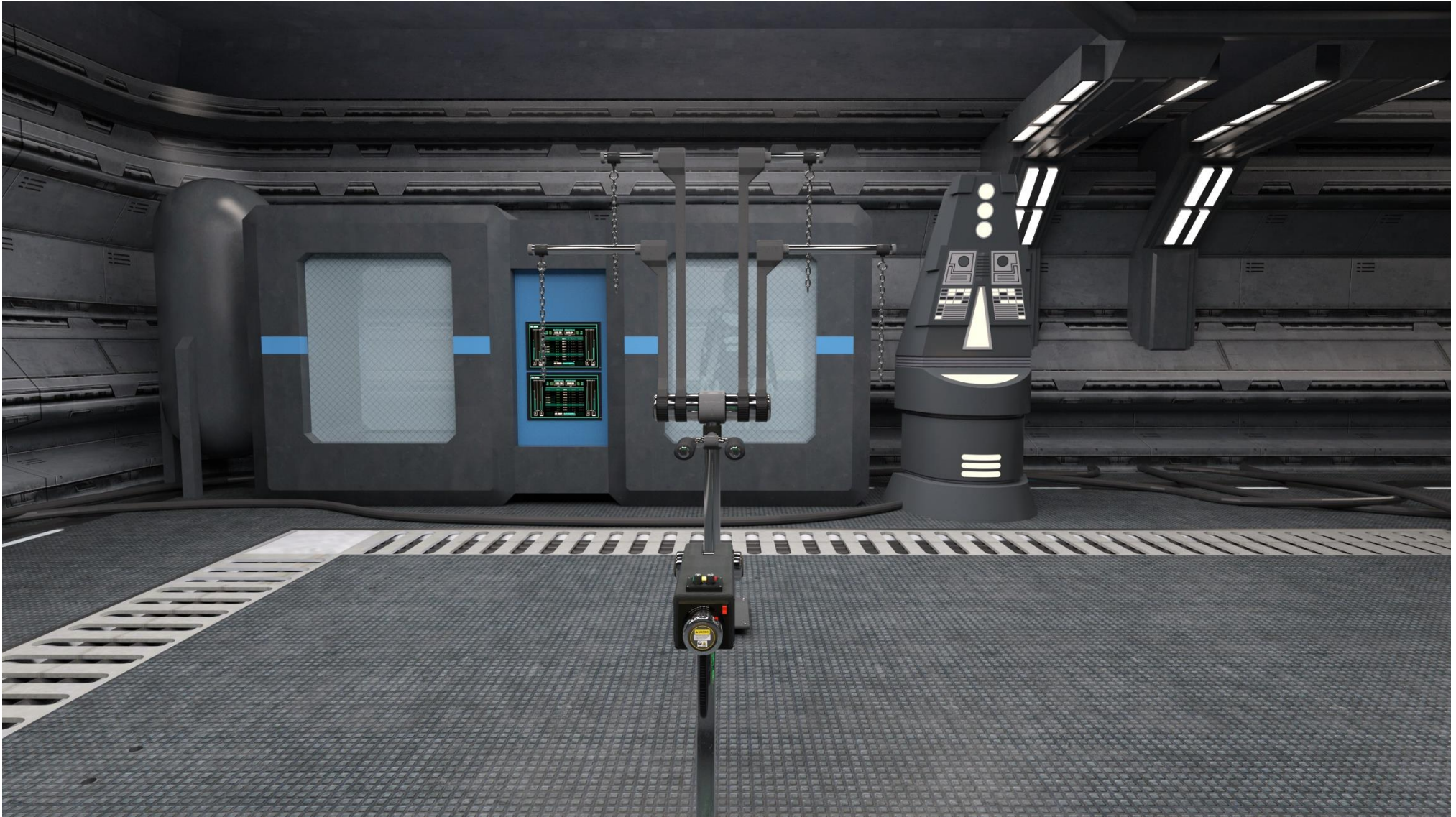


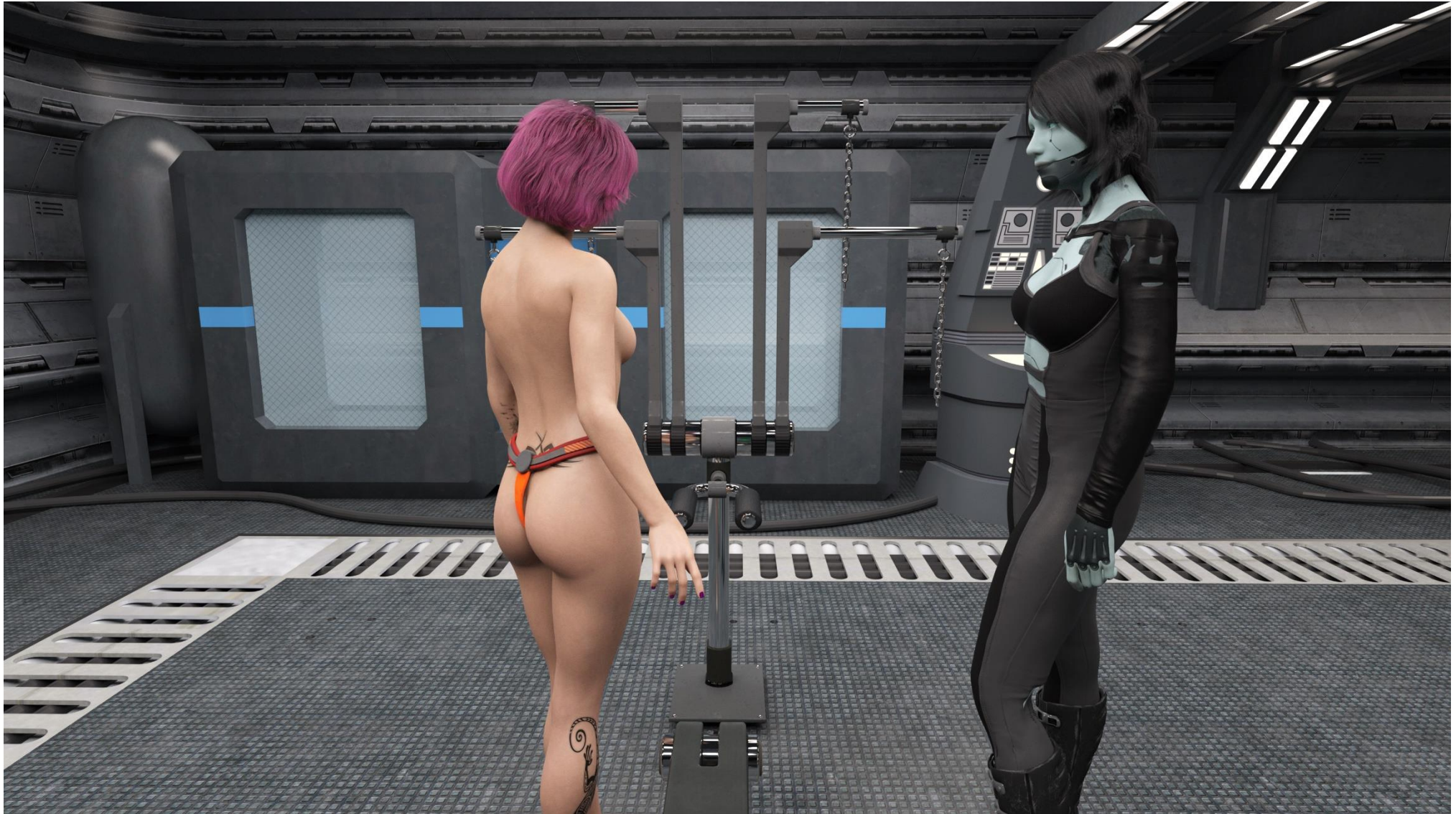
Stranded on Silas Station (Part 3)

Novus Peregrine



Tara froze just a few steps into the new room, only faintly hearing the door close behind her as her eyes darted around, taking in some very important details. Least unexpected and least interesting, was a new bondage machine of some sort. At least, Tara assumed that's what it was, given the chains. She didn't spend the time needed to fully figure it out, however, as other details jumped out at her as far more important. First, most critically...there was a console in this room. It was the first access point she'd seen since leaving the check-in area and her heart skipped a beat with hope at the sight of it. Unfortunately, that hope sunk a little as her eyes took in the next most important thing...an android dock whose android was waking up even as she stood staring. For just a moment, Tara considered bolting for the access point and hoping she could shut the android down before it fully came online...but she forced herself to set that idea aside almost immediately. It was likely the system had at least *some* security and there was no way she could bypass it quickly without her tools. She would have to play along, again, and hope for an opportunity. She grimaced

at that thought...and not just because of the remembered pain of her spanking. A thrill had shot through her at the idea of playing along, her pussy throbbing a bit in anticipation at the thought. Was this place already getting to her?



It didn't take long for the android to finish powering up and it quickly moved to join Tara in front of the bondage machine. And this time, it was the Android that spoke with her instructions. Its voice was, at least, a little less detached and impersonal than whatever program had been handling her instructions in the previous rooms.

"Hello, Subject Windward. Are you prepared for your next stage of training?"

Already having learned the price of not at least *appearing* ready or eager, Tara quickly nodded, then verbalized her agreement.

“Yes, ma’am.”

The android’s expression shifted to a smile for a fleeting moment, before it continued.

“Excellent. Please step forward and I will prepare you for the first of your control exercises.”

...Control exercises? Tara wasn’t sure what to make of that phrase. But it was far too later to back out now. More accurately, she didn’t have any way to back out, not yet, not that she was aware of anyway. Maybe the originally intended subjects would have possessed some sort of safe word? Shaking of the irrelevant thought, she took a deep breath and stepped forward to the machine. She turned in place in front of it, seeing as that seemed to be how the machine was built. Now that she was paying more attention to it, it seemed to be some sort of suspension device?



She was proven right a few moments later, as the android produced a series of cuffs and began hooking Tara into the rig. It wasn't uncomfortable, at least not immediately, but she was more than a little concerned what the other machine in front of her might be for. Tentatively, she asked the android...and wasn't very reassured by the answer.

"The Discourager is simply an enforcement tool for this particular control training."

Well, that name wasn't ominous at all...



Tara was surprised and a little pleased when, a few moments after being properly bound, the android removed her chastity belt, giving her pussy a breath of fresh air. It was a bit embarrassing how wet she was...but with only the automated systems around to see if, it didn't really matter. Tara grew a tiny bit concerned as the android stuck nearby, rummaging around for a few moments after placing her belt to one side...then she rolled her eyes when her captor returned with a pair of what were obviously remotely-controlled toys. She refused to admit, even to herself, that the sight of them in her situation may have made her a *little* aroused...well, a little *more* aroused.



After unceremoniously but gently inserting each toy, the android woman added a pair of nipple clamps, causing Tara to yelp a bit in protest. It ignored her and, moments later, retreated to the access point, the toys powering on a few seconds after its footsteps told Tara it had stopped moving. She moaned a bit as she, half-unwillingly, enjoyed the vibrations of the toys, though they were disappointingly low-powered for the moment. Then the android woman spoke and Tara rapidly began to pale.

“Subject Tara Windward. This session begins your first orgasm control training. Do not cum or you will be punished.”

What...?!

Before she could do much more than process that alarming statement, the power of both toys ratcheted it up considerably, rapidly driving Tara toward her first climax.



Desperately, remembering her previous punishment...not to mention the presence of the unknown device still directly in front of and between her spread legs...Tara tried to hold back. She bit her lip, focusing on the pain, even as little noises of pleasure were forced from her despite her efforts. The toys were pulsing and wiggling at random, in addition to their vibration...and Tara had always had an easy time cumming. It was one of her favorite features of her own body...as it had been for virtually all of her significant others and lovers over the years, regardless of gender. Now, however, her sensitivity and easy climaxes were betraying her efforts to hold back.

The android woman counted off the time in minutes...and Tara barely made it to the five-minute mark before her control was pushed to the breaking point. She gave in, hoping for the best...but right as she was about to peak, the unknown device in front of her abruptly sprung to life.



“FUCK!”

Ow. Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow. Fuck! What the fucking fuck?!



Tara whimpered and screwed her lips and eyes shut as the sting slowly faded from her poor, abused pussy. Just was sort of psychopaths built this thing! That fucking hurt, blast it!

“Subject Tara Winward, baseline established. Subject Winward’s training will now move to Stage 2. Tara Winward, you must not cum for a full ten minutes to move on to the final stage.”

Oh...fuck. She’s barely made it five. How to fuck was she supposed to double that. And was that thing going to fucking spank her pussy every time she almost came?! What sort of sick bastard built this thing! Better yet, you the fuck were the nutjobs who actually signed up for this?!



Just as the sting faded to a dull throb, the toys started up again, forcing a sort of strangled whimper-moan out of Tara. If anything, she was a bit *more* sensitive to the toys now, even if the slightly lingering throbbing was helping counter that. Still, she did *not* want to experience that again. In desperation, she bore down her will, trying to distract herself with anything she could as the toys continued their merciless mixture of slowly-escalating vibration and motion.



Right. She could do this. Guys totally got rid of their random erections by thinking unsexy thoughts, right? She tried to think of the pain that would come if she almost came again...only to find that a certain part of her was turned on by it, or maybe by the situation? Whichever it was, this was *not* the time to be figuring out if she had some new fucked-up fetish or not! She frantically scrambled away from that thought and started thinking of her old, overweight boss in a tutu. Ew. That definitely helped. No wonder guys used unsexy thoughts as boner-killers. Um, what else...her highschool bully in a gimp suit? Wait, fuck, no. The idea of 'punishing' him was kinda hot. Fuck, she was bad at this. Okay, unsexy thoughts Tara, unsexy...



“SHIT. FUCK. BASTARD. MOTHERFUCKING HORSE FUCKING CUNTS RIDING ASS-MOUNTED UNICYCLES! FUCK YOU AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON! NO! FUCK YOU **WITH** THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON. *SIDEWAYS!*”

OW, OW, OW, OW, OW, OW, OW. FUCK THAT STINGS!



This time, there was no pause between the pussy spanking and the toys turning back on. Tara whimpered as she discovered that the throbbing sting was *definitely* making her more sensitive. UNSEXY THOUGHTS TARA, THINK UNSEXY THOUGHTS! Crawling around in her ship's sewage system that one time. That horrible, *horrible* mud pit on Adjunctious Prime, her ex's fucked up pickle obsession, that overweight dude she'd seen at that comic con thing in a Chun-li costume! Unsexy thoughts! Unsexy thoughts!



Tara whimpered, biting her lip hard and trying to focus on literally *anything* but the mix of pleasure and pain coming from her pussy. Focusing on the nipple clamps helped a bit, she'd never liked her nipples being pinched that hard, they were too sensitive for that to be fun. And the unsexy thoughts helped a little but could turn around on her, like thinking about the two Mai cosplayer's she'd caught fucking at that same comic-con thing. That had been *hot*. No, bad Tara! Math! Yes, think about astrogation! Headache inducing multiple planar maths! That was it, focus. Just...focus...

"Subject Tara Windward has successfully completed Stage 2. Tara Windward may cum now."

Tara's mind unglued a bit a she finally let go, cumming harder than she could ever remember, her entire body thrashing despite her lack of leverage. Part of her braced for the pain...but there was no punishment and, as she finally came down from her high, she sagged in her restraints. At least this was over..."



The throbbing of her bruised pussy was more real now that everything had stopped. Tara closed her eyes and tried to center herself, waiting for the android to come release her.

“Subject Tara Windward has passed Stage 2 and been allowed to reset. Now beginning Stage 3.”

Wait...what? Tara struggled as she heard the android approaching.

“No! No, let me go!”



The android ignored her and, Tara noticed with horror, the thing had brought another vibrator with her. Surely, she wasn't going to do with that what Tara thought she was going to?!

“Stage 3 beginning. Tara Winward must make it to the same ten minutes without cumming, while experiencing clitoral stimulation.”

Fuuuuuuccckkkkk. It was *exactly* what she'd thought it was.



Moments later, the toys inside her flared to life in the same steadily building pattern as before...only this time, the android woman leaned down and applied the new dildo directly over Tara's hood. She stared moaning like a slut in heat almost instantly...and it was only the fact that she'd just been allowed to cum that saved her from losing it within the first minute or two.



She tried everything she'd been doing before, thinking unsexy thoughts, doing math in her head. But her head was far too fuzzy to hold on to any of it now. It was only her exhaustion and dread of the pain that kept her going as the android counted the minutes off. Four, five, six...Tara made it to seven before she lost control with a whimper...

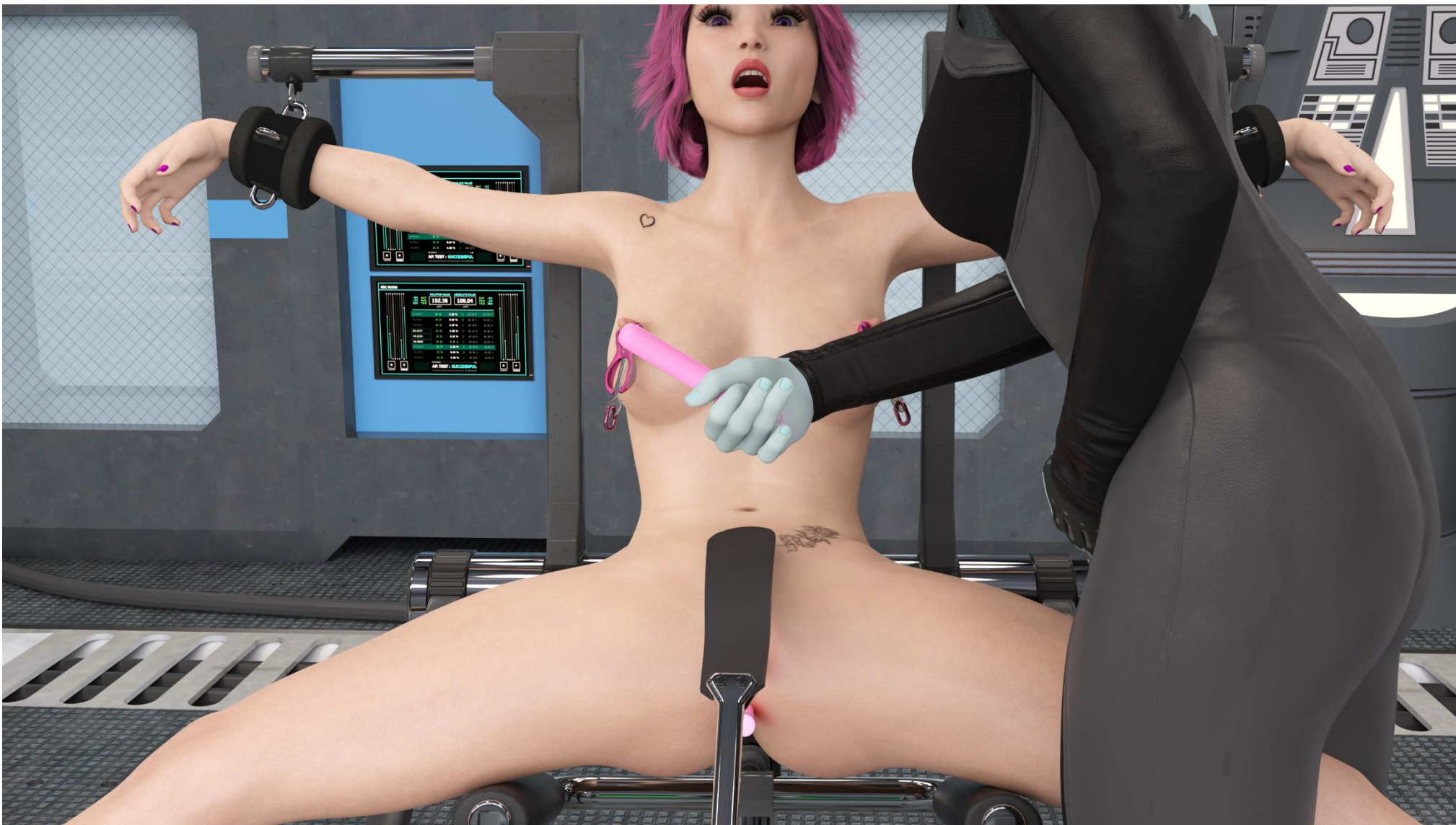


“BALLS! FUCKING HAIRY BULL TESTICLES! I’M GOING TO FIND WHOEVER BUILT THIS THING AND RAM FUCKING HUGE, HAIRY BULL TESTICLES UP THEIR ANUS.”

Oooooowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww. Fucking oowwwwwwwwwwwwwww. WHYYYYYYYYY????!!!!



Oh fuck! Come on! Give her a break at least! Fucking hell, she was already building towards another climax and the sting hadn't even....



“FUCK! FUCK YOU, YOU OVERGROWN TOASTER! I WILL USE YOUR PARTS FOR GAY HORSE MASTURBATION MACHINES! AFTER I SET YOUR PROCESSOR TO ONLY LIKE STRAIGHT CHICKENS!”

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“Subject Tara Windward has agreed to these tests. She should cease making threats against employees or suffer additional punishment.”

Tara whimpered...and whimpered again as the toy came back down in the hands of what she swore was a vindictive-looking android.



It took two more repetitions for her to *finally* make it to the ten-minute mark. And only the fact that her pussy was on fire had helped her get through it at last. She waited for the android to finally make her cum, desperate for it now that she'd succeeded. Only...instead the android deactivated the toys and grabbed a jar of something, before kneeling between Tara's legs.



As first, the feeling of the cool gel in that jar being spread over her pussy was bliss, as the fire went away at its touch. But then Tara realized *why* it was going away. Her pussy was numbing completely!

“What the fuck are you doing! Let me cum!”

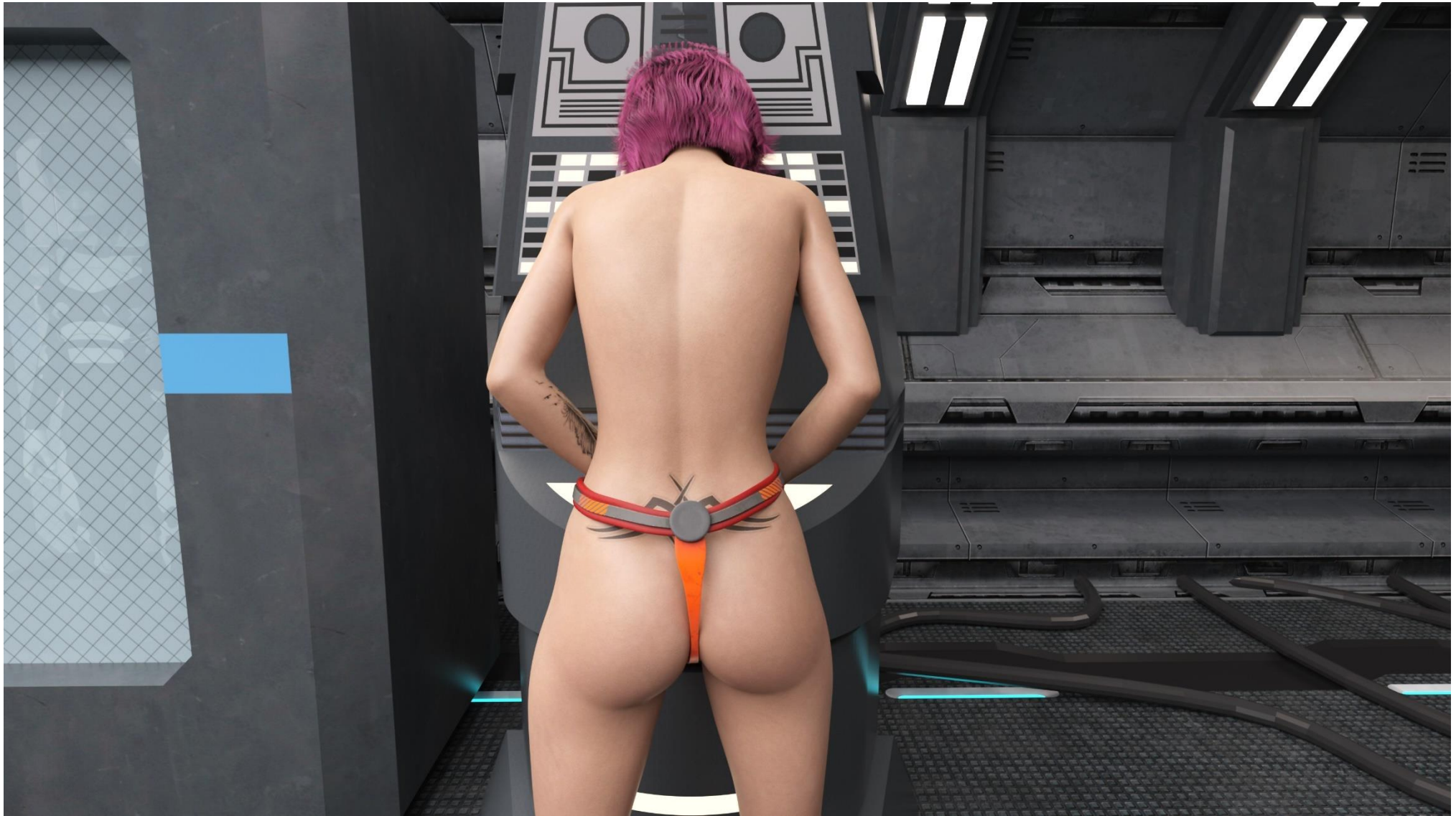
The android only looked up at her briefly before continuing to spread the gel, both inside and out.

“That is not part of the training program. Learning to cum on command is for the next stage of your training. Until then, this will speed your healing.”

Learning to...cum on command? Tara gulped and tried to ignore how aroused that thought was making her, even as she slowly lost all sensation in her pussy. Temporarily, she could hope, if they were intending to train her to do...that...



A few minutes later, chastity belt placed back on her by the android, Tara fell to the floor. The android ignored her, going back to its pod now that its job was done. Tara gasped in deep lungfuls of air, trying to overcome the combination of desperate arousal, exhaustion, and frustration. Then, as if in a hazy dream, she remembered...the access point in the room. There was an access point here. And the android was back in her pod...



Somehow pulling herself upright, Tara whimpered with every step toward the console. Even with the numbing agent the android had applied, there was discomfort when she moved, from the belt pressing against her bruised pussy. Combined with the fear that the android would react, she almost didn't manage to make herself actually touch the console. Thankfully, when she did...there was no reaction at all from the android. A light *did* come on over the empty bay next to the one occupied by her tormentor, making Tara think it might have been intended for a security mech to stop this sort of thing. But if that was the case, clearly the half-decommissioned status of the station was finally working for her. Either way, she set about breaking into the system. The security didn't seem that good here and she

was pretty sure she recognized an old open-source OS with some known flaws at the core of the system. She just hoped that they console would have something useful on it...

<<End of Part 3>>