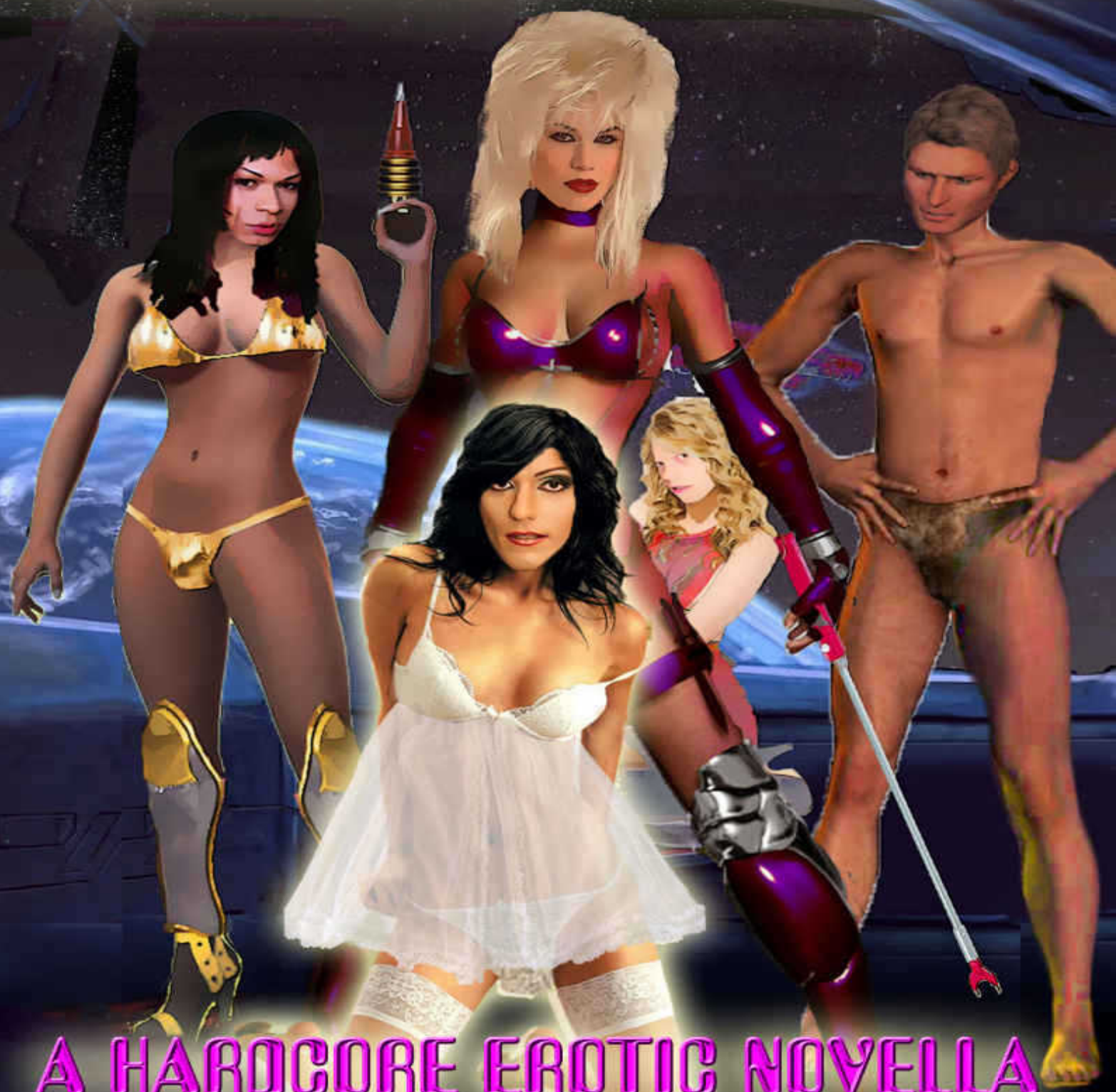


# SHEMALE PLANET



A HARDCORE EROTIC NOVELLA  
BY CRYSTAL VEEYANT

# **Shemale Planet**

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**This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or people, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.**

**Warning: this story is erotic fiction with explicit descriptions of sex acts. It is intended only for adult readers. It incorporates intense themes of heavy bisexual action, "forced" feminization, oral and anal sex, dominance and submission, group sex and much more. Readers uninterested in these subjects should read something else.**

NOTE TO READER: This book used to be named "SISSY PLANET." The only change is the new name that is more representative of the story and an updated cover image.

## Deep Space

She sat on her throne in the royal chamber—naked, as was the custom for all the queens who held court in this room. She was one of eight rulers of this planet. Each queen ruled for a lunar cycle and then went to her home farm just outside the great city to wait for her next turn. Looking expectantly at the queen were one hundred of the most powerful noble women, who lined the throne room walls.

I stood at the far end of the room, flanked by a pair of shemale guards who towered over me at six foot four. Both were as beautiful as fashion models and as voluptuous as Earth's hottest porn stars. They were also as deadly as any soldier, not that they needed to worry about *me*. I'd never been one for fighting. For my whole life I had never been that kind of a typical man. Over the last two weeks I had learned just how little masculinity I had in me.

The queen pointed down the long aisle, my signal to start walking. My high heeled, leather-like sandals clacked loudly on the hard, polished floor. I felt the eyes of the women on me as I walked just ahead of the shemales. I looked nothing like a man: my eyes were heavy with makeup, my cheeks rouged and my lips as red as a street whore's. My long, dark brown hair flowed over my shoulders.

The very sight of how feminine I looked had given me a boner. Every woman in the room couldn't fail to notice my hard six inches in the sheer bikini panties that matched my sheer bra and the garter belt holding up sheer stockings. Contributing to my sense of exposure was a mini-dress as transparent as cellophane. The fabric caressed my exposed skin as I slinked all the way up to the throne, walking sexy as I'd been trained.

"You make a very attractive girl," the queen said as I stood before her. "Kneel."

As I knelt the queen sat fully upright and threw her shoulders back, accentuating her pert 38-Ds. She spread her legs wide to taunt me, her minor labia parted to expose pink, moist labia. She rose from her throne and stood almost over me. The aroma of her pussy made me woozy with lust.

The queen turned to two guards who'd escorted me. "Sentinels, has this Earthling sissy learned her place? Is she fit to serve as a pleasure slave?"

"Yes, my queen," they said in unison

Oh, I knew *my* place! I wasn't exactly a virgin before my space mission launched five years ago, but I'd had more sex in the few weeks I'd been on this planet than I had my entire life. I'd sure as hell never had sucked a cock before or been fucked up the ass. No *way*! That's the thing about being a slave, though... it's rarely about what *you* want.

*Except for right now.*

"It is now time to make your choice how you want to live," the queen told me.

I knew what each life had in store for me. My decision would reveal if I was more of a girl than a man. I had to declare my choice in front of my queen and the noble ladies here. She was *my* queen because on this female-dominated planet, Lis Ma Drea, I had to accept the ruling structure and my social position as a slave or I would be put to death.

On Earth I was a typical nerdy man but on this planet I was but a weakling, so I wouldn't be doing heavy labor with the other men. In the face of their advanced science my knowledge was pathetic; I had no real use here except as a sexual servant. The only choice I had left was how much of my masculinity I would surrender.

After only two weeks I could barely remember who or what I'd once been.

\* \* \*

My journey had begun five years earlier aboard the spacecraft Magellan. The object of our mission was making contact in the Epsilon Pi system. It wasn't an average star; it was similar to Earth's sun and it hosted five planets, including one that could sustain life. A deep space probe had shown evidence of intelligent life on the fourth planet before the signal mysteriously died. The decision was made to send a team, and I was on a short list to go on the mission.

My name's Gary Luckler, the chief science officer of the mission. I'm probably too smart for my own good: a lot of regular men don't trust guys who are super smart and who refuse to hide it. Being part of the small team chosen to first make contact with this planet was a big honor, so I was willing to endure a measure of macho bullshit from a few fellow crew members.

When we had passed Saturn it was time to get into hypersleep for the long journey. I'd put the rest of my clothes into the locker when I heard a nasty chuckle to my right. Breck had finished stripping down and was looking at me as he folded his clothes. The look on his face told me what was coming next. A twinkle of dark mischief filled his eyes.

"So, hey... Luckler... I got a personal question for ya."

Breck was a twenty-two year old sergeant and one of our two Army MPs trained for space security. When we'd been training for our mission he had acted like I was some kind of pussy, always ribbing me. Wearily I shook my head and shrugged.

"How's it feel to be the first woman going into deep space?" he snickered.

*Dumb jock.*

A chorus of laughter, some of it stifled, coursed through the chamber as we prepared to climb into our cryo-hibernation tubes. I was used to that kind of taunting, starting in my first year in high school, eleven years ago. I had been small for my age, I wasn't exactly muscular, and I have an androgynous face. Worst of all, I'd stopped growing a five-foot eight. Jocks like Breck had been calling me "girl" and things like that ever since.

I looked away from his triumphant leer, shaking my head.

Lieutenant Dan Phillips, Breck's superior, was barely twenty-one but he had the decorum to order him to knock it off. Frankly I wondered if the young officer maybe had the hots for me—the Army had stopped kicking soldiers out for gay and bi sex over fifty years ago—but maybe I was imagining it. It didn't matter that he was handsome because I wasn't into guys.

Major Jack Abeliene was our captain, best buddies with his co-pilot Elgin Linkwood. They had laughed at Breck's taunt. The remaining

crewmember, medical officer Dr. George Bryson, was a middle-aged organic chemist with an M.D. on the side. He was our ship's doctor. Phillips also had corpsman and EMT training, so we were ready for anything. At least we thought we were.

I decided to escape my embarrassment by getting into cryo-hibernation. I slid naked into the sleep tube and plugged the IV line into the needle Dr. Bryson had already gently secured into my arm vein. I could just barely feel the tube starting to cool off as I drifted into deep sleep. Five years would pass before I woke up again, but it would seem like overnight when we got to our destination.

I wondered if I would dream.

\* \* \*

*I was in an examination room like a doctor's office. I lay on my back on a gynecological exam table with my feet in stirrups. I was mostly naked except for gartered stockings. My ankles were bound in place. Two buff, gorgeous women stood nearby guarding me. They looked like deadly porn stars. They were identical twins save for their hair color. One was a redhead and the other a blonde.*

*A young black woman entered, pulling on forearm length exam gloves. She was dressed in a white outfit cut low to reveal large, round breasts. She stepped up between my legs and called for "LJ." A moment later the redhead squirted a clear, thick, slippery gel onto the black woman's slick glove. It looked just like sex lubricant. With her left hand she coated her gloved right hand with lube.*

*"I will now search for weapons," she announced.*

*My gut filled with dread. "Please no, Ma'am." Even though her hands were small I feared what she intended. I squirmed in panic.*

*"Will it be necessary for the sentinels pin you down?" She turned to the guards. "Talema. Stand by in case our new slave tries to evade my cavity search."*

*The redhead stood over me, smiling. "It shall be my pleasure to control you for the medic."*

*I lay back, swooning with helplessness. I spasmed briefly as the medic's small, slippery finger touched my asshole and made gentle circles. I could tell she was trying to relax me, that she had no desire to actually hurt me. She smiled down at me when I quit tensing up.*

*"Please, Ma'am," I begged. "What is your name?"*

*"I am Mellia," she said with a sweet smile, increasing the seductive finger pressure on my butthole. "This isn't so bad is it?"*

*A hot, tingly flush overcame me as I admitted it wasn't so bad. I was dying to tell her how good it felt. My cock started to tingle. I gasped in pleasure as her finger easily pushed past my twitching anus, a hot and violated feeling of it sliding through my anal flesh. My dick got instantly hard, as achingly hard as it had ever been. I whimpered with lust.*

*"No wonder he was dressed in panties and bra, Sashee," said Talema to her blonde twin, holding up the French cut bikini I'd worn. "I wonder how many times this shapely bottom has been fucked?"*

*"How many times have you been fucked, Gary?" Sashee asked.*

*I opened my mouth to swear I never had before, but I cried out with lust when Mellia slid a second finger up my asshole.*

*"Oh, how easily she opens up," the black medic remarked. "Notice how much pre-jack flows from her prostate."*

*I was embarrassed by how casually they discussed me like a lab animal—and by how helplessly I responded—like I was some vapid little slut instead of a chief science officer. Waves of erotic joy circled my groin and built up deep in my asshole as if it was begging to get fucked—hard.*

*Where am I? Who are these women and why are they doing this to me? Why is my dick so hard?*

*"If you want my opinion," Mellia continued, "I'd say she's anally a virgin. Note her glazed eyes and how helpless she is, the happy tears accompanying her flushed skin and excited panting. It may be she's never had anal sex before this. Yet she's a natural." As if to prove her point she effortlessly added a third finger to the digits shoving past my anal sphincter.*

*“See how ready she accepts my fingers? I’ll bet she begs for my whole hand inside of a minute.”*

\* \* \*

Someone was shaking me. Groggily I noticed it was dark and cold. I shivered. I began to sense light on the edges of my vision. I heard myself mumble sleepily. The shaking repeated more gently.

*That was such a weird dream about that black woman. I wonder who—*

“Wake up, Gary.” It was a soft but firm voice. It sounded familiar. “Time to come out of it, lad. Don’t be in a hurry to open your eyes. They’ve been shut for five years.” I knew that voice...

“Okay, okay,” I mumbled. I heard him talking with someone else. Arguing.

I heard the slosh of liquid in a plastic tumbler and suddenly an icy sensation on my face and chest. My eyes flew open. Immediately I cried out as the cabin lights stabbed them. As I slammed my lids shut I realized that only the dim nightlights were on but the hypersleep made my eyes so sensitive.

“Breck get the hell out of here,” the doctor barked.

“It’s only ice water,” the sergeant said with a mean laugh. “At least he’s awake now.” The jock chuckled on his way out of the chamber.

“Sorry,” Dr. Bryson said. “I’ve unhooked your IV. Take about ten minutes to get used to being awake like the training taught you. You remember, right?”

“Uh-huh,” I moaned. I tasted a foul coating in my mouth and smelled five years of B.O., slight discomforts next to my aching muscles and aching head. I couldn’t wait to shave the patchy beard.

“Good. Then follow the procedure. Drink up the nutrient bottle I’ve left out for you, get a hot shower and then meet in the dining area with the whole team. We’ve arrived.”

*Epsilon Pi IV! The fourth planet and perhaps the salvation of the human race!*

I was the last to arrive in the dining room. I stomped in, furious. Somebody had stolen all of the clothing from my locker and replaced them with the sheer, tight outfits that the licensed sexworker girls in the USA and Latin territories wore. Even my underwear had been replaced with panties, bras, garter belts and stockings.

“Captain Abeliene,” I snapped, “I want to report a theft.”

I stood there in a short nightie that looked like a minidress and wearing leather women’s sandals, one of which tapped angrily. Because the dress was sheer I’d worn panties. My hair had grown just past my shoulders in hypersleep, increasing the feminine effect.

Breck and Linkwood laughed aloud. Dr. Bryson looked at them with disapproval, knowing as I did that one or both of them did it. The captain looked annoyed. The expression that worried me most of all was that of Lieutenant Phillips, who seem as fascinated as if a real Los Angeles hooker had just strolled in—naked.

“Damn, Luckler!” Phillips said before he caught himself and looked away, blushing.

Captain Abeliene glared at the crew. “Do you men know anything about this?”

Of course they denied everything.

“Sir, I need time to find my clothes!”

“Denied. The mission briefing and planet surface scan come first. Wait until our mid-shift break.”

“That means I’d be stuck in this... this... at least six hours,” I grumbled.

“Shouldn’t you be preparing for the briefing?” was the captain’s gruff reply.

Fifteen minutes later I found myself in the most bizarre position I’d even been in. Though Abeliene commanded the crew I was actually in charge of the scientific aspect of the mission. So there I stood in front of the

crew, dressed as a girl and checking off mission tasks. Most surreal was the obvious way the two soldiers and Linkwood kept undressing me with their eyes. I could swear they actually wanted to fuck *me*! It was unnerving. I finally knew how sexually harassed women felt.

“So, in summary,” I said, “our first task is to go to the space probe’s last known location and try to determine what happened to it. Captain Abeliene will follow the course the computer has plotted and Mr. Linkwood will scan for navigation hazards. Breck and Phillips will man the defense system guns and destroy or deflect any navigation hazards. Then we will scan... yes, what is it, Sergeant Breck?”

For the first time he wasn’t ogling me. “What about potential hostiles?”

“Unlikely,” I said. “The probe didn’t detect military technology twelve years ago and our scanners haven’t since we entered the system.” I sighed at the idea of coming all this way to run into conflict. “Nonetheless, you two will wear pressure suits, and the defense system evacuation pods will be active just in case you get in trouble when we do our pre-programmed surface scan.”

The defensive guns were in the most exposed areas of the ship. The ship’s engineers planned for possible retaliatory fire, so the guns had escape pods that would enable them to not only get clear of the ship but also make an emergency landing on any planet within two hundred thousand miles.

“Any questions?” Captain Abeliene asked gruffly. “Then get to your assigned stations.”

I jetted toward the door ahead of everyone else. On a hunch I whipped my head around. Sure as hell both Phillips and Linkwood were staring at my pantied ass enclosed in the tight sheer skirt. They didn’t look away but kept boldly looking at me.

I plunged through the hatch before they saw me blushing—or the boner that began to stretch out my panties. That was when I realized I didn’t have to be sexually attracted to somebody to be turned on by being an object of their desire. I could tell they wanted sex with me, and I couldn’t help the erection that gave me.

*Lieutenant Phillips—Dan—his dick in my mouth... sucking him off...*

I shoved the thought out of my mind and ran the rest of the way to my monitoring station. The sooner I engaged with my work the less these girl clothes could have this disturbing effect on me. I would not permit myself to entertain these perverted thoughts.

I plopped into the cushioned seat and pulled up the scientific survey program I had written back on earth, six years ago. The first thing I did was signal the captain I was ready.

“Course locked in over the pole,” came the captain’s voice over the comm link. “When everyone is secured in position I’m making the hop—quickly.”

“Sir, is that a good idea?” I protested. “A sudden move could be misinterpreted as an attack.”

“Duly noted and rejected,” Abeliene said. “Until we know what’s down there, I’m regarding it as potentially hostile. We will not be a slow-moving target.”

“Phillips and Breck in position,” the lieutenant reported in. “Defenses ready.”

“Helm at ready,” Abeliene said. “Stand by in five... four... three... two...”

I watched the planet’s atmosphere and surface blur past on the monitor as the captain dropped us over the planet’s north pole.

“What the fuck is that?” I heard Phillips bark.

As we dropped down the other side of Epsilon Pi IV, three large spaceships were waiting for us. The smallest was twice our size. Some kind of energy beam leapt out of the lead craft and it stuck Breck’s gun pod. The sergeant’s scream filled my ears just as the shockwave jolted the ship. I vaguely heard the alarm tone of an escape pod thrusting away. Phillip’s cry broke through the awful din of the attack. At least he had blasted free.

Another huge fist pummeled our ship and the auxiliary pilot’s panel near my station lit up. We had lost the bridge. I heard footfalls pounding up the corridor when another jolt hit us. Another explosion in the consoles sent shrapnel flying. I was tossed backward from the force of the concussion. I felt a dozen tugs at the fabric of the silk and an equal number of stings.

I pulled myself out of the wreckage. Wires and metal shards grabbed at my dress like fingers and tore it even further. The fabric hung in tatters on my body. I had a handful of minor scratches and cuts. Our main power was out, leaving us only emergency lighting.

*We've lost the engine, the bridge and guns. We're going to die.*

Just as quickly as the assault began it ended. Through the window I saw the three ships surrounding us. I watched the largest alien craft pull next to us. A huge hatch opened on its side and a shuttlecraft eased out. It headed toward our docking hatch.

I found Mr. Linkwood in the corridor taking the doctor's carotid pulse. I could see he had bled out.

"The captain?" I asked Linkwood.

He looked at me and shook his head. He stood shakily. I pointed at the window toward the vessel that was docking with us.

He nodded. "We may as well go to the conference lounge and wait. No point in trying to hide."

The lounge was right across from the docking hatch airlock. I sat on a bench seat in front of the large window overlooking the planet. If not for our circumstances I'd have felt so weird sitting in ripped lingerie in front of this man. I wondered about Dan Phillips. Had he escaped with his life?

I heard the hiss of the airlock and then at least six pairs of boots marched onto our craft. I looked up and my mouth fell open. The boarding party was all women, humanoid women—humans!—all between twenty and thirty. They wore armor that looked like shiny PVC plastic, and they carried weapon-like implements. What shocked me was that these warrior women were dressed like sexy nerd-girl pinups.

"Kneel!" ordered the tallest one in an odd accent. She was blonde and tall, at least six-six, and buff. She looked no older than thirty. She was clearly the leader. While the others wore metallic colored armor of gold and silver, hers was reddish-purple trimmed in shiny silver

Linkwood and I knelt on the cold polycarbonate floor as the women surrounded us. I couldn't help looking in surprise at the luscious bodies so

brazenly displayed in armor that looked like costumes at a Comic-con instead of actual military wear.

The blonde smiled at me, a knowing smirk that seemed to know my female apparel was not correct for my gender—that my shredded garments were meant for a woman.

“I am Hraal Della,” she said. “You are Gary Luckler are you not?”

“I... how... why..?”

“I know your name because we scanned your systems before we fired upon you. As to why I speak your English it is because of your exploration probe. It held much data about your pathetic world.”

“I demand to know why we have been—” was all that Linkwood got out before the woman closest to him, a twentyish brunette, fired a bolt of energy from her gun that made him howl with pain and crumple to the floor moaning.

“You shall speak only when permitted,” Hraal Della calmly said to him. She looked down into my eyes, weakening me with the quiet strength I saw. She put a finger under my chin and tilted my gaze fully into hers. “You are not dressed as a typical Earth male are you?”

My skin went prickly with embarrassment. “I didn’t choose to dress this way. The men... they...”

She chuckled with delight and the sound made me tremble with as much with humiliation as with excitement. The look in her eyes said she knew what happened.

Shockingly, I felt an erection growing in my panties. I quickly looked down, worried she’d see in my eyes what my body was doing. This time her laugh was full of glee. She ordered me to stand. She said something in an alien language to her warrior women and they all laughed.

She saw my distress and explained. “I said ‘Look at *that*! No question what *his* fate will be.’”

They stripped Linkwood naked for the transfer to their ship, but to my embarrassment they made go to my locker. They forced me to wear a bra, panties, garter and stockings. The leader, Hraal Della, said she wanted me to get used to dressing like that, and that I would soon see why.

They marched us onto their ship and down a corridor of shiny metal and hard polymer, and into a room with a dozen cushioned chairs with head and armrests. They strapped us into these chairs so we couldn't easily move.

"Don't worry," Hraal Della said. "This is just for your protection for our flight back to the surface of Lis Ma Drea."

"Ha... Her..." I fumbled.

"You may call me Della. 'Hraal' is one of my titles. It's much like the title of 'General' on your world. Della is my only name, as formal or as intimate as the context of the situation."

She lingered over me as looked my body up and down, seemingly pleased to see I was still as erect as ever. She playfully stroked my dickhead through the fabric, amused by the erotic spasm the coursed my body and my involuntary moan.

"I'd say the context is somewhat intimate, wouldn't you?" She winked at me before strolled out of the room. Her bottom armor wasn't much more than a thong. I couldn't help follow that round, juicy ass of hers as the cheeks ground together.

All of a sudden I felt very sleepy. I dozed off.

I dreamt of being in a hospital room of some sort, being hooked up to sophisticated electronic scanners and having blood and urine drawn. It seemed like a dream, so I concluded I had to be asleep. I allowed my eyes to close and my mind to drift away. Wherever I was going there was nothing I could do about it.

## Alien Planet

I woke up on a huge floor cushion in some sort of a living room. Della sat next to me, nude and cross-legged. She looked at me with fond interest. I wore the same lingerie I'd left the ship in.

"Where... where am I? How long..?" I wondered, feeling groggy.

"Lis Ma Drea. My planet. We landed two hours ago. You've been through a medical screening and been given basic immunizations. You've also gone through a special neural... procedure."

"What procedure?" I whispered in dread.

"Nothing harmful. Something to help acclimate you to this world. *Your* new world."

"Where's Mr. Linkwood?"

"Your shipmate is getting the same medical treatment you did."

"What's going to happen to him?"

"He's unambiguously a man, so he's going to a work camp like the other males."

"Slaves?" I fairly gasped.

"Nothing like your Earth history. Our men are kept very happy. They're treated and fed well. They're allowed recreational drugs, they sleep on comfortable beds and enjoy frequent sex when they're not working."

"Sex? Really?"

"There's much sex in the camps, all of it consensual—except for those being punished. When a woman commits a crime she may be sentenced to serve as a prostitute in the camps. On the other hand some women enjoy multiple male partners, and they actually volunteer to serve in the camps. But mostly it is sissies and femmers—what you'd call shemales—who are given to the men as a reward."

"Oh my."

“I know it’s very different from your world. The men here have none of the power, but nobody is ashamed of sex or nudity. We have none of your Earth neuroses.”

“Is that why you’re naked in front of me?”

“Mostly it’s to underscore the point that even though I am nude, I have all the power. You shall learn your place as a slave. Those who refuse to submit, die.”

“Do all men go to the camps?”

“Yes. Those with special skills, such as medical or technical are allowed to work in that capacity. Your Mr. Linkwood may be so employed.”

“That is good.”

“But your penis doesn’t make you a man, just a male. Sufficiently feminine males may choose to live as a sissy or a femmer. They live as girls full time. Many serve in the camps but some serve as personal slaves to women who prefer sissy or femmer servants. In addition to their domestic duties, sissies and femmers are often used as sexual toys. Those whose sperm is genetically desirable are milked every few lunar cycles to replenish our population. Most go to the camps.”

I shuddered, thinking of the awful possibilities. With my androgynous features and slight stature I’d probably end up as some big guy’s bitch. And what if I were forced to wear women’s clothing all the time? Living as a girl seemed awful in its own way.

“C-can’t we work something out?”

Her gentle eyes flashed with irritation. She slapped me across the face. “You’re a slave and now it is time to learn it. You are to address any woman and any femmer as ‘Ma’am.’ If you are ever so fortunate to have an owner you shall address her as ‘Mistress.’ Do you understand, slave?”

“Y-yes, Ma’am,” I moaned, rubbing my cheek.

She clapped her hands sharply and double doors opened into the chamber. A pair of Amazon beauties, a redhead and a blonde, six-four and muscled, strode in wearing that hard plastic armor and boots. They stood at attention across from the bed and bowed their heads slightly toward Della. They looked as if they could be identical twins. They seemed somehow familiar.

“You shall be taken to the Ka-La mining camp,” Della told me. “You’ll be placed with the general population in a capacity yet to be determined.”

She looked to the Amazons and nodded at me. I screamed like a little bitch as they grabbed me by my shoulder length hair and pulled me to my feet. They dragged me out of the chamber still wearing the lingerie that I’d worn from the ship. I was a crossdressed sissy slave on a planet ruled by powerful women, and I had no idea what was in store for me.

\* \* \*

They took me via a hovercraft over two kilometers of flat farmland to a clearing on the edge of a jungle. A huge, fenced mining quarry stood next a three-story futuristic building that was a bit similar to prisons on Earth. The hovercraft glided into a building just outside the main structure. The twin Amazon guards marched me through a subterranean tunnel. They hadn’t said two words during the entire trip until we reached a huge steel door.

“Hrroolu,” said the redheaded femmer. “Kahreegha Sloo Leskitruhl.”

All of a sudden I realized she’d said, “Prisoner, remove your under clothing.”

I was shocked that I understood her alien words but doubly so when I replied in their native language. I meant to ask them in English, “Why do I understand you?” but the words came out of my mouth in Lis Ma Drean.

Simultaneously as the redhead spoke I understood in English. “During your medical screening the machine scanned your brain and learned how it processes language. Then it rearranged your neural networks so you can understand, read and write the Lis Ma Drean language. This way you may be useful on our world. Now *strip*.”

“I think he should keep on the stockings,” the blonde one said. “And that sexy belt.”

“Very well,” the redhead ordered. “Off with your panties and bra only.”

As soon as I was stripped, the redhead touched a button and the door swung open. They prodded me into a large examination room, picked me up and set me on a gynecological exam table. The two Amazons put my feet

into stirrups that spread my legs wide, then they locked my ankles in with thick straps that felt like leather but looked like some kind of plastic.

A young black woman entered the room pulling on forearm length exam gloves. She was dressed in a sleeveless white romper with a low cut to reveal large, round breasts. She stepped up between my legs and called for “LJ.” A moment later the redhead squirted a clear, thick, slippery gel onto her glove. It looked just like sex lubricant. With her left hand she coated her gloved right with lube.

“I will now search for weapons,” she announced.

*My dream! When I was in hibernation I dreamed of this moment! Her name is Mellia. The redhead is Talema and the blonde is Sashee...*

I’d had a precursor dream of déjà vu while in hypersleep. As the sexy black woman probed my asshole—making my dick rock hard—this moment was so clearly familiar I knew...

*I had to have dreamed about this!*

“If you want my opinion,” Mellia continued, “I’d say she’s anally a virgin.”

“She?” Talema asked.

“Clearly. Note her glazed eyes and how helpless she is, the happy tears accompanying her flushed skin and excited panting. It may be she’s never had anal sex before this. Yet she’s a natural.” As if to prove her point she effortlessly added a third finger to the digits shoving past my anal sphincter. “See how ready she accepts my fingers? I’ll bet she begs for my whole hand inside of a minute.”

*This is exactly how I remember it. Maybe I’m still in hypersleep and dreaming all of this...*

No way. Those three fingers up my ass felt way too real, and my boner was aching with erotic pleasure I’d never felt before.

“You think she might become a femmer someday?” Sashee asked.

“Either that or the most natural, intense sissy ever.” Mellia brought her lips to my ear. “Do you love my fingers in your rectum, sissy? Were you a virgin back there?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I moaned. “To both. And I love having my asshole fucked!”

“Do you want my entire hand, slut?” she suddenly hissed.

“Oh, yes, please Ma’am!”

“Then beg for it, *Mary*!”

“Please fistfuck my asshole, Ma’am! Please fistfu—Ow!” I cried out as she slapped my face with her left hand while continuing to plunge three digits in and out of my shuddering anal sphincter.

“First slave lesson, *Mary*. That’s your new name until someone assigns you a new one. Slaves use third person. Slaves never say ‘I’ or ‘me’ or ‘mine’ or anything like it. Use third person pronouns only. Now beg again!”

“Please fistfuck *Mary*’s asshole, Ma’am! Please fuck his—”

“*Her*!” the sexy black doctor barked. “*Her* asshole!”

“Please fistfuck her asshole, Ma’am!”

“Very good, *Mary*!” she said. “Now breath deep and push down with your rectal muscles like you’re shitting.”

I felt her slippery pinky and thumb come together with her other fingers, felt them push the ring of anal muscle wide open. It stung but I breathed through it and pushed, stunned when the pain turned into exquisite pleasure as the pink, puckered flower of my asshole opened to her whole hand. I gasped loudly at how deliciously full I was, all filled up inside. My cock sprang to full attention.

“Oh, Missssstresssss!” I moaned. “*Mary* loves your whole fist in her butt.”

“We can tell,” Mellia said, chuckling. “You’re going to love this even more, little sissy slut.”

The fullness became more intense as her fist slid deep into my rectum. Ripples of hot ecstasy radiated from my anal flesh as her wrist pushed further into me until half of her forearm was deep up inside my ass. I gasped as an electric shock of pleasure exploded deep in my groin. A fat spurt of clear, sticky fluid shot from my cock and onto my tummy. It almost felt like jizzing I then realized it was prostate fluid.

“I think we can safely say she has no weapons up here,” Mellia said.

The Amazon guards both giggled so incongruously with their fierce appearance. I groaned deeply as the hot medic languorously pulled her hand out of me, making me spasm with pleasure. My anal virginity had been totally claimed, and I now realized what I had been missing out on. Yet I *knew* wasn’t bi. I didn’t want sex with a man. But...

“Mary wants to know what’s so funny,” I asked.

“You’ve already been scanned when you were onboard Hraal Della’s ship. We don’t need to search you. It was a ruse to see how responsive you are.” She peeled off the glove and tossed it aside.

“You’re *very* responsive,” Talema said.

“A natural sissy, at least,” Sashee added. “Pink for certain. Maybe a Red.”

“I think it’s time to show her how good life can be here,” Mellia said, grinning.

“Wh-what do you mean?” I quaked. I cried out when she slapped me again.

“A slave doesn’t use second person, either. Not without permission. You’d say ‘What does Ma’am mean?’ Or ‘Mistress’ if appropriate.”

“What does Mistress mean?” I asked.

Mellia laughed delightedly. “Only a queen, a slave’s owner and those she designates are called ‘Mistress’ by a slave. As much as I would love to own such a responsive slut, a slave cannot own another slave. Not exactly, anyway...”

I watched as she pulled her skintight white outfit down her chocolate brown body. Her bra-less breasts were large but perky, with erect purplish nipples as big as thimbles pointed at me. In one fluid motion she pulled it to her feet and stepped out of the clothes and her sandals. That was when I saw the bulge in her panties I hadn’t noted before. It appeared to snake back between her legs—*his legs?*—and it had to be huge.

“You—Ma’am is a femmer *slave*?” I gasped.

“Of course,” she said with a giggle. “Do you think free women spend their time out in work camps when there are plenty of qualified femmers to take on the important responsibilities? A noblewoman acts as the camp’s administrator, and she’s aided by a few Lis Ma sisters, free women. Femmers like me handle everything else. We might be slaves but we are higher than the sissies and way higher than the men.” She leaned in and grinned lasciviously in my face. “We get special perks from time to time.” She kissed my lips softly. “Like *you*.”

She pulled down her panties and parted her legs. A thick brown cock nearly as long as my forearm plopped out and started getting hard right away. I could feel her eyes on me as I watched the biggest dick I’d ever seen, even in porn, got hard before my eyes. I was barely aware my mouth was filling with drool. My breath quickened.

“I see that look in your eyes,” she chortled, holding onto a hard cock that had to be about fifteen inches and as thick as jumbo banana. “You *want* to get fucked, don’t you?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” I whined helplessly. “Please fuck Mary really hard with that big black dick and cum in her asshole!”

“With pleasure,” she said, grinning, coating her big tool with lube until it glinted.

I licked my lips at the thought of that big thing snaking up my anal chute and pounding deep up inside of me. Then it occurred to me. “May a slave ask a question?”

“Very good, Mary, you’re catching on quickly,” Mellia said. “Ask.”

“What about... protection?”

She looked puzzled for a moment and then smiled. “We don’t have any sexually transmitted diseases like on your Earth and I certainly won’t get you pregnant!”

“But you will feel pregnant with cum,” Talema said with a gleam in her eyes, peeling off her armor. “In your asshole and your tummy.”

“Very pregnant,” Sashee snickered, also stripping off her armor.

The two guards—sentinels—both had cocks about a foot long. My dick throbbed with desire. Up until now I never imagined wanting anal

penetration, but now I was eager for it. But only because they are shemales, I told myself. The idea of a man touching me sexually made me nervous.

*Dan Phillips is a hunk isn't he? But even if he'd somehow survived reentry...*

My thoughts were interrupted when Mellia's hot, plump cockhead, purple with blood, slid against my already loose and slick asshole. She looked into my eyes with such sexual hunger.

"Beg, Mary."

"Oh, please fuck Mary's ass, Ma'am. Fuck her deep and hard and fill her up with hot, sticky cum and let her clean Ma'am's cock off with her mouth!"

*Where the fuck did that come from?*

Then I remembered a porno I'd seen in college. A porn actress had said something like that, and it turned me on greatly. But how could *I* have said it now?

"As you wish, sissy Mary," she said.

Her dick was about two-thirds the girth of her wrist, so the bulbous head slipped easily past my eager anal orifice. Slowly and deliberately she pushed that dark, rigid meat into my rectal cavity, squeezing through my tingling anal flesh and filling me up.

I looked from her glinting brown eyes and salacious smile down to that pulsing pole of hers, half of it jutting from her crotch and into the puckered ring of muscle while the head kept going deeper and deeper inside of me. It wasn't as thick as her arm but I still felt packed full of cockmeat and more of it was pushing into me. I cried out in heady pleasure, feeling my cock doing push-ups on my belly. My balls were ready to explode.

"Please let Mary jack off! Please let your sissy jack off!" I whined. I let loose a deep grunt as the final bit of Mellia's fifteen inches lodged all the way up my ass. At that moment I wanted dick, lots of it, even if a man was attached to it. Part of me wanted nothing to do with bi sex, but I was so cock-starved right now I would have sucked even that creep Breck's dick.

"Open your mouth, sissy," Talema commanded. "Sashee, support her head."

Talema encircled my aching cock shaft with her large, soft right hand, making me gasp with pleasure. She slowly, steadily she stroked my dick while she cupped and caressed my balls with her left hand. With the blonde Amazon shemale propping up my head, my wide-open mouth was pointed. I was going to be fed my own semen!

With the stunning black shemale's monster cock pounding deep up my asshole and the beautiful redheaded shemale jacking me off, I felt my orgasm building up like an erotic knot in the base of my dick. I was so very close to popping my cookies. Then all of a sudden Talema let my rigid cock drop to my tummy with a meaty thud. I whined in frustration at being right on the verge of cumming.

"Give her a moment, Mellia," the redhead said, getting up on the exam table to straddle me with her firm, smooth thighs.

Mellia stopped her thrusts, leaving her full tool embedded deep in me. Sashee lowered my head back to the cushion.

Talema winked crookedly down at me. "Did you think you'd get the reward of orgasm so easily? Sashee and I have yet to be pleased and not even your doctor has climaxed. Sissy slaves cum *last*... if they are allowed to at all."

I looked up at her with pleading eyes, desperate in my horny frustration. I saw a mix of cruel pleasure combined with a tender fondness, a look that suggested some kind of recognition. She draped her throbbing shemale tool right beside my lips and held my eyes. I saw tender lust. I felt the warm meat of her dick resting beside my mouth. I couldn't help what I did next: I opened wide and hungrily took her into my mouth, sucking it like I'd waited my whole life to do so.

I sat up in the gynecologist exam stirrups, Mellia's gigantic cock buried deep up my ass and softly easing back and forth, and with Talema's foot-long tool filling up my mouth and dribbling salty-sweet precum on my tongue. I felt owned. These two stunning shemales owned me with their dicks, making me their sissy bitch. If it were possible for my cock to be harder it would have been. I whimpered and moaned while I took on Talema like the eager cocksucker I was.

“What an eager slut she is,” Talema said. “Sashee, line her throat up and apply the pressure points.” She brought her lips to my ear. “Take a deep breath and relax. You are about to learn just what a slut bitch you really are.” She pulled back until her cockhead rested on my lower lip.

As I took a deep breath, Sashee lifted and tilted my head with one large hand while she dug into a spot up on my neck with her thumb and forefinger. I immediately noticed an odd sensation high in my throat. It felt a little like I was going to puke but my stomach was very calm. Talema softly massaged my throat with one hand while she fed her dick back in between my lips with the other. I felt the head touch the back of my throat and keep going. I braced myself for a gag reflex but it never happened. Soon her entire foot-long dick was all the way in my mouth and well into my throat.

“That’s a good sissy,” Mellia cooed before she began fucking my asshole again, staying buried deep and thrusting hard.

“Congratulations, Mary,” Talema said. “With practice you’ll learn how to deep throat without the pressure points.” She gently slid it in and out.

I looked into her eyes, stunned to know I had her cock so far down my throat I should be choking but all I felt was horny. I sensed the saliva flowing freely in my mouth and down my gullet, lubing up her massive prick. She and the shemale doctor were fucking my ass and my throat at the same time!

“If you take a breath each time I pull back far enough to let you, you can do this for a long time.” She reached down and grasped my raging hardon. “Mmmmm. Feels like you’re turned on. Are you turned on by this, sissy?”

“Mmmmm-hmmm!” I whimpered through her thick cockmeat.

“Welcome to your new life,” she said with a grin.

The shemale guard slid her dick in and out of my throat like it was a pussy, fucking me steadily but not roughly. Part of me was amazed I wasn’t gagging but mostly I was turned on that this beautiful creature was throat-fucking me. The pair of girl-dicks plunged in and out of my in sync, pulling out and thrusting back in together. Mellia kept withdrawing her plump, burning cockhead so it was gripped by my asshole and then shoving all

fifteen inches all the way back in while Talema's cock slipped deep down my throat.

I felt like a piece of meat made for fucking and that excited me even more. I lost all track of time, of anything but these big shemale pricks double-penetrating me and the urgent, erotic deep ache in my balls that cried out for release. I closed my eyes and surrendered myself to being a fucktoy for these sexpot shemales

After what might have been five minutes or a half an hour I felt Mellia start battering into me, grunting and panting in what had to be her approaching climax. I opened my eyes and saw Sashee standing next to Talema, looking down at me sucking her companion's cock. I realized with great surprise I was now taking that huge dick down my throat on my own, that constantly fucking pole of hers, without gagging. In less than an hour I had gone from never before giving head to being a deep throat cocksucker.

"We're going to fill you up with our pearl juice," Mellia gasped, fucking my ass so deep and hard. "Starting with... Oh Great Goddess Queen!"

She pulled her humungous tool shallow so it was just the head past my squirming butthole. I felt hot cum spurt inside my ass and fill up my rectum. I had no idea a pair of balls could spurt so much at one time. I could feel it trickling inside of me all sticky and thick.

She and Talema both withdrew at the same time. I looked over to see her huge black dick, all glistening with lube and my anal fluids. She stood by my face and for a moment I was afraid she'd tell me to suck her fragrant black cock smelling of my ass, but instead she wiped it on my face with a giggle. The Sashee got on the table and straddled my face. I eagerly parted my lips for her and easily took her cock all the way into my throat.

Talema was three inches shorter than the black shemale, it felt just as good when she plowed her spit-covered dick into my cum-filled rectal canal and started vigorously humping. Meanwhile Sashee fucked my face just as energetically. I realized I could be here for hours getting double penetrated by these gorgeous women, and I was *eager* for it.

Almost as if she could read my mind Sashee told the others we didn't have much longer. "Hraal Della ordered Talema and me return to the

chamber by the sixteenth period. We have a quarter period more before we must leave.”

“She’s been such a good slut,” Talema panted, fucking my cum-sloppy ass even harder. Let’s leave plenty of time for her reward.”

“Ah, yes,” Sashee said gleefully. “Her *reward*. Fill her with cum sister Talema, so I can fuck her sissy bottom too.”

Giddy, perverted joy seized me at being treated like such a horny slut, at *feeling* like such a horny slut! I welcomed the spatter of shemale cum deep in my ass, of being filled with jizz. I couldn’t wait to be fucked by a third huge cock. What an exciting way to loose my anal virginity—to three shemales on an alien planet as the newest sissy slave in their world!

Sashee pulled her throbbing tool back so that the plump, burning head rested on my tongue. She ordered me to tighten my lips and then began short, thrusting jabs that made a cunt out of my mouth. The precum flowed onto my tongue, lubing up her girl cock even more. From behind her Talema’s breathing came in gasps, in between passionate animal grunts of lust while she fucked my asshole deep and hard.

“You sound close, sister.”

“Get ready to fuck this Earth slut,” the redhead panted.

“Take a deep breath,” Sashee said.

I had just taken a full lungful when Sashee slid her lengthy dick all the way back down my throat. I was still amazed I wasn’t choking or gagging. Instead I was turned on by the invasive sensation of her velvety smooth cock skin thrusting back down my throat. She gently wrapped her big hands around the side of my head and looked down into my gaze with piercing blue eyes that said they loved me for being such a willing slut.

Talema’s warm hands cupped my butt cheeks and squeezed them together around her cock as she pounded deep into my rectum. Her lusty whimpers of approaching orgasm excited me deeply, draining away the remainder of my rational thought—a creature of hungry, desperate lust who lived only for shemale cock and cum.

The redheaded shemale grunted and with one final bestial ram, spurted her hot load deep up my ass. So thick and runny, like molten honey her

semen coated my anal passage, it made all the more slippery for the blonde guard. Sashee wasted no time in pulled out of my throat and mouth, making me whimper in frustration. I'd gone from being disgusted by the idea of giving head to being *hungry* for cock!

With a slick, gushy noise Sashee slid easily past my shivering anal sphincter and deep into the milky cum and horny rectal muscle that was my sissy cunt. With no cock in my mouth I cried out for her to fuck me harder and harder, to fill my asshole with shemale spunk, to turn me into their helpless fuck slave. Her cock had gotten so excited from fucking my mouth she pumped her load into me only five minutes later.

Soon the three naked, sweaty shemales all stood at the end of the gynecologist table and grinned at me like three proud, adoring mothers. I felt like I'd passed an important test, like I was another step closer to earning my place on my new world. Mellia leaned over and whispered in Talema's ear, making the redheaded guard laugh in delight. The two shemale guards immediately began releasing my ankles. Why was Mellia pulling a new rubber glove over her long, slender arm?

The shemale guards laid me on my back on the cool, vinyl-like floor. My aching boner lay on my tummy. I wondered if they were going to make me jack off on the floor in front of them, but then Talema and Sashee each grabbed an ankle and lifted until only my upper back touch the tiles. My erection pointed right down at my face. The femmers pulled my ankles apart, spreading my legs and making my gaping asshole pop open.

Mellia finished lubing her glove with a smile and stood between her femmer peers. She blew me a kiss and then easily pushed her fisted past the elastic anal muscle and back into my sissy cunt. Immediately I was full again and my cock jumped off my stomach in the hardest erection in the world. Instead of shoving her hand all the way into me, she slowly slid her fingertips up my rectal walls until she came to my prostate. If there was any pleasure intense enough to kill, this would have done it.

She firmly massaged the gland sending bolts of ecstasy from my nuts to my deeply engorged cockhead, unleashing a smart spurt of clear precum that dripped onto may face. Grinning at me, the two shemale sentinels easily held each ankle with one hand, freeing them up to stimulate me

further. Talema softly stroked my dick while Sashee kneaded my balls, building an explosive orgasm I could never have imagined.

“Open your mouth wide when you feel your climax come,” Mellia instructed.

The exquisite pressure on my prostate, my balls tingling in Sashee’s hand and Talema’s gently firm stroking built up a knot of pressure in my groin that made me swoon. I could barely focus on my dick but I knew I would soon be swallowing more jizz than I’d even seen, and I couldn’t wait. I cried out like a little bitch I was about to cum. The blonde shemale pointed my cockhead right at my mouth.

My entire body jerked like it had been electrocuted and my balls and my prostate clenched. The shemales squeezed them as I came forcing all I had in me to come out. I opened wide as the massive glut of cum exploded out the end of my cock and spattered all over my lips and tongue and cheeks, and still it kept pumping out until my mouth was full of my own semen and my entire face was sticky.

I didn’t need to them tell me to swallow. I greedily drank down my own jizz, savoring it with lip-smacking gusto while the alien shemales made sounds of approval. By the time I’d finished licking all the cum off my lips I was hungry for more. The guards laid me out flat and then squatted on either side of my head, wiping the jizz from my face and dribbling it onto my waiting tongue.

“Such a good sissy,” Talema murmured fondly while she and Sashee dressed in their armor.

“I wouldn’t mind owning you myself,” Mellia said, still naked and stroking her monumental brown cock to a new erection. “Girls, do we have time for one more?”

“I wish,” Sashee said. “But we know where she’ll be.” She fondly stroked my hair. “Dress in your sissy clothes, Mary. Only two more items and you’ll be ready to go to the mining camp”

Dread filled me at the thought of what that might be like as I put back on the bra, panties, garterbelt and stockings I had worn to the surface of this planet. What an exposed and defenseless way to be sent into a work camp filled with horny male slaves. I began to realize that the fucking these three

hung shemales just gave me might be merely the prelude to a kind of sex  
beyond my most terrible dreams.

## Sissy Wife

The three shemales took me into the next room. Talema helped me into a chair with sturdy armrests and some sort of robot limbs attached to the right side. She tightly secured my arms with straps. She gave me a soft, lingering kiss on the lips and told me not to fear.

Mellia stood naked at a panel on the nearby wall, her round, brown ass beaded with sweat from my hard fucking. She typed into a keyboard and the robot scanner arm on the side of the chair positioned itself in front of my eyes. As the low-level lasers scanned my eyes, I realize the unit was taking retinal images for totally infallible ID. I wondered if that was the only kind of ID they'd do and then a second robot arm came down and clamped a box over my wrist. I screamed at the brief, searing heat, but before it could hurt for long a dull cool feeling replaced it. When the box pulled away there was what looked like some kind of barcode tattoo. Then I touched it and realized my flesh had also been branded. It was tender but completely healed.

"Now you're completely a slave," Talema announced, releasing my arms from the chair.

"May Mary ask a question?"

Talema smiled at me with delight. "Such an obedient, intelligent sissy. Yes, you may, little Mary."

"Are not femmers slaves of a sort, Ma'am?"

"Yes, but way higher than sissies. Sometimes if a sissy shows true potential she may become a femmer if she proves herself." She looked at her sister. "Sashee and I were bred to be sissies, identical twins to be the playtoys of Queen Ammina but she saw we had potential to be far more."

I looked at her arm and saw only the indentation of the brand. No tattoo.

"The ink is neutralized when a sissy becomes a femme, so that we can be told apart. Some sissies are as pretty as femmers. You're already looking very comely."

I blushed with pride. “What about—”

“Enough questions for now, Earth sissy,” Mellia chided. “My sisters must return to the palace.”

“Do you require help escorting this slave to the camp intake area?” Talema asked.

“Of course not. Mary will be a good sissy, won’t she?”

“Yes she will,” I said.

“Besides, a learning implant has been ordered.” Mellia tapped her console. “So we’ll be awhile.”

As I watched the two shemale sentinels leave the way we came in, Mellia pulled out headgear that looked like it would fit over my eyes and ears.

“Are you familiar with VR, Mary?” she asked.

“Virtual reality. We’ve made a number of advances on Earth.”

“So you know you have nothing to fear,” she said, fitting the device over my head.

I felt my ears fill with conductive foam and a visual matrix seal around my eyes. Most odd were the cold metal conducting points on my forehead and temples—electrodes of some sort.

All of my senses went null for two seconds. Then I was sitting by the edge of a beautiful lake set near tall, sweet-smelling grass. I wore slutty lingerie. Sitting next to me was Della. She wore a long white tunic and a pleasant smile.

“Mary, do you understand where you are right now?”

“I’m strapped into a VR chair in the infirmary, but I have never experienced virtual reality this vivid nor so responsive to a subject’s input.”

“The electrodes give us access to your brain waves. It’s not true AI—you’d have to converse with the real me for a meaningful conversation—but it’s enough to guide you. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Lis Ma Drea is a million years older than your Earth. The planet was formerly called Tybol. It had similar developments to Earth: patriarchal religion, male-dominated society, millennia of war and conflict. Its technology far outgrew the ethics and wisdom and weaknesses that many men consider strengths. Earth’s history, read from your space probe, is more evidence that human men are sadly predictable. Especially their insatiable sex drive.”

The setting changed. Della and I stood in what looked like a nightclub. When the men weren’t with drink or drug in hand they were having sex with women, with shemales and a few with each other. All of them were fucking in plain view. Some of the men were just watching and jacking off. Della smiled at the look of amazement on my face.

“If you’re thinking this is some kind of special sex club, you’re wrong. It’s going on out in the street too.”

In a flash Della and I were walking through a district that reminded me of old Las Vegas. There were restaurants, casinos, nightclubs, theaters—and men having sex everywhere, all of them so casual about fucking out in the open.

“The religious oppression we had didn’t repress sexuality, however it still made all women second class citizens. It might still be like this if not for the ‘T’ virus, which was sexually transmitted. It only affected people with high testosterone, eventually killing off ninety percent of the men and women with low estrogen.”

A hospital scene appeared around us: a huge ward filled with hundreds of men all dying. Women doctors and nurses attended to them but as the scene morphed there were fewer and fewer beds until it was nearly empty. I followed Della outside to a huge rally filled of women. Everyone faced a stage where eight women stood nude in a crowning ceremony.

“The planet was renamed Lis Ma Drea —“Lis Ma” for short— after the first feminist to challenge the patriarchy. The surviving men, immune to the virus, were stripped of their citizenship. If a wife wanted to keep her husband he could stay as a slave. Very few elected to do so. The remaining men were genetically tested and those who couldn’t produce healthy progeny were genetically castrated and allowed to live in labor camps where they did the heavy work machines weren’t good at.”

Now I was looking out an aircraft window as we flew over a large fenced-in camp surrounding factories. Hundreds of men wearing only shorts, gloves and work boots hustled back and forth while women and shemale overseers and guards supervised their every move. Nobody was being abused or overworked. Most of the men smiled and some laughed with the guards as they worked.

“Is this where Mary is going?” I asked.

“Something like it. Don’t worry. We don’t see you as a heavy labor slave.”

I worried what kind of slave they did see me as. “What about the... ‘milking’ thing?”

“Sperm is collected from the most desirable candidates, tested and stored. Males who produce the best offspring routinely donate sperm and get palace duties. Genetic manipulation is used to select sex; the majority of births are girls. Most males have been engineered for specific characteristics. A handful of women underwent a special genetic mutation that made them very important to our race. It is our most advanced science.”

*How weak we Earthlings are next to all this.*

Sudden despair filled me as I realized just how helpless I was. Two tears ran down my face, which VR Della dried with her warm palm before all went black. The clinic came back when Mellia lifted the headpiece away. Then she dried my tears.

“No time for sadness, Mary. Your new life awaits. I know you’ll find it a happier one than you can imagine no matter what you fear right now.”

Mellia escorted me through a door on the other side of the room. A fifty-foot hall led to a security door at the other end. We stopped at a door halfway down the hall and Mellia waved her arm at a sensor next to what look like a retinal scanner. The door slid soundlessly open. I followed her inside.

It was a large sleeping chamber with a queen-sized bed on one wall, closets and a bathroom door on the other. Mellia’s delicious naked ass ground across the room to the closet where she pulled out and donned a loose white gauze dress.

“If you’re a very good sissy I might allow you to spend the night with me,” she said playfully. “But you have some adjusting to do. A lot of it.” She put in a tiny earpiece and spoke. “The new slave is coming back now. Summon Ragar.”

I followed her the rest of the way down the hall and through the security portal. We entered an antechamber of one hundred square feet. There was a table in the center of the room with straps on one end for securing a jackknifed prisoner, and at the other end was a console with retinal and brand scanners. There were also several lockers built into the wall. On the far wall was a second security portal, an inner door that I supposed led to the camp, guarded by two armed femmers.

The two sentinels smiled at Mellia. “Would you like us to check him in?”

“As her garments suggest I think this one is definitely going to be a ‘she,’ femmer sisters. I will do the check-in.” She turned to me. “Look into the retinal scanner and place your ID brand on the other.” She typed a short sequence into the console.

I did as she ordered and then stepped away when she said so.

She spoke into the console. “Alien slave. Origin star system STT-1093. Native planet name of ‘Earth.’ Alien name of Gary P. Luckler. Current slave name... ‘Mary.’ Sissy status as of now. Assigned to slave Ragan, MMSS-168. Sex status is...” She looked at me with fondness. “*Pink.*”

As I wondered what she meant by ‘Pink’ a sharp warning tone issued and then the inner security door opened. A beefcake of a man stepped through, escorted by two more femmers. I couldn’t help my gasp in awe and wonder. To my dismay my cock started to tingle in my panties, especially when he looked at me and grinned.

“Meet Ragar,” Mellia said.

He was six-foot eight, a foot taller than me, and about two hundred fifty pounds of wall-to-wall muscle. He had jet-black hair, hazel eyes and a wide smile of perfect teeth. His dick was almost as big as Mellia’s. I knew this because he was completely naked except for leather-like sandals. He was as handsome as any movie star.

“Ragar, this is Mary. She’s from the alien planet Earth about five light years away, and she came up us dressed like this—a prank by her now-deceased shipmates. Do you get the feeling they knew more about her than she knew about herself?”

“Ragar is sure of it,” he said with a deep, manly chuckle.

“She is being assigned to you.”

“Oh,” he growled lustily. “What has Ragar done to earn such a prize? I’ll be *rich!*”

“She’s not a Red, man-slave. She’s *Pink.*”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Mellia addressed me. “Come, Mary.”

She removed what looked like a chrome steel chastity belt from the locker and began strapping it on me. It left my cock free but it covered my asshole with an inch-wide strip of chrome-like metal. While she locked it on me, Mellia explained. “Sissy slaves in camp are accorded one of three statuses. White is a girl that cannot be touched sexually and may only be disciplined by a woman or a femmer. Pink is a girl who is limited sexually, usually only to the holder of her belt key. And Red...” She looked lustfully into my eyes. “She’s a sissy who’s free to be fucked by any male slave or anyone else in the camp.” She handed the key to Ragar. “She’s all yours.”

His eyes gleamed. For a moment I couldn’t breath and there was an emptiness of fear in the pit of my stomach.

“*Only* yours. No pimping her out or settling debts with her. Understood?” the black beauty said.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said, grinning at me. “She’s a Pink.”

That made me feel only a little better. She signaled to the sentinels to take us back into the actual camp. With Ragar taking up the rear I followed the femmers though the inner security portal, feeling as stunned as I had ever been.

“Your ass is very feminine,” Ragar growled sexily. “I shall enjoy fucking it.”

I expected one of the femmers to turn around and hit him for breaking the third person rule saying “I” and ‘your.’ After a moment I looked back in puzzlement. He was leering at me like a horny jock looking at a nudie website.

“Is Ragar not breaking the first person rule?”

“It is not so formal inside the camp unless a woman comes back or femmers are here on royal business. You may speak freely.”

“Oh,” I said, turning my eyes back to front, unnerved by his hungry look. “I’m not gay, Ragar,” I said after a moment. “I don’t like sex with men.”

“Have you ever *had* sex with a man?” he said. His voice said he was grinning.

“Uh... well. No. But—”

“Hah! So you just *think* you won’t like it.”

“No, I know I won’t.”

“You delude yourself, little Pink. I can tell from the smell of you the femmers have had their way. I can smell three or four different strains of semen. Including yours. Tell me you didn’t love their dicks. And don’t lie because I will discipline you.”

I blushed deeply and said nothing. After a moment he laughed fondly.

“I have heard of you Earth types. Your peoples are filled with guilt and shame over sex and pleasure, and it spills out in misery and war.”

“I suppose so.”

“Suppose? Ha! You know it’s true.”

We came to a halt at yet another portal. I looked back down the hundred meter long passage, wondering what those steel and concrete looking walls were actually made out of. I looked back to see Ragar grinning at me, and I was dismayed at how sexy I found him, all rippling muscles and chiseled features. He wasn’t fooled.

“Oh yes,” he said. “I can tell.”

His big hand reached around and cupped my dick through my panties. I immediately got so hard. “Your voice says no but your cock says *yes*,” he said.

“I... uh, maybe. But I really want women. A lot more.”

The two shemale sentinels escorting us tittered.

“Maybe you’ve just never had the right man,” he growled sexily, pinning me to the wall. “A real man. Not one of those soft males from your planet.”

I wanted to ask him how he know about Earth but his face hovered mere inches over mine, a strong masculine smell exuded from every pore. He cupped my left cheek in his big, strong right hand, and I almost melted at how gently he held my face, like a lover’s. I felt owned right then. I bit my lower lip trying to conceal my desire. He grinned, knowing what I felt.

“Do you want to ask me anything?” he said, his lips so close to mine.

I couldn’t help myself. “Kiss me, Ragar. Oh please kiss me hard!”

Instead of a violent kiss his lips tenderly my mine, and I felt them part slightly. I felt his hot breath on my lips and I opened my mouth to him. I couldn’t believe that my tongue began to shyly explore his lips, but I couldn’t help myself. Even if I hadn’t been dressed in panties, bra and garterbelt I still would have felt like his bitch.

Ragar picked me up in his strong arms as easily if I had been a housecat and he thrust his tongue into my mouth. I sucked on his tongue like a cock, mewling with a desire I never thought I could have for a man. Still kissing me he nodded at one of the shemales, who punched a button. The portal swung open. Still kissing me deeply he stepped through the door, carrying me over the threshold like a sissy bride.

“Have fun with her,” said the other sentinel.

As the portal closed I saw the pair of them headed back toward the front.

“Lucky man,” said one of the femmer sentinels on duty inside the portal. “Legend has it that Earth males make the sluttiest sissies. Too bad she’s a Pink. I’d fuck her right now otherwise.”

Her partner was an Asian-looking shemale “Plenty of Pinks have become Reds,” she said with a grin. “Judging by how she’s responding to Ragar, we’ll get our chance.”

The hunky alien male kept deep kissing me as he carried me down the hall to a door that lacked a security scanner or a notification button. He carried me over the threshold and into a large room.

“These are my private quarters.”

He gently set me down on his large bed and sat next to me.

“I labor here in the dormitory area, so I am frequently assigned new sissies they want trained as companions or pleasure girls.”

“P-pleasure girls?” I whimpered, fearing I knew what he meant.

“Reds,” he explained with a crooked grin. “Fear not. I’ve also trained as many palace slaves as Reds. You *might* end up belonging to a woman. But I hope not. I want you *here*.”

He rose and went to a closet door, opening it. I gasped aloud at the sight of more exotic lingerie than I’d ever seen in one place. Then I saw it wasn’t just bedroom wear but dresses meant to expose, to make a sissy feel vulnerable. Underneath the rack of seductive garments was a row of sexy shoes.

“These belonged a sissy who was given to me for training much like you’ve been. She stayed with me longer than any of them before. One of the queens took an interest and it was my job to teach her all she had to know about serving and being a lover. When the queen sent for her, the clothes were left behind for future girls.” He smiled. “Like you.”

He stood over me, looking down into my starry, lust-filled eyes. He softly stroked my fair and face, letting me feel his strength. I couldn’t believe I was falling for a man I’d met only thirty minutes ago. He looked at me so possessively it filled me with security.

“Ragar,” I moaned with sudden passion, “please... I want you to *fuck* me. Fuck me hard. Own me. Make me your slave!”

*What am I saying?*

The closest I'd ever come to a bisexual whim was admiring fellow crewmember Dan Phillips, but I'd never fantasized actual sex with him. Now I was looking up into the eyes of this exotic stud and wanting him to fuck my mouth and my asshole. I wanted to be his sissy *wife*!

Ragar bent down and unlocked the chastity belt. He tossed it aside and fastened his lips on mine, shoving his tongue in like he was going to fuck my mouth with it. I shivered at the hot, wet muscle in my mouth and I sucked on it like a slut who hadn't been fucked in years. I reached to ease my panties down my legs, and Ragar broke the kiss. He grinned hotly at me.

"Eager little slut, aren't you? I approve of your passion, but I unwrap my own presents, little sissy slut." He took the hem of my panties in two hands and tore them off my waist as easily if they were tissue. "You will wear only the clothes I give you for now." Then he ripped off the bra. "The belt and stockings look sexy. I give you those to wear."

Now I was fully exposed. I couldn't keep my eyes off of his thick, strong cock, at least thirteen inches of it. He caught me looking and smiled. He lay back against the headboard and spread his legs, an open invitation for me to crawl up between them

I quickly accepted. I knelt between his naked muscular thighs and took in the sight of that thick, veined beast lying on his flat stomach. It was so hard it shuddered with each heartbeat. He had no circumcision scar and no foreskin, either. I realized that none of the shemales had evidence of ever having a foreskin.

*Perhaps they've genetically bred those out.*

I pushed all these thoughts away and took that strong, beautiful, big dick in my hand. I could just encircle him with my fingers. The erection blood was almost burning hot. The skin was soft but not tender as it throbbed in my hand. The head was like a heart shaped helmet, purplish and plump. Its veins made it a thing alive but not a monster to fear. A bead of precum oozed from the hole.

Until my orgy with three alien shemales I'd thought of penises as unappealing. I could understand being turned on by an erection attached to a beautiful exotic woman, but Ragar was a man—all man. He was manlier

than even the soldiers in my former crew, so powerful and virile I couldn't help being attracted.

*In front of such a man what could I be but a woman?—his bitch.*

Grateful that the shemales taught me to give head and deep-throat, I lowered my lips to the tip of his cock. I licked up the clear, sticky drop, savoring it before taking his full length into the warm cavern of my mouth. I took him down my throat as easily as if I'd been doing it for years. I glowed with satisfaction as he groaned deeply. My cock came to full attention and knotted with pleasure.

"What an accomplished cocksucker you are, Earth sissy! Are all the males on your planet such horny sluts, little Mary?"

I pulled back and licked the circumference of his pole. I panted out my answer between excited breaths. "They don't have men like you on Earth, Ragar! What could any—"

"Master," he growled sexily. "You're my bitch, so call me 'Master,' little slut."

"Oh yes, Master! I was saying what could any lesser male be but your slut?"

"And you want me to make you my wife?" he muttered in pleasure as my tongue circled his meat like an ice cream cone in danger of melting.

"Yes, Master!"

"Beg for it, slut. Beg to be my wife. Beg me to fuck you."

"Oh, please make me your sissy wife, Master," I moaned in delirious passion. "Fuck me deep and hard and turn me into your wife!"

"With pleasure," he chortled.

He shoved me back like I was a rag doll, picked me up and set me on my knees, bent forward with my face lying on the mattress. He pushed my thighs apart and knelt down there. I felt his warm man tool slick with my spit rubbing against my well-used asshole, still slippery from the orgy. He teased my puckered hole with the cockhead I'd just been licking and sucking, making me cry out with frustration.

“Please, please fuck me, Master!” I whimpered. “Please fuck your sissy wife!”

“That’s my horny slut!”

I felt the tip press against my well-fucked asshole. It eagerly opened to accept his pulsing length. I groaned in delight at the hot nastiness as his cockmeat slid up my anal chute like a sissy cunt, filling my rectal cavity and pushing further up into me until he’d buried his dick all the way up my ass. He held it there so I could feel myself impaled on his pulsing, hot tool, and then he began sliding it in and out, slowly at first.

*A man, a real man is fucking me and I love it! I love him!*

Tears of lusty joy rolled down my cheeks as I whimpered my insatiable need, my hunger for his cock. I moaned how much I loved him and begged him to fuck me hard or so hard, so deep. He tucked an arm around my waist to control me better, allowing himself to penetrate me with every inch of his dick. His free hand went around my face and I eagerly took his index finger into my mouth and sucked it with abandon.

I lost all track of time, a haze of orgiastic pleasure from his fucktool pounding deep inside of me. Finally I became aware of a deep ache in my loins, in my balls, radiating up the length of my rock hard cock tucked against my abdomen. I knew I was about to cum just from him fucking me. I moaned and whined that I was going to spurt.

I felt his hot breath in my ear telling me to wait. “I want to see you,” he said.

I cried out in frustration as he pulled from deep within my ass with a loud plop. Again he manhandled me—what a thrill it was!—until I was sitting up against the backboard, naked save my stockings and garterbelt, drenched with the sweat of sex, and my boner pointing straight up.

“Touch yourself,” he ordered. “Make yourself climax... but wait until you taste my seed before you do.”

He knelt in front of me and jacked off, his cock pointed toward my parted lips. God, it was so huge and swollen, glistening with spit and lube and my anal juices, dribbling so much seminal fluid I could tell it would be a huge load. Moments later a thick jet of sticky white arced toward my open mouth, plastering my lips and teeth and tongue with his jism.

Oh, the flavor! Unlike the shemale jizz, his spunk was so musky and wild. It filled my nostrils and my head. I gulped down the mouthful and then used the head to smear the rest of it all over my lips and chin. It was such a turn-on I shot my load, feeling it jet all over my chest and under my chin.

Ragar barked with laughter. “My sissy bitch was so excited she came on her husband’s own cock. Lick it off, slut.”

He tilted his cock up and sure enough I saw a fat drop of my cum sliding down. I licked it off, smacking my lips with satisfaction. I looked adoringly up into his eyes. He grinned back and ruffled my hair, like I was a pet dog.

“Well, don’t stop there, wife. Clean off my dick.”

I was still so turned on I didn’t even stop to think it had been up my ass. All I could think was I wanted my husband’s dick in my mouth and to taste whatever of his cum still clung to it. A moment later the acrid flavor of my ass combined with the sweet taste of the lube still up there and the rest of his jizz, a sexual brew that turned me on all over again.

I was now a sissy wife to an alien he-man in a prison-like work camp on a world ruled by women. I was no longer a science officer, I was a *bitch*. I was no longer an Earthman; I was a feminized sex slave of Lis Ma Drea.

Every day for a week a sissy or shemale slave came to teach me more of sissy womanhood. I was given femininity lessons, including how to move and to dress. I was taken back to Mellia and given injections without the use of a needle. She looked at me with desire but she seemed to understand I was in love with Ragar, so she stuck to medical treatments.

By the end of the week I was surprised and then thrilled to see female breasts developing. In the mirror my face became smoother and feminine, and my beard suddenly stopped growing, probably by genetic manipulation. In every mirror I saw no sign of Gary Luckler. I now had the face of a beautiful woman. Even my voice had become feminine, perhaps also due to Mellia’s treatment.

I wondered if they were turning me into a femmer—a shemale.

During the day I cooked and cleaned and tended to my husband's needs. I was led out into the main work camp area and made to serve food to the prisoners, all of whom looked at me with a sexual hunger that unnerved me. They saw the chastity protection and walked away frustrated before turning back and grinning, saying there was no way a sexpot like me would stay a Pink forever.

At night I made sweet or rough love with Ragar as he desired. I loved the taste of his dick, his cum. I thought I would die with rapture when he fucked my asshole and blew his load up inside of me. I had gotten so used to the flavor of my ass and so turned on by the idea of doing it, I usually begged him to let me clean off his cum-covered tool.

On my seventh night in his bed I cuddled in his arms after he'd fucked me, his softening cock still deep up my asshole. He and I mixed up deep kisses with sweet, soft ones. I would never have believed how happy I was making love with a man as his sissy wife, but I couldn't deny it.

"I'm just so happy I'm getting all these treatments from Mellia," I said, kissing him. "I love the idea of looking as much like your wife as possible."

He shook his head with such sweet sadness. "Dear, innocent little Mary. Do you really think they are going to all that trouble for *me*, a lowly male slave?"

"You're *not* lowly, Master! You are..." I trailed off as his words sank in. "What do you mean they're not doing this for you, Master?"

"This happened with my first wife and several others. You'll likely to be given to a high placed woman, perhaps even a queen. Earth femmers are very rare. Your beauty and sexual skill makes you quite valuable."

I pulled back, looking at him in shock, tears falling down my face. "I love you, Master! I don't want to leave you!"

"We don't have a choice, Mary," he said. "We're both slaves." He looked away. "Maybe sometimes you'll be allowed to visit me as a reward or a treat."

"Or maybe the woman will tire of me and send me back here!"

"Yes, we must hope for that." His voice said he knew that neither would ever happen.

When they took me from him, I might never see him again.

## Runaway Slave

The next morning I was in the medical suite getting another injection. My breasts were now a solid B-cup. Mellia said this next shot would make me a heavy C-cup and increase my bodily feminization. I would be one of the prettiest sissies on the planet and one of the few with breasts.

“This will be your last treatment,” the stunning black shemale said. “Soon you will go back to the palace.” She stroked my cock through the translucent silver babydoll I’d donned this morning. “Perhaps little Mary would like to have Mellia once more before she leaves the work camp?”

I was stunned. The idea of being taken from my husband so soon filled me with grief. I grew dizzy and crumpled to the floor. In reality my dizziness was very brief, and falling down was completely faked. I knew the black medic would want to put me on an exam table but she’d need help to get me there. As usual the single femmer who’d been assigned to escort me had left the medical suite to get tea. Mellia told me not to try to move, that she’d go get help.

The moment she left I was on my feet. There was an emergency exit in the corridor not far from the clinic entrance. I hit it at full speed, triggering an alarm. Moments later I stepped onto the outside surface of Lis Ma Drea for the first time. It was dark with thick overcast and heavy rain. It was also as warm as South America. Thanks to my learning implant I knew my escape attempt wouldn’t end with the atmosphere killing me.

I saw the main city way off to my left, the prison block one hundred meters to my right, and a great forest wilderness only three hundred meters in front of me. I knew it would be a huge, thick jungle but there were no dangerous animals and plenty of edible plants. The weather and the forest would make it very difficult and hopefully impossible to track me down. I hoped.

It was a crazy impulse but I didn’t want to be with anybody if I couldn’t be with Ragar. If I was careful I could survive in the forest for a long time. I

tried not to think what might happen if I were captured, so I just dug my synthetic leather sandal into the thick grass and plowed ahead, praying the shouts I heard in the distance behind me would lose me in the downpour.

My heart pounding I made it past the tree line up to where the area had been cleared for the work camp. The trees and bushes and vines reminded me of the Brazilian rainforest I'd visited many times in college, one of the few places that hadn't been devastated by Earth's climate change. It was so beautiful with endless shades of green with flowers of every imaginable color. I dove into the thick of it, running and weaving through the foliage.

I came to a halt at a small clearing a few hundred meters in. I paused to listen. I heard the shouted commands of women and femmers way in the distance. I kept my position, straining to hear over the rain, which had tapered into a light shower. After five minutes the voices got no closer.

Treading lightly so I could hear if anyone was gaining on me I continued in the same direction, deeper and deeper into the forest. I knew that there was plenty of water in small lakes and streams, and that none of the edible vegetation was poisonous. As I kept my pace I began to realize I had no plan. What if my reckless impulse eventually forced me to return and face whatever punishment might await me?

"Maybe not," I whispered to myself. "Maybe there are other runaways out here."

*What if they're brutal savages?*

Such speculation was pointless. I kept treading toward where the sun glowed under rain clouds.

Maybe an hour later I came upon a small clearing with a clear pond about the size of a college swimming pool. I saw the area was deserted, so I walked to its edge. It was so crystal clear and cool. I caught my reflection and was amazed. My skimpy lingerie was plastered to my body, showing off my ample breasts and round ass. I was a beautiful woman with a dick.

"Well... if you meet somebody else for sure they'll be attracted."

*Or you'll become a worse slave than the women of Lis Ma could ever make you.*

I put the fears out of my mind and knelt at the edge of the pond. I took an experimental sip of water and was pleased at how clean and crisp it tasted. I saw a bush nearby with a fruit I recognized as Linga berries. They were safe and nutritious. I sated my hunger and continued my journey.

I kept going until it was dark. Though I hadn't seen any animals so far, I found a tree with a wide, low branch I could sleep on. I climbed up and leaned on the trunk. It was only five feet off the thick grass, so if I fell off I wouldn't hurt myself. I fell asleep immediately.

I woke the next morning to sunlight filtering through the canopy of trees. It was warm and humid and it felt wonderful. I was sore and achy, but a little exercise would fix that. Walking through this gorgeous jungle was the best workout I ever had.

I was about to jump down when a sudden thought struck. The tree looked very tall. If I could climb to the top I could see where I was and get my exercise at the same time. The branches were thick and close together, so the climb would be safe. I kicked off my sandals and climbed.

Ten minutes later I saw the ground two hundred feet below. I was past the tops of the surrounding trees, and I could see one hundred miles in every direction. The mining camp was very small next to the throne city just beyond, at least fifty kilometers in the distance.

I scanned the direction I was headed. My eyes were quickly drawn to a split, dying tree a hundred meters away. There was a pathway of snapped branches beyond. I saw a glint of something metallic. Could there have been a spacecraft that landed here?

*Rescue!*

I climbed down as quickly as I could. As I put my sandals on I realized that the climb had shredded part of my minidress. My breasts and flat belly showed, but at least my cock was hidden. If there was somebody there I didn't want all of my secrets revealed right away. I trotted in the direction of the crash site, telling myself it was worth the risk to try to find another survivor.

Fifteen minutes later I found the crash. It was a space vehicle all right, and it was only blind luck I saw the damage path because someone had gone to great lengths to heap vegetation on—

*It's the escape pod from the Magellan!*

Dan Phillips had been in this vessel when it was shot away from our ship. I had assumed he'd died in space. I wanted to call out to him but I was afraid I might attract attention. Besides, how would I explain my appearance to him? While he hadn't actually made fun of me, not even when my clothing was replaced with lingerie, the curious look in his eyes had unnerved me. Part of me wanted to head in another direction, away from this place.

"But then you'll be all alone again," I said to myself.

I decided to look around the area for signs of what might have happened to him. I walked a circle, ensuring my sandals didn't cause noise. I looked again at my outfit and wished I had something to cover up with. It was so strange to have breasts and the conflicting feelings they gave me. On one hand it was distressing; However it was exciting as well, probably because the rest of my looks had changed too. I had the body of a beautiful woman, and I couldn't deny I'd loved the womanly sex I had with Ragar.

*But you're a man! Not a sissy or a shemale! What's the matter with—*

My daydreaming was cut short by a powerful masculine arm seizing my waist and a sharp knife going to my throat. I screamed and a woman's shriek came out. Right after that happened I felt the arm relax halfway and the knife barely come off my skin, but I was still being held securely.

"Shut up!" I heard Lieutenant Phillips hiss. "Who are you? Why are you here?"

I immediately realized that identifying myself as Science officer Gary Luckler would be a bad idea right at that moment. He wouldn't have believed it. I could still barely believe it!

I whimpered, too afraid to speak.

With the knife still at my throat his other hand started frisking me. A giddy thrill passed through me as his hands swept my breasts. My nipples got hard right away. Then his hand moved down and swept over my panties, brushing my flaccid cock. He pulled away and pushed me to the soft grassy ground, his eyes wide with shock.

"What the fuck!" he cried out.

“I-I’m sorry!” I whined, faintly amazed at my woman’s voice. A moment later it registered it hadn’t come out in English.

“What the fuck are you?!”

The brain reprogramming made me automatically translate my thinking into the native Lis Ma language. “I... am... a... prisoner,” I forced myself to say in English. “Escaped. I am... a shemale. A... slave on... this world.”

“You speak English,” he said with wonder.

“With... great... difficulty. I mean no harm. No weapons. As you see.”

“You underestimate your own beauty,” he said, appraising me with admiration.

I felt myself blush so I sat up. I made no effort to cover myself. He sat next to me and I shrank back from him, still remembering that blade and his grip. Yet I could not deny how attractive he was. It surprised me, and I started to wonder if their brain reprogramming made me bisexual. I suddenly couldn’t help imagining Dan making love to me. I couldn’t get the fantasy out of my head.

*You loved getting fucked by Ragar every night. Why is this a surprise?*

“Hey, hey... I’m sorry,” Dan comforted me. “I feel like I’ve had eyes on me the whole time I’ve been here. When I saw you, I thought...”

I nodded to show I understood. I looked into his eyes and I blushed deeply. In the jungle’s heat and humidity he’d stripped down to gray underwear, so I could see he was over eight inches and growing.

*Fuck, I’m horny!*

“It’s okay,” I said, eyeing his strong biceps. I looked longingly at him.

“Is there anything I can do to make up for manhandling you like that?”

I bit my lip with helpless desire. “Make love... *please*.” I reached out to him.

His eyes darted down to my panties where my cock was stiffening and then up to my face and breasts. The look in his eyes said he wanted to. “You don’t have any... weird alien diseases do you?” he finally said.

I giggled. Then realized he might take it wrong. “Not making fun... Medics here... very skilled.”

Using the femininity I’d been taught I crossed my arms under my C-cup breasts, took the hem of my ripped open babydoll and pulled it over my head. I took his hands and placed them on my bosom, and I gave him a sultry look. “Please... *fuck* me!”

His lips found mine, hesitantly. I was eager to open my mouth to him and plunge in my tongue, but I sensed he’d never had anyone like me before. I had to let him take full control. I felt his lips part so I did the same, enjoyed his sweet hot breath coming into my mouth. Encouragingly his kiss became firmer and he explored with his tongue, met timidly by mine. He began French kissing me while I pushed my boobs against his muscular chest.

Before long his soft moans turned into guttural sounds of pleasure. I broke off our deep kiss and got on my knees in a submissive position I was taught, with my body angled just so and a saucy tilt to my head. Dan got to his feet, all six-four of him. He was built like one of those hard defensive football players—agile but lithe and very strong. He could easily sweep little me off of my feet!

Dan peeled off his underwear revealing an erection now nine inches long. “Strip.” He commanded.

I looked at him, worried. “But... my... thing.”

“I don’t care about that. You’re woman enough for... Never mind. I want to do this myself.”

He pushed me on my back, grabbed my ankles with one big, strong hand and pointed my feet in the air, stripping my panties off with the other hand. My dick did push-ups on my tummy it was so excited. I wanted him so bad! He looked down at me with a lusty grin.

“Have to say... hard dick or not, you’re more beautiful than most of the women on my planet. And oh yeah I want to make love to you. Now get on your knees and suck Daddy’s dick!”

I glowed with satisfaction at hearing how beautiful I was. I was on my knees and sucking his knob within seconds. He grunted and moaned as my hot wet mouth bathed his bulbous cockhead, licking it and savoring the

salty-sweet precum. I took him all the way down my throat. Ever since I'd learned to do it, I was thrilled by my ability to take up to a fifteen inch cock all the way in without gagging.

"Oh, fuck!" he moaned. "Now I *know* you gotta be an alien girl. No Earth girl ever gave a blowjob like that!"

I smiled to myself as his thick cockmeat slid over my tongue, in and out of my throat. The hot phallus pulsed between my lips, making me so eager for him to fuck me. It jazzed me to get fucked by this military stud and be hi sexpot shemale-sissy.

Finally he pulled out of my mouth and dropped to his knees to look into my face. He kissed me again, hard and deep, his tongue filling my mouth. I moaned in my helpless desire to be his girl, his slut. He pulled back and looked admiringly into my face, telling me how beautiful I was. Then I saw a look of surprise that started in his eyes and dropped his jaw momentarily before he smiled and shook his head in awe.

"What?" I managed to say in English, suddenly worried. "What... matter?" It was odd that the more emotional I got the harder it was not to speak in Lis Ma Drean.

He grinned and shook his head. "It's nothing. I just realized I'm like the castaway on a tropical island, and I've run across the most beautiful girl in the world who wants to fuck me. It's a common fantasy on my planet. You should..." He smiled wickedly.

"Should... what?"

"You should let me complete the fantasy and let me fuck you."

"Yes! Yes!" I moaned in lust "Please fuck! Please fuck!"

"I can see you don't have any lubricant. But I do."

He got behind me and pressed my breasts and belly to the grass, spreading my legs and getting between them. He cupped my knees in his hands and lifted my hips a foot and a half off the ground. The next thing I felt was his panting, warm breath on my asscheeks. I shuddered as he ran his tongue down the crack of my ass to my asshole.

I sighed deeply as he licked my asshole, loving the hot moist thrusting of his tongue and his moans as he rimmed me. He kept tasting my sissyhole

insistently, easing it open with his oral fucking until I felt the passionate wet heat of his tongue sliding past my anal sphincter.

“Fuck me... sir!” I gasped. “Now... please!”

“Call me ‘Daddy’ you sexy slut!”

“Daddy!” I whined, arching my butt higher as my legs draped over his shoulders.

He set me down and stood. He ordered me to sit against his legs. I scampered to do as he said, giddy with delight. He slid his hands under my ass and lifted me waist high as easily as picking up a bag of groceries. I sighed with delight as I felt the tip of his spit-covered, throbbing prick graze my asshole. I sobbed with pleasure as his cock head started to push into my asshole. Then he stopped when he was barely an inch into me.

His warm mouth enveloped my ear, making me shudder with delight and then whimper in frustration. I wanted him to fuck me so much!

“What’s your name sexy little escaped prisoner?” he asked. “I want to know the name of the beautiful slut I’m about to fuck!”

“M-Mary!” I cried. “Please... fuck... Daddy!”

He leaned his head forward and turned so he was looking into my face. He grinned darkly. “Don’t you mean *Gary*, Science officer Luckler?”

I felt my mouth drop in surprise, felt my skin flush and body tingle with my deep embarrassment. That’s when he shoved his dick all the way up into me. I moaned deeply, and I felt a glut of seminal fluid trickle out of my erect cock and down the shaft. I looked into his eyes with abject lust.

“How..?”

“The little gold speckles in your irises and the tiny scar near the corner of your mouth,” he explained, slowly thrusting in and out of my rectal cavity. “I’m security officer of the ship. I know—knew—identifying traits of all of the crew.”

“You’re... not... freaked out?”

“Nope. I read your psych eval too. ‘Androgynous gender aspect. Potential bisexual.’ You *must* have seen me check you out on the ship.”

He increased his rhythm, and the hot sensation of being filled up with his erect meat was making me breathe faster and pour sex sweat.

“I... I did.”

“I jacked off to fantasies of you as a girl a dozen times until we went into cryo. I dreamt of doing this so many times.”

Fucking me harder he raped my mouth with his tongue. I whimpered with my lust, my need for him. I knew I was behaving like a slut but I didn't care. Finally he pulled his tongue from my mouth.

“You're not faking your inability to speak English, are you?” he asked, fucking me with as much passion as I had for him.

I allowed my new native tongue to answer, panting between heaves of pleasure. “Ve greh mulherpst vo jreckklama bi shmeervasrill te vo pluuxnyn gestaar.”

“Wow,” he said. “What does that mean?”

I panted and took a deep breath to force my mind to translate. My skin rippled with ecstasy as pleasure hormones released from deep in my brain as my orgasm built. All of a sudden it spilled out without effort: “I have undergone medical changes in neural and genetic structure.”

“Are we talking microcellular manipulation? Are they that far ahead?”

“Please Daddy just fuck me. Fuck your bitch and cum inside me!” I panted, stroking his chest hair with the free hand that wasn't holding the back of his neck.

Huffing and puffing Dan jackhammered into me, milking my prostate with the head of his dick, building up a tidal wave in my loins that would explode. I moaned with lust, savoring the feeling of his rigid pole sliding in and out of my asshole and stroking my anal walls.

My cries of helpless pleasure grew from his each frenzied thrust. My balls began to swell despite my rigid dick not being touched at all, and I screamed with the force of my orgasm.

My dick was so hard it pointed straight up my belly so I could see the boiling hot glut of cum erupt from my cock head and fly toward my breasts

and my face. Globbs of my own jism splattered on my tits, chin, lips, and in my open mouth.

“Oh fuck, you hot, horny bitch,” he grunted. “Fucking beautiful slut! *Here!*”

He pounded in deeply and I felt his dick spasm, pumping my bowels full of his spunk. Our mouths met and our tongues found each other, sliding and caressing and conveying our mutual desire. Only Ragar had made me feel like that. A tiny flicker of a fantasy of Dan and Ragar double penetrating me flitted through my mind. But that would never happen, couldn't be allowed, because that would mean capture, and I was a runaway slave.

We lay next to each other on the grass, kissing softly and sweetly as we cuddled, holding each other like long lost lovers. Finally Dan propped his head up on his hand and looked at me with curiosity.

“You were speaking English without effort. Did their changes wear off?”

“Ve laggth elgwi...” I cut myself off. The effortless Lis Ma Drean had returned. “I think... maybe... when we... did... dopamine or... some other... neuro... trans...”

“Are you saying in the height of sexual excitement a neurotransmitter release caused their programming to short circuit?”

I nodded. “Maybe... How you... know... medical...”

“I'm an officer with corpsman, emergency medical tech training, plus I read a lot.”

I stretched languorously, smiling. “Sexy.”

“Being an officer? Med training?”

“Reading. Girls... like... smarts.”

“Yeah, I guess you are a girl now, aren't you?”

I nodded. Then I looked hopefully at him. “Y-yours?”

“Let's see... a gorgeous, insatiable sexpot who doesn't talk very much? I know guys who'd kill for that girl—Ow!” he said as I slapped him

playfully. “Actually I always enjoyed speaking with you, so I guess there’s only one solution.”

I raised my eyebrows.

“We fuck all the time!”

We both chuckled.

“I... I’d like... that... Daddy.”

We had just started kissing again when a loud hum enveloped the forest quiet and a huge shadow pulled overhead. There was a flash and suddenly I couldn’t move a muscle. Dan was frozen too.

A minute later a small shuttlecraft the size of an old style Earth transit bus descended with a higher pitched sound. It landed in a clearing only a hundred feet away and a portal opened in the side. Eight armed femmers marched out of the craft and ringed us holding weapons they clearly didn’t need. We were helpless.

Talema and Sashee stood closest to my head. Sashee looked cross but Talema wore a faint smile.

“*Daddy?*” Talema said. “You Earthers are a sexually odd people.”

“Don’t encourage her,” Sashee growled, still unsmiling. “A runaway slave is a disobedient one. You know she must be punished.”

“True,” Talema sighed. “But at least she found the one who got away.”

She gestured to the other femmers. “Carry them to the craft.”

The two shemale sentinels I knew and two I didn’t easily picked me up while the other four picked up Dan and carried us to their shuttle. I took a last breath of the calm, sweet forest air before they carried me inside the small ship and strapped me down in the passenger compartment. I heard a hatch open and saw Talema look toward the sound.

“Both prisoners are healthy and secure, Queen Della,” she reported.

I saw the stunning blonde general standing over me. She wore the same distinctive body armor from the day she captured me. She was a *queen*?

“Alert Mellia and tell her you have a male for medical processing,” Queen Della commanded. “Then we shall decide their fates.”

## Public Punishment

The next day I knelt before Della in the throne room—*Queen* Della. A hundred women lined the walls of the chamber. All of them were exquisitely beautiful by Earth standards, no doubt by a careful and long process of genetic manipulation, which I knew firsthand they excelled at.

Della sat naked on her throne, which I learned was the custom. I wore the uniform of pleasure slaves: a shelf bra to expose my naked breasts, garter belt with stockings, high heel sandals that took much practice to walk in, and crotchless panties to make me vulnerable. Queen Della looked down at me with an amused smirk.

“You did not disappoint, Marika.”

“A slave begs to know—”

“It’s your new name. It means ‘silly girl.’ Now that you’ve shown potential as a femmer, an alien name is no longer fitting.”

“Marika thanks Queen Della.”

“As I said, silly girl, you did not disappoint. You fell under Ragar’s charms as he has done to so many sissies. When I learned how fast that happened I commanded you be given a femmer’s body, which all can see that you love.”

I lowered my head, blushing.

“It can be changed back at any time. As a *punishment*.”

I jerked my head up in a panic, looking at the queen in horror.

“You were given a chance to escape... as a test. You have proven a willful slave, one to be broken.”

I felt so foolish as she laughed at my look of surprise. “Marika was *permitted*?”

“We also hoped you would draw out your shipmate.” She looked up. “Bring him in!”

Four of the seven-foot femmer sentinels escorted him in with electric shock weapons. Dan marched naked, head held high all the way to the throne where he stood next to where I knelt. He stood there defiantly.

“Kneel Earth male,” Queen Della commanded.

He crossed his arms and shook his head.

She shook her head wearily and nodded. One of the Amazonian femmers touched her stun stick to the back of his left calf and he went down on his knees, hard.

“Only a fool resists in captivity, especially when he has a comrade as a fellow prisoner. If disciplining you does not achieve results we will take it out on Marika.”

“May a slave converse freely with a fellow?” I begged.

“As you will,” Della said.

“You can understand? Have you had the knowledge implant?”

“And all kinds of inoculations and tests,” Dan replied in Lis Ma Drea.

“May Marika ask what shall Dan’s fate be?” I begged Della.

“His medical knowledge is sufficient be useful at one of the camps,” she proclaimed.

Dan immediately stood. “Fuck you.”

“I see discipline is necessary. Talema, bring them in.”

Two minutes later eight buff male slaves entered, all of them tall enough to look down into Dan’s eyes, all strong enough to kick his ass with ease. All of them were naked and they seemed to have been bred like Ragar—none had a dick shorter than twelve inches.

“We have studied your culture and the psychology of your males. Especially the heterosexual ones,” the queen said to Dan. “Your sexual insecurities and fear of same-sex relations make you a perfect specimen for conditioning. By anal and oral rape.” She smirked at him. “Let’s see how defiant you are after all of these slaves have fucked your mouth and anus, after you become—what is your people’s parlance—their bitch.” She nodded to the huge femmers. “Get him ready.”

This time all four hit him with their electric weapons, dropping him flat on the floor, writhing. Each femmer seized a limb, opening him to the male slaves. Talema stepped forward with a big bottle of lubricant.

“A slave begs to plea before her queen!” I cried out.

“You are so indulged,” Della said.

“This male, Dan, is new to Lis Ma Dreaan way and, to his place. Marika fears he’ll suffer great physical injury. Marika has been well prepared. Let her take his punishment. Please allow her to, great queen!”

“You would be gang raped in his place? How would that be a punishment to your Dan?”

“Dan is in love with Marika! Surely Queen Della knows that Earth people are highly possessive of their lovers, that to see one’s lover raped is nearly as bad as being raped.”

“No, Mary! Don’t!” Dan groaned, recovering from the shocks.

“I see what you mean,” Della said. “Very well. Bring a padded table for Marika to lay over. Stand the slave Dan right next to it so he can see *everything*. If he in any way resists or tries to interfere, hit him with full voltage.” She looked down at Dan. “It won’t kill you but the pain will feel like the sting of one hundred Earth wasps and it will last for days.”

Talema and Sashee carried over a small, heavy table with thick, soft padding and they laid me over it, face down. My chin rested on the far edge. Talema placed a leather cushion under my chin. Then they fastened my ankles apart with leather-like restraints and secured my wrists so I was firmly bound to the table.

“It’s so you don’t fall off,” Talema whispered. “I think you’re a very brave girl, worthy of being a femmer.”

She stood back and handed the lube to the first male slave.

I shuddered as his slippery finger circled my anal sphincter and pushed easily into me. I couldn’t help the tiny moan of pleasure, making my skin tingle and flush with humiliation at having my sluttiness revealed.

“Go ahead and fuck Marika, Tig,” Sashee said, “and don’t be too gentle. Sashee has an idea about something.” She gestured to the slave behind Tig.

“Rem, fuck her mouth, and none too gently.”

“One moment!” Queen Della called out.

Tig’s finger halted deep up my asshole. I heard the slap of the queen’s bare soles on the floor. She stood over me. I smelled the excitement from her pussy. She patted my head.

“This is the first time such a punishment has been administered in this hall. Can you guess why this is being done here, Marika?”

“Lis Ma Dreans are not neurotic about sex, so this has little entertainment value for the women here. Marika thinks it must be about the slaves being punished.”

“Such a bright girl,” Della said with delight in her voice. “Yes, you Earthers are so humiliated by sex, especially in such a lofty venue and all of these noble women witnessing their sexual depth. It will make it that much more traumatic for your former shipmate.” She chuckled delightedly. “I believe our women might find it interesting and amusing, too.”

“I’ll get you,” Dan moaned. “I’ll get—Eeeeeeeeeee!”

His threats were punctuated by the zap of a charged weapon and his scream.

Queen Della crouched down to look into my eyes. “What will make it the worst punishment of all is that, though it will hurt for awhile, your helpless sexual hunger will be witnessed by a hundred of the high women of our planet and by your Dan. Your Earth-bred modesties and inhibitions will be torn from you. All that will be left is a sissy slut good for but one thing.”

She stood and took several steps over so she stood next to where Dan was being guarded, right at the edge of the table. She clapped her hands and Tig resumed finger fucking me. I tried to suppress my moan of pleasure but I couldn’t, and Rem fed his twelve hard inches into my open mouth.

“Come witness the Earth male, sisters!” Queen Della called to her court.

I vaguely heard a hundred pairs of shoes move over the throne room floor as I sucked greedily on the head of slave Rem’s dick, which rested on my tongue and oozed salty precum. Meanwhile, Tig had withdrawn his

finger and placed the tip on his huge pulsing tool on my slippery, loose asshole. I whimpered in frustration for him to shove it up my ass.

“Does Marika beg for Tig’s cock?” the handsome, buff slave demanded.

“Mmmm-hmmm! Mmmmm-hmmm!” I whined.

I heard the amused buzz of conversation among the noble ladies, felt a few of them stroking my exposed flesh. Some remarked how sexually desperate I seemed while others wondered if all males of our species similarly enjoyed anal penetration and fellatio. Still others said how amusing it might be to own such a slave as a playtoy. I fleetingly thought how it would be better to be the toy of one hundred women than of one hundred men.

Simultaneously the two hung slaves rammed their dicks all the way into my asshole and my throat, making me gag and cry out in pain. The normally hot and nasty feel of cockflesh sliding in and out of my rectal walls was overwhelmed by the battering assault of Tig’s burning tool, fucking me brutally. It hurt and yet my balls and the root of my sissy clit glowed with pleasure.

My throat fared no better. Rem fucked my mouth like it was a porn star’s sloppy pussy, making me feel used. I was no longer gagging but I had to time my breaths carefully as he humped my face without offering me any chance to give or feel pleasure. I began to weep.

Della noticed. “As you see, slave Marika, sex *can* be a punishment. Faced with an easy opportunity to escape, a good and obedient slave would never have run. He or she would gladly accept the will of her mistress. But your real punishment is to come.”

I heard Dan moaning softly to himself in distress at seeing me like this, and it saddened me to hear it. I guessed this what the queen meant by the real punishment, but it turned out not to be that at all.

Ten minutes later both slaves pumped their cum into my well-fucked holes and then pulled out, wiping them clean on my face. Then I heard Queen Della call for the next two, and moments later cocks just as big slid deep into my rectum and my throat. The male slaves fucked me deeper and deeper, and all the while the ladies of the court kept up their commentary.

Some were even pinching and tickling and scratching my exposed skin, remarking on my reactions to their small torments.

After about another ten minutes I felt more hot, thick spunk spurt deep up inside me, and again my face was used as a cleaning rag. I began to feel as low and helpless as I ever had, any there were still four more studs to fuck me.

“Xess and Fuvo!” Della ordered. “Mount the Earth sissy. Show her the perils of disobedience and rebellion.”

As the third pair of huge slave dicks double penetrated me I no longer felt deep pain from my ass and throat being deeply fucked. What remained was an ache of being filled and possessed by their long, plump pricks. I felt used, a living and breathing sex doll being fucked like an object. Even worse was the humiliation of being ritually penetrated as a sideshow for the amusement of the noblewomen of this strange, female-dominated planet.

Finally, twenty minutes later I lay on the table as the final two slaves withdrew and wiped on my face their cum and my bodily juices of their slowly deflating erections. I breathed a sigh of relief that at least that was over until Della raised her voice.

“Slaves that was an excellent job. I shall make sure you are all rewarded with a sumptuous meal and the sissies of your choice when you return to the camp. However, the task is not complete. I have heard slave Ragar claims this sissy slave gives the greatest oral stimulation. Since only half of you have experienced this, I would feel remiss as your ruler to deny you that pleasure. Tig and Rem, back to the table and switch your original positions.”

The bottom dropped out of my stomach when I realized I was only halfway done. Tears of despair leaked out of my eyes as Rem shoved his cock deep into my butthole and Tig invaded my mouth. Through my blurry eyes I saw Dan’s face twisted with grief for my predicament.

The hard cocks thrusting in and out of my holes were breaking my spirit. After making love with Ragar and Dan I had felt like a sexpot—a powerful and sexy wench whose desirable body was her weapon. But now Della’s male slaves were teaching me my place. I was a lowly sex slave, a sissy who served at the pleasure of its women.

I lost all track of time but it felt like an hour later when the first two slaves shot their second loads into me. As I swallowed Tig's hot, tangy jizz I felt all of the cum start to leak out of my asshole and run down my scrotum and cover my balls. Then the next two slaves got into position and starting double fucking me. I surrendered to it.

*I'm a fuck toy—a slut bitch to any man or femmer or sissy who wants me. I am going to be a sex slave for the rest of my life!*

A strange thing started to happen. It began with a flush that started on my scalp and raced down my body until every square inch of skin tingled. My erection had wilted when I had realized that fucking could be a punishment. But now my groin was aching pleurably and my dick was getting hard again. I was horny! I started to moan softly.

"It's happening, Queen Della," Sashee said.

"Yes. Indeed," the queen agreed. "It's time to let Marika speak, Tig."

Immediately the male slave pulled his twelve inches out of my throat. I sucked it hard as he kept pulling until he plopped from my lips. I gasped for breath, panting as the excitement quickened my pulse. I tried to contain my sounds of pleasure to not humiliate myself even further. Then I smelled the perfume of Della's pussy and felt the presence of her body standing over me.

"It feels good now, doesn't it Marika?"

I bit my lip before the awful truth came out. "Yes, Queen Della."

"Your cock is erect now, isn't it?"

"Yes, Queen," I admitted, tears leaking down my cheeks.

"You love men fucking you, don't you? Using you as a pure sexpot?"

"Yes, Queen!"

"So let us all hear your sounds of pleasure. Don't think we don't know."

It was such a needless order; Rem had slowed to a gentle, steady penetration, so his fourteen inches created the most deliciously wicked friction on my buttohole and my anal canal. Little moans and cries issued forth bringing a buzz of appreciation in all of the spectators. My moans

turned long and intense as he fucked me deeply. I felt the precum pooling on the table under my belly.

“Let it happen, Marika,” Sashee urged. “Let go your shame and dignity.”

My sounds of intense pleasure became deep groans in the woman’s voice they gave me, hopelessly caught up in my ravishing.

“Now, Rem,” Della said.

The slave fucking my asshole gave up his long, gentle strokes and began fucking me as hard as before—harder. He battered deep up past my rectum, his hips slamming into round asscheeks, making me feel just as used as before... but with a big difference.

“Oh shit, Rem! Fuck Marika’s ass so hard! Fuck her deep and fill her up with cum!” I gasped until I was reduced to intermingled pants and moans.

I was a slut now and there was no going back. I had been completely owned. I looked up and saw Dan standing next to me, his eyes wide with an undecipherable mix of horror, fascination and lust. Then his dick started to get hard. He couldn’t take his eyes off of me, a sissy slave helpless in sexual ecstasy, the last vestiges of Earth morals ripped away.

Della noticed his erection and stood next to him. “She is beautiful is she not?”

“Yes... Ma’am,” he said grudgingly.

“Is that insolence I hear in your voice?”

“Take it for what you will.”

“That’s what I thought. Sentinels! Secure him! Talema and Sashee, bring it!”

The seven-foot Amazons seized him in powerful hands while the sentinels assigned to me brought an identical table and bent Dan over it, securing him tightly. One of Della’s own femmer servants brought her a harness and dildo that was nearly a foot long but at least not as thick as any of the slaves running a train on my asshole. Talema strapped the dick to the queen while Sashee lubricated it.

“I shall keep my word to you, Marika, by not turning him over to the males to be chastised. However I cannot permit defiance toward me. Ever. He shall be humbled.”

For one long moment Dan and I looked into each other’s eyes until he looked away. He gasped as one of the femmers coated his rear entry with lubricant, and then Queen Della got behind him. He jerked in his bonds as she touched the tip of the long dildo to his anal sphincter. I was still moaning with hot joy as Rem continued to fuck my asshole. I could feel my rectal muscles clamping onto his dick, making him moan.

“Your name is Daniel Phillips is it not?” Della asked.

He kept silent. Della nodded to one of the Amazons, who touched a charge weapon to the small of his back. He screamed in a high pitched voice.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” he cried.

“Yes, *what?*” the queen demanded.

“Yes, Ma’am!”

Rem was intently watching the drama and had slowed down a gentle fucking that got me even hornier. The sensation of his big pulsing meat deep up my ass made my cock and balls ache with dizzying erotic bliss. I was building up to cum just from being fucked.

“You shall be known as ‘Dan’ for now. You will get a neural learning implant in the slave camp. From it you shall learn about our world, but I shall stress the most important things. Lis Ma Drea is matriarchal. The population of males is kept to a minimum through genetic manipulation. Men are slaves, though a woman has the right to take one as a second-class mate. Men are *always* subservient no matter who they belong to or how they belong, even those chosen as mates. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he moaned, half in pain and half in despair.

“You come from a planet where men rule, where women are often treated as lesser citizens. If you are intelligent this will be the only time you need to be physically shown your place in this world.”

Without further preamble she thrust forward and Dan cried out again. He shut his eyes as she pushed slowly, all the way into him. When her hips

rested against his butt she paused and let him get used to the feel of it inside him. He breathed deeply to control the pain of the initial thrust and soon the tension left his face and body. That was when she began slow fucking him deeply, pulling it back only a few inches before easing it forward again. The quality of his breathing changed.

I knew how good getting fucked could feel but I was a sissy and it didn't have the same psychological effect on me as it would on a he-man like Dan. However the sounds he was starting to make in response to Queen Della's expert anal stimulation told everyone it was starting to feel good. I don't know why but that made me even more excited. I begged Rem to fuck me harder.

"Gladly, little Marika," he said.

Moments later I was gasping as his fat, long dick was again plunging deep into my asshole. I began crying out in tactile rapture, feeling him fuck my little sissy asshole and massage my prostate with his knobby cock head.

"Marika is going to cum! Please cum in her ass at the same time, Rem!"

Dan was looking at me again, his eyes filled with a mix of hopelessness and lust, while tiny whimpers of pleasure issued from his mouth. The sight of the Amazon queen fucking a big strong man like him somehow made me feel even more helpless. When his moans began to fill the chamber and the ladies all made sounds of amazement and amusement, Rem grabbed tight and rammed into me to the hilt, pumping his load inside of me. I wailed as I shot my own load, spurting all over my belly and the table I lay over.

"Release her," Della said, switching to longer strokes on Dan.

The pleasure on my former shipmate's face was apparent, and his groans of sweet paradise said he was too excited to care he was being buttfucked by a woman in front of one hundred other women. Some part of him knew he'd lost whatever defiance he had because tears ran down his face.

Della had a look of satisfaction on her face as she asked him if he wanted her to stop fucking him and release him.

"N-no!" he whimpered, beaten.

She paused in her thrusts. "Say, 'please keep fucking me, Mistress!' And mean it."

"P-please keep fucking me mistress," he wept through his moans of satisfaction.

"Release him and hold him in position," Della commanded the Amazon femmers. She turned to me. "Kneel in front of him when he is in position."

The femmers got a strong grip on his body even though it wasn't needed; he was no longer fighting this. He had surrendered to the fucking and was allowing himself to enjoy it. The Amazons held him while two other femmers pulled the table away. Della kept fucking him the whole time while Dan stayed hard as a rock.

"Orally please him, Marika," the queen told me. "He deserves a reward."

Dan's cock was already leaking precum as my lips closed around it, earning an even deeper groan. Between the queen's full length anal thrusts and my sucking mouth, his throbbing cock started to jerk in my mouth."

"I—Dan is cumming," he gasped.

Della thrust in savagely and squeezed his balls. He cried out with a violent orgasm as his dick head exploded almost an ounce of cum into my mouth. I gulped it down so I wouldn't drown in it. It tasted just as good as the first time. I hoped that Dan would get sent to the mining camp along with me so I could be his wife!

The queen pulled out and immediately a femmer rushed over to remove her dildo. She commanded Dan to his knees in front of her and then to kiss her feet. He did so without hesitation.

"That's an improvement."

"Thank you, Ma'am," he said.

"You may look up." She clapped her hands twice and the four femmer sentinels came to her side. "Kemla, Teeru, Tamori, Mulqui," she said to the seven-foot femmers. "He is yours for a week. His records indicate he has medical training so have him work with one of medics to learn our technology so he may be useful." She smiled darkly at him. "At night he is your to use as you will. Continue his lessons into the hierarchy of our

world.” She looked at him. “Woman, femmer, sissy, male. After a week he should be fully docile and ready to serve as a medic’s aide.”

Unceremoniously they picked him up by his four limbs and carried him out of the throne room. I was disappointed. My fantasy about going to the camp as his wife was not going to be. At least not right now.

Della looked at me with an amused expression. “Now we must get to *your* punishment, Marika.”

“May a girl ask a question, Ma’am?”

“Ask, sissy.”

“Was that not Marika’s punishment just now?”

She snorted. “Silly girl. You took Dan’s punishment, remember? Besides, there is not a woman in this chamber who didn’t witness you lost in bliss.” She raised her voice. “Is this not so, noble ladies?”

One hundred voices murmured their assent.

“Talema! Sashee! Take this runaway slave to the clinic to reverse her breasts and then back to the camp. She is now a *Red*. Let her serve in the pleasure stations so that any slave may enjoy her body when he is done with his day labors. After what we witnessed just now, it seems all she is good for.” She looked sternly at me. “One last thing. She is off-limits to Ragar *and* Dan. She will be a sissy whore and nothing else in the camp. Now take her away!”

\* \* \*

The twin femmers escorted me back into the infirmary where Mellia waited for me with her needleless injection device. The Lis Ma shemale pair had escorted me without a word all the way to the hovercraft station, the ride and the exam room. The black shemale shook her head with a sad smile as she gave me the shot.

“May... may Marika ask how long, Ma’am?” I asked.

“By tomorrow morning your chest will mostly be as it was. You will get to keep that silky hair and girlish muscle tone, but other than that you shall

revert back to a sissy body.”

I looked at her with hurt dismay. In a very short while I had come to love my breasts. Tears leaked down my cheeks. The three femmers looked significantly at each other and shrugged sadly.

“We are sorry,” Sashee said, “but the queen has spoken.”

Again they marched me into the actual camp, but instead of leaving me there at the security station they took me past the second portal, past the area where Ragar lived and all the way down to a large enclosure built into the corridor.

Two femmers stood guard at a large door. Next to it was a full-wall window where three dozen beautiful sissies lounged around in a huge chamber that looked like a harem room on Earth. They all wore exotic lingerie as they dozed, chatted, massaged each other and otherwise passed the time.

“We have a new Red for you,” Talema said to one of the guards.

“Your timing is exquisite, sister,” the guard said. “The meal period following the work shift will soon conclude. According to the report one hundred fifty males have earned Red Girl privilege. She will learn her place quickly.” She grinned wickedly. “That she is a new Red will ensure her popularity among the men. We have not had a new Red in three cycles.”

I knew from my learning implant that a cycle was the time it took the Lis Ma moon to go from new to full and back, about fifty Earth days.

“Those breasts will ensure her popularity,” the other femmer said with a knowing smile.

“What is your name, Red girl?”

“Marika, Ma’am.”

“Not *here* it isn’t. You are Kemla Auka. Or just ‘Auka.’ Lowest girl. She turned to her fellow guard. “Get Kemla Aara from the salon.”

One minute later the other guard led out a sissy so beautiful she could have been a femmer except for the lack of breasts. She wore a see-thru babydoll and stockings that framed her ten inches of meat. She strode right to me and shoved me to the floor.

“On your knees, Auka,” commanded Aara. “You are the low girl and thus slave to all sissies in this salon.” She smirked. “Being the first choice of many men tonight will cause resentment, even though all here were once the new girl—the lowest. Now you will learn your place.” She raised the edge of her babydoll. “You will serve all of the sissies in this salon. Start with me. *Suck!*”

While Talema and Sashee and the two guards watched I took the top sissy’s hardening cock into my mouth. I started to take her right down my throat but she pulled back, saying my throat was reserved for the men. With a fond smile she called me a slut and ordered me to suck her cock head.

After my earlier brutal battering, Aara’s dick seemed delicate and gentle, pulsating in my mouth while I sucked and licked it. She took only five minutes to flood my mouth with salty musk that filled my nostrils. She nodded with satisfaction, hooked her hands in my long silky hair and yanked me to my feet. I followed her, whimpering.

“Oh, be quiet,” she snapped. “That was nothing. Take care you never learn what true physical punishment is.” She cast an unpleasant look over her shoulder at me. “Your breasts are bigger than any of the other sissies here. They will be especially jealous.”

“May Kemla Auka speak?”

She flashed a brief smile. “I see you know something of your place. Good. Remember that and you will ascend. Now speak.”

“They told Auka her breasts would deflate. They gave her an injection.”

“Don’t worry about the third person protocol unless a woman comes back here. So you were being groomed as a femmer?”

“I was... Ma’am.”

“How far you have fallen, Auka.” She pushed through a huge set of curtains and pulled me through. “Welcome to your new home.

“This is the salon. When male slaves are served we line up and they enter in groups of twenty. If more than one wants a certain girl they form a line. If a lot of men want the same girl she may not get to sleep until the sun rises and the male slaves return to their labors.

“You had better hope those breasts deflate *soon*, Auka. The men usually flock to the newest girl and breasts on a sissy are so rare... for your sake I hope you can withstand a good fucking. If you’re up to it you can take two at a time as long as you can handle your throat being fucked.”

She led me to the center of the room and forced me to my knees.

“Sisters,” Aara announced to the room of sissies. “This is the new Auka. Come show the low girl her place.” She turned to me. “Please them, Auka.”

For the next half hour I sucked off or rimmed the other thirty-three sissy concubines. Most wanted only a token minute of cocksucking but a few wanted me to French kiss their assholes, most notably the lowest girls before me.

I was rimming the last girl when a soft tone rang from somewhere in the ceiling. Automatically my sister sissies lined the walls. I started to head for one empty slot on the wall.

“No, Auka,” Aara ordered. “Kneel there in the center of the salon so the men can see who the new girl is.” She grinned darkly at me. “Fear not, low girl. There are only one hundred fifty of them. They won’t *all* want you. Now head down until I say.”

I lowered my head as I heard the men enter talking and laughing. I could smell the sweat of their bodies, their masculinity. I could feel the heat from the male bodies standing close to me. I could see quite a few pairs of sandals standing in my periphery of vision. Then Aara said I could look up.

All twenty naked male slaves surrounded me. The shortest was at least six inches higher than my five-eight height, and all of them were built like football players. It appeared that not one of the males on this planet had a dick shorter than nine inches.

Suddenly the gangfucking in the throne room seemed like nothing. I kept myself from panicking with the memory how much pleasure I got from getting fucked. If I could make myself love my gangfucking, this wouldn’t be so bad.

*But what if all one-hundred fifty want to fuck you!*

“This should be fun, sisters,” Aara announced, sitting crosslegged a few feet away from the circle of male who leered down at me. “I think our low

girl will put on quite a show.” She grinned at me. “Assume the position, Auka. Be certain not to disappoint these hard-working males or you will truly learn what discipline can be.” She tossed a full bottle of lubricant at the men, the tallest of whom caught it. “Don’t worry, low girl,” she laughed. “They only have until daybreak. There won’t be time for more than a hundred to have you, even if they double fuck you all night long!”

“I’m Cha,” said the brute who caught the lubricant. “I never had a sissy with tits!”

Cha was nearly seven-foot tall, one hundred kilograms and had a dick almost as thick and long as my forearm. He was terribly handsome with a sleek bald scalp and green eyes. He smiled as he knelt between my parted legs and lubed up his stiffening fifteen inches.

“Dal wants her mouth!” exclaimed another of the muscular titans.

He plopped down on the cushions in front of me and unceremoniously jammed his cock into my mouth. I just managed to catch my gag reflex as he went down my throat. On his third stroke I was able to take a breath and catch the rhythm as he orally fucked me. My mouth was a cunt for his dick.

Cha teased my swirled ring of anal muscle with his prick. It opened up like it had been waiting for him all of this time, easily slipping in the first two inches. Cha slid his thrumming, huge tool deep up my asshole like an eager pussy. I groaned at the prickly hotness and the nasty friction of his cockmeat squeezing through my rectal canal and past my prostate.

“Oh, god oh god! Fuck me!” My ecstatic cry was muffled by Dal’s pounding boner.

The eighteen other slaves encircling us cheered them on, and clamored for them to hurry up and cum so they could get their turn. Dal and Cha found a strange rhythm that put both cocks all the way into me at the same time. As Dal’s cockhead reached its deepest in my throat his fellow had buried all the way into my rectal canal. Their massive dicks humped me from each end.

The pair jackhammered me with their giant cocks like I was a piece of meat, using me like the sleaziest whore ever. My cock was rigid, pulsing against my belly as they double fucked on all fours. The idea of being a pure sex object excited me more than I’d ever been.

*But it's empty, devoid of true passion or love.*

Aara had a look of fond compassion as she knelt and saw the conflict in my eyes. She reached under and found my hard dick. She smiled a bit wistfully, as if recalling such a moment of her own. She gently stroked my pussy prick as she spoke softly into my ear.

"I have heard something of your people, Earth pussy. You cannot believe you are sexually excited to be just a mere carnal receptacle, a pure object, and yet you are."

A tear leaked down my cheek, which she flicked away with her finger and then kissed the tear. "Feel grateful sister pussy. You have the natural ability to convert what you see as degradation into eroticism, so your position as a Red girl will eventually become normal to you. This night will be the worst of it. By tomorrow your breasts will have gone mostly down and you won't be so novel. You'll just be another slave girl to serve the male slaves, thus serving our society here. You shall learn to enjoy sexually service, being fucked by dozens of men every night."

Her hand was getting slippery so I knew I was pumping out precum, which she used to stroke me even more vigorously.

Despite the stimulation I couldn't stop weeping. "But what about love?"

"It's true you won't see much of it in this room but perhaps you may some day bond with another of your sisters here. Perhaps several of us over the years." She looked deeply, hotly into my eyes. "Maybe even *me* someday."

With that she applied finger pressure that somehow triggered me to spurt cum onto her fingers, which she licked off with a devilish smile. My asshole clenched around Cha's dick and triggered his own orgasm. His cohort spurted all over my tongue. The pair wiped their cocks all over my face and swaggered off contented while the next two men dropped into place. Aara smiled at me as I began to get fucked by the next pair of male slaves.

*Only ninety-six more to go.*

## Two Choices

I awoke on the salon floor. My throat and asshole were faintly sore but nothing like that first night. It had been seven days since I'd become a Red girl, and true to Aara's word things had gotten so much better after the first night. The second night I served only forty guys in six hours, and the third it had been only twenty. I was astonished how easily I had first become accustomed and then *addicted* to the huge alien cocks plunging in and out of my asshole and throat.

What amazed me most was the small genetic miracle the medics performed. I healed quickly from cuts, scrapes and bodily orifices rubbed raw. After my first night of endless gangbanging, my asshole and throat had recovered by midday. Usually I was ready to fuck again by the next morning—as were all of the other girls, no matter how many men fucked them. None of us pleasure slaves could have served in the salon without that ability healing ability.

My cock and balls still ached from the six orgasms I'd enjoyed serving the male slaves last night. One of the other marvels of Lis Ma medicine was how fast our glands produced cum—ten times faster than on Earth—and how many erections and climaxes we could have one after another. Last night we got two hundred men and I took on seventy. It was my glory and my shame how much pleasure I took being the designated gang-bang sissy. Yet it was an empty thrill.

I sat up and assessed my condition. Last night I'd been so drained by pleasure and sexual exertion I hadn't made it to my sleeping mat much less the bathing area. Dried cum was stuck to every square inch of my skin and matted in my hair. It still trickled out of my asshole from last night. When I burped I still tasted the men's tangy, sweet jizz. I was about to try to stand when the tears started. How was it possible I could find such degradation not only acceptable but *enjoyable*? One thought made me cry more than any other—how much I missed Ragar and even Dan.

*Will I ever feel love again?*

As I tried to dry my tears I noticed the moisture made the cum all over my face sticky again, which made me cry a little bit more. I took a deep breath and lowered my head to compose myself. Moments later I became aware of two familiar pairs of boots in front of me. I looked up, tears still running down my face, to see Talema and Sashee.

“What could ever make such a sexy girl so sad?” Talema asked.

“Indeed, why is such a beautiful and highly desired sissy crying?” Sashee added.

“I... I am just happy to see you!”

Aara joined them. “I see you two found her.”

“She’s pretty hard to miss,” Talema said.

Aara smiled sadly at me. “I shall miss you, Marika.”

“But my name is, Auka.”

“Not any longer, hot little sissy,” Aara said.

“You’ve been summoned,” Sashee explained. She turned to Talema. “Shall we?”

The pair of Amazon shemales picked me up as easily as a small throw rug and carried me out of the salon. I was a little afraid but I was also grateful. Even a night away from the non-stop sex would be a blessing. I hoped my rest would last for at least a night.

“I’m getting semen all over me,” Sashee complained. She carried my legs as they took me down the long corridor toward the security portals.

“We’ll clean ourselves up while we’re bathing her,” Talema said.

“I can’t think of anyone I’d rather be naked with in a tub of water,” Sashee giggled.

“Me neither,” Talema replied, bending down to kiss my lips as she helped carry me.

Three hours later I’d been bathed, perfumed and heavily painted with cosmetics. I wore sheer bikini panties that matched the sheer bra and garter

belt holding up sheer stockings. The lingerie showed right through the transparent babydoll. I wore high-heel leather sandals.

I really missed my breasts but they had fully deflated days ago.

I waited with Talema and Sashee at the far end of the throne chamber, full to capacity with noble ladies and their femmers. Queen Della sat naked in her usual place at the far end, her legs spread wide. The queen pointed down the hundred-foot aisle, so I started walking. My high heels reverberated loudly on the floor. As I got closer to the throne I saw her parted major labia exposing hot, pink, moist cuntlips. She was the essence of powerful womanhood—proud, strong and unashamed.

The sight of her vulva made me weak with desire and brought a pleasant ache to my groin. Every woman in the room couldn't fail to notice my erection bulging in my panties. These very same noble ladies had already seen me moaning like a slut when I had been gangfucked in this room, so I felt no embarrassment. What was the point?

I came to a stop at the foot of the dais as I'd been instructed. Talema and Sashee stood at the ready on left side of the dais. They looked stunning in their armor and boots. Their faces were painted up in exotic beauty, their hair cascading down their shoulders.

"You may approach, Marika," the queen said.

"Yes, Queen Della," I replied as I ascended the dais and stood right in front of her throne. Though I was standing and she was seated I was still not looking down into her eyes.

"You make a very attractive girl. Kneel." The queen turned to the twin femmers. "Has this Earthling learned her place? Is she fit to serve as a pleasure slave?"

"Yes, my queen," Talema and Sashee said in unison

Della looked at me. "It is now time to make your choice. Your small stature makes you unsuitable to be a male slave on this planet. Your performance shows you most suited to sexual service. Do you want to live as a sissy or become a femmer?"

"Oh great Queen Della," I announced, "Marika begs to become a femmer, a direct servant to the women of Lis Ma Drea."

She looked triumphantly down into my eyes. “And why do you want that?”

“There is nothing more beautiful and powerful than a woman. Though a femmer can never be the equal of any woman she seeks to honor femininity in all ways with her body. Marika wants nothing so badly as that.”

“Then it shall be so. This sissy shall be taken to the royal medic to begin her transformation to the specifications that her owner shall dictate.”

I knew what was coming next. Now that I had made my choice, a woman could take ownership of me. I would serve at her pleasure for as long as she wanted, doing whatever she desired. If no woman claimed me right away I would be given to a femmer or even a pair of femmers to serve and also to be trained and groomed to eventually serve a woman.

*I hope it will be Talema and Sash—*

“Is there a woman here who desires the novelty of an Earthling male whose sexual capacity has been well demonstrated? She has some of the barbarism of her planet but she is not entirely stupid. Who desires her?”

A dozen hands went up. I was disappointed. I so badly wanted to go with the twins and be their sex slave, hopefully forever. I knew from my learning implant the custom was that all women interested in me would state their case one at a time, and the acting queen would decide. As I looked at all of the raised hands I saw that every one of them was as beautiful as a movie star on Earth.

*I will surrender to my fate and make peace with it.*

“You certainly seem to be popular, Marika. However there will be no need for any of the ladies to entreat me.” She stood in her glorious statuesque beauty, towering over me and spread her legs, her pussylips parted inches from my mouth. “I claim this slave for *myself*!” She looked down at me. “So *please* me!” she cried out.

I opened my mouth and gently covered her pink, moist vulva with my lips. Up and down her juicing labia I ran my tongue, tasting the first pussy I had in over a year... technically six years, if I counted hypersleep. My last Earth woman had been a licensed sexworker. That prostitute’s pussy had tasted like tart milk, as had the few other Earth women I had gone down on,

but Della's cunt juices were a little more like male cum—more of a salty-sweet tang—yet it was still creamy and womanly.

Without shame I went down on Queen Della in front of all those women and femmers. I licked her vulva up and down from her clit to her asshole until I felt a slight shudder. She gasped with joy. She seized my long dark hair and pulled my face back from her crotch, then she yanked it back to force my gaze into her limpid eyes.

“Say it, Marika.”

Just as if I had been studying it my entire life, the formal response leapt from my lips without hesitation. “Marika is yours... *Mistress*. For as long as she pleases you and it pleases you to own her. Marika pledges eternal devotion.”

“Excellent,” she said. “Talema and Sashee. She is yours for a week, until her transformation is complete.” Queen Della sat with regal flair that belied her nudity and addressed her court. “Now we shall address our current issues. We have but a week until the throne changes with the lunar cycle and Queen Erilil assumes her rule.”

\* \* \*

I knelt naked at the hovercraft station, waiting for my mistress Queen Della to arrive. I had said my goodbyes to my femmer lovers Talema and Sashee, a fond farewell made sweeter by knowing I would see them again before too long. I had been with them almost the whole time for the last week, even when they were on duty as sentinels at various stations. We all slept together nightly.

They took me to every medic visit, thrilled for me as my breasts again filled to a big C-cup size. Between the exercise, the physical therapy and the genetic manipulation the medics had given me a girly hourglass waist and the kind of shapely ass I so desired in women. Permanent makeup had been programmed into my facial skin, and my bone structure lost any vestige of maleness. Most pleasantly surprising, my cock had grown to almost nine inches. After last night with the twins I knew I could cum seven times and spurt an ounce each time.

“You’re being prepared as the queen’s personal femmer and not just a toy,” Talema had explained last night. “It’s very rare for a queen to do, but something about you has attracted Queen Della.”

“What?”

“I guess you’ll find out,” the redheaded shemale had grinned. “Now suck my cock some more.”

“What about me?” Sashee asked with a playful pout.

“Her ass is free in case you hadn’t noticed.”

It had been a week beyond my wildest dreams. Now as I knelt on the station platform I worried that I might not live up to my new mistress’ expectations. What if I let her down? The femmer twins told me not to worry, that the queen was fair and loving as well as firm. She wouldn’t have picked me if she didn’t believe I had potential to be whatever she wanted from me.

Queen Della strode in wearing the same uniform she’d worn on the day she brought me to this world. She looked so exotic in the purple-red armor of a Queen General, I could not resist bending down to kiss the synthetic polymer of her boots.

“Look at me, slave,” she said gently.

I looked up into her face and saw curiosity and tenderness that made me think this would be okay.

She beckoned me onto the robot hovercraft. There were chairs, a sofa, and a large circular bed near the back away from the pilot controls. She sat and the edge of the bed toward the front window and bade me to sit next to her. I sat near my queen and she pulled me close to her and wrapped an arm around my feminine waist. Meanwhile, the hatch closed and the craft came to life, easing away from the docking ramp. I looked quizzically at the empty pilot chairs at the helm.

“A computer guidance system handles any typical course and it avoids hazards all by itself,” she explained. “It’s my personal transport to and from my home farm, and anywhere else I desire to go.”

“May I... Where does it take Mistress and Marika?” I asked when she nodded.

“To my home... *our* home,” she said significantly.

“May a slave girl ask a deep question?”

“She may.”

“Why did Mistress choose Marika?”

She gently put a finger to my lips and smiled. “You shall receive an answer to that question later, beautiful daughter.”

My mouth dropped open and she laughed with delight like the sound of tinkling bells. “As your mistress is it not my right to call you as I so desire? You have my permission to speak freely.”

“You know my planet. Earth.”

“Far better than you imagine,” she said. “What of it?”

“On Earth it is considered taboo for a parent to have... relations with their child. Even as roleplay it is frowned upon by many.”

“True and for many good reasons, especially the genetic and emotional hazards. But as your learning implant must have told you, ‘daughter’ has other meanings on Lis Ma Drea. I find it interesting that your native inhibitions overrode your learning here. They must be very strong.”

She was so beautiful, strong and wise, I couldn’t help both love her and lust for her. Her words “my daughter” reverberated in my mind. My cock started to stir. Just then I hated myself for feeling shame in the presence of this woman, this queen, this alien goddess. My eyes filled with tears.

“What distresses you so, my daughter?” she asked in the most loving voice I had ever heard.

How could I tell her that, though we weren’t even from the same star system, the idea of her being my mother and me as daughter had become so very strong and compelling? Coupled with my sexual attraction to this alien queen from the day she came into my life made me feel so confused and even guilty, which only stoked my lust.

“You’re just so... so beautiful and perfect,” I said.

She bent slightly and tenderly kissed my lips. “Thank you, my daughter. However I will now show you true beauty and perfection.” Not breaking

her loving gaze into my eyes she raised her voice. “Helm. New destination. Hor Setil Isis.”

“Course change heard: Hor Setil Isis,” said a lovely synthetic female voice.

I felt the hovercraft slew off toward the left. I knew it was a lake several hundred kilometers from the city, that it was supposed to be very beautiful, but that’s all my learning implant told me.

I sat side by side with my queen and watched the beauty of the forest pass slowly by one hundred feet below and breathtaking craggy mountains in the distance. She gently turned my head to look into her eyes while she maintained a possessive arm around my femme waist. My erection had reached maximum hardness despite my shame at my excitement at her calling me “daughter” and my taboo fantasies.

“Lis Ma Drea is not Earth,” she patiently explained, as if to a child. “Not only are we free of your religious neuroses and the social dysfunction that spring from it, our methods of procreation are completely different. We do not have familial mothers and fathers in the sense that your race does. We engineer DNA and biological matter, and so we have no birth defects or any such limitations that spring from what your people would call normal procreation.

“Symbolically all women under the queens of our world are our daughters, though in the throne chamber we use the word ‘sister’ to show harmony and unity. Unlike the planet Earth we strive not to give much weight to social hierarchy. That is why all of our queens are naked in the throne room, to balance out the sense of superiority the title implies. On our world, queen has a much deeper and more practical meaning.”

I waited for her to say more but she just hugged me to her and softly kissed my face. I closed my eyes and accepted her soothing affection, feeling completely safe for the first time since our ship was attacked and boarded. I savored the comfortable embrace with this woman bigger, stronger and more beautiful than I was, zipping over the jungle surface of an alien planet in an advanced aircraft.

I pressed my cheek just above Della’s high, firm D-cup breasts and listened to her magnificent heartbeat deep within her. I closed my eyes and

let my senses fill with the sweet perfume of her pussy, which I could smell despite her armor, and the feel of her soft, warm skin.

I lost all track of time until I felt the craft decelerating to a stop.

“Open your eyes, daughter.”

I gasped at the sight of a huge and stunning lake with tall jagged crystal mountains on one side and the lush green jungle in all directions. The water was as deep blue as I’d ever seen and there were a hundred visible species of creatures knifing through its clearness. Birds of all sizes and colors swam, dove and flew around, giving the craft just enough room.

“Helm,” she ordered. “All shields down.”

“Shields down order confirmed,” the craft replied.

“Oh my God!” I gasped after a moment, seeing.

It was like all of the hovercraft walls had turned to the clearest glass. We sat on a bed one hundred feet over the lovely lake, surrounded by the greatest imaginable primordial beauty, ever.

“True beauty and perfection,” Della gestured around, standing.

She began to remove her armor. I watched mesmerized by a living beauty that rivaled that of the planet outside of the craft. Soon she stood directly in front of me fully naked and smiling gently down at me. Her body was that of a twenty-year-old’s, her breasts those of a young porn star, and her body of an elite sexworker on Earth, right down to the almost hairless vulva and the small patch of pubes above.

“True beauty and perfection indeed, Mistress,” I breathed.

“How old do you think I am?”

I cringed inside. With Earthwomen that was often a loaded question and your best bet was to lowball the number. She caught the wary look in my eyes and tittered.

“I am not fishing for a compliment. In your Earth years, how old am I?”

I looked from the smooth, flawless skin of her face—without the hint of the beginning of crowsfeet or laugh lines—to her taut, creamy skin of her abdomen and her softly muscular legs, and I would have guessed her at twenty. But it seemed too unreal that so young a woman would be queen.

“Maybe... thirty. Thirty-five.”

She smiled gently. “Correct... as long as you are guessing thousands of Sol years.”

“You—Mistress is thirty-five *thousand* years old?”

“Yes, my daughter.”

“How is that possible?”

“Since you’re a scientist I can explain it, as long as you can accept the premise of my explanation.”

“Marika trusts her mistress.”

“The eight queens on this planet are the source of the genetic material of the entire supergenus Hominini born here and other planets that we and our ancestors have been able to reach. Our chromosomes are the building blocks of all Lis Ma Drea’s people. Each of the queens has twelve times as much genetic material as any of the people. The proper genetic sequences are extracted from our DNA, merged with male sperm that has been selected for specific characteristics beyond health, appearance and mental stability. From that our children are born. However since we age so slowly and have little disease, procreation is limited to a lunar cycle in every two years.”

So she and the seven other queens were genetic repositories that gave them incredible health, longevity, intelligence, strength and...

“Does Mistress have any supernormal capabilities?”

“Prepare yourself to see one of the abilities that makes a Lis Ma Drea queen so special.” She bent down and kissed me on the lips. “You have nothing to fear from me, Marika. Do not forget that.”

She took a step back, dropped her arms and closed her eyes. She spread her feet wide apart, and my eyes were naturally drawn to her perfect vulva. I remembered the bliss of going down on her; I wanted a lifetime of it. Then I saw the most bizarre thing: the moist skin of her vulva seemed to move on its own, joining together and swelling and...*growing*.

I felt my mouth fall wide open as her labial skin bulged outward and took a new shape as a long, cylindrical... a *phallus* was growing out of her

minor labia! Within ten seconds it was unambiguously a cock, and it was growing bigger and more defined. In less than a minute my owner, Queen Della, had a large thick cock that hung all the way to her knees. It was flaccid but it had the look of a dick in full working order. I felt dizzy, so it was a good thing I was already sitting down.

“How... how?” I fumbled, suddenly afraid.

She sat next to me in a flash, wearing a reassuring look as she held me protectively and lovingly. She told me not to be afraid. She said she couldn’t fully explain how she did it, but it amounted to a conscious control of her anatomy at a cellular level, one that took her thousands of years of practice to master.

As this near-miracle sunk in, it somehow made sense. After all I’d seen of this futuristic world, it wasn’t a huge stretch that such a thing was possible. Then I asked her why she was doing this.

She smiled at me. “I will never forget how you looked in the royal chamber when you lost your shame and gave yourself over to the sexual pleasure of those men fucking you. I have never seen any woman, noble or femmer, look as beautiful as you did in your moment of surrender. I want to bring that look to your face myself.”

She kissed me deeply and they lay on her back, her cock stiffening between her legs. I licked and slurped my queen’s miraculous cock until it was slippery and fully erect. The heat her phallus gave off was incredible, so filled with hot womanly blood, and yet it still smelled like her pussy. Her cock was eighteen inches and too big to fit into my mouth, and besides I didn’t want to wait for what would be the most erotic thing ever—to be fucked by a real woman with a real dick. A huge dick!

She stood in front of me at the foot of the bed, her enormous dick pointing up toward the ceiling. She had me stand facing her and then she reached under my arms and effortlessly lifted me high in the air. I wrapped my legs around her waist and then reached back to find the tip of her cock, which actually filled my palm. I guided it to my asshole, which opened greedily to accept the monster dick.

Using her arms around my waist to support me, Queen Della lowered me onto her erection, all eighteen pulsating inches of it. Not even the medic

Mellia's fist and forearm filled me up as much as my mistress' rigid member did. Controlling my weight easily with her powerful grasp she raised me up and down to meet her powerful thrusts.

I was so full of penile meat I felt like I could split open but it didn't hurt at all. The erotic tension welled up in my balls and throbbing cock, which was trapped between our two sweaty, heaving bodies. Never had I felt more sexually owned by anyone that I did just then. I looked into her eyes with utter adoration and submission, thrilled to see her looking at me with such passion and loving.

"I love you, Mistress!" I cried. "Marika loves her mistress!"

"As I love you, my daughter," she replied.

She fastened her mouth over mine. When I parted my lips to accept her tongue I was shocked at the huge organ that thrust into my mouth. It was like her tongue had grown as big as a large penis, and it started fucking my mouth and my throat. I went limp with dizzy lust as if I were back in the throne room being double penetrated. My breaths tore out in huge gasps as the pressure built in my crotch.

"Marika is cumming!" I screamed around her gigantic tongue.

She pressed our bodies even more firmly together and I screamed again as at least a half cup of cum spurted out of me, drenching our bellies and breasts. I thrashed in her strong grasp and my body spasmed with pleasure until I grew dizzy and faint.

I was just conscious of her kissing me tenderly as she lowered me to the bed. I felt her cock deflating and slipping out of me as the bedding nestled my body. Her weight settled next to me, and I purred as her hands sweetly stroked me while I returned to full consciousness.

Finally I open my eyes and looked up into her loving gaze. "Wow."

"Did you enjoy that, little Marika?"

"Marika is grateful for the greatest sexual bliss of her life."

"I am pleased to do that for you. It draws heavily upon me, but every few cycles I can repeat that."

I sat up. "Marika has many scientific questions for—"

“When I say you may speak freely you may use first person.”

“Yes, Mistress. I have so much to ask. The learning implant gave me so little on certain topics.”

“I know.”

“Some of it has to do with your own DNA and some with how we procreate on this planet.”

“I am pleased to hear you say ‘we,’ to embrace your place as a daughter of Lis Ma Drea. It is important you be willing participant. It is the reason why *you* are with me.”

“What? Why?”

“We are very skilled genetic engineers but we are not creator-goddesses. All we can do is work with the material given us. Because ours is a closed loop system we seldom see the injection of unique DNA into our system. Your week served as a Red girl was not only to give you the perspective of a slave and deprogram your Earthman neuroses, it also allowed me time to analyze and test *your* DNA.”

“How... how can you be certain my DNA is fully compatible? That there isn’t some structural incompatibility that an alien species could introduce?”

“But you *aren’t* an alien species, my daughter,” she said, smiling gently.

It took a moment to sink in, and then my mouth opened with wonder. “You said your genetic material had been placed on other planets.”

“Including the planet Earth—about 32,000 of your years ago.” She shook her head sadly. “We still can’t believe how poorly your race adapted. Inventing all those gods that brought you war, greed, misery and shame. Of course it didn’t help that men took control of your cultures.”

Her indictment hit me like a fist. “It wasn’t all our fault. You could have helped. Taught us better.”

“Oh, we tried. We sent messengers who were killed as ‘false prophets,’ those who tried to openly preach. Those who sought to subtly influence through culture were ignored or persecuted. We theorized it might be a flaw in your DNA that caused it. Yet there were a small percentage of those

worthy of survival, of creating a new genetic line. And here *you* are, my daughter.”

That was when I realized that in a genetic sense, through a thousand generations or more, I *was* her offspring. In a deep genetic sense this superhuman female was my ancestor mother. It was a joyous realization and yet I couldn’t help but weep for the eons of misery and suffering. I opened my mouth to protest but her expression said she knew what I was about to say.

“This is the essence of evolution, Marika,” she said. “Directly meddling in Earth’s development would taint a process that has served all of creation for countless eons. We hope the others on your planet can pull out of their spiral, but the important thing is that *your* genes be brought into our pool so that the greater chain of life can go on here on Lis Ma Drea and everywhere else we carry it.”

“I understand.”

“You are my slave only in name. In reality you are my mate. Your seed will introduce thirty thousand years of genetic refinement to galactic humanity. You will be with me as long as you live, which will be hundreds of years in Earth time.” She looked at me with the first trepidation I’d ever seen on her face. “I hope that does not distress you, Marika.”

I leaned over and kissed her deeply. “How could it? I love you, Mistress. Marika adores her queen and she will joyfully serve as a slave for her pleasure.”

I realized I was not making that up. I really did love the idea of being a slave under the control of women and of this one especially. A thought struck me—a silly, wild and even rather slutty kind of thought.

“Mistress? I—”

“Of course you may sexually serve anyone you desire. I know you are fond of certain femmers, like Talema and Sashee. Now that you are a full fledged femmer yourself, it would be a shame not to make those sisters of yours happy.”

“And—”

“Yes, you may also serve from time to time as pleasure femmer in the camps if that fulfills you.”

“Mistress knows Marika so well.”

I blushed with pride.

“Now it is time for you to do you first and most important service, my daughter.”

I leaned back on the bedding amazed not only how fast my cock got hard but also that I felt like I had more cum to give.

My tall, naked Amazonian queen straddled me, her perfect cunt lips splitting open as she hovered over my erection. Holding my eyes with a loving gaze, she took my boner into her hand and fed it deep into her hot, moist, clutching pussy. Up and down my queen rode me, milking my dick with her pussy like nothing I’d ever felt.

“Your cock feels so good, my darling Marika,” she moaned.

I looked up and saw my blonde goddess towering over me, her large and sweaty breasts bouncing and ecstasy on her face as she looked passionately into my eyes. I was fucking a superwoman, a genetic goddess whose offspring started the modern human race and, in a very real sense, was my original mother. She was my queen and I was her slave. When I began spurting cum deep up into her clenching pussy I knew I had arrived at the home I’d been searching for my entire life.

**THE END**

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