

A Galactic Nomad – Corporate Entanglements

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It remained a fundamental truth in most of the Galaxy, or at least the considerable chunk of it Saryia's journeys had taken her through, that Corporate Security and Espionage units were among the most dangerous groups on any world. The only places that wasn't usually the case, were either totalitarian worlds ruled by a single government, or the homeworlds, colonies, and stations run by insular races disinclined to think aggressively and whom didn't welcome outsiders who did.

Unfortunately, the world of Hibdge wasn't either one of those things. Which meant that Saryia was currently in deep shit and trying not to panic.

"Damnit, how did they goons even know I'd succeeded in getting anything off the Rixli?" The question had been meant as a rhetorical one, just to help her think, but she'd forgotten she was literally wearing her new companion. The com in her ear clicked alive and Teva's melodious voice answered her from her earpiece.

"I believe I have the answer. I detected a hacking attempt on the rental grappler when we landed, and I shut the attempt out as a matter of course. While they didn't get anything, in retrospect, the fact that an A.I. with an alien code structure shut their probe down may tripped a deeper look into you. Though, if that is the case, the good news is that they have only suspicions, and may be reluctant to act overtly until they can confirm you have something of interest."

Saryia grimaced, then smoothed her expression out and pushed her drink away, trying to make it seem that she had merely been reacting to the taste. She let her eyes wander, using her aimlessly roving gaze to cover her peeking into the mirror above the bar again, seeing the pair of plain-looking and plainly dressed corporate goons that were setting off every one of her mental alarms. She couldn't even have told someone what had brought her attention to them, save perhaps instinct. But now that she'd marked them out, their very averageness was making them positively leap out of the crowd, instead of fading into it as might have happened to someone without her experience.

"Fuck. Teva, I don't suppose you can say if they're in contact with anyone?"

The response was quick, and at least a bit reassuring. "They do not appear to be in active communication. They sent a single burst transmission when they entered but haven't sent anything since."

Saryia's shoulders lost a tiny bit of their tension. Not much, but a tiny bit. Them not being in active contact was good. It meant there likely wasn't a wet works team waiting outside. These two were simply following up on a lead. If she could lose them, it would buy her time. She'd need to dump her data and goods far faster than she'd hoped, but if she could manage it...she snorted. One thing at a time. She needed to lose her pair of tails. Preferably in a way they didn't immediately realize had been on purpose, or even that she had done it at all for a little while. She let her eyes wander the room farther as she sipped at her drink 'idly.' The problem was that, while she had taken stock of the possible exits by reflex when she came in...she didn't actually know where any of them went. Simply knowing they were there would have been fine enough if she was forced to shoot her way out of a situation...but for the more complicated situation she actually faced, it simply wasn't good enough.

She'd just about decided she'd have to risk it blind, taking the most obvious back way out by the restrooms, when an idle thought about wishing she could look up her location on her wristcomp made her thought process lurch. She almost smacked her head on the table at her stupidity, only womanfully refraining as she didn't want to do anything that would draw attention to herself. Calmly, she turned so the goons couldn't see her face, either directly or in the mirror, then spoke quietly.

"Teva, can you pull of the general layout of the surrounding area? We need to make an exit, then dodge out of sight quickly, before the goons following us catch up. Best if they can't figure out where we went, too."

Teva's voice answered immediately. "Of course, mistress. I already hacked the local city planning authority and pulled up the schematics for the building. Cross referencing that with local security footage show that the blind corner behind the bathrooms has an employee only area leading to another exit, one that goes to small enclosed area that seems to have originally been for trash pickup, but is now only used for employee breaks."

Saryia tried not to goggle at what the AI had already accomplished on its own initiative. Forcing herself to focus, she hummed thoughtfully. "Enclosed how? As in there not being an exit?"

"Correct. There is no roadside exit to the area, save through a narrow gate that security footage shows is locked and, by all appearances, rusted shut."

Trying not to roll her eyes, Saryia asked the obvious. "I assume you have some plan for how to get out of there? Not to mention how to do so without that security camera you apparently just hacked getting a look?"

Teva's voice was positively smug when she responded. "Indeed, mistress. I have taken control of the camera and am recording plenty of footage to edit and loop. All you need to do is use the quick modifications I've made to your suit's nanite-tentacle program. With them you can grab the edge of an overhang above the door, then from there quickly make your way to the roof. There are no camera's that overlook this building's roof and you can go down again in a back alley on the other side of the building, with plenty of time to get away before they even think to look there."

Saryia blinked. Okay, there was a *lot* to unpack there. They might have to address her AI's tenacity to casually hack every system nearby, for one thing. However, the more immediately critical... "The suit has a tentacle program?" She knew she sounded incredulous, but she felt it was deserved in this case.

Teva's voice was dust dry when she replied. "Mistress, your suit is made out of hundreds of thousands of self-replicating nanites. It can take on almost any shape, so long as you program it to do so in advance. You didn't think it was only used to fuck the wearer silly, did you?"

"...Right, forget I said anything." Downing the last of her drink, she causally set it aside and stood, heading for the bathrooms. "Okay, talk me through this please."

She followed Teva's directions, losing sight of the goons in the blind corner of the bathrooms and immediately ducking through an employee-only door. A few quick steps and another turn led her through into the empty, none-to-clean, space behind the bar. Ignoring the various bits of things she'd rather not know the consistency or smell of any better than she already did, she listened with one ear to

Teva explain the tentacles even as a eyepiece shot out of the suit, which was currently on under some grubby casual clothes. Moments and a couple of deep breaths later, she removed her shirt and activated the 'tentacle program,' causing two nanite-tentacles with crude gaspers at their ends to rapidly form out of the suit's nanites.

She quickly tied her shirt around her waist, ignoring the flailing tentacles as she did, the focused on the finger movements that were supposed to control them. Even with Teva helping, it took her almost five minutes of rushed practice to get the controls down well enough to grasp the overhang three meters above her head, and then use them to pull herself up. She managed to quickly repeat the process to get on the roof, before turning the program off and quickly but quietly heading for the other side of the building, putting her shirt back on as she went. A few minutes later, she dropped down carefully into an alley and headed off at a quick walk. With any luck, those goons wouldn't even know she was missing until she was well away from here...

Two hours later, she had checked into a cheap hotel room halfway across the city. After checking the room for bugs and disabling the one camera in the shower that was likely just some pervy janitor's hobby, she stripped out of her clothes and summoned up the tentacles again, admiring them as she practiced using them without Teva's applying the 'training wheels' as she had at the bar. The finger-control guidance had apparently been a 'novice-mode,' meant to let a virtual intelligence help guide the tentacles. Even that should have taken longer than a few minutes to learn, but Teva being a proper AI instead of a mere VI had covered the gap, as Teva could read her intentions far better than any VI could have. Of course, that was actually even more true for the proper way the tentacles were *supposed to* work, which was via a neural interface. As the program didn't have a ready-made map for a human neural net, however, that hadn't been practical on a time-crunch. Now that they weren't under so much pressure, Teva was properly mapping the mental controls for her, and Saryia was rapidly getting a feel for now to use them.

"Huh, it's a good thing you had the files for these things, Teva. Were they some sort of mechanical assist for working in engineering spaces or something? I could certainly see them being seriously useful for that."

Teva's voice was positively droll when she responded. "No, mistress. They are meant as sex toys. Humans aren't the only species to have encountered the Dylrians and thought the idea was interesting. I just adapted the program's interface for a quick solution to the problem." Even as she spoke, the ends of the tentacles shifted from the crude gaspers they had been...into something decidedly phallic shaped. "That's the beauty of a premium nanite suit like this one, it's systems are far more modular than the general-production nanites you're intending to sell. They can even be used to inject other nanites with specific medical and recreational functions, such as birth control or aphrodisiac properties. Though, as Dylrian cum had a more detrimental effect on my creator's species than it does on humans, they were specifically designed to NOT replicate those particular effects."

"Huh." Saryia felt stupid for repeating the word, but her mind was busy being torn between interest in a new and *fascinating* sex toy at her mental fingertips...and the fact that she *really* needed to get the hell off world, after selling what she'd gotten from the wreck of the Rixli. Then, in a moment of inspiration, she grinned hugely. There just might be a way to combine her considerable desire to

experiment, with her more immediate needs. Now, if she could just remember what she'd done with that girl's number...

As Saryia approached the hotel room, Teva couldn't help herself any longer. "How did you meet this person, anyway, Her works seems...outside your...areas of interest?"

Saryia snorted. "No need to be careful on my feelings. And you're right. I didn't meet her professionally, at least not in *her* professional capacity. I met her in the previous job I was doing to build up capital for that rental grappler. She was a regular at the brothel I was working in."

She could almost *hear* Teva blink.

"A...brothel?"

Saryia snickered. "Yep. Remember, we're far enough away from earth that humans aren't all that common. Not rare, exactly, give that humanity has colonies fucking everywhere by now, but at least in this particular region of space, we're somewhat uncommon. Add in that the locals are actually pretty damn prudish, and it wasn't hard to get hired on at one of the higher end brothels in the city as an 'exotic' willing to do kinkier shit than the local girls. Ruupira was one of the regulars who was into the kinkier side of things. Nothing really extreme by your or my standards, maybe, but pretty out there for a Githorian. Not that she's a local either, she's actually a Pandorian...that is, a humanoid-feline race that originated on Pandora IV. Almost as common as humans, despite having joined the galactic community later. Probably something to do with their reproduction rate and average sex drive both being somewhat higher."

Teva hummed in her ear. "So, you met this girl because she was in need of a proper fucking the boring Githorians couldn't or wouldn't give?"

"Yep! You'd be surprised how many useful people I've met that way!" She couldn't help but put a bright, cheery tone in her voice, amused at how incredulous Teva had sounded. "And she was a big one for pillow talk. The fact that I'm at least a half-decent engineer, tech, and hacker, and could actually follow her a bit when she was geeking out about her current project was perfect, as far as she was concerned. After a while, I'm pretty sure she was coming for the conversation as much as the sex, and she passed me that contact chip when I told her I was planning to quit."

"You know she might be hoping for more, right?"

Saryia sighed. "Yeah. And to be honest, she's adorable enough...and just the right kind of kinky...that I might even have gone for it if I was intending to stay. But...I'm not. Any sort of actual relationship, beyond something akin to pen pals, is something I've had to give up if I wanted to keep on with my plan to keep moving."

Saryia wondered for a moment if Teva was going to ask the obvious question, about just why she was set on that, but the AI remained quiet. She wondered if Teva wasn't quite advanced enough for that sort of curiosity...or was far enough advanced to know it might be a personal question best not asked at the moment. She really needed to think things through a bit better and figure the AI out, if Teva

was going to stick around. For now, however, she had just reached the right condo door. She lifted her hand to knock. It was showtime...

Ruupira had answered the door swiftly, guiding her guest into the small studio apartment that the other woman maintained. It was both well-organized...and cluttered. Clearly an attempt had been made to keep things in their proper place, but there were simply too many random bits of gadgets and gizmo's scatted on every surface for the space to truly hold. The only exception was a clear area around the bed...which was large and covered with fine watersilk sheets...and which also had obvious anchor points for bondage gear. Overall, it all fit the woman who owned the apartment well, a geeky tech head...with a killer body and a libido that was strong even for her species, which itself was known for being one of the more randy in space.

As for Ruupira herself, she was dressed in a loose chest wrap and skirt, both of which just so happened to show off that aforementioned killer body. The chest wrap only covered enough of her breasts to be decent, just barely, making it look like the woman's generous breasts were in danger of escaping at any moment. The skirt, in its own turn, was short enough that it likely flashed her panties to anyone on the stairs below her. It was rather more revealing than what she'd usually seen the Pandorian wear...but the teal-furred woman had admitted to her that, like most of her species, she found clothing both stuffy and uncomfortable by the large. The result of having fur over much of their body, though that fur was quite short, leaving their bodies looking far more human-proportioned than most furred races. Here in her own home and with someone she knew used to work in a brothel, the clothes weren't out of place...though Saryia also expected they represented a hope that more than a business deal was going to happen tonight.

After a few minutes of small-talk, the Pandorian got to the heart of the matter. "So, what is it that you think I'd be interested in? Don't get me wrong, I'm happy to hear from you again, particularly if I get a roll in the sheets with my favorite girl on the planet out of it. But the way your message sounded..."

"Well, I could tell you...but I think we'd both have more fun if I simply showed you." With a grin, Saryia stood and turned side-on to her host, tapping a button on her wrist-comp as she did, before locking it down and tossing it aside. Moments later, her 'clothes' began rearranging themselves, briefly reverting to the nanite shipsuit that was their default configuration, before rapidly shifting mass to her back, where four phallic-tipped tentacles began forming before Ruupira's widening eyes. This time, the nanites had been instructed not to replicate, but to simply shift existing numbers around to form the tentacle arms. This resulted in her suit rapidly being stripped away, leaving only a basic structural framework...one that didn't cover her breasts or groin at all.

It took roughly 30 seconds for the program to finish, and Saryia grinned as she turned back to face her host, a tentacle-arm hovering over each shoulder and the other two floating to either side of her hips. In truth, she could only control one of them at a time with any sort of accuracy just yet...but Teva could easily control the other three without Ruupira having a clue. It would almost be like having a secret threesome, which was far hotter than she'd thought, now that it was about to happen, her arousal rising as she considered the idea, her grin turning positively wicked as she did.

Ruupira was licking her lips, face a picture of hilarious struggle as her inner engineer geeked out over what she was seeing...and her libido reacted to her favorite lover all-but-naked and armed with a seriously kinky new toy. After long moments, it looked like her inner engineer was going to win out and she opened her mouth to start asking questions...only for Saryia to teasingly press a finger over her lips. As the alien woman's eyes crossed to look at the finger, Saryia spoke in a lilting, teasing voice.

"Nu-uh, sweetie. I'll answer all sorts of technical questions for you later. For now...I think a product demonstration is more called for." She sent the one tentacle she could control herself forward to gently caress the cat-girl's cheek, even as the three Teva controlled darts darted forward with greater precision, tips morphing into far more refined grabbers than earlier, targeting the other woman's clothes.

Even as they began stripping the Pandorian under Teva's direction, Saryia stepped forward and pulled the woman into a slow, sensual kiss. As clothes fell away and the kiss grew more passionate, she felt Ruupira focus shift, her mind discarding its many questions even as her body responded. As the last piece of clothing, a black-satin thong that had barely covered anything, was stripped away, Saryia pulled back from the kiss and scooped the eager Pandorian up in her arms. She almost grunted, having forgotten that the denser muscles of the species meant they were heavier than they looked, but her own somewhat modded physiology took the load easily enough for the two quick steps it took to carry her lover to the bed. She kissed the cat-like woman again briefly, one hand squeezing her ass as she did, before easing her down on the bed...then stepping back slightly with a grin.

Before the Pandorian could make more than a questioning sound, her glowing-amber eyes were captured by the tentacles lengthening and moving toward her body. She squeaked as two of them, controlled by Teva though the woman couldn't know that, captured her wrists and held them above her head even as a third hovered teasingly just shy of the Pandorian's lips. Grinning, Saryia crawled onto the bed even as Ruupira unconsciously opened her mouth to accept the phallic tentacle. As her lover began to give the tentacle head, Saryia parted her legs and kneeled for a moment between them, drawing the furred woman's attention even as she activated another program built into the nanite-suit. Streams of nanites flowed from various points around Saryia's groin, forming a knobby dildo that plunged theatrically into Saryia's dripping pussy, drawing a low moan from her lips. The program didn't stop there. After forming a smooth plate over Saryia's sex, the nanites surged outward, forming first a bulbous head, and then a shaft, pushing out from Saryia's hips into the form of a rather large cock.

Capturing the tentacle-gagged Pandorian's glowing eyes with her own, Saryia grinned and put her hands on teal-furred knees, caressing the soft fur for a few long moments before pushing her legs farther apart. Then, with a grin, she managed to split her controlled tentacle, controlling both just long enough to pin Ruupira's ankles in the same fashion her hands were captured. She shuffled forward, teasingly running her pseudo-cock through the thoroughly slick folds of the Pandoria's pussy, making sure to make contact with all four of the other woman's clitoris-equivalents as she did so. Her lover began bucking into the contact immediately, as Saryia had known she would, but she held back for long moments, driving both of them slowly crazy with the teasing contact.

Then, she changed the angle of her 'cock' and thrust home, moaning in time with her lover as the toy inside her vibrated with power to match her thrust. No longer interested in teasing, she mentally let go of the tentacles holding the other woman's ankles, then released her control completely, mentally handing all of the tentacles off to Teva. Ruupira's legs immediately wrapped around her lover's

hips, pulling her in even more deeply, drawing another moan of pleasure from both of them. Using her greater leverage, Saryia worked against those legs to pull back out...then with them to thrust back in even harder. The teal-furred legs loosened their grip as the desired pleasure was being delivered, and Saryia grinned as she began to thrust, even as her release of control to Teva acted as a signal.

She'd known she wasn't good enough to control the tentacles, or even just one of them, while in the throes of pleasure...so she'd simply set up a general plan with Teva beforehand. That plan came into effect now, with the tentacles holding their victim's wrists bringing them together, one tentacle thickening to hold both wrists in place and freeing up the other. With four tentacles now free to work with, Teva took new actions, the tips of two of them shifting into suckers that latched onto the Pandorian's nipples, even as the others retracted behind Saryia's body and thinned out at the tips. One darted between Saryia's own legs, targeting the last free orifice of their victim, who's eyes widened as she felt it spraying a lubricant from its tip. Her whole body arched, almost bucking her lover off, as the thin tentacle wiggled its way inside her ass...and began to expand. It stretched her to just below where Teva sensed would be the point of pain...and then began to thrust in counterpoint to Saryia's own actions...

Ruupira lost it.

The woman howled out a climax even as Saryia tried to keep thrusting through the wild bucking. The tentacles on the woman's tits and the one holding her arms quickly helped her regain control...and she grinned as she changed the angle and thrust deeper, hitting the Pandorian's womb, sending the woman into another spasming climax just as the first ended. Then, a moment later, she was surprised as the last tentacle found her own ass. She glanced over her shoulder, trying to see but unable to, even as it forced entry into her own rear...which she'd long since had modded with extra erogenous zones.

Eyes popping, she cried out and, with a harsh thrust that extended the lover's second climax, Saryia hit her own peak...which triggered the last surprise for the Pandorian she was fucking. Neon-colored fluid filled with nanites shot out in place of cum...and went to work even as the two of them fell gasping on the bed. A minute passed, then two, then... Ruupira began squirm under her lover.

"S-Saryia. My body? Why is it..."

Saryia raised herself up, already mostly recovered, and grinned at the confused face of the Pandorian. "Oh, that? Well, there were nanites in the 'cum,' set to deliver a custom-tailored aphrodisiac...and it seems some were injected into me, too. Seems we're going to be here for a while..."

'A while' turned out to be over 6 hours, the nanite-tentacles injecting fluids via blowjob to replace those they lost as they went. And then, after they passed out despite the stimulants in two more loads of 'cum,' they slept for another 6. It was early morning when they got up, groggily pulling together breakfast as they sat down to hammer out a deal. Ruupira was, of course, *very* interested in the nanite technology at this point and quickly agreed to act as the 'middlewoman' for the sale...in exchange for getting a full copy of the programming for the tentacles they'd used last night. Something she wasn't planning to share with her company, but which she wanted for her private use. Saryia had no issue with

that...or with the promise to keep in contact, even if she wouldn't be passing with way again anytime soon.

It was three days later, after the deal had gone through, that Saryia was looking around the port at their options for work heading into Wild Space. As she was perusing the various notice-boards, Teva hummed in her earpiece, causing Saryia to quirk an eyebrow. After a moment, the A.I. spoke up. "I do not understand. If you wish to travel, should you not simply purchase a ship? The money you gained from the technology deal is more than sufficient to purchase your own interstellar vessel."

Saryia smirked. "Ah, my naive friend, that would be a rather short-sighted plan, though I can understand your confusion. What you're failing to take into account is the nature of my traveling. Aside from returning a few times to one hub world or another in a given region as I explore...I am not returning to anywhere I've already been. This would be a pretty big issue for any ship I might buy, since any worthwhile interstellar transport of significant range capability needs *crew*. Unless, by some miracle, I could find an entire crew of people just like me, content to explore forever for the sake of simply seeing new things. Unattached to family or loved ones, with no desire to go home again..." She trailed off, curious to see if Teva was intelligent enough to make the necessary emotional connections between ideas. She thought the AI probably was, but she was still feeling out just how capable Teva was. So far, she'd been thoroughly impressed with whoever programmed her.

"Ah. I see. Any ordinary crew would expect to be able to return home eventually, which is something you couldn't guarantee them. And if you tried to hire short-term crew, you would likely be perpetually short-handed."

Saryia mentally put another checkmark in the AI's favor. Not only correlation, but extrapolation as well. "Yep. Which means being either a short-term crewwoman myself, or else a passenger. Being crew is better, cheaper all around, and I've got the skills to be useful. But it's not always possible. Still, we shouldn't have any trouble finding a berth for at least the first leg of our trip into Wild Space, since there's a trade lane between here and the first freeport in the section of space we're headed for. It's risky enough work that we'll almost certainly be able to find a temp spot, too..."

As Teva acknowledged her point, Saryia went back to perusing her options, a small smile on her face. She wondered just what would be waiting for her in the days to come...

End of Part 2