

Galactic Nomad: The Erotic Dream

By Novus Peregrine

“You are aware that deliberately walking into a trap could be considered a sign of insanity, aren’t you, Mistress?”

Saryia snorted, almost choking on a laugh at the utterly deadpan delivery of Teva’s unexpected comment. It took her several seconds to suppress the laugh, which would have been more than a little out of place for her current act. Eventually, she managed it, though there was still a tinge of laughter to her voice as she responded to the AI.

“Yes, Teva, I’m aware that walking into traps on purpose is normally a bad idea. However, this particular trap is ideal for our needs of the moment.”

The AI hummed in her ear, considering that for a moment. “I suppose that is true, if you really think we can make this bucket of perverse bolts work. You should know that I’ve found evidence of them scamming 37 other female spacers of various races with this same tactic. None of them got very close to making the ship function, despite their best efforts. Only four of them even managed to power it on.”

Saryia nodded as she slid part-way inside a service panel, using the nanites of her suit to quickly establish a connection to the broken ship’s systems. “I didn’t know the exact number, but I’m unsurprised by it, given their confidence that I wouldn’t be able to fix it. Unfortunately for our erstwhile pirate scammers, I understand why those other attempts failed. Something I suspect the pirates themselves are unaware of.”

“Your suspicion is correct. Their current theory is that the ship is a Dylrian design and that no other species can handle what it does to them.”

Saryia paused, looking incredulously at mid-air. “They...what? Female Dylrian’s aren’t even *anatomically built* for this ship. And they aren’t affected by their own chemicals, either! They might be perverts, but they don’t have particularly extreme pleasure senses or ability to handle such or something. The reaction other species have to them is entirely the fault of differing biochemistry, not something about them that makes them super-sexed or something.”

There was a pause before Teva answered. “That...might be true, Mistress. But as even I did not know that until just now, I am unsurprised by the pirate’s theory.”

“Eh? Is it really that odd that I know that? I suppose they are rarer in this part of space than back home, but that’s still a bit surprising.” After a long moment to consider that, Saryia simply shrugged it off and went back to her main point. “Doesn’t matter, I suppose. Getting back on point, the reason why all of the other attempts failed is almost certainly the fact that this ship was always meant to be run with both AI support and certain body enhancements. I don’t know who made it and it was probably a one-off anyway, but I realized almost immediately that the systems are built to take advantage of mods like my own. And even with those, anyone without an AI to assist in managing the side-effects of its...*unique* control systems, as well as modulating the input/output so that it is stable through the expected spikes, would never be able to even get this thing off the ground. Of course, it’s possible that whatever species it was made for simply had a naturally controllable pleasure reaction unlike any race I’ve ever heard of.

It's far more likely, though, that whoever it was custom-built for simple had a similar set of modifications to my own."

There were a few minutes of silence as her AI companion worked through that, which Saryia filled easily by focusing on the repair she was actually supposed to be working on. It wasn't complicated, not to her at least, but it was made a bit more annoying by the fact that one of her predecessors in this particular trap had jury-rigged a very sloppy repair to the same system. Saryia was having to undo the jury-rig before making the repair, which was *super* irritating since the repair itself was less complicated than the asinine jury-rig. Though, credit where credit was grudgingly due, the jury-rig looked like it had actually worked fairly well. Pity that the clever woman that had come up with it had likely long since come to a bad end. Saryia hoped that wasn't the case, that she'd escaped after falling victim to these pirates, but she knew that was unlikely to be a very realistic hope. As there was nothing she could do about it, however, she put the thought behind her and finished up the repair. It was only as she was sliding back out of the service panel that Teva finally spoke again.

"Your conclusions appear to be sound. I have viewed the data and video of the previous attempts, and it appears that only 2 of the 37 victims were able to get the ship off the ground, both of whom crashed almost immediately. The process of activating the ship, then flying it, was too much for them and they crashed by the second climax."

Saryia nodded, even as she picked her way through the small ship's cluttered and cramped passageways, face twisting in something between a smile and a grimace as she thought about the *unique* control system the small ship used. She'd read about such things in bad erotic stories, even seen a few porn holos done on the concept. But this was the first time she'd ever even *heard* of a ship that actually had something like it, let alone seen the ship in person. She figured it *must* have been a custom, one-off design. Likely created by or for someone with specific fetishes, for their own amusement and enjoyment. Either that or there was an alien race out there that she had yet to meet who has an *utterly fascinating* concept of how to build starships. And if that latter option was true, she desperately wanted to meet them, mostly to satisfy her curiosity...but also because they'd likely have some *amazing* sex toys she hadn't run into before.

Her musings on the subject were brought to a close as she entered into the cockpit again and silently signaled for Teva to reconfigure her suit. The AI complied wordlessly, the nanite-material rippling like water for a moment before flowing away from her groin, chest, and the back of her neck. For full flight, she'd likely need to remove the suit entirely, to allow additional connection points. But for the system test she wanted to do just now, this would suffice. With a half-disbelieving shake of her head, she stepped up to the saddle-like pilot's chair, casually looking it over as she noted more of its telltale lights were blue and purple, rather than brown, something she'd quickly figured out were the equivalent of the human green, yellow, and red status lights respectively. She was making progress, then.

Once again, as if trying to make herself accept that this was actually real, she looked the 'pilot's seat' over. It really did look like a saddle, at least if a saddle had a back support...and two large phalluses sticking up from its center at a slight angle. So, a sex saddle with a back, really. And those phalluses were both the controls for the ship...and *exactly what they looked like*. Grinning despite her lingering disbelief, she straddled the saddle, her exposed pussy and ass hovering over the 'control sticks.' She lowered herself carefully, only just barely letting her pussy touch the tip of the larger controller. The moment she

did, both control sticks began oozing a sort of nano-gel that doubled as lube and an aphrodisiac. The latter, she supposed, was just in case the Captain wasn't quite in the mood when she needed to take off. Shuddering at the effects of the gel, she shifted to bring her rear entry to touch the tip of the smaller controller in turn, before very slowly sinking down on both of them, shuddering and moaning the whole way.

The slow speed was always going to be needed, unless she managed to replace the controllers, as whatever species or individual had built this thing was clearly either larger than a human...or a total size queen. The phalluses were much larger than a normal human woman would have been even remotely comfortable with, the bigger of the two being a full fourteen inches long and quite thick, as well as studded with little bumps and odd textures. Even Saryia, with all her modifications, needed to take the toy/controller in slowly, lest it be far more painful than pleasurable. Finally, after nearly a two full minutes, she had sunk completely onto the control sticks, her pussy and rear touching the molded saddle. The slight angle of the sticks meant that, now that she was fully impaled, she was reclining against the backrest. It wasn't *quite* perfectly molded for a human, but it was close enough to be at least mildly comfortable. Which she was *extremely* grateful for, all things considered.

Opening her eyes, which had drifted closed as she worked her way onto the control sticks, she reached out to one of the few bare-bones controls in front of her. Those controls had completely refused to respond until she woke the ship from hibernation via mounting of the control sticks, but now they had blinked to flickering life. She tapped one of them, holding her breath to see if her repair had worked...then gave a little cheer as three tendrils shot out of the ceiling above her. Two darted down to her exposed nipples, pinching onto them with claw-light attachments that lightly pierced her skin, drawing a wince from her in the process. The third had headed through a hole in the back of the backrest, then seemed confused for a moment, until she brushed her short hair away from the back of her neck. Its confusion ceased at that, darting forward and shifting into a collar form that served to latch a neural-gel-covered sensor against the base of her neck.

There were a few moments of flickering from the lights as the system drew power, a spike of pleasure as the control sticks began to vibrate lightly inside her...and then Saryia was somewhere else. She floated in a blank void for just a few moments, still feeling the pleasure from the controllers inside her body, and then the blank void began to fill in. It was patchy, incomplete, obviously suffering from the damage still present in the ship, but the environment around her began to resemble the hangar the ship rested in. Even as it did, floating numbers and displays in a language she didn't recognize began to flicker and dance all around her. The language was a problem, but one she could deal with. She didn't know what the language was, but she'd found enough samples on the Galaxy-Net to identify the control she needed. Of course, before that, she really needed to figure out how to move in this...virtual reality? She supposed it was something like that, anyway.

It took a few minutes of experimenting, but she quickly realized that it was her intent to move, focused on fully, that mattered. Her movements were clumsy, but she managed to reach the control she needed, tapping it...and then yelping in a mix of surprise and pleasure as the control sticks impaling her thrummed more strongly for a moment. Yeah, she could *totally* understand how the other pilots had crashed. Pushing that thought aside, she focused as a new light glowed...and a glowing woman in miniature appeared above the control she'd touched.

"Mistress! It worked!"

Saryia blinked several times. "...Teva?"

"Of course!"

"Okay, got to ask, why are you human? I'd have assumed..."

Teva actually looked sheepish as she answered. "Um, well...I did *originally* look like my creators. But, when I needed to adapt to your biology, it was easier to do so by reshaping my own matrix. I was kinda doing a rush job, you know? Afterwards, I figured it would draw less attention if I just refined that new appearance a bit, to use if I ever needed to project myself. Humans are pretty prolific, but I hadn't seen any hints on the Galaxy-Net yet about my original species being common. Or even still around, for that matter."

Saryia hummed, considering that as she took in Teva's body. It had obviously been somewhat based on her own originally, with features that weren't entirely natural. But Teva had shifted her skin tone to something darker, reduced the size of the breasts by at least a full cup size, and made her hair both longer and an almost void black. It gave the body a slightly more refined look, like the galaxy's sexiest librarian, instead of the flat-out pornstar looks Saryia herself had started with naturally, then enhanced even farther over the years. Not as much as most humans thought when they looked at her. Her tits were all-natural in size thank you very much! But...they were considerably perkier than should be possible at that size. Enhancements and tweaks like that had turned Saryia from actress-level good looks to walking wet dream. That wasn't really here or there, however, and she finally nodded decisively.

"It's a good look. I can think of a few tweaks you could make if you really want to stand out, instead of being a modified copy of me, but we can talk about that some other day. For now, how's your access to the ship's systems?"

Teva had actually blushed a little at being caught out about her copying of Saryia, but she quickly got down to business. "A fucking mess, Mistress. Oh, you were right in that the ship clearly *is* designed to work with an AI. And those nanites you had me make to let me piggyback on your neutral link worked decently, though they'll need some refinements. But...the programming language is an odd one, almost like a counterpart system that was tuned to a *specific* AI. It's going to take me hours to decipher it and compile a linker to translate for me."

Saryia shrugged. "That's fine, as long as you can do it eventually. In the meantime, any chance you can help with a translation program for the controls?"

Teva hummed for a moment, then her little avatar nodded. "Yes, that should be doable, though it won't be perfect until I can fully integrate with the ship. Give me a moment..."

Saryia waited patiently, then grinned wildly half a minute later as the displays shifted. The Galactic Standard text they shifted into was clearly rough, but she could at least familiarize herself with the controls. And, hopefully, find more details about what was still broken on this most unique of ships...

Two weeks passed as Saryia continued to repair the ship. The pirates observing her became increasingly smug as she bought parts and rented hangar space from them, all the while not bothering

to shut down the hidden cameras that let them see her erotic cockpit adventures. The pirates doubtless thought she wasn't aware of the recording devices...but the reality was that she was not only aware of them but using them for a bit of misdirection. Teva had long since taken control of the recording and only allowed it to actually broadcast a live feed when Saryia said so. They had used this to create a carefully crafted charade that Saryia was not only failing, but growing frustrated by her attempts. The bit of stagecraft combined nicely with her allowing the pirates to think that their overpriced parts of dubious quality and high fees for the ship being parked on their turf were rapidly bankrupting her. In truth, that wasn't even vaguely accurate. The costs hadn't even scratched the surface of the windfall she'd gained before entering wildspace...and she certainly wasn't failing to get the ship working. Moreover, she and Teva knew several things about this one-of-a-kind ship that made it *far* more valuable than the relative pittance they were putting into repairing the thing. Such as the fact that, somehow and despite its relatively small size, the thing actually had a bonafide jump drive.

Even Saryia, with the massive amount of traveling she'd done, had never seen a ship this small with a full-fledged jump drive. She'd seen a few from particularly advanced races that had pinhole jump drives, allowing them to hop around local space. But those were generally limited to jumps of no more than a few parsecs. Such drives were usually used on small patrol vessels for system security or, occasionally, for small shuttles that managed intra-system jumps for highroller passengers. But *this* ship, whose name she had only recently been able to translate as the *Erotic Dream*, somehow possessed a full feature jump drive, with a seriously respectable range. Something that shouldn't have fit on anything smaller than a bulk freighter or passenger liner.

Which, as it happened...made it *utterly perfect* for her current needs. After all, the word of the Perlucian who had given her a lift away from her previous sticky situation might have gotten her safely *onto* the outlaw station. But a beautiful woman managing to *leave* was going to be another matter entirely. The only reason she hadn't been bothered much, so far, was that she'd taken up this little trap-challenge by one of the larger pirate groups. As such, she was being 'protected' by them...until they'd drained her dry financially. At that point, they'd try to make final use of her by selling her as a pleasure slave. As they'd done with virtually all the previous victims of the trap, save three that had died in shoot-outs trying to escape and a fourth that had died crashing the ship. Not that it had hurt the ship much, but apparently she hadn't managed to get the inertial compensation working properly and the crash had snapped the Lerultin's neck.

Which...was probably a mercy. Best not to think about that.

Regardless, the entire plan meant that the pirates thought she was thoroughly stuck in their trap and were likely laughing themselves sick as they debated whether to try her out before selling her. Pity for them that she was actually about 95% done with repairs, had figured out the ship's systems, and Teva had fully integrated with the ship. The few remaining repairs were very visually present ones, ones she'd left in place to help keep the pirates from realizing how far along she was. They were all damages she technically didn't need to fix in order to fly the ship out of here. Which is why she was doing a final check before setting off a few nasty surprises for the pirates, in preparation for blasting the hangar doors open and getting the hell out of dodge...

That did mean, however, that she had to *fully* integrate with the ship for the first time. As she approached the cockpit, she directed Teva to seamlessly replace the live camera feeds with recordings of an earlier 'failure,' then triggered her nanite-suit to completely withdraw into a small cube that she

quickly placed in a secure spot. Now naked, she stepped toward the cockpit saddle. The first step was familiar by now, though even with familiarity the sheer size of the control shafts required a minute or two to work them fully inside her. The second step, the electro links to her nipples, was equally routine...though this time she didn't initiate the neural link for her spinal column just yet. For system tests it and the other basic connections had been enough. But full flight required a bit...more. Instead, she initiated the next full-startup step, causing a pair of armrests to rise next to the saddle. She hesitated only a moment, centering herself, before resting her arms on the provided braces. An instant later, wrist and ankle restraints zipped out of the armrests and lower saddle, even as restraint belts came from behind to secure her torso. In moments, she was well and truly bound...and the cockpit sprang to life.

A glass cylinder shot from the deck and connected to the ceiling, encircling her even as a mix of neural-gel fluid and non-Newtonian inertia dampening compound rushed in to fill it. A previously unused tentacle dropped from the ceiling, distinctly phallus-shaped, though thankfully a bit smaller than the ones filling her lower holes. Even so, as she opened her mouth for the tentacle and it pressed smoothly straight down her throat, her jaw ached just slightly. For a long moment, breathing was difficult, then she managed to overcome her instincts and breathe normally. The phallic tentacle was simply a breather device, after all, no matter how kinky it might look and feel.

Finally, just as the neural fluid reached her shoulders, the neural linker for her spinal column extended its tendril. She'd carefully ensured her hair was up out of the way and thus it darted in smoothly, forming into its collar configuration. A moment later she was floating once more in a void. She could still feel her body, of course. The aching jaw, the bite of the nipple claws, the lightly-vibrating control shafts spreading her pussy and ass to their limits. Yet a few eyeblinks later, she was no longer seeing either the cockpit or the blank void. Instead, as the ship fully powered on, it was as if she *was* the ship. Virtually all the sensors had been repaired, even updated in a few cases, so she had a near-perfect 360-degree view of the hanger all around her. Floating, half-transparent screens were everywhere, far more of them than there had been during testing but, somehow, she could perfectly see through them AND see them at the same time. It hurt her head a bit, but she'd already had a little exposure to the phenomenon, and quickly adjusted.

As all the ship's telltales turned blue and purple, not a single one remaining the brown of a non-functional system, she couldn't help but grin. Then, Teva was there in her little avatar form, a few adjustments having been made to it over the last two weeks. Those adjustments, designed to make her less obviously a carbon copy of Saryia, even included a remarkably cute pair of digital glasses. She now *absolutely* looked like the galaxy's sexiest librarian. It was awesome. And hot. Was it wrong that she kinda wanted to fuck her own AI? In more ways than just using the nanite suit's sex toys, that is. Then Teva was speaking and she shook off the thought. For now.

"The Pirates have begun to realize something is wrong, Mistress. I suggest you expedite our departure."

Despite her actual body having a cyber-cock shoved down its throat, Saryia could speak here, thankfully. "Everything looks good, if your integration is still stable we can start the party right now."

"No unexpected issues. Integration is stable at 99.78 percent. Well within safe operational parameters. Remaining issues can be worked out later."

Saryia's digital avatar grinned like a lune. "Alright then! Kick off the surprises we left to keep our associates busy, then let's get this show on the road!"

There was a short pause, the sound of an explosion in the distance, and then Teva's voice confirming she had complied. Without further ado, Saryia reached for the panel with a caricature of a weapon on it, touching it...and nearly cackling as a cybernetic-looking glove flowed over her hand, the palm quickly forming around the shape of an alien-looking blaster. She smiled hugely as she ratcheted her arm around, pointed at the hangar doors...and squeezed the trigger. The moment she did, several things happened at once. First, a *strong* vibration buzzed through the control shafts in her pussy and ass, even as a pleasurable jolt of electricity fired the nerves in her nipples. Second, and at the same time as the first...the ship's weapon systems tracked onto the hangar doors and fired. Even Saryia wasn't sure what the fuck those weapons actually were, but their power output was unreal, and they ripped through the armored hangar-door like a plasma knife through so much butter. She held the trigger down and scythed her fire back and forth over the doors, biting back a moan as the stimulation from the control shafts and nipple claws continued for as long as she kept firing. She almost came before she let off the trigger, panting and grinning at the utterly ruined doors.

She only allowed herself a couple of moments to re-center herself, before reaching out with her other digital hand, touching a panel that morphed into a flight stick as she did. With one last, deep breath, she engaged the engines and accelerated, tearing right through the remnants of the shredded hangar door and out into open space. Even as she did, she could feel the control shafts inside her reacting in turn, beginning to actively *move* for the first time. They began thrusting, *hard*, in and out of her body, to match the power of the thrust she was applying. She moaned helplessly, her course veering wildly for several moments as an orgasm ripped through her...but then Teva did her part, smoothing the input and accessing Saryia's nanites. Suddenly, Saryia's augmented brain could think through the pleasure much better and, with Teva's help in smoothing out her somewhat shuddery motions, the ship straightened and darted away from the station at a truly incredibly acceleration.

Saryia gasped in lungfuls of air, eyes wide, as she rode a second climax, quickly signaling Teva to clamp down on more for the moment. Reprogrammed nanites, which no longer needed a timer but could simply turn her ability to cum off and on at will, went to work. As she reached the edge of another peak, her body screamed for release...but she needed to focus and it was easier to do that, at least for a time, right at the edge than when she was actively cumming her brains out. She fought her body, even as Teva nailed down holographic rails in space for Saryia to follow, dodging a few confused shots from the station's guns and then breaking for open space. Astro-calculations whirled across the cockpit displays even as the jump drive spun up...and then Teva had to release her ability to cum. The jump drive *required* the user cum to activate.

Thankfully, as Saryia's mind went blank under the suppressed power of multiple climaxes hitting her all at once, Teva had control. As her mistress writhed and howled through an extended climax, made even more extended by the shafts still brutally fucking her, the AI threw the digital switch and the stars seemed to freeze in place...then they blueshifted, elongating for a frozen moment as the ship Jumped. Moments later, as the hypnotic whirl of subspace filled the screens and the displays rapidly darkened to prevent hyper-rapture of any organics that watched for too long...the control shafts finally stopped their mad fucking. They didn't stop all stimulation, a light vibration would continue until Saryia disengaged

the controls, but it was enough for Teva's mistress to slowly recover her temporarily pleasure-subsumed sanity. Even though it was only her avatar's vocal cords, Saryia's voice was hoarse as she spoke.

"Did, did we make it?"

"Of course. We are in subspace, heading for the first pre-calculated jump point. We'll need to jump again in half an hour, however, to make sure no one follows our original heading."

Saryia nodded. That had been the plan all along. "No point in disengaging then. We can take some time to go over the systems and see how they held up. Thank all that's holy that the next jump will be calmer. I'm not sure how many of those even I could take back-to-back."

Teva hummed...and mischievously used the ship's systems to engage an attachment Saryia hadn't discovered yet. Her mistress yelped as another tendril-claw suddenly extended from the saddle, rising between her legs to attach to her clit, thankfully more gently than the nipple claws had. It buzzed very lightly, teasingly even. "I think the ship is fine, mistress. And there are still an entire array of systems the previous pilot seemed to use to entertain herself between hops. I think now is the *perfect* time to explore them, don't you?"

Saryia tried to glare...but her moan kind of ruined it. And...well...it was her. Despite what she'd said, her body was already recovering. "Maybe just a few Teva...we really *should* check other things over."

"Of course, mistress..."

As the sounds of Saryia's moans once again began to fill the cockpit, both of its occupants wondered how long they could keep this ship for. Its previous owner was unquestionably a pervert...but then, so were both the current owner and her companion. In some ways, it was the ideal ship for both of them...

End Part 3