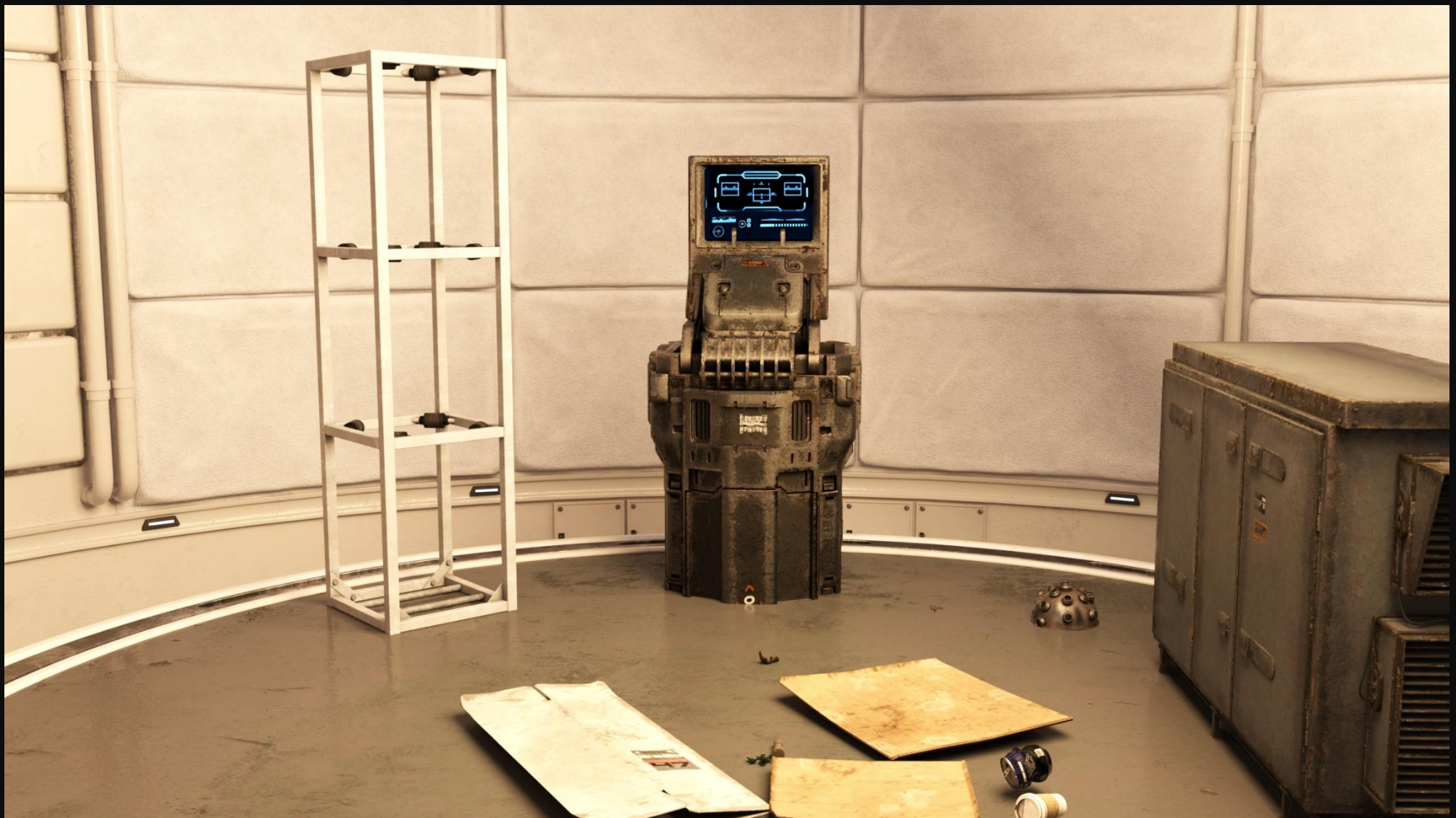


Stranded on Silas Station (Part 6)

Novus Peregrine



Tara breathed a sigh of relief when she entered the next room and found it...lacking. As it, lacking most of its equipment. There were bits and bobbles, like a server framework and a single working console, but there was no question that her information had been good. This wing really hadn't been finished and she'd reached the construction area. Most importantly, she'd reached it without any sort of security arriving to stop her. A hole in an otherwise excellent security setup. Now...



...All that was left was to find a way out. Which wasn't going to be hard at all. This room was a replica of one of the previous setups...but they'd never installed the observation window. Which means all she needed to do was make the relatively easy jump across the gap and through the glassless observation window. That would, hopefully, finally get her out the 'test subject' area and into the main facility. Setting herself with a half-crouch, she eyed the distance...



...and screamed as she *massively* overshot, ending up halfway down the hallway. Her yell cut off as her face bounced painfully off the metal decking, stunning her for several long seconds. What...what just happened? Her brain slowly reset from being rattled around in her skull and she carefully felt her nose with one hand. Not broken...surprisingly. But then, as her thoughts cleared a bit more and she focused, she wondered if that fact was related to the whole overshooting massively thing. A hit that hard *should* have broken her nose. And probably given her a concussion, to boot.

Then there was the matter of her absurd jump distance, she'd leapt much farther than ever before in her life, with barely more than a token effort. Looking back at the window showed she'd probably cleared professional long-jump distances. Which...sort of made the conclusion obvious. The modifications to her body she'd literally *just* read about. Stronger legs, better reflexes. And the only way to not tear her body to shit by enhancing a single set of muscles...was to enhance or alter far more than that single group of muscles. She must have gotten a considerable dose of just flat-out general enhancement. She was stronger and tougher than she had been just a few hours ago. Which, while freaky and slightly worrying, was nice at the moment since it meant she didn't have a broken nose. Though it did forcibly bring

to mind the question of why had these chuckleheads been so sex obsessed? They could have sold this as a super soldier serum to just about...actually, come to that, it was probably a good thing they'd been perverts instead. The last thing the galaxy needed was more super soldiers, even stable ones. Perhaps *especially* stable ones.

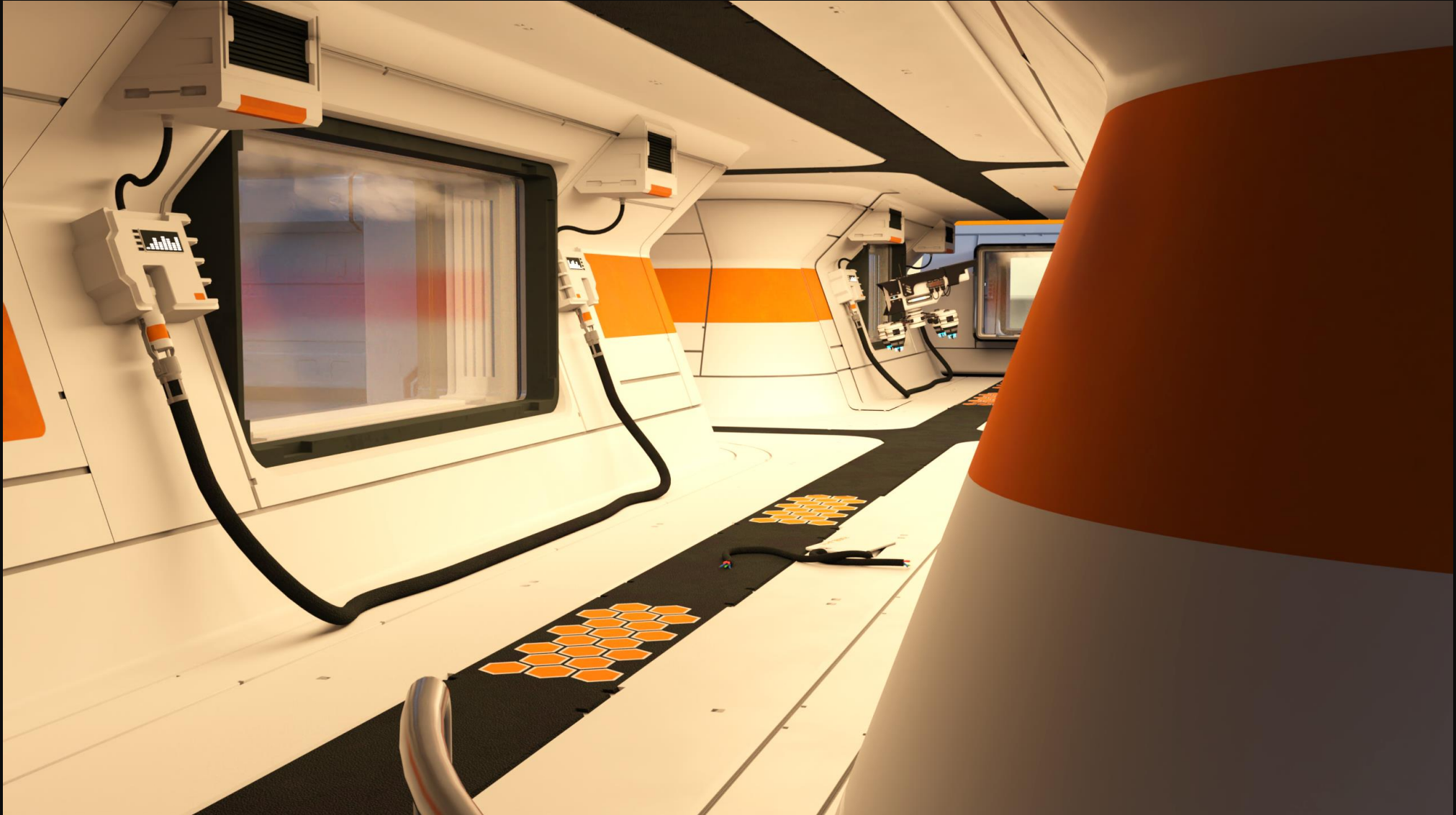


Shaking herself free of the meandering thoughts, Tara pushed to her feet and tested her body. Okay, now that she was actually paying attention, she could *tell* that she had a fair bit more strength in her body. That was going to take some proper testing later. For now...she needed to move on and hope that her screaming and the bang of her all-too-literally 'hitting the deck' hadn't attracted any automated security. Assuming any was even still active.

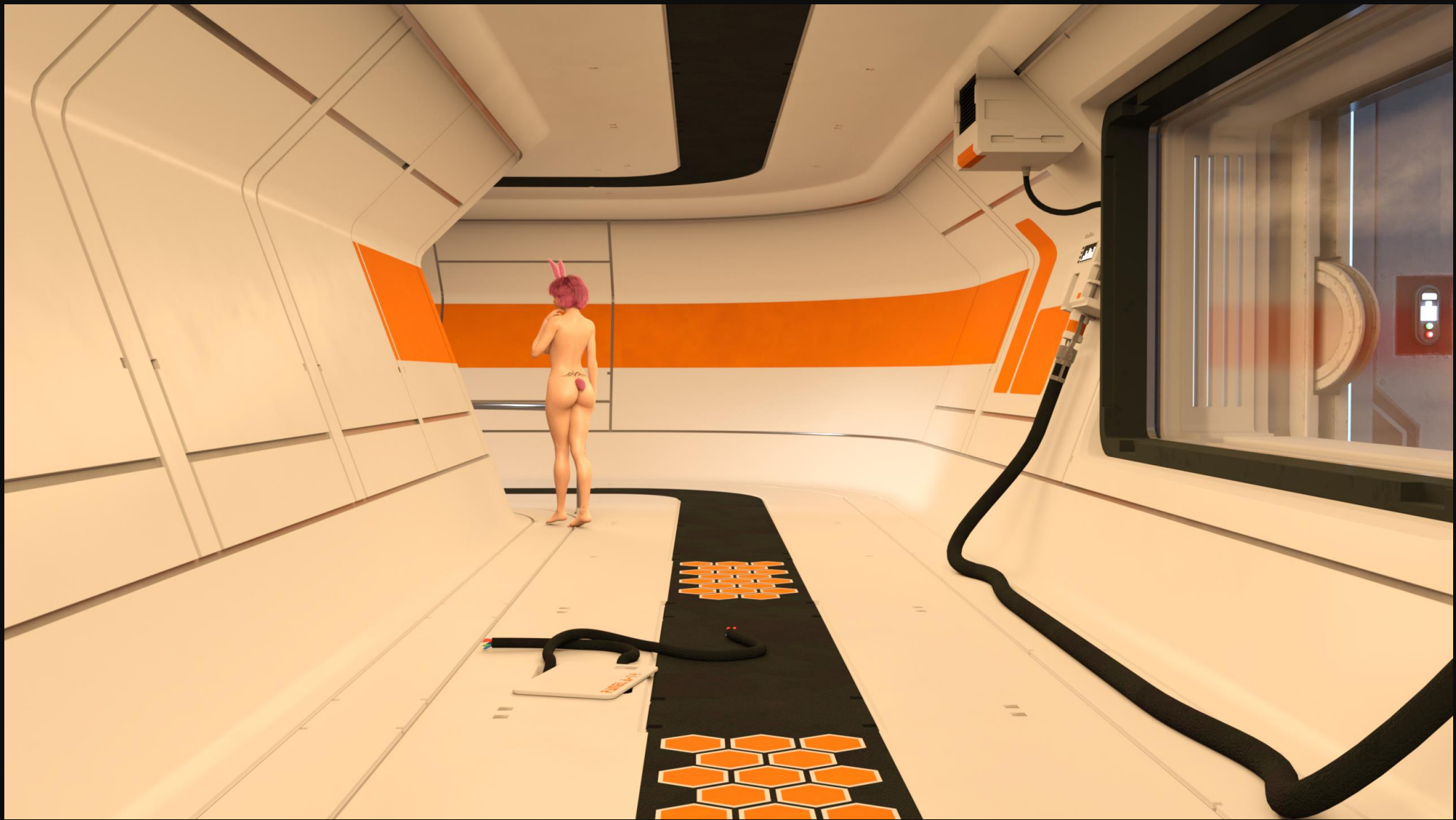
Making her way to the end of the corridor, she looked both ways. There was light coming from the right and nothing from the left. Light might mean more active security...but left might mean more areas under construction. Which would be mildly dangerous even on the ground. In space, 'under construction' was code for 'don't

fucking go there without a suit you moron.' She'd taken enough of a risk with the testing chamber, which had been registered as structurally sound and merely undergoing conversion for the new experimental body modification line. Whatever was to her left might not be nearly as complete, which Tara figured decided her path forward. Even if there was a greater risk of getting caught, that might very well beat dying depending on how the security was set up. And besides, she'd need working terminals to make much headway getting back to her ship anyway. She had no clue at this point where she was in relation to...anything, really.

Choice made, Tara nodded, took a deep breath, and carefully made her way down the righthand corridor...



After a few turns where she'd had to make choices a bit randomly, that determination to be cautious saved her as she peeked around a corner and spotted a patrolling security drone. Biting back a curse, she withdrew until she barely had eyes on the drone, looking it over. Nodding slowly a moment later as her mental scrolling through her memories and she identified the drone was a fairly standard model for the time period the station had last been occupied. She'd actually run into this model more than once on other jobs. And she actually breathed a very quiet sigh of relief at the recognition. That drone was a *non-lethal*, private security model. High end, but actually not very easily modifiable due to most of it having been black box proprietary hardware at the time. Which was great news...so long as the obviously rather gifted eggheads that had been working on this place hadn't been toying with them in their spare time for fun or something. Still, that was pretty unlikely. She didn't think they could have modified it to spray cum or something, which probably put it off their interest list. Which, in turn, meant that she'd probably only trip an alarm if she got spotted. Which...still wasn't great, but it was better than it being an armed drone that would shoot up her vulnerable, naked ass the moment it spotted her.

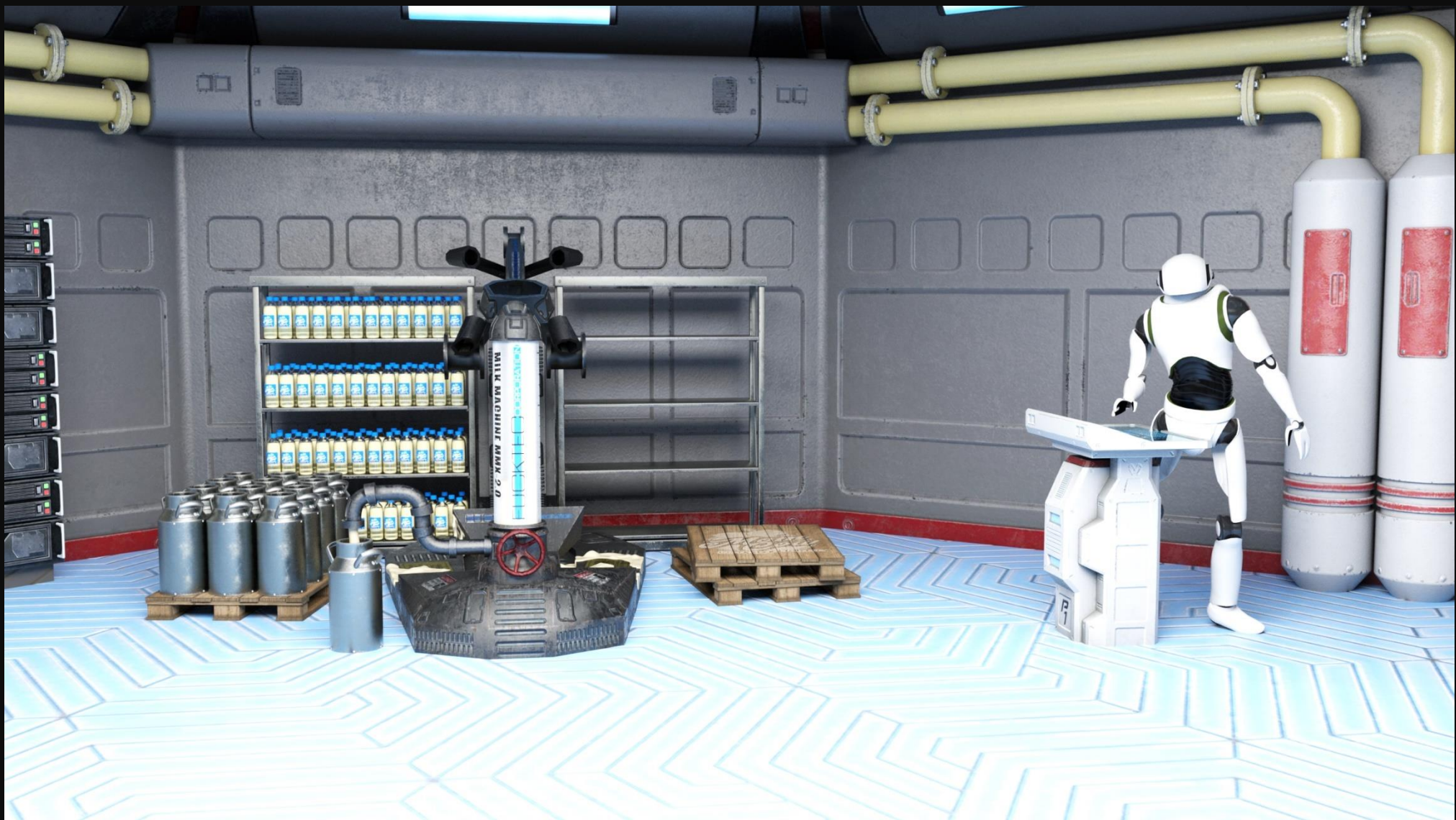


Tara possessed herself of all the patience she could muster for the next half an hour, during which the drone passed by twice more. That was good, fantastic even, as it implied a set patrol pattern she might be able to avoid or use to her advantage. Without any way to figure the timing other than counting unreliable seconds to herself, she'd have to make do with guessing as she went, but it was much better than some sort of randomized sweep. She waited for the drone to pass by a third time...then carefully but quickly moved. Not *away* from it...but following in its path as best she could, trusting that it probably wouldn't meet another drone if she hadn't seen any but the one. Her plan worked...for a while. Until, that is, her careful pursuit put her too far behind the drone and she lost track of it...





After losing the drone and having to take a trio of turns at random, Tara cursed as one drone appeared behind her even as another crossed an intersection in front of her. Left with little time to react, she took a risk and darted for a room. The door opened, to her relief. And even better, there were no immediate alarms...and the drone hadn't seen her.



Regrettably, that didn't mean that the more humanoid bot *in the room* didn't. Tara froze as it turned to face her, praying it wasn't about to raise the alarm...

"Ah! Finally. They sent me a test subject! It has been approximately 46593.43 days since last contact with the research staff. That is well over the 3 day estimate I was last given. Frightful, really. Well, come on then, since we're already late, it's best we get on with it."

This bot is...a lot less sophisticated than the androids running the testing areas. It doesn't seem to be questioning the length of time, or Tara's presence here. Maybe she can bluff?

"Um, I'm not sure I was supposed to go here for testing..."

The bot wasn't very expressive...but even so she sensed a sort of tensing from it.

“Scanning. Ah. I see. Yes. Subject Winward. You were testing the unfinished Body Modification setup. A logical choice to send you here, even if I don’t see a transfer order. I suppose I could put a call into the research team to make certain. Though, as I no longer seem to have contact information for them, I’d have to query the central hub.”

Eyes widening, knowing that any such query was likely to set off all sorts of alarms, Tara quickly backpaddled, approaching the robot to try an indicate compliance.



“No! No, I mean, it’s just that I’m not sure this is the *right* test area. I simply got a little turned around on the way. Can you confirm which test this is? Then we’ll know and can just...update it ourselves.”

The bot cocked its head, made that odd data sound older models sometimes did to indicate processing, then gave a crude nod.

“Yes. That makes logical sense. We *are* behind schedule by a frightful amount. I can file a complaint later about the sloppy paperwork. Assuming this is where you were sent, of course. This is Test Chamber 27, studying induced milk production. Given that your modified body falls within the parameters of those needed for this test, I had simply assumed you were my next subject.”

...Milk production? Well, that was...probably fine. Right? Better than facing an unknown fate at the hands of automated security, certainly. And it was even pretty tame by the comparative standard of her being turned into a horny, super-strong, bunny girl. There were even existing gene mods that could activate lactation in women. So this wasn't too far out there, not really. With an internal sigh, Tara plastered on a smile.

“Oh! Excellent! I'm in the right place after all! Thank you for confirming that. What do I need to do?”

Seemingly satisfied, the bot started entering commands, the device behind you whirring to life.

“I've updated your files as they should be. All you need to do is step onto the platform. The machine will do the rest.”

Gulping, Tara turned to the device...hoping that this test had actually been ready for human usage...



Tara couldn't exactly say she was surprised when the first thing the machine did was clamp down on her arms and legs, before lifting her helplessly into the air, back arched in a way that might have been painful without the increased flexibility from her recent modifications. It seemed...very on brand for this station, really, even if she was still a little concerned about what else might be about to happen. To her surprise, the bot spoke up before anything else *did* happen.

“How is it? The primary issue facing us was still mechanical. Previous test subjects experienced some issues and injuries by being contorted too far by the machine.”

Oh. Well, that was both distressing and comforting. Distressing in that it might have just snapped her back a moment ago if she hadn't gotten the flexibility mod. Comforting that apparently the issue had been mostly technical, not like...exploding breasts or something. Realizing she needed to respond to the bot, Tara quickly came up with an answer.

“Ah, I’m fine, but I suspect a non-modified human woman might experience some discomfort at this setting.”

“Yes, I can see why they choose you. Your flexibility modification insures no injuries! And my scanners are now able to compare your own data to our previous testers. This will give the technicians an excellent new baseline when they come to make adjustments. And all without nearly as much screaming! Proceeding to modification phase.”

Tara grimaced, her faint hope that the bot would simply end the test fading as she heard that. Then she heard a noise from below and looked down, eyes widening rapidly...



There was no time to protest, or even to tense properly, before the needles sunk into the soft, vulnerable flesh of her breasts. She yelped...then moaned as a soothing numbness flooded the stings two or three seconds after penetration.

“Numbing agent applied. Beginning growth and anatomical alteration sequence.”

Well...that wasn't ominous at all...though Tara was having a bit of hard time focusing on any feeling of danger as the flooding of warm liquid being injected into her breasts distracted her rather thoroughly. Doubly so since, apparently, her recently altered nerves considered this a mildly pleasurable action and her arousal began to climb as she squirmed...



Her mind went a little hazy after a minute or two and she wasn't at all sure how long she was out of it for. When she came back into focus, all she knew was that her *everything* sort of ached...and the strongest ache was coming from her tits. Glancing down, her eyes bugged out at the massive mammaries that swung helplessly below her. Even just her tiny movements as she tried to relieve pressure on trapped joints sent them ponderously swinging, the feeling of what she assumed had to be milk sloshing internally with the movement. Did...normal lactation work this way? She didn't know. She *did* know that she was both horny as fuck and her tits felt like they were about to burst from overpressure, though.

"Modification Phase complete. An excellent result. I have placed a note in your file that the milking modifications seem to have synergized well with your previous alterations. I'm sure the science team will likely want to investigate why. Now, onto the milking phase. Volume seems to be high, but we need to properly quantify it, as well as its passive regeneration rate."



Okay...right now? That sounded *great*, and she mentally urged him to hurry. Seriously, her boobs were achingly full. Or possibly just aching from hanging like this, like the rest of her. Either way, she wanted this *done*. And to maybe find a tentacle test to fuck her or something. Her stuck-horny body wasn't making it easy to think...and she still couldn't make herself cum without outside assistance. Fuck.



The moment the breast pumps latched onto her nipples and began sucking, Tara's concerns about needing to cum vanished. As did any higher thought process. The sensation of being milked was...utterly alien yet incredibly erotic. She had no idea if it was the newest mod or her previous set behind it, but she'd never felt this much pleasure from her breasts before. And that didn't even count the extra feeling, the rush really, of *relief* as her breasts started to shrink down a bit as they lost milk.

It was immediately apparent that at least some of that ache from before *had* been from being overfull. Moments after that thought, all thoughts were washed away as she was wracked with her *first* orgasm. Blessed relief of a different kind washed through her body as her arousal reset...but then it began to rise again as the pumping continued...

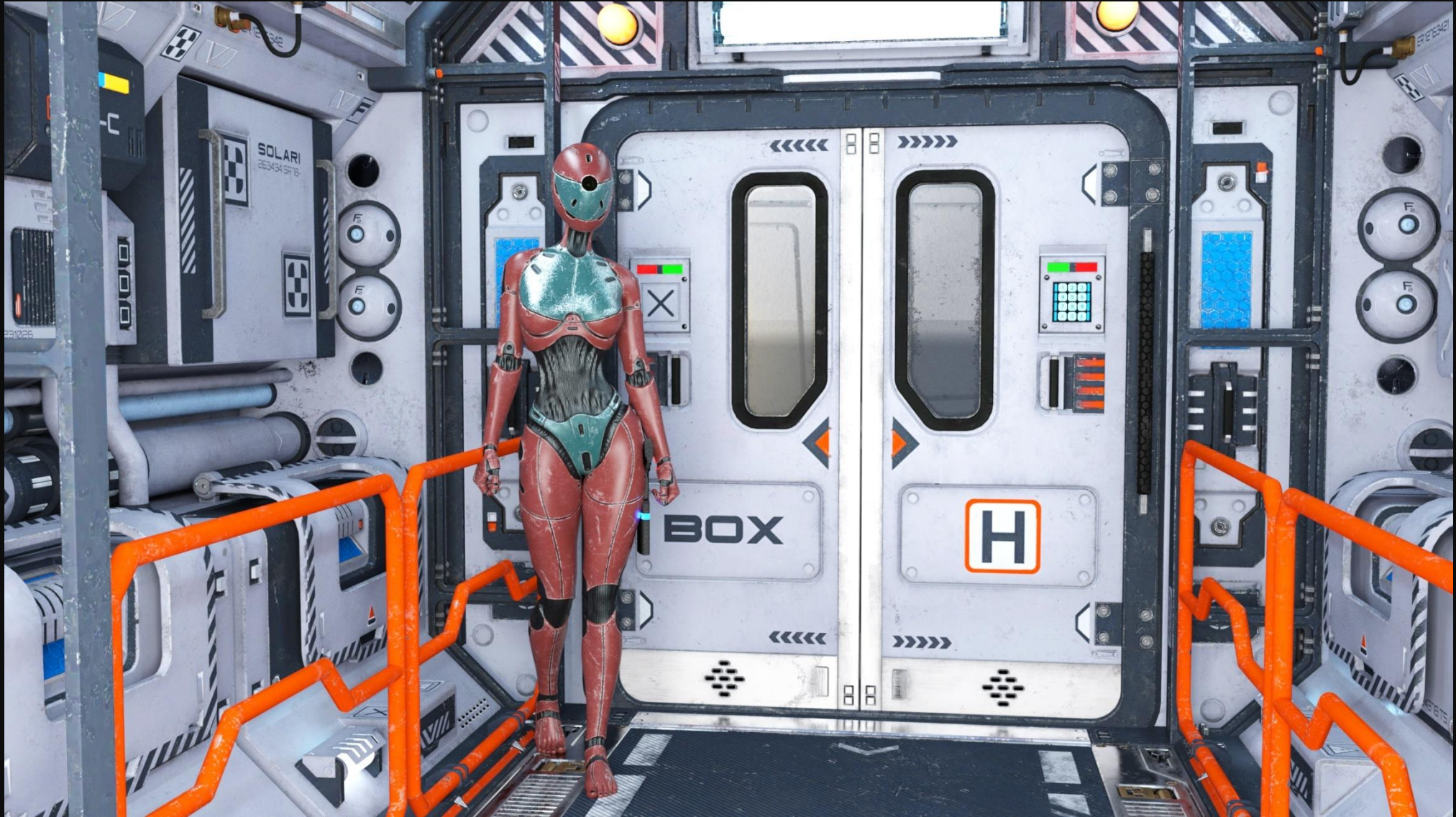


An unknowable amount of time later, at least to Tara and her climax-oozed braincells, she was unceremoniously dumped to the floor. She grunted a bit as the pain of her backside hitting hard metal vaguely registered...but it took a long minute or two before her higher brain functions rebooted enough to realize what that meant. Hesitantly, as sanity reasserted itself, she looked down and raised her hands to her tits.

Okay...they had definitely increased in size...*again*. This time to a degree that she as beginning to suspect probably looked out-of-proportion with her relatively petite body. And this was with them *empty*. An emptiness she could feel as another sort of ache, though this of the same pleasant sort one got after a good hard fucking. After a minute or playing with their new heft, she frowned and forced her hands away. Her arousal hadn't been zeroed out when the pumping finished and it was rising fast as she played with her now even-more-sensitive breasts. If she didn't force herself to stop now, she was going to be in trouble as she got locked into the 'too horny to think straight' phase of arousal. She had to remember that she didn't naturally come down from that state any longer...and she couldn't get herself off to fix it either. That was going to have to be one of the first things she fixed, if she could fix any of this at all...



Eventually, while looking to distract herself from that fear she'd been shying away from, Tara noticed something important and scrambled, *quietly*, to her hands and knees. The bot *wasn't at its console and didn't seem to be paying attention to her*. It was a risk, maybe even a stupid one, but she pulled herself up on the console...and almost cheered. *The system was open to her file, with full administrator access*. The bot must have applied the access to mark her for this experiment, and it hadn't reverted it yet. Working as quickly as she could while keeping an eye on what the bot was doing, Tara changed some critical information in her file. Specifically, she altered her status from 'Test Subject' to 'Employee.' The system flagged the file automatically as 'Employee – Volunteer Subject,' likely due to the modifications she'd already undergone. But that was *fine*. It still let her give herself access to virtually the entire facility, even adding researcher level access! Quickly closing her file and hoping the bot wouldn't notice, or wouldn't do anything if it did, Tara hurried out of the room. She might not have much time if it *did* notice, so she needed to act quickly!



This time, with the patrol drones now ignoring her, Tara ran through the facility, moving far faster than her pre-modification body would have let her. She had to awkwardly hold onto her tits as she did, but the mild pain and slight increase in arousal as her nipples got friction on her hands was worth it as she followed signs for the bridge. The walls changed quickly as she took one turn after another a lightning speed...only to screech to a sudden halt as the door to the bridge itself snapped closed. A curse slipped past her lips as the *armed* android next to the door flashed red eyes and spoke.

“Halt! Employee...27753. Even if you are late for duty, you are out of uniform! You know that by regulation 27.1b, all employees that volunteer for testing *must* wear the correct preventative uniform on duty!”

Tara’s mind stuttered. It was protesting about her lack of a *uniform*? Not that she was running breakneck toward the bridge, bare assed naked? Tara, in the words of an old friend, rolled a bluff check. She rolled that bluff check *hard*.

“I’m so sorry! I’m really late! Um...where is the closest place I can get a compliant uniform?”

The android...seemed to relax, its hand moving from where it had been hovering near its sidearm. Serious, had it been intending to *shoot* her over a missing uniform?

“Uniform processing node 4 is two corridors aft, three doors starboard. Have a good day, ma’am.”

Blinking in disbelief that that had *worked*, Tara quick-stepped back out of sight of the android, then dashed for the ‘uniform processing node,’ doing her dead level best to ignore both how ominous that sounded...and the fact that her continued movement was raising her arousal to levels that were making it harder and harder to think straight.



She couldn't help but simply *gawk* for a moment when she entered the 'Uniform Processing Node.' What the theoretical fuck? Trying to ignore her brain-hazing levels of dripping arousal, she quickly moved to a console. Finding it responding to her easily, pulling up her employee number via her biometrics as she touched it, she quickly browsed to try and figure out just what she was supposed to be doing here. Wait...really? A liquid latex application? Navigating rapidly through more information, she read as fast as her hazy thoughts would allow.

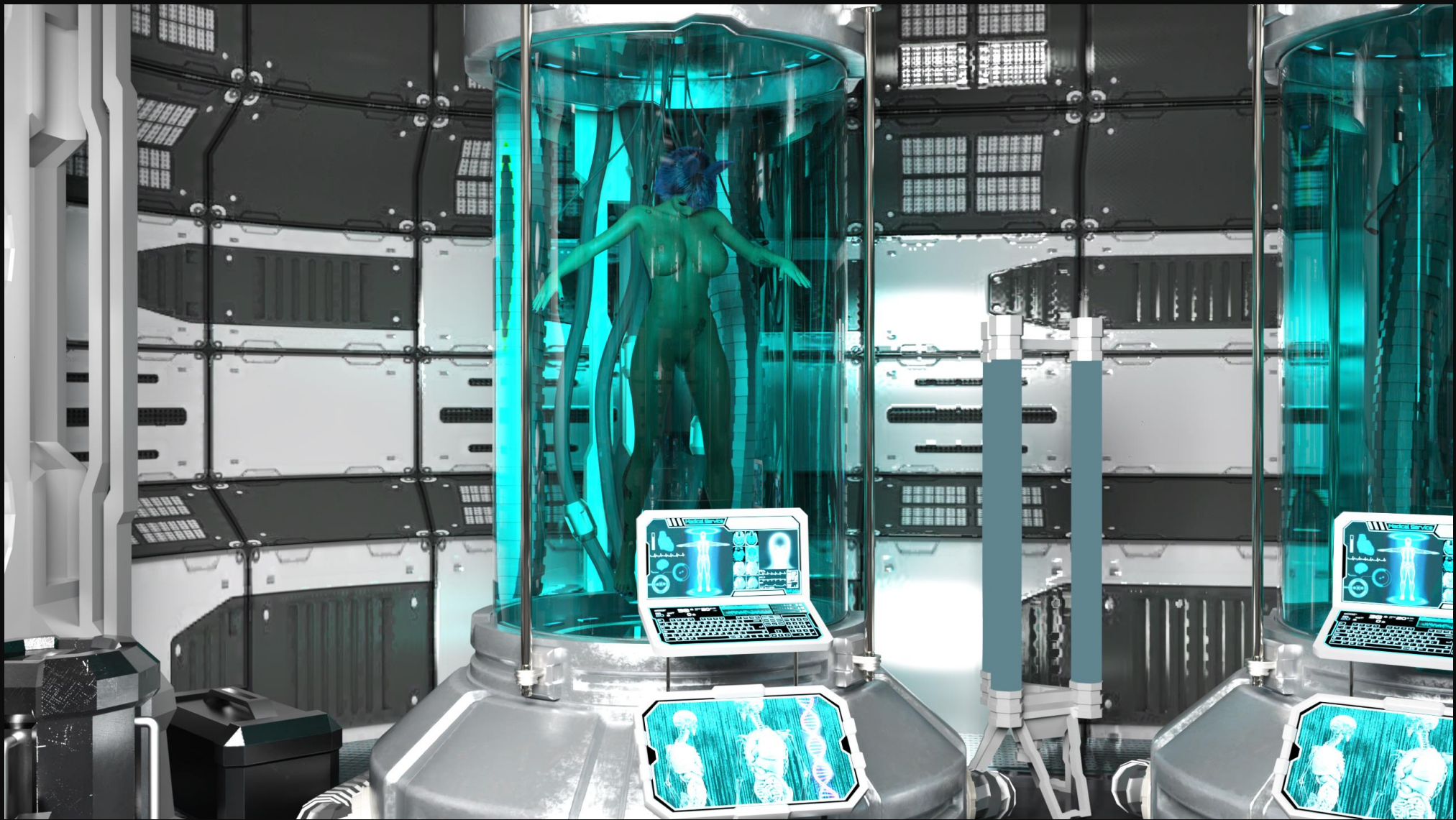
Oh.

Oh. That...actually made a twisted sort of sense. The 'Uniform' that was applied in the tanks was some sort of advanced polymer, not actually latex. It was thick, thick enough to near-completely dull any sensation through it, while also accounting for any alterations, even ongoing ones, that the user was subject to. It would, for example, flex and stretch just fine as her boobs refilled with milk. At the same time, it would...well...seal away all of her fun bits for the duration of her work shift. No

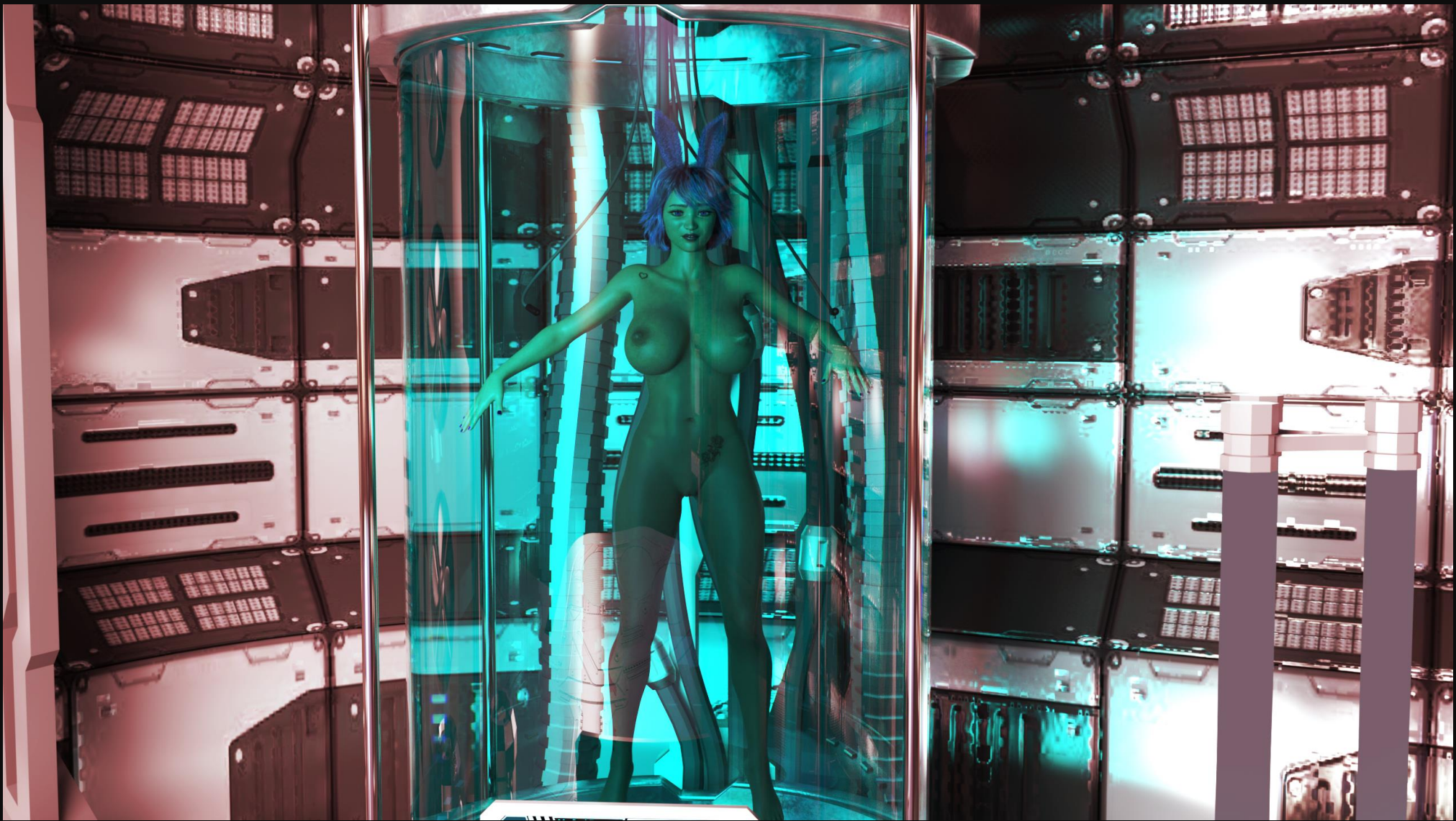
temptation to get distracted by sex on duty, or even any ability to arouse herself. Given what the modifications here could do to a person, it was actually a sort of sensible precaution. An engineer that was so distracted seducing someone to scratch her itch that she didn't notice a hull breach would be...bad. Of course, this was probably a needlessly *kinky* solution to the problem. But she was far beyond merely *suspecting* that whoever had set this place up was a total pervert. To her mind, that was absolutely an established fact already. So, cranking that fact into the equation...this was a solution she could easily see the unknown station owners settling on.

Shaking her head and kicking herself for hyper-focusing on this when she might be working on limited time, Tara quickly selected a purple version of the uniform and climbed into a tank.





The tank was...disconcerting, given that she could breathe the water. But it was a pretty standard model with an oxygenated compound. She'd been in tanks like this for medical stuff before and had only a little trouble suppressing her natural reflex to panic like she was drowning. Instead, she deliberately forced herself to breath in the liquid and let the scanners do their work. Once her vitals stabilized, it would know to...



Shit! Why was there an alarm! Had the system found out about her?!

“Alert! User is dangerously aroused! Unable to fulfill uniform request in current condition. File opened. Arousal locking modification noted. Solutions provided. Would Employee 27753 like to resolve current arousal and accept an eight-hour arousal blocker so that uniform procedure may continue?”

Tara took a few seconds to process that. Resolve arousal? Drug or...make her cum, probably. She could see either from this place. And an 8-hour arousal blocker? That could be *really* useful to getting off this place without more distractions. She quickly reached forward and tapped ‘yes’ on the projection that had appeared on her side of the tank...then looked down as she sensed movement.



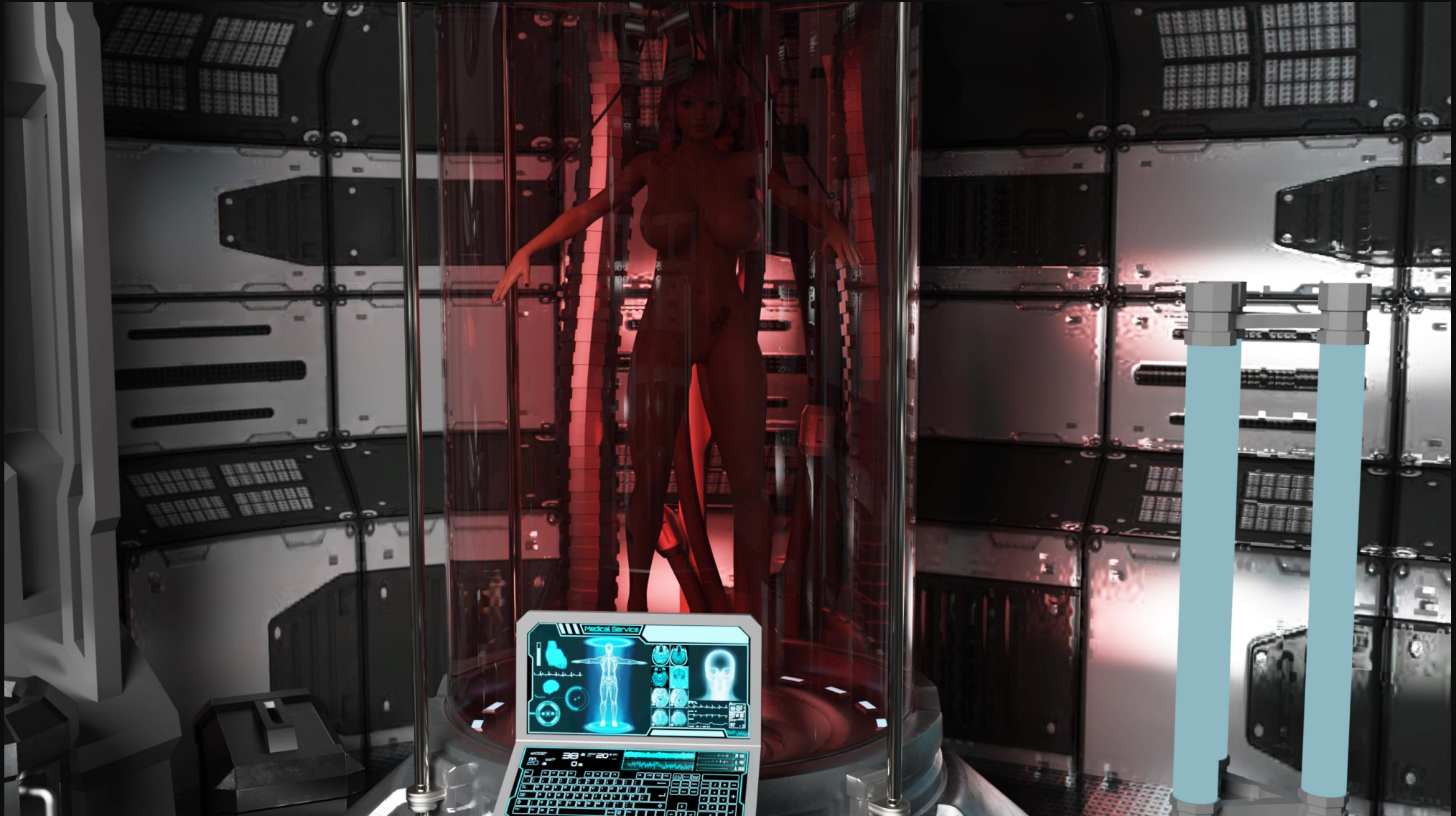
Oh. It was the 'make her cum' option of 'arousal resolving'. Well...she couldn't say she was inclined to protest at the moment. The whole problem was because she was *horny as fuck*, after all. She tried to hold herself in place as best she could as the tentacle lined up on her pussy...



She whimpered and moaned as it buried itself inside her with a fluid thrust, the extreme lubrication of the fluid she was submerged in making it easy despite the thrust pushing her off the floor of the tank a bit. The programmers seem to have known it was going to be unable to thrust properly submerged like this. Instead of trying to fuck her, the phallic end inside her started buzzing powerfully, internal rotation of several protrusions along it's shaft starting up a moment later. Tara squirmed and moaned like it was amateur porn night, unable to help herself at this point. She tried to brace on the tank to get *more, faster*, but it did no good...and it didn't matter, anyway. She was going to cum whether she wanted to or not...and she *very much* wanted to!



She came, though not quite as hard as she'd expected to, as the buzzing cut off the moment she hit her peak. It wasn't quite a *ruined* orgasm. More like somewhere between that and the toe-curling experiences she'd been having since the start of the station's little games. It still felt pretty good and, more importantly, flushed much of her arousal. She barely noticed the sting of a needle in her ass...though she certainly noticed when the tank turned colors and some sort of electrostatic charge ran through the liquid...and her.



Curiously, as pigment began to stick to her, her arousal didn't increase. Something told her that the charge moving through her should have...oh, that sting in her ass had been the 'arousal blocker.' She was still getting the sensations of pleasure, sort of, but they just weren't really...doing much for her. What a weird combination to experience. How had they even *done* that? Though, she supposed, compared to everything else...



Once the fluid of the tank drained away, Tara climbed out and assessed the result. This...wasn't that bad? A quick prodding at her breasts and private parts revealed that, true to what she read, the material is thick and...springy? Thick and 'springy' enough, to prevent much in the way of sensation passing through to her intimate parts. Yet, at the same time, the material breathes a fair bit, so she is actually somewhat comfortable when she expected to be stifled and hot. It's also offering surprisingly good support for her breasts, even as it compresses them a bit. This...this was fine. More to the point, now that she's not fuzzy from lust, she can see the use of that arousal blocker drug. Given her modifications, that might be important to move and function among normal people.

Quickly checking the system, she noted with a grimace that there aren't many doses left. Which only makes sense. They likely only left what was in the currently deployed pack, taking any extras of the drug away with them when the half-stripped the station as they shut it down. Between all the tanks, she found only nine doses of the blocker compound. But hopefully that was enough of a sample size that it could be reproduced somewhere for her. Particularly if she managed a data dump on the stuff and got the formula. Gathering up the dosages, she hurried back to the bridge...

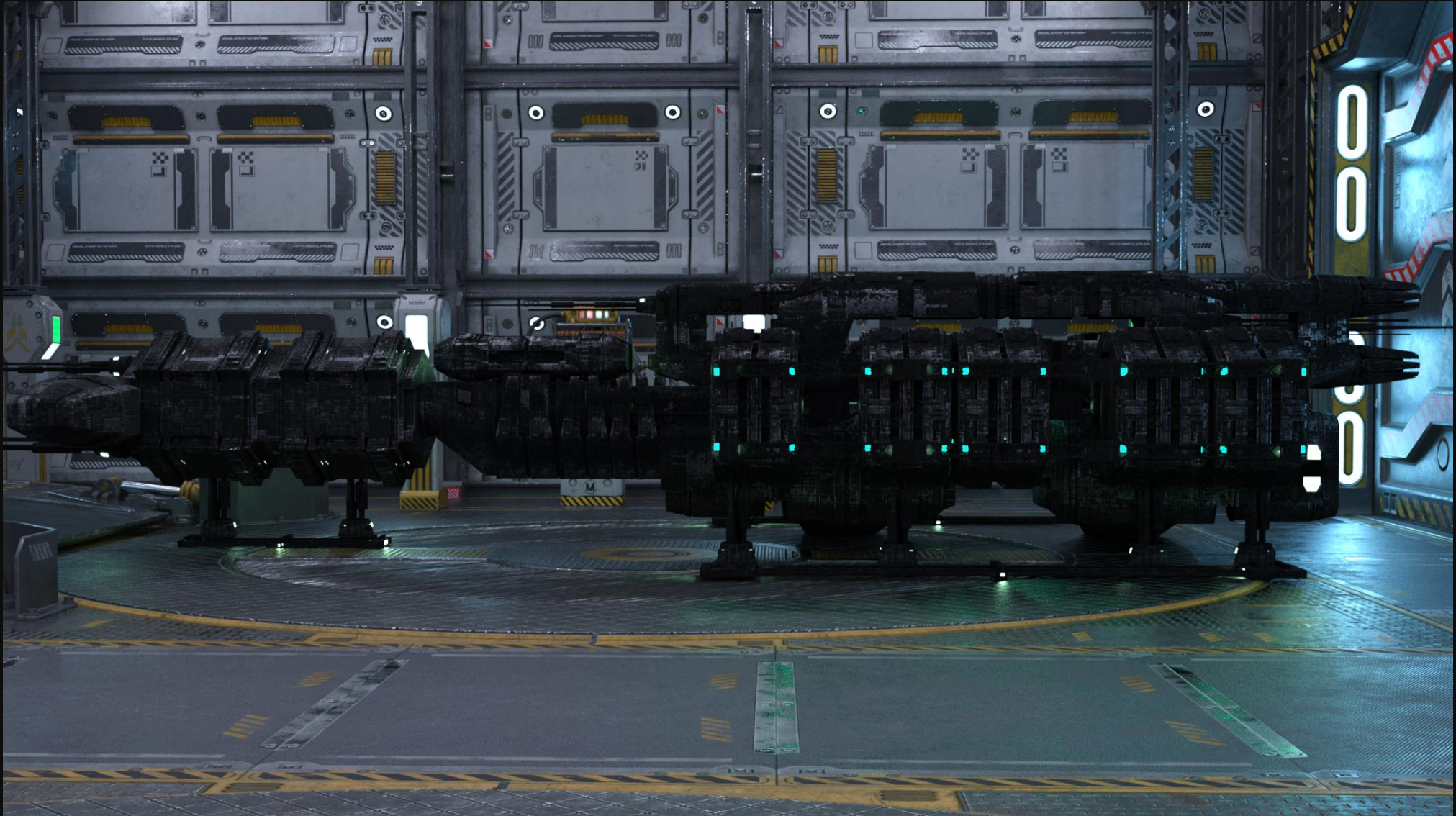


The guard hadn't even twitched when Tara approached this time, letting her through with nary a whisper or bit of acknowledgement. Once on the bridge, Tara quickly sought out three things. First, the status of the Milkman bot, as she'd taken to labeling it in her mind. It looked like it simply hadn't flagged her...but she cut it out of the system via a 'routine maintenance' error. That should hold Mr. Milkman for plenty long enough, just in case. Second was a map back to her ship's hanger *without*



going through the testing area. It was all locked maintenance tunnels, so she gave herself access with a few taps in the right places, trying to memorize the route as she did. And third, far more risky than the others...she accessed as much of the secure databases as she could. She brought up a remote connection to her ship and began a data dump of *everything* she could get her hands on, hoping she had enough storage. She tensed, then breathed a sigh of relief as no alarms or alerts were triggered. Hopefully, something in those archives would help with her...situation. Or was that multiple situations? It was really rather hard to say.

Those three core tasks complete, Tara took the time to also shut down the beacon that had lured her here, reducing the chances of anyone else finding this place until she was done with it. She might need to come back...as distasteful as that thought was. And, really, this place *was* overflowing with salvage, just as she'd thought it could be, if she ever found a way to properly get at it without...taking certain risks. Not willing to take any more of said risks right *now*, she relocked the console and headed to her ship...



Tara breathed a last sigh of relief as she final laid eyes on her beautiful home again. She hurried aboard, waited impatiently for the data dump to finish...and then got the hell out of there as fast as she could. She had escaped Silas Station...for now. But she was left *changed* by that experience. In some ways those changes could be good...in others...well...she was going to need some help to try and reverse some of what had been done to her. Though other things she might just keep...

<<End if Arc 1 – Stranded on Silas Station>>