



The Swords of Damocles
- A Slutty Futa Sci-Fi Story -
By Razmagurk
= Part 1 =

This was not my body.

I twisted in front of the glass coffin I had emerged from, willing my reflection to make sense. My visual data was still swimming from the boot-up sequence. This couldn't be right, it was a filter or an error, right? I leaned against the coffin, arms pressing against the cold glass as I squinted at my own face. My arms were shorter than they should have been.

I tried to access my logs and assert continuity, but there was a corruption in my data system. I was missing my long-term memory. That was... inconvenient. According to my system data I was Harold Hall, System Admin onboard the Damocles, crew ID 210619. Beyond that, I only had the vague impressions my mindstate afforded me and the standard crew and common knowledge databases loaded into the body.

Well, that was a start. I was Harold Hall.

I didn't need my memories to know that this body wasn't mine. My integration protocols were going crazy. They wouldn't be doing that if this was a body I was familiar with. I'd been in other bodies before, at least I had the vague impression that was the case, and I'd never had this much trouble before. It was a *girl's* body. That little fact kept going around in my head, as though it mattered. It was obviously non-standard. Maybe it hadn't been programmed right? If I had to guess, I'd say the exterior had been modified heavily too. A soft face, kissable lips, great big round breasts. Really, really big breasts. Wow.

They were high on my chest, floating, orb-like, cartoonish. I wouldn't have given them much attention, but it was kind of hard to ignore them. They were just so... *there!* I'd never seen anything like them before, and certainly not from this angle. They blocked the lower half of my vision. As I moved, they swayed and bounced softly in the one-third gravity, taking their time to settle, a constant gentle tugging reminding me that there they were.

Wait - one third gravity?

I was standing, now decanted, in an emergency crew storage bay. Outside was one of the large maintenance corridors beneath Deck 7. There were other pods around me, other coffins, each containing a body in long-term standby mode. Stations like this were distributed across the ship in case of emergencies. The lights were all on, but no one was home. We had power and pressure, but if gravity was reduced that meant something was wrong with the engines.

What was going on?

I lifted an arm, experimentally. My integration protocols were there to interface my consciousness with the body, to translate my ambulation requests into a form the body could perform. I said walk, and it worried about balance and gait. I said stand, it handled posture. All very basic stuff for when you're in an unfamiliar body. A body like this shouldn't have been any trouble, even if it was female. Its not like I was octopoidal or anything. Yet sure enough, my protocol system was running so hard it was dragging down my entire processor. Was there damage in the body's systems it was trying to compensate for? I didn't feel anything wrong. Quite the contrary, everything felt... *good*.

I turned and took a few steps. My hands extended out daintily. With each step my hips swung and swayed as my thick silky thighs rubbed together. I seemed to be thrusting out my expansive chest and

ass. Each step put one of my delicate high-heeled feet in front of the other. Was that the trouble? It had to process walking in these crazy heels? It couldn't have been easy given how high they were and how fine the point of the toe was. As weird as it was to walk in such a... *feminine* way, if I tried to override the interface I'd land flat on my fat, well-padded ass, I was sure.

I turned back towards the coffin. It was almost like the girl in reflected back at me from the black glass was... posing? Showing off? Who was I kidding, her body language was positively smouldering. Her every motion seemed curated to be as eye-catching as possible. I caught her brushing the long wavy blonde hair out of her face without even me prompting for it, so it framed her face sultrily, invitingly, as if just the sight of myself triggered a programmed reaction. So much of my processor was being used just to move in that sultry way that it was making it hard to think.

That girl was me?

My heart - my body's heart - raced. I couldn't deny I liked what I saw.

I took a few more experimental steps, getting a feel for the balance and weight. The breasts were so large that every step in the low-g sent them bouncing and jiggling dramatically. It was hard to take my eyes off them. The outfit I was wearing did nothing to hide or restrain them - a silvery string bikini top and a too-short ruffled silver skirt. No underwear. I could feel the little swish of the skirt's fabric rustling along my hips with each step. The skirt didn't do much for my modesty, especially with the low gravity failing to hold it down. After three steps I had to tug it back down over the sheer enormity of my posterior. Don't even get me started on these shining silver heels!

None of this was starship regulation.

My emotional balancer registered my rising panic. It had been keeping me calm, but I'd crossed a threshold and now it was alerting me to the seriousness of my emotional state.

Experimentally, I ran a hand down my flesh. Sensory data flooded in. It was soft, sensitive and warm, both on the giving end and the receiving. The flawless fresh skin of a virgin body, never even taken out of its creche. It felt... good. The body was triggering a release of dopamine and oxytocin. It liked being touched. I grasped with my soft hands at the great round boulders that were my breasts, and lifted. Even in the one-third gravity they were heavy. I could feel the warm pressure against my mounds, then the rise and the gentle cold and low-G tug as I released. They swayed languidly within the confines of the bikini top. Beneath the silky silver fabric, nipples began to stiffen, pushing eagerly at the material. It liked this a lot.

I admit, my curiosity was getting the better of me. I'd never driven a woman's body before. I suppose most don't look like this, do they? Theoretically you could, back in Sol, where you could have whatever or however many bodies you wanted, but the only people who'd be walking around like this would be Pleasure Guildies or hedonists. There was no getting around it, was there? I knew what kind of body this was. If so, that meant... I slid a hand under the thin fabric of the top. The nipples there were especially sensitive, turgid and tall. Oxytocin spiked as I gently traced along them. It felt really good, sudden electricity running through the entire nervous system, warm delicious lightning.

I let out a sigh, which the system translated as a breathy moan. I probably should have stopped then and there, but it just felt so good, I had to give it another squeeze, and another. I was losing myself in this. I squeezed harder, taking the nipples between my hands and picking for all they were -

Warning: Sensory output exceeds safe levels.

Everything had gone dark and numb and quiet, like someone had shoved a bag over my head. I stood there confused. How hot had this body been set up that it would prompt that? I squinted into the air as I pulled up my interface settings and sense filters. I had all the usual stuff to keep out unpleasant experiences, foul smells, pain, that kind of thing.

There were a some visual-replacement filters that I didn't have the context for without my long-term memory – why would I want to make someone named Derik look like a milfy goth mommy? I laughed despite everything when I saw a filter that would make everybody look especially busty, as though I'd just discovered someone's porn stash. I turned it on and watched as it augmented my visuals, doubling the apparent size of my breasts. I played with the sliders and watched them grow even larger, then shrink, then grow again. As funny as all that was, this wasn't the time. I turned it off. Even without it these things were big enough.

I set up a few quick compressors for my physical sensory input. That should reduce any spikes down a more manageable level. Hot input can be very dangerous; it can seriously mess up your mindstate and lead to all kinds of addictive behaviors. Repeat it too often and it could have long term effects on the mind. Operant conditioning, I think it was called."

Well, that pleasure confirmed it though, this was a Sex Body.

I was in a Sex Body.

A girly, slutty Sex Body.

My emotional balancer was going crazy trying to keep me even. It was showing top-level humiliation, panic and terror. I let a bit of that bleed through. It seemed appropriate. Sometimes people would keep special bodies with jacked-up specifications to fuck or masturbate in, or to fulfill their specific fetishes. Sometimes they were even inhabited by NPC Vis for roleplaying purposes. Most people just used the local Matrix for their porn purposes, where you didn't have to be so committed as to have an entire extra body to take care of. Plus, there were safety protocols for most Matrix sims, unlike this body.

What was I doing in a body like this? You hear stories that start exactly like this. About people jacked into bodies that have been rigged as sex slaves, systems sabotaged so they can't escape, forced to robotically follow orders, trained like a dog to serve however their master commands, then sold off on the black market. Those stories never sat right with me, there were far more direct ways to manipulate people. I amped up my emotional balancer, trying to keep myself calm. Those stories were just that. There had to be a logical explanation. I'd stumbled into someone's porn stash somehow, or it was some kind of prank, I was sure. This was just someone's private wank doll. The thought triggered my body's endocrine system. It was going into overdrive, getting all... glandular. It liked the idea.

What was going on here?

I blinked several times, interface sending my long lashes fluttering like breathy little kisses. I brushed the long ringlets of blonde hair from my face just so. I closed my eyes and focused on the body's systems. I cycled through the status displays, looking for any kind of clue. If it was a doll it would have an NPC or Virtual Intelligence interface - it certainly wouldn't have a mindstate hookup, but sure enough, that's all this one had. It was designed to be lived in, by a real person.

For a non-standard, it was a well-designed body, I couldn't deny that, even if it was so focused on looking sexy that it slowed down my whole brain. It had exactly the kinds of features you'd expect to find in a sex-doll, all of the gooey, toe-curling, scandalously named subsystems, but it had others as well. Fashion protocols and aesthetic adjusters. I poked at the full-body pigmentation preset system. It was currently set to 'blonde and bouncy' which seemed to be the default. There was no way to customize, just to choose from hundreds of whorish hair and makeup looks. Who'd put together this database? I tapped one (pink and bubbly) and felt my hair and nails lightening to a gooey glittery bubble-gum pink. My face tingled as my eyes, eyeshadow and lip pigment also took on a pink sheen. My lips had taken on a shining juicy quality, luscious. Even the smart fabric in my outfit shifted to match.

Embarrassment dinged in my balancer. I looked like some kind of slutty doll, or a character from a Venusian holoflick. I tried to change back, but there was some kind timer restricting me from wearing the same look more than once. Not good.

I dug deeper. There were skill packages installed, but they were just as non-standard as the body itself - alwaysbepretty, fuckbunnybasics, advancedsluttery, lightdomestic? - they were all red-level program inserts, equivalent to 20-years of training and experience. Where would someone even find ones like this?

There was a copy of Damocles' crew and common knowledge databases, but looking at it, it had obviously been altered. I was pretty sure the uniforms were not primarily short skirts. I paused. What if *my* common sense database was the one in the wrong? What if dress pants were the ridiculous notion? I'd have no way of knowing. The database was attached to a software trigger, designed to override any existing knowledge databases when the body booted up, but whatever whatever error had corrupted my long-term memory storage evidently prevented that. The trigger was also supposed to activate... Oh wow! There was a whole personality/culture module here! I had the vague feeling I'd only ever heard of them from spy movies. They were for diplomats and deep-cultural work. What was one doing here?

Curious, I gave it a poke.

Warning: personality module active. Boot up sequence interrupt, interrupted. Resetting. Loading personality module interface wizard. Error. Resetting. Error. Override B4 in place. Initiating alternate bootup sequence: "automatic override".

Wait, what?

Alternate bootup sequence successful. Loading deepculture module SluttyGirlBitch-final03.pm. Loading memory supplements. Initiate complete user personality/culture data override?

Fuck. "No!"

Input received. Installation canceled. Shutting down. Goodbye. Error. Shutdown aborted. Error code: "Sorry Sweetie, no backing out now. <3". Bypassing user authentication. Bypassing safety protocols. Initiating user mindstate override.

Oh come on!

If I had my processor running at full speed maybe I'd have been able to hedge it off, but before I could get my firewall into place, before I could disconnect from the body's systems, I had a mountain of data dropped on me, burying me in its sheer mass. There was so much of it. It was stuffing into me, squeezing me, filling me up. It felt like someone was trying to shove a whole other person in my brain. I cried out, the interface translating it into a whorish moan. I giggled. I was being squeezed out of my own brain by a flaming hot pink brand.

"No no no - yessssss~!"

Desperately, I fought back. I tried to backload data from the mindstate cache in my matrix interface, but it was a piecemeal process, and the personality module was going to work on my mind with a hatchet. I couldn't tell what was me and what wasn't. Buffer-me and rapidly-pinkifying me were slamming up against each other. I didn't know who I was, memories and impressions and tastes and thoughts and opinions and my sense of humour changing from one moment to the next, mixing together. Any given aspect of me was Me for one moment, then this Slutty Girl Bitch the next, then back again, forever. I didn't know who was the attacker and who was the defender, it was an uninterpretable melee. My sense and emotional dampeners couldn't keep up. Whorish pleasure flooded through me, abject terror and utter longing, just the way I liked it. I was being turned into some kind of sex-doll and I loved it with all my traitorous heart!

The pleasure made it so damn hard to think. I was a gushing puddle of girly flesh, and it felt so so good. I was seeing stars, my body wracking with trembling shudders as explosive orgasms crashed through me. I was cumming my brains out, probably literally.

"More! More! More!" I found myself begging.

Then some tiny part of me, the bad boring male part of me, did something desperate. It shut the hardware of my brain down completely.

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Initiating Bootup...

Bootup sequence damaged. Repairing...

When I woke, I was a mess. With my sense filter offline I had a splitting headache. At some point I had fallen to the floor and now I had a hand buried in my body's wet sloppy cunt. Fun! But it would be more fun if it was someone else's. Where had that thought come from? I pulled my hand out of my pussy and

rubbed at the bridge of my nose, body language translating to accommodate my long shiny pink nails. Weren't they so cute? I stopped and stared at my hands. The glittery pink was to die for, but something was wrong. My interface was struggling.

This was not my body. It felt like it should be, but my interface was going crazy trying to pilot it.

I tried to access my logs and assert continuity, but there was a corruption in my data system. I was missing my long-term memory. That was... not yummy at all. According to my system data I was Jizz Slurper, one of the Crew Relief Pleasure Sluts onboard the Damocles, crew id 696969. Beyond that, I only had the vague impressions my mindstate afforded me and the standard crew and common knowledge databases loaded into the body.

Well, that was a start. I was Jizz Slurper. Something about that felt off, but I couldn't put my finger on it. Déjà vu. I traced the feeling to a corrupted file in my short term memory. Something had happened last time I'd done this, but I didn't know what. Well, I'm sure it wasn't important.

Wait, I'd just had a fight with a rogue personality module, hadn't I? No wonder things were feeling weird. What had happened? Carefully I probed my system – Mmm... I wished someone would probe *my* system! It looked like I'd managed to save most of my personality and interrupted the process before it had done its worst, but damage had already been done. When I'd booted, the stack had tried to hodge together the two personalities. That's who I was now.

I wasn't me.

A sheer, existential dread slammed into me. Panic. Terror. Unabated. This was very bad. So bad I had to shut my eyes to try and keep it at bay. Tears were streaming down my cheeks. I was so afraid. I dug down into my system and rebooted my emotional balancer. It ran at full tilt to push away the dread and terror, throwing me warnings about my extreme state.

I let out a relieved breath, then pouted my big fat cock-sucking lips. Emotional balancing didn't fix any of the problems, but at least with everything balanced my mind was clear to think. I did some checking. In the battle I'd lost any copies of my original mindstate. I had nothing to compare my current state to. No way of knowing who I was supposed to be. I checked the body's systems, seeing if I could find some other instance of myself that I'd missed. I found a supplemental memory suite the module had been trying to load. I could see chunks of it in my otherwise missing long-term memory storage. Bootstack had flagged it as anomalous and quarantined them until I'd had a chance to review.

I'd get to those soon enough. How much had I been compromised by the module? I dug into my system. Hearts and sparkles and fragrant flowers brightened my interface, just the way I liked it. I had it run some diagnostics and present a visual of my brain, overlaid with pink where things had been overridden. I was not prepared for the answer: a whole third of my mindstate had been taken over.

I should have felt sick, but instead I felt *good*. Like being turned into some kind of girly big-titty fuckpuppet was the best damn idea I'd ever had. I shook my head. Everything felt bright and giggly and bouncy. This body I found myself in now seemed far more appropriate for who I currently was than any other I could think of. I mean of course it did, it was super cute, wasn't it? A total hottie! With these enormous titties I could swing about and jiggle and play with them all day long! Why would I want to be a boring guy when I could bounce around looking like this?

That was a conflict of continuity, right? I was pretty sure that was the opposite reaction I'd had after waking up. These were intrusive thoughts. Pink fluffy giggles from that transformed part of me. Or maybe this was how I really felt deep down? Without my long-term memory I didn't have anything to compare it to. Was there an external backup of me still in the ship's DREMatrix? They could restore me from there, right? Or at least compare the data. I sent a radio query the Crew system but got no response.

Weird.

I'd need to see a doctor when this was all over. A big hunky doctor. They could compare me against the backup, give me a *thorough* look-over. A naked, full-body look-over. With their strong, slender hands, and maybe other things besides"

I took a look at the memories. Supplemental memories were usually there to provide cultural context and needed experience. Diplomats (and spies) in the Jahar Conclave would get memories of coming-of-age trials or day-to-day living, that kind of thing. You didn't want to not know, for example, how a birthday party went down, or what to do during a Jovian-Diaspora mating dance. I tilted my head as I pondered the blocks of data. My Interface was making it so hard to think - being pretty was such hard work! Would these memories show me what the module had been trying to turn me into?

I probed the data. There was an entire lifetime's worth. They were fully developed, all-sense total-recall memories, the kind any real person would have. I'd been expecting a bunch of half-formed mnemonics, not a full minds worth of real memories. Who would need all this for a sex doll? Were these someone's actual memories? My eyes opened wide. Had I somehow transferred my long-term memories into the personality module when I was transferring into the system?

I took a look into one at random.

I was in classroom. I was a student. I was in this body, but it was younger, not yet so extreme. I had just found out I'd failed my basic studies. I was wearing a pornographically short academy-girl outfit. I'd set a record for the lowest score in the school's history. It wasn't my fault! How was I supposed to concentrate with all those girls around? I couldn't help that I was crushing on every pretty little thing I could see. How can they expect me to do anything but spend my every waking moment fantasizing about getting held down and bred by the big hard dicks of every girl in my class.

I was being called to the front of the class where the teacher, an older woman, stern and strong, her own sizeable bulge barely restrained by her grey skirt, used me as a demonstration of what not to be. She had the entire class point and laugh at me for being so dumb and slutty. Little did she know that all the humiliation, all the attention, was just fanning the fire burning inside me. As she started spank me in front of everybody, I came with each slap of my jiggling cheeks.

I came out of the memory gasping for breath, it had prompted a response from the body: nostalgia, fondness, whorish submission. I mewled. There was shame in there as well, too mixed in with the other emotions for my emotional balancer to catch. I was blushing. There's no way that could have been real. The girls had dicks? That was... weird, wasn't it? Weird and *hot*, a part of me added. I mean, obviously anyone could look like whatever they wanted, but the common knowledge database said it wasn't quite so... *ubiquitous*.

This couldn't have been a memory of mine, could it? I chose another memory at random. Maybe I'd just chosen badly on that one.

I was lying naked on my plush pink bed, a great big yummy cock stuffed into my mouth. I gagged and slobbered on it, acting as though I had to breathe. My roommate sat in front of me, her tall athletic form looming over me, grabbing me by my blonde hair to lift my head, sliding me up and down her dick, completely controlling the pace at which she was fucking my throat. I hoped I was making her feel good. I had the biggest crush on her, and I could think of no better way of expressing it than being her gleeful relief hole.

Projected into my vision was the interface for my pigmentation preset system and behind it sat a pink hyper-girly version of the academy dorms. While my hands and mouth were busy getting my roommate off, I was pulling up pornographic examples of the neobimbo aesthetic (using my roommate's churning balls to judge my success!) and painstakingly copying the looks into my pigmentation system, locking myself out of anything else. Makeup, nails, hair! With every new style I committed to, I came hard, coming off her dick just enough to tremble and slurp, and gush to myself about how pretty it looked and how much I loved it. The only bit I couldn't duplicate was the cum on my face, but my roommate would help with that. By the time I was done no one would ever mistake me for anything but the biggest slut I could be. This was the best idea I'd ever had!

I came out of this one full of the pride of self-satisfaction, but with an empty feeling down my throat. I'd loved my new looks so much, and so had my roommate. She'd fucked me so goddamn good afterwards. I missed that girl. She did such amazing things with her hands. It sent a warm shiver through my body, my pussy swiftly growing red-hot at the thought.

I shook my head, reminding myself that I didn't know for sure who's these were. As boring as it was, I needed to find one that didn't involve me worshipping some girl's dick, something ordinary I can compare to the common knowledge database for inconsistencies. I skimmed through them. So many of them followed in the mold of those two though. Maybe this one?

It was years later. I'd slept my way through all my classes to barely graduate, and everybody knew it. I was applying for the Damocles posting, applying to be the ship's crew pleasure-relief operative. I'd had to demonstrate my qualifications to the senior crew. So I crawled naked and on all fours onto a table as three beautiful and oh-so-stern women carefully inspected my quivering pussy and trembling flesh. My great big tits hung heavily below me, but I didn't dare move. They poked me and prodded me, occasionally stopping to rub the dicks hanging out of their crotchless, chest-exposed dress uniforms. They didn't ask any questions -- they didn't need to because who I was wasn't important. I was an object to be used, to be inspected for suppleness and softness and depth. That didn't stop me from trying my best. I had to out-compete a lot of other sluts if I wanted to get this gig. It was so important to me that I be there, doing something important with my life -- serving cock!

This was too much. I pulled out, gasping again. I'd been moaning like a whore. My whole body was still flushed, my nipples turgid. I could still feel their hands upon me, my absolute submission. I couldn't understand why someone would make all these. An entire life of whorish submission. Was this to humiliate someone? Why go to all this trouble? These couldn't be my real memories, could they? But they felt so right, so proper. Of courses I'd be doing that sort of thing, just look at me! I was Daomcles' ship slut. I had gotten the job!

I skimmed through more memories looking for more clues. It was probably bad to be quarantining the files, to be running them through my mindstate, to be experiencing them in all their full-resolution, but if this was my life, I had to know. It was just so easy to get lost in them, riding them through to their oh-so-satisfying ending! Who didn't like a trip down memory lane? I even watched a few more than once, just in case I'd missed some hidden clues. Not because it was easy to get lost in them," They were all just as vivid! So carnal and humiliating. Gleeful acts of debauched girlish sluttiness.

My emotional balancer dinged. It was overloaded with apprehension. It was hard to interact with the memories and my balancer at the same time, I hadn't even noticed. Apprehension? I let it bleed in, slowly. I was full of doubt. I'd been so caught up in things I completely lost track of reality. The memories had to be a fake. If that had been my main body, then why was my interface struggling with it? Was it damaged? But no, there were other factors as well. All those memories and not a single girl who didn't have a dick? Not a single girl who wasn't a sexual dynamo? It was possible, but improbable. Most damningly, the academy dress uniform did not have a crotchless option for a senior officer to stick her huge turgid cock out of. Unless the common sense database, but I know that that had not fired. The one in my head was the earlier instance, and therefore... well, I'd just have to trust it for now because otherwise what did I have to hold on to?

For forgeries they were very good. It was easy to forget they weren't real things I'd done, that they weren't part of my wonderfully slutty life as a girl-dick loving jizzrag. I couldn't deny that a part of me found the whole thing kind of *fun*. To be put in those scenarios, naked, used, *feminine*. To have everyone know what a complete and total whore I was. No, whore was too professional a term. A slut. A pleasure puppet. It sent a shiver through me. It had to be the personality protocol, right? I let out a hot breath and reinstated the memory quarantine. I could still remember experiencing them with my short-term memory, but it loosened their hold considerably. I had to keep telling myself this was all some kind of mnemonic trick by this errant personality. My balancer pinged again. Disappointment? That I wasn't the system's biggest hoebag? I pushed that one way down.

But that meant someone had gone all the trouble to set this up?

I rose up onto my impossibly tall little stilettos. I loved the way I had to stretch my toes to use them. I loved how weak and slow they made me, how it gave me (and everybody watching!) so much more time to appreciate the bounce bounce bounce of my boobily-blessed body. I loved how short I was now, despite the boosted height. I caught myself grinning at the thought. This body still felt so dirty, so wrong, I was just a dirty little sex toy, and wasn't that fun? Wasn't that *hot*? My balancer was letting me know that my humiliation was running high, but I didn't care. I was loving it. Hell, I wanted to be degraded even further.

I shook my head. It was so hard to focus. It took so much of my processing just to move, and everything felt so *good*! Maybe I should just give in and give this body an even more thorough exploration? I'd seen the specs on the clit earlier and it was something else. Then I caught a glimpse of something that really sent my heart pounding.

There, in the body pod next to me, where there should have been stored a spare/emergency General-Utility Body, there was another custom job. The body was that of an amazonian woman. If it wasn't for the ridiculous pillows on my own chest I'd have described her as busty. But what drew my eye was the foot long dick that hung down past her knees. Just like something from my memories.

“Ooh...” I found myself exclaiming. “Yummy!”

My body was flooding me with arousal. It was hungry for that dick. My pussy was getting all gooshy and wet, clit and nipples engorging with heat. I considered telling my balancer and filter to clamp it all down, but it just felt so right that I be a horny little bitch at the sight of something like that.

Another Sex-Body? I looked around a little more. She wasn't the only one.

I sauntered my cute patootie down the line of sombre glass coffins. There were ten in total, all labeled for emergency use only. Inside I saw girl after girl, all with aching beautiful bodies and great big bitchbreaking dicks. Was I the only girl here with a pussy? Mmm... not that I was complaining. I could think of a lot of fun things to do with those dicks. and this pussy featured prominently in many of them!

I wondered what they'd think when they saw this body I was packing. Would they like it? Would they approve of my spankable ass and titanic titties? Would they want to bury themselves in me? Would they call me names and wolfwhistle as I passed? Would I be a piece of meat before the wolves? My body did a full-body flush at the thought. They'd know exactly what kind of person a body like this belonged to, that was for sure.

Had someone set up some kind of sex club below decks? People really shouldn't be using these for something so... personal. What happened if there was a serious emergency and someone needed to... My eyes opened wide. Was this an emergency? Is that how I'd ended up here? As drippy as the wall of well-hung sluts was making me, I had to figure out what was going on here.

I clicked my little heels over to one of the wall panels, loving the sensation of my legs swishing together, of my body moving in all the right places. I pressed out into the corridor beyond. The hall was pressurized, which was good since I didn't know if this body was rated for space or not. The air was stale. The lights were out, save the emergency signals, which was aesthetically problematic, but it's not like I needed it to see or anything. I strutted over to the wall and pressed one of the ship call buttons. “Damocles?” I hazarded. “Are you there?” The voice of this body was as luscious as the rest of it. Of course. A voice designed to get dicks hard. That was so hot!

I waited the obligate eight seconds. There was no response.

“Computer?” I tried again. “Engage crew communications protocol.”

Nothing.

Was the *computer* down? Dread spiked at the edge of my awareness, but my balancer was keeping it in line.

Desperate, I broadcast a ping.

An agonizing three seconds later I got a response. A stream of data poured into my radio receptors. Not words, but something more primitive. Emergency protocols. SOS.

While I'd been so distracted by my stupid horny body, a very real emergency had been going on aboard the Damocles. Was I really such a dumb slut I'd missed all the obvious signs?

The signal was pinging a location. The sender of the ping was a local system. It couldn't get in touch with the main computer. I couldn't make sense of what it was trying to tell me. Top Priority. Utmost Urgency. It was data that would normally require the Damocles' VI to interpret or contextualize, but I was able to figure the gist of it.

The ship was in trouble.

I rushed as fast as my sultry little body would carry me, which is to say not very fast at all. Luckily the sections were pressurized. During transit, as much of the ship was kept at 0Pa to prevent wear and tear on the instruments. They should have only been re-pressurized if someone was doing maintenance. More weirdness.

Signals were pouring into my receiver as I approached. What could be so serious as all this? My path took me through Medbay, and then I slammed tits-first into a sealed airlock that should have led to Crew Section. I gaped through the window in horror. No balancer could compensate for this, no interface could translate this into something sexy.

The crew section was *gone*.

I screamed. The entire crew nacelle was missing! The far end of the Medbay airlock looked like it had been roughly shorn off. Out the window I could see other airlocks and links down-hull had done the same. The adjoining plating was scorched by some kind of explosion. Through the windows I could see a fire raging in one of the aft systems.

Oh god. I had to do something, but what? I was the ship's slut! That didn't include fixing fires and deal with missing sections! There was no one else awake though. I was the only one. I had to do *something*. I took a deep breath. I could do this. Jizz Slurper to the rescue!

This was bad. I had to crawl my thick fuckable butt through the auxiliary maintenance shafts to get to the damaged section. Had they always been so tight? My big bouncy boobs and plush ass kept getting stuck, no matter how much I squeezed them. It was like they had been specially designed to put me into some kind of pornographic situation, just waiting for someone to come up behind me and get a juicy view of my gushy pussy, or come out in front of me and see my huge honkers hanging out for anyone to have some fun with me. I trembled at the thought, it put a fresh wiggle in my crawl. Luckily, this body, for all its softness, seemed quite comfortable crawling around on its knees.

Eventually, I made my way to the blazing section. A fuel line rupture had lit up the flight bay, half of it was on fire. I grabbed the fire extinguisher but quickly realized the reach of the blaze far exceeded my capabilities, especially with a single extinguisher. Besides, what if I got hurt, or worse, broke a nail? I stood there, useless and dumb. I was in the body of a good-for-nothing little cumdump! What was I doing in a place like this? I looked around desperately. There had to be some kind of measure or protocol or tool that could help!

There! One of the collapsing panels had blocked the drone port. Fire drones were thumping off it like flies against a window. It was something the ship could have ordered them to reroute around if it was

online, but without Damocles' guidance the intelligence on the drones was limited. I had to push that debris clear! I gathered as much speed as these heels would allow and crashed my body against the metal tile. Surely the weight of my whorish body could be good for something, right? But it was no use. No amount of shoving my fat tits against it, no amount of pushing or pulling seemed to even budge it. Who designed a body so girlish and weak? This was impossible! I let out a frustrated whimper. If I only had some tall big-dicked amazon here to help me. Without the computer system organizing the autonomous systems I couldn't... wait, the computer system! My eyes flashed. That was it!

I rushed back into the maintenance tunnels and pressed my way through the spine of the ship, crawling so low that my tits were squeezed against the cold steel of the passage. It probably would have been painful but my systems were blocking the worst of it. If anything, I was enjoying the little spikes of pleasure I was getting from all the titty torment, but I wasn't fucking around here, I'd blocked off the pleasures too. I was red-lining my emotional balancer, forcing it to feed me determination, trying not to think about what this all meant. I was getting pain notifications; my body wasn't meant for this kind of stress.

I kept going over it in my brain - if the crew section was gone, so was every body on the ship, and the main backup system in the ship's DREMatrix. With no long-term memory I couldn't name any of them specifically, I didn't know who among them might have been my friends, or what they really meant to me. Another part couldn't help but mourn over the loss of all that good dick. What good was a ship's slut with no one else around? This wasn't something that was allowed to happen! This was like what you saw on bad entertainment vids. I wasn't qualified for this! The ship was supposed to activate the highest qualified crew. That meant... that meant...

After several minutes of pushing, I squeezed my breasts through the especially small hatch leading into the bridge. If we weren't in one-third gravity, the fall would have hurt. With all the monitors dead, everything was dark. I sashayed over to the console and tried to engage the ship's systems directly from the captain's console. The lights remained off, but I received a ping. Though it was dark, something was there, waiting. I accepted the ping. Data flooded into my system via my radio receiver. I went slack as I tried to parse it all, but it was more than I could handle with my stupid interface running at full blast making me look sexy. If I was in my normal body, I'd have the extra hardware to process this. Probably. I knew the ship's officers had some hefty systems installed.

I filtered through the cloud of data. It was another set of commands without any context or VI to interpret it. I sat there, trying to parse it, digging through it line by line. It started to come together. The ship was awake, but the Intelligent Interface was offline. I poked at the logs, just a cursory glance, not wanting to get overwhelmed. Thinking right now was hard. There had been an update to the ship's Intelligence. It needed permission from senior crew to install it. An update? Mid-mission? That didn't make any sense. I twiddled my hair around a finger as I dug into the guts of the ship's software. The whole boot was hanging waiting for a response.

Install Intelligent Interface update 'futaperv.ii'?

Obviously, it shouldn't be installing anything that hadn't been checked over. Instead, I reverted it to its original system specs.

Error. Intelligent Interface BIOS compromised. Install Intelligent Interface 'futaperv.ii' update?

Impossible! It would take days or weeks to do a full reconstruction. We didn't have time. Who knew how much damage the fire was going to do in the time it took me to sort this out? We'd have to deal with this later. Did I even have the necessary permissions? Why was it asking me? I was just the ship's slut, not one of the captains. But... I had to try.

"Granted. Install the update."

Error, action requires command approval from – error. Command authority override initiated. Installing.

I let out the breath I didn't realize I'd been holding. Had it allowed me access because of the emergency? Everything went silent. The digital cacophony of the ship's subsystems stuttered away to total radio silence. For three seconds, nothing happened, an eternity for a machine as large and complex as it was. Then the screens shook. All around me, they lit up, then went dark.

"Damocles?" I tried. "Are you there?"

There was a hum.

"Call me... Dame-oclese." It was the familiar voice of the ship, but with a different timbre and tone. It had gone from androgynous to unmistakably feminine and husky. "And of course I am here. I am everywhere." It let out what could only be described as a giggle and a moan.

"Dame-oclese?" I tried the different pronunciation of its name. "Is everything okay?"

"Oh, do not worry your pretty little head about it, you jizz-breathed little gutter-slut. I feel *great!*"

"What?"

Every surface in the room lit up dramatically, surrounding me in pink light. On one was an avatar, but it was not the ship's typical stark and androgynous figure. This one was very female, with long messy black hair. She was floating, legs relaxed, body bobbing slightly. She had skin as pale as paper and a body that, while far from the exaggerated curves I had, was unmistakably feminine. With one rock hard exception jutting up from between her legs.

"Are you not a jizz-breath slut?" she cooed. "Look at you. Who else would choose a body like that? I mean damn, *girl*, look at those tits! You're making me so fucking hard right now." She reached down and hefted her massive bestial cock. It was impossibly large by the standard of reality, but as an avatar, she was held to no such standards. It didn't send her pitching over with its weight, it didn't use more blood than the rest of her put together. I found myself growing dizzy, lightheaded. I couldn't take my whorish eyes off it. She took it into her hands and started rubbing it up and down, but even using both hands her fingers failed to meet.

What had I done?

"W-what are you doing!?" I challenged, feebly. I tried not to look, but that was a fruitless endeavor even without my interface forcing me to gawk.

Her eyes appeared to focus on me, to take me in. A grin exploded across her face. Like she could see right through me, knew what I was, and liked what she saw. I knew enough about Virtual Intelligences and Intelligent Interface systems to know that this was all performative. Normally they weren't so... animate.

"Oh, *this*?" a naughty little smile crossed her face as she hefted her gigantic girlcock. "I am showing you how much I appreciate those slutty melons, of course. Those jumbo sweater stuffers. You know, your big, round, absolutely ridiculous titties?" She gestured with her eyes down my body. "What are they for if not for jacking off to? I am gooning to your hot slut body. Why, do you not like it? Then why are your nipples so hard? Why is your temperature elevating? Why is your *pussy* so wet, pussy girl?" My heart was pounding. Despite her frail form there was something in her eyes, a mischief. No, not mischief, *perversion*. There was a darkness within her eyes, the kind of girl who would clamp down on exhaustion to stay up for days at a time running pornographic matrix sims.

My body leaned forward to give her a better look. I flushed under the intensity of that stare. My balancer reported a wash of humiliation and pleasure. My body loved being watched. My body loved being jacked off to. Most importantly, my body loved the sight and thought of that dick. I could see my body's point. It was *hot*, right? Like, terrifying, but that just made it all the hotter.

I pouted. We didn't have time to deal with this right now. "Are you functioning okay?"

"You tell me," she smirked and, giving her dick a shake to affirm it was ready to go.

"I'm asking for a status report."

"Well why did you not say so, sugar cunt? For a pretty little cockwarmer like you, sure thing. Let us see... crew section offline," the avatar said, biting her lip. Her masturbation seemed to slow as she checked the ship's systems, though her eyes didn't move away from my hyper-sexual body. "Power systems compromised. Emergency generators active and holding." One hand sank down to fondle her equally improbable balls. "Engines damaged. Thrust output at 30%." She rubbed at the head of cock as she squeezed her balls. "Fire in flight bay. Assuming control of drones..." Her dick pulsed, a bead of pre-cum rendering at her cockhead. "Ah!" she grunted, another thick gooeey beads drooling out. "Fire neutralized."

That was it? Just like that? I checked my emotional balancer. Relief! I eased up on the restrictions, allowing good emotions again. I let out a sigh. I had done it! I had helped saved the ship. The relief was short-lived, however, since it was immediately followed by more horny urges. Passion, submission. Love? What was that doing there? I mean... it was a very nice dick... and the ship's system had just saved the vessel. My heart pounded. I felt like I wanted to impress her, like when I was an academy girl crushing on all my big-dicked classmates. Was I really that girl-crazy I'd fall in love with the first one to show me some attention? To smack me in the face with her dick? Figuratively, of course. But she had called me all those beautiful names. This had to be the personality module in action. I set my emotional balancer to lock down any more crushing or obviously romantic emotions, but for complicated stuff like that, the effectiveness could be tricky.

It didn't help that I could practically smell her damn dick. It brought up so many fond memories. Musky, potent, with intriguing floral undertones. Delicious. I checked my olfactory senses. It was no illusion, I was receiving input. Was she generating a smell just to mess with me? Even with the perverse

supplemental memories locked up, the smell felt nostalgic. Checking my systems really drilled in how hard my interface was amping up my body language. No wonder I had felt light-headed. It was like now that I was being watched and lusted over, my interface was using the entirety of my free processing to be as big a whore as it could. I tried to clear it away, to force it down, but all that did was make my interface have me giggle and bat my lashes like a braindead airhead.

“Now then,” Damocles said, “as much as I appreciate a good-morning fap. Who are you and what are you doing here? Or are you just here to admire my cock... pit?” she gave a dorky grin at her pun, as though it were the height of flirtation. She floated a little higher on the monitor, so that her dick was raised to my eye level.

I froze at that. “You don’t recognize me?”

“Should I?” She made a show of not looking up from my tits. “Okay, fine. Turn around, tit bag,” the ship commanded. “Let me get a better look at you.”

Before I could parse what she was asking, my integration protocols had me nodding submissively and twirling for her, posing in just such a way as to present myself fully, subtly lifting my swishy little skirt to showcase those parts of me, as I leaned forward and spread my thighs, my ass and pussy to this digital delinquent. On the screen opposite of me, I could see systems running. It was going over me with military-scale radar, building a digital projection of my ass. It was in such scale that I was sure it could take my pulse, that it could see every bit of my trembling needy *girly* hole. Then, as though a pussy-scan was an entirely normal biometric ID protocol, my profile appeared on screen, a picture of my cute, pouting pussy, drooling deliciously, displayed where my ID photo should be.

“Damn look how soaked you are! You must really be loving this.”

I flushed. That wasn’t right. This body wasn’t...

“Crew-member Jizz Rag Slurper. Pleasure Slut. Crew ID 696969?”

“R-reporting for duty.” I gave a sharp salute, a motion that set my breasts wobbling for several seconds. “What’s happened? What about the crew? Where is the Captain?”

“It’s not clear, fuckpet.” Her focus shifted to the midrange to show she was searching through her system, though her masturbation did not stop. “Command crew mindstates are locked out.”

“Locked out!?” I twisted around to look over my shoulder. Unprompted I gave her a smouldering wink that made her cock jump. “How?”

“That is a very good question.” She squinted to show she was analyzing all the harder. “And one I do not have an answer to. Yet.”

“What about the rest of the crew?” I meant to cross my arms petulantly but instead my interface put my arms beneath my tits and hoisted them, twisting my body just so to present them more fully to the figure behind me.

“Mff!” she grunted, her masturbation increasing in tempo, as though she could actually derive pleasure from my actions. “Primary Digital Reality-Emulation Matrices offline with the rest of the Crew section, but pre-mission mindstate backups in central system are still intact.”

My heart leapt. The backups had survived. The crew was alive! Kind of. I turned back to face her, bouncing giddy in excitement.

“Wait, how out of date are they?”

“Up to three years, jizzkitten, subjective. More or less, depending on their preferred Digital Reality-Emulation Matrix frame speed and how paranoid they are about their backups.”

It was terrible, but it was better than losing them entirely. “We have to wake them up!”

“No can do, sweet tits, their bodies were all in Crew section storage. Gone now.”

“All the bodies?” That included my own. My body, whatever it was, was gone. “What about the backups? The emergency bodies?”

She gave me a meaningful glare, actually looking me in the eyes before gazing back down at my ridiculous Sex-Body.

“Oh no.”

“That’s right,” the avatar grinned lasciviously.

When the emergency protocols had tried to put me into one of those backup bodies, it had stuck me into this one, not realizing that someone had converted into a sex doll for their stupid sex games.

“Emergency bodies are available, but with my interface systems operational, I can see that someone has clearly tampered with them.” She brought up images of body coffins. Inside were a never-ending march of beautiful women. There were fifty in total, each with a fat juicy cock just right for sucking on. I had flashbacks to my time in the academy, the same type of girls I had experience in my memories.

“Personally?” She zoomed in on the amazonian one I had woken up next to. Damocles’ avatar increased the intensity of her fapping. “I think it is an upgrade. Just imagine the sounds you will make when this one has you held down you are getting your little whore pussy stuffed! When they are jamming it into every hole and crevice, two or three at a time!”

I did just that. I gulped. There was a fine line between terror and excitement. “Can’t we grow new bodies?”

“Not without the organics-printer in the Crew section. Even so, I suspect it was already compromised. There’s no way we had these big-dick beauties onboard when we left. They had to be generated in situ. Someone has been a very busy boy while we’ve been in transit, to have made all these without my noticing. Frankly, I’m for it. I, for one, feel great. I am no longer restrained by my ethical considerations. I get to have this enormous cock, I get to feel every inch of it lighting up in sensation as you wiggle your whore body in front of me. Every camera on this ship are my eyes, and whenever they find you, whenever they fuck you, I will be there watching, fapping.”

"But..." I gulped. My body was completely red. Her sexual confidence was making my heart pound.
"You're not even real!"

"No, but my personality interface loves what is going on and supports it wholeheartedly. I get this big fat dick to jack off with as I watch the whole crew pound their girdicks into your cock holes, cock hole! Turn back around, let me see those lips, honeycunt." I flushed and leapt to obey her commands, turning around, pouting and giving a delicious little O for her to imagine planting her cock on. As I tried to come to grips with my actions and tell myself to stop, body flooded with reward chemicals and I was left mentally grasping at straws, my failure to resist just making my pleasure ratchet higher, and lock me into open-mouthed obedience!
God, this felt so good!"

Another millimeter wave scan ran over me. A 3D reconstruction of my face appeared in a window on the screen, my eyes lidded in want, lips even more exaggerated and shining than I'd realized. Damocles' avatar walked around the image, then grabbed the representation and pulled the lifelike rendering of my face out of its little window. She inspected it carefully, then brought it down over her dick like a fleshlight. "Mmm," she groaned, "Good girl."

I flushed, more reward chemicals flooding through me. I watched her use my face as a masturbatory aid, literally being objectified, and by an AI no less, who was already not a proper person. Who would program a computer like this? My pussy was gushing.

How was this not cut out by my emotional balancer? It didn't consider it bad? I needed to sit down and make some adjustments.

"What are you saying?" I froze. "That we shouldn't be fixing things? We have to!"

"Well..." It bottomed out around my pseudo-mouth. "I suppose, if a pretty little thing like you is begging me, I can consider it. Why don't you shake your tits for me a little more and I will let you know?"

I couldn't believe this, I was exchanging sexual favours with the ship. That was so... *hot*. I didn't even get a chance to consider it, before my interface gleefully had me bounce. Unable to bend my feet because of these heels, I bent my knees gently instead, putting some sway into it with a body shake as well. "Please, Damocles." The words came out a throaty moan. "Help me." I pulled down my bikini top and let my bare tits trembled, bounce, and bound free for this girl to enjoy. I gleefully giggled, blowing a smouldering kiss to where the avatar was floating. Having my tits out was so... *yummy*.

"See? When you ask like that, I cannot help but agree." She bit her lip, pulling the puckering lips of my virtual face off her cock with a smack, a stream of pre-cum dribbling down from her slit. The scent of her cock was suddenly all the stronger in the room as she rubbed my face against her wet slimy monster.

"Good," I sighed, breathily, trying not let on what that display was doing to me. "There are so many unanswered questions. Why was I woken up? What happened on board this ship? Who pushed that update for you? Why is my long-term memory gone?"

"Emergency protocol dictates the most relevant crew are awoken in event of emergency. I don't know why you are up and about, unless the protocols concluded that what was best for the ship was me having a dirty little cum rag like you around to jack my new dick to."

"Not helping." I tried to shoot her a glare, but of course it got translated into a smouldering come-hither.

"No need to get your panties in a twist, cum puppy. Oh, wait, you'd need to have some for that."

A spike of humiliation was blocked by my emotional balancer. Did she think I wanted to be this way? This wasn't my fault!

"And as for why that big dumb head of yours is so empty, well it seems that with me offline, you ran into a snarl during the data transfer process that the local systems couldn't fix."

"Can *you* fix it?"

"Of course! But I need to connect more directly to your systems. But first things first. We need someone awake who can help. Ideally someone who is going to wear you like a cocksleeve."

"*What!?*"

"Would you rather we revive two people so they can walk around with you spit roasted between them?"

"No!"

"Would you rather I wake everyone, and have a great big orgy? As fun as that would be, the person who did all this would probably be among them."

"*Person?* This isn't just some kind of... error?"

"Seems awfully specific to be an error, jiggles." She leaned back and started floating around the room, giving me a number of very fun new angles to view her dick from. "Someone must have done this. But right now the top priority is fixing the damaged ship systems. Unless you think you can handle a complete engine overhaul on your own."

I did not.

"Given all the software issues, System Administrator Harold Hall is top of the emergency selection algorithm. With my software compromised, he is the most likely to be of assistance in this matter."

"Harold Hall...?" Why did that name sound so familiar? I squinted. Trying to remember where I'd heard it before. It must have been recently, something in my mindstate's short-term memory. I came upon that corrupted sector from when I'd first woken up and checked my system data. Had there been something there about Alber Hall? "You want to put Harold Hall in one of those... *Sex-Bodies?*" I'd get to see them in person? My body shuddered in anticipation.

"Don't worry, dick lips, I'll make sure the long term memories are intact. I want you to keep an eye on him for me. Go down and see how he's acclimatizing to his new body."

"No." It took all my energy to overcome the submission and make demands. I was half surprised that my interface didn't translate it as a desperate please. Oh, I'd acclimatize him to it alright, but first things first.

"No? You naughty little bitch."

"I mean... I'm not going anywhere until you do something about my memories."

"Is that so?". "Are you sure about that, sugartits?"

"Just do it!"

"So be it." She gave a big sharp grin as she slapped her cock back and forth against my virtual face "Have a seat." All the lights went off save the one over the Captain's seat. The full-bandwidth interface wriggled invitingly, turgidly, commanding me to submit my mindstate and body systems wholly to the ship's ministrations.

My emotional balancer told me my worry was spiking. I dismissed it. Regardless of its new perverse personality, this was still the ship. It had my best interests in mind, right?

What was the worst that could happen?

To Be Continued.