

Galactic Nomad: A Frustrating Relic

Novus Peregrine

Saryia *very* carefully crossed another weakened area of floor, sighing in relief when she made it to the other side with incident. She panned the camera around, giving Ker'elaa a good look and scan of the room she'd ended up in. The android woman hadn't been able to come with her as she delved into the old ruin, unfortunately. She simply weighed far too much to risk in the less stable areas, even with an anti-grav pack removing a portion of her weight. Teva was with her this time, instead, reloaded into her nano-suit instead of the *Dream's* systems and carefully managing the output of the anti-grav pack that was keeping Saryia literally light on her feet. And, if Ker'elaa wasn't with them, she was at least able to assist via the portable scan unit and the ship's far more powerful computers, helping map out any problems and crack the occasional security system.

Though it didn't seem likely that the latter function would be needed in the new room they'd found themselves in. Once the scanners reported that the room was completely stable, Saryia stepped farther in and looked around with naked curiosity. It was clearly some sort of project room, not quite a lab but more of a private workroom of some sort. It wasn't the first of the sort they'd found. Not even close to the first, in point of fact. Whatever group had lived in this sprawling complex had clearly been almost universally interested in tinkering with...anything and everything. So much so that they'd already identified a half dozen schematics and twice as many prototypes that would be viable products on the open market...despite this place looking like it had been abandoned for centuries. Possibly millennia. It was almost a pity that they'd yet to figure out just who had lived here, having not found any intact images.

Until now, actually. Saryia's curiosity redoubled as she realized that whoever had owned *this* particular workshop had been a man or women after her own perverted heart. What she'd first taken for medical devices of some sort were, as she stepped closer to get a better look, clearly something a bit more...intimate. And, better yet, the majority of the reason why she could identify that detail was because each device had a series of snapshot playing on holoemitters beside it, showing the devices in use. Most of the emitters were damaged, only a handful working at all and only two of them clearly enough to finally get a good look at the species of being featured in them. Taking another step closer to one of the more functional examples, she took a good look.

Humanoid, which wasn't a shock given the general architecture so far. Defiantly not human, of course. Green skin, two prong-like horns instead of hair, slightly back-swept. Long pointed ears that swept the same angle as the horns. Orange eyes that seemed to glow a little, likely indicating some level of night vision...which actually explained how little in the way of light fixtures they'd encountered. While annoying for Saryia, it had likely been quite comfortable for the owners. Hmm, for other defining features it was mostly good news as far as she was concerned. Large breasts, with fairly human looking nipples aside from the color, genitals that looked pretty human as well, though from what she could tell it looked like they had three sets of lower lips rather than just an outer and inner. Oh, and a fairly sexy tail...with a bioluminescent tip? Yeah, the low light levels *definitely* made sense now.

Also, it was notable that the girl in the looping holo looked like she was *really* enjoying the device she was strapped into. Really, it was porno-level material. The good stuff. And Saryia was absolutely appreciative...and rapidly becoming aroused. Okay, so that was a lie. She was almost always a little aroused. She was just *more* aroused now. Like, by a lot. She would need to see if they could recreate a human-safe version of the device she was seeing in use. The way that girl was contorted

showed there was also some bone differences, since even Saryia didn't think she could manage that without snapping something important. Like her spine.

Shaking off the thought and trying to move beyond her...appreciation of the holo...she began to sweep the rest of the room with the suit-mounted lights she'd been using to navigate. She made sure to get scans of each device as she spotted them, moving deeper into the workspace as she did. Some of the devices she was seeing were pretty plebian, really...but others were considerably more exotic. A few even looked like she might survive them, despite clearly being made for a more flexible anatomy. And dear goodness, was this species apparently flexible! There were more working holos sporadically as she moved deeper into the surprisingly large workshop and some of them were even more distracting than that first one she'd examined...

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Which was probably why she fucked up. She should have known better than to lower her guard...but in her haze of arousal she didn't notice until too late that one of the devices had begun tracking her as she drew close to it. When she moved to squeeze between it and a large worktable that had fallen over...it struck. With the clanking, scratchy sounds of well-designed but poorly maintained metal moving, two tentacles shot off from the base of a device that looked something like a stripped-down reclining chair. Her enhanced reflexes kicked in and she tried to dodge, but all she accomplished was pinning herself against another device, the tentacles barely having to course correct before wrapping around each of her arms. Teva tried to defend her next, counter-tentacles shooting out from the nanite-suit...but they simply wrapped around the tentacles and accomplished nothing, the heavier tentacles of the device just ignoring her attempts to pry them loose.

Moments later, two more tentacles joined the first set, grabbing her legs and lifting her into the air. She sighed and ordered Teva to knock off her attempts to free her and attempt to interface with the device they were attached too. Given the apparent purpose of these machines, so long as this species' anatomy wasn't radically different than her own, she'd probably be okay. And from what she'd seen so far, they seemed pretty similar aside from their extra flexibility. Hopefully this device wasn't intended to push that particular aspect...

It only took thirty seconds or so for the tentacles to pull her into the chair-like device and, almost-predictably, cuffs quickly locked her wrists, ankles and waist in place. She struggled just a bit, simply to test for weaknesses in the cuffs after the tentacles withdrew, but it didn't do any good. Not really a surprise. If the tentacles were still working despite the age and poor condition of this place, the cuffs were far less likely to have broken down. She supposed all that was left to do was to wait and see what it had planned for her.

The wait wasn't long as the chair shifted, the back curving more to press her suit-covered groin out into open air, even as the legs spread a bit. For a moment, she was worried that maybe it *was* going to break her...but thankfully it stopped well within her own body's limits. A tentacle returned, this time with a blade attached, and her eyes widened...but all it did was start cutting away her suit. It paused after a moment as her suit repaired itself...but then simply tried again.

“Um, boss? This thing has got wicked security on it. I’m not getting through this in anything less than a month, not even with support from the *Dream*.”

Pouting at the unwelcome report from Teva, she sighed. “Okay, might as well deactivate the suit repair function then. I doubt I’m getting out until it’s done with me.”

Teva made a discontented noise but obeyed. Likely as the A.I. didn’t have any better ideas. On the tentacle’s next attempt, the fifth by this point, her suit failed to repair and it ‘cut’ away her clothing completely. Though, in truth, after it became clear it intended to strip her entirely, she simply ordered to nanites back to their storage configuration and had Teva move it away from her body.

Seemingly having finish its job, the tentacle retreated again...only to be replaced by another pair that were holding some sort of belt with plugs on the inside...

“Oh, hell no!”

Saryia struggled futilely for a few moments as the chastity belt neared her...only for one of the tentacles to spark at her in warning. She went still at that, inwardly cursing as it aligned the belt. She sighed and did her best to relax as it aligned the plugs. She was once again thankful for her body mods, as she didn’t need lube as badly as others would, making it only mildly uncomfortable as both plugs entered her simultaneously. The plugs were actually fairly short, though somewhat girthy, and neither caused any real discomfort. Sadly, that wasn’t true of the next step. Whoever had designed this thing must have intended it for long-term use, as a smaller tentacle shot out with what she instantly recognized as a catheter. Ugh. Sure, a lot of space suits included them, but they definitely weren’t comfortable, darn it!

She suffered through its insertion with only a grunt, then groan as the belt was sealed onto her with a rather final sounding click. Moments later, each toy inside her pulses for a few second each, causing her to moan...but then then went still and the chair returned her to its rest position before releasing her completely. Grumbling and tugging at the belt, she eventually let her shoulders slump and summoned Teva back to her. The moment the suit tried to activate around her, however, she yelped as a light shock was aimed straight into her clit! She quickly stopped the suit from activating fully, hesitatingly ordering it to only cover her hands and feet in gloves and boots. Thankfully, that much seemed to be okay. Sighing in relief, having not wanted to try getting out of this place without foot and hand protection, she took a last scan of the room before heading back to the ship...

“Well, fuck.”

“A rather oxymoronic choice of expletive, Captain.”

Ker’elaa voice had way too much humor in it for Saryia’s liking, and she glared at the android. The android who simply grinned back at her, unrepentant.

“I’m just saying, fucking is the one thing you *can’t* do at the moment, Captain. And might not be doing for quite a while if we don’t figure something out.”

Grumbling about uppity crewmembers, Saryia put down her tools. So far, every attempt at getting the belt off of her had failed. Attempts to cut it off had resulted in it shocking her again.

Attempts at hacking it had resulted in a fried a hack-box, a mostly illegal device Saryia had a few of that protected systems from back hacks. And, most recently, Saryia had failed to use a micro-emp on the, apparently hardened against such, internal systems. The micro-emp had worked but hadn't affected the belt at all. Which, really, wasn't actually all that unexpected. Most tech was shielded against it. It had been worth a try, given the age of the ruins, but she hadn't been very hopeful.

Directing her gaze at the *Erotic Dream's* control board, she voiced a question. "Teva, did you finish that estimate on its battery life?"

"Yes, boss. Best estimate is fourteen years, three hundred and twenty-seven hours."

"Fu—Shit." Saryia glared at the android next to her after changing the word. Then she sighed. "I guess we're going to have to go back in and try to find a solution inside the facility. Given the *Dream's* control systems, we're kinda stranded here until I can get this blasted thing off—"

Her train of thought and speech was halted as, for the seventh time, the toys inside her buzzed to life. She moaned, reaching up to tweak her nipples, hoping this time would be different...then groaned in frustration two minutes later as the buzz died just before she came. She stopped playing with her nipples immediately, having already learned that attempting to finish without the belt's approval would earn her another shock. Saryia whimpered...and there was a long moment of awkward silence before Teva finally broke it with a fake-cheerful voice.

"Well, at least it's not got an AI on board or something! We can at least keep making attempts without it reacting, unless we try to physically harm the belt. At least, so far that's the case."

Ker'elaa piped up, clearly trying to put a better spin on things. "And, worst comes to worst, we probably only have to wait a month or two, not fourteen years, since we can hack the attachment device in that time."

Not feeling *nearly* as positive as they were trying to be, Saryia pointed out. "Yeah, except we don't know that the attachment device actually has the removal protocols. It might be another system entirely...or not intended to be possible at all. Though I think that last one is a worst-case. The devices in that room didn't give off the vibe as being that twisted."

Neither of her companions spoke, and Saryia sighed. She supposed she'd better try to sleep before delving back into the ruins. She just hoped the belt would actually let her rest...

When she'd finally gotten to sleep, the belt had remained quiescent for only 4 hours before waking her with another session of edging, this one lasting nearly half an hour. Thankfully, a mod reducing her need for sleep had been one of Saryia's very first, long before she ever got into all the kinky stuff, in fact. It had gotten her through her schooling...and it was *still* paying dividends now as she was *mostly* rested on her return to the ruins. This time, Ker'elaa had come along, though she'd split off from Teva and Saryia. Whereas they had returned to the workroom the belt had come from to start up a long-duration hack of the installation device's systems, Ker'elaa had used their scans from the previous day to determine which parts of the facility that were safe for her weight. She was making herself useful by checking for any other possible options in those sections she could access safely.

They'd set up the hack quickly enough. And, better yet, they'd discovered the name of who'd owned this particular workshop and forwarded that information to Ker'elaa, who had quickly discovered one of the main habitat spaces. Aside from that, they'd so far found very little of use for Saryia's current predicament...but quite a few interesting designs for new toys that she was still cataloguing with interest. Though, she had to admit that part of the reason she kept getting derailed by that cataloguing was that she was horny as fuck and couldn't help but imagine using the various toys...if only she could at the moment. This wasn't her first time in a chastity belt, not even in one that was designed to edge her, but the experience hadn't gotten any less...extreme...than before. All of her body mods tended to amplify the effects of being unable to properly get off, after all. Getting horny easily and experiencing more intense pleasure just made it worse when both were being used against you!

It was only as she was about to give up and head to the habitat wing to help search out the workshop owner's quarters that she finally stumbled across a clue. And that stumbling was very literal, as she hadn't noticed the fallen data slate sticking out from between two benches until she went to leave, taking a path to avoid the chastity belt machine, and she'd had her balance thrown off-center when her shin clipped the exposed portion of the data device. Once she recovered, she'd looked for what had tripped her and discovered the still-functional-if-battered slate. It had taken another fifteen minutes to manage to free it from between the two machines...though five of those minutes were the fault of the toys inside her deciding to tease her again.

A little disheveled, she finally managed to access the device...and had ultimately found an entry relevant to her situation.

12 day 4th Moon of Ramatin

Ugh. I can't believe I've been stuck in this fucking belt for a week now. I thought I was doing good when I solved the second clue...and I'm grateful that the second tonal resonator at least changed it so the toys make me cum sometimes, instead of just teasing me. But I'm now stuck on the third clue, and have been for days. I'm sure it has something to do with that model of the *Ridohca* on sub-level 4, but I can't figure out where Asctina hid the tonal resonator. I hope no one moved it or something, I don't want to be stuck in this belt at her mercy for the full six months if I lose our wager.

Saryia sighed. She supposed the good news was that the belt and its creator, assuming it's the same belt, weren't malicious. The challenge even sounded like, from what little information there was, the exact sort of thing Saryia would normally find fun. Unfortunately, the chances that they could find all of these 'tonal resonators' in the damaged installation was tiny. Not only did they not have the original clues, but there was also no guarantee that all of them had even survived. Well, there was no help for it really, they'd have to try and find at least one in order to see if they could duplicate them...

Saryia growled wordlessly as Ker'elaa laughed like a lunatic, slumped against the wall. Taking very careful steps, making sure each was only half her full stride, she moved over to the toybox in her

room. She grimaced as she stepped just a bit too far and a tiny spark of electric fired through the dildo in her ass. That *stung* blast it!

Finally making it, she opened the chest of toys that were both part of her personal collection...and far more than had come with the *Erotic Dream*. Rummaging around, it only took her a minute to find what she was looking for, pulling out a set of shackles and a few lengths of chain. Sighing and looking over at her, finally not laughing, minion, she bit out a question.

“Well, are you going to help me or not?”

Ker’elaa chuckled but didn’t fall into full laughter again, pushing herself up and crossing the distance between them, taking the shackles and chains.

“I think this is what you get for saying ‘what’s the worst’ that can happen. You should know better!”

Saryia grumbled...then sighed. Ker’elaa was right, after all. But who would have thought that these ancient aliens had considered how to punish someone for trying to brute force the tonal lock combinations? After they’d managed to find the first two, miraculously preserved in the quarters of the woman that had left the data slate behind, Saryia had thought that they could just extrapolate and try numerous tones to finish the game. Sadly, the creator of the belt had apparently thought of that and come up with a way to punish the attempt...so now she was stuck not being able to take more than shuffling half-steps without shocking herself.

Well, at least she’d finally managed to cum before all this had happened...

Saryia puffed out her cheeks, silently pouting at Ker’elaa’s grin after the android woman secured the ball-gag in her mouth. Her latest escape attempt had earned her enforced silence...and Saryia hadn’t realized how much she’d gotten used to having people to talk to around again until she’d been shocked for the fourth time. So now she’s resorted to the toy box again for a solution that would remind her to keep her mouth shut...or not to speak at least, since it wasn’t exactly shut. She’d was once again grateful that her various mods made things like this easier. If she was almost any other human, having a ball-gag forcing her mouth open 24/7 would kill her jaw after even a few hours. As it was, Saryia would only have to take it out to eat...and maybe to clean up the drool every once and a while. This was thoroughly humiliating...though admittedly also a *bit* hot...

Yeah, there were probably a lot of things wrong with her for thinking that, but she liked herself anyway! And at least she made the shackles and ball-gag look *good*. Which was particularly important given how little she was still stuck wearing. Or not wearing, she supposed...

...Okay, she’d forgotten how annoying it was to be stuck in handcuffs. While that was fun for playtime, it was *really super irritating* when trying to work on anything. At least she’d gotten *closer* to escaping the belt this time! Sort of. Okay, not really. But she’d learned more about its defenses! Of course, she’d also discovered that it could still come up with more ways to punish her, this time by

making sure she couldn't move her wrists more than three inches apart...along with her legs...and the gag.

Well, at least the hack of the original machine would be done tomorrow! Of course, who knows if that would help them any...

Saryia sighed in relief as she looked over the data, awkwardly reading it on a data slate even as her two companions looked over their own copy. While they didn't have anything like a master key, they now at least knew enough to brute-force a solution by tricking the removal device into thinking they'd beat the puzzles. It would be a serious challenge to make their way back down to the workroom, but Ker'elaa had been reinforcing parts of the building since a week into their efforts, so she could help Saryia make it back into the facility. Tomorrow, though. As much as Saryia *desperately* wanted to touch herself at this point, after a full month stuck in chastity, it was dark out and it would be stupid to risk the journey before morning. Setting aside the data slate, she shuffled over to her bunk and tried to get comfortable despite her...predicament.

Saryia was only a little bit nervous as she sat in the chastity machine, on purpose this time. With a steadily breath, she nodded to Ker'elaa, signaling the android to activate their bit of brute-force code. For long moments, nothing happened...then the machine whirred to life, the cuffs quickly activating to lock her in position. The machine inclined and arched her back, just as familiar tentacles returned...and then the belt unlocked! With a flood of utter relief, Saryia watched as the tentacles pulled the chastity belt away from her sopping, drooling lower lips. She eagerly and impatiently waited for the device to release her...

...and waited...

"Um, Ker'elaa?"

"I'm not sure, boss. Our code finished, but it seems like the device itself still had a follow up program of some so—"

Ker'elaa was cut off as the tentacles, which had retreated into the base, suddenly returned...and the changes to them explained the delay. No longer did they have graspers at the end of their arms. Instead...there were phallic shaped tips on each tentacle. Oh...so that's where this was going! This should be awesome! Eagerly, Saryia opened her mouth for the first tentacle, suppressing her gag reflex as it wasted no time in penetrating her throat.

The other two tentacles that had reappeared didn't give her any time to adjust. Taking advantage of her slightly-gaping holes, which had been forcefully kept spread for the last month, each tentacle swiftly filled her lower holes. She moaned around the one in her throat in response, that first tentacle already starting to face fuck her without remorse. As the other two tentacles joined in, pistoning in and out of her even as they began to vibrate, she came for the first time...and practically squealed in delight as they didn't slow down a bit!

Now *this* was the way to reward someone for solving a puzzle!

Ker'elaa looked curiously at her boss as she slid off the control rods of the *Erotic Dream*. Or, rather, she looked between her boss and the chastity belt that Saryia was moving towards.

“You’re not going to put that back on, are you? Why did you even *bring* it?”

Saryia smirked back at her android minion. “Not now, no. But this thing is easily the best prize we took out of that facility.” Ker'elaa looked confused, so Saryia humored her, elaborating. “You must be thinking of all the trouble it gave us, yes? But did you consider *why* it gave us so much trouble? Between your own archives stored on the *Dream*, and my own similar archives, we managed to crack the security...but only after a month. And we couldn't cut the thing off before that, nor did we ever actually break the belt's security itself. It also packed in quite a few impressive features, able to read my body and actions in detail, all in a very small processing package...and without ever needing charged. After, I might add, being hidden away for centuries.”

Ker'elaa's eyes had widened. “I see. Security software, materials science, advanced sensor packages and an unreal battery life.”

Saryia nodded. “Yep. And, who knows, the belt itself could even be fun after I pry all its secrets out of it! Maybe I'll start using in on you if you lose wagers with me~.”

Ker'elaa grinned. “Only if I get to do the same...”

Both of them smirked...then broke down in giggles. She supposed everything had worked out okay in the end...though it was a pity the tentacle machine had been too bulky to get out of the facility with. That thing had been fun as it fucked her into unconsciousness...twice...

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