasping her buttocks, pumped her up and down.

Rose hardly heard the clapping and whoops as she juddered to a buttock-clenching climax, her lips eagerly kissing his as her clenched, white, fingers gripped his rock-hard, muscled rump - reminding her of two hard-boiled eggs.

Liz, still crouched in the cake's framework, could only watch in sympathy as Rose, her face flushed and eyes downcast, was allowed to retrieve her tiny covering and continue her duties.

Wanting more, the audience now pushed Kate towards the stripper's erect member. Effortlessly, he lifted the shaking girl onto her hands and knees on a table and slid into her from behind. Roughly ripping off her tee-shirt he gripped the hanging bulbs of her breasts and pumped into her sex whilst his other hand delved over the v of her pubic mound, a finger curling upwards. Within a minute, her body was flowing in unison with his, eyes closed in sexual abandon.

After she too had climaxed she was replaced by Helen. Liz was afraid that the fiery young girl's temper would burst through but she was obviously overcome with her shame at the situation. The stripper made her kneel before him and remove her own tee-shirt. A cheer went up as the size of her large breasts became evident. With an amused grin on his face, the brute simply pointed to his huge erection, glistening from the juices of the other two women, jutting inches from the kneeling girl's forehead. Her eyes flashed wildly, but Liz managed to catch her attention. The Commander's slight nod, and look of understanding and sympathy, calmed the girl into giving a resigned shudder. Additionally, Helen would have seen Sulin holding the tiny needle gun to Liz's head as a discouragement to her refusing the man, or even using her teeth.

As Helen reluctantly opened her mouth to receive the huge member, the giant, instead, drew her upright. Gripping her bottom he smoothly lifted her to his shoulders, made her place her thighs either side of his neck, her breasts splayed over his head, and buried his face in her blonde down. His tongue's skill was evident from her gasping and panting. Well within a minute she flung her head back, her hands and thighs squeezing his shoulders as her loins jerked in a frenzy.

Shame kept her eyes closed as he lowered her back to her knees, his hands gripping the large hard-tipped melons of her breasts to draw her face against him, making her cup and stroke his balls. The panting girl sucked avidly, cheeks hollowing, her mouth sliding along the 12 inches of manhood pulsing against the back of her throat. Then, her bottom clenched as the man's hand tightened against her head. Initially chocking, she finally gulped and swallowed the lust pumping into her.

Stern finished the public part of the evening with Liz on her lap, cuddling her. She smoothed the stiffness from her prisoner's aching back, her hands around her shoulders and stroking her thighs. She made the beauty wriggle delightfully as a finger rubbed into the lips of her sex between thighs she had been forbidden to close. Obediently the full lips parted under hers and she enjoyed the girl's squirming shame as their tongues entwined. The girl was an absolute dish she decided.

Stern regarded the collar around Liz's slender neck. The Commander could have no way of knowing that it was never armed. She had in fact endured her painful and degrading tasks for nothing except the titillation of others. They needed her, and most of the others, as bargaining chips against each other and especially the Captain. This was until the self-destruct was deactivated. However, the beauty mustn't know her danger was non-existent; she had more to undergo, both for the benefit of the public and the Captain, before the pirates could be sufficiently confident to let them disarm the Explorer.

Her knowledge of the real situation, and her power over the lovely girl increased the heat in her loins at the end of the evening, the private part when Liz was in her room kissing her open mouthed with seeming passion.

"Huh, ha," the girl gasped as she wriggled.

Stern was under no delusions as to the feelings of hate and disgust the exquisite creature had for her. But with the threat of dire consequences for her crew hanging over her if she didn't cooperate Liz obeyed her orders to act the part of her passionate lover. Stern stroked down the dip of Liz's spine as the girl undulated on top of her like a sensuous pink serpent.

"Hah, haaah," the beauty's gasping was more pronounced now, sweat shining on her jiggling curves.

The dildo strapped to Stern's hips was buried deep within the shapely loins and she had told her to bring herself to an orgasm within five minutes. Stroking and holding the swelling of the girl's

desperately flexing hindquarters Stern kissed her victim and again gave thanks for the wonderful power she held over her as she gently cupped and stroked the reluctant girl's bouncing breasts.

CHAPTER 12

Disgusted and ashamed, Liz could never in a million years have imagined herself in such a 'uniform' as she wore now. Calf length black boots over fishnet black stockings fastened by a suspender belt. Then, tiny black thong panties, cut high up her thighs, left most of the magnificent bottom on show. A minute half-cup black bra merely pushed her breasts up and out with her red rouged nipples visible over it. Finally, her cap perched on her head, with Explorer's crest clearly on it.

After the comparative luxury of night in a small cell, with toilet and washing facilities she had been made to don the garb as the next part of her endurance and penance test. Liz was featuring at a 'guest' night at the Pussy Club, which was apparently the place to go for discerning lesbians on Magellan. She had been given a choice of willingly doing the striptease or seeing if she could survive being spread-eagled to a bed in a brothel for two days along with ten members of her crew. There was no real choice for her to make.

She had been 'instructed' during the day by the experienced girls and was now trembling in her titillating costume behind the curtain watching how several of the professional dancers performed in public. She winced at the raucous comments and groping by the nearly all female, audience, some feminine and some not so feminine. It was made very clear to her that, although they would allow for inexperience, if she failed to make a serious effort she would be stripped, bound and thrown into the audience for them to take into the various booths around the club. That would be in addition to her crew also being punished.

The moment she had been dreading.

"And now ladies," announced the butch Master of Ceremonies with a wink, "it's our pleasure to introduce at the Pussy Club a genuine space Commander who wants to entertain you to make amends for our continual harassment by the Federation. You've seen her on films and magazines. Now give me a big hand, and I'm sure she has had a few big ones in her time, for Commander Liz."

Liz, feeling dizzy with fear, heard screams, whistles and catcalls as the curtain deftly disappeared from either side of her and the cruel spotlight picked her out, trembling at the rear of the stage in her sexy revealing garb.

Brassy music started and Liz followed the other dancer, who she had to copy, onto centre stage. She tried to ignore the sea of sweating, shining faces in the audience with their wide eyes and bared teeth. Liz tried with some little success to copy the flowing movements of her mentor as she kicked high to the pulsing music and wiggled her hips wantonly. She could feel the hot flush of shame on her perspiring face and as instructed, she tried to keep smiling. But it was so difficult. Desperately she hoped that no-one she knew was witnessing her performance.

Now, Liz had to remove her bra, hearing the screams from the audience grow louder. But she was unable to match her 'tutor's' slow slinky movements. Hot with shame, she stood before the first row of the audience spinning and twirling the flimsy black lace in her hand, thrusting her bare breasts forward, trying to keep time with the music's beat. When she slung the garment into the audience, they fought over it like hyenas with a kill. Now, shivering with dread, she had to sway before the crowd, legs bent and wide. Her reluctant hands squeezed her breasts right at the shouting audience. Stroking the orbs she made the hard red buds point right at the laughing faces. Shame prevented her from looking at anyone as she stuck out her delicate pink tongue, and bent to lick each nipple seductively whilst she stroked the firm flesh.

Then still copying the other girl she was bent over with her back towards the screaming women, wiggling her bottom at them, tantalisingly thrusting her thumbs down the waistband of the minuscule thong panties. Slowly she had to lower them to reveal a glimpse of the dark cleft between. Then, to shouts of frustration, ease them back up again. Seductively, trying to imitate the other girl, Liz,

unzipped and peeled off her boots, leaving them on the stage. Then she unclipped each stocking and rolled it down her long legs. After stretching and holding each discarded garment she threw it into the audience.

After a few more moments of wiggling and teasing, Liz copied the other girl in selecting the nearest woman from the audience. She invited her to completely remove the knickers she had just been teasing up and down. Poor Liz, trembled with humiliation as she placed her hands on the back of a chair occupied by a hard-faced girl at the front. She lifted one leg at a time and with a whoop of delight the girl eased the tiny garment down each of her offered thighs, sniffing and kissing it. The girl took the opportunity to slide her hands up and down Liz's flanks and finally, to screams of delight from the audience, slap the globes of her curving bottom with a stinging smack, making Liz scream.

She now had to undulate around the audience wearing only a black suspender belt and, ridiculously, her cap. The rules of the club apparently forbade the audience from going 'too far' with the dancers. Nevertheless, many clutching feminine hands thrust out of the darkness to squeeze, stroke or grope her bare flesh. They made her squeal and jump as they mauled a swinging breast as she gyrated past or pinched her bottom. Some even, craftily slid between the thighs, briefly pushing up against her silken femininity before sliding out again. One fat hag pulled her down onto her lap making her yelp.

"Oh please," Liz squirmed helplessly as the alcohol-scented breath engulfed her and the fat mouth disgustingly sucked her nipples. A plump leg pushed hard up between her thighs as she struggled once again to her feet.

"Feel the pelt on that. Yeah the commander's hot. What a cute butt," the old cow chuckled.

Liz was relieved when her mentor led her back up onto the stage but it was not yet over. Two chairs were set on the stage and the compere appeared again.

"I want two lucky girls to come up here and each sit with one of these little cute bimbos on your lap. Who wants it now?"

Liz shuddered as the compere selected the blonde who had removed her pants. Now she had to sit on the girl's lap, her arms around her. The audience roared as the girl kissed her and, she had to open her mouth to return the kiss with passion. Undulating herself against the blonde, the hands slid down her spine to clasp her bottom. Now they were between her thighs and the dark velvet between. Liz tensed as the girl cruelly tweaked the skin of her woman's lips between sharp nails. Then she hissed in her ear.

"That hurts doesn't it and I'm going to do it some more because I like feeling you squirm, the Fannies have made me suffer. If you resist me in any way I can arrange for you to be back here permanently."

Poor Liz didn't know what power the girl had but couldn't afford to put it to the test. Her tormentor kissed her and she had to meekly accept the intruding tongue as a hand stroked gently down curve of her back to squeeze her bottom. In contrast the hand out of sight cruelly pinched her woman's lips until tears of pain sprang to her wide eyes.

She had to remain sitting uncomfortably the girl's lap before the audience as the insistent and cruel fingers played with her delving into her whilst another act was announced.

"Aaaah, gaaaaahhhh," gasping through clenched teeth her breath quickened as the woman skilfully brought her to an unwanted climax, stroking her fluttering belly. Then the bitch forced it under her pants, past the hairy lips, and against the hard wet bud of her own clitoris.

"Make it good," she hissed.

Liz hated it but she soon had other worries. A portion of the stage revolved to reveal a kind of sexual tableau for the benefit of the screaming audience. With horror she saw that the act consisted of her crew-members. Lynne, Kate and Cathy were naked and bound spread-eagled upright tightly against a cross. They were blindfolded and a velvet screen covered their legs but their writhing bodies were covered in a film of perspiration.

The reason for this arousal became obvious when the screen was slowly lowered to reveal, to screams of delight from the audience, a crouching Nimble between each of their spread thighs their long tongues fully employed; they were experts.

“Give it to them good. Make the sluts come.”

The three women jumped, blindfolded heads questing when they realised they were before an audience. But the insistent tongues soon made them give themselves however unwillingly to their sexuality.

“Faster, rub right there,” breathed the woman, reminding Liz of her own shame as her fingers had to delve so unnaturally between her tormentor's thighs.

Liz fumed in anger as she was forced to service the woman whilst her crew were also shamed. Their heads were thrown back to display their slender white throats, their toes curled, fists clenched, nipples hard erect buttons of desire. All were breathing hard, sucking in their bellies, and expelling the air through moans and sobs of pure pleasure their hips beginning to shudder. Soon they would reach orgasm as the blonde on whose lap she was sitting had just done, clamping Liz's hand between her thighs, rocking.

Finally, whilst the audience was distracted, Liz was allowed to leave the stage. Trying to forget her shame she scurried backstage, the compere led her still naked, to a small booth.

It was simply a tiny carpeted cubicle obviously for the private enjoyment of couples. The furniture consisted only of a bare stripped bed, a table and a chair. To her added surprise, Liz saw Rose Pierce sitting naked on the bed, knees drawn up to her chin to preserve some modesty. The compare stood hands on hips facing the two women.

“You two are going to perform together on the bed, the cameras will relay it to the audience. I think you both know what your fate will be if it is not good enough.”

“Please we....”

“You start in about five minutes when you hear the buzzer,” the compare totally ignored Liz's plea. “But it is not all bad, drink these.” She poured two large glasses of sparkling white wine. “Drink the lot it will help to relax you,” she threw over her shoulder before leaving and locking the door.

Looking sheepishly at each other, both women took the wine. Liz drew her knees up under her chin, like Rose, to shield her modesty and provide some normality into this bizarre situation.

She guessed that room was bugged but it did give her the opportunity of passing on the message from Kate about the pirates disarming the Explorer's self-destruct and her plan for halving the code numbers to thwart it. Either, she, Kate or Rose might then between them be able to pass the message to Cathy – the other code-holder. Probably these sadists would deliberately prevent her seeing Harry but he would hopefully guess what they were doing and follow suite. If not all of the codes were halved the destruct would immediately activate and it would be a suicide mission. However, Liz thought miserably, that was surely preferable to a continued existence like this on Magellan, at the mercy of these swine.

Liz hadn't had alcohol for a little while and neither had she been permitted much food and so she found herself becoming rather light headed, or maybe the drink was drugged to lower her inhibitions.

Her musings were interrupted by the sound of the buzzer. She looked apologetically at Rose, shrugging her shoulders as she faced her. Her breath quickened as she realised just how attractive she found the enticing curves and hollows of her Lieutenant's exquisite nudity, soft under the defused red light. Liz pressed her thighs tightly together in excitement trying to repress a shudder of desire. Rose's eyes were cascading green waterfalls of desire, shielding unfathomable lagoons of beauty. Curly blonde hair danced suggestively around her doll-like face as she tilted her head delightfully to one side.

Rose too was breathing heavily now, her lips parted, as she opened her arms inviting Liz to take her, the movement making her small breasts rise deliciously. Then as she swivelled to sit up, her beautiful thighs parted to reveal the downy triangle leading to the soft intimate secrets of her waiting womanhood.

Liz could feel herself losing her concentration and realised that she had to pass on her message now before she was consumed with the coming waves of desire that threatened to envelope her. Neither now gave a thought to many eyes who were no doubt watching on the 3D screens outside. Their limbs entwined and pressed together. Liz was rapidly losing control, so she urgently pressed her warm mouth over Rose's parted, sensuous lips, tasting her sweet breath as their tongues entwined. She broke away to kiss the beautiful pulsing throat, moving round to her shell-like ears. And urgently she took that opportunity of whispering the message about the deactivation codes. Although her lieutenant was now writhing under her, she confirmed that she understood.

Two pairs of hard red nipples pressed against each other as their sensuous kissing became more urgent. Their bodies locked together, knees pressed between the moistness of clamped thighs. Over and over their entwined bodies turned. She took the rubbery tips of the blonde's breasts deep into her mouth as they hung above her, sucking avidly, then her teeth gently nipping and rolling them in her mouth. Looking over the soft shoulder she shivered in delight at the graceful curve of the girl's spine, dipping before swelling into the perfect spheres of her buttocks - clenching in desire.

They both probed the hidden delights between each other's thighs. Liz ground her palm urgently against the hard bud of Rose's desire feeling the warm wetness between the hairs, then pushing a finger deep within her velvet welcoming depths. The blonde squirmed around her, the muscles contracting to hold her plunging digit. Similarly a finger thrust deep into her and it became the centre of her universe.

"Kiss, please," breathed Rose.

Liz turned so that her face was against the writhing warmth of the blonde pubis, drinking in the femininity, her tongue trailing over a fluttering inner thigh to her love lips. With an exquisite pang of desire she then felt Rose's tongue thrusting into her own liquidity, her teeth nipping the bud of her clitoris. A huge warm wet bubble of desire was building up within her. Both writhed, the sheen of their mutual desire glimmering under the soft light.

Liz wanted to fill every hot orifice of the deliciously squirming girl under her. Whilst her tongue delved and probed in Rose's honey-pot, Liz thrust a finger deep into the girl's back passage feeling the sphincter muscles grip urgently and her hips gyrate around it. She realised that Rose too was using her fingers to explore her bottom, filling and stretching her whilst her thumb flicked her clitoris to an orgasmic hardness.

The Commander momentarily withdrew her lips from the velvet flesh, her neck straining back, mouth wide, as Rose's tongue touched darted ever deeper into her depths. Liz's eyes were pools of liquid desire. A part of her brain wondered what was happening to her, she was heterosexual – it must be the drink she supposed? Another part didn't care.

She felt the blonde's hips jerk and shudder in the throes of orgasm. Then she herself reached the point of no return, no longer able to hold back. That desire erupted in a hot flowing lava bubble of lust so that she cried out with pleasure, shuddering under Rose's darting tongue.

The audience at the tables were applauding ecstatically as they watched on the tele-vid screens the two entwined girls writhing on the cheap bed, reminding themselves that these were officers from the hated Explorer. The lighting and camera angles were perfect, catching sensual beauty, the curves and hollows, hearing their urgent breathing, the lap of active tongues on liquid flesh and the sobs of unfettered desire.

Although another act had started, the cameras stayed on the couple on the bed as they lay quietly in each other's arms. Some of the audience found it almost as erotic as, their immediate urgency having subsided, they gently held and stroked each other, ruffling hair and kissing necks until the effects of the alcohol finally left their slaked bodies.

CHAPTER 13

In total contrast to the perverted big city sleaze of the Pussy Club was the Neanderthal squalor of the shanty town alongside the Magellan space port. To Liz it seemed that civilization had ended when she left the moving public walkway. Not surprisingly it was the only auto-walk route which led in that particular direction.

She had been at least grateful for another night in the comparative ease of a cell, rather than the tiny cage. She was still in isolation from the other crew but just hoped that either Kate or Rose would have the opportunity to bring Cathy into the scheme of the self-destruct codes. It had been practically dawn before she was brought back from the club, and her mind was in turmoil at her experiences with Rose. The drink and disgusting performance in the club had left her with given her forbidden feelings for Rose, which she angrily crushed. She was in love with Harry and she clung onto that thought, feeling better.

Now however, Liz, knowing what was at stake had a grim determination to see this next through too - no matter how awful. She had come through so much to give up now.

Liz was on the near deserted walkway in a totally repugnant world of the troll-like Nimbles. Apparently Mungo lived with his wife in one of the countless wooden huts on either side of the walkway, and she was to be their temporary servant. The thought was repugnant to her. Then, a stinging pain flicking across her bare shoulders, and an excruciating pull on her right nipple, reminded her of just how humiliating her predicament was.

She was beginning to collect an inquisitive audience of grinning Nimbles. Her slender frame and long dark hair stood out easily a good half metre above most of them. The Federation captive was a curiosity, no doubt the local news had announced her servitude to Mungo.

However, there were other aspects besides her seductive body which made Liz's arrival in the shanty town somewhat of an event. For instance, she was naked but for a leather harness. The straps of this did nothing to conceal her beauty. Her glamorous body was in stark contrast to the short hairy bodies which, curiously surrounded her. Furthermore, Liz had her arms outstretched across a heavy wooden yoke fitted around her neck and onto the ends of which her wrists were tightly strapped. Mungo had also insisted, when collecting her that afternoon, that she be gagged with rubber bridle type affair. It kept her mouth open a little, allowing her to breath, eat and drink, but pinned down her tongue - preventing intelligible speech.

"I dunna' want no fancy back-talk from 'er," was his subtle way of expressing the request. And Liz was unable to offer any objection to her treatment.

Probably however, the most unusual aspects of all were Liz's method of arrival and the control being exerted over her. She was harnessed into the shafts of a dog-cart, in the seat of which Mungo sat grinning. The flick of the whip across her shoulders was his command for her to leave the walkway and begin pulling the cart. The reins held by her 'rider' ended in thin cords tightly encircling each nipple - which had been crudely rubbed into erection when she was harnessed up. Thus the sharp tweaking pull on her right nipple was Mungo's indication to head in that direction.

It wasn't easy for Liz to negotiate the graded, reducing, speeds of the main walkway to the slower subsidiaries; the cart and occupant was heavy. Finally, though, they were on the packed mud beside the steel conveyor belt.

"Yup."

Flick!

There was another scorch of pain across the flexing, sensitive skin between her shoulders. Liz snorted through flared nostrils, breath hissing through teeth clenched round the rubber bridle. She took up the burden of the cart and walked along the well-trodden path like an obedient horse, trying to

ignore the grins and prods from the curious onlookers. She shuddered. Normally she would cross the road if any Nimbles were in front of her. She hated their shape, smell and demeanour. Now she was naked and helpless amongst them.

Flick!

“Gaaah,” Liz gasped through the gag wonder what Mungo wanted now?

“You go faster, I want' get home. Trot, lift legs high. Move it,” Mungo ordered.

Commander Liz Hartley, of the mighty Explorer, vanquisher of many enemies and held in awe by many in her crew - had absolutely no choice. Harnessed, gasping, ignoring the jeers of the dwarves who scampered alongside she pumped her thighs up and down, trotting. She wanted to die with anger and shame.

Frantically, she tried to anticipate the direction she should take to prevent Mungo pulling too hard on her sensitive breasts.

Tweak! Tweak.

The bastard had done it again, demanding a turn without warning and yanking her poor breast twice, stretching it right out to one side of her body until she took precisely the route he required. Bitterly she saw how it made the little watching demons laugh to see, and touch, the once proud conqueror from Earth reduced to a pack-horse. However, she had to concentrate fully on pulling her burden to care too much about that now.

At last her tiny tormentor shouted that they were home also emphasising it by sadistically jerking both breasts. It was a yellow and brown hut with a sloping-roofed stall adjoining one wall, set in a roughly-cultivated garden. She stopped, her legs quivering with strain sweat and fatigue oozing from her body. Then, an equally repellent female with a toothless grin, who Mungo introduced as his wife, Greselda, greeted them.

Liz slumped in the shafts of the cart, catching her breath, hair plastered to her face. She shivered as the hag appraised her. The woman's hairy hands began inspecting her like a prize cow. It made her shudder, shame washing through her. Dearly she would have loved to resist but, like Mungo, the woman carried a stun-gun strapped to her belt. Before setting out Mungo had gleefully demonstrated its painful affect on her bare skin. She had to just stand docile while the course hands lifted her long hair, turning her small ears nearly inside out, pulling at her eyes. Then worse, Liz snorted through her bridle as the tiny hag mauled and groped the sensitive flesh of her breasts, squeezing, pushing.

Greselda pronounced herself satisfied with the new beast of burden after patting down Liz's thighs and cupping, then slapping, each cheek of her bare bottom.

“Aye, she do I guess. No fat but quite firm and strong. Good for breeding if we keep her.” Liz's eyes widened in shock at the terrible thought of her being a permanent slave to the grotesque couple.

Whilst Mungo and Greselda ate a succulent roast meal, Liz had to kneel on the rough wooden floor by their table still wearing her heavy yoke and the rubber bridle. Despite her ordeal, the odour of the sizzling meat made her saliva flow but there was no indication that she was to be fed. Mungo would give menacing little flicks of his whip if she even gave the slightest movement to relieve her aching back from its erect posture. Finally the little couple had finished. They pushed back their plates of left-over food, each giving a sickening belch!

“Come here girl,” snapped Greselda making Liz crawl to her on her knees to be thrown small lumps of meat and vegetables.

The humiliation of being hand-fed like a dog by these wizened monsters burnt deep into her soul. However, the ever present whip gave her no choice and, her empty belly rumbled. It was difficult for her to chew properly through the bridle but sucking and trying to chew the warm food was at least some reward. Kneeling, Liz was about the same height of Greselda and the little hag placed a 'motherly' arm around her captive's bare shoulders whilst holding a glass of fruit juice to her lips.

Before the three green moons of Magellan signalled dusk, Mungo attached two heavy buckets to

hooks at each end of Liz's cruel yoke. Thus festooned as a pack animal she had to make several trips to a nearby well, wait whilst Mungo drew water, then carry it back to top up their house.

Her back ached intolerably and she shuddered at the attention her helpless body received from the jeering dwarves who accompanied her every trip. The flesh of her bottom had numerous pinch marks. It was horrible but she didn't want to give them the pleasure of crying or complaining.

After darkness had fallen Liz was brought into the warm inviting yellow lamplight of the hut. After allowing Liz to use an outside lavatory Greselda led her back inside, locked the door and filled a large metal tub with water.

"We wash you," Mungo declared, removing her yoke.

Momentarily Liz pondered escape, she was at last free of the frightening timer collar. But always one of the two dwarves had their stun gun ready and even she could get away she guessed that her crew would suffer.

Although at first almost grateful to regain the use of her arms and sit passively as the water and soap was scrubbed over her sticky body, she soon became fearful as the Nimbles' natural sadism took over.

"You got big tits, how long you hold breath?" Mungo enquired.

Before Liz could react, Mungo and Greselda had her kneeling, arms twisted up behind her back. Her legs thrashed uselessly as an iron grip pulled her arms up to submerge her face under the soapy water. It seemed a lung-burning eternity, the sound of her tormentors' giggling grotesquely distorted by the water, before they pulled her up, spluttering, choking, to gratefully breathe.

"You do longer."

"Naaaaghhhh," Liz snorted around her bridle.

To no avail, she managed to suck in air before her head was pushed under again. Worse, they slapped the curve her up-thrust bottom, counting time as she heaved, frantically under the soapy water. After a minute, of burning pain and angry frustration, Liz felt she would explode. Her pounding pulse slowed and her struggles weakened. Now she seriously thought she would drown, so incongruously, in an old tin bath tub in this shanty town. She was visualising her epitaph when, gasping and spluttering she was roughly dragged up again by her hair.

They only tired of the sport when Liz, head throbbing, out of breath, couldn't stay under for long. Mungo then lovingly dried her trembling body. Oh how she hated his loathsome and intimate touch. He led her to a shed filled with straw and again yoked, Liz was unceremoniously pushed in and the door bolted from the outside. It was quite small and smelly and with no windows. Longing to be out of this nightmare she cried softly, sleep alluding her. At least though it was warm.

A sound made her eyes open and then she saw the silhouette of Mungo in the doorway. He beckoned to her with a long finger. Gulping, dread filling her leaden belly like a bucket, Liz walked back into his hut, sensing the worst but helpless to disobey.

"We fuck now," was all he said.

With a shock, she realised that the horrid creep was naked. His thick-set muscled torso was covered with matted hair and a thin penis nearly touched the ground. It was huge and the thought of him-him.... She nearly retched.

Gasping she pulled back, but Mungo angrily grabbed both her chain and his whip.

Once, twice, it slashed across her sensitive orbs, her cries muffled by the bridle. If Mungo was worried about Greselda hearing he gave no indication as such.

Liz knew that she couldn't now be more like an animal. Mungo had her kneeling with her back to him, her nose and her yoke resting on the floor. Instinctively she knew that the monster was going to take her 'doggy fashion.' The bile rose to her throat as she felt the first touch of his hairy body across the enticing curve of her bottom.

Mungo grinned, a dribble of spittle dropping from his slack mouth and onto the floor at the sight of

the kneeling girl's flanks gleaming under the soft green light from the moons. His sordid dreams were about to come true. The famous and beautiful space commander knelt before him, her delicious body trembling with revulsion and fear. Oh how he loved the sick fear in her pretty face, knowing what was going to happen – unable to prevent it. His wife didn't care, she knew that he could have any of the prisoners whenever he wanted in the interrogation centre; it spared her his attentions. And they represented no threat – many of them were dead soon afterwards.

He roughly pulled her satin thighs further apart to reveal the dark inviting cleft between the cheeks of her bottom. The velvet shell-like vulva was covered in fine down. With the enticing, dark puckered hole of her rosebud anus right before him, he inserted a finger straight into its heat the gripping thrust of her protesting sphincter muscles trying to eject him. He bet that it wasn't often someone got to stick their fingers up the commander's arse. Frantically, the cheeks of her bottom squeezed and juddered around the intruder.

"Graaaaghh," she screamed through the bridle.

Without warning or finesse he had poked a long finger straight into her womanhood making her squeal and writhe around him, her buttocks clenching anew. Gurgling with delight he ran a finger lengthways into the inviting mound of her love-lips pushing it into the crack and up against her body, curling deliciously inside. She was so hot, wriggling round him.

He reached round to grab her swinging breasts, mauling cruelly, her nipples hard buttons against his sweating hands. How he enjoyed her gasping squirming. Then, abruptly withdrawing his fingers, he simply thrust straight into her hot depths his hairy belly slapping against the cool globes of her bottom, his chest tight against the lovely curve of her spine. He bit and slobbered at the fluttering skin of the nape of her neck as he jetted his lust into the liquidity of her womanhood. Mungo was in heaven, riding the tight squirming girl, his pleasure in inverse proportion to her pain and degradation. He rode her hard, his hot hairy belly slapping against the cool tightness of her flinching bottom.

After Liz felt him tense and cry out, the sordid pumping movements of the horrid gnome ceased. She gasped with relief as the hairy fingers released their cruel grip on her pendulous bosoms.

She slumped where she knelt feeling dirty and soiled. If Liz could have chosen a moment to die it would have been then – but that was not her fate.

Then she was thankfully free of the grotesque little body and being led back to her stall where she cried herself to sleep.

It must have been no more than an hour later when Liz heard the stable door open again. To her surprise it was both Mungo and Greselda who stood watching her. Then Mungo, idly scratching his head, wandered back into the house to leave her alone with Greselda.

"Come here - on knees," the tiny witch demanded.

Awkwardly pushing herself up with the yoke, Liz crawled across to her tormentor, who, despite her diminutive size, was just able to look down on her kneeling victim. A thin tongue licked her puffy lips as she silently appraised the beautiful girl's nudity, which was trembling in dread. Surprisingly, she removed Liz's bridle, allowing her to thankfully stretch her jaws and tongue. She then prodded her slave's breasts, which thrust forward with her enforced posture.

"You fuck my Mungo?"

"Hughh, no, I...I er mean, he made me. I can only do as he..." Liz croaked in newly restored speech, not knowing what to say, just wanting to be anywhere but in this filthy stable with her captors.

"Shut it whore-slut. I know you want him, but he no want you - he say you no special," she lied cruelly, relishing the look in her victim's face. "You not able take him away from me. Now I show what Nimble woman do. If you move, I get Mungo beat you afterwards."

Liz, slumped, mentally and physically. Were there any deeper depths of degradation than to be virtually rejected, by one of the most grotesque races in the universe?

Now, she realised, she was to be used by the old hag herself.

The dwarf had undressed and the wrinkled, hairy body, with folds of loose fat nearly made her retch.

Suddenly, Greselda leapt forward onto her kneeling slave's shoulders, already aching under the yoke. Liz staggered back on her knees at the unexpected weight of the tiny woman whose thighs now clamped around her neck. The clinging gargoyle hooked her legs under the yoke for balance and thrust her crutch forward onto the girl's frenzied face.

Liz spluttered helplessly, shuddering as she was enveloped in a musk-like odour. She could feel the heat from the foul loins, the prickly pubic bush against her.

"You lick good and deep", demanded the beast to beauty, jerking her hips further against the beautiful, helpless face - ignoring the wide pleading eyes which looked up at her.

Liz gasped and trembled, but the impatient and painful kicking of her tormentor's hairy legs against her breasts and ribs made her, tentatively, push her tongue into the awful cloying heat which surrounded her. Greselda's bud was hard against her tongue and, following her gasped orders, Liz licked as deep and hard as she could, closing her mind, eyes screwed tight shut in revulsion. Finally though, with moisture sticky against her face, Liz was able to thankfully gasp in some fresh air as the woman leaped down from her perch.

Now, however, she was unable to take her eyes off the huge, nobbled, wooden dildo which swung from the strap around her tormentor's waist. The gnome, now also on her knees, edged towards her until the upthrust, wooden tip of the phallus jabbed the soft petals of Liz's sex.

Then, her strong arms gripping her captive's yoke, she thrust her hips so that Liz screamed as she was crudely impaled.

"Haaarggghh. Ugh, ugh, ugh."

After her initial cry, Liz could only grunt rhythmically as the phallus repeatedly thrust into her softness. Her eyes tight shut she tried to ignore the woman's lips slobbering over her own before they moved down to her jiggling breasts. The tiny hands gripped each cheek of her buttocks as the thrusts became more wanton.

Part of her mind recalled a filthy video once pirated into the ship's theatre. After watching just a few minutes of it, Liz had wondered how the girls on the film could abandon themselves to the rampant male and female dwarves; an acquired erotic taste someone had told her. Now she had involuntarily joined their number. Had she reached rock bottom yet? Liz pondered miserably.

As a final indignity Greselda, as she climaxed, thrust a long finger deep into Liz's anus, the hot sheath gripping tightly. Her other hand repeatedly slapped her thrusting bosoms making her sob pitifully for mercy. The bridle was replaced and Liz finally allowed to again weep into the straw until her tortured brain found sleep's salvation.

The following morning Liz had to kneel again at the table and be fed scraps for breakfast. Greselda then took her outside, the neighbouring dwarves laughing, as she was again made to publicly perform her bodily functions.

Then she was pulled along on her lead to be hosed down. She squealed and jumped as the cold water sprayed all over her body.

Liz continued to be yoked all day under the hot suns, working under the direction of Mungo's whip, trying to ignore the other dwarves almost queuing up to pinch and touch her. During a break, whilst her mentor tucked into a lunch of bread and cheese, Liz even had to provide rides for the youngsters who clambered up onto her back as she knelt on all fours. Their heels jabbed painfully into her ribs or kicked her tender swinging teats as she was made to crawl round and round like Gulliver with the little people hanging onto her. They pulled her long dark tresses, slapped the swell of her bottom, the screams for her to go faster echoing in her ringing ears. Liz wondered when the torments of the damned would ever end. Only thoughts of Harry and her crew prevented her from kicking out and to hell with the consequences.

At the end of the afternoon, she was hot and tired, dripping perspiration, her once so nicely brushed hair matted to her face. Just about every muscle was aching and her nose was sore from the constant pulls on her sensitive flesh. It was with a sigh of relief almost, therefore, when she was harnessed back into the dog cart to pull Mungo back to civilization.

The thin bunk in her tiny metal cell in the space centre had never before looked so inviting as she dropped into an exhausted sleep – alone.

CHAPTER 14

Liz was positioned in exactly the pose demanded by the cameraman, who was making a propaganda film of each prisoner. Having been given a scant hour to compose themselves, without being able to confer together, they had all been individually brought to this room by guards to make a plea for mercy. She was told, as were the others, that any refusal would result in death to her and retribution against the other crew.

Liz chewed her lip miserably when the media people explained that in addition to the film being sent to the Federation Government and media, a copy would also be sent to their families to increase the pressure to make a deal. They were thus allowed to include a short message to their loved ones.

They posed her carefully and explicitly. Stiffly erect, Liz's hands had to clasp her neck, legs spaced apart. As an added humiliation in view of the countless people who would undoubtedly see the film, she was nude. She tried not to think of her friends and family as she began reading the text she had been given.

‘People of the Federation, since our capture by the conquering Magellan forces we have come to realise the folly of our Government's venture in this region. Here on this peace-loving planet we are here the rebels terrorising a community which wishes to be left alone. I am ashamed of the Federation actions which have left so many innocent people dead and injured.’

As she haltingly spoke from the script, in a dead-pan voice, came the further shame of Sulin, accompanied by a dwarf casually standing alongside her. Each captor draped an arm familiarly around her shoulders as if they were the best of friends - rather than enemies under whose control she was. It was like a group photo - but with them in uniform, whilst all of her charms were on view. To add further insult, Liz felt Sulin and the dwarf each scoop up and cup one of her boobs, uplifted by her pose, caressing the silken flesh as if they were lovers posing for an erotic film. She shivered in vile shame.

The real message received by the viewer would be one of ownership and possession. The beautiful dark-haired woman was a helpless prisoner no longer protected by the Federation, a husband, lover or parents. Rather, she was a captive of barbarous pirates, and the sooner the Federation conceded to the forthcoming demands, the sooner she could rejoin the comfort and security of home. That was the message Liz was conveying and she was totally unable to do otherwise. Bitterness made her grind her small white teeth together.

Then, choking at the thoughts conjured up she began a more personal message in the twenty seconds allowed for her family.

‘I'm--I'm okay Mum, Dad and sis. I expect I'll see you soon but don't...please don't worry about me. I love you all very much. Harry and I hope that all at no. 90 are well,’ she concluded, trying to give the listeners a clue to the number and condition of the Explorer's survivors.

‘Time's up girlie, no more talking,’ announced Sulin, to emphasise her total control. She lightly patted Liz's bottom, making her eyes widen in shock, and shame, before the camera.

CHAPTER 15

The following day, Liz and her crew were told that they were being taken to several different prison camps. This was in case the Federation were stupid enough to try to rescue them,” she was told. She knew, however, that rescue was basically an impossibility. The Federation, even with spies and probes, wouldn't know the exact whereabouts of the prisoners and any ships would be detected so far out in space as to allow the pirates days to hide their captives again - or kill them! And she knew the Federation would never bargain - they were alone. Such a thought made her feel lost and alone – like a little girl. But she managed to quash such thoughts. She was a spaceship commander responsible for her crew and that thought gave her the resolve to try and be strong.

It was a sweltering day and the twenty or so male and female crew members in Liz's group had been force-marched for many hours now, through sparse countryside. Initially they had been taken, bound and gagged from the space centre where they had been interrogated in a covered hover-wagon. They had no idea of their whereabouts and might, for all they knew, now be heading back towards civilization - to fool any previously watching eyes.

Marching smartly as directed, and enforced with vicious blows from the guard's crops, was not easy. They were shackled together by the necks in lines of six or seven each wearing a frightening and tight, metal helmet-cage to which the chain linking them was attached. The cages were heavy on their shoulders and the leather straps securing them smelt of sweat and fear. Peering between the horizontal grill in her helmet, her vision was limited and turning her head more than a few degrees was an impossibility. Additionally, her bare feet soon became sore as they pounded over the rough ground, wearing only the striped uniform.

To add to their shame, earlier in their journey, they had horrible penal gags filling and stretching their mouths. Now these had thankfully been hinged back, looking like a scarecrow's noses. Their wrists had also been cuffed behind them, but these had now also been removed to allow them to march more easily. Nevertheless, the head cages and chains made them feel like ancient convicts as they tugged up their loose fitting garments to prevent them sliding down to their ankles.

No recognition had been given to Liz's rank. She marched somewhere in a middle row, her body shining with sweat. Perhaps worse - so far - was the fear and indignity that morning when she was prepared for the journey. Without warning she had been ordered by two burly soldiers out of her cell. With wrists cuffed behind her and a rubber hood pulled over her head, she had been frog-marched away. When released and her sight restored she saw three other crewmembers. Rose, Cathy and Lynne; they were in the shower block in the soldiers' barracks. Brusquely they were ordered to strip and shower under icy jets, with shouted orders and obscenities from the soldiers echoing off the tiled walls.

“Assume the position.”

They were spread-eagled on straight arms and legs, leaning against the tiles next to the urinals. Bellies quaking, the rubber hoods were again pulled over their heads leaving them in vulnerable darkness, but now quite naked.

“Keep leaning stiff against the wall, legs and arms nice and wide, not a move, not a sound you fucking slags,” the orders were shouted into each flinching face under the hoods.

Obediently motionless, Liz felt hands stroking and slapping her quivering bottom and groping her hanging breasts. She assumed it was rape – and that they wouldn't even be allowed to see their tormentors. Quaking in terror, she was sweltering under the hood, sweat pooling in her eyes, her muscles quivered. Whenever their arms or legs bent under the strain a voice would scream obscenities by their hoods, a cane prodding the offending limb back to rigidity.

The comments were crude, unrepeatable, only normally heard in male domains. Liz and her three equally terrified colleagues felt like intruders. Their bodies were openly and obscenely discussed

amongst the passing soldiers. Liz just wanted to shrink way inside herself. She tried to shut herself away mentally as well as physically under the hood but every now and then a muffled scream from one of the others as they were groped would jerk her back to horrid reality of her predicament. Constantly she awaited the worst, her nerves taut with fear.

In addition to the crude touches of hard calloused fingers was the awful sounds and smells as men performed their bodily functions alongside the hooded women. The relief was a tangible weight lifted when the soldiers arrived who were to take them to the camp. Although having to remain hooded, they were allowed to again don their striped uniforms, which now seemed so comforting. They were guided to the covered wagon where several other crewmembers were already assembled. To her dismay, Liz saw that Harry was not amongst them. Neither was Kate, or indeed ensign Joanne - the last remaining party to the self-destruct codes and with whom she had been unable personally to make contact.

Before embarking, their wrists were cuffed and the gruesome head cages locked around their shoulders. The awful rubber gags were unhinged to slide into their mouths. As the soldiers carelessly lifted the bound crew into the back of the wagon Liz was turned around to face Capt Stern. The woman smiled at her bulging mouth as she met her wide brown eyes.

"Just a warning girl," she hissed, "your crew is being split up and this party, with you in it, is going to a detention centre. Forget your rank, you will be just another prisoner, your only duty to obey orders. If you cause trouble or try to organise your crew in any way, you will recall what I said before about their execution. I'm sure a pretty little thing like you will be warmly received there," she smiled cruelly, patting Liz's taut bottom under her thin uniform. "Just be an obedient prisoner and work hard and you may all live through this. It could be your final ordeal - who knows," she added carelessly.

Nodding to a soldier, Stern watched almost sadly as he lifted Liz into the back of the wagon. The man's hands took free liberties as he scooped up her bound form, squeezing her curves as he shoved her within. Another icy smile stretched across Stern's face as she caught a last glimpse of the imploring eyes behind the helmet-grill. Then the wagon doors were locked down to leave all within in silent darkness.

Liz was jerked back to the reality of the march when a soldier spoke into a communicator. They marched past a clump of stringy trees to see a grim, foreboding wooden stockade a mile or so distant. As they approached, they heard the electric crackle of hidden defences being de-activated. The guards, seemingly showing off for the camp authorities ordered their tired prisoners to trot briskly into captivity. Gasping with exertion, Liz saw with dismay the afternoon sun glinting on rolls of barbed wire, infra-red catch/kill beams and searchlights which surrounded the many sturdy brick and wooden buildings in the compound. She knew that escape would probably be impossible - but even if they did - they would never be able to link up with the others .

Their prison measured at least a kilometre square and within those high walls were many other prisoners all wearing tracksuits. They were mostly in all male or female groups, toiling under the shouted directions of vicious guards of both sexes, including dwarves. The prisoners were manually digging or carrying rocks and timbers, work virtually unheard of in the galaxy - apart from punishment centres.

The new arrivals jogged through an outer stockade like eager dogs on leashes. Liz, exhausted, was relieved to see that Cathy was also fit enough to cope with the gruelling pace. However, the large breasts of Helen fell out of their inadequate covering and, to hoots of derision, the crimson girl scooped them back as she ran. As they passed the working parties, Liz heard whispered comments about 'more turnip-noses for the stew', making her more conscious of the hinged gag protruding in front of her helmet. Through the huge double sets of gates they ran, which promptly clanged shut with finality behind them. With chests heaving, gasping, they were lined up silent and still before a smart brick building.

When the frightful cage and neck shackles were removed, Liz had the luxury of stretching her tired and aching shoulders, and regaining her breath. They all had to stand stiffly to attention under the sun

whilst the soldiers lounged in the shade, sipping ice cold beers brought out to them by the camp's guards. The new prisoners longed to rest their aching bodies or find a cool respite from the merciless sun. Yet they knew that with Magellan's thirty hour day, and tropical temperatures for so much of the 400-day year, such a relief was unlikely. This would be another weapon used against them by their captors. She saw that even Michael Haig from the ship's marines was wilting a little in the cruel heat, but he appeared to be concerned about Rose.

He asked a guard for a drink of water for the blonde, swaying unsteadily next to him. The guard did, begrudgingly allow Rose to take a couple of sips of tepid water from his canteen. Naturally though he ensured, as he held the vessel, that he groped her breasts under their loose covering. However, the sounds of the guard's crop then lashing into Michael's body for talking was a deterrent to any others from making similar requests.

At last, after an hour, their arrival was acknowledged; an old slob in an ill-fitting black uniform waddled out to inspect them. He must have weighed at least twenty stone, and comparisons with a toad came readily to mind. Like a Roman emperor from ancient Earth he was shaded from the sun's cruel rays by what appeared to be his personal slave girl holding a parasol over her master's head. The poor girl was only young, probably mid teens, with a beautiful, elfin-like, face framed by long blonde hair. Her lithe body moved gracefully naked under the only garment she wore, a long white gown, under which her breasts jiggled. The gown was split to the waist and, as she walked, it displayed tantalising glimpses of her slender thighs and buttocks, also occasional wisps of fair pubic down. With downcast eyes the red-faced shame of her predicament before the massed throng was evident.

In contrast to his own appearance, the fat man was also accompanied by a slim woman in her early twenties. She also wore a tight black uniform, and her mix of Negroid and Oriental features, now in a tight scowl, bore a striking resemblance to Sulin back in the space complex.

Finally came a spotty, gangly boy who she guessed to be barely 18, but his cold stare made Liz and the other female prisoners shudder when it flicked over them like a strand of barbed wire. It was she realised the arrogant look of a youth who knew he had total control over his hapless victims and despised their weakness. The kid would have no scruples or conscience, and insufficient maturity, to care any more about a fellow human being than he would an ant.

All three black-garbed figures carried short riding crops with flails. The shouted orders from the soldiers made the prisoners stand even more stiffly to attention as the three walked down their ranks. Desperately the teenage girl struggled to keep the parasol covering him.

"I am Commandant Rolf. This is my second in Command Capt Koolin - you may recall her sister from the space centre," announced the 'toad', his jowls bouncing. "Also, we have Sub-Lieutenant Stone, he's young but eager to learn," he turned slightly to the lad whose tiny, displeased, black eyes drilled into each prisoner.

"Welcome to Detention Camp 6 - Feddy scumbags," he continued. "There is only one rule here; you obey all orders instantly and without question. I and my two fellow officers are your Gods, your mothers and fathers and your teachers all rolled onto one. If we say it you do it - immediately. Similarly, you will obey the guards. You will work hard here building leisure facilities for us - it is always necessary to supplement the standard accommodation. You will also learn from the instruction you will be given about our Magellan Empire - it will correct the propaganda you have previously been indoctrinated with."

A shudder of pleasure rippled through Rolf. He loved the moment when new prisoners made their first acquaintance with his camp; the sheer power he had over them and their despair as they realised this fact. They were now his and he had power of life and death over them. Not that this was totally true

with this batch though--he recalled his orders. They were Federation crew from the Explorer and the authorities wanted them more or less intact for political reasons - a bargaining chip he surmised. Still, he reasoned, the prisoners themselves would not know this and their general youth and attractiveness was compensation. So many of those passing through the imposing gates were often well past their sell-by dates.

His eyes particularly lingered on the woman he recognised from the documentation, vids and those wanted posters, as Commander Liz Hartley. He would enjoy having such a beauty. Now, she was not dressed smartly in uniform, or in one of the stunning dresses she often wore off-duty, and in which the free-lance reporters frequently took her picture. She was something of celebrity, beauty and brains. Here, however, she was just a frightened woman standing stiffly to attention in a striped uniform. Her beauty still shone through, and he visualised her body under the uniform. Another shiver of expectation rippled his jowls - he wouldn't have to merely imagine for long. There were other pretty ones too; notably a curly haired blonde lieutenant. How she shivered with dread as he stared at her. Yes, he thought, he would certainly have his fun with them. But he also simply enjoyed watching through the ever vigilant closed circuit vids which covered so much of the camp.

A glint of sun briefly struck his face and he immediately grabbed the tiny hand of the young girl, re-positioning the parasol.

"Stupid cow, can't you do anything right."

"No Sir, sorry Sir," Her cringing low-voiced apology was music to his ears. But he had a reputation to maintain.

Cruelly, he slapped her face making her gasp back tears. Then his hand then trailed down the curve of her back to the warm flesh of her small, bottom beneath the tee-shirt. His fingers pushed between the tight cheeks, feeling them involuntarily contract. Deliciously, he found her hidden entrances and warmth, feeling her uncomfortable, shameful squirming, as each orifice gripped a finger - but she made no sound or protest. Any such resistance had been knocked out of her.

He recalled how he had acquired her when she had stupidly strayed from her friends on a liner on a neutral planet six months ago. Federation tourists did occasionally vanish permanently or temporarily, when indulging their whims to visit the less civilized worlds and, since he happened to be on that planet on business, he had seized the opportunity to have her for himself. He would probably tire of her after a while, and to avoid complications, would simply give her a mind-wash and return her to where he had found her. She would only have vague nightmares in respect of her missing months.

At a discrete cough from Koolin, shaking his daydream, Rolf whacked his crop against the side of his shiny boot before continuing his tirade.

"Any prisoner attempting escape will be executed. Disobedience, slackness or shirking of duties is also punishable. You are our prisoners and will earn your keep. The ground surrounding the camp is covered by numerous electronic defences. Very few have ever managed to escape the compound, and those that have, were disintegrated to make very fertile manure. You will now be inspected, so I'll leave you in the capable hands of my two assistants."

"Right you fucking Feddy animals, before you strip out of those rags, I'll have you in two lines facing each other three metres apart - here and here," screamed the young boy, pointing to the dust. "Contact between sexes will in future be totally forbidden so make the most of this; afterwards you'll just have to dream. Move it, cunts, run into lines," he shouted, swishing his crop through the air, "then drop your kit - go."

Galvanised, the tired captives scrambled into position and shrugged off their uniforms to form a pile at their feet. Whilst Rolf struggled awkwardly into a seat, assisted by his nubile slave, Koolin and Stone, slowly approached the lines of misery. Instinctively, the prisoners knew that no-one would want to be in their 'capable' hands - let alone as naked prisoners!

They went first to the line where Michael had managed to put himself near to Liz and Rose, causing a ripple of discomfort as the two fiends sauntered before them. Koolin thumbed through her electronic clipboard as she counted the prisoners. The natural instinct of each was to cover themselves from Stone's hard young eyes but they correctly guessed the folly of that. However, merely standing there exposed wasn't sufficient for him.

"Ten Shun you slags, bellies in and tits out ready for Capt Koolin to look at your worthless bodies."

He lashed his crop to leave a red line of pain across the smooth whiteness of Rose's hips, making her scream and the others pull themselves up as directed. The fists of Michael and Liz balled into useless tension. Although starting forward they managed to check themselves. In the normal world they would have retaliated against the youth for such action, but that world had ceased to exist for the Explorer's crew. Both glanced pityingly at Rose as she blinked back tears. Her wide eyes never left the tip of Stone's crop which swished dangerously near her, now out-thrust, breasts. His hand flicked her blonde curly hair.

"Did that hurt?" he enquired almost amiably.

"Y-yes," she gasped through her tears.

Whish!

"Argggh, pleeease," she squealed, pressing her hands to the agony which had erupted across the very tips of her breasts. He, just a lad, had lashed her quite mercilessly across the very symbols of her femininity.

"Proper respect. You address a staff member as 'Sir' or 'Madam,' and hands away from your tits, girl," he snapped.

Rose resumed her position, breasts throbbing painfully before his amused eyes, then he moved further down the line to Liz.

She sub-consciously sucked in her belly a little as he stood before her, raising his eyebrows quizzically.

"Commander Liz Hartley, Sir," she responded.

"A quick learner, and also quite a looker aren't you," he murmured reaching towards her.

Bitterness was like bile in her mouth as he weighed her breasts, the nipples hardening treacherously. She saw, with shame and disgust, the hands of the seated Commandant, moving slightly in his pockets, his tongue licking fat lips, as he watched the scene. One of the beasts' hands slid shamelessly between the thighs of the girl by his side.

Stone smiled, scarcely able to take his eyes off the feast laid before him. His fingers delved slightly between Liz's sex lips, then cupped and patted her bottom, pulling her against him so she would feel his bulge against her soft thatch. An exploratory finger delved slightly between the cool globes to seek out the tight heat buried deep between them.

"I bet she makes a good shag," he whispered conspiratorially to Michael with a wink at the man's helpless tenseness.

Then Koolin interrupted, ready for her first roll-call.

"Right, you'll each confirm your name as I stand before you," she announced, briskly indicating to Stone that he should proceed with her to the end of the first line.

"Cathy Flanders Madam."

"The Federation's using old slags for it's crews now then is it Flanders? Married? Children?"

"Yes Madam," the red-faced woman whispered.

"Details then you stupid cow," screeched Koolin slapping Cathy back and forth to leave the red imprint of her hand across each side of her pretty face.

"Sorry, Madam. My-my husband works on Earth for the Federation and my two children are at college." Tears trickled down her face, both from the indignity of the slaps and also the recollection of

home.

"Bet you miss them and wish you hadn't been so stupid as to make war on us girl - rather than be safe at home with them," she spoke rhetorically. "I wonder what they'd make of seeing you like this Flanders? Maybe I'll ensure they do if you continue to be a stupid cow," she flounced.

Indeed, Liz could imagine that Cathy would never have envisaged standing naked, being berated by vicious youngsters. In fact, she realised, these two fiends were probably younger than her children!

"Rose Pierce Madam," the blonde whispered when her captors stood before her.

"A pretty girl, sexy face and a tight little arse eh," she patted the prisoner's bottom with possession, strolling around her.

"A bit slovenly though Captain Koolin," volunteered Stone, "she slouched and I had to straighten her up a bit. Needs to stop being a wimp," he added sarcastically, now standing between Cathy and Rose, harshly smacking both sets of buttocks - making them clench. Both women yelped, starting forward in surprise.

"I'll have none of that girl," snapped the negress, gripping Rose's slim shoulders in a vice-like grip and jerking her even straighter, slapping her thighs. "Stick those nice tits right out, aim them at me girl."

Rose was practically having to thrust her orbs into Koolin's grinning face before the witch was content.

"Keep it like that," she patted the offered fruit possessively before moving to Michael.

"I had trouble with this one, and Hartley next to him," again offered Stone. "They seemed to want to interfere with my discipline of Pierce. A bit naughty," The lad strolled behind Michael and Liz, both pairs of their eyes widening as he lightly, un-naturally, toyed with their flinching bottoms.

"Well? What have you to say?" snapped Koolin."

"Michael Haig, Madam. Lieutenant Pierce was in difficulty and... arghh," his response, difficult enough by having to verbally grovel to the spiteful young bitch, was interrupted by Stone's fist in his stomach doubling him, up.

"I don't give a shit about what blondie was feeling," Koolin explained reasonably to Michael when she had grabbed his ears and pulled him up and back to attention. "Here you are merely prisoners, animals. No doubt you'd like to be feeling her and the dark-haired whore next to you but that's forbidden," she purred like a large cat. Tantalisingly, her hands returned to Rose's shivering breasts, still earnestly thrust forward as commanded. The negress cupped them wickedly, drinking in the blonde's shame and discomfort as her nipples firmed into two cones under her active thumbs.

"Hmm, she likes that," Koolin flashed a wide smile at Michael. "Shame you'll never get to touch them, or this," one dark hand stroked the soft curves of Rose's buttocks whilst the other slid over the flat, quacking, plain of her belly to push hard up against the delightful curly thatch, making her victim squirm.

Koolin's hands were now back on Michael, brushing his nipples into two hard buttons, standing close enough to feel his manhood grow to touch her skirt. "Show off," she murmured, stroking it to a hard jutting flagpole, "but if it's going to cause trouble I might have to cut it off."

Sweat beaded on Michael's brow, as the hand lifted and cupped his tight scrotum, in anticipation of the pain which was surely to come. Sure enough, before she moved on to Liz, Koolin's hand cruelly closed over his sac, squeezing pitilessly to send him screaming to his knees.

"Elizabeth Hartley Madam," she managed above Michael's gasps.

"You're a wanted prisoner, I've seen that pretty face on the posters," Koolin announced, planting herself squarely before the brunette. "Also, it seems from Mr Stone, getting ideas above your station. Back straighter, stick those tits out too," she demanded, pushing her hand into the small of Liz's back and against her belly until she got the posture she demanded.

"Not such a fancy-pants now are we girl," she purred.

Viciously, without warning, her crop scorched across the jutting, red tips of Liz's breasts making

her hands press desperately against her agonized orbs, seeking relief from the burning pain, her eyes wet with tears. Then Koolin's hands, in contrast, gently cupped her chin, fingers brushing away the tears as Stone positioned the sobbing woman back to attention.

"It seems then my dear that I must make an example of you and your grizzling gentleman friend here. You'll both be whipped in the courtyard before the camp tonight. A good example to your colleagues," she announced to the sobbing woman before flouncing off down the line.

Following behind Koolin, Stone stood right before Liz, his dead-fish eyes seemingly boring through her to the back of her skull. Curiously, he reached out to stroke the soft skin of her still throbbing orbs, feeling the heat from the line of pain across them. He saw her hands flexing and her difficulty in remaining to attention.

"You don't mind me having a feel Hartley?" he asked reasonably as if discussing fruit for sale rather than the fruits of her body.

"N-no Sir."

Nodding his head wisely, they both knew that there could be no other response in this place.

"I've seen and read so much about you. It will be good to give you a good seeing to, Hartley, to fuck the arse of you. You'll look forward to that I expect?"

"Yes, Sir," it was a whisper of shame at the unavoidable as she tried to digest the knowledge of an impending public flogging.

Stone, with a cruel smile into her wide eyes, left Liz to catch up with Koolin who was now taking further details.

"Lynne Pitch, Madam."

"I see from your interrogation report that you left a rich husband and two teenage sons to join this little Federation raiding party?"

"Yes, Madam."

Liz knew that Lynne, was a naturally headstrong and exuberant woman, used to the luxuries of life from a rich husband. She would now find this adventure, which had turned into a nightmare, so hard to bear.

"Maybe you can see them again - some day," Koolin added cruelly, her hand stroking Lynne's dainty, snub nose, wiping a tear from a brown eye. "Who knows, possibly your husband can pull a few strings, persuade the Federation to make a few concessions. I'm sure he will have been very moved by your message home."

Liz could imagine the response of Lynne's husband's to the vid he would have received of her, but despite his wealth, there would be little he could do.

Koolin briefly glanced again at her electronic pad.

"You also mentioned in your interrogation that you enjoyed outdoor sex. You certainly seemed to like your turn in the Pussy Club I gather. Correct?" Koolin was a cat with a mouse.

"I, er yes.. Madam." The woman knew the folly of challenging her captors.

"Well, lets get you moist now, eh. Drop and give me ten," bawled Koolin like a sergeant major.

Immediately, Lynne lay at her tormentor's black feet and began pumping her tired body up and down. A smile spread over the face of the negress as she rested a foot casually on the white buttocks. A hunter with her prey?

"I could arrange for you to be humped, out here in the courtyard before everyone if you like - maybe by one of the Nimbles. Perhaps in the bum? No, I recall from your interrogation that you are not too keen on hubby touching round there?"

"Pl-please Madam..."

"Perhaps later eh," Koolin smiled cruelly, kicking Lynne's flinching rump as she moved on.

As Koolin and Stone proceeded to check each prisoner, Rolf finally stirred himself sufficiently to walk down the line behind his staff.

“I like to see a nice row of bouncing boobs,” the toad announced. “All of you women, bounce them around for me. Now. And make them really swing - or I'll ask Miss Koolin to make them bounce with her crop.”

Never could Liz have imagined the indignity of having to jiggle and bounce her breasts, over and over, for the perverse delight of such a lecher. Her orbs soon ached awfully as they swung up and down. But that was almost a pleasure compared to Rolf's thick wet lips then slobbering over each pair of their sore nipples! Liz saw that the girl protecting him from the sun kept her eyes continually to the ground as her master's games continued. No doubt, she thought, the poor thing had also suffered at the beast's hands.

“I'll just kiss your little buds better,” he drooled on reaching Liz's position.

She only just managed to control the sickness rising in her as what felt like two slugs sucked and slimed over her shrinking red buds. It only helped a little to divert her apprehension from the whipping soon to be inflicted on her. A shudder of dread ran through her lush body.

Helen and Lindsey exercised less control, flinching back, eyes flashing, as the podgy hands felt their jiggling orbs. A guard twisted their arms up behind them, arching their backs and thrusting their breasts for the obnoxious attention of the beast's mouth.

At last, the roll-call was over.

“Run round the courtyard, I'll direct you into the medical and reception block when we're ready to search and examine you,” shouted a guard. “Now run, get a sweat on, the doctor will want to check your stamina and heart-rate.” He attached tiny electrodes to each chest to feed back the information.

Twenty prisoners, each holding their discarded uniforms high over their heads, ran round and round the perimeter, breasts and buttocks dancing wildly, much to the amusement of the jeering guards who they had to pass. Two or three repulsive Nimbles jumped up and down, slobbering with glee at the sight. The crew also felt the furtive eyes of their fellow prisoners, in work gangs, feasting on the new flesh paraded before them.

Chests heaving to draw in shuddering breaths, they were finally directed into a brick building. After being herded inside they had to discard their clothing in a pile and form two lines, male and female, before small desks. A bored-looking, unshaven, man sat awaiting the women. His only gesture towards anything medical was a white smock. Before they reached him though, another guard had them each stand with hands clasped to their necks whilst he frisked them, his gloved hands sliding methodically over and into them. Nothing could be taken into that camp.

“Name? Date of Birth? Address? Next of Kin? Next period due?”

Firstly the reality of having to give such familiar details in this unfamiliar nightmare existence, then such personal details! Could these fiends heap any more humiliation on their captives wondered Liz?

Liz responded, blushing beetroot as a grimy hand felt, and pressed her belly, a finger 'accidentally' straying over her wiry thatch and curling into the soft lips below.

“This 'perstop' tablet will prevent your cycle for the next three months,” responded the indifferent medical orderly -uninterested in the details, only the feminine delights displayed before him. It could only be a mechanism for breaking them down still further. He gave one to every female. She supposed that it had the logic of avoiding complications but was another loss of control by the women over their own bodies. They were now owned by the pirates in effect!

Taking a copy of the form filled in at the first desk, they had to run to another, occupied by a bespectacled clerk. After shouting out their surnames they were given their prisoner numbers. Two guards then securely held each victim whilst a third pressed an electric brand into their flesh. Liz's bore the figure 1248 and she screamed as the metal ate into her arm. Although she knew that medical techniques could easily remove it, the symbolism wasn't lost on her. Wiping away tears, she had to queue before a tiny cubicle from which soft voices could be heard.

When Lynne, red faced, emerged, Liz's number was called and the thick red curtain closed behind

to engulf her in the cloying heat. She was now isolated from her companions, trapped in the cubicle with a thin, sweating man in a white coat and stethoscope. He wore thick pebble glasses, reminding Liz of the serial-murder, Christie, from early 20th century England, whom she had studied at college. It made Liz even more conscious of her vulnerable nudity, and his appearance made her previous sticky heat, revert to a shiver of cold dread. Worse, in the tiny space beside the bunk, stood the huge gloating figure of Commandant Rolf.

He wanted to ensure that he witnessed the delight of the examination of the beautiful Commander, and had also just had the pleasure of seeing the doctor process one of the others. He knew from her file how proud and headstrong was the rich and pretty woman, Lynne, who was now simply prisoner 1248. How she must mentally implore her rich and influential husband to rescue her. Instead, she had to simply endure as the doctor's hands ran over and into, every square inch, every orifice of her body. They both knew that now she, and all of the others, belonged to him!

It was the turn of the beautiful Commander to stand, arms and legs outspread in the shape of a cross, hands gripping a rail above her head. One combined thermometer / body analyzer, jutting from her mouth like a cigar whilst, for reference purposes, another protruded from her buttocks. Meanwhile the doctor's hands ran freely over her breasts and belly, prodding and holding. Then he took her precise body measurements, holding an old fashioned measure against each curve whilst he talked - mainly muttering to himself.

"Hmm, a biggish girl aren't you my dear, 36B I make it. Nice firm breasts too. Now your buttocks, yes, that's it, let's get it just right, nearly perfect globes. Good flesh tone."

Frequently, he had to wipe the moisture from his thick glasses. Although the doctor could so easily have used an alternative, Rolf knew that he retained the old fashioned implements to add a sinister touch during these sessions.

Rolf could only half imagine her feelings of dread when, like the others, the dark-haired vision had to lay back for a personal examination. The soft, halting voice of the doctor instructed her to hold her ankles wide apart above her head. Both men caught their breath as the beautiful velvet flower of her womanhood blossomed before them. The hands probed deep into the large and small orifices pouting before them as the colour of their victim's face matched that of the curtains. Fingers and implements delved into the tight, gripping flesh, making it give up involuntary samples of every bodily fluid. Apart from the sound of fingers in flesh, the silence within the electric atmosphere was only broken by Rolf himself. Liz could only bring herself to silently nod, when, in the most exposed position possible for a woman, the flabby beast asked if everything was well!

A tiny device, he pushed into the puckered rosebud of her anus, soon had her squatting desperately over a sample bag before her tormentors as her bowels obediently emptied. Finally, the doctor photographed her face and body from various angles using a digi-camera and angled mirrors, directing her into various awkward, provocative, poses.

Collecting, as best she could, her tattered dignity Liz was dismissed from the hateful cubicle to be then supervised by a gibbering, prancing Nimble as she thoroughly showered. In addition to allowing her to finally quench her raging thirst, she could also mentally and physically wash away the effects of those awful probing hands.

After the hot air jets had dried her, the giggling moron patted her bouncing bottom as she ran to receive a track-suit uniform. It tightly followed the delicious contours of her body, leaving little to the imagination. She was no longer a glamorous girl or a space commander - just prisoner 1248 belonging to the pirates!

Through the wire mesh Liz could see, hear and smell the anticipatory scurrying of countless snargs

inches from her face and body. Apart from their 10 jointed legs, each ending in sharp claws, these beasts, which as she recalled originated from Deimos, were somewhat similar, in looks, to the spiders back on Earth. The average size of their furry round bodies was about two or three inches across. Additionally though, they had crab-like pincers at each end, capable of holding or crushing small prey or inflicting a painful pinch to flesh. These vicious pincers could also pull anything unwary into mouths which contained rows of needle-like , tearing, fangs which produced a venom similar to an Earth wasp. Perhaps worst of all, they simply attacked without reason, simply attracted by warm living flesh. In all, these were creatures to be avoided.

For Liz however, her immediate problem was that she might not be able to avoid them for much longer. It was only the strength of her quivering arm and leg muscles which kept her bare flesh away from the numerous tiny claws and fangs which longed to tear at her. The inquisitive green eyes shining through the mesh almost sensed that she couldn't indefinitely hold the inviting, sensitive areas of her away from them forever!

For half an hour both Liz and Michael had been secured by widely spaced wrist and ankle cuffs face down over two hemispherical cages full of snargs. Both prisoners were completely naked. Their stiffly-straight limbs were splayed shamelessly to reveal their intimacies. This was because they were forced to hold their inverted bodies in a tight painful arc above the mesh. The distance by which each cage was raised above ground level was determined by the size of the victim bound over it. In Liz's case it had been adjusted so that she could just keep the tips of her hanging breasts away from the mesh by locking her arms straight and pushing back her upper body to its full extent. Likewise, to keep the inviting tender heat of her loins away from the waiting claws, she had to arch her back and push her hindquarters up in a blatant curve.

Michael's cage was similarly adjusted to leave his hairy chest just clear of the mesh, and also his limp penis. He knew that if his manhood was to grow, it would be grasped by those eager snargs.

They both knew that worse was to come though! They were each to receive, sometime, an unspecified number of lashes which would undoubtedly force them down onto the creatures waiting just below them!

A rivulet of sweat trickled from Liz's brow, stinging her eyes before dripping into the cage below. The scurrying sound increased beneath her and suddenly her head jerked violently down making her cry both with shock and also the pain of the tugging on her scalp. She realised that her head had drooped, allowing her hair to brush the mesh. Initially incurring even greater pain, she desperately forced her aching neck muscles to lift her head back up again, wrenching her hair away from where eager claws had grabbed the offered strands. There were squeals of frustration and anger from below as they were, for the moment, denied the more succulent dish of her warm flesh. However, it seemed to Liz that the numerous green eyes bored into hers with the message that she would soon be theirs!

Liz looked up at noises beside her to see the guards herding the camp's prisoners into a circle around herself and Michael. She shuddered when, into the circle, stepped Stone and Koolin along with two Nimbles, each carrying a vicious whip with many knotted thongs.

"Punishment parade for prisoners Hartley and Haig who demonstrated a lack of discipline on arrival. Each will receive twelve strokes each from the cat-o-nine tails on the back and buttocks," bawled a guard's voice. Both she and Michael had involuntarily tensed at the arrival of their tormentors. Now they sweated with fear at the inhuman nature of their punishment.

To his horror, Michael felt Koolin's hand stroking the taut flesh of his buttocks. Then her finger trailed into the cleft. Despite the situation, he felt the electric spark of lust as her digit tantalisingly circled the heat of his puckered ring. To his shame and horror, his penis unfolded to touch the mesh.

"Yaarrggghh," the scream was torn from him as a tiny hairy mouth nipped his tight throbbing flesh forcing him to arch back to his fullest extent, thus thrusting Koolin's finger even deep into his anus.

"I see you'd like a bum fuck but I'm afraid its pain rather than pleasure Haig," laughed Koolin

as Liz and Michael had endured, an additional day was required. Thus, whilst the other prisoners toiled, their first day in camp was spent semi-conscious on bunks in the medical centre. The next morning, however, after their second session under the rays, saw them ready to join their comrades.

CHAPTER 16

Liz saw the smiling faces of Harry and her parents beyond the gate. It was over, she merely had to turn that lock and...

"Wait! You're having a random search, Hartley," Stone had suddenly appeared at her side just yards from freedom.

Liz saw the sickened looks of her loved ones as she stood, fingers obediently clasped to her neck, as the insistent hands roamed over her, crudely squashing her breasts over the tee-shirt, uplifted by her posture. They travelled up her spread thighs to familiarly pat her bottom over the tight jeans.

"What's this?" With a frown he extracted a paper from her back pocket on which was scrawled numbers all neatly divided in two. "Smuggling this out eh? - its back inside for you."

Liz was aware of Harry and the others calling her name, clawing frantically at the bars just metres away but unable to help her. With hands still on her neck, her continuing status as a prisoner clear, she had to march back to captivity.

Still she heard her name being called. With a jolt she awoke to Rose gently shaking her shoulder. She was sharing a small metal cell with Rose and Alice. They all lay on tiny bunks under a thin sheet, each wearing only a tee-shirt. Rose instructed Liz about how, when the cell door opened at 5.30am each morning, they had to strip and stand hands on head legs apart by their bunks. When the guard entered they shouted out their prisoner numbers, in numerical order. Then, the cover to their toilet would be unlocked to allow them the relief of performing their bodily functions. This might be witnessed by a guard, maybe a hooting Nimble - but that was irrelevant! The toilets were locked at 7pm, from when self-control had to be exercised as best as possible.

With a hefty electronic 'clunk' their cell-door unlocked and a petite, wardress aged somewhere in her twenties entered. Following the example set by the others, Liz pulled off her tee-shirt, stood as required and shouted her number in turn.

"1244 Miss. 1245 Miss. 1248 Miss."

The wardress was a tiny Chinese woman. "Feeling better now Hartley?" the hard voice of the tiny woman asked, as if Liz had been ill rather than flogged nearly to death!

"Yes, Miss."

"You look all right for it." The woman pulled Liz this way and that, her hand stroking over the curves of her back and bottom now soft and smooth again. To the horror of all three women, the wardress explained that they were forbidden to relieve themselves that morning until after Commandant Rolf's twice weekly inspection!

Trying to ignore bladders aching for release, they had to brush and comb their hair and then lie face down on their bunks. Neatly, prettily, the woman carefully entwined flowers in their hair. Next a rose stem was placed between their lips and, to their shame, another one thrust into the bud of each anus. Alice and Rose then had to stand, facing each other, hands resting lightly on each other's shoulders, the tips of their quivering breasts just touching. Arching their backs the wardress had them thrust out their bottoms provocatively, weaving more flowers into their pubic bushes. Liz was posed laying face down full length on the bunk resting on her elbows, her back arched up to show off the beautiful dip in her spine, whilst her chin was cupped in her hands. They all had to smile sweetly and were forbidden to move - living, breathing statues.

Liz didn't know whether the pain of holding her bladder in check was worse than the humiliation of her pose! Pointing out the ever vigilant vid scanner, the woman told them they would be punished if they talked, moved out of position or 'disgraced' themselves. Time seemed to crawl endlessly by. Liz saw similar looks of discomfort on the faces of her companions as they strove to hold themselves in, the locked lavatory so near yet so far. A tear trickled down Alice's face, a mature woman reduced to a

living mannequin, but a whispered encouragement from Liz helped her regain control.

Eventually, the door again opened and the Chinese woman smiled broadly - they were all still obediently in position. Rolf and Koolin chortled too when they saw the pretty, yet demeaning, poses.

“Wang, you never cease to amaze me. I can always rely on you to make my first inspection of the girls under your care as block orderly one to remember.”

He and Koolin stroked and touching the immobile flesh as the prisoners sucked in their bellies, tensing, smiles painfully etched on their pretty faces. He drunk in the exquisite sight. Three offered flowers protruded delicately, yet obscenely, from the clenching cheeks of the superb buttocks - each thrust out, proffering their gift. His shaking hand stroked each set of creamy spheres before plucking the stems from the security of the puckered 'vases'.

“We'll take your little presents to us girls,” chuckled Rolf, also taking the flowers from the clenched teeth. “Well done again Wang, we'll certainly have to see about that promotion from block wardress.”

Liz nearly let herself go when the Commandant's podgy hand slapped her bottom. Koolin laughed when she saw her teeth bite down in anguish over quivering lips, and the control she was having to maintain.

“We'd better go, Commandant, before the bitches wet themselves,” the negress smirked.

Tears of relief trickled down the face of each woman as they were finally left alone to squat in steaming release over the toilet. Their feelings were tempered with frustration that two hours of acute discomfort and humiliation were merely for the Chinese woman to curry favour with the toad of a Commandant!

“Move it you lazy cows,” bawled the butch, crop-haired wardress as Liz and Cathy struggled to carry a huge plank the several hundred yards to the construction site within the camp. “We haven't got all day, move your fat arses - slags.”

They had been in camp about a week and for several hours that morning Liz had been performing the gruelling work without a break. The wardress, meanwhile, who was well over 2 metres in height with a girth to match, had been reclining in the shade shouting orders!

Hands more used to the touch of a console keyboard, flying a sub-light interceptor or the touch of soft feminine garments were having to prize the heavy wood from it's hugging embrace with the ground. Having probably laid in position for months the earth was reluctant to give it up. Gasping, eyes screwed shut with effort, the two grunting women had slowly eased their burden up until Liz had tripped and dropped it.

The wardress strode up, kicking her bottom, sending her sprawling to the ground. Then her boot, pressing down on Liz's head, ground her face into the dirt. Spluttering, wiping away dirt, when the boot allowed her up, Liz screamed under the two vicious lashes across her back as she and Cathy again stooped to their burden. She barely had time to ponder the injustice of her fate before a threatening swish reminded her of the expected penitence.

“Sorry Miss, I'll try harder.”

A growl from the monstrous woman made her concentrate solely on the task in hand. As she and Cathy staggered along, muscles groaning they passed Helen and Rose running the other way to fetch another plank.

“Run you lazy bitches, do you think this is a picnic?” encouraged the wardress delicately.

Walking was not permitted. The women shone, hair matted over their faces, breasts and buttocks bouncing under their thin covering. The four women exchanged brief glances as they passed. Resistance to the hard labour was, Liz knew to her cost, useless. Previously, when the horrid cow seemed to be picking on Helen, she had tried to distract the attention of the wardress from the young blonde to

herself, who, she could see, had been close to snapping. Her blue eyes flashed dangerously when her tormentor decided she wasn't trying hard enough. Pointlessly she had to pick up a pile of bricks and set them down just a metre or so away, over and over again, bending up and down on her seemingly never-ending task. Liz had pretended to stumble into the pile and went to help the girl, whispering to her to keep cool.

The wardress, seemingly, wasn't as stupid as she looked though - a natural animal cunning perhaps. She had sensed Liz's action to be deliberate. Both prisoners consequently had to strip.

Liz felt distinctly uneasy, the woman seemed almost unstable, reminding her of a spiky-haired dyke she had encountered, a lifetime away, on a mono-rail commuter back on Earth. She and Liz were standing close in the crowded train and every time Liz glanced in the woman's direction it was to see her eyes devouring her body. On her way to a party, Liz was looking glamorous, her thighs disappearing in a short green dress. Perhaps with hindsight, she should have dressed less provocatively in public?

In contrast the fat woman's hard puggy features were adorned with spiked, body-piercing jewellery; the sort of person with whom one avoids eye contact. Liz had felt uneasy as she peered at her body, almost daring the glamorous creature, someone she herself would never be, to confront her! Although the woman was large, Liz knew her training might enable her win a fight - but she knew it was the physical contact which the woman so obviously craved - to demean her. However, Liz was dressed, and prepared for, fun. Ignoring the shame, the other amused passengers, Liz endured the woman patting the tight curve of her bottom as she stepped past her at her stop - her face crimson.

Now, back in this reality, she was standing naked and to attention before just such a woman; totally in her power. It felt almost as if there were only the two of them in existence as the woman, with a sneer, cupped one of Liz's breasts, weighing, stroking the red bud with a finger. Next, she patted the curve of her thigh and squeezed a cheek of her bottom before trailing her finger around to the fluttering belly. Below, parting the down-covered lips of her sex, she probed slightly within, all of the time staring into victim's wide eyes. Worse perhaps, she kissed Liz full on the lips. Finally, distracted by a shout from where the male prisoners were working, she continued with her intended punishment of Helen and Liz.

Both had yokes locked in place around outstretched wrists, the heavy wood bearing down on their soft shoulders. Then two of the frightening head cages were fastened in position, the phallic gags were unfolded and thrust into their bulging mouths. For the next hour Liz and Helen, thus had to carry, suspended from hooks, a chair on which their wardress was casually seated - rather like a sedan chair passenger. They had to carry their heavy burden on aching muscles around the site so she could give the other prisoners directions and orders--without the inconvenience of walking herself!

Liz, in the rear position, lost count of the times the woman's crop lashed across the flexing cheeks of Helen's bottom, making the girl gasp through her gag before responding to her tormentor's command to move faster or change direction. It was bad enough too for Liz. The reclining monster would casually tease and flick her crop across her bouncing orbs, or prod her belly. The woman was quite oblivious to, or cared not about, the muscle-quivering strain of her victims in supporting and carrying, even running, with her considerable weight. Rivulets of sweat stung Liz's eyes as the sun scorched down on the sheen of her aching body.

Finally though, both women faltered under the strain. Liz tried unsuccessfully to support the weight alone as Helen's shoulders slumped, but this made Liz trip, and the wardress had to jump down from her comfy perch. She naturally blamed Liz!

"You stupid slag, you nearly dropped me you cow," she spat.

Whack!

"Huargggh," the wardress's fist slammed into Liz's belly doubling her in agony.

"Think you're tough do you, well I'll fight you - then you'll see tough. And if you don't fight," she

explained as Liz shook her head, "I shall select two prisoners - and beat them."

Maybe, if Liz had been in peak condition, she might have stood some chance against the huge blonde. Her training would have stood her in good stead. Now, however, naked, under-fed, muscles throbbing after the gruelling work, winded from the punch, she stood no chance. Her head cage and yoke were removed but her body felt unresponsive.

The two combatants circled as some guards looked on, cheering. Liz's quick reactions did allow her to parry a few blows from the giant, and she even had the satisfaction of delivering a brief, if weak, kick to the woman's fat belly. It gave her a brief respite as the huge oxen roared at her in rage. However, many of the blonde giant's punches did now find their mark. Blood soon trickled from a cut mouth and a cut by her eye. Wiping blood, dirt and sweat from her face, the foot lashing into her belly caught Liz unprepared. She bent over, gasping as the huge woman grabbed her from behind, lifting her off the ground in a Full Nelson, hands locked around her neck.

Liz was swung around several times, blood pounding in her ears, her arms outstretched, legs flailing, helpless in the woman's bear-like grasp. She crushed Liz against her in an obscene parody of lust, finally, flinging her in the dust like a discarded doll. Gasping and sobbing, as the woman's boot kicked her several times, her training allowed her to roll with each kick until she could feign unconsciousness. Giving her buttocks a few kicks, her tormentor's toes jabbed painfully up into the tender flesh at the apex. Eventually, she tired of the sport and the guards ordered the other prisoners back to work. Left alone for awhile, Liz had slowly opened her eyes, catching those of another crew-woman being disciplined. Both exchanged looks of mutual sympathy.

Alice was being punished for 'stealing' an additional cup of water during a rare break from their labours. A naturally shy woman, the shame of being caught and marched out by a guard before the other prisoners would be bad enough. Then, as was customary, she had to strip, thus adding an even deeper flush to her crimson face.

Stone's hard young eyes had flicked contemptuously over her body as he stood before her. She flinched back as he stroked her breasts, the nipples firming up of their own will.

"You're a stupid cow aren't you?"

"Y-yes Sir," the shame of standing undressed before the youngster, having to answer respectfully was obviously bitter in her throat.

"Well, when we've finished you'll not be so quick to steal again," he smirked, giving orders to two waiting guards.

They roughly grasped each limb and fastened wide leather cuffs to her wrists and ankles. Lifting her unceremoniously, feet first they bound her to four thick vertical wooden poles. With arms and legs outstretched in a cross, she was hung face down about a metre above the ground, the weight of her body cruelly suspended from just her wrists and ankles. However, that was just the start of her ordeal. Guards brought various implements including several buckets of water and a length of tubing whilst Stone strolled behind, in the v of her widespread legs. Between the splayed thighs, he viewed the dark display, idly taping her flinching buttocks, pressing down on the globes to add to her suspended weight.

"You've been a bad girl. Stealing anything, including water, is punishable. I know you are all thirsty here and it's hot work," he said condescendingly, "but soon you'll dislike the sight of water for awhile."

"Please I....",

Alice's pleas were to avail.

Swackk!

"Aaaargghh," she screamed, eyes tight shut as his crop lashed the tender skin right under her buttocks.

"Silence girl, the guards will give you a little drink."

Struggling in her bonds, as she absorbed the line of agony between her legs, Alice was soon choking, writhing as the guard pinched her nose and pushed the tubing into her gasping mouth. Horribly

down it went, into her belly - a pink snake with a huge round tongue. Putting a syphon on the tube he proceeded to pour water into her belly. She choked and spluttered but, couldn't avoid taking it. Within minutes her belly was distended as if pregnant. Apart from the uncomfortable, sickly, full feeling in her gut, the strain of the additional weight on her limbs would be terrible.

When the tube was eased out, the guard thrust a ball-gag into her mouth so that Alice looked helplessly above ballooning cheeks.

"Quite a tub of lard now aren't we," Stone smirked in front of her.

His hands ran down over the hanging breasts to stroke the swelling of her rounded belly. He jiggled her body so that the liquid slopping about within her was quite audible. But he hadn't finished! She squirmed anew as the young fiend cruelly returned to her swinging orbs, gently stroking each nipple to a rubbery erection. Roughly, he attached a tight metal clip to each. Her eyes were tight shut in pain, breath snorting from under the gag as a tiny imp ate into each sensitive bud. Stone flicked each clip to make the bloated woman squirm.

"Feel free to have a piss when you want girl," he told the woman, probably at least 15 years his senior, "but, until then, you'll have to put up with your extra weight. Right you lot," he clapped her hands at the other prisoners, "the show's over - back to work. As you look at this pig on a stick," he laughingly slapped the groaning woman's buttocks, "just remember to watch what you eat and drink or you could end up there."

It was a full two hours of agony and humiliation for Alice before the water had passed through her swollen aching body. No indignity was spared her. There was seemingly always someone around to laugh and jeer each time she had to let the steaming liquid jet from her outstretched thighs. One grinning Nimble actually patted and jiggled the clenching cheeks of her bottom when she was in full flow.

Finally, Stone ordered her cut down! However, for the rest of that day she had to kneel, naked and motionless in the sun, on the excruciatingly painful line of contrition.

This was a thin wire, stretched tautly horizontal normally about a metre and a half above the ground between two poles. It was on notches and its height adjusted, to suit the victim's, so that when they knelt fully upright it disappeared between the lips of their sex. Ankle and knee straps prevented them rising from the ground, and their wrists were normally fastened to collars to prevent them pushing down on the wire to ease its upward cutting. Within minutes of having to kneel astride the wire it felt as if it was eating past the tender flesh of their sex lips, forcing itself, like cheese-wire, right up into their wombs. If they lowered or relaxed from their erect, aching, posture the excruciating pain intensified.

It was strategically placed by the drinking barrel and Alice, wrists free, had to hold a cup of water over her head. Stone stood before her every so often, drinking from a bottle, prodding her belly with his boot, smirking.

When Liz had recovered sufficiently from her fight she had to join Alice, kneeling astride the fiendish length of wire, and soon another girl was added, a blonde Sergeant, Belinda. She was the ship's fitness instructor and beautician / hairdresser but the strain was equally evident on her lithe body in that line of misery. Her thighs quivered with strain, making the tips of breasts dance, her knuckles clenched white to her collar. Liz knew from personal experience that the blonde had to keep sucking the large black phallus strapped to her head and which protruded so obscenely from her bulging mouth. Any lack of suction triggered a circuit sending a jolt of electricity painfully into her teeth. However, the three had no monopoly on misery - it permeated the whole camp.

Straining to keep erect, Liz saw the reason for her present tribulations. The butch wardress had Helen and another young, equally pretty, crew-girl - Diane, and was lurching along between their graceful bodies. Nauseatingly, her hands were familiarly draped around their shoulders drawing them against her, patting their swaying bottoms peeking from under the short tee-shirts they wore. Their looks of impotent disgust were even more evident as she guided them to her quarters.

CHAPTER 17

Despite her maturity, Liz felt like a schoolgirl again as, with moist palms, she and the others awaited the arrival of their 'teacher'. Indeed, it was in a deliberately humiliating school environment where they were given their 'lessons' in Magellan citizenship. Seated in rows of cramped chairs, having to sit bolt upright with arms crossed at their tiny desks they waited in trepidation for Captain Koolin - who took such delight in enforcing her will on her captive audience. In a further refinement, each woman a school-like uniform of tiny black skirt and white blouse. That they were allowed no underwear was obvious by the jiggling of their breasts under the transparent tops and the occasional dark mound visible at the apex of their thighs! The men wore shorts and tee-shirts.

Knowing that she had not properly completed the essay last night, on how the Federation has imposed its totalitarian will on the colonies, only added to Liz's general anxiety. It was so difficult finding the energy to write such rubbish in the spare hour or two after their labouring, and any other 'duties' before lights out.

When the twenty or so prisoners heard the clack of stiletto heels approaching down the corridor, they all, despite their resolve, sat up a little more erect.

A scraping of chairs accompanied the opening classroom door and Koolin striding into the room of expectant misery.

"Morning class," she boomed.

"Good morning Miss Koolin," they replied, as one, in their ordered response.

"You are today's monitor, get the equipment out girl," she snapped her fingers at Helen, who immediately rose to obey, breasts bouncing, eyes wide and bright with dread.

"So you thought that The Magellan Empire broke away from the Federation because of the trade wars in 2150 did you girl?"

It was 30 minutes into the class and Lynne was under pressure. A rich woman who had never needed to study intensively, she hadn't given a thought to the causes of the rift before her present terrible involvement in the outcome of it. Now it was suddenly vital that she became an expert in history and politics to answer the intense questions that the vicious youngster expected.

"Yes Miss, sorry Miss I-I didn't understand properly. I'll try again."

It was difficult for her to concentrate standing hands on head before the 'class', her palms throbbing from an earlier application of the cane.

"Of course you'll try again girl. The Federation, as any thick fool like yourself should know, made war on the Empire because it couldn't compete in the trading boom, you stupid cow," she spat, slapping the crimson woman across the face "I see I'll have to warm up your lazy backside. I'm sure that's where your brain is anyway! Remove your uniform and bend over my desk I'll deal with you in a minute."

Picking up a sheaf of papers from her desk she glared at Liz.

"Stand, Hartley - and strip."

In a way, thought Liz, unzipping her minuscule skirt, it was almost a relief for the inevitable punishment to commence, and it did take some of the pressure off the others.

Lynne, was bending over the front desk and Rose, wearing only her blouse, was standing hands on head at the front of class, two red stripes adorning her flexing buttocks. In a similar predicament at the rear of the class stood two nude male crew members. Kirk's hindquarters carried three stripes and Michael's two.

"You call this homework you lazy cow?" she snarled into Liz's flinching face as she tore up the

result of two hour's work.

“Sorry Miss, I-I had extra duties from Miss Wang last night.” It was a forlorn hope that having to spend the time doing physical exercises before the tiny Chinese woman excused her somehow. It was her punishment for being 'lazy' in not making her bed in exactly the prescribed manner; the folds of the sheet had to be square and to a precise size. She recalled having to march around the parade ground wearing only a rucksack weighted with stones, whilst her diminutive tormentor relaxed, eating her supper, her crop biting mercilessly into her with any perceived flagging. Then came the fresh-crawling indignity of laying across her mentor's lap, hands stroking and then spanking her shrinking flesh. An arduous weight training session followed and then she was returned, exhausted, to her cell to re-make her bed several times. Koolin's sarcastic voice brought her back to reality.

“I'm not interested in your little games with Miss Wang, Hartley, your re-education comes first girl,” she purred.

Dropping the torn papers at Liz's feet the negress grabbed each of her nipples, twisting cruelly until her victim screamed in pain. “You'll eat that crap you call work, right now, then come to the front of the class for six of the best. I'll not have sloppy work - or filthy excuses. Diane, Mitzie,” Koolin pointed at two girls from Explorer's computer room, “hold your Commander's arms tightly when I thrash her or you'll both be stripped off and over my desk too. And when you walk, shake those arses. You're attractive girls and I want to see wiggles,” she patted them as they now undulated past her.

Tears of shame and pain in equal measure coursed down Liz's cheeks as she absorbed the crack of the wood across her nates. With her mouth still bulging with torn paper, her bottom was curved tautly across the desk. The young blonde, and the Oriental crew girl, each held her arms to ensure she remained stretched flat across it. Knowing just where to lay the rod to inflict the maximum pain, Koolin aimed for the tender underside of Liz's buttocks, where each cheek met the thigh. Several strokes were cruelly overlaid.

“Haaahh.”

Eventually, Liz was unable to prevent herself spitting out the soggy remains of the paper and bawling like a baby.

Nervously, Diane flicked her blonde tresses away from her Commander's contorted face but, like her Japanese companion, she still maintained the grip on her arm.

The strokes of the rod felt to Liz as if they were cutting through her very flesh and setting it aflame. She knew that she would simply have to find the time, that night, to put more effort into writing the ridiculous lies, re-inventing history to satisfy her captors!

There were numerous, silent, sighs of relief as the class eventually drew to a close. The 'pupils' were not allowed to use lavatories before or during the four-hour class, thus they had to moderate their water intake. The shame and threat of punishment for any 'accidents' required them to hold in their bellies and cross their legs until the blessed relief of dismissal.

CHAPTER 18

“For attacking an official of this camp and a continued failure to apply herself Prisoner 1250 - Swale is hereby sentenced by this hearing to be hung by the neck until she is dead.”

Liz could hardly believe her ears. She and the others were kneeling, yoked, in lines before the quaking figure of her young Lieutenant. The blonde's arms were bound behind her and a large black strap buckled behind her head held a gag in place below terrified eyes. A course noose fitted snugly around her neck and was tied to a dark, wooden, overhead beam. She stood in a long white smock, like a shroud, on a rickety chair, which Koolin was rocking gently with her foot. One wrong move would tip her into eternity choking from the cruel hemp. The blonde's bare feet shifted constantly to keep pace with the movement of her platform.

“Any comments, or pleas for clemency before sentence is carried out?” Rolf enquired brightly.

Almost fair, so formal, thought Liz, what a mockery, a travesty. There was a full ten seconds silence before she spoke.

“Yes please, please don't do it, “ begged Liz. “We are all soldiers serving the Federation and we have rights under normal intergalactic rules of”

“Silence,” roared Rolf.” You gave up any rights when you chose to attack our territory. Discipline must, however, be maintained and this young woman, despite her tender years, has lacked that discipline. An example must be set or chaos will descend.”

“Please have mercy Commandant, I can tell that you are a fair man,” Liz almost choked at having to attach such word to the creature. “Lieutenant Swale is so young. She should be enjoying life but, .. for the past few weeks she has had to endure...”

“I hardly find this relevant Hartley, the girl, insulted one of my guards, striking her without provocation. I cannot allow that.”

“Please Commandant, the guard had punished her excessively and then wanted her to..to do certain things which Lieutenant Swale simply couldn't do and...”

“I cannot be responsible for the youthful exuberance of my guards, but I must protect them from savages such as yourself.”

Liz would almost have smiled at the words if it wasn't so serious. She recalled the blonde guard have Helen run, naked, round and round the compound by herself one evening for 'lack of effort'. Ironically, it was the girl's birthday! Her body was dripping sweat when she was finally allowed to halt. Then, she had to stand holding two heavy bricks high above her head. The final straw had come when the butch guard had thrust and pumped a stiff finger straight up into the youngster's sex. She had informed her that after another half an hour of standing there, she would be required to perform oral sex on her, right there on the courtyard. It must have seemed so natural for Helen to swing those heavy bricks into the face of her evil tormentor! The woman would be in hospital for some time and would not, she understood, be returning to the camp!

“Have mercy, give her another chance, she will learn to behave I promise.”

“Do you offer an alternative? To take her place, or perhaps to submit to punishment yourself? Share the blame and pain?” Commandant Rolf was obviously enjoying this.

“Yes Commandant - Sir, let me share it if you please. But spare her.”

The cruel wait, whilst the officers deliberated the matter over their lunch, was an agony of anticipation. There was the mental torment of seeing Helen swaying unsteadily before them, but also physical torment. The accused remained standing on the chair with the noose a reminder round her neck. The other prisoners still had to kneel before her, the yokes growing heavier by the minute. They were on gravel and the tiny stones dug painfully into their knees. Finally the 'court' reconvened.

“The court has considered at length. Swale will be publicly flogged and you, Hartley, will have the

honour of receiving additional tuition from Lieutenant Stone, and also from a new staff member - a nice surprise for you . Agreed?"

"Yes Sir, thank you Sir," Liz grovelled, but feeling she had won a small victory. Helen, collapsed gratefully into the arms of the guard who lifted off her the noose. She cared not, now, that the brute was groping and crushing her lush body against him.

Rolf too was content. The injured dyke guard had been a liability - bullying and attacking some of his other staff. It was an ideal opportunity for her to be posted elsewhere after her recovery. No-one would miss her. Prisoner 1250 Swale had done everyone at the camp a favour!

Liz was now kneeling naked with her legs spaced wide apart, ankles and thighs strapped to ringlets in the floor and her wrists stretched out to either side, horizontal to the floor. More chains running from ceiling and floor, fastened to a neck collar, kept her head in one position. They prevented her body moving from it's inviting back-arching, position. A blindfold ensured she was in complete darkness.

After a seemingly endless wait, Liz heard a door clang open and hollow footsteps echoing over the stones. Her exposed flesh quivered in dread. She was unable to control it, despite knowing it would add spice to the blatant offering of her intimacies.

"Hope you're ready for me Hartley, I've heard you're good - and I want a good fuck. okay?"

"Y-yes Sir."

Stone's young, spiteful voice came from the darkness giving her instructions, telling her to wriggle her thrusting buttocks and jiggle her hanging breasts.

All the while, he stayed remote, refraining from even touching her. He preferred instead to simply give the sophisticated woman, who was his temporary property, directions and enjoy watching her obey. He recalled how he had once tried to pick up such a woman in a bar - and also her humiliating put down of such 'a boy'. Now though, things were different, and he was determined to use this occasion to suppress any lingering doubts he harboured about his preferences for women. Standing closer, he examined the delightful twin entrances pouting between her thighs. She must have sensed his closeness and her skin quivered. Cruelly his first contact was to flick the bud of her sex, enjoying her gasp of anguish.

How she hated having to submit to him! Lacking sexual expertise, he relied more on tormenting his bound victim during the act. Eventually she felt his fingers probing and delving into both of her exposed orifices. He pinched, painfully teasing out the fine strands of her hair from her woman's lips, enjoying her flinching.

He then instructed her to grip his digits within her body and grind on them, telling her she was a bitch on heat. When he attempted to take her, she felt him flexing and bending as he tried to thrust into her. She croaked in pain as, with one hand around her neck, the other lashed her breasts with his crop. Aroused by her anguish he sprung to attention in her cleft and brutally rammed past the petals and into her reluctant sex. Chewing the nape of her neck, dribbling spittle, his desperate rutting was over in a matter of seconds. Thankfully, she sagged in her bonds, groaning.

When he had finished with her he told her that she must be nice to the next guest and use every crude word in her vocabulary. Apparently that turned him on. Also, how if she didn't co-operate, Helen's original punishment would be restored. With a playful slap on her curving flesh, the footsteps moved away and the door clanged shut.

After a few moments her belly fluttered with dread as she heard more footsteps over the stone floor, slower, heavier ones. Tensing herself, buttocks clenching, she was still scarcely prepared.

"Huaarggh."

Without preamble, her unknown assailant, had brutishly slammed his manhood deep into her. Huge

paws cruelly squeezed and crushed her hanging breasts and a fat hairy body pressed loathsomely against her buttocks, making her scream and squirm.

Then, to her further horror, she heard McDuff's voice slobbering in her ear as he pumped into her helpless yielding softness.

"Huh,huh, you certainly go Commander - I knew you would. Bet you're gagging for a real man eh? Well you gotta be nice to me or poor little big tits Helen's gonna get it ain't she? Talk to me woman - like you been told," he snarled in her ear.

Liz realised that he expected her to respond, the loathsome creep wanted his full pound of flesh. She knew which obscenities she would like to use on the creature. However, she also remembered Stone's instructions - and Helen's predicament.

"Y-yes oh yes, mmm, you're s-so big, a-real man."

"Talk dirty woman, tell me what you want. Think of Helen if it helps"

"F-fuck me harder, please fuck me harder," she gasped. "You're so big, hmmm."

"Wriggle bitch, pump your arse. Fuck me good lassie."

To her horror, Liz found a deeply hidden element of crude lust in her ravishment, even with this repugnant beast whom she had loathed for so many months on board ship. After all, she reconciled, it was something she was not responsible for and had no control over. And could thus bear no guilt! Although she truly hated having to submit to the fat sweating hulk there was no denying the sliver of pleasure caused by the large sausage ramming hard up into her, in and out of the clinging gossamer of her fragile sex lips. Her boobs were bulbs of raw red pain where his paws had cruelly squeezed, his fingers nearly meeting in the middle, but this somehow added to her own guilty, secret arousal. She would have preferred the talons to loosen their grip, to ease her added suffering, but she certainly wasn't going to beg the brute to ease up. Her scream of pain, as his hands tightened on her fruit with his orgasm, blended with the brute's own roar of pleasure as he pumped into her, his belly slapping against her buttocks. She was thankful that he couldn't see her mouth bared as she too climaxed.

How could she have known the presence of the vid-cam before her, recording every second of her encounters for playing back before the entire camp that evening! Also that, despite everything, McDuff's poor report on her behaviour would ensure she shared Helen's punishment!

That evening the vid replayed, in graphic detail, her performance with McDuff. Meanwhile, in the foreground, she and Helen hung, bound together and both naked, from a beam. As they slowly turned, the strain on their corded arms taking their weight, was evident from the pain etched on their faces. Face to face, belly to belly, their chins rested on each other's shoulders their legs locked around each other for stability. Initially, they slowly rotated, thus they both endured, and shared, the seemingly endless lashes across their scorched skin.

They screamed into each other's ears until they buzzed with the noise, the frantic jerking movements increasing the speed of their twisting in frantic efforts to escape the next blow. Blood and sweat mingled as the guard's whip took cruel aim on the soft double target before it. Slowly they lost count of the number of strokes. Their world faded into a rotating blur of faces, screams, and tortured flesh.

CHAPTER 19

As Rose bent over the dining room table in her low-cut, minuscule, waitress dress she felt the Major's hand deftly slide up her thigh. It travelled under the black hem, over her black fish-net stockings to stroke the cheeks of her bottom, bare under the silken dress. The intruding hand made her jump, and squirm with embarrassment - it being obvious to the others in the small officer's mess what was happening. However, she realised the feelings weren't entirely unpleasant! Her trembling hands nearly spilt the drink she was pouring for Capt Koolin, who was sitting beside the major, but she concentrated on her duties, as she had been so carefully instructed beforehand. It was thus easier to ignore Rolf's piggy eyes devouring her cleavage whenever she leaned forward.

Finally she was able to move, almost reluctantly, out of the Major's reach, whilst on the opposite side of the room, Commander Hartley, similarly dressed as a French Maid, clacked into the room on her high heels to clear away dishes.

"This glass has a fleck of dirt in it you slut, change it immediately," demanded Stone in an imperious tone, glaring at Rose's flushed face as he slapped her thigh.

"S-sorry Sir, yes Sir," she had to curtsy, restraining the desire to pour the drink over his arrogant head as she scurried away to fetch a fresh glass.

Liz, Rose and Michael had been taken to the camp's officer's mess late that afternoon after being allowed, unusually, to shower away the grime of their labouring. There, Koolin had explained that there were two visitors to the camp that evening, the wife of Commissioner Valdez and a Major on his way to the spaceport. As was usual, she elaborated, when guests dined, prisoners had to serve and wait on them. With a smirk, the vixen produced the French Maid outfits that the two women had to wear and she left them all in no doubt as to the penalties for any errors or failure. Talking to each other was forbidden but, whatever the guests wanted, they got - and that included respect and subservience. The young girl who had been shading Commandant Rolf was also serving. She was similarly attired and it was apparently her prime duty to serve the Commissioner's wife.

The small hover van, parked in the mess compound, behind the kitchen, where Liz was emptying waste food into a dustbin, was unguarded. It was the van which had brought the visiting major, who appeared to be in the demolitions trade. She saw the glowing red eye of the driver's cigarette disappear round the corner followed by the sounds of him relieving himself. The temptation not to grab one of the small semtex-mines from the large stack at the open rear gate of the van was too great to resist. It fitted so neatly into the palm of her hand and, after so much degrading and inhuman treatment at the hands of these animals, she felt that she had regained a modicum of control.

Boldly, now committed, she returned to the kitchen, her prize sandwiched between two plates. Discretely, she showed it to Michael, who was scrubbing the floor. Unlike her deliberately provocative attire, Michael still wore the camp tracksuit - but neither of them had any pockets to conceal the lethal, plastic dish. However, it's small size made concealment relatively easy in the larder. Over the next hour, during which the two 'waitresses' served the guests, they managed, to hastily exchange scribbled notes on napkins to formulate a plan of action. With the little secret hidden in the kitchen, they found it somehow easier to endure the comments from the staff and guests.

Koolin was elegantly attired in a long white satin evening gown similar to one Liz herself owned, but a light year away from her present garb! The negress would snap her fingers at Liz or Rose for service, or gloat when Rolf pulled them down onto his lap.

"How about a kiss for an old man," he'd slur. They would have to endure his podgy lips, and return

his kisses, whilst he groped freely over their scanty coverings.

Mrs Valdez also wore an expensive gown but, to her, the two scantily clad women didn't exist, they were simply part of the background. If she clicked a finger or pointed at a glass they were simply there to serve. She was only here at this dreary place in the back of beyond because of the young girl Rolf kept as his personal slave. Although, she told herself, she was not a lesbian, she had found the teenager to be an exquisite pearl during previous visits. It made slightly bearable the endless round of social engagements inflicted on her by her husband's position. Show the flag, see the troops!

Involuntarily, her breath quickened as the youngster bent over to refill her glass, almost easing the pain of the migraine slowly edging into her consciousness. The girl's movement exposed practically all of her small cleavage and also the rounded cheeks or cute little bum - which she patted affectionately. She didn't know, or want to know, the girl's name, but guessed she could have been no older than 17 or 18. However, she had been trained well. Nearly, suppressing a shudder, the girl allowed the manicured fingers to slide over her gooseflesh to the cheeks of her bottom and into her body. She remained in that stooped position while the woman's finger stretched and explored her. Then, after receiving a confirmatory nod from Rolf, she led the girl by the hand into an adjoining bedroom.

The remaining diners were content to fend for themselves from the stay-hot/cold drink dispensers, briefly talking business, but the Major went to his van to temporarily relieve his driver. It would allow the soldier to eat the snack Michael and Liz were ordered to serve him in the kitchen. The plan swung into action.

Rose swayed seductively over to the Major who was idly glancing at the van's contents.

"It's been so long since anyone touched me like you did, Sir, without trying to hurt me, I mean. I'm so grateful Major, I-I want to give you - everything."

"You're an attractive woman - for a Feddy - come here, little Hot Lips," he smiled.

Losing interest in his van, he drew her softness against him. His growing excitement pressed against the thighs which she subtly parted and pressed against him, her arms drawing his mouth down on hers.

With the Major distracted, Michael put aside the plates he had left the kitchen to empty and, with the mine clutched in his hand, rolled silently under the raised floor of the mess. Silently, he crawled under the dining room. He could hear Koolin's laughter above him. A slap, followed by Commander Hartley's squeal, made him grit his teeth and hurry with his task. He had laid many such mines and it was easy, for him, to set the timer for two months and to detonate after that period when it's mechanism first detected at least six people above it. The plotters had decided that after that period they, and the rest of the crew, would either be dead or released. It would be a nice legacy to leave behind and, with it activating only when at least half a dozen people were above, it would hopefully ensure that Rolf, Koolin and Stone all went up together.

As he rolled out from the raised floor an invisible fist seemed to squeeze his heart and guts. The Major's hands were travelling so possessively, over Rose's lovely body in a journey he longed to make himself. They were splayed over each delicious globe of her bottom below the dress, now hitched around her waist. He could see her cheeks clenching and contracting as she writhed in his arms, moulding herself eagerly against him.

Rose felt The Major's manhood thickening within the clinging grip of her vagina as she stood on tip-toe before him, straddling his lust. With a hand tightly gripping each cheek of her buttocks, he pumped her willing body up and down in tune to the urgent thrusting of his own loins. Her fluttering hands had deftly lowered his clothes to grip his hard buttocks, pulling him in deeper. Unfettered by a bra, he scooped her orbs from her low neckline and she arched, to offer them to his mouth. Shamelessly, she ground her body against the shaft drilling up into her, nearly convincing herself that she was only doing it in the line of duty. However, as she gasped, kissing his neck, and ears, she knew that the moist heat of the muscles gripping and squeezing him, told a slightly different story. Despite not

even knowing the name of her impromptu lover, she rutted with a savage intensity, extracting every atom of pleasure from this hell.

On the brink of her own orgasm, and sensing her lover about to erupt, Rose saw with relief Michael roll out from under the officer's mess and return to the kitchen.

"Huh, huh, haaargghh," she gasped her climax against his neck as he exploded within her with an even more frenzied pumping of her bottom, ramming her down hard onto his solid, throbbing pole of desire.

"You're good, girl," he gasped, catching his breath, "a real hot lips, but I must get going, I've a job to do at the space-port." He lightly kissed her smouldering eyes, affectionately patting her quivering bottom.

Unknown to the couple, another pair of eyes narrowed at the sight of their coupling - eyes which might otherwise have seen Michael plant the mine!

As the meal drew to a close they were aware of the pulse of music and dancing. This was the regular camp dance, where selected prisoners were obliged to join in the dancing with the guards. Liz and Rose had to attend whilst Rolf had a last drink at the bar.

Several female crew were there, and performing the 'boat,' a number currently in vogue. Two lines of female crew members sat swaying on the floor making rowing and pitching motions in time to the music. All of the women wore short skirts or dresses and the leering guards drank in the display of shapely thighs, raised and splayed wide for balance, boobs nearly spilling from necklines. Lindsey and Belinda, heading the 'boats,' had no way of concealing that they had been allowed no underwear. The dark smudge of their pubic bushes flashed revealingly as their bodies rolled, leaned and stretched with their movements.

Liz and Rose were included in the last few numbers, passed around the guards, whose hands groped over and under their minimal clothing. Lindsey was now dancing with a grizzled guard probably in his sixties. She wore a short red dress which covered little of her tall, slim body. Her dark eyes flashed dangerously as the guard's gnarled hands squeezed the cheeks of her bare bottom, pulling her tightly against him, slobbering her face with unwanted kisses. A rare opportunity to have free licence over someone so pretty, and half his age. Knowing Lindsey's fiery temperament, Liz managed to nudge her own partner against the other couple, jolting them both. She glared meaningfully at Lindsey, trying to ignore the fingers in the cleft of her own flexing buttocks, the mouth crushing hers. She hoped she had been successful in defusing a possible flash-point. Both Lindsey and Belinda had been previously punished for 'disrespect to camp personnel' but at least she may have been able to prevent another incident.

When they were finally able to leave the dance, Liz and Rose could still feel the imprint of numerous hands on their bodies. Back in the officer's mess, the guests had left. The Commissioner's wife was suffering from a headache and the Major had an early start the next day.

Liz cringed as Rolf pulled her down onto his huge lap.

She felt an obscene, soft, lump pressing against her through the apology for her dress. His fat slobbering lips oozed down her shuddering cheeks and throat whilst a slimy hand scooped into her low neckline to extract and squeeze the fruit within.

"The pretty ladies can now enjoy themselves with Uncle Rolf and Auntie Koolin," he sighed, instructing Stone to return Michael to his quarters.

Liz had seen the look of anguish in Michael's departing face when Koolin had grabbed Rose in a vice-like grip, dragging her away to a side-room. They could both only guess what might be in store for her. However, she put on a brave smile, mouthing at him not to worry. The thought of the bomb was the only thing which kept her going as the hands and lips moved over her.

“So you had the Major I gather, you slut, I saw you” spat Koolin!

After she had angrily dragged Rose into her bedroom, Koolin made her stand to attention in her skimpy outfit, her purple face inches before her victim's blinking eyes. A young Negro prisoner stood uneasily in one corner.

“I had planned on having him - but I hadn't counted on you.”

“Aaaghh.”

Her palm lashed out to leave a red splayed hand-print across each cheek. “Now I'll watch while my favourite captive stud services you - see how good you are. Then I'll perhaps try you myself. you'll have to do. Get that stuff off and sit on the chair legs, wide, let him see.”

Sipping a whisky, Koolin felt a warm glow soothing her anger. Her eyes travelled from the hard black buttocks of her stud to the white satin smoothness of the blonde's thighs, between which he knelt, his tongue active. The erect tips of her nipples and her panting gasps told her that Rose's initial shame and disgust at having to give herself to the boy had blurred into pure lust- they always succumbed in the end. Now he positioned her on her back, parting her thighs to reveal her purple treasure trove, the petals opening to accept the long hardness sliding and pulsing between them. Koolin's fingers slid to her own moistness. She decided she would have the lad next, then maybe a threesome, or simply make him put Rose over his lap for a spanking? Decisions, decisions.

Dishevelled, but still wearing her dress, Rolf led Liz by the hand to his private quarters. The young girl was there, Mrs Valdez having finished with her, and she immediately sank to her knees, head bowed. To her surprise, she saw Belinda. She sat in a chair, which had been bolted to the floor. Her wrists were cuffed behind her through slats in the chair's back and her ankles strapped to it's front legs - again her lack of knickers was apparent under the short dress. A thin cord around her head secured a cloth gag in her mouth. She shivered at Rolf's entry, edging her knees together to minimize the peepshow.

“I had my steward return your hairdresser early from the dance. She's here as a punishment for disrespect to one of my guards when he spanked her for cutting his hair too short. She'll spend the next few nights in my quarters in silent contemplation, then the guard will shave her head,” Rolf explained to Liz, sitting her on his lap, making her shamelessly spread her thighs. He smiled at the kneeling girl, ruffling her hair. “However, tonight I'm in a generous mood so I think she deserves some pleasure. Untie her please.”

Soon, Belinda stood apprehensively before Rolf, pulling down her rumpled dress.

“Go immediately to the guards quarters, the soldier outside will take you, and return with a Nimble. You'll ask him, nicely, to bring you back here, undress you and fuck the arse off you - in front of us. You'll co-operate fully, hold nothing back - imagine he's your husband - right?”

“Y-yes Sir,” Belinda whispered, keeping her emotions in check.

“Go then,” he bellowed, watching as she scampered to the door.

“You,” the girl flinched as he looked at her,” strip and squat on the coffee table hands on head next to me here, so we can all see your charms, right.”

“Yes Sir.”

The red-faced girl fumbled with her dress and then assumed the elevated position, which exposed her intimacies, swaying, uneasily on the splayed balls of her feet. Rolf reached out to her.

“Hmm, nice and juicy. Keeping them wet for your old uncle, right?”

“Y-yes Sir.” her whisper was scarcely audible.

Liz couldn't help but feel additionally sorry for her. A teenager who should be out enjoying herself,

partying with people her age, instead having to crouch before the obese old lecher.

"Now my dear, I'll help you out of your uniform," Rolf breathed to Liz, drawing her close, his hot, thick fingers shaking on her small zip.

The room was now silent save for the sounds of sucking, and the gibbering of the Nimble. When Belinda had returned, the Nimble had been holding her hand as if they were two lovers. However, one was a beautiful woman, chiselled features, blonde hair swept into a bun, whilst the other was a shrunken barrel-like caricature of a man.

"Please sir, undress me and f--k the arse off me," her obedient recitation was a whisper.

She stood, shivering, avoiding looking at anyone as the hairy hands divested her of her clothes. Then, she was ordered to expose herself in invitation by lying on her back, legs raised, both entrances pouting. Eagerly the Nimble had shed his trousers and leapt onto the offered feast.

Whilst the blonde had to bounce and writhe under the expert ministrations of the dwarf rutting between her thighs, the young girl was commanded to join Liz and Rolf. Liz gently cradled her head, holding her petite face to one of her breasts and, following Rolf's explicit directions, eased the now erect bud of her nipple into the girl's mouth. Her young cheeks hollowed as she sucked on the 'teat' and Liz felt a tingle of unwanted desire at the delicate touch. She too had to suck - and Rolf's flaccid organ was hardly growing any stiffer under her darting tongue.

His growing frustration at his inability to gain a proper erection was obvious. She was ordered to stroke and rub the limp flesh, pressing it against her free breast, but it hardly stirred. She guessed that his drinking and obesity hardly helped his pathetic manhood. Additionally, he must have been well into his sixties - no longer in him prime. Yet she knew from his commands that she was expected to satisfy the ogre!

Eventually, though the combined sight and sound of the three women, each engaged in sexual activity did get the toad going - but Liz had to keep it that way. Still cradling the girl's delicate head to her breasts, shivering as the teeth nipped the teat, her other hand guided Rolf's semi-erect manhood to her pouting sex lips as she squatted above him.

Anyone looking, as indeed the vid-cams would later allow, would assume that Liz was the instigator. She tightly gripped the girl to her breast as she undulated gracefully on top of the mound of flab which she straddled. Her other hand stroked and tweaked the man's huge nipples, perched like cherries atop a disgusting, melting ice-cream. The vid would also have detected the rapid breathing of the Commander. It might also have seen Liz grab the girl, head and crush their lips together, kissing her tiny shell-like ears. However, it wouldn't have heard her whisper to her to at all costs avoid going near the mess after the next two months! Rolf was in heaven. Although his spirit was rampant, his flesh was weak - but who could have asked for more stimulus? The gorgeous Commander knew she had to get him sufficiently aroused to screw him and she was doing all that she could. He recalled the wine-sweet mouth on his, trailing over the rolls of fat on his chest to his sticky limpness below. Her look of wide-eyed revulsion as she sucked, made his belly rumble as he chuckled. Just as wonderful was the look on the face of the young girl as she too sucked on the Commander's breast. Both wore the look of desperation - but knowing that had to pleasure him.

To one side, the blonde now lay on top of her tiny 'lover.' Rolf saw her enticingly clenching buttocks as she pumped up and down full length on him whilst he slobbered over the red-tipped points of her hanging breasts. One long finger curled over her nates to probe the dark delights between. The look of disgust on her face as she satisfied the creature was enough to help the stirring in his loins. The outraged, demeanour which was so evident after her capture, was now buried deep; it had to be! He patted the smooth cheeks of her bottom, stroking the globes which jerked over the dwarf's thrusting loins. She was obviously desperate for him to finish his business. However, he knew the sexual reputation of the Nimbles, highly desired in some female circles, and the expertise of this one was evidenced by the blonde now gasping, eyes screwed shut as she rode him.

When Rolf had firmed just sufficiently to just bend into the warm liquid sheath of Liz's sex, which frantically gripped him, he decided to consolidate his unstable position. Fingers creeping into the cool dark cleft between the rounded buttocks of each nymph he touched their tight puckered entrances. Ignoring the squirming, elastic resistances he pushed inside a full inch as each ring of muscles tried in vain to reject its intruder.

Their squirming as he pushed deep into them, feeling the Commander's sex sliding over him, made him pulse more strongly. His piggy eyes enjoyed the sight of the young girl and dark-haired woman, both impaled by him, their bodies desperate to please, and his lust began to feebly pump.

Liz's lips were now parted and the wild thrashing of her loins as the beast bucked into her - squeezing her buttocks with his huge paws - confirmed the heat and wetness he felt as he squirted his few tiny droplets into her sex. She was also vaguely aware of Belinda's moans of pleasure to one side, no doubt mixed in equal measure with shame and loathing - as were her own.

Several hours later, and many miles away from the camp, the demolitions Major began his job of laying hidden explosive charges in an old freighter. He was good at his job and he knew that the poor old rust-bucket, Colossus, would be history when the charges were activated. He wondered idly why he had to go to all of this trouble on such an old ship?

CHAPTER 20

Liz pondered on the reason for being allowed to shower and don a clean new track-suit uniform. She was also being allowed to 'top up' her make-up. In common with most of the female spacers they applied pigment make up before leaving on a voyage and it was designed to last for many months. The arduous nature of their confinement had worn away some of it but her beautiful features did not need much additional pigment marking to be restored to their perfection.

When she was paraded before Rolf, his lecture proved her initial thoughts to be incorrect, she was to be interviewed by a vid-journalist from a neutral planet. He explained that the fate of her crew would depend on her responses and that she was forbidden to give any 'classified' information about what she might consider inadequate treatment since her capture. Going on, he gave her precise details about the conduct expected of her and how she had to be utterly respectful to the interviewer, who was someone very important. If they afterwards had any cause for complaint, Liz and her crew could expect to suffer.

When she was marched into the small room occupied by the elegant, seated figure she felt a frustrated stomach-churning fear mixed with anger. The small, darting, eyes of Velma Strood swept over her almost contemptuously. The stick-like woman was venom personified! With a shudder, Liz recalled her remarks to the woman a few months ago when she had tried to misquote her during an interview. The look of anger on Velma's face when Liz had slapped her face at the subsequent party, and tipped a drink over her, would always stay with her. It seemed now was pay-back time! Garbed so plainly compared to Velma's smart suit, Liz stood obediently by the table at which Velma sat, until, hopefully, she would soon invite her to sit. The guard amused himself in the corner, watching a portavid as the journalist continued to stare at the dark-haired figure who had fallen so neatly into her lap.

Velma's angular features broke into a tight smile. Being a good investigative reporter for over 20 years, and having been into these camps before, she guessed what kind of torments Liz and her crew had been enduring. Also she knew that her victim would have been forbidden to tell her about it. Her future treatment would depend on her behaviour and co-operation during the interview. Obviously, the Magellan empire only wanted her to write good publicity. What she actually knew, or thought, didn't really matter - only the story counted. Thinking back to her last encounter with the beautiful, arrogant young space commander, Velma rubbed her hands in glee.

"We meet again Commander Hartley, I do hope you are keeping well?" The high-pitched, clipped voice seemed to punch into Liz like physical blows.

"Y-yes thank you," Liz remained, uncertainly, standing before, the hard chair set in front of the lounge in which Velma reclined, "well..., as best that can be expected under the circumstances," she added, smiling. She longed to sit, but knew she had to humour her tormentor - and was determined not to grovel or beg. Her aching muscles were a testament to the several hours labouring she had put in that morning. The aroma of freshly ground coffee - a forgotten luxury these past few weeks - curled tantalisingly from the pot before the reporter. There was only one cup!

I hope you like my outfit, Commander. It's a new one, a drink was spilt over another of my dresses," she smiled tightly, ignoring her victim's longing looks at the chair.

"I'm sorry about that misunderstanding Velma - a bad day you know," Liz attempted reconciliation. This woman was a link, her only link, with the civilized world outside of this hell. Although, in theory, she needed her, in practice Velma was the last person with whom anyone would want to share such a nightmare!

"Forget it, I know these things do happen," Velma smiled lightly. "Look, I'm sorry to leave you just standing there but..." she set her vid and handbag on the chair, "I really do need to use that chair myself. The state of this filthy floor you know... I don't want them getting dirty. Anyway, I'm sure life must be boring just sitting around in a cell all day, you probably don't mind stretching your legs," she

oozed with hardly concealed venom.

"No, that's fine," Liz tried to respond lightly. In that moment, exchanging glances, both women knew the other's position.

"I think I'd like you to remove your tracksuit trousers please Commander - they hardly look chic anyway," Velma smiled cruelly.

"My..., take off...?"

"Yes you stupid cow," the metaphorical gloves were now off and she glanced apologetically at the guard - who was in any case totally ignoring them, "take them off, I can hardly think with you dressed up like a clown." The smile weakened, "hurry or I'll tell them you're causing me trouble, and for heaven's sake stand a bit straighter woman, I thought you Fed spacers were hot shit."

Liz knew that the bitch had all the aces. She knew it too, and was determined to extract not just a pound of flesh, but several kilos it seemed.

With as much dignity as she could muster, which was virtually zero, Liz stepped out of her tracksuit bottoms and stood before her rival in just the top. Below it peeked the dark curly bush of her pubic hair.

"No, no it looks no better that way. Better take the lot off, then we'll get on with the interview Commander."

With her every instinct wanting to grab the older woman's throat and shake it like a rat, Liz instead, pulled off her final garment before her tormentor.

"It's better, I think, if you stand with your hands on your head please, we'll be ready to start."

"Look, I, I thought you wanted to interview me about-about our imprisonment and conditions here not to...."

"Oh do shut it Hartley, don't try to teach me my job. Look you're a prisoner of war now, not a hot-shot spacer, and prisoners of war stand just like you are standing now. I want realism. Now keep those shoulders back, and your hands firmly on your neck. That's a girl, you've got good boobs and I want them to show up that way on the camera. In fact.. give us a slow twirl, let the viewers see it all. Good girl, nice bum too. Now, let's begin." She spoke directly into the microphone.

"This is Velma Strood reporting from a prison camp somewhere on Magellan where some of the crew of the captured Federation raider, Explorer, are being held. With me now, is the second in command Commander Elizabeth Hartley. Unfortunately, she is currently undergoing corrective discipline but I believe the vid should show things as they are. It may also help to dispel the wild rumours about savage beatings and the like which people often think are inflicted on their prisoners by the Magellans. You see no bruises or marks. I think that this is probably about as bad as things get for those in detention. But, let us now speak to Commander Hartley, who, as you may recall, has not been a stranger to Vid interviews during her career."

Pausing the vid, she turned to her victim.

"I'll edit my introduction speech as an opening against a back-drop of you walking in and undressing, then your seductive twirl in the nude. It will be very fetching. Now, remember, think carefully about what you say. What I don't like I won't use. And keep sticking those tits out and your hands up - it makes good copy."

Switching on the machine again she spoke to Liz.

"Commander Hartley, your ship was captured in violation of Magellan space, what was the purpose of your mission here?"

"It was, legitimate, we had been called upon for help by the Taurions originally, because certain unknown elements had attacked their trading stations."

Although the Commander was naked and standing so obviously subservient, she still somehow managed, thought Velma, to give a good justification for Explorer and the Federation during the interview! Naturally, she couldn't speak freely, but Velma had to admire her adversary's guile and guts.

The interview wasn't altogether the grovelling apology by a humiliated, broken woman, that she had hoped for.

'Curse the woman,' she thought bitterly. The vids already made showed the Federation's pin-up as a naked, helpless prisoner - no doubt forming the private collections of countless men the galaxy over - but the damned woman had still kept her allure! She knew she would have to do something to redress the balance - if only privately!

"Well I think it's marvellous that you are willing to devote so much of your time trying to improve their minds," came the staccato voice.

"It isn't easy Miss Strood," Koolin replied. "You see.. 'spacers' are generally rather a thick bunch and have difficulty learning but we do try to educate them while they are with us. An establishment like this shouldn't just be regarded as one for providing punishment and confinement. We also believe in exercising you know - keep them fit and alert whilst they are away from their loved ones."

"Yes indeed, I saw them working this morning. Good practical building tasks. Hard work, but they might learn a worthwhile trade."

As Liz frantically scribbled her essay on 'The Decline and Fall of the Federation', she heard, with bile in her throat, the almost unbelievable exchange of banter between the two vixens in the classroom behind her. She had hoped she'd seen the last of Velma after her interview yesterday. However, this morning, the woman had strolled casually amongst the prisoners, inspecting their labouring on the building sites. Liz had felt more like an animal than a woman as her adversary's eyes travelled over her with amusement. On the first encounter with Velma, Liz and Rose were carrying a heavy plank lined with bricks. Both women grunted and strained with the effort but had to straddle their legs and stop, politely addressing the elegant reporter.

"Good Morning Miss Strood."

"Morning ladies, keep up the good work," she said briskly, her hands casually stroking each woman's straining back, patting their bottoms almost affectionately. "A lovely hot day again," she sighed, drinking deeply from a stay-cool flask before continuing on her way.

On the second occasion Liz and Rose were yoked to carry buckets of water. They, like many of the others by now, had to work naked as a punishment for their 'lack of effort'. Velma's hands had taken the opportunity to touch the shining flesh, sliding over their bottoms and flanks.

"The work agrees with you, Commander, you are developing good muscle tone, firm thighs and shoulders - you'll make someone a good horse," she laughed as she strolled off.

Then, this afternoon, after their lunch, came the additional shame of Velma accompanying Koolin into the classroom for their lessons. Velma had been unable to hide her amusement at the sight of Liz and the others in their revealing 'school' uniforms, all treating the young dark-skinned vixen as a teacher!

The bubble of pleasure in her belly was similar to the warm glow of an expensive wine as Velma watched the classroom instruction proceed. Although she had always regarded herself as asexual, never openly admitting to being a lesbian, she couldn't deny her feelings at the wonderful sight. An hour into the gruelling lesson, Koolin had many of her class naked and her questions made the subsequent errors almost inevitable. There were certainly no ugly prisoners amongst them.

To one side was a young lad, Kirk. She recognised him from a visit she had made the previous evening to the quarters of the female guards. He had been bound, standing in a cross-shape by chains fixed to his outstretched wrists and ankles. It was a punishment for him trying to molest a guard Velma had been told. Standing in the centre of the barrack block, he was blindfolded and helpless, naked apart from a tight pair of tiny shorts. She gathered he had been thus suspended for several hours, for use by

any off-duty guards who felt like some R&R. An ugly blonde was rutting against him on splayed thighs. She had simply removed her large, course pants and lowered his. Her talons gripped the hard balls of his jerking buttocks, pushing, encouraging. Before Velma's guide had completed her tour, another woman, using a chair for assistance, climbed up to sit on his shoulders, her large thighs around his neck. Clutching the back of his head, she kept his face pressed against her hairy warmth, his blindfold preventing him seeing the fat quivering with her orgasm.

Now, back in the classroom, Kirk's tight buttocks reminded her of a gigolo she had used whilst covering a story on Toramos last year. Of course, the gigolo hadn't had several red bands of pain running across them, and he hadn't stood hands on head facing the wall. Neither had he been crying, dark smudges of rightful fatigue under his bloodshot eyes! However, Kirk's penis was almost as large as that of the gigolo. Koolin's hands soon had him at full stretch before slapping the swinging flesh painfully down and squeezing his balls, heaping scorn on him and laughing at the resultant tears of pain. Two young girls, a blonde and an Oriental, Diane and Mitzie, had just been ordered to cane him. Careful to strike hard enough, to avoid all three of them being punished, they thankfully returned to their chairs, lush bodies undulating under their uniforms.

Velma, was mainly interested in female flesh. Cathy, probably around the same age as her, although considerably prettier and better preserved, stood blushing, naked, hands on head, before her dark-skinned young tormentor. The negress cruelly tore into her verbally for her errors. Then, Koolin applied her cane twice to the woman's uplifted breasts making her scream, but still her torment wasn't over.

"I think you'd better touch your toes girl?" she cupped a cheek of the woman's buttocks, her black hand splayed over the trembling white flesh like an obscene shadow.

"Sorry Miss," the woman grovelled as she bent over. The hand of the negress positioned the captive flesh clenching under her ministrations.

Slap!

Oooh, haaah," Cathy gasped, nearly unclasping her hands from her ankles as the hard palms smacked the sensitive underside of her buttocks. Although sobbing like a child, the older woman maintained her position for five such slaps before being dismissed to her seat, wiping her wet eyes on the back of her hand.

The young, large breasted blonde girl, Helen, had to squat nude on Koolin's desk. Her pose exposed every detail of her pouting sex and also the two pens which her tormentor had instructed she hold without dropping in each of her orifices.

Most of all though, Velma drank in the humiliations inflicted on Liz, who was again naked. Now lying full length across Koolin's lap, the shame was evident in her crimson face. She guessed how much control she must be exercising to meekly endure these torments. Whatever, the arrogant cow was now a captive and she, Velma, was a witness to her downfall!

The perfection of those buttocks, curving so delightfully over her tormentor's lap, made Velma both envious and bitter. She was also excited at the contrast of the black hands on the white globes - which were slowly turning pink. The jutting breasts hung down beside the calves of the demon above her, the red tips of her nipples erect. Indeed, one of her tormentor's hands had now given the white fruit a squeeze, both playful and erotic, as she re-positioned her victim.

The pain Liz was experiencing was evident from the tears, and her clenched fists. At first she had suffered in silence, but now she couldn't prevent a yelping scream as the hard hand of the negress smacked even harder, making her globes judder. Velma pressed her thighs together as she saw the black fingers briefly delve between the spheres and into the cleft, over the dark smudge of her sex lips nestling between. Although the beautiful woman was obviously suffering, Velma knew that she had to extract a little more from her, before she left the next day. She began writing a note to Koolin.

Looking at the monitor that evening, Velma saw Liz being taken by a guard from her cell. She wore only a short, white tee-shirt, which she was unable to pull down to cover her undulating buttocks. This was because the tiny Chinese woman had cuffed her hands up behind her back, a ball gag also ballooned from her mouth. Following their progress on the screen, the reporter saw the Chinese hand her charge over to Koolin. She readied her vid-cam. The seductive beauty of the prisoner, spoke to Velma of elegant gowns, cocktails and expensive parties. Indeed, Velma had often been at such functions where Liz wafted to and fro. The very bell of the ball, all male eyes devoured her concealed beauty. Now, however, it would be revealed and used - ruthlessly.

Velma switched on her vid as the two women entered the room. As previously agreed, Koolin was hiding her identity - even though she knew that this film was for Velma's personal collection. The naked negress looked sleek and powerful, like a panther - also sinister under the black mask. She led Liz on a leash before two parallel bars running horizontal to the floor before cuffing her ankles, widespread, to each end of the lower one. Briskly, she removed Liz's wrist cuffs, and just as efficiently, pulled the tee-shirt over her head. She then fastened her wrists to each end of the upper bar to leave her victim spread-eagled on tiptoe.

Velma recorded the wicked gleam in Koolin's eyes as she stood before Liz, fastening a large red dildo to her hips, seeing her victim's eyes widen in dread. Provocatively, she wiggled, to make her protuberance dance before Liz's belly, her black lithe blackness pressing up against the shivering, quaking, white flesh. Her thick lips sucked the tip of one white breast deep into her mouth as her hands glided down the squirming hips to grip each cheek of her bottom.

Slowly she bent her knees until the red shaft slipped between the apex of the open thighs. Then, after turning to wink at the camera, she rammed forward, making the impaled woman moan, stretching further up onto tip-to, her eyes screwed tightly shut.

Velma saw the naked buttocks of the negress clenching continuously as she thrust her loins deep into those of her victim. walking around for a side view, she saw Liz's own bottom convulsively clenching under the assault of the thrusting rubber.

Now though, the camera zoomed close-up onto Liz's face, jerking under the thrusts. Her mouth was beginning to slacken around the gag with approaching pleasure. Velma guessed that the tiny clitoral spur on the phallus was doing its work well. Liz's muffled gasps were all caught on film as her hips jerked with her orgasm.

Now, with Koolin operating the camera, Velma had undressed and wore the sticky dildo. She stood before her panting, groaning victim.

"Hmmm, Agghhh."

"You like dark meat I see," Velma smirked.

Once twice, she slapped Liz's jutting breasts, feeling the orbs judder under her hand as her muffled cries testified to the pain. Then, pressing her hands tight up against them, she felt the nipples harden like berries. She wondered how many other women, who were less attractive than Liz, jealous but perhaps a little attracted by her, had at some time wanted to be standing where she was now!

Without further ado, Velma strolled around behind the flinching buttocks. After a brief alignment of the Dildo's angle she simple rammed her hips forward to freshly impale the girl from behind with a liquid 'squish'.

As the dark head was thrown back in shock and pain, Velma reached around the front and grabbed her jutting breasts. Squeezing cruelly she rode her old adversary, her hips slapping into the clenching bottom, kissing, sucking and biting the bound flesh. The second clitoral trigger rubbing against her own flesh, together with the knowledge of the what she was doing - and to whom - ensured that she climaxed within just a few minutes.

"Thank you Commander, it's true what everyone says, you do make a good fuck," breathed Velma

into her victim's face.

She, almost tenderly, kissed the side of Liz's mouth, by the gag, kissing away the tears glistening on her cheeks.

“Whenever I'm feeling low, I'll play my little film and share our little secret.”

Giving Liz a playful slap across her buttocks, and one last smile, Velma left the weeping woman alone.

At least, Liz supposed, she could be thankful for small mercies. In all, she had only been hanging for less than an hour on aching toes before her two tormentors left and the tiny Chinese orderly returned. She saw that Wang couldn't prevent the smirk reaching her normally impassive face. Liz hung, sobbing, so despondently, so obviously just ravished - red kiss and bite marks on her body, hair dishevelled. It must amuse the sadist to see her so. Somehow, Liz had always tried to keep her dignity. From that first day she had tried to remain poised - even reclining with the flower protruding from her buttocks.

Seemingly trying to break that spirit, Wang would often have the three prisoners from that cell up, ahead of the others, at the crack of dawn. They would have to do extra work-outs, hold awkward, painful positions, squatting, toe touching, on their backs legs scissoring, or holding weights aloft on quivering arms. Their nude bodies shone, the strain etched into their faces, a testament to their aching effort.

Still, Liz was a picture of beauty and grace. Thus, to add to her humiliation Wang might embed a finger deep into the anus of Liz, and Rose, making them stand side by side and repeatedly bend over touching their toes and then upright again. The two would have to grip the intruder within their elastic rings, the globes of their bottoms clenching. Wang even invented a game whereby her three charges had to see how many long pegs they could move from one upright container to another using only their internal muscles. Tentatively lowering their haunches they would grip, then run in an awkward crouch across the cell to deposit their cargo, then back for another. The one who moved the most in a minute, won. She would then have to spank the two toe-touching losers, with them all being caned if Wang considered it to be too light.

Wang would deliberately give them harder work than their more junior crew, but still they didn't break. This was still so, even when she chose to enter the cell when the vid-mon showed that one of them was using the toilet - and they would have to stand at her entrance!

Liz felt less than elegant now, her defences had been breached a little. It was somehow worse that Velma was from her previous life, and a participant in her shame. She would return to normality, no doubt dropping the odd comments about her victim to mutual acquaintances. Meanwhile, Liz had to exist in this hell, every minute an hour, every hour a day. Wang returned her to her cell naked and bound. Rose and Alice, as they must, obediently stripped, stood hands on head and shouted their numbers. She patted Liz's bottom and, with a hand on each cheek, pushed her stumbling into her cell. The door clanged shut on her cries as the other two went to her aid.

Liz knew, though, that she could ride above this - and if she ever survived the nightmare and came across Velma again.....

CHAPTER 21

Taking a brief respite from his labouring whilst a builder mixed cement for him to carry to its destination, Michael wiped his eyes and eased his aching muscles. Today, he had a circuit of collecting water from the well, bringing it to the builder who mixed it with sand and cement, then taking the burden to the actual site. He longed to drink some of the cool liquid but that was forbidden; not because there was any shortage, but because it kept prisoners in check.

He glanced at the area where the women prisoners were doing similar work on another site, picking out the half dozen or so from Explorer. In frustration, he longed to be with them and protect them, even just to be allowed to talk with them. The frustration wasn't just because it was part of his shipboard job to protect them, but that he was a man wanting to protect their vulnerability in this hell-hole.

His heart went out to Rose. She and Belinda toiled naked, presumably for some misdemeanour or other - it hardly mattered here. They were all singled out at times, the shame and humiliation before their colleagues thus enhanced. He had long been attracted aboard ship by Rose's sensuality, but had done nothing about it. Like the unspoken romance between the Captain and Commander Hartley, these were feelings which had to be repressed in deep space. Now, however, and especially since giving herself to the demolition Major, he knew he loved her - wanted her. His guts wrenched he saw her, carrying two heavy buckets, having to walk past that bastard McDuff, now with the pirates. As her lithe figure reached him, McDuff slapped the cheeks of her perfect bottom and groped her breasts. The fat creep was freely touching the soft flesh which Michael was forbidden even to look at! Squealing, she spilt some water from the buckets and was then lashed across the buttocks by another guard for her clumsiness!

As he progressed through his shift, Michael noted the times when Rose staggered to the well, a facility used jointly by both male and female prisoners. Twice he nearly got close to her, but, obeying the orders for male and female prisoners to not even look at one another, he ground his teeth in frustration as she carried on her way, seemingly oblivious to him. He had hoped to contact her previously, but she had disappeared from labouring duties for a few days. In torment, he had feared the worst, but then she had re-appeared on the building site yesterday, their eyes briefly meeting in the distance. He had figured that his duties would bring them close, but his builder had decided to change a schedule and sent him off in another direction. In frustration he saw Rose briefly look around and then, with him not in sight, resume her duties.

Today, however, he had finally managed to synchronise his times at the well to match hers. It would also coincide with the guard having a drink break from his arduous, seated, duty of ensuring prisoners didn't talk or steal water.

Sure enough, as Michael made his way towards the well, two empty buckets swinging from his yoke, he saw the curly-headed blonde heading there too. His heart and spirits soared and he saw a pretty flush come to her face as she glanced up, reaching the well just ahead of him. She was so lovely, her gorgeous body flowed as she bent to lower a bucket, muscles corded and straining under the cruel weight, heavy even for a man in the world outside. However, this was a world where women had to slave as labourers under ever watchful eyes! Her lovely breasts swinging delightfully, buttocks stretched into a delicious curve, she leaned over the well, gasping with effort. After briefly drinking in her beauty, the fair curls adorning her inviting mound, relishing her shy eye contact, he assumed the obligatory posture required when male and female prisoners met. Turning his back, he stood to attention whilst he heard her fill her buckets. However, he was close enough to whisper - and to discreetly thrust his hand backwards to her.

"Oh, it's so, so beautiful, the nicest thing anyone could ... you-you shouldn't have though," affectionately, she squeezed his shoulder, her unchained emotions preventing further speech. Her

reaction to the tiny rose he had presented her with was equivalent to a huge bouquet in the world outside - as was his commitment in giving it. The accompanying note read:

'To a precious Rose who I will always love.'

"Holding up okay, Rose? I've been trying to see you - but you weren't around," he whispered.

"Just about," came her low reply. "It got worse after bloody McDuff became a guard. You know he gave us the creeps on board - now can do what he wants. He got me in trouble, sent me to solitary. Then today, he made and Belinda undress - because we weren't working hard enough," she said bitterly.

"I was so worried...not knowing. If I could get my hands on that.. that, I cannot bear the thought of anyone doing..touching, you know... I'll... "

"Shush, that's dangerous," Rose interrupted him, "I'll get by, we all will, we must. The Commander has been through the worst I reckon; she tries to keep an eye on things. She pulled away when McDuff groped her earlier on today. She even managed to kick him, but now they've put her in the sweatbox as a punishment! No-one can do much, just endure."

"Look, I've never-never had the chance to say this before but...,"

"Shshh."

"No, really, I want to tell you..."

"You no talk, 1247," bellowed the sing-song voice of the Nimble, who Rose had seen from behind Michael's back, unexpectedly returning. "Talking is naughty, so is listen, 1244, slut."

Michael cringed at the sound of a hand slapping soft flesh, followed by Rose's gasping cry.

"Since you like get together - we see what can be done," he said ominously. "Clothes off too Haig, both stand attention side by side."

Michael managed to give Rose one sympathetic look before he stood rigidly beside her, whilst the grinning beast spoke into his throat mike.

"You see too through my helmet vid," he confirmed excitedly to an unseen monitor. "Enter in records, 1244 and 1247 talking at well... OKAY I'll wait for Mr Stone, then someone take them to box," he replied to the tiny voice in his helmet phone.

The Nimble, his squat body hot under the sun, felt almost sympathy for the two at what was to come. However, such thoughts were subsumed by his desire to ogle the soft flesh before him. Then Stone arrived on a hover sled.

"Naughty boy Haig," mocked the harsh young voice. "Stand facing each other, legs astride, hands on head. I'll be your intermediary, show you what you missed."

Michael seethed inwardly as young Stone's hands crawled over Rose's body. They slid between the valley of her breasts, up over a throat as she lifted her head, and obscenely slid in and out of her parted lips. Back down to her belly, they ruffled the delightful fur below.

"Hmm, nice tits. Not as big as your fancy Commander but good anyway. Nice flat belly and, oh yes, a natural blonde too. I think, perhaps, you might display yourself for your admirer-- don't you, Pierce? Rub your hands over your boobs, squeeze them. That's good. Looks like you like it too Haig," he laughed at Michael's growing member. "If only you knew how firm these tits are. Now straddle your legs, bend your knees and push your hips forward. Expose little pussy for your admirer, let him see it, woman. That's better."

Rose gasped when the lad positioned a finger below the pouting lips of her sex.

"Now sink onto it, work yourself up and down. I wanna feel you grip it."

Crimson faced, Rose gently undulated on the finger, feeling it sink into her depths.

"Now bend over, Pierce, and hold your arse apart. Let Haig have a look in between there too."

Michael groaned with a mixture of pleasure and anguish as Rose revealed for him, the lad, and the dribbling Nimble, the secrets nestling in the cleft of her gorgeous buttocks. The tiny wisps of hair on her women's lips moved lazily in the air.

If it wasn't for the trouble they were already in, he would have leapt at the boy. Instead his hands

clenched impotently behind his head as the creep delved between her love-lips, making her squirm. The oyster-like petals were parted by virtue of her spread legs and Stone had no difficulty in now thrusting two fingers up between them.

"Hmm, nice and juicy, she's gagging for it. Like it, eh girl?"

"Yes, Sir."

All three knew there was no other allowable response which would avoid further trouble. Now he had extracted his growing member and, grasping a cheek of her bottom in each hand, was thrusting forward and back along the very edge of the lips of her sex. He winked over his shoulder at Michael.

"She sure feels good and hot, you don't know what you're missing. Oh... I see you've got a good imagination, Haig."

To his shame, Michael's erection was sticking rigidly before him like a flagpole. His body was a knot of impotent frustration, wanting to wrench the creep away from Rose but also, to be in the boy's place. He was unable to look Rose in the eye, especially when Stone stroked and then flicked his swinging manhood.

Rose had seen Michael's predicament and was excited by it. She felt her woman's instincts taking over. Although Stone's rod rubbed over her bud, it was Michael's lean hard body she saw before her, the look of anguish on his rugged face, and imagined it was him between her legs.

"Ugghh, mm." She was unable to prevent the small sigh as, with a slight change of angle, Stone's penis now arrowed up into her vagina.

Her muscles, involuntarily clung to the intruder ravishing her as he pumped in and out, his hands clapping her buttocks. Michael's face was a picture of misery as the lad rutted into her for a brief few seconds before climaxing with a grunt and immediately pulling out.

Panting, unfulfilled, but grateful the ordeal was over, she blew a tender kiss at her companion's tortured face. It was the only gesture she could make before they both had to march off.

Rose and Michael stood hands on head, silent and still. A young muscular guard was looking disdainfully at Michael's penis, making him shiver. It shrank uncomfortably when he held it in a huge paw. Deliberately adding to his humiliation, the man smirked, looking Rose up and down, licking his lips.

"Not much here to be punished for, is there, girl?"

Before she had to reply, Koolin appeared and the guard stood back.

Michael sucked in his belly as Koolin's crop trailed over it, the negress slowly walking around each of them. It tapped Rose's breasts, circling the nipples until they hardened in response. Like a cat with its prey, or a vorg from Simus 4, she regarded her two immobile victims. Sweat beaded on their shining bodies.

"You know the rules forbid contact between prisoners of the opposite sex?" she finally addressed them.

"Yes but it wasn't Rose's" Michael attempted to explain.

Wham!

"Oooff," he groaned, doubled up as her fist crashed into his belly.

The guard made him resume his position before she continued.

"Yet you two thought yourselves above the rules.

"Please, it wasn't Lieutenant Pierce's fault, Madam" he gasped weakly in the correct manner, I--"

"Silence," she interrupted with a snarl. "And you encouraged him, whore."

"It, it wasn't like that, we only—"

Crack!

“Hahh.”

Rose absorbed the stinging pain left by Koolin's palm on her cheek. Then her tormentor's fingers cruelly gripped each red bud on her breasts, twisting and pulling their delicate capture upwards till she gasped on tiptoe at the excruciating, burning pain on her sensitive flesh - but still managing to keep her hands on her head.

“Silence. I call the shots here. You both broke the rules by communicating. What would happen if we allowed that kind of thing here unchecked? Now you will both be punished in separate but connected ways.” Her hands were now stroking Michael's manhood to erection till it throbbed in the palm of her hand, aching for release despite his predicament. “See? You were lucky girl, otherwise this piece of filth might have ended up stuck up you.”

“Haarghh,” he groaned in agony.

Cruelly, she had flicked his member into a shrunken memory.

Koolin knew full well what had happened to Rose at the hands of Stone, but that was just a perk of the victors over the vanquished!

Rose saw the rippling images of the metal coffin-like boxes, in one of which Liz was confined. They were in waste ground by the outer courtyard, the heat rising from them distorting the perimeter fence into black wavy lines. This was a desolate barren area of the grounds covered in piles of large rocks and boulders. She was marched by the guard up to a box and, as he unlocked it, a wave of heat hit her.

It was only the few thin strips of cloth stuck inside, which prevented her from being badly burnt as she eased herself within the tiny tomb. The guard strapped her arms to her sides and stuck tiny electrodes to her body to monitor her heartbeat, before closing the lid with a metallic, echoing, boom. Then Koolin crouched, grinning, to speak to the prisoner through the grill.

“Hi poppet, nice and warm I hope. You will not survive long in there so I'll be brief in telling you what's going to happen.”

She dragged the naked figure of Michael into Rose's limited vision. His feet were now shackled and his wrists hand-cuffed before him.

“You will remain in your little oven until he,” she jabbed him in the belly, “has moved these boulders from this big pile to the small one - you see?”

Rose saw a huge pile of large rocks with Koolin pointing to a smaller pile about five metres away. Her shoulders sagged in despair, she knew it would be a long job.

“The shackles will slow him down and, he will also be blindfolded. Thus you will need to direct him - not a problem I imagine since you like talking to him so much,” she laughed. “That's why you are not gagged - as is normal for the sweat box - but our monitors will tell us when you die,” she laughed cruelly at Michael's desperate expression. “Another nice touch is that whilst you will soon give your right arm for a cup of water, he will have gallons of it to drink during his labours. The rules are that you'll both be beaten if he has a piss and so, he too be racing against time - hoping that your directions are accurate and that your voice holds up. The guard will start him off with a nice cool drink, then he'd better bet going.”

Rose watched enviously as the guard made Michael drink a full bottle of iced water. She licked her lips, sweat trickling from every crevice of her body, as the guard pulled a leather hood over Michael's head, totally obscuring his vision. After locking it into place he opened a mouth flap and made his bound charge have another bottle of water. Ignoring the spluttered protests he ensured he drank the lot.

“All yours,” he called to Rose before turning the hooded man round a few times and then joining Koolin on a chair under the shade of a tree.

“T-to your left f-further, further, there,” Rose's muffled, echoing voice called from the metal box to the disoriented figure.

Cursing, he stubbed his toe against a rock, then stooped down, hands grasping the first boulder and

lifting to follow her directions to the small pile.

Several times, Rose, drowning in her own sweat, watched enviously as Michael was forced to drink. Beautiful cool water cascaded down his face as he consumed it, his belly growing more rounded. Although in her own scorching hell, she found it within herself to feel for his discomfort, imagining his burning but forbidden need to empty his bladder. He knew they would both suffer if he did. He would also know how she was suffering already, and continuing to do so for every minute it took him to strain over those heavy rocks.

As the time went on, Rose's voice became progressively weaker and more frustrated at her occasional inability to make Michael understand in which direction he should head. She was fighting to prevent delirium taking her. Already her mind was drifting to a darkness and confinement that she had suffered a few days ago.

Rejecting McDuff's crude advances had been easy - the consequences had not been.

The guards had gagged and hooded her, ripped the tracksuit off, and bound her hands behind her. They told her she was a troublemaker and was being given to a terrorist group who wanted a hostage to negotiate a separate deal with the Federation. She recalled the frightening journey in the hov-van to an unknown destination, in darkness, then being pulled out stumbling, hands on her pinioned arms, down concrete stairs into the heat of a cellar. A creaking door opened and she was pushed in. Although her hands were released, she was told in gruff male tones that she must make no attempt to talk to her guards, make no sound whatsoever. Further she was told that she must pull on the hood whenever they unlocked her cell door. No other explanation was given. When she did once tentatively ask what they wanted, the screaming, and the cane lashing her bare back and buttocks made her obey the rule of silence.

As she sat in her tiny concrete cell, lit only by a dim glow-tube, Rose had known the Federation would never negotiate. She felt totally isolated and lost. Time stretched endlessly, punctuated only by the arrival of bread and water and the chemi-lav being emptied. Sitting against the wall, knees drawn up to her chin to preserve some decency, she would tug on the leather hood and remain obediently silent and unmoving until the door clanged shut again. She sensed that sometimes the unknown guard was just staring at her, walking before her, making her body shiver. She would wrap her trembling arms more tightly around her knees, hoping he would not take advantage of her, but knowing that at a whim, he could.

She had lost all track of time, reconciling herself to this being her tomb, her only possession a thin blanket. Assisted by the sensory deprivation, her mind rewound to better times, reliving previous space hauls, boyfriends. And she found herself recollecting everything Michael had ever said to her. It brought a comforting glow to her desolation. Would she ever see him again?

Then she had been suddenly dragged out of the cell, heart quaking, up the steps into open air. Tentatively removing her hood when told, she found herself in the camp, surrounded by laughing guards! As she wept with reaction and relief, Stone had said she hoped she wouldn't mind their little joke but he hoped she would benefit from her three days in solitary!

Michael's voice jerked her back to the present. She was drifting in and out of delirium, feeling as if she was melting in her tiny oven. Every breath was agony and so she just drew in tiny panting gasps. The hot metal lid was a scant inch or so from the sensitive red buds of her breasts, her soaking body already smarting from several burns from where her exposed flesh had touched the sides of her tiny prison.

Screwing up her concentration, she continued providing directions, calculating, with a painful grimace, that they probably had another hour to go before all the rocks would be moved. Momentarily, she hated Michael as the guard made him, reluctantly, drink a bottle of water - from which she would gladly have simply licked the condensation. But she knew the pirates' idea was to drive a wedge between them, and she wouldn't play. Michael had managed to control himself - and so would she.

Croaking directions, she still carefully cocooned his precious flower in her palm.

CHAPTER 22

Liz fought back bitter tears as she ate her frugal evening meal of bread, unappetising thin stew and food-supply tablets, reviewing her predicament. Tonight was the anniversary of her relationship with Harry and they had planned, some time ago, a romantic dinner for two in an exquisite bistro they had discovered on a moon of Nemo 5.

The ambience of that venue couldn't contrast more with her current circumstances. She and the other prisoners ate at long wooden tables and benches in absolute monastic silence. Instead of soft background music they had to contend with the angry bark of any guard catching a prisoner dawdling with her food or attempting to communicate. Rather than the glow of flickering candles they had the harsh white glare of strip lights, banishing any shadows.

At least her hands were clean. That morning they had been ingrained with soil from the backbreaking task of planting potatoes in the camp's self-sustaining vegetable plots. However, in the afternoon the grime was washed away in the camp laundry, pushing, wringing and folding countless garments, heaving and sweating in the steam. She reflected that the officers and NCOs always seemed to be selected for the worst jobs, with the junior ranks receiving lighter duties. Diane and Mitzie had simply to push the anti-grav sleds on which the potatoes were heaped, whilst she was continually bending to plant them. As the guards' shouts ended the meal break, Liz consciously switched off that train of thought. It was all part of the divide-and-rule policy used by the pirates. She was tired and needed to sleep and thoughts of her cell were almost welcome.

Was she now still dreaming, or was the camp a dream? It was so confusing! Liz had to remind herself how she and Rose had arrived in this predicament. They had been serving as waitresses in a cafe when masked intruders had arrived. It was the old cafe on Earth she had worked in as a teenager! She remembered the shouting of the thieves, them brandishing their guns and being made to lie face down on the floor. Following the shouted orders, her hands had to be clasped over her head as she lay, eyes closed next to Rose. The terror pounding her heart was as audible as a drum as they ransacked the place.

The masked figures soon had both her and Rose running around, emptying tills, until the police arrived. Then, shivering under the guns of their captors, shyly protesting, she and Rose had to remove all of their clothes. Initially they had to just kneel naked on the floor out of sight, under the leering eyes of their several captors. They did so, trembling, their hands clasped obediently on their heads. From being in charge and running the cafe, she and Rose were now just helpless frightened victims.

Eventually their hands were tightly bound behind their backs and they were gagged before being paraded before the surrounding policemen outside, nooses around their necks. The thieves taunted their would-be rescuers by pointing guns at the heads of their trembling victims and running their hands over their shivering bodies as they made their demands.

After what seemed another eternity of limb-cramping kneeling, the demands seemed to have been met by the police. Taking them as hostages and ignoring her and Rose's pleas, the captors securely bound and gagged them again, blindfolded them, and dumped them onto the hot leather back seat of an old-fashioned internal combustion engine land car.

They were eventually pulled from the car and into a house which, when her blindfold was roughly removed, Liz recognised as her old home. With her parents was Harry and all three were tightly trussed into chairs, with gags in their mouths. Taunting them, the masked intruders ran their hands freely over their two nude captives before slapping their buttocks. They ushered both girls upstairs.

That was when things somehow changed again. Liz and Rose were taken to an attic bedroom. They were helpless to prevent the men throwing them onto each bed and ravishing them as they squirmed and gasped. Hands groped their jiggling flesh, probed into them and they were filled and stretched by organs which seemed so huge and powerful as they throbbed and squirted within them. Neither girl would ever admit to the tiny tingle of pleasure they felt, edging around the perimeter of their disgust. Pleasure without responsibility as they were taken by nameless unknown brutes!

Pleasure was soon replaced by sheer terror when they were told that they would now be left alone in the house with the Maidstone slasher. He or she was the unknown serial killer who had terrorised her home town for what seemed many years. An occasional gutted body would be found, the effects of frightful torture evident on it, and then nothing for months until the next attack. The police never caught the slasher, but he or she was used by worried parents as good excuse for ensuring the behaviour of kids.

Now, somehow, he was in the house with her and Rose, who were both helplessly naked and bound. For ten minutes, after the masked robbers had left, neither girl moved, barely daring to breathe, alert for every sound. Then they decided in whispers that they must try to get downstairs and get out, or at least untie the others.

Awkwardly, with hands fastened behind them they inched the door handle down and, thankfully, the door swung open without a sound. Then, at an ominous creak from outside, they crouched, trembling, dripping sweat - as Liz's cat stalked happily into the room. Liz would have held and hugged it if her hands had been free.

With hearts pounding against their ribs, they inched downstairs. Then, sickness rose like a fountain in her throat as the tall, hideously cloaked, figure of a skeleton rushed at them carrying a wicked knife. The figure practically threw her and Rose into a room which Liz recognised as her own childhood bedroom. So this is where it will all end, she thought, as both she and Rose were tied by their ankles to swing, helpless and naked, upside down from an old ceiling beam.

Both had been gagged and Liz could only squeal pitifully as, oh so slowly, the figure advanced on her, the light glinting from the ten inch knife blade. As if time had been slowed, she saw the knife arcing down, and then blood spurting everywhere. Cutting the flesh from her body, the figure turned to Rose and, methodically, alternately slashed at each swinging figure like a silent, demented butcher. The carpet soon turned red inches beneath the curtain of their hanging hair.

The monitors in the camp's vid-interact theatre glanced idly at the sweating figures of the two prisoners festooned with wires and strapped securely into chairs. The mind-probe drugs would wear off in another hour and both would recall how, after a mild sedative had been laced into their evening meal, it had been their turn tonight to serve as foils for the guards' games!

Normally, the several willing members of an interact game would only take a mild dose of relaxant drugs to stimulate their memory and senses but, at the back of their minds, they knew it to be merely a participating game. It was rather like a film in which they made up the script but, despite their perceived adventures, they knew their bodies were in reality safe in the theatre.

However, at the camp, the interact game and rules had been cruelly modified so that the unwilling prisoners really believed the adventures chosen for them by their tormentors. Although their eyes were firmly closed, the vid screens graphically showed the nightmares being mentally endured by the two women and manipulated by the other participants. Forgotten memories and thoughts, secret fears, were being dragged into their consciousness, identified by the other players and manipulated by them and the game monitors. The juddering, shining bodies of the 'hunted' girls gave some idea of their anguish! In contrast were the guards' relaxed, but excited faces, seated beside their victims, acting out the various roles they had chosen for themselves.

CHAPTER 23

It was the first roll-call of the day, but to the dismay of the assembled crew, the turncoat McDuff was taking it. This made it harder to make the obligatory bow from the waist, but the accompanying guards brooked no dissension. Revelling in his new power, he strolled before each of his former comrades in turn, insisting they bow again.

"Everything okay, Hartley?" he asked reasonably as she obediently, humbly, inclined her head.

"Yes, Sir." She longed to hit her former sergeant, but knew it would be counterproductive; she had to set an example for the crew.

"I hope you're keeping fit... but in case not, drop and give me twenty press-ups," he demanded.

Shoulders sagging, she sank down before him.

"Oh--you'll dirty your tracksuit--take it off first," he added, grinning.

Having pulled off her top, she gritted her teeth as he held her jutting breasts. It took all of her resolve to slide down her bottoms before the loathsome beast, then pump up and down at his feet.

"You too, Pierce," he pointed to the blonde, "unless you'd like another spell in solitary. Then maybe later we'll see if you still feel like rejecting my company," he leered.

Two of the ship's prettiest women, previously his superiors, were naked at McDuff's feet, muscles quivering to perform the exercises he demanded. Liz recalled how she had once berated him when items of her underwear were found in his cabin. Now his foot, possessively, with impunity, nudged Rose's flinching buttocks, and hers, as they strained at his command. This was more personal than her savage ravishment, hooded and bound. This was a public humiliation. She could imagine all of his accumulated hatred being vented on them. Life seemed very bleak.

McDuff then had them touching their toes, whilst he stood behind, whistling tunelessly at the sight of the two pairs of curving hindquarters. Both Liz and Rose bit their lips in disgust as he pinched their bottoms playfully, lightly spanking their taut flesh, his fingers impudently delving into the clefts. He allowed the two, red-faced women had to stand, catching their breath, lounging between them, arms horribly, familiarly, around their waists.

"Not too bad, lassies, but you need more humility. I'll have to give you more practice, I can see. For the moment, get my old JT out, you can see how big it is--or are you disobeying an order?" he barked when they held back in revulsion.

They shivered in disgust as their fluttering fingers gingerly extracted his slimy length from his trousers. It twitched and grew as he made Rose slide her cool hands up and down the shaft till it twitched, fully erect.

"This is what you'll be getting in you soon my girl - unless you want to go on report. Big, eh?"

"Y-yes, Sir," came Rose's obligatory, low-voiced reply - trying not to retch.

"Very well then ...," he again slapped the pert curve of her bottom, "you can both dress now." He patted their shining flanks, presently covered in a fading hand-prints.

They had just pulled on their tracksuits when Rolf appeared, clutching a signal message.

"It seems there may be some possibility of a deal being struck and so you must return to the spaceport. You will be locked in your cells until the guards have finished breakfast, and then you may have a gentle run in the sun to give you an appetite, in case you get fed later."

Liz was jubilant. Anything was better than this living hell, and the look of frustration on McDuff's face as his quarry was snatched away helped her forget that they were not home free yet.

Later, the head cages and horrid gags were fitted and linked again to the chain. Rolf strutted before them.

"It has been a real pleasure to have you ladies and gentlemen but all good things come to an end, eh?"

With a wink, he possessively patted Liz's bottom.

Twenty pairs of eyes widened in some hope, as they jogged off to leave behind the gloating figures of Rolf, Koolin, Stone and McDuff. Mentally, Liz calculated that, with luck, the fiends would have their last supper in the mess within a few more weeks!

CHAPTER 24

Commissioner Valdez strolled into his private quarters at the spaceport and smiled. The prisoners had been prepared just as he had requested. Three pairs of slender legs parted high in the air revealed their intimacies which awaited him.

In her present pose, Liz could never recall having been more blatantly exposed. She, Rose and Alice were completely naked, flat on their backs with their legs raised high in the air, thighs wide apart. Each was secured tightly with straps across their stomachs and shoulders, their arms also stretched out, wrists and elbows strapped down. Only their neck and heads had freedom of movement. Their lower bodies were secured more flexibly, with their raised ankles connected by slack chains to ringbolts in the ceiling.

However, each woman had to keep her ankles higher and wider than dictated by the ceiling chains. Thin wires attached to their nipples were fastened via ceiling pulleys to their ankle straps. Any attempt to lower or close their legs from their painful suspension resulted in an agonizing pull on the sensitive buds of their breasts.

They had been fastened into their shameful positions by Sulin. She had taken a great delight in inflicting the humiliation on her older charges. Liz's thighs were already aching horribly in their aloft position, yet the slightest lowering of her limbs resulted in a painful stretching of her nipples.

Turning her head towards the opening door, Liz saw the tall thin figure of Valdez, smirking as he preened his elegant moustache with a manicured hand. He introduced himself politely as the three necks craned in his direction. All blushed at their indecent exposure before him.

"Well ladies," he continued, "don't bother to get up and don't any of you speak please. I want complete silence until I order otherwise. If you disobey I shall push your legs to the floor and you can guess at the effect on your poor little boobies I expect," he said smirking.

"I will shortly give the Commander the opportunity of speaking to her Captain but," he emphasised with a painful slap on Liz's thigh, "if you say anything at all out of line... you'll know what to expect."

The three women looked at their captor with a mixture of hatred and shame as he continued.

"We are going to go 'live' as it were to the bridge of your Ship, where the Captain and two of your crew are going to decommission the self-destruct mechanism for us. We know all about the codes, and if that goes well, your ordeals may be coming to an end."

Liz ground her teeth in helpless frustration. With Rose alongside her, the two other people necessary to key in their codes with Harry must be CathyJoanne and Kate - and she had not had the opportunity to tell CathyJoanne about the need to halve the code numbers! She hoped that either Rose or Kate had somehow had the chance to speak to her since their return from the camp. Their constant and deliberate fragmentation into small groups made it impossible to know!

A large tele-vid screen sprang into life as Valdez pressed a button and Liz's heart missed a beat when she saw Harry standing, hands on head, against the backdrop of Explorer. A tear sprang to her eye at the various memories invoked. Standing either side of him in similar pose were indeed Ensigns Kate and CathyJoanne, also wearing tight grey track-suits. Standing in the background were several other crew with some pirates. Along with some familiar pirate faces, Tarik, Dork and Keane, was Sgt. McDuff, now in pirate uniform - presumably of more use on his old ship than in the camp. His arm was draped around Helen's rigid body.

Liz saw Harry's shocked face and, from the gamut of emotions passing over it, she realised that he could see her too. Abstractly she heard the well modulated tones of Valdez speaking to Harry.

"Hello my dear Captain, we meet again. I presume you have been warned by my colleagues not to speak, just listen. As you can see I am just entertaining some of the lovely ladies from your crew whilst you and the two code-holders up there turn off the self-destruct mechanism. I thought it best to keep

the lovely Liz here with me,” he patted the underside of her thigh, stroking towards the apex.

“I know,” he continued, “what she means to you and it should vanish any silly notions you, or the others, have about being heroes and blowing yourselves up with the ship. If that unfortunate event took place I can assure you that what you are witnessing now will be nothing, compared to what she can expect to endure.”

Valdez waved three plastic egg-shaped objects before the camera and, with cruel deliberation inserted one into each of the bound women's sex lips. He crudely pushed until just the tip protruded from each vulva. The three woman felt obscenely stretched, their lips clamped around the intruders.

“These little beauties,” Valdez continued, stroking over the down of Liz's sex to tap the egg, “are on the same frequency as the self-destruct mechanism on Explorer. I have just switched them on and they will activate in 10 minutes unless they receive the disarm code which you will shortly feed in. If you had any brave notions about going out in a blaze of glory, the eggs too will activate. They will slowly heat until they burn through the flesh to drop out the other side. Can you imagine that? I can see from your expression that you can. You have nine and a half minutes remaining to make your move, Captain,” his eyes glinted at the screen in victory.

“If you do as you are told however,” he continued, “then your captivities will nearly be over. We shall let you go in another ship, since the Federation have made a few token concessions for the release of you and your crew!”

Liz guessed that the Federation wouldn't have given much ground. She surmised that the pirates would have already achieved good publicity from their captives and now had little more need of them.

“Just to let you see that lovely Liz is still in good shape,” Valdez was continuing, “having come through her ordeals, and that you are not looking at an old vid of her, I will permit her to say a few words if she wishes. Commander?”

Liz realised it was her one chance.

“Valdez,” Surprisingly, Liz addressed her tormentor, and not Harry, “even if I respected you half as much, half I say, as I do my Captain, I still wouldn't give you the pleasure of pleading. The Captain and the others know what they must do,” Liz spoke defiantly with blazing eyes.

Valdez looked thoughtfully for a moment and Liz's heart skipped a beat; had she made her speech too obviously a message about altering the codes?

“Strange, but valiant even after all this,” Valdez eventually said, smiling, “I like spirit like yours - I like breaking it. Do as you have been instructed, Captain, within 9 minutes, and we can begin to think about your release.” He snapped off the camera.

Liz, Alice and Rose gulped, shuddering anew as Valdez slowly turned to regard them, his dark eyes roving over the exposed v of their limbs.

“Excuse me for a moment ladies,” he purred like smooth cat, “I shall be back soon. I want to monitor events on Explorer, but Sulin will ready you for my return.”

Liz's stomach churned at the thought of the frightful egg inside her and what else was to come at the mercy of the spiteful young girl. She prayed that, if the alternative codes were used to delay, rather than disarm the self-destruct, they would not activate the eggs within them. If her hands had been free she would have been biting her finger nails in tension.

At the summons from Valdez, Sulin returned to the room, she was wearing lycra shorts and tee-shirt under which her body rippled with muscle, which contrasted with her baby-like face and pigtail. She carried some implements and smiled sadistically down at the three helpless women.

Sulin pulled down a small horizontal lever until it was above Liz's chin, out of reach as she lay flat. Liz shivered as the girl gently stroked a hand through her hair. She spoke softly to her victim.

“Now, Commander, lift your head right up and stick out your tongue please to touch that lever.”

With neck straining, Liz lifted her head, just able to reach the lever.

“That's a good girl,” the youngster spoke condescendingly to her older captive as she adjusted the

lever so that Liz could just push it with outstretched tongue, by craning her head up to its fullest extent. Liz relaxed her head back down again, concentrating instead on the strain on her suspended thighs, whilst Sulin similarly adjusted levers for Rose and Alice's outstretched tongues.

Then Valdez returned, beaming broadly. "Your Captain was sensible ladies," he purred and, to their relief, removed the eggs from their 'nests'. "The Explorer is now ours, but there is no reason to finish our little game just yet so I'll let Sulin continue," he smiled cruelly into their angry eyes.

The young sadist smiled with venom, holding auto-vibrators. "Yes, ladies," the young girl purred, "I expect sluts like you know what these are. However, these have an extra refinement," she added gleefully. "You see, the two little probes go as usual into your two holes and the little rubber claw fits neatly over your clit and throbs and vibrates away as normal. You'll like that. However, the catch is that unless you push that lever with your tongue an extra circuit within the vibrator will heat up - quite painfully. So," she spoke gleefully to the three pairs of wide shocked eyes regarding her, "if you do not want your pleasure interrupted by pain, you'll have to keep those necks up and tongues right out I'm afraid ladies."

Humming, Sulin picked up the first auto-vibrator and knelt between the upraised thighs of Liz. She had made love to both sexes since she became active at a young age and so she was appreciative of the feminine charms. She briefly explored the silken softness, rubbing and dipping with her fingers, feeling Liz squirm. Lovingly, she eased the lubricated probes into place in the brunette's dark orifices, feeling them contract at the cold metallic intrusion.

"That's a girl, now where's your little... ah yes," Sulin spoke to herself as she located the small bud of Liz's clitoris and fitted the vibrator's tiny extension neatly over it. The small vibrator concealed hardly anything of the lush charms it was designed to inflame. Liz was filled, stretched, and totally humiliated as she lay with the masturbator in place. It was even worse when she turned to see the attentions the young girl was giving to Rose and Alice as she fitted them out in similar fashion. The hideous crooning voice continued as she crouched over her comrades her hands and fingers delving into their most intimate flesh. Alice began crying hot tears of shame as the hands travelled over her and the girl cradled and kissed her. Her powerful black arms were around her bare shoulders like a monstrous mother!

Finally Sulin had finished and she stepped back to admire her handiwork between the three pairs of gracefully spread bare white exposed thighs.

"Right ladies, on the count of three I am switching on," she announced like someone lighting a Christmas tree. "I advise you to have your tongues ready by the levers, because otherwise your quims will get very hot very quickly. Keep that lever pressed and you can just lay back and think of the Federation. Here we go then, three, two, one, presto."

Liz wasn't quite ready, and when the vibrator sprang into action, she gasped as the throbbing head went to work in her. Her head fell back. Immediately, a burning pain engulfed her, threatening to eat into her very womanhood.

Desperately, lifting her aching neck and sticking out her tongue she managed to push up the metal lever, instantly providing a respite from the pain in her womb.

Relaxing slightly her tongue slipped off the lever again and the pain again exploded in her. Gasping, she strained her neck back up, extending her tongue to push that high lever. As the pain subsided Liz could again concentrate more on the pleasant throb between her legs and a spasm in her belly. Unconsciously she ground her loins down a little, as if onto a lover, but that simply moved her ankles which, in turn, painfully tweaked her nipples. Thus, she was resigned to a continued muscle- cramping immobility, holding her legs and neck aloft, tongue fully out - like an endless stomach exercise. Meanwhile the probes did wonderful things to her now moist womanhood.

Unable to move her head, for fear of losing contact with the lever, Liz rolled her eyes to either side to look at Rose and Alice. The tendons stood out in Alice's neck as she craned up, her brown hair cascading back. The Ensign's long pink tongue strained to maintain contact with the lever - which was

the second most important object in her life. Similarly, Rose's supple thighs trembled and pulsed, her toes curling, the breath gasping from her wide mouth. Liz knew that, for all of them, the vibrator was the only other thing that mattered at that moment.

As her thoughts momentarily strayed to Harry and Explorer, so did her concentration. The stab of pain, like a dagger in her vitals, reminded Liz to ignore her throbbing neck muscles, lift her head, poke out her tongue and keep pressing that lever!

Now Liz saw that the little wretch, Sulin, was cradling Rose, stroking the blonde tresses plastered to her perspiring face, whispering encouragement, wiping the moisture from her upper lip. She was almost getting her pleasure by soaking up that which was emanating from the young Lieutenant.

Valdez smiled with amusement at the tableau of exposed women, throbbing with pleasure, breasts quivering, all covered in a patina of sweat. Their necks strained upwards supporting their red faces, tongues extending rudely, desperately striving to push the levers which prevented their pain.

Breath hissed and the sighs were an unmistakable sign of approaching orgasm. The auto-vibrators never failed to produce results within a few minutes. Valdez dismissed Sulin.

He went to Liz. Her eyes were squeezed tight shut with pleasure but when he placed a hand on her fluttering belly, they opened wide with shock, mellowing softly to desire. Then they screwed tight shut again as her tongue momentarily left the lever and pain lanced into her.

"Nearly there my sweet," he crooned fingering the hardness of her nipples and stroking the satin, trembling, inner thighs.

Then he crouched by Rose. "Hot, my pet?" he enquired looking into her big green eyes whilst her stroked the smooth, clenching cheeks of her tight bottom. Rose simply nodded, and then regretted she had even given him the courtesy of a response under such degrading circumstances.

"Let me feel these," said Valdez, moving to Alice, mauling the quivering flesh of her breasts - two cherry-tipped jellies. "Hmm, quite big," he commented.

He then sat back on a chair before all three women almost like a conductor of an orchestra, looking from one to the other, judging how they were progressing. He took mental bets with

himself and was right when Liz was first to come to a toe-curling, sobbing climax with Rose and Alice right after. The three women looked at their tormentor over heaving bosoms. Of necessity, they still had to keep their tongues protruding onto the levers.

Valdez clapped.

"Well done! The Commander was the winner I think, and it is she who will, therefore, receive the honour of my body. We need to celebrate the Explorer being safely in our hands."

He noted the look of resignation in the beauty's wide eyes before continuing.

"You will shortly be released onto one of our ships – assuming of course that the Commander gives me pleasure. I should hate to think of you failing yourself and your crew at this late stage

Hartley. You two may relax a little and watch your Commander in action. In fact I order you to watch," he instructed as he turned off their vibrators and switched off the tongue levers so they could lay back. They sighed as they could relieve the awful tension on their craning necks and tongues, licking dry lips.

"If I see you looking away for an instant the tongue lever will be back." Then Valdez stood before Liz. He was smoking a rarely-seen cigarette from a thin black holder and twirling the ends of his moustache.

"For you my dear," he said as she continued to regard him with her tongue still sticking right out, "I will remove the auto-vibrator but I'll leave the tongue lever. I rather like the idea of you having to keep your mouth wide whilst we perform."

He removed the sticky implement from her body and made an adjustment to some wiring.

"Now, if you move your tongue, the vibrator in your friend Alice will heat up instead. You will look continually at me, your master, no turning away."

Liz shuddered as the vibrating probe was withdrawn from her, almost, but not quite, begging to also be relieved of the hideous tongue lever. She sighed, trying to build up her resolve. However, she decided to herself that she could endure and she would - if only there was not the added shame of Rose and Alice, having to watch, and her need to avoid making Alice suffer more. Valdez, looked directly into her eyes as he removed his clothing.

She regarded him disdainfully, her lovely brown orbs not daring to leave him as he finally stood naked and erect before her. Suddenly he realised that he still had in his mouth the long cigarette, smoking in its holder.

"Would you look after this, my dear, please," he asked Rose as if she had some choice, before he removed her vibrator and thrust the cigarette holder into the moist, pink pouting lips of her womanhood. Valdez laughed as Rose gasped at the further humiliation.

Walking back to Liz, he proudly stroked the eight inch length of his stiff manhood then knelt between the exquisite splayed thighs of his beautiful captive. Mouth wide, tongue, protruding, her eyes never left him.

Gently he rubbed his fingers over the soft dark flesh of her woman's lips, feeling her tremble. She was still in a state of arousal, hot and moist. The dew of her love juices remained on the soft down of her oyster and she smelt of pleasure spent. Now he dipped two slim sensitive fingers deep into her hot liquid depths, feeling her involuntarily squirm her hips around them. His thumb began rubbing the erect bud of her clitoris as he stroked the bulb of his manhood up and down her soft love lips.

He felt his own desire rising and in need of fulfilment but just before he thrust deep into her exposed velvet femininity, Valdez looked at the almost unblinking staring women on either side of her and winked. Incongruously, the cigarette jutting from Rose's vagina was still smoking. Commander Hartley was a hot beauty, he thought, as he sunk into her like a silken glove, right up to the hilt, then tightly gripping her raised buttocks. He was quite oblivious to the effect his weight had on her body.

"Haaahh," she gasped through a mouth held painfully wide, as he began pumping into her.

As her thighs were pushed aside by his body, he could imagine the painful tugs of pain on her nipples, still connected to her legs by those thin cords. It was of no concern at all to Valdez - except of course for her additional writhing beneath him. Now his hands mauled and squeezed the silken flesh of her tender breasts, rubbing the nipples hard, sucking them in his mouth and again oblivious to the pull as she struggled to keep in position.

He thrust and humped deep into the moist grip of her sex, her hips rising, and a small sigh escaping her as he so nearly withdrew his glistening length - before thrusting back in again with a thump. Kissing the side of her neck, he felt the tension where she strove to keep her head up. Now his tongue was exploring her open mouth as he humped his loins below. It was free to roam where it wished whereas hers had to continue straining out. Without further ado, he jetted into her, painfully clasp and biting her breasts in his pleasure.

"Quite a good ride," he remarked to the panting woman he had so crudely used. Then, Valdez simply switched off the vibrator and lever mechanisms and dressed, allowing Liz to subside with a shudder of relief, stretching her aching jaws, wishing she could lower her quivering thighs. Strolling casually across to Rose, he plucked his cigarette from her womanhood. Crudely he sucked the end of the holder - all of the time looking her right in the eye.

CHAPTER 25

The pirates had put all of Explorer's crew into one of their old vessels but Liz still doubted their word. It seemed too easy, but then they had no realistic choice. The pirates had obviously decided they could squeeze no more concessions from the Federation, and the Explorer's crew were now a liability. But would they really just let them all sail away?

Almost commonplace now, the crew had to be strip-searched and lined up to board the large old freighter, Colossus. This was, they were told, to prevent them smuggling anything of importance on board. Their public nudity had almost been second nature to them after their ordeals but it felt so out of place against the familiar environment of a spaceship.

In one of the many side rooms of the embarkation hall Rose obediently lifted her arms clear of her body and twirled around like an obscene ballerina - as demanded by the soldier searching her in a purely cursory fashion. After whistling softly, and casually patting her bottom, he nodded to indicate that she could put on her space coveralls and return to the line. On her way she passed a familiar face. With a finger of caution to his lips, the demolition Major from the camp thrust a note into her hand, briefly squeezing her shoulder, before he carried on his way.

It seemed, to the Explorer's ex-crew, so easy, too easy - they knew! They were allowed to ease the Colossus out of its dock and begin the journey out of the Magellan system. Although, ominously, they saw the Explorer 'fired' up and ready to move, they had no choice but to keep going and move out. The serene grace of the ship's gliding departure, however, belied the frantic activity within her old hull! Although the old freighter had been stripped of any transmitting device with which they could summon help, every minute that they continued on their way without signs of pursuit increased their odds of survival. The freighter was probably as fast as most of the small Magellan warships.

To the watching pirates, the old ship seemed to take a long time to get properly on its way. They assumed it was the crew's unfamiliarity with the vessel. Eventually they were away from the close proximity of the spaceport and gathering speed. Then the demolition crew activated the explosives hidden in half a dozen different strategic places around the ship and their screens witnessed a blinding flash.

The cheers of the pirates soon turned to amazement, however, as they saw the old Colossus still intact and continuing on its way, admittedly with some damage to some non-essential areas of the hull!

The fallback plan was then put into effect as Valdez, Stone, McDuff and several of their recent tormentors boarded Explorer before it nosed out of dock. Although their other vessels would now have difficulty in overtaking the freighter the pirates knew that the ex-Federation vessel would catch it within an hour.

There was jubilation on the Colossus and the toast was to Michael and Rose. She had showed him the note from the demolition Major, who, perhaps with memories of their brief coupling in the camp, had decided to give the crew an even chance. His note showed the hidden location of the various mines planted around the vessel. Luckily, even without tools, Michael had the knowledge and time to defuse the worst of them. Now, however, they saw Explorer streaking after them and knew that their other plan would be put to the test.

They had no weapons whatsoever, nor means of defence, on the old pirate 'bucket'. It was clear that they were to become target practice for the new owners of their ship. To the Federation the pirates would simply say their prisoners had stolen a ship and had been destroyed whilst trying to escape!

It was at least a relief for Liz, Harry and the others to again be dressed in space fatigues and to be their own masters in the familiar surroundings of a spaceship. However, it was a nail-biting moment, seeing the grinning faces of the pirates in Explorer's bridge on the ship-to-ship view-screens.

Ever nearer it drew, looking sleek and omni-powerful in their screens. Then, the Explorer's weapon

systems must have locked onto Colossus because, suddenly, they squinted as a blinding flash of light filled the external screens. The delayed action code had indeed worked.

Kate had explained to Liz, whilst Michael made safe the explosives, that she and CathyJoanne had been sent to the same prison camp. There, she had been able to instruct her to halve the code. Harry had understood the message Liz had given him and thus the plan had worked.

There were few dry eyes as the faithful Explorer was vaporised and scattered amongst the other atoms in the fabric of space. Liz felt the grip of Harry's hand give hers a squeeze before they all prepared for the several-week journey home in the unfamiliar Colossus.

That evening, Liz relaxed for the first time in what seemed a lifetime, in the privacy of her own cabin. It wasn't as big as hers on Explorer, but it was palace compared to the pirates' hospitality. She had downed a large glass of iced wine, briefly running over the astro calculations again in her mind; satisfying herself that they were on course for Earth and had sufficient speed to stay well clear of any pursuing pirate vessels.

She answered a knock at the door with trepidation - was it another problem with the unfamiliar equipment? Harry stood there grinning, a bottle of wine in one hand and some flowers from the ship's artificial garden in another.

When the door was shut safely behind him the two gazed at each other in silence as only lovers can, their eyes speaking a thousand words. Still wordlessly, he took her in his strong arms and she wrapped herself around him, burying her face against his chest, sobbing, letting it all come out.

As he held the vibrant girl in his arms, feeling the soft contours of her body under the space fatigues moulding against him, his mind drifted over some of the events of the past weeks. He had stood completely naked in front of Capt Stern with his hands on his head whilst she critically and minutely examined him from head to toe. Then a female Nimble had hung him by the wrists, his feet barely touching the ground and attached electrodes, to his penis and thrust up his rectum. How he had then danced and screamed before the calm methodical questioning of Stern.

There were the terrible cramping cages and then the subsequent questioning, once culminating with the vile Nimble giving him oral sex. At other times, he would be taunted about Liz, what was happening to her, shown vids of her treatment, and seeing her tormented by Lieutenant Zuke. All the while they would be saying how it would all be all right, everyone would be released if he and a few others co-operated.

Well, they were all right now. They may have lost Explorer but they had finished with an awful lot of pirates and all of the crew who had survived the attack were on their way home; especially his darling Liz.

She had stopped crying now and when he eased away slightly, she raised her beautiful face to be kissed. Ruthlessly he plunged his mouth onto hers. Her warm sweet, generous lips opened to receive him, their hot tongues entwining lustfully. He felt his manhood growing, pushing and pulsing against the softness of her middle and she shifted her legs slightly to allow his throbbing bulge to nestle between them at their hot apex. Automatically his hand slid down from the sleekness of her long dark hair, over the curved arch of her back to squeeze the delicious cheeks of her bottom under the fatigues.

Panting, Liz broke away to quickly unzip and step out of her one-piece suit. Her eyes smouldering with molten desire, she reached behind to unclip her pink bra - but Harry held up a hand. "Please, let me darling, I want to unpeel you - slowly."

Liz smiled at his haste-induced struggle to extract himself from his own one-piece so that he stood in a tiny pair of thong pants, a huge bulge at the front.

He took her again in his arms, feeling the soft texture of her satin skin against him as he pulled her

body close against his, running fingers like dusters lightly up and down the joints of her spine. Slowly, he tickled and caressed her from the nape of her neck to her bottom and into the cool cleft between the globes under her tiny pink briefs. Liz did that 'magic' trick of hers to allow his bulge to slide between the warmth at the top of her thighs so that he could feel the softness of her petals under the thin material of her knickers.

She gripped his head with one hand, pulling his lips down onto hers again and exploring his mouth with a pink, questing tongue. Her other hand slid under his pants, cupping and gripping his rock-hard buttocks, pulling them harder into her heat, and his huge manhood even tighter against her aching sex.

His lips had now broken away from hers to kiss her pulsing throat and down over the silken skin to the top of her ample cleavage. He lightly dipped his tongue into the cool valley between the two orbs, which strained against their thin covering, before easing her away to unclasp her bra. Liz helped with urgent hands to slip the garment off her shoulders, which he smothered in kisses as the bright red berries of her pert nipples bounced free from their restraint. The healing gel had removed all signs of her prisoner number. Then his large hands swept over her flexing shoulder blades crushing the hard buttons of her breasts against him. His fingers slid down her arching back as she stood on her toes to hold the cool spheres of her buttocks - just as she held his.

With a wicked grin, Liz stripped Harry's pants from him to leave him naked, his large erection swinging like a pink cudgel. Then she took his length in her soft cool hands, stroking it with deft butterfly-type movements to ease it down the front of her briefs and slide it along the urgent heat of her woman's lips. Undulating her hips, she ground him against her. Her eager mouth sought his nipples, circling each with her tongue to leave tingling electric circles of desire in its wake.

Holding and squeezing her breasts, the hard buds pressed against his palms, then he rolled her nipples to an even greater hardness before sucking each bud into his mouth. Whilst sucking avidly, he eased her small briefs down and off her thighs till she kicked them off to leave her as buff naked as he.

One hand was around her back and the other across the cheeks of her bottom jiggling against him as they staggered back, locked together in a clasp of lust, until Liz bumped up against a desk. Immediately he gripped her flexing globes and lifted her bottom onto the desk, jutting over the edge, and her legs scissored around his knees. Looking down, he saw the fringe of dark hair surrounding the pouting pink lips of her vagina as he slowly thrust his aching erection deep into her liquid depths. The sucking, grip of her internal muscles around his throbbing root nearly made him explode as she began working her hips up and down in unison with his.

Then, her eyes blazed open with shock as he slapped the taut flesh of her buttocks. Several times, his hand cracked across her now tingling bottom. As her surprise slowly changed to even greater lust she threw her head back. With her eyes closed, the white tendons of her neck stood out in relief as she slid her hot loins backwards and forwards on the throbbing spear embedded in her womanhood. Before long she was in the throes of a warm wet climax, thrusting her trembling hips forward and back, toes clenched, nails raking his back.

However, a tiny subconscious fantasy surfaced from somewhere deep within her, a fantasy which she fought unsuccessfully to suppress.

What would it be like, she thought, if her lover had simply stripped her, ripped her clothes brutally from her? Then flung her naked onto the floor and ravaged her, tying her hands to make her helpless or pinning her to the floor under his strong hands like a starfish? She would be happily powerless to resist him and thus spared the trouble of making her own decisions and avoiding the consequences of them, a tiny cork adrift on a sea, being blown or washed around at the whim of the seasons! A slave to her master, at his absolute bidding.

Liz tried to get a grip on her emotions as her buttock-clenching orgasm subsided, and she smothered Harry's shoulders in soft delicate kisses holding him tight within her with her internal muscles, never wanting his shrinking rod to leave her. Could this really be her thinking? Had the

experiences of the last weeks unleashed some hidden longing to avoid taking full responsibility for her actions?

In a nearby cabin Michael sat naked on a bunk. Rose allowed the long towel to fall from her body, enjoying seeing the tightening of his groin as his eyes devoured her. She was his perfect woman, caring and beautiful, exquisite. The nipples, quivering on her proud breasts, were tight with desire, her large green eyes spoke of love.

With a seductive, impish grin she lowered her wet haunches over his jutting erection, impaling and capturing it. Just as his mouth closed gently over hers, his tongue stroking her own, so did his throbbing member fill and stretch her clinging sex as it wetly slid in and out of her hot velvet glove. He stroked down the sensuous curve of her back to hold the cheeks of her bottom against him, a finger seeking her ripe bud. Now standing, her hands gripped his hard buttocks, seeking to draw his throbbing manhood ever deeper into herself.

They swayed and thrust their bodies together, soft music playing from a speaker. It was an orgasmic dance of lust, which slowly blended into a soft and eternal, and at last fulfilled, loving bliss. The scene was witnessed by a tiny, precious, flower, and a love note in Michael's hand. Like the two figures, whose limbs were locked together, their bodies one, the flower was now vibrant and flourishing.

As that endless night of space wore on, similar scenes were enacted in several other cabins and private places within the thin metal hull of the ship as the crew at last realised that their ordeals were over and they could once again resume their lives; but would they ever be the same?

THE END