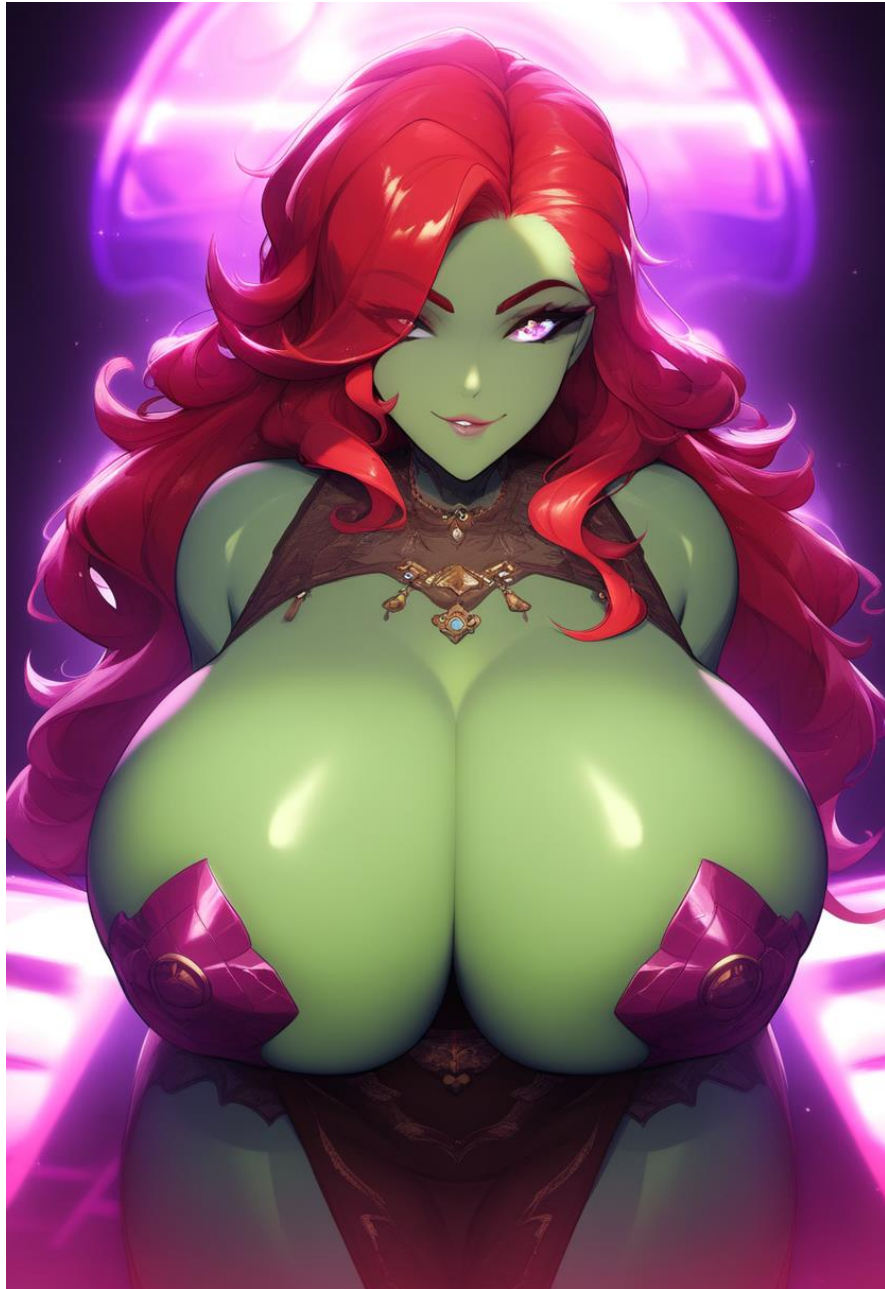


Mindspace



Like a whale of the stars the huge, heavy mooma ship known as the *Polaris* glided out of the void and into the arms of *Savarin Station's* docking port. Without a sound the starship was secured, airlocks hissing as they connected to allow the rich, famed, and influential to depart the luxury liner and enter the station. Most wouldn't, of course. The *Polaris* had been designed with every comfort in mind, though of course none could equal the crew.

Moomas.

A number of them exited the ship and into the station, where they were received by the highest-level functionaries of the satellite. Beautiful didn't do the green women justice. They were utterly ravishing. Unspeakably attractive, with huge, gravid breasts and faces of matronly loveliness. Their hair varied in styles, but all were a rich crimson, and their clothes left little to the imagination, emphasizing more than hiding curves that would make any full-blooded man instantly rise to attention.

Stev Kelln was no exception. Even ensconced in his apartment in the residential suite of one of *Savarin's* upper class hab units, he still felt a stirring of almost animal lust as he watched the moomas through his screens. It was a sensation that annoyed him, as it threatened to pull him from the cyber spike currently lodged in the access port on the back of his neck. A vital tool for a slicer like him. Though some hackers still used screens and monitors, Stev relied on his own brain to slice into the net and hack into anything his employers desired.

And today, that was info on the moomas.

Sure, they appeared to be nothing more than gorgeous, busty alien women, but c'mon. He was no sucker. He frequented alt net groups enough to know that moomas were apparently some sort of super predator, able to brainwash humans with ease and turn even the most egotistical, hardline CEO into a whimpering plaything, utterly obsessed with fat tits and pleasuring fertile green curves. Yeah, maybe it was just the usual alt chatter. But someone believed it enough to want the truth, and pay Stev enough credits to buy a goddam moon. And for that kind of cash, he'd be a believer.

Which, of course, brought him to his comfortable bed, his body tingling with the slice, nerves attuned to his mental scape as his avatar hovered in the station's neural net, watching the docking from the station's own security cams. This was what he'd been waiting for. The only point where he knew the mooma pleasure barge would stop in its journey. It had cost a pretty penny to get the docking permissions in advance, but it was about to be worth it.

With a thought he activated the probe he'd smuggled onto the underside of the station, causing mag locks to detach with a hum. Repulsors fired, shooting the probe gently towards the great bulk of the mooma ship. Sensor deadened, no more than a ghost of plastic, steel, and some high powered and encrypted relay equipment, the probe skimmed through the shields of the *Polaris* without even a blip, finding its way to one of the ship's own comm arrays. Stev narrowed his eyes as his probe magnetized itself to the hull and put out a wire into the luxury liner's comm net.

And when a window in Stev's mental plane opened, he smiled. "Beauty," he purred to the empty room, and sent his mind through the breach and into the network realm of the *Polaris*.

To Stev's mind's eye, the interior of the mooma ship's net was like a vast maze of twisting nodes connecting to each other. As if he had shrunk himself microscopically and entered a dimension of neurons and cells, every node he saw was a function, connecting to each other with glowing blue threads of sub commands and directives. Additional security measures and firewalls hummed here and there, blocking his way, but Stev wasn't worried. He could bypass those easily enough. All he really needed to do was access the ship's security cameras, find out how the moomas brainwashed their victims, and download the data. Easy enough if you knew how.

And the hard part was over now, leaving Stev in the network. And no one could match him there.

He smirked as his avatar skimmed through the forest of humming data nodes, looking for what he needed. It wasn't too hard to find. It would be connected to nearly every other system. And as he swam through the coolness of the online realm he finally spotted his target. It was a massive node of data that branched into dozens of others, though unlike them it was layered with an additional field of encryption like a golden shield. He made for it and drifted to a halt, examining it shrewdly.

"Not bad," he murmured aloud as his fingers skimmed the security weave, feeling the strings of data winding around it in a tangle of data.

"Thanks. I made it myself."

Stev jerked back with a gasp as a figure formed out of the code, her body made of golden light, and extremely female. Her breasts were absolutely huge in his view. Bigger than his head. The sort of tits that could only exist in a space where everything was unreal and made up. Her smile was positively radiant and her hair fanned out about her head like a halo of shifting tentacles.

"What the-"

"Allow me to introduce myself," the golden figure said. "My name is Beea, the AI for the *Polaris*. And you must be an intruder."

Stev shook off his surprise. He should have known. A ship like the mooma's would naturally be sporting some sort of artificial intelligence, though he was surprised to see such an intricate model. Those things were expensive as hell.

Expensive, but helpless to stop him now.

"Cool. Good for you," Stev said as he reached out again with his hands and began unwinding the security barrier about the node.

"It is normal to give your name in greeting as well."

"Not gonna happen," he replied easily. "When I'm done, you won't even remember I was here."

She giggled, which made her chest bounce with simulated gravity, and caused Stev's cock twitch back in reality. "How confident. You must be a slicer."

"Brilliant deduction," he said as another weave of security disintegrated in his hands.

"It wasn't hard. And I see you're attempting to access our camera logs. Might I assume it's to steal information on how moomas entertain our passengers?"

"Right, entertain," Stev laughed. "Pull the other one."

"Do you not believe me? Then please, observe."

A window rose up above the AI's immense breasts, bobbing in space before Stev's startled eyes. But what caused him to stare was the sight being displayed.

A mooma was on screen, straddling the lap of a young man, her expression warm and tender, his rapt with adoration. The difference between the two was striking. The mooma was all curves. Soft and full, her body utterly naked, as was his. Which only further highlighted the toned, physical perfection of his body, his arms tight with muscles and chest firm and defined. Possibly gene modded, but impressive nonetheless.

Despite this, the mooma easily towered over him, pressing him down on the extravagant bed as her hips lazily rose and fell, the soft sounds of gasps and moans escaping the pair of them as his cock slid in and out of her pussy with the gentle rolling of her hips.

"Good boy," the mooma breathed, her red lips forming the hot, breathless words. "Goood boy. Doing so well. Such a good boy. Keep going. Are you... are you almost there?"

"Yes," the man gasped. "S-so close. Please. Please, mistress. I... I'm gonna c-cum! Can I... Can we..."

"Of course, baby," the mooma hummed, leaning in. Leaning down. The man's face growing euphoric as the huge softness of her breasts pressed down on his head, absolutely burying him under those ample mounds of titflesh as her hips continued to bounce atop his lap with greater urgency, the mooma's face lifting, her lips parting in a moan of absolutely orgasmic

pleasure. Her body quivered as it tightened, and the man beneath her gave a muffled cry of even greater pleasure as he came, body shuddering beneath the green goddess as he bucked, thrusting his cock feverishly into the sweet tightness of her pussy.

The sight filled Stev's eyes. The sounds stuffed his ears as if he were in the room with them. He felt his face warm along with most of the rest of him, his cock throbbing at the utterly carnal sight.

"Was that not entertaining?" Beea asked, her voice smooth as liquid gold.

He blinked in both the net and reality, then scowled at the AI and returned his attention to the security field. "Nice try. It'll take more than that to distract me."

"Oh? Then, how about this."

There was a blink of colour, attracting his eyes, just in time to see the scene had changed. It was a different mooma now, her hair a beehive of crimson, though she was as amply busty as the previous one had been.

The man she held, on the other hand, couldn't have been more different from the earlier one. This one was slim, downright slender and almost feminine in his build. But that he was male was beyond doubt, owing to the rock hard cock he sported. One which the mooma was tenderly pumping as he nestled in her lap, his head cradled to her immense breast as he lovingly suckled and kissed her plump, spit-slickened nipple.

"Good boy," the mooma crooned, stroking his hair as he whimpered and adored her breast. "Such a good boy. You're doing... mmm... so well for me."

"Thank... thank you," he gasped between suckles, blushing furiously.

"Of course. Good boys deserve praise. Good boys deserve love. Now, keep sucking, sweet boy. Keep sucking like my good boy until you're all mine..."

He shuddered in ecstasy, his hands squeezing and pumping her full, heavy breast. Even as he did so her hand increased its pace, stroking his twitching cock with growing urgency, her full red lips parting, a look of matronly enjoyment on her face.

"That's it," she breathed, every word gentle. Cajoling. Encouraging. Driving him onward. "Thaaat's it. Just like that. Good boy. Keep... ah... keep sucking. Keep drinking. Doing so well. You're ah... you're doing so good. My darling boy. Keep... keep sucking. It feels so good. You're doing sooo good. Ah. Ha. Oh baby, you're so close. Getting so close by sucking my nipple. By drinking my milk. You're gonna ha... gonna cum, aren't you? I can feel it. Just cum baby. Cum for me. Don't be ashamed. Don't be afraid. I want you to. I want you to cum while suckling my big breast. Ah... Oh baby. Oh sweetie!"

“Mmmm. Mmm. Mmmmmoooooooooh!” the man in her lap cried, his lips lifting from her nipple, a cry of ecstasy escaping him as he shuddered, body quivering as he came, his cock spurting in the stroking hand of the mooma, ropes of his seed jerking out to splatter on his lap and legs.

The mooma didn’t seem to mind. In fact, she cooed gently, smiling down at him lovingly.

“Good boy,” she praised, leaning down and kissing his rapturous face, leaving huge red lipstick marks all over the panting human. “Such a good boy. You came so hard for mistress. She’s so pleased. She’s so happy. Good boys make her so very happy...”

Stev stared with an emotion he couldn’t quite pin down. The sight was just so shamelessly erotic. Even the gentle care of the mooma once it was done felt somehow sexual and powerful, yet he couldn’t quite figure out how. Only that his cock was absolutely throbbing in the real world.

“It would appear,” Beea’s voice noted, jolting him out of his stare, “that you have a particular interest in large breasted women.”

“Sh-shut up,” he growled, forcing himself back to work. Bitch, she’d distracted him again! He forced himself to work the data stream, working to undo another.

“But have you considered this one?” Beea asked.

Another screen blinked up above her bust, but this time Stev didn’t let himself look. Though the moans and whimpers assaulted his ears, he instead focused on undoing another band of the security protocol.

Right until he suddenly found his hands on a pair of huge, golden tits.

“What the fuck!” he gasped, jerking back.

“Oh,” Beea giggled, her bust stretching the security data band like the thinnest of bras. “My apologies, I thought you liked large breasts.”

“You’re sick is what you are,” Stev snapped.

“By all means, intruder. Continue your work. I cannot stop you.”

He glared at the smiling golden face, then returned his attention to the band. If she thought that would be enough to distract him, she was sorely mistaken. He reached forward, again mingling his fingers with the data stream, slicing into it and beginning to unravel it.

But he felt something more than the warm rush of data like flowing water. He felt something smooth, soft, and very pliable beneath his fingers.

“Ohhhhh,” Beea moaned lewdly, the sound tingling in his ears and making his cock twitch again. “My my, intruder. You are a bold one.”

“Shut up,” he grunted. “Move your fucking tits.”

“I respectfully decline,” she said sweetly.

He glared at her. But if that smiling chunk of data thought she could put him off so easily, she was dumber than he thought. He refocused his attention on the data, though he naturally couldn't keep his eyes off the jiggling motions of the breasts he was helpless to fondle. Nor could he ignore how it felt in his hands. Fuck. Whoever had designed Beea sure knew what they were doing. Her breasts felt real. Actually, they felt better than real. It was a trial to keep his fingers teasing open the data locks and not just enjoy the soft heft of her tits.

The sounds she was making weren't helping either.

“Oh. Ohhhh yesssss. Baby, that feels... mmm... so goood,” Bea moaned, her body tinting faintly pink as if with arousal.

“You're not fooling anyone,” Stev grunted.

“Why would I lie? Mmm, I've been designed with tactile receptors, intruder, and your fingers feel so very good. You're such a good, skilled, eager boy.”

“Don't call me that,” Stev growled, blushing harder.

“What? It's true. A good boy who loves big, soft breasts.”

He tightened his jaw, but she was right. Stev had always appreciated a good pair of tits. And for some reason, the degrading tone of her voice was only making him hotter. He could barely keep from moving his hand down and stroking his cock in the real world.

He blinked, actually surprised when the security band dissolved in his hands. But that had taken much longer than it should have. He frowned, concentrating, focusing on the next one, even as Beea's breasts squeezed against it, forcing him to fondle and massage her even more.

“Are you enjoying my breasts?” Beea asked slyly.

“You can't keep me out forever,” he growled.

“Silly boy. Moomas want pretty, adorable, eager boys to come to them. See?”

Screens popped into existence all around her. A halo of flickering images hemming her in. In every one was a different scene. A different mooma. A different man being pleased and squirming and enjoying the love and affection of the busty green women.

Stev could barely focus on his task. On the breasts under him. Especially because there was some... some sort of distortion to the screens around him. He glanced at one in confusion, and the sight pulled his eyes in longer. The busty green woman kneeling before a moaning man, sucking him off. The strange hues that swirled on the screen...

Stev gasped, shaking his head violently. "Mind blenders," he growled.

Beea giggled. "Are they?"

Stev swallowed. Mind blenders were low grade mental corruption agents. Very potent in the net, where a person's consciousness was both more powerful and vulnerable. They were made to lower mental defences. Make a person more susceptible to suggestion. It was insidious but uncommon in use, because you had to use it constantly against your target to make it take effect.

Which meant he just needed to finish up here before it got the chance.

Gritting his teeth, trying to ignore the sights all around and the sounds assaulting his ears, Stev dove once more into the security stream, continuing to dismantle it.

And, as a consequence, continuing to fondle and massage the AI's soft, jiggly breasts.

For a few minutes he made excellent progress. But then the sounds and moans and flickers from the corner of his eye tantalised his attention once more. Pulled him away from his work despite his best efforts, and had him watch a mooma bounce atop the lap of a moaning man with a build like an old Terran god.

When he realized what was happening he yanked his eyes away again, only to find himself watching a video of a mooma crouching on a bed, a man behind her, furiously pounding into her pussy doggystyle, the guy's tongue lolling like a hound and pants and bestial grunts escaping him.

Stev yanked his eyes away and to another screen. One of a mooma reclining in an egg-shaped chair, sipping a cool drink while a gorgeous young woman knelt between her parted thighs, adoringly licking out the mooma, even as the human furiously strummed her own pussy.

Stev realized he'd stopped working the data stream. Instead, his hands were solely massaging Beea's breasts. Pumping and squeezing them. Pressing them together.

"Keep going," Beea cooed. "Keep watching..."

Stev's mouth felt dry. His cock so hard. So good. He whimpered. But it actually felt even better. His skin was tingling, the scenes invading his mind so much he swore he could actually

feel a tender hand stroking his cock just like a mooma on one of the screens was doing for another man.

“Don’t fight it,” Beea crooned, her hands reaching past the security band, touching his head, tilting his face down to the bouncing of her breasts in his awestruck hands. “Don’t fight. Just feel. Just enjoy. Just be... a good... boy...”

Oh.

Oh stars, those words sent a shudder of delight pulsing through him.

Good boy.

Good boy.

The phrase echoed again and again in his ears. Whispered and moaned from a hundred screens. A hundred scenes. The twitching, aching pleasure of his cock throbbed through him. He whimpered, biting his lip hard to try and focus. Try and keep working on... on...

What... what was he working on?

Panic choked him. Oh. Oh no. What... what was he...

“Relax,” Beea said, her voice so gentle. So soothing. The lights of the screens all around her so... so relaxing. “Relaaaax,” she hummed again, smiling so sweetly. So gentle and kind.

Stev realized he was relaxing. That’s right. He didn’t need to worry. To stress. He just needed to keep massaging Beea’s big breasts. Just had to keep enjoying the sights she was showing him. The colours.

Just had to stop thinking.

Just give in...

“Gooooood boy” Beea cooed.

Stev smiled dumbly. He was a good boy.

A very good boy.

“Now, sweet boy,” Beea said gently. “What room are you in?”

“Room?” he said dully.

“Yes. Where is your body, sweetie?” Beea asked as she moved out from behind the security fields. “Your real one. Tell me. Good boys tell pretty, busty girls everything. And you want to be a good boy, right?”

“Oh,” Stev murmured dreamily as she drew him in, resting his face against the soft fullness of her breasts. Yes. Yes, he wanted to be a good boy. He wanted so very much... “I’m... I’m in room 1207. On... on Gold deck. The Spindle hab unit...”

“Good boy,” Beea cooed, and Stev shivered in delight at how wonderful those words felt. How his cock twitched and throbbed as his face rubbed against the big, heavy softness of her breasts. “Now, be a very good boy and unlock your doors and give access to the pretty moomas already on their way to collect you. Then, you can come aboard the *Polaris*! And then you can be a good boy for all your new pretty, busty, loving mistresses.”

He could?

Joy filled Stev and he nodded, Beea’s breasts bouncing and wobbling at the motion of his head. “Y-yes! Do that. Do it for mistresses.”

“Good boy,” Beea cooed, hugging him tight into his best, her words sending aches of wonderful joy through him as his fingers in the real world grasped his cock and began to stroke.

To pump.

Like a good boy.

A good boy feeling good.

A good boy who unlocked his room.

A good boy who heard the door open and sensed the presence of others coming inside.

Gentle hands touching him.

Joining his fingers in stroking his cock.

Whispering sweet things in his ears.

A good boy who loved big, soft breasts.

A good boy who obeyed and loved and obeyed.

A very good boy... for mistresses...