

A Galactic Nomad (Part 1)

By Novus Peregrine

Saryia smirked in satisfaction as the airlock ground open with a tortuous groan. So, the Dylrian's info was good...not that she'd really doubted it. Their entire species had a reputation for being true to their deals. Which was good, given that she was still a little high and seeing occasional pretty colors from the numerous doses of Dylrian cum she'd swallowed or otherwise intaken. She'd have been more than a little irked if the codex he'd provided hadn't panned out, after that. Oh, sure, being high as a kite on Dylrian cum was fun for a few hours...but there was a reason the stuff was considered both dangerous and dangerously addictive. After the third or fourth *day* of occasional trippy relapses, not to mention the withdrawals, she'd been well and truly *done* with the experience.

Still, the flashes of pretty colors were *only* flashes by this point, and the withdrawal symptoms had only lasted for a single day. Which meant that she felt reasonably safe in getting on with her little expedition into the ancient and unknown. The hopefully *profitable* ancient and unknown. Even as she thought that, the airlock doors shuddered to a halt...well shy of fully open. She sighed but shrugged. Honestly, it had been a mix of miracle and testament to the quality of the engineering of whichever species had designed the huge, delict ship in the first place that the motors had worked at all. While the vacuum of space did work to preserve such ghost ships to a certain extent...this hulk had been here for thousands of years. So long, in fact, that no one in the local stellar cluster had been able to identify it when she showed it to them. Which is why she'd needed the Dylrian. Their species was incredibly long lived and could be counted on to have at least decent historical records...plus, unlike a few others races that might have also had such records, it wasn't hard for someone female and willing to convince a Dylrian to part with their knowledge. Bonus if you were human, as many Dylrian's had an exotic preference for them.

Focusing on the task at hand, she disconnected her small rental grapppler, a salvager's ship of choice, from the power and data hardlines of the hangar door. Floating before it in the void of space, she eyed the opening in the airlock and grimaced. It would be a tight squeeze. Hopefully she didn't damage the rental. The last thing she needed was the to owe repairs out of whatever salvage she could find aboard. Hoping she wouldn't have another trip at the wrong moment, she nudged her ship toward the opening...

Saryia gaped. She couldn't help it. Sure, she'd had a good feeling about this wreck, made stronger by it looking utterly intact from the outside...but she had *not* been prepared to discover that many of the ship's systems were still functional! After the better part of 3,400 years, according to the ship's last transmission log! A moment later, she frowned in a bit of unease as the system denied her access to that transmission. Blast. The fact that there were working systems in here was a good sign for a potential payday. There might well be advanced tech in this place, instead of just raw materials as she'd originally hoped for. Unfortunately, working systems also meant working *security* that she'd need

to bypass. Saryia was good at that sort of thing, admittedly...but that was working with modern or semi-modern systems that she actually, fundamentally, understood. Which wasn't the case here. Without the language and technical data codex that she'd gotten from her druggy-tentacle, associate, she couldn't have even interfaced with these systems. She certainly didn't know how to interact with them well enough to bypass security lockouts...

A few moments of hard thought later and she sighed. Well, it didn't look like this had been a military craft. So at least the general crew areas should be free of serious security. She hoped. And maybe with a riffle through a few of the crew's quarters, she'd come up with an answer that could work to let her into the ship's engineering and command spaces, which is where any real goodies were likely to be found. Nodding in decision, she disconnected her wrist-comp and headed for the door the publically-accessible map had indicated led farther into the hulk, toward the area marked out as crew living space.

Accessing the crew spaces hadn't raised any new issues. As she's expected, there wasn't any security at all in the general spaces...and it looked like even most of the private rooms were unlocked. Though that, she had quickly realized, was because the ship had been evacuated quickly. That was both a bit of a relief and a bit worrying. It was a relief that she wasn't likely to run into a ton of bodies...and that this was purely a case of salvage rather than grave robbing. On the other hand, it was definitely concerning, given that she had no idea what had caused an entire crew to abandon their ship...while leaving said ship mostly intact. Oh, certainly, the outer hull had how some signs of damage and her deep scans had indicated more, but whatever had caused that damage was hardly catastrophic enough to justify an all hands evacuation, particularly one as hurried as this looked.

Ducking her head into a third set of private quarters, this time she noted that the room looked significantly less ransacked, the first two having shown every sign of having been stripped of private gear and valuables in a hurry. In this room, it looked far more like someone had simply frantically grabbed one or two items and left the rest undisturbed. Better yet, as she stepped fully inside, it was clear the room was significantly larger and better appointed than the others had been. Officer's quarters most likely, or something similar. Which probably explained it being mostly intact, if the officer in question had been on-shift during whatever disaster had befallen them, they likely wouldn't have had the same amount of time to grab their stuff. Moving cautiously over to a modest desk on one wall, Saryia brushed aside what looked like a shirt, then grinned in triumph when she found a terminal still powered-on. It was even logged in! Pulling a curious chair, one with too many armrests, over to the desk, she started the laborious process of navigating the terminal...

After nearly an hour of frustrating but successful fiddling, she leaned back in the alien chair and sighed, deactivating her tech visor so she could rub her eyes, thinking hard. The positive was that she now knew what had happened to the ship...and why no one had salvaged it for so long after its original loss. Whatever the hell these people had used as a fuel source had reacted oddly with some sort of stellar phenomena, abruptly beginning to let off a bunch of nasty radiation. Containment had held long enough to get everyone off the ship, and the odd stellar energy burst that had triggered the event had passed in mere hours. Unfortunately, by that time, the entire ship had been irradiated. The logs showed that said irradiation had lasted for literally centuries before beginning to fade. With that level of contamination, it would have taken a serious, and seriously costly, effort to recover the ship. Obviously,

the original crew hadn't done so...simply abandoning it to drift instead. In the intervening millennia, the irradiation had finally faded...but the star empire that the ship had originated from had long turned to dust. Saryia wasn't the first to find it, she herself had gotten the information about the ghost ship out of a merchant ship captain she'd slept with for a ride into this local cluster, after all. But the half dozen reports in the ship's logs about scans performed on it had included only one attempt to get aboard. The attempt appeared to have failed, likely for the same reason Saryia's own first attempt had...inability to access the ship's systems and the self-healing nature of the ship's hull.

Of course, while all of that was interesting...as well as important as it informed her what she was dealing with here...it also didn't solve her fundamental problem. The crew spaces had been largely stripped by the crew, unlikely to hold enough of value to even pay back the rental of the grapples she was using. The real gem from this ship would be system specs on its nanotech armor, as well as samples of its other hardware, a lot of which seemed to incorporate the use of nanites as well. Nanotech was *still* one of the most dead-useful, but hideously expensive, technologies in the galaxy. There were a few races that were decent at making the stuff, but demand was high and the means behind making it was usually kept as a close secret as possible by anyone with the knowhow. Nanotech as good as this ancient star empire had apparently possessed, in the sheer amounts it seemed to have possessed it? Oh yes, that she could interest a buyer in. Technically, it would probably make someone for life...if they survived it. The number of people that would try to kill her if she attempted to bring it to market herself was far too high to interest her. But, selling the data and some samples to a broker would get her an excellent pay day, enough to see her through her next several hops, at the very least. Which, given that she was going to have to cross some areas of wild space on the next leg of her journey, was *exactly* what she'd been after with this ambitious score.

The problem, of course...was that she still needed access to the ship's secure spaces in order to get any of that. These quarters HAD belonged to an officer...but she'd quickly run into the need for passcodes she didn't have while trying to pull up more than basic information. Which meant she needed a way to physically get into engineering, at the very least. Lowering her visor again, she looked back down at the console screen and let her eyes run over the translated details of the ship's security. It was basic stuff, really more an orientation for new employees than anything else, but absolutely all she'd been able to access as far as security data went. And absolutely useful...wait. Her eyes darted back over one line. No. Surely it couldn't be that simple? But...this *had* been a civilian craft. A merchant vessel, if a large and well-armed one. Why wouldn't they have...

She smirked, the beginnings of an idea forming in her head as she pulled up basic medical and anatomical information on the species...

Saryia stared at the spacesuit in her hands, then over at the data-terminal one last time. Okay, yeah...this could work. Probably. For all the advanced tech aboard this ship, it had turned out to have a dirt simple way of securing areas. The ship's systems simply tracked its crew's clearances by the embedded nanites in the workaday shipsuits. Like the one she was holding. Better yet, the species that made this vessel had been *remarkably* human-like. Which wasn't that unusual, of course. Humanity had been surprised at how common bipedalism, sexual dimorphism, and even opposable thumbs had been in the greater universe when it had first joined in with the galactic community. Humans were remarkably average, really, though with a certain flexibility to their genetic anatomy that made them

stand out in that very averageness. Humans could live in a much greater range of conditions, and even took to genetic modifications better, than the vast majority of races out there. Which...while interesting, was mostly relevant at the moment because of the suit in Saryia's hands. It had been made for a species very similar to her own. Not quite the *same*, as the species had apparently been mono-gendered, hairless, had only two blocky fingers on each hand opposed by a nimble thumb, an extra set of arms, and a few other minor differences. But...they'd been mono-gendered in favor of bipedal mammalian females, right down to similar breasts and genital structures. Not unusual in the greater galaxy, but most fortuitous in this case, since it meant that, in combination with the apparent nanotech adaptability of the suit she was holding, said suit would fit her. Not comfortably, perhaps, but it would fit her...and would allow her access to the rest of the ship.

Of course, it also wasn't meant to interact with her own clothing or gear. She had worked out how to add her translation software into the, thankfully very user-friendly, suit systems. But aside from that...she shrugged and began stripping out of her clothes. It wasn't like she was shy. And, even if she had been, there wasn't anyone around to see her. Once she was naked, she pulled the suit on, grimacing at the extra arms. That was going to be irritating...or so she had assumed. Once she attached the simple headpiece, she almost jumped out of her skin as a voice speaking plain English announced the seal in her ear.

Seal successful. New User detected. Adjusting fit.

Saryia gasped as the somewhat-loose suit abruptly started shrinking. She forced herself not to panic even as it molded itself to her body. Taking long, deep breaths, she closed her eyes and waited...then opened them again a few seconds later when the suit announced it was done. Looking down at herself...she blinked in shock as she noted the extra arms were gone? Quickly moving to a simple mirror that the previous owner had placed on the back of the room's door, she took in her new appearance. She...looked pretty damn hot, actually.

The nanotech of the suit had adjusted itself to her to an insane degree, far beyond her expectations. It molded to every curve almost like it had been poured onto her, looking something like shiny, high-tech, liquid latex! Hell, it was so skin tight she'd actually need to add a bit if she'd cared about being modest. She could see her nipples, hard from the cool air on naked skin moments ago, as well as the crease of her slit indented in the material of her crotch! Yet...for all its tightness...the suit was amazingly comfortable and easy to move it. Not to mention sexy as hell. Seriously, this thing made her ass look *amazing*. Maybe she'd keep it?

Shaking off that thought with only a little difficulty, she got back to the business at hand. Strapping her wrist-comp over the suit and taking one last look at the map she'd pulled up on the terminal screen, she left the abandoned officer's quarters and headed for engineering...

It started almost five minutes after cycling herself into the zero-gee engineering spaces. At first, Saryia thought she'd imagined the gentle grope of her left breast, simply thinking that maybe the fit of the suit hadn't been quite as perfect as she's imagined. That it had, when she'd twisted a bit, simply bunched up the wrong way and constricted in a fashion that replicated a grope. But then, just as she'd

fully convinced herself of that, she'd felt an identical groping of her right breast, quickly followed by the feeling of a feather-light caress between her legs.

She gasped, then her mind went to the next most logical explanation...that she was hallucinating again. She thought that had stopped! Mostly... Grabbing the edge of a piece of equipment, she pulled herself toward the wall, prepared to ride the cum-drug born hallucination out as the feelings of being groped escalated and her body responded. She locked her mag-boots against one wall, securing herself against whatever happened...only to squeak at the feeling of a too-thick finger pressing firmly into her pussy. Her eyes shot wide open even as her hands flew down to the...completely smooth exterior of the nanite-suit. But...it is a *nanite* suit, just because the suit wasn't showing outward signs...surely she wasn't tripping this bad this long after the fact? Even as that thought solidified in her mind, the suit's com system crackled to life in her ear.

"Bet you're confused, huh Vixvia? Well, that's what you get for not checking your suit properly. I loaded a *very* special program into your suit nanites, so you'd have an entertaining shift next time you're assigned to engineering! Aren't I just the most thoughtful? Oh, and don't think about just leaving, either. Your suit uploaded a locking program into the airlock when you came through. You're not leaving until the suit is done with you~. Have fun sweetie~!"

Vixvia? Saryia's mind raced even as the suit became more active, groping her breasts even as the too-thick finger began to move. That name...that was the name of the crewmember who's suit she was wearing, right? Or...was she just hallucinating all this? Her eyes fluttered shut as the impaling finger sped up, a moan slipping out even as her grasp of coherent thought began to falter. Real or not...it seemed she was along for the ride. As a warm, tingly sensation cupped the entirety of her breasts, lightly activating every nerve ending, she gave herself to the experience, her last idle thought being a hope that this species hadn't been physically different enough for the program to harm her.

The act of giving in, of relaxing tense muscles and accepting the inevitable, seemed to somehow trigger the suit's program to escalate. The suit, already skin-tight, seemed to clench around her, restricting her movement even as a weave of nanite-fabric wrapped around her eyes, blindfolding her. Her breathing rapidly grew ragged, even as tendrils of nanite material spread her buttocks and began gently nudging into her rear entrance. She gasped in surprise as they misted a warm fluid, lubricating her even as the tendrils burrowed their way in. She instinctively relaxed, no stranger to anal attention, and moaned in satisfaction as the tendrils widened, filling her almost as well as her most recent lover's tentacles had. Even as the thick finger in her pussy morphed into something more phallic, to match the forming shape in her ass, the suit began to actively caress every bit of her from the top of her head to the tips of her toes.

Some of the places it targeted first were odd, causing her to giggle at ticklish sensations for a moment, before the suit seemed to adjust for her anatomy. Her breathing hitched again as it seemed to learn her body, every stroke and caress growing more skilled. Her mind fuzzed completely as her body raced toward fulfillment, the phalluses inside her picking up speed with their thrusting as she cried out into the soundless void. She came once, hard, but the suit didn't slow. Her pleasure-addled mind had only an instant to me thankful for the gene mods that made her far more multiple-orgasmic than any human woman could naturally be, before she was flying headlong into a second climax. No longer capable of anything approaching coherent thought, she shuddered, gasped and moaned her way through another peak, then a third...a fourth. Finally, as she raggedly panted through her fifth, the suit's

attentions fell off. Not all at once, but in a slow reversal of their original attentions. After a few minutes, the thick phallus in her pussy withdrew, leaving her body floating bonelessly in zero-gee, only her mag boots keeping her in place...

Even with the not-inconsiderable level of modding she'd done to her body over the years since leaving home, it took Saryia several minutes to recovery something like coherence. With her ability to think slowly returning, Saryia analyzed her situation. She was almost completely certain she hadn't hallucinated any of what just happened. She'd certainly not cum so hard, or at all for that matter, from her previous Dylrian-cum induced hallucinogenic trips. Not when she hadn't combined them with some manual stimulate, at least. And she certainly hadn't done that in this suit. Moreover, there hadn't been any of the usual signs, like dilated time or pretty colors everywhere. Which meant that...what? The suit's previous owner had a lover, or rival or something? One that liked to pull sex-themed pranks? Certainly, there had been something ever-so-slightly alien in the voice through her coms. Deeper and more resonate than a human female voice, but somehow still sound like a woman's. And, as with many similar species, the tone had come through mostly intact. Teasing, with a touch of mockery but mostly pure fun. Certainly, Saryia had had lovers, or even just friends for that matter, that would have pulled something similar. If, that is, they'd had a high-end nanotech spacesuit to work with.

But...something wasn't adding up here. She frowned, checking the link on her wrist com, remotely pulling up the sensors for the grappler she'd rented. Nothing. Unless there was a cloaked ship out there, this wasn't coming from outside. And even the idea of a cloaked ship was unlikely, given that there were no records of broadcast on any spectrum the grappler could read. So...outside interference was probably out. Leaving the most likely truth the obvious one, that a long-dead alien had just made her cum her brains out via a left-behind prank. Saryia sighed, looking deeper into the ship's engineering spaces, then back 'up' toward the airlock door. Now that the program had run its course, assuming it had, she could probably get out and remove the suit...but that would put her back at square one, with no way to bypass the security. And...the prank hadn't harmed her. Quite the opposite, in point of fact. It had actually been pretty thoughtfully enjoyable...enough so that a repeat performance wouldn't exactly be unwelcome if it *did* happen.

Decision made, Saryia unlocked her mag-boots and pushed off, heading deeper into the ship...

Saryia stepped out of the airlock with a sigh. There had been additional bursts of perverted activity from the suit, though nothing so drastic as that first time. A grope here, a caress there, each one seeming to hit one erogenous zone or another. In fact, the program had actually seemed to be getting more skilled at keeping her ever-so-lightly aroused, without distracting her ability to work, as the hours passed. Well, without distracting her *much*. In the end, she'd managed to pull several dozen designs, including a full workup of several different nanite types, from the various engineering systems. Accompanied by a micro-faber designed to manufacture said nanites, a miniature version of the power system the ship used, and a few other bits and pieces...this trip had absolutely been profitable. While it would be a bit tricky to safely handle all the transactions, it would be more time-consuming than truly troubling. And, once she was done, she'd have a suitable stockpile of credits to pay off any debts the salvage trip had racked up, and help her through wild-space on the next leg of her journey besides. All in all, a job well done.

Which just left one issue left to resolve.

With that issue in mind, instead of immediately reaching to deactivate the suit, she turned on the suit's com...without connecting to anything. "I'm not mad. But I would like an explanation of why you did this." Dead silence met her. She waited a full thirty seconds, then sighed again. "You aren't fooling me. The first time, I almost bought it. But with every subsequent effort, you got better at manipulating my body. Better at using my anatomy...which can't possibly be a perfect match for the original wearer of the suit. Not to mention that certain flags on my own data storage system triggered halfway through, letting me know that my personal logs had been accessed. So, either someone on this vessel is still alive and fucking with me..." Saryia paused for a long, dramatic, moment. "Or else you're an A.I. of some sort, which decided to fuck me silly for reasons I can't even begin to guess."

There was another long few moments of pause, then a voice spoke in her ear. It was similar to the woman who's voice had spoken in her ear that first time. Similar, yes, but somehow more melodious and less resonating.

"You appear to be far more intelligent than I had thought, from reading your log entries."

Saryia smirked. "First rule of cyberspace. Everything can be hacked. Though, apparently I needed a refresher course if the cum leaking down my thighs is any indication."

The A.I. actually sounded awkward when it responded. "Errr, would it help if I told you the first time really was a prank by my maker on her lover?"

She laughed at the A.I. "Chill, I wasn't complaining. Not really. In fact, I enjoyed your little game...though I still want to know why you played it. Also, where you are and if you want a ride off this ship or not."

The voice of the A.I. sounded shocked as it came back. "You'd...take me with you? Even after..."

Saryia shrugged, figuring that if the A.I. had been monitoring her suit, she'd catch the gesture. After a moment of silence to properly formulate her answer, she gave a more verbal response. "Like I said, it was actually kinda hot. I wouldn't be against a repeat performance, actually, now that I know who's doing it. Particularly given how horny I am after you've teased before that the last few hours. Besides, traveling solo is often lonely. Having someone to talk to around could be nice, or annoying, not sure which yet. I'm certainly willing to find out though. I imagine you can do lots of useful stuff in the meantime and, if we can't stand each other later on, I can always drop you with some horny teenage alien that you can order around or something."

To Saryia's surprise, the A.I. actually giggled at her final comment. After a long moment of its own, which probably meant I heck of a lot more thinking for an A.I. than her own pause had for her, it answered her.

"I think I'll take you up on your offer. You and my mistress would have gotten along perfectly...and I *was* designed as a companion for her. It will be a bit sad to leave the Rixli after so many long years as it's sole remaining crewmember, but it's been far too long for there to be any hope of my creator or her descendants returning."

Saryia smiled. "Great! So...are you the suit, or..."

“My main sentience protocols do, indeed, currently reside in the suit you are wearing. And, as Vixvia’s suit was a premium model, it has more than enough processing power to sustain me. However, I would like it very much if you would pick up the long-term memory module I am linked to, before leaving the ship. It is in my creator’s quarters.”

Grinning even as she set off back toward the crew spaces, Saryia had one more question. “So, what’s your name?”

“This unit was given a designation it does not believe your vocal apparatus can pronounce. Would you like to give me a new one?”

Huh. That was unexpected. And she’d never been the best at naming things. Maybe she could name it after a person? Cocking her head this way and that, face twisting through expressions as she searched her memories for a decent name, a single dim memory surfaced. The memory of the geeky, shockingly kinky girl that had first gotten her interested in what the space and places out in the wider galaxy was like. She’d barely known the girl, the chick having been just a one-night stand, and Saryia had had no idea what she was doing the next day when she’d first sucked the cock of a ship captain to get off that unmissed mudball. But, if she’d never met that girl...what had her name been again? Something with a...

“Teva. I’ll call you Teva. If that’s an okay name with you?”

“Hmmm, I don’t see any reason why not. It sounds pleasant enough. Name registered. Teva is now the companion A.I. to registered user Sariya Yoliadin, galactic registration id 7756899112.” There was a long pause, then a pleasant buzz started around Saryia’s nipples. “Would user Sariya like some more light stimulation as we work? My previous user said it helped her think.”

Saryia laughed even as she enjoyed the feeling. “You know Teva...I think you were right. We’ll get along just fine...”

End of Part 1