

Galactic Nomad: Duplication

By Novus Peregrine

Saryia panted just a little as she finally lowered herself down to the floor of the crevasse. Even with the help of her suit, it hadn't been an easy climb, and she scowled a little as Ker'elaa handed her a canteen. The android had taken the majority of the gear...but was obviously not winded. Even Saryia's heavily enhanced body simply couldn't beat out a being that could regulate its own body temperature, didn't tire, and didn't even need to breathe. On the other hand, she also couldn't be powered off with a voice command, so perhaps honors were about even, really. Shaking off her rogue thoughts after a long draw of water, she looked around, letting her H.U.D. feed her information. She quickly spotted what she was looking for, as she knew Ker'elaa must have given her own impressive sensor array. She gestured to the android and they both began moving cautiously along the bottom of the ravine, which Saryia noted was looking more and more artificial up close.

It took another twenty minutes to finally track the faint power source they'd detected from the air, though it was no longer nearly so faint with most of the metal-heavy rock no longer between them and it. Saryia and Ker'elaa hummed in almost identical satisfaction, only off by pitch, as they spotted the half-buried door. Saryia ran her suit scanners over it and frowned, then addressed her Android companion.

"Not locked, but the pressure of the rocks will keep it from opening. We could cut our way in, but it might be better to move at least some of them out of the way. We don't dare use weapons fire down there, though. Think you can move that big one?"

A light flashed out from her android companion, who nodded as soon as the more intensive scan feed her back the needed data. "Easily, it's well within my weight threshold, though we'll need to cut a couple of handholds."

Saryia nodded, taking out her cutting torch even as the android dug in her own larger pack for her own. The two worked silently and nearly seamlessly together to cut a pair of suitable handholds before pulling back. Ker'elaa let the rock cool for a few moments, then reached down to grasp the handholds, lifting with well-modulated strength. The boulder resisted for a few moments, before the bit of it stuck into the mix of gravel came loose abruptly, nearly causing the android woman to stumble as the large rock shifted. She quickly caught herself and took a half step back and a full step to one side before twisting and settling the boulder against the narrow ravine's wall.

Saryia had carefully watched the resulting fall of loose rock, noting with satisfaction that it was now covering less than a quarter of the door. Not bothering to ask Ker'elaa to do it, she quickly hacked the door and watched as it tried to open. The ancient motors audibly ground but the door didn't move...until she reached forward and pulled a bit more gravel away. Abruptly the door was free, sliding open with the screeching sound of poorly maintained gears...then froze halfway open. Oh well, it was more than enough for them to slip inside. Assuming it was safe to do so. Warily, she commanded the suit to make her a floodlight, the nanites quickly rising one out of her shoulder in obedience. She leaned forward and turned it on, panning the light on the room revealed...or the corridor revealed, rather. Well, that figured. Shrugging, she formed a tentacle with a sensor on the end and stuck it through, checking for internal stability of the ruins. When she got positive readings back, indicating it was at least

structurally sound, she turned the floodlight omni-directional and wiggled past the stuck door. Moments after she was in, Ker'elaa eagerly followed, her palms and eyes glowing to add a bit more illumination.

The two experienced adventurers were cautious as they moved through the corridors, mapping the interior, even as they grew more and more curious about what this place was. In addition to the typical storage areas and maintenance rooms, there were a few holding cells, empty thankfully, that looked to be of a medical variety. Then there were the labs. Not chintzy, dinky labs made for creating illegal drugs or something, but labs that looked like they'd been pretty seriously hi-tech when they were in use, though the hardware was just as dated as everything else they'd seen. They finally found a source for the power signal...and discovered that it was a backup generator still mostly in working order. It was running off stored power, but since the main generator itself was a geo-thermal tap and proved to be in working order, that wasn't really an issue. They quickly did some cleaning and maintenance of critical parts, then powered it back on.

Immediately, lights flickered on throughout the facility...though only maybe one in every three still functioned at more than a weak flicker. Even so, it was enough to turn off their own lights as they continued to explore, eventually managing to find themselves in a large central area that looked like a mix of medical lab and control center. There were large medical emersion tanks, empty like the holding cells had been, an odd-looking pod-like object, plus a boatload of screens and ancillary equipment. Ker'elaa and Saryia split up in the large space, both poking around, calling out findings to each other as they tried to figure out just what had been going on in this place.

And then Saryia got too close to the Pod.

It happened so fast and so unexpectedly that not even Saryia's enhanced reflexes did her any good. One moment, the pod was quiescent...the next it had spiraled open in a flash, revealing a semi-organic looking interior. Tendrils shot out of the pod, grabbing her and pulling her in, even as her own suit went berserk, the nanite-fluid material randomly pulling away from sections of skin even as nanite-tendrils and tools popped out and flailed around. Saryia instinctively struggled, shouting wordlessly...only for the shout to be cut off as a glowing blue-purple tentacle took advantage, ramming into her mouth and halfway down her throat. Her surprise at the intrusion was so total that she stopped struggling for a brief moment, which was all the pod needed to pull her in, additional distractions costing her more response time as more tendrils took advantage of holes in her suit to jam themselves into her pussy and ass, even as small gel-covered feelers made skin-contact wherever they could. She was soon far too wrapped up to resist, and something was interfering with her neural link to the suit!

Trying to remain calm, she cast around the interior of the pod with her eyes, quickly noticing a status panel. She couldn't read it, without her suit's help for translation, but she was relieved to see what looked like scanning lights moving up and down a digital representation of her body. Now, hopefully, it wasn't scanning for how much her body parts were worth on the black market or something. Equally hopefully, her android companion was working on the problem from the outside. Moments after she thought that, the screen flickered and split, a low-res image of Ker'elaa popping up alongside the scanning function.

"Mistress! The pod seems to be taking a very thorough bio and neural scan of you, but I can't tell why. I *can* tell it's set to release you as soon as it finishes, which means the safest thing might be to just

wait it out. It looks like there are some pretty heavy-duty safeguards in place to prevent it from being stopped mid-stream.”

Well...that was mostly good news, at least. She supposed if it wasn't going to do anything but scan her, there was no reason to fight it. But...what did it want to scan her for? Given where those tentacles were buried, she'd think something perverted, normally, except that they hadn't so much as twitched inside her since they embedded themselves. Which, now that she knew they weren't dangerous, was actually a little disappointing. Whoever built this thing could have at least provided some sexy, orgasm-inducing, entertainment while the scanner was running! Instead, she was stuck there, slowly getting increasingly bored watching Ker'elaa fail to get anywhere, as the scanner did its work. Then, only slightly less abruptly, the pod was opening again and practically spitting her out, causing her to moan in disappointment at the sudden withdraw of those potentially-fun tentacles. What a total waste!

Saryia only had a few moments to get her feet under her before she heard rushing liquid and the whirring hum of a lot of machinery flickering to life. Her eyes darted around, quickly localizing the source to the quartet of empty medical tanks...which were rapidly filling with some sort of fluid. She turned her attention quickly to Ker'elaa.

“What are they doing?”

The android looked...very chagrined.

“I don't know?” The red-skinned woman was fidgeting, looking very very sheepish. “Look, just because I'm an android doesn't mean I'm very good at hacking, alright? I can manage with tech I'm familiar with, but I'm pants at anything unknown like this!”

Saryia stared...then smacked her palm to her forehead and tried to move over to the control panel herself, only to trip on her still spazzing-out suit. Frowning, she turned her attention to the suit-link, noting that it *was* sorting itself out, but was simultaneously running some sort of frequency adjustment program. Presumably, whatever tech was in use in this place had been working on a similar subspace band to the nanites own communication and the suit was trying to make sure it didn't happen again. That sounded like a fantastic plan, even if it was slowing its reboot down, so Saryia simply ordered it into stasis mode to speed the process up, while also serving to get it out of the way. She shivered a tiny bit as the suit pulled away from her body, leaving only enough of a belt around her waist to hold the rest of the nanites in a compressed square at the small of her back. As she padded naked across the room, she lamented Teva staying behind with the ship, studying the Erotic Dream's systems. It had made sense at the time, but if she'd come along she could have altered the suit's internal com band in real time and prevented this issue altogether. Oh well, no use crying over spilled nano-fluid.

She stepped up to the control panel, shooing Ker'elaa to one side even as she activated her wristcomp, glad she'd kept the device instead of relying entirely on her relatively new nanosuit. Within a few seconds, she managed to connect it to the control systems, using half-a-dozen self-written programs to rapidly work out the hardware's architecture. Huh, remarkably similar to Alseoroan tech, at least on the basic hardware and software level. Unlikely to actually *be* Alseoroan tech, given that they weren't common outside of their own space...which was a good three thousand plus lightyears from

here. Still, it gave her a starting point, and within fifteen minutes she had the system cracked open enough to at least figure out what was going on.

“Um. Uh-oh? Maybe?”

Ker’elaa looked concerned, though not alarmed yet, as she quickly asked what her Mistress had found. Saryia kept tapping more commands, trying to stop the ongoing process with scant success, then bit her lip and took a different approach even as she answered Ker’elaa.

“Looks like this lab was part of grand scheme to create cloned slaves and soldiers. Only, not direct clones so much as...goo clones? I guess that’s the best way to describe them. Mono-colored, made out of a semi-liquid nanite material. Nowhere near as sophisticated as the nanites in my suit, but good enough to make a fairly accurate clone, one with some natural advantages do to its semi-permeable nature, too. Particularly as just *how* permeable they are is dependent on how much current they run through the fluid, making them able to be anything from near-watery at one side of the spectrum to something like vulcanized rubber at the other end.” Saryia entered a last command, then breathed a small sigh of relief when the command took.

Ker’elaa noticed. “I take it there’s some good news? And that we aren’t about to be overrun by monster goo super-soldiers?”

Saryia nodded. “Probably not, at least. I couldn’t stop the process, not quickly enough to matter. But, thankfully, there’s only enough viable nanite fluid to make the initial batch of four it’s currently working on. Even that might have been trouble, since they apparently never perfected a way to control them, but I managed to swap about the engram it was using halfway through the process. So, hopefully no soldiers.”

Ker’elaa looked askance at the tubes where they could now see bipedal masses of goo forming. “And what did you use instead?”

Saryia blushed and scratched the back of her head. “Umm...I had to use something that was more compatible with the copy of my neural net it lifted. Given my enhancements, solider was what it had settled on, since that was one of its primary purposes. But there was...um...one better match than solider.”

Ker’elaa stared at her, obviously curious about what in the universe could make *Saryia* of all people, blush. The android woman made a go-on gesture and Saryia sheepishly did so.

“Apparently, between my body type, body mods, and thought processes...the only better match was pleasure slave.”

Ker’elaa continued to stare for long moments...then began helplessly giggling.

Saryia pouted. Okay, so yes, she liked sex. A lot. And she’d modified her body to make it both better and easier. That didn’t mean she was the ideal sex bot! Though, taken out of the context of her life... She pouted harder, then shook the thought off, taking a deep breath.

“Well, we’ll find out just what switching engrams halfway through did to them when they come out in...seven minutes. I don’t think they’ll be looking to hurt us, but be ready for anything, right?”

Ker'elaa, still trying hard to suppress her laughter, did her best to nod. Saryia slumped and tried to ignore the android's clearly faulty sense of humor. She didn't manage it very well...but soon had a distraction as a tone warbled through the room, before the speaker that had made it fitzed out. Still, it had been enough to alert them, even if the doors of the pods were remarkable quiet as they opened in turn. They held their breath, albeit figuratively in Ker'elaa's case, as they waited to see what would step out of the pods...

They both blinked when four near-replica's of Saryia stepped out. They had expected something of the sort, of course, but the handful of differences between each of them, not to mention between the real thing and them, were just enough to deserve a double take. All of them had grey skin and Saryia's basic facial and body structure, but one was bald, another had breasts half again the size of the original or the others, a third had a cock...and the fourth had inverted nipples that looked suspiciously like additional vaginas. That last one made Ker'elaa look incredulously at Saryia, who looked sheepishly back for a moment.

"Uh...that was almost a year ago I think? Some encounter with very sketchy mad science tech. They were neat, but also kinda annoying, so I got it reversed using my genetic backup files. Guess some of the DNA must still be there, though...limitations of the tech that reversed it, maybe."

Ker'elaa was still looking a little incredulous when the grey googirl clones finally noticed them. All four turned to stare, then spoke in eerie synchrony.

"GUESTS! Here to play with us! Yay!"

The two explorers boggled for a moment as the previously still foursome began bouncing in place and wiggling side-to-side...which did mesmerizing things to all of their anatomy's, which were far more bouncy than even Saryia's breast size could account for. Their stunned moment cost them any chance to simply leave, as the googirls quickly sprung into motion.

"We'll satisfy alllll of the mistresses' desires!"

The two non-goos only got one last look at each other before each was swarmed by the surprisingly fast...and definitely rather aggressive, goo constructs. Saryia, whose suit was still rebooting itself, was the first to experience the sensation of one of the goos literally melting around her, capturing one arm very *liberally* in her boobs. The sensation wasn't unpleasant, the material of their body's feeling a lot like high-end liquid latex, only warmer and slightly charged with something that wasn't quite electricity. Whatever it was made all the skin in contact with the goo tingle pleasantly, though Saryia had only moments to analyze that sensation as the second goo to target her had aimed for something altogether more sensitive, wrapping itself around her waist. Moments after it, too, melded her partway into its body, the pleasure centers of Saryia's brain lit up as that tingle enveloped the far-more-sensitive flesh of her pussy. She moaned, then moaned louder as she felt a piece of the googirl harden slightly into a gooey-tentacle that probed at her entrance.

Almost at the same time as the second goo began pulling her legs apart, the first had shifted behind her, turning its lower body from legs into something like a slanted, gooey bench. It absorbed her other arm into its body, then used them to pull her down onto itself, tendrils of its grey goo wrapping around her to hold her in place...though thankfully she wasn't pulled farther into the googirl. Instead, even as the second goo thrust home with its half-hardened tentacle, causing her to jerk and moan again,

tendrils shot out from the first one that was holding her in place. The tendrils unerringly zeroed in on Saryia's nipples, several of them coming together above each, before forming some sort of sucker-looking mouth above each and latching on. There was a slight bite as they did, more pleasurable than painful at this point, then the mouths began sucking and nibbling on each nipple.

Meanwhile, the other goo had not been idle. At first, it had simply wriggled the gooey tentacle around inside Saryia's pussy, which with that tingle added in was an incredible sensation in and of itself! But, while Saryia was distracted, it had also formed a second, slightly slimmer tentacle and was now pushing it into her ass. It's semi-fluid nature, combined with Saryia's own body-mods, made it slip into her backdoor with seamless ease. For a moment, both tentacles were still...and then they began to writhe and thrust in place, their motions adding to the pleasure their unique tingle had already been generating. Saryia came for the first time within second...but the tentacles only got more aggressive, even as a third phallic tentacle came from behind her, tapping at her lips.

Not really minding, particularly after her disappointment with the pod earlier, Saryia eagerly opened wide, wrapping her lips around the tentacle, drawing it in. For the first time, she heard one of the googirls moan in turn, in a more energetic version of her own voice. That was...oddly hot. Grinning around her mouthful, Saryia began to get a handle on the situation, realizing her position gave her enough leverage to thrust down into the googirl below her. With her first counterthrust, that goo began to moan just as the one behind her did! She put two and two together quickly, realizing that the goo's were likely designed to mimic pleasure responses when you *did something to them*, rather than just take it. Gleefully, she set about putting that new understanding to work...

---1 Hour Later---

Saryia moaned wantonly as she was battered from behind by dual-cocks, harder than the original gooey tentacles that had penetrated her at the start. She was on her knees at this point, with her moans sending a shiver through the googirl with a similarly hardened, almost living-latex feeling cock rammed down her throat. Her hands were busy with two more of the living-latex style cocks, stroking rapidly as she showed off her multitasking ability. Only two tentacles from the googirl behind her, which had started out as arms, were holding her up as they wrapped around her chest. Tentacles which were, not so incidentally, crossing her breasts just above and below her nipples, compressing them between their flexible flesh with every thrust of the googirl into her body. Add in the nearly full-body tingle from being covered inside and out with a great deal of their goo, and even Saryia's senses were starting to be a bit overwhelmed...and she loved it...

---1 More Hour Later---

Ker'elaa and Saryia were embracing face-to-face, both of them barely capable of thought as they instinctively made out. Below them, raising and lowering them with tentacles, were the remaining pair of googirls that hadn't run out of power yet. Partially merged at the hips, four ribbed, writhing tentacles extended from their groins, double penetrating both woman even as more tentacles bound them together. Their breasts pressed into each other, nipples rubbing together even as thinner tendrils worked their way between their bodies, latching onto their clits and pulsing in a brutally pleasurable pattern. Ker'elaa's cock had reappeared at some point, receiving its own tentacle, wrapped around it and squeezing in rhythm with everything else. Neither of them were at their limits physically, but even Ker'elaa was checked-out a bit mentally as they moaned their way through yet another joint climax...

---1 More Hour Later---

It was only three hours after the googirls first emerged when the limited charge in the constructs finally ran low, all four of them going into a sort of power-save mode that made them turn into compressed latex-looking dolls. Saryia and Ker'elaa were both nude, Ker'elaa's own uniform having been shredded by the aggressive goos when the first moved in. Saryia, meanwhile, wasn't sure how the goo dripping from her lower lips and ass would affect her nanosuit, so she'd refrained from turning it back on for the time being. Both of the explorers had managed to outlast their 'foes,' and were now propped up against a wall, looking at the inert latex dolls and discussing what to do with them. Leaving them here seemed a bit cruel, given how human they had acted. Indeed, given that they were based on real engrams, there was some debate on how alive they might be. Certainly, a deeper look at their code was called for...and Saryia had a thought about what to do with them anyway. One she had just voiced to her android companion, who was visibly mulling the idea over in her head, but seemed receptive to the basic plan. She only had one concern.

"You don't think Wuilo will abuse the knowledge that this facility is out here? We'll have to tell him about it, in case anything goes wrong with the girls. Heck, even just giving him their specs and access to them might allow him to reproduce more primitive copies."

Saryia shrugged. "There's no certainty, obviously. But there's a couple of things going for us with him specifically. First and most important, Wuilo is an Abralian. Despite their size and fearsome reputation in combat...they are actually instinctively non-violent. It's why Wuilo was so...pent up. He wouldn't have ever considered simply using someone that couldn't handle him. Remember how hard it was to convince him I could take it?"

Ker'elaa nodded, then simply gestured for her Mistress to go on.

"The other thing is that I felt him out about AI. Given that he was all-to-likely to figure out about either you or Teva, I wanted to make sure it wasn't going to be a problem. Apparently, and I'm not sure if this is a species or personal thing, he's very much a proponent of the idea that AI are sentients, with all the same rights as any other sapient being. Between those two facts...I think the only worry we have is getting the full explanation out without him getting angry with us."

Ker'elaa hummed for a moment, then nodded. "I like it. Shall we go then, Mistress?"

Saryia laughed. "Maybe in a few hours...even I need a little rest after that, before we have to climb out of the ravine again. Besides, I need to copy the data about them for Wuilo. As well as double check to make sure there's no nasty surprises we haven't found yet..."

Saryia levered herself up and, only somewhat steadily, made her way back to the main control console.

Saryia smiled wryly as she stared out the cockpit at the happily waving quartet of goo-clones. And at the hugely grinning Wuilo sanding right behind them. She quickly waved back to them...then activated the Dream's control systems, moaning as the control shafts slid home. She entered easily into the cyberspace that controlled the ship's systems, Teva and Ker'elaa working seamlessly with her as the ship finished its final pre-flight and smoothly lifted off. She knew the goo-clones would be deliriously

happy with Wuilo...and he was even happier to have them. Not only could they very easily see to his continued...needs...but they retained enough of their solider-engram to act as enforcers. Not to mention having gained a solid basis in technical skills from Saryia's own, shallower, engram addition. More than enough for them to build on, making them more and more useful to the dock owner as time went on.

Well, at least this particular adventure had resulted in a happy ending for all, despite a few ups and downs. Now, she just needed to figure out where the heck they were going from here. Pulling up the navigational data they'd gotten from various sources on the rogue planet, she whistled a little tune to herself as she scrolled through possible destinations...

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