

## A Galactic Nomad – Corporate Entanglements

Novus Peregrine

Saryia cursed as the coupler failed to budge, again, and this time her sweaty fingers failed to hold onto the spanner she'd been using on the blasted thing. She grabbed for it as it fell, but already knew that it was too late. It tumbled through the piping with a harsh series of clangs and bangs, each making her string of curses more virulent. When it finally came to rest after several bounces, well out of reach without her crawling into the tight confines of the piping to get the bastard thing, she let her foul language trail off in a sigh. Shoulders slumping, she leaned back for a moment against a conduit and took a deep breath, picturing her negative emotions as colors, then breathing them out in a slow five-count, expelling the colors and the emotions they represented along with the breath.

She no longer remembered the name of the lover that had taught her the little meditation exercise, only dimly remembering that it had been a male of some oddly emotive species that she'd helped through some sort of mating frenzy. Still, regardless of inability to summon up his name, the simple technique had served her well for years. Even now, a smile, albeit a rueful, self-deprecating one, was tugging at the corners of her lips. Oh well, this was hardly the first time she'd ever had to test her flexibility to retrieve a dropped tool in some poorly-put-together maintenance area. Throwing her arms out in front of her, she laced her fingers together and cracked her knuckles in a spine-popping stretch, working the tiredness and aches out of her muscles. It was near the end of her workday and she'd collected more than a few kinks, cramps, and sore muscles as she worked. She let out a little moan as she stretched most of them out of her body, then put her hands on her hips and started at the pipes, plotting her way through the maze to the tool.

She hummed a bit, a moment later, as she started snaking through the pipes. Really, it was nothing to be truly upset over, given that this was her last day aboard the old bulk freighter she'd hitched a ride on anyway. So far, it had worked out nicely, despite the crew acting a little oddly for Hibdgians. Normally, their population was pretty prudish, but she'd not only bedded one of them herself on this trip, but had caught at least two couples fucking in public places. Very odd...but bulk freighter crews were often a rule unto themselves, often having their own culture that developed over long-hauls. That this particular crew regularly did shady work, running questionable goods into and out of Wildspace, only make that more true.

With a happy cry of satisfaction, Saryia managed to snag the tool at last. Grinning in triumph, she tried to back out of the piping, only to feel her clothing catch on something. She wiggled, then tried moving forward and back again, but...only succeeded in getting more stuck.

“Uh-oh.”

She wiggled some more, making quite a bit of noise as she mentally cursed herself for leaving Teva behind today. Even nanite-suits needed to at least run the occasional deep-clean cycle, and she'd chosen to do that today so that she'd have to suit uninterrupted through the first few days in Wildspace. It had made perfect sense, in fact it still did, but if she'd been wearing the suit she also wouldn't currently be stuck. Slumping as all her efforts to get free only seemed to have made things worse, she was just about to give in and call for help when she heard boots behind her. Perking up, she called back to whoever it was.

“Hey! A little help here? I seem to have gotten snagged on something.”

The boots moved closer, but no reply came. Instead, a pair of large, scaled hands...grasped her rear and squeezed. To her embarrassment, she squeaked. Mostly in surprise, admittedly. By instinct, she tried to lurch away, only to remember as her body failed to get anywhere that she was well and truly stuck at the moment. While another woman might have panicked...Saryia just rolled her eyes. Then a playful smirk danced onto her face. She was hardly against a little fun, after all...and she had to admit that the hands groping her ass were turning her on. As was the situation, now that her mind was switching gears as her body started to respond to the lustful attentions of whatever crewmember had found her. A moment later, she moaned, as those wandering hands dipped lower and rubbed at her already-leaking slit through the overalls she'd been wearing. The cloth was thick enough to blunt much of the feeling...but Saryia's body hadn't been anything remotely like stock human standard for years, and she was easily sensitive enough for the sensation to come through.

Her moan apparently emboldened whoever it was, as the finger of that hand twitched, a small but sharp talon popping out of its end. The finger *very* carefully traced the seams of her crotch, the cloth parting easily under the razor edge of that talon. A Githorian then. Which didn't really help all that much in identifying her 'assailant,' given that something like eighty-five percent of the crew were Githorian. Not, she admitted, that she really cared all that much. So long as it, whoever it was, properly got her off along with themselves, she wasn't going to make a fuss. Well, so long as he or she didn't run off without helping her get unstuck, at least.

The talon retracted with another twitch, and thick fingers parted the cloth to rub on the extremely thin material of her panties. She moaned again, louder this time, deliberately being vocal in hopes of encouraging her 'assailant' at this point. She was horny, damn it! And this was fucking hot. As much as mystery lover ripping off her panties and taking her roughly right then was appealing, part of her was glad when, after a few more tracings of her lower lips through the thin cloth, they simply pulled the material aside. She liked expensive underthings and she'd splurged a bit with her newest windfall. Having to replace 400 credit panties of finest Asmeir Silk just three weeks after buying them might have made her actually cry! Assuming she could even find them again in Wildspace, which was frankly unlikely.

Thick, scaled fingers probed at her dripping pussy, and she shuddered as one of them plunged into her core. As it thrust a few times, she moaned and wiggled appreciatively, trying not to pout at how long it was taking them to get to the good stuff! A moment later, she squeaked, as two more fingers thrust violently in with the first, filling her fuller than most human cocks, let alone fingers! As they began to thrust, the first genuine moan, with no added theatrics to tempt whoever-it-was, spilled from her lips. Her eyes shut as an appreciatively shudder rolled through her. Oh yes, alien lovers could be so much *more* than humans, sometimes.

After a half dozen thrusts, the fingers pulled out and she whimpered at the loss, instinctively humping backward into empty air. She wasn't disappointed long, but was taken by surprised when it was a long, alien tongue that replaced the fingers, instead of a dick. Githorian tongues were rougher than humans, but she was wet and ready enough that the difference in texture only added to her enjoyment at the rapid oral assault. The tongue, longer by half than a human's, first ran through her lips twice...then thrust deep, swirling about inside her. She cried out in pleasure as the wildly thrashing tongue lashed her insides at random. The alien clearly didn't know much about human anatomy, not

seeming to know where to target his or her efforts, but they certainly made up for it with enthusiasm! She squirmed, writhed and moaned as the tongue hit sensitive bits at random...and then a finger found her magic button and she stilled for just a moment as a spike of pleasure shot through her. Then she came, hard, crying out her climax as she flooded the alien mouth with her juices. The tongue stopped momentarily in surprise, then tentatively continued, seemingly scooping up her cum. Even as she panted, her brain slowly rebooted and a silly grin plastered across her face. Why everyone always seemed surprised that she tasted like candy when she came, she'd never know. I mean, even an alien ought to realize by the time they got to the cream filling that her body was modded to hell and back...unless they'd never had a human lover, she supposed. And even then, most would probably realize it pretty fast.

Eventually, the alien had their fill, and pulled back, filling Saryia with hope that the fun might continue. She held her breath in anticipation...then almost squealed in happiness as the sound of a suit-zipper was followed by the feel of a thick, scaled dick probing at her lower lips. She bucked back against it in clear invitation, getting a throaty chuckle from the Githorian that she now knew to be female. Well, sort of female. Given the cock, it was debatable. But since they also laid the eggs, they were considered female by galactic standard labels, at least. And none of that mattered one whit to her at the moment, as the thick cock pressed deep inside her, coming to rest almost knocking at the entrance to her womb. She shuddered and murmured her approval, even as the sentient impaling her paused to let her get used to the size of her member. Not that Saryia really needed it...but it was a nice gesture, and she did enjoy using her well-practiced control to squeeze the Githian cock with her internal muscles, feeling out the delightful differences in shape and texture.

She's had Githorian cocks at the brothel, of course, but one of the most enjoyable things about the species was how radically their cocks differed from individual to individual. She'd gotten lucky with this one, it having a delightful series of bumps and groves that she just knew was going to feel amazing in a few moments...or right now, as the futanari alien woman began to thrust! Saryia moaned, her hips moving instinctively in time with her mystery lover, as the alien cock began withdrawing a few inches and thrusting back at a slow but steady pace. Said lover seemed to get the idea that she wanted more, quickly increasing the speed and depth of her thrusts. Saryia clapped a hand over her mouth to stifle her increasingly lewd moaning, not wanting to risk someone else interrupting them at this point. The alien cock continued speeding up, until it was roughly hammering into her with a brutal power that a non-augmented human would never be able to take. She keened as a second climax ripped through her, only to howl as the alien didn't stop, pounding away with merciless intensity as the climax was chased by a third, then a fourth.

Finally, when even Saryia's augmented body was beginning to feel the strain, she felt her lover freeze up and grinned madly at what she knew as coming. A moment that seemed to last an eternity was followed by a virtual geyser of cum erupting from that alien cock, far more and more powerfully than a human's cum, and far hotter too. She screamed in pleasure as the sensation of that hot cum hammering into the entrance of her womb sent her over the edge again, even more powerfully than her previous peaks. It seemed to go on forever...and then, finally, it was over, and Saryia slumped against the pipes, willing the black-spots at the edge over her vision not to creep in any farther on her.

Her efforts to stay conscious might have failed, if not for a companionable-but-heavy swat to her ass from the Githorian, followed by the woman's rapidly receding cock popping free with a lewd

squelching noise. It was enough to bring her back, even if she was still slumped against the pipes. Then, a moment later, she yelped as a sharp tug somewhere on her overalls finally released her from her stuck position and she dropped more fully against the pipes. She heard the Githorian woman chuckling as she walked away. Part of her wanted to look and see who it had been...but honestly she mostly just wanted to lay here and recover for another minute or two. It had been fun, but it's not like she'd have time to look whoever it was up for another round...

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Saryia smiled as she hefted her duffle bag, throwing it over one shoulder as she stepped off the freighter, taking in the grimy spaceport with a fresh sparkle in her eye. Most sentients would probably have been off-put by the rough-and-tumble appearance of the asteroid-settlement that the spaceport was a part of...but to Saryia it was somewhere *new* and that's all that really mattered. She'd long since fallen in love with seeing new places, and she'd long since lost any fear of the seedier side of the galaxy. She chuckled a little at the thought of what her younger self would have thought of the place. But so many years into her travels, this was far from the sketchiest port she'd ever laid over in. And, more to the point, the old mining colony, long since played out of useful metals, was the major jumping-off point into this section of Wildspace. From here she could easily find work or buy passage deeper into the zone. Excited grin plastered on her face and a bounce in her step, she set off into the port, eager to see what sorts of interesting things might be around each corner...

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Several days later, her good mood still hadn't abated, much to the amused confusion of her new A.I. companion. Teva was curious about the galaxy herself, having been stuck on her old ship for so long, but she didn't seem to understand her new owner's fascination with exploring the unknown. The A.I. would likely have been content simply to plug into the Galaxy Net somewhere, rather than get out and explore in person, though she was more than willing to support Saryia in doing so. The A.I. had originally been programmed as a personal assistant, after all, so her primary drive was to assist her current registered user. Which was working out quite a bit better than Saryia feared it might, having never really had a long-term companion on her travels. The fact that Teva's programmer had been a sexuality-liberated individual certainly helped!

"So, Teva, what do you think?"

The A.I. voice was so dry that Saryia could practically hear her rolling her digital eyes when she replied.

"I think that the Captain wants you more as her own personal sex toy than she does as a com tech."

Saryia laughed. "I've got no problem with that, I'm a decent com tech but a far better sex toy! Besides, Captain Relish'a is kinda sexy, even with the antenna."

"Yes, and without your body mods, her saliva would cause you a horrible rash. The novelty of a human she can actually mate with seems to be driving her desires."

Saryia hesitated, her good mood dropping just a bit. "Actually, I think it might be a bit more than that."

Teva was slow to reply, likely trying to figure out what her boss was getting at. When she finally asked, Saryia hesitated again, then sighed and bit the bullet.

"It's just a gut-instinct...but can you run a quick analysis for me? Compare the number of sentients on the station that displayed visible attraction or signs of lust toward me when we first arrived, then compare the numbers against the same information from the last twelve hours or so."

The A.I. was silent for a full minute, crunching the data. Then, electronic voice showing confusion, she provided an answer. "The rate of positive results has increased by a factor of over 500%. Moreover, comparing the data curve over the last several days shows an exponential increase...as well as a similar increase in the number of public sexual activities we've witnessed." Teva's voice grew alarmed as more and more data compiled. "If the current rate of increase continues... Saryia, it may be advisable to get off this station sooner than Captain Relish'a is prepared to leave."

"Shit. I hoped I was wrong. Unfortunately, I suspect it's already too late. I can feel some of the effects myself now. Which, given my protections, isn't a good sign for it's airborne concentration."

"*What's concentration?*"

"Teriluni Dust. I suspected the freighter we came in on was smuggling the stuff, but something has clearly gone wrong and it's leaking into the station's atmosphere. Much as I now suspect it was leaking in the ship, too. At the time, I just figured they were using a bit of their own product. But, with the whole station being affected..."

There was a long moment of silence as Teva processed what she said, likely reaching out to the Galaxy Net for information. The A.I.'s voice was alarmed when she spoke again. "Teriluni Dust, colloquially known as 'Lust Dust,' is a universal aphrodisiac, considered Class 2 contraband!"

"Yep. And if it is affecting the whole colony, there's both a lot of it and it's damn pure. And I didn't realize it was happening until it was too late." Saryia's fingers twitched as she fought the growing urge to touch herself, even as she watched at least three sentients in her view start acting erratically.

Her suit abruptly sealed itself, Teva's voice louder in the sudden confines of her helmet. "Saryia! Your hormone levels are...!"

Saryia groaned. "I know. But sealing the suit won't help much at this point, it's already in my system. We need to figure out where it's coming from!"

"I've hacked the station cameras, there is a pattern of increased sexual activity to station west, down spiral!"

Saryia started moving as soon as the words processed. The asteroid colony had been mined out from end-to-end in a spiral pattern, so 'down spiral' meant she needed to head 'down' to lower decks. She reached a lift car quickly...and immediately diverted to the service way instead, as she saw an orgy going on around the lift station. She cursed as she realized that the lift-shafts were probably funneling the Dust through the station, meaning any lift station would likely be surrounded by an orgy already. She popped open the service way and began climbing down the ladder inside, biting her lip against a

moan as her enhanced-body began succumbing to the effects of the Dust, making her desperate to touch herself. She only made it three decks before, gasping between moans, she had to ask Teva for help.

“Teva...use the suit nanites to...stimulate me...please. But...ohhh...but...don’t let me cum! If I...if I do...the effect will get...mHhmmh...stronger.”

Saryia moaned louder as blessed relief came in the form of her suit massaging her drooling pussy and grasping her nipples, rolling and pinching them. Her eyes fluttered closed for a moment, but she quickly forced them open and continued climbing down, faster now. A few moments later, she felt a small prick on her inner thigh, and Teva spoke up.

“I see. The chemical release from an orgasm would react with the drug and leave you in a stupor. I’ve taken the precaution of releasing an orgasm inhibitor nanite shot into your system, though I’m a little surprised the formula and specifications were in your private database.”

Even as Saryia internally groaned at the thought of not being able to cum until they wore off, she had to grin a bit at the bewildered tone in Teva’s voice. “About a year ago, I hitched a ride with this Telicran dominatrix that had a thing for orgasm control exchange. She let me ride an entire long-haul with her stealth frigate, between two warring sectors, under the condition that I give up control of my ability to cum to her. I was the most *frustrating* yet *amazing* six months. Gotta tell you, as much as not being able to cum without her allowing it was maddening...the power of every climax she did let me have was amazing. Still not sure the trade off was worth it, but it was a sorta fun experience...once. Not really something I was looking to repeat, though...I hope you recoded those nanites not to last as long?”

Teva’s pause was not encouraging. Thankfully, when she did answer, her sheepish admittance that she hadn’t was followed up quickly. With her greater knowledge of nanite technology, she could simply make a hunter nannie that would eliminate the first, while releasing a drug mix that would counteract the inhibitor chemical.

“It will take me a few hours, though...I’m sorry, Saryia.”

Biting her lip against a moan as the suit continued to work her body over, Saryia stepped off the service ladder. “Not your fault, I shouldn’t have left the original programming on the nanites when I added them to the database. But please ask *first* next time, yeah?”

“Of course, boss.”

“Good, now...please fuck me. The Dust’s effects are getting worse, and since I can’t cum anyway... Oh, and tell me where the fuck I’m supposed to be going, too.”

Her suit’s actions changed even before Teva responded, causing Saryia to whimper as a nanite-tendrill slipped between her lower lips, rapidly expanding into a phallic shape inside her.

“I have isolated what I believe the source of the Dust to be. There is an off-grid storage area with no cameras, two more decks down and half a kilometer to station west. The area all around it has fallen into a sexual frenzy. Other areas are beginning to show similar results, but this area appears to have succumb first.”

Panting with the effort of staying focused as the phallic tendril fucked her insides, Saryia managed to gasp out. "Guide me!"

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It took a torturous two hours to cover the distance, with Saryia having been delayed several times by the needing to stun or sexually service several station crew and residents that had made it into the service ways, only to succumb to the effects of the Dust once they were there. At least two of the five she'd encountered had seemed to be making their way to the same location Teva was guiding Saryia, which gave her more certainty that she was headed to the right place. By the time she reached the security door she was reduced to staggering forward in fits and starts, moaning constantly and mind barely stringing thoughts together as her suit fucked her pussy and ass with vibrating tendrils. She stepped over the whimpering body of another naked woman, who was convulsively finger fucking herself, and leaned heavily on the door.

"Te..va...the...door."

Tendrils shot out from her suit, violently impaling the security panel. Seconds that seemed to last hours passed...then the door hissed open, causing Saryia to fall through into the dark storage room. A moment later, the tendrils that had opened the door retracted, replaced by two more with strong lights at the ends of their tips. The lights swept the room...and landed on a massive tank with a large puncture in its metal on one side, a thick stream of Lust Dust literally pouring from it in a slow surge. Saryia had fallen to her knees and tried to push herself up...only for her wobbling, quivering legs to refuse. Whimpering, she slowly crawled toward the puncture, her only thought to reach it, with no idea what she'd do then.

Two meters away, her strength gave out completely. She laid there, trying to force herself to move again, for an indeterminate amount of time, before the fact that Teva was desperately shouting at her registered. It took her desperate, pleasure-flooded mind still longer to make out that the A.I. was repeating, over and over.

"User Saryia! I need authorization to assume emergency control! Please, boss, give me permission!"

"Teva?" the name was a moan, but it seemed to ignite some dregs of sanity in her mind. "...I...authorize...emerg...ency...cont..rol..."

Teva's voice was deeper, but filled with relief, as she spoke again. "Assuming Direct Suit Control."

Abruptly, the nanite-suit tightened farther around her, stiffening...and then Saryia found herself moving. She watched, mind curiously detached, as her body staggered upright, shambling forward with ill-grace like some sort of lewdly moaning zombie. Tendrils shot out of the suit, darting in several directions, some grabbing a loose sheet of metal plating while others shifted into an atomic-welder. Her body lurched again as it put it's weight against the plate, forcing the stream of Lust Dust to give way to the metal sheet. Then, when the plate met the tank, the welder darted in and slowly worked it's way around the plate, welding it into a cover for the leak. It took long minutes for the weak welder to finish

it's job...and then her body moved away from the Dust, collapsing softly as Teva released control. Somehow, Saryia found her voice, rough and jagged from all the moaning she'd done.

"Cu..m...Teva...I need...to..cum...please...please....please...."

"I am sorry, Saryia. I have finished the nanites and released them into your body, but it will be another fifteen minutes before you can achieve release. Please try to hang on, mistress! And in the meantime...you're body is a mess, please take in some fluids and medication."

A phallic tendril pressed against her lips, and numb to anything but the idea of sex, Saryia eagerly let it in, sucking on it like the cock she wished it was. It released a sweet-tasting fluid with every suck, but her mind didn't care about that. It just hoped that if she made the fake cock happy, she'd be allowed to cum. Maybe if she made the cock cum, mistress would let her cum again, just like before, back in Mistress's ship. The cage, the crew cocks, the rewards if she did good enough...

Saryia's mind was lost in memory as she mindlessly sucked, hips weakly humping against the wildly vibrating tendrils in her pussy and ass. Time seemed to stretch on forever...and there she felt the change, like the electric, sparking hum of a shorting switch. Her body spasmed against two different orders...and then she *came*. She SCREAMED as the climax ripped through her entire self, erasing every other sensation as liquid fiery pleasure lit up every sensory receptor in her body, only her many augmentations keeping her conscious as the first rippling climax was extended by a second, then a third, a fourth, an unending stream of mind-shattering bliss that overcame even her augmentations as her vision began to purple at the edges. Then...the darkness reached out for her and, for a time...she knew no more...

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The days since she passed out had been mostly a blur. She'd woken before most of the station, Teva's early sealing of her suit keeping the dosage Saryia had been exposed to lower than almost anyone else on the station. Given the chaos that had been caused by the Dust, the few unaffected individuals or incoming crews engaging in theft or worse things as often as not, the shut down or explosion of dozens of systems that were supposed to have constant monitoring, a crashed drone that hadn't gotten a response from traffic control before it ran out of power...

Suffice it to say that the station she had woken up to had need more disaster or war zone than functional space station. She'd gotten into two fire fights in the days of trying, with a few dozen others, to at least put the station back into functional shape. But, finally, the station's normal authorities were at least loosely back in control of most areas, and the station was running well enough that they weren't all going to die. And Saryia herself...was hiding aboard the ship of a Perlucian that she'd saved early on and stuck with as they tried to restore the station. All the other crew of the freighter she'd come in on were either dead or in jail, and somehow she didn't think the fact that she'd been a temp only flying with them for the hop to that asteroid colony would save her if anyone found her. The fact that the asexual Perlucian knew she'd been the one to stop the Dust spread, plus the fact that she'd saved it in that fire fight, was the only reason it was hiding her. And why it was willing to take her with it when it left in two days for a pirate base it was on good terms with. Not the best place to end up...but better than here at the moment. Though she lamented that, after the sexual frustration of the Dust episode,

she was going to be stuck on the ship of an asexual species for at least a week. Oh well, at least she was alive...and able to cum again...

End Part 3!