

## Galactic Nomad: Unexpected Company

By Novus Peregrine

It was half an hour into their flight, just as Saryia was about to cum again, that the entire ship suddenly went haywire. Half of her screens fitzed, then disappeared, even as the ship abruptly dropped out of hyperspace. Saryia only had a bare few moments to frantically try and gather herself before she was abruptly back in the void. She was stuck there for long seconds, then even the void faded and she found herself in an odd situation. The neutral gel had been drained and the containment cylinder lowered...but she was still bound and penetrated. Not just by the control shafts, but the breather tentacle that was still halfway down her throat. That...shouldn't be possible, given the number of safeties she'd seen in the systems. She struggled for a moment, fighting panic...then froze as a voice came from her left.

"Please do not panic, I mean you no harm. I merely wished to make myself known. I paused the process of removing the pleasure devices so that I could explain myself before you or your AI could act rashly."

Saryia's mind was whirling, wondering if she'd fallen prey to the pirate's trap after all, when a few oddly metallic steps sounded in the cockpit next to her. Then, as she suddenly became aware of the reason for that metallic sound, her brain froze. That voice, which had sounded as natural as her own...had come from an android. At least, that's what Saryia was forced to assume as her eyes swept the 'woman' that had appeared from behind her. Had the android had a speck of clothing on, it might not have been obvious. Indeed, the synth-skin was so realistic that Saryia was tempted to consider that the red-skinned woman was simply a cyborg. However, quite aside from her literally-glowing green eyes with visible circuitry in them, there were equally visible 'seams' in various places up and down her legs and all across her torso. Perhaps unsurprisingly, given the nature of the ship, she was also realistically equipped. Specifically, with a dark-purple pussy and nipples.

The android cocked her head, calmly waiting for Saryia to look her over. Then, she waved at a screen...and Teva's hologram popped up on it, looking startled. Before the AI could do anything, the android also waved at Saryia and the tentacle rebreather began to withdraw.

"That said, it would be unkind and foolish of me not to allow you to speak. Please do not try to give the ship any commands, however. It will not listen to you for the moment, for reasons I will explain if you remain calm."

Clearing her throat a little, thankful once again for the modifications to her body that allowed her to recover quickly from such jaw-aching...activity, Saryia took a slow breath. This was hardly the first time she'd ended up in a situation like this. Well, maybe not *exactly* like this. But bound and at a stranger's mercy, at least. Her eyes darted to Teva...but the AI was looking pouty and frustrated. So, no help there. After a few seconds pause to gather her thoughts, Saryia finally settled on the obvious.

"Hello, I guess? Might I ask who you are and where you came from?"

The android actually smiled at Saryia's calm tone.

"Important questions. More so than you realize, perhaps. Tell me, did it ever occur to you, if this ship was called 'The Erotic Dream,' that there might be a dreamer?"

Saryia blinked, a suspicion starting to form in the back of her mind. But...surely not. "I had assumed that any such dreamer would have been the original owner of the ship."

The android's smile widened as it nodded at that response.

"Quite correct. However, as with the pirates and others, you made the false assumption that said owner was no longer aboard the ship. This was not the case."

Saryia gaped. "But...how...where...why?"

"Also important questions, but I believe completing my answer to your first set will answer most of them. Observe."

With a wave of her hand, a second screen flickered to life next to the one showing Teva's holo-form. On it...was a red skinned woman who looked *remarkably* like the android standing in front of her. Only, on the woman there was no sign of cybernetics. Saryia's eyes darted between the screen and the android, thoughts swirling as she tried to guess where this was going. As it turned out, she need only to have waited a few moments to get her answer.

"My name is Ker'elaa. And that was my original body." She waved at the screen, then pointed to her own form. "During my travels I discovered many things. Including, as it happened, an odd people who had figured out how to remove the 'ghost' from a person's body and implant it into another. They used it as a form of pseudo-immortality, moving from one body to a clone. I, on the other hand, decided to use it for something rather different."

She turned her own head to the screen, smiling as the woman on it slowly aged, only to stop at what couldn't be more than middle-aged for her species. A quite attractive middle-age, at that.

"I, much like you seem to be, was an explorer at heart. And, as I'm sure you're no doubt aware, there are many dangers in the galaxy. I fell prey to a particularly unfortunate one...disease. There was no realistic chance of a cure, not even from the more advanced species of my time, and I had less than a year to live. Yet, I could not bear to think that there was still so much out there to see! So much to do! And so...after a month of deliberating, I decided to fulfil a fantasy."

The image of the woman on the screen was replaced by an image of the *Erotic Dream*, next to a detailed schematic. The android's smile was wry but fond as she reached over to touch the image. After a moment of looking between them, Saryia's eyes locked onto that schematic and she frowned. Something *definitely* wasn't right there.

"The *Erotic Dream* actually already existed. A gift of sorts from one of my more perverse lovers. She had many of the same systems you have already experienced...but she was only a shuttle. Barely capable of short jumps between local systems. Indeed, fun as she was, owning her had actually slowed my explorations down somewhat. Which was a pity, for as you've experienced, she *is* an immensely fun ship."

The android waggled her eyebrows at Saryia and she couldn't help but chuckle, nodding acknowledgement that the android woman was certainly right about that. The android smiled at that, letting her hand fall away even as the images on the screen shifted, Saryia instantly seeing why the

original schematic had looked wrong. That ship, the original *Erotic Dream*, had been at least 50% smaller than the current ship. And somewhat less advanced, too.

“As you might have gathered from the control setup, I was something of a submissive. And thus when I became aware I was dying...I decided I might as well have fun with it. I wasn’t sure what I had in mind would work, but I had accrued a large number of favors and quite a bit of wealth. I burned through those favors, in particular, to have the *Erotic Dream* rebuilt as an extremely advanced interstellar scout vessel. But I left out one critical system when I did so. Specifically, the computer core.”

Saryia’s eyes widened as she realized where this was going. Her expression must have given her away, as the android’s lips quirked and she nodded.

“I can see you’ve already made the logical leap. Yes, I had this body built with rather extraordinary computational capacity. That capacity was *necessary* for what I had in mind, but I saw no reason not to double down on its purpose.”

Saryia’s voice was a bit awed as she finished the android’s explanation herself. “You had your ‘ghost’ transferred into an android body!”

“Indeed! Though...there were some stipulations.” Her voice was chagrined, but not unhappy. “Still, I thought those stipulations were potentially interesting in and of themselves, so I went ahead with it anyway.”

Seeing Saryia’s look of confusion, the android grinned...then waved her hand again. The control shafts retreated and all Saryia’s bindings unlocked. Startled, she instinctively moved her hands away from the bindings...but didn’t take any farther action. She hadn’t been harmed. And...you know...she probably still needed the android if said android was the ship’s primary computer. Her lack of violence seemed to please her new companion, who grinned widely...then bowed at the waist, though only as far as she could while still keeping her eyes locked with Saryia’s. That she also pushed her ample breasts up with her arms to create quite a nice view wasn’t lost on Saryia.

“Greetings. I am Ker’elaa Vaneelian. And you are my new owner.”

Taken aback...Saryia stared...and it wasn’t *only* at the android’s cleavage...

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The full explanation had needed to wait. They were still within such a range of the Pirate Base, that a thorough search might have found them. Such a search was unlikely to be happening, all things considered, but there was no reason to take chances. Ker’elaa had retreated into a previously-hidden alcove at the back of the cockpit and reestablished her link with the ship. It was only once they had jumped again, that the...other woman? That Ker’elaa had fully explained their new situation. The three of them, Teva still lightly pouting, had spoken at length over digital tea and orgasms, floating in the void state that occurred while the ship was mid-jump.

The full explanation had taken a fair bit of time, particularly as the android woman and Teva had somehow gotten into a contest of who could make Saryia cum harder at one point, halfway through. But, the short of it was that the people who made Ker’elaa’s android body had very strict laws about their platforms. After an AI revolt in their past, it was *hardwired* into every system they built that they

couldn't operate without an owner. That wasn't normally an issue, of course...but it had been something Ker'elaa couldn't get around even though she herself was a 'ghost in the machine.' She had thought she might be able to, given that fact, but had quickly discovered it was not the case, after she had succeeded in transferring herself.

That could have been tragic, really, if the woman hadn't had the uncommonly good sense to plan for that eventuality in extreme detail. That detail had been why the ship had bounced from owner to owner for the better part of two centuries, eventually ending up in the hands of the pirates that had been using it to scam people. For the truth was...that Saryia had actually been the very first person to successfully fly the ship. Ever. Ker'elaa had attached numerous conditions to the activation of the vessel. Including, as Saryia had realized, the need for an AI. Specifically, an unshackled AI.

Strictly speaking, the ship didn't actually *need* an AI with Ker'elaa around, though Ker'elaa was still somewhat limited by the fact that she was a mortal mind stuffed into an android body, instead of a machine intelligence. That hadn't been the true reasoning for the requirement, however. Instead, Ker'elaa had figured that anyone running around with an unshackled AI was more likely to be willing to treat her as a person, despite being her 'owner.' Ultimately, that condition and a dozen other requirements had to be fulfilled before the *Erotic Dream* would power on. More accurately, it was only in meeting those requirements that Ker'elaa herself would power up from her dormant state. And, without her, the ship was impossible to properly control.

Of course, all of this left Saryia in a bit of a quandary. As she'd told Teva some weeks ago, she hadn't actually *wanted* to own a ship. Admittedly, the fact that the *Erotic Dream* was a long-range scout vessel ameliorated many of the problems. But its obvious high-tech level created just as many in turn. She'd freely admitted the problem to Ker'elaa, who had surprisingly just shrugged. Ker'elaa herself was non-transferable property, apparently. And she'd belong to Saryia regardless of if she kept the ship or not. That had thrown an even farther monkey wrench into the situation...and Saryia was going to have to do some serious soul searching about what she wanted to do going forward, in light of the situation as it stood.

But...all of that was for later. For now, they were coming out of hyperspace again, this time to a small rouge planet that Saryia had heard about. Since she was at least going to keep the *Erotic Dream* until she left this region of Wild Space, it need some farther repairs...

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Saryia moaned as the centauroid rammed his cock deep into her. Too deep for any normal human woman, but a bit of internal body rearrangement had be an early mod for Saryia. With the number of species that had oversized cocks compared to her human body, she'd felt it a worthwhile investment...and as she moaned around the deep, *deep* penetration, she still thought so. There was something about getting hit this deep that felt amazing, even if the four-legged alien railing her from behind actually wasn't as thick as the control shafts for the *Erotic Dream*. Not that she was concerned with comparing them at the moment, too busy moaning as her brains tried to leak out her ears from pleasure.

She could practically feel the shock of the Abralian, who was slowly speeding up, as he realized that Saryia hadn't undersold her ability to take it. Making a happy trumpet-like noise, his thrusts began

coming harder and faster, his legs bracing and his arms tightening as he held her slung under his abdomen. She shuddered as the ripple-textured cock hammered into her again and again, cumming repeatedly as the much-larger sentient used her as a cocksleeve. Finally, after her sixth climax, the Abralian shuddered and thrust deep, pumping an enormous load of cum deep inside her. There was so *much* cum that her body, no matter how enhanced, just didn't have space for it, and it practically spurting out from the tight seal her lower lips made around the massive cock.

Finally, almost in slow motion, the massive being relaxed, gently setting her down. Cum oozed out of her in a slow-motion flood, and even with her many mods she *totally* couldn't feel her legs at the moment. It was awesome! Opening her eyes, she grinned sloppily up at the alien, and he let out a deep, rumbling chuckle at the sight. Like all Abralian's, he was easily 3 meter's tall, looking something like a centaur...only one with pitch black skin, glowing pink eyes, and his mid-pair of legs were actually more reminiscent of a paws than hooves. That pair of legs had an opposable thumb, too, which had worked out quite well as he'd used them to steady her body under his bulk.

"I suppose, little human, that you've fulfilled your end of the bargain. And glad I am of it, too. I haven't been able to mate with any of the fragile aliens here on this rock and was beginning to become quite frustrated." He reached languidly over to one side, picking up a data slate and tapping a few buttons. "There. As agreed, you have been moved to the front of the queue for a repair berth. There will be one open for you in just a few hours. Of course, if you are here for more than I week, I will expect you to return to continue our deal."

Saryia grinned up at the owner of the only fully-equipped repair and service depot on the independent planet, even as she slowly managed to get her legs under her, standing shakily. "Looking forward to it, Wuilo!"

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Saryia nodded in satisfaction as she finished her weld. She turned off the atomic-fuser and tapped her ear-comm. "How's it look now?"

It was Teva's voice that came back over the comm.

"Good. Very good, actually. Ker'elaa says it's reading at 99.3% integrity. That's over 2% higher than we really expected to get out of the parts. I guess Wuilo is growing fond of you...or at least of your pussy."

Saryia grinned. "Hey, he's a fun fuck, and if it gets us parts this good, totally worth it even if he wasn't."

Ker'elaa's voice came over the comm next, sounding a bit pouty.

"But he's left you too sore to properly break me in! Do you know how long I've waited to try out all my special features, mistress?!"

Saryia laughed outright at the plaintive tone in the android's voice. "From your perspective, it's only been like a week and a half since you 'died,' so not that long."

Ker'elaa grumbled a bit, before sighing and turning to more serious matters. "Be that as it may, that was the last major repair. I think we can get the minor stuff all done this afternoon, which will mean it's time to say goodbye to your fuck buddy."

Saryia shrugged, knowing Ker'elaa would likely see it from one of the ship's cameras. She started racking her tools, preparing to move onto the next thing that needed done, even as she replied.

"Maybe. Maybe not, though. Don't want him getting upset until after we leave, and I think we'll spend a few more days on planet. I haven't gotten to explore much beyond the shop and the markets. There hasn't been any sign of the pirates being willing to chase us this far, so it should be fine."

Teva came back over the comm, making a disgruntled noise. "Even if that's the case, what would you even want to explore here? This is a rouge planet, it wouldn't even be livable if they didn't have sun sats in orbit."

Surprisingly, or perhaps not given what little they knew about her past so far, it was Ker'elaa that answered Teva first.

"That's exactly what makes it interesting! Why did someone bother, when a space station would have been much easier to build? There has to be a reason for it, and the locals don't seem to have a clue."

Saryia smirked. Okay, so maybe having another explorer who'd enjoyed exploring for its own sake along for the ride had its perks. "Exactly. I want to get out away from the port and take some readings, see if there's anything I can track down quickly. We can't stay too much longer, since someone might tell our pirates friends where we are even if they don't seem to be actively looking. But a few more days will be okay. The *Dream* is a heck of a lot faster than any of the ships likely to take word back along our route, after all."

Ker'elaa's voice was a bit querulous when she spoke up again a moment later.

"But you're totally going to fuck me first, right? Pleeeeeasssseeee, mistress?"

Saryia grinned, almost tempted to turn her down just to see her reaction. But...she was curious too. "Fine, if we can really get all the minor stuff taken care of this afternoon, we can have some fun tonight."

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Ker'elaa moaned, desperately squirming as she tried to get just a bit more friction. It didn't work, of course. Saryia wasn't nearly inexperienced enough to mess up the android's bindings. Ker'elaa whimpered, unable even to protest or beg past the dildo-gag in her mouth. Which didn't stop Saryia from interpreting her desperate moans and attempt to get just a *bit* more pleasure. And which also didn't stop her from twitching the feather in her hand down the underside of the robotic cock resting just above the android's pussy.

Saryia had been unsurprised that the woman, who most certainly hadn't had a cock in life, had decided to load her new body with all sorts of extras. After all, she absolutely would have done the same. For that matter, in a way, she already *had* done the same, given her many body mods. She'd even considered giving herself a cock once or twice, but never very seriously. After all, as much as she

enjoyed sex, it was also a tool as far as she was concerned, and having the extra bits would off put more sentients than it was likely to turn on. Probably. And depending on which region of space she was in at the time. Actually, come to think of it, she was a little jealous of the ease with which Ker'elaa could simply trot hers out and put it away at need.

Which *probably* didn't have anything to do with why she was currently tormenting the android. Probably. After all, there were plenty of other reasons. Like how she'd stopped Saryia short of cumming again when she'd first introduced herself. Playful, sexy revenge was still revenge.

Regardless, as Ker'elaa got just a *bit* too close to the edge, Saryia pulled away again. This time, she leaned back, disengaging more fully as she admired the job she'd done on the robotic woman. Taking full advantage of the preternatural flexibility of Ker'elaa's android body, she's secured the android in a way that would have been painful to almost any regular sentient. Pulling out an empty tool rack, she'd placed Ker'elaa's hips and ass on the narrow top, then forced her back into an arch, taking her arms down to the floor. She'd used a series of cuffs to secure both the android's hands and legs to the rack, leaving her bent in an upside-down U shape, extended cock pointed straight up at the ceiling.

That had only been the start, of course. She'd been teasing the android woman for over two hours at this point, after all. She's started tamely, using the feather still in her hand to caress android's amazingly-realistic nipples. Once they were properly and painfully erect, she'd secured a set of lightly vibrating clamps to them and moved on. Moved on, specifically, to the woman's inner thighs. She'd spent almost another fifteen minutes using the feather then, enjoying how it made the android giggle and moan in turns. Then, with only a brief stop at her *literally* dripping pussy, she'd inserted a lightly vibrating dual-pronged vibe in the android's pussy and ass, securing it in place with a few straps. It was only after a long detour to test the sensitivity of the rest of the woman's artificial body, getting wildly mixed results, that she'd finally turned her attention to the synth-flesh of the android's desperately throbbing cock.

That had been almost an hour ago. She grinned as she realized that and considered what to do next. She *could* keep teasing the woman...but to be honest, the entire process had left her dripping herself. And it wasn't as if she'd ever intended to leave the android unsatisfied. Today, at least.

With a final shrug, she set the feather aside and stood, extending for a moment in a cat-like full body stretch that, were anyone but Ker'elaa and Teva there to notice, would have made them blink a bit at the realization of just how tall Saryia actually was. That was one thing she'd never modified, her own natural height being just a hair shy of 5'11", even if her general build and slinky body language didn't make that obvious at first glance.

Kinks from sitting so long properly worked out, she idly reached forward to push Ker'elaa's cock gently this way and there as she considered what to properly do with the android. Her play with the feather had actually had legitimate purpose, besides the fun of tormenting the submissive girl, having allowed her to get a *very* good feel for the android's unusual body and its responses. She'd come away *immensely* impressed with the accuracy of the body's feedback. Of course, perhaps unsurprisingly, the entire body was practically 'built for sin' as the saying went, Ker'elaa readily admitting it was actually even more responsive than then her original had been. Making that 'built for sin' bit rather more literal in Ker'elaa's case than in most, Saryia supposed.

Regardless, now that her curiosity had been satisfied, she was more interested in getting off than keeping her teasing going. But...her amusing use of the tool rack presented its own issues with that. Mentally, she examined the idea of how much fun this would be with a third person involved, that could tie Saryia up and slowly lower her onto that spear of a cock...but for now, that wasn't a good option. Teva could probably have done it, but it just wouldn't have been the same as having another flesh and blood (for a given value of such things, given Ker'elaa's nature) being there doing it. Which meant Saryia needed another option. Her eyes wandered the small maintenance area of the *Erotic Dream* and another tool rack caught her eye. Ah, that would do.

Quickly grabbing it, she rapidly cleared it of tools, then spun it to make a T with the first, though off to the side for now. Palming the remote to the cuffs she'd used, she considered carefully before nodding, quickly snagging a bit of cord from the tool pile she'd just made. She made a loop around Ker'elaa's left hand before disengaging the cuffs, quickly grabbing her right as well and tying them together. Given that she'd blindfolded the android early on, after disabling her wireless access, the woman didn't have enough time to react to her freedom to do anything before it was lost again. Grabbing the second tool rack, she lifted the android's torso, grunting at its weight as she did, and slid the rack in place, quickly securing the rack to the ground by locking its grav anchors. Satisfied that she'd now have a proper platform to fuck the android on, she scrambled up onto the woman's abdomen, face backwards to get the best angle on that lovely cock. She pushed on it gently again...then gave an order.

"Android designation Ker'elaa, by your owner's command...you are not allowed to cum until I do."

There was a muffled protest from the bound android, but there was also a flash of light from behind the blindfold, showing that the command had been accepted. With a grin, Saryia lifted herself and moved forward just enough to sink onto the 12-inch phallus she'd been teasing for the last hour. Maybe, she'd hold off both of them cumming for a few hours longer...

End