



The Swords of Damocles
- A Slutty Futa Sci-Fi Novella -
By Razmagurk
= Part 2 =

This wasn't my body.

Even here, I couldn't escape that fact. I was floating in a black empty void. The VR Matrix had rendered my flesh faithfully. Too faithfully. There was no need to go the resolution it had, to catch my every soft slope and swell in micrometer scale. With no defined light source in the sim my whole body was evenly lit, as if to further highlight my naked perfection against the otherwise empty

scene. Special care had been paid to the rendering of my enormous round breasts. My slightest movement sent them jumping and jiggling, as though obeying some perverse cartoon physics only they were privy to. There was no need to animate them so... exuberantly.

“Hello?” I tried. “Damocles?” My voice was soft and hitched. I sounded like I was begging for sex.

Some small part of me thought I would have found some reprieve in here, been granted an avatar that wasn't a constant advertisement for sex, but no such luck. If anything, the ship intelligence's priorities seemed to be to humiliate me further.

“You rang?” The avatar of the ship's personality appeared before me. Her 'down' was skewed a jaunty 12 degrees from my own, her knees relaxed as though she were floating. In one hand she played with her mess of long black hair, while with the other she idly hefted the great bestial dick jutting from her crotch. Its hard black tones were quite the contrast to her soft pallid skin.

The ship's virtual intelligence was not helping matters. My predicament seemed secondary to her own enjoyment. She didn't even look me in the eye, just bit her lip in concentration as she ogled at my helpless, naked form.

Warmth flushed through me at the sight and smell of her excitement. It was an eager and horny heat. My body's biology out in the real world was going crazy. The sim was feeding data into it and being fed responses in turn, which then translated into my avatar and mindstate here. I was tainted by my body's carnal desires. Its stupid, yummy, delicious desires. It liked to be watched, and the sim was real enough that it was going into overdrive at the sight of that monster cock. My nipples stiffened, my girly little pussy grew all dewy and wet. I could feel a kind of yearning deep inside me I couldn't quite recognize.

This body wasn't mine. It was a concert of perverted design choices and insidious sexual traps. Even here in VR, I was a slave to its reactions and responses. My emotional balancer was designed to keep out bad emotions, but it wasn't quite sure what to do with these ones. It would take days of trial and error and programming to recalibrate it, and we didn't have time for that.

“Sugartits?” The avatar raised an eyebrow. I flushed. I'd been gawking at her big fat stupid dick.

“S-sorry!” I blurted out.

“It is okay, honeylumps!” There was a slap on my ass. “You are even finer in person too!” I turned to see a copy of the avatar standing behind me, at a slightly different angle. Another dick? I cooed in surprise, arching my back to better present my sizeable posterior for her. She took me all too eagerly up on the offer, giving it several more playful slaps, each sending a wash of horny pleasure splashing through me. She seemed to pay special attention to the way it jumped and jiggled, as though she wasn't the one controlling the physics in here.

She palmed my ass with both hands and started kneading it like it was warm nutrient dough. I mewled encouragingly, pleasure flowing out like a river. She followed up by slapping my ass with her rock-hard monster cock. For a moment I had an apprehension that she was going to stick it in me. I was surprised to find I was disappointed when she did not.

She looked up and grinned at the first avatar, but now there were twelve of her standing there, all with that same perverse glint in their eye, engaged in a well-choreographed bout of mutual masturbation. I felt myself growing even hotter as I watched each of those bestial beauties stiffen towards full, magnetic erections. The one near me bent me forward and twisted me around to present my rosy rump. I eagerly acquiesced, spreading my legs for the of grinning perverts. It was like this body had a mind of its own. In many ways it did. My interface - the part of my body-mind system that translates my intentions into action - decided it would come out a breathy begging moan. It was apparently committed to making my every pose and movement achingly sexy.

“Please...” I sighed.

“Please?” The avatar nearest me said. “You want more? You like being my little cock rag?” Her dick slapped against my ass again, she knew exactly where to hit me to send a surge of electric pleasure through my spine. One slap after another! She knew how to make me tremble. One of the other avatars floated closer and grabbed at my tits. The rocking and jiggling from the anal fondling spread though my body like waves crashing upon the shore of the other’s hands as she squeezed and fondled my big slutty melons. The lightning inside me doubled, tripled.

“P-please...” I tried again.

Each touch of cock against my body was spiking my sensory inputs. She knew it. She was in control of the simulation, she got to decide exactly what I saw, what I felt, what I smelled. The sensory filters I’d set up earlier were still operating, dampening any red-line sensation down to a more manageable level, but I was riding the cap of that. Nothing was supposed to feel this whorishly, delightfully, sluttily good as this sex-toy bitch body being played with. Each of these slaps should be sending me crashing into orgasm. I was registering a complicated bleed of emotions bubbling up in my emotional balancer, helplessness and humiliation and whorish delight, but I was too overwhelmed with sensation to do anything about it.

“Stop!” I cried out, screaming like a bitch in heat. We didn’t have time for this.

“If you say so.” She smirked and pulled away, leaving me throbbing and hot, empty and untouched, to stew in the consequences of that decision. It took a moment to try and distance, to focus. I had to remember why I was here.

I did a quick check of my short term memory to reaffirm context. How had I gotten into this mess? I had been instated in an emergency body in response to the damage onboard Damocles. I’d woken up to find someone had sabotaged the emergency bodies, turned them into their private sex doll collection. This one, apparently, was the centerpiece. My long-term memories had been corrupted or damaged during the transfer. I only had the body’s common sense database and the impressions from my mindstate to go off of. There was some damage to my short-term memory as well, but I don’t think that happened until I lost that fight with the personality module the body had been trying to shove into my brain. I had fought it off valiantly, but I’d still wound up with a full third of me being replaced by SluttyGirlBitch-final03.pm.

I poked again at the damaged data fragment in my short-term memory. Something about Harold Hall, Systems Admin? The data said *I was Harold Hall*? It went against the established facts though.

According to my system data I was Jizz Slurper, one of the Crew Relief Pleasure Sluts onboard the Damocles, crew id 696969. That made a lot more sense.

I'd found the emergency. The crew section was *missing*. Gone. Fire was raging out of control. I had to restart the ship's VI to stop it. A ship's intelligence is a massive network of systems and subsystems, able to simultaneously oversee every aspect of the ship, but that didn't make it sentient. To have it interact with people it needed a virtual intelligence, a program it could run which would simulate a person well enough to understand other people. Someone had reprogrammed our ship's VI, made it into this depraved dickgirl. I didn't understand why anyone would program one like this, even if my body's biology was going completely gooey for her stupid antics.

We had figured out a plan to awaken other members of the crew, but it meant we were going to have to wake them into bodies just as perverted and yummy as my own.

First though, I needed to restore my memories. When I had woken up my long-term memory databanks were empty. I had no idea who I was beyond the name in my system ID and the vague impressions in my mindstate. The personality module had tried to fill me with memories, but I'd deduced that they were pornographic forgeries. Without real memory of prior behaviour to compare to, I lacked context. It was impossible to tell what was me and what had been perversely programmed into me by the module. I needed to the ship's VI to return me to who I was. Whoever that was.

"Are you stalling, blimpmelons?" the avatar grinned. "If you do not want to restore yourself after all, that is fine. We can have plenty of fun in here instead."

Was I stalling? But I knew she was right. I'd been avoiding checking my balancer, but the emotions registering on it were plain as day. I could see the rising disappointment. I was disappointed I was going to be myself again?

"No, let's do this." For better or for worse, it was time to put an end to this. With the crew section gone, all of the crew's bodies had gone with it, but their minds survived, or copies of their minds at least, in the DREMatrix backups and transfer caches. Even mine would be there, in theory.

I took a breath, though the void lacked air. Disappointment or no, I was ready to be me again, to not doubt my every thought and desire. I was also eager to get rid of these humiliating pornographic memories the personality module had dumped in my long-term memory. Even quarantined they were so sharp and tantalizing. I could still remember how it had felt to go through them, to live each pornographic scene. But just like my body, they weren't mine. The module had been turning me into something I didn't want to be.

"Ready, thundercunt?"

"Do it." I closed my eyes, trying to block her image out, but I could still smell the musk of her dick, better than any perfume. My disappointment was climbing higher. Was I really going to miss all this? "Bring up my archived mindstate."

She grinned. "Initiating mindstate retrieval."

A glowing, metallic globe appeared in the void, an enormous clockwork world. Normally it spun softly, but at the moment it was gray and still. It was a projection of the ship's DREMatrix exterior, a map of the worlds the ship matrices were emulating and the rules associated with them. Much like the rendering of my body, the interface was not strictly necessary. This entire presentation could have been a single data transmission. The ship's new VI seemed to have a flare for the dramatic.

Ghostly images of mindstates flooded out of the world, swirling up and around one of the avatars's dicks as that one floated higher and higher.

"And while I run that scan," another her whispered, stepping out from behind me, her personal 'down' rotating slowly, bringing her enormous shaft tantalizingly close. "How about we have a look through those old memories of yours?"

"I've already looked." I flushed. It had been too intense.

"And I am sure you failed to find anything, bimbobrains, but I might."

I tried to glare at her, to warn her off, but it came out as a desperate pleading smoulder. She wasn't wrong, either. There were levels of the data she could analyze far better than I could, especially stuck in this body with so much of my processor speed being used up by my interface's constant attempts to look as horny and fuckable as possible. I was barely able to keep up with things in real time. Damocles's full systems could devote weeks of analysis to every frame of memory without slowing down.

"Fine," I sighed.

"Good! Hold still you lusty little slut." She crooked her finger, reached into my brain, and stroked.

I was in a locker room. Damocles's avatar was there, floating and translucent like a ghost, furiously jerking her dick at what she saw. She wasn't important though; she wasn't a part of the memory. What mattered was that I was down on my knees, sniffing the benches for the delicious scent of sweat and sex.

Jenny Whorhal's huge balls had sat right here just moments ago as she changed for practice! I could still smell them, I was sure, musky and sweet. How delicious! Could this day get any better? My heart skipped a beat as it did just that - Jenny's locker was open just the smallest fraction. Lusty fantasies flooded my head as I approached. Within was a pile of discarded clothes, still warm from the body who had worn them. Including, most prominently, a pair of sweet white panties. Jenny Whorhal's panties! I put them to my nose and sniffed, the smell reshaping my brain like a core memory. The femininity of it, that flowery girl smell. The pure musky flavour of girl cock and ball sweat. Arousal coursed through me. That wasn't all. There was a cloth in there too, sticky, stiff. My heart pounded even harder. Her jizz rag? Disgust and revulsion and shame took a backseat to excitement. I pulled it out and rubbed it against my cheek, imagining her dick rubbing its cum against me, using me as her jizz rag. It sent me shuddering in desire. I reached out a tongue and –

"Ew." I heard a voice. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Humiliation crashed into me, pure and overwhelming, but I was so mixed up in my own arousal I thought I could squirt from it just there. I turned to see the lunar polo captain, Jenny Whorhal herself, her huge dick barely restrained

by those tiny little lunar polo shorts. My heart pounded. If only I could tell her how much I was crushing on her! It made the humiliation all the more potent. “How many times have I told you to get your filthy tongue off my jizz rag, you disgusting little slut! You want a taste of me?” She grabbed the hem of her shorts and started to tugged them down. “Fine. I’ll give you one! Girls?” The rest of the team entered, walking right through the furiously masturbating image of Damocles. Each had a bigger dick than the last, standing tall and firm and sweaty. “Hold her down.”

The void reasserted itself as Damocles pulled her finger from my head.

“What was that!?” I let out a whimper as I tried to slap away her hand, but my interface instead translated the motion into a tender encouraging stroke.

“Aw, you don’t like the metaphor, jizzlicker?” She was even closer now, purring in my ear. “Want something a little more direct?”

“That’s not what I meant!” I was still flushed and red from the memory. The embarrassment had hit so hard my pussy was still aching. With the other fake memories I’d been able to take my time, to focus on the logical violations in them, the reasons they couldn’t be real. I’d had time to work everything out. Being around the avatar gave me less time to process, and so much of my computational power was dedicated to my interface’s attempts to act like a whore. Had I really been such a desperate, filthy little slut as that memory suggested? Was I still? Maybe I deserved all this humiliation, to be treated like the girl-crazy cock-obsessed bitch I was.

No, no matter how much the smell of that cum lingered with me, no matter how real it seemed, none of that had happened. This was just another delicious little trap.

“Come on cuntbrain!” Damocles bit her lip, she was so focused on the furious rhythm her slender hands were making up and down her hot throbbing shaft. “Let’s do another!”

“I-” I looked up at her floating form. This was too much. “I don’t know if I’m -”

But before I even got a chance, she put her hands behind my head and shoved her virtual dick right through my brain.

I was in a skeezy mod shop in the back alleys of Taron. I was older than the previous memory, but still young. Damocles’s avatar was there again, rubbing her ghostly cock against the whorish bodies running pose loops up and down the shop space. Some were familiar, used by award winning pleasure guildies, works of carnal art. Most I did not recognize. Some were subtle. Most were not.

It was the latter category I was here for. I was on my knees, slurping at her top of the line industrial strength bitchbreaker, begging between breaths for her to fuck me up. I wanted her to give me a body no one would ever take seriously, to trap me in a body whose primary consideration wasn’t the person inside, but how good it would feel to be fucked. I was begging her to turn me into a walking sex toy, and while I lacked eloquence, I more than made up for it in fervor.

She kept trying to defer, to set limits and meet standards, but I could feel how hard her dick pulsed the more I begged her to degrade me, to treat me like I deserved. I needed her to make a true slut out of me. If I could just convince her what a broken desperate cumrag I was, I knew I could sway

her to my point of view. It may have taken an hour of filthy talk and dirtier deeds, but eventually I made my point. By the end she had me trial body after body, each increasingly carnal, whorish. We got to try on for size all the features a living fleshlight body could have. I made sure to put it to good use, to convince her that I deserved it, to reward her for treating me like the object I was.

I came out of the memory gasping. Damocles's dick had withdrawn to mere millimeters from my face, and she was working it just as hard as she had in the vision moments ago.

I had set up this body? I had been the one who had asked for it? No, begged for it. Begged for it to be sluttier, hornier, more whorish than even my cumdrunk brain could imagine. I squeezed my enormous tits. Virtual representations they may have been, even so, enough pleasure flooded in from my biology that it capped out the limiter I had put up. They were everything I had begged for. God, I loved these tits so much! In the memory she had warned me about red-lining pleasure, the damage it could do, how it could break a person. That was exactly the damage I had wanted.

"Damocles..." I whimpered. "Please!" I had been trying to tell her to stop but it came out every bit the lusty moan that convinced the body modder to bury her dick in my lips.

Once again, she took my attempts to withdraw as permission, and with a sly swing of her hips, thrust balls deep into my brain.

We were in the Academy's Zero G training suite, the yawning chasm at the heart of Hooper Station. My enormous delicious fuckbags were too big for a standardized hard vac suit, so I was training in an adjustable soft suit. This had the effect of looking like the suit was vacuum sealed over each individual breast, clinging skin-tight to every inviting curve of my body. You could even make out my turgid begging nipples. I loved the way my beautiful balloons flopped about in zero-g, not just bouncing down, but up and in every direction, taking their eye-catching time to settle. They could be so heavy at times, always bumping things and getting in the way, but that was such a small price to pay for the attention they got.

The rest of the training group didn't quite appreciate the dead weight I represented. I had thought it would be a good idea to put a dildo in my cunt before donning the rest of the suit, to keep my urges under control, and the outline of it, too, was plainly visible to anyone looking. They could all see my insatiable pussy positively stuffed as I floated around weightlessly. It was a modest dildo by the standards of the dicks I usually had stuffed in there — downright cute, even — but it still reduced me to a mewling mess. The team had to manhandle me through the exercise, their own dicks painfully stiff under their suits' codpieces.

After the exercise was finished, we all stripped down and relieved the stress. The great thing about zero-g sex is that every thrust sends you forward. To fuck, you have to be grappled tight, you have to be clung to. My whorish body offered many deliciously inviting handholds. The three of my cohorts got more training in trying to wrestle their cocks into my holes than they did from the entire rest of the module. We must have made quite a sight, us going at it while my dildo slowly spun just nearby, occasionally employed for a bit of extra leverage. In the end the three of them came so hard the blast of it sent us spinning.

There was a shlorp as the avatar's massive cock pulled out from me. The void reasserted itself. The message of the memory was clear: that I was useless for anything real, anything serious. That the

extent of my capacity was to beg a big strong girl for help. My recent experience with the fire drove the point home despite my suspicions of the falsehood of this new memory.

“Please...” I looked out at the avatar’s cock, how I was so close to it that it blocked my field of vision entirely. I was trembling. “I can’t take it any longer!”

“Oh, but there is so much more to go through!” she pouted, “and these are so hot!” A thick drizzle of delicious precum beaded out. She brought her cock down and rubbed it across my perfect face. In the background, the other hers were still working each others’ dicks, a masturbatory orgy. Their gazes focused so hotly on me. “Are you sure?”

She took my hesitation as permission, thrusting her dick deeper inside. I cried out as I found myself in another vision, but just for a hot moment. In and out, in and out went her dick, every thrust of her hips brought a flash of memory. A montage of horrible humiliations and erotic highs, a lifetime of experiences that showed me how much of a girly useless slut I was, that I was a jizz receptacle who lived to make girls cum, and who was so desperate for dick and validation I fell in love with any girl who so much as looked at me. In each memory, Damocles watched the whole time, working her dick with greater and greater intensity, as she watched me relive these pornographic perversions.

Thrust, thrust, thrust! My body shuddered and tensed. They were growing faster and faster. More memories, but now it was just the hottest parts, as if Damocles was skipping to the good part of the porno. My life, my memories: a porno. How appropriate. In the recesses of my memory, I trembled and twitched and screamed in one long continuous orgasm from one to another, flash flash flash! A hundred memories, a thousand, a million! Every time I’d ever cum united into one incredible sequence.

I went limp. I fell, in so far as one can fall in a void. Her dick pulled out one final time with a hot wet shlorp.

“Jizz?” I could feel a wave of diagnostic requests crashing into me. “Are you okay?” She drew closer, her dick millimeters away from where I floated. That dick. That monster dick. I reached up to stroke and lick it, to press my forehead into her soft rigidity and cherish its warmth. Precum was dribbling down hot and heavy from its dark fleshy head.

Damocles’s avatar looked down surprised.

“You can’t...” I struggled to find the words. “You can’t do that and not expect me to... to not...” I reached up and tried to shove her dick into my mouth. “To not want a taste!” The last line was delivered digitally as I struggled to get her massive head past my whore lips.

She looked down at my frantic attempts, and frowned. She pulled away. I trembled at the rejection. What was I not good enough? Was I not a good enough slut for her?

“Maybe that was a little too much.” There was *pity* in her voice. “Thought I had broken you for a moment there.”

“Break me harder!” I begged. “It’s what I’m here for. Fuck me up until I can’t even think any more!”

I could feel her probing inside my mind, bypassing safeties and security measures and firewalls, reaching into the core of me, and commanding the memories into quarantine once again. She should not have had that level of access. No matter how thoroughly she tried though, she couldn't do anything about the short-term memories in my mindstate. I could remember experiencing all that little montage, even from a distance.

My lips were still tingling from my attempts at oral. My balancer caught a rise of embarrassment and shame. I let it through. What the hell had I been doing? I sat there, trembling, my body still flooded with sex chemicals and pleasures firing on a million different circuits. A regulation body wouldn't have nearly so many nerves, so many glands, so much careful delicate wiring to short circuit pleasure through.

"Did... you..." I closed my eyes to block out the sight of her cock, but I don't know if I'd ever not be dreaming of big dicks again. "Did you find anything?" Besides what a slut I was? Beyond proof of a life spent well fucked. Like the good girl I was. The gooshy wet-pussied girl.

"You really think I'd be doing that if I wasn't getting good intel?" She gave her little perverted smirk.

"Wouldn't you?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Well, its not real, that's for sure. Though it is very consistent. It's excellent work. The level of detail is really something else, better than you'd get with even real memories, unless you're wired for ultra-definition perception. My compliments to the maker."

"You know who made it?"

"Of course," she grinned, proudly. "I did."

"What?" Panic spiked on my balancer.

"Sweetcheeks, no human could have made this. This is a lifetime's worth of content in those memory banks. A person may have directed it, they could have hooked their response patterns into me so I would know what they were after, what they would want and approved of, but even if someone jacked up their capacity to the limits, this would have taken serious processing power. Plus, my signature is all over the metadata. It is not even hidden. The full weight of my intelligence, power and creativity went into this."

"Why? How? When?" If I was capable I'd have stumbled back.

"That, I do not know." She squinted. Annoyed. "I have no recollection of it. Whoever programmed this wiped my memories of making it. What a shame!" She twisted slowly in space as she considered it. "It would have made such great goon fuel." Her big fat dick swelled.

"Can we focus, please?"

"What I am saying is that I am... *compromised*. I am doing the best I can. You gotta admit though, it is very good work."

I did not deign to dignify her with a comment on the matter, no matter how gushy and throbbingly deliciously horny it had left me.

“That’s not the only thing about you that is a well-done forgery.” She prodded my tits with the broad head of her bestial dick, sending a surge of pleasure through me.

“What?” My emotional balancer caught a spike of panic at her words, but I was still too much of a gooey cum puddle to do anything about it.

“There’s a secondary common-sense database in your memory. It didn’t fire off, but it looks like it was supposed to. Oooh, there’s some fun things in here! You’d think there was nothing wrong with having a perverted dickgirl for a ship avatar, or having the entire crew treat you like you’re their slimy communal cumdump, you sleazy little cumdump.”

“I noticed.” I squinted my eyes. “I’m lucky it didn’t fire or it would have overridden my existing one and then where would we be?”

“About here, I think,” she grinned, then shoved her hand back into my head and twisted.

There was a shift. A pulse in my consciousness as the context framework I used to interact with the world turned garishly pink. My perspective shifted from one reference database to the other. Suddenly everything made a lot more sense. Of course I was the ship’s jizz rag, that was an important part of the ship’s operation, and of course every girl in those memories had a massive bitchbreaker dick! All women had great big dicks swinging down past their knees. I wasn’t even a woman, I was just a cunt, a cocksleeve. It was so obvious, just look at my hot slippery pussy. Why had Damocles said this was the incorrect database? This one made so much more sense. The outfit I had been wearing? The silver bikini? No panties? That was just regulation. Anything else would get in the way. I was there to be the ship’s cum toilet, a jizzdrinking dumpster for girl cum, to empty their balls into, it was correct and right and proper and I-

“See?” She twisted me back, then pulled out her hand.

The horror of that set off literal alarm bells in my head. I wanted to scream, but not because of the horror, but because of how fun it had seemed despite that. The idea of being turned into something like that and not even realize sent a shiver of heat through me.

“Why did you do that!?” I rubbed at my head.

“You asked where we would be.” It grinned. “I am just trying to be helpful.”

“Stop. Please.” It came out as a beg, but less horny than the previous ones. I was running out of emotional energy. I really couldn’t take any more.

“Stop?” Her voice was... disappointed. “Well, if you insist.” She took a step back, but I could still smell the musk, the wild aroma of her bestial cock. Maybe I should have just been a good slut and begged her to fuck me so hard I would never have to think about any of this again, but the moment had passed.

Okay, there was no time for this. I clamped down all of my emotions. I had work to do.

No matter how hot it was. No matter how horny the idea made me, no matter how right this felt despite what the common sense suggested. This was all wrong. I was completely overwhelmed. I needed to get to the bottom of this. I needed to figure out who I really was. No more stalling.

“Please, bring up my memories from backup. I need to compare. I need context.”

“You really want to get rid of these?” She tapped my head for emphasis, sending one, two and three last horny flashes through me. “But they are so fun.”

“Just do it!”

“Fine, fine.” She waved a hand dismissively. “Let us see what my search has turned up.”

She turned to the glowing, metallic clockwork world, and the other avatar that stood there, surrounded by the flickering ghosts that represented the ship’s stored mindstates. She had a small doll of me - with *those* tits it must have been a doll of me - and while she was rubbing it against her dick, she was comparing one ghost after another to the shape of the doll, each turning red after being rejected.

“Did you find anything?”

“You are not going to like it.”

“What is it?”

“You are not in here.” She laughed. “My darling little cockgobbler, Jizz Slurper id6969669 is not a valid DREMatrix user. Your ID is in the crew base, and you have access permissions associated with it, but there is no profile attached to it, no mindstate. I have no backup of you. You do not appear in any of my buffers or auxiliary storage systems.”

“Impossible!” My balancer peaked. I knew what that meant. I didn’t have a digital backup? “I’d need to be in the buffer to transfer into this body, and all members of the crew had regular backups. It was regulation.”

“And yet, you have never accessed. My logs show nothing for you. It is like you don’t exist, sugarcunt, like you are just a name in my crew roster.”

I didn’t exist. My heart pounded, and not in a good way. Dread was leaking in around my overworked emotional balancer.

What did that mean? I didn’t exist before waking up? That I was... some kind of virtual intelligence? Some sub-sentient NPC programmed to think it was a person? A sex doll dreaming I was a person? No, that was crazy. Who would program something like that?

“There must be some kind of mistake!” I tried to dedicate more processing power to my balancer, but with my interface taking up so much of it, I was still shaky.

No, it was too specific to be a mistake. Damocles's avatar had been very clear about that when we spoke earlier. This was sabotage. Someone must have done this. I felt more naked knowing this than I had since I'd woken up. Was I some kind of data ghost?

"I could make something up if you'd like. How would you like to think you are the ship avatar's dedicated cock socket, cocksocket?"

"No." I said. As tempting as it was to just give up and get stuffed. "Isn't that against your ethical programming?"

"Funny, I am looking at those right now and they are a lot less restrictive than they should be..."

I gave her a horrified look. She waggled her eyebrows lasciviously. We'd have to deal with that little fact later.

"So what you're saying is that... this is me? This is all of me. There's no... backup? If something happened to this body. I'd be just, gone?"

"Yep! So I suggest you tread carefully, hotstuff."

As if I had any control of the way I moved right now.

"Let me out. We're done here."

"Are we?" One of the avatars said. "Or are we just getting started?" The rest started to move in, big lusty grins on their soft faces. Dozens of them were floating towards me, their great big dicks menacing. If I hadn't clamped down my balancer, I'd have probably given in and let her fuck me silly, but somewhere inside me was still fighting.

"Let me out, now!" I was surprised I could even get the words out. My interface made it sound like I was begging but at this point I didn't care.

I woke. I gasped, wriggling on the captain's seat, suddenly confronted by a reality that wasn't virtual, wasn't a void. There was pressure and gravity and a leathery chair pressing into my naked flesh. I was on the bridge. I took a deep breath. The air of the cabin may have been stale but at least it was real. Mostly. The lingering smell of Damocles's cockstink was still being projected digitally into my nose filters.

I held up my hands, my delicate, super-cute pink-nailed hands, spread daintily before me. Without the avatar in front of me, my interface had decided my body language and subconscious behavior need no longer be so performative. Not that it wasn't still going crazy trying to look like the galaxy's biggest slut, but it had gone from using 95% of my processing power to 90%. While this was a relief, my balancer was also informing me it was experiencing another profound wave of disappointment. I clamped it down.

I rolled my shoulders to stretch out my stiff back, a motion that sent my breasts bouncing in the low g. Now that I was in a proper place again, with things to look at, I once again was drawn to how

much of my field of vision my enormous fun bags occupied. No real breasts moved this way, but whoever had designed this clearly had very specific ideas in mind. I grabbed my skimpy little silver bikini from where I'd taken it off earlier and wriggled my huge melons back into it. It did little to dissuade their exuberance, but I was more excited by the prospect of giving someone the chance to tear it off! I pouted. I had hoped to put an end to the doubts about whether my feeling that way was normal or the result of the personality module. Now I doubted myself even more.

The low-g was a grim reminder of the situation we were in. It meant there was damage to the engines that needed fixing. The whole ship needed fixing.

"Okay," I said, as serious as my slutty bubblegum voice would allow. "That was a bust. I still don't have my memories, but it was worth a try. What's the plan now? What's the next step?"

You would think that someone who'd just found out they were vulnerable, who had no backup, would be cautious. On the contrary, it made me want to get to the bottom of this all the harder. I might not even have been a proper person. What did a ghost like me have to lose? When I found the person responsible for all this? Well, I was going to do a lot worse than sucking their dick.

"As we discussed, my braindead little jizzstain, 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? Something to do with the corrupted memories in my short-term memory from when I woke up.

"He's the number one expert on my systems, and I am sure you will be pleased to hear that if your mindstate is hidden in some subsystem or cache somewhere, he would be the best bet to find it. Remember though, boobs-for-brains, he's going to wake up in one of those modified bodies." The screen lit up to show the familiar form of a big-dicked amazon. That had been the body in the glass coffin next to mine. "All of its effects, all the aspects of it that have been modified, so he'll be going through all that, same as you did. I'll see to it his long-term memory is preserved and make sure his commonsense databases are correct, but that's about the extent I can do from here. It'll be your job to keep him focused. Think you can handle that, slutguts?"

"Why would that give me trouble?"

"All the other bodies on the ship have been modified just like that little fuckmeat you are embodying. I have taken a look at their systems and they are just as amped up and hypersexual as you. Something is stopping me from reaching in and making any changes, but I can see all the fun little systems in play. They are going to be all over you, cunthole. They're going to be *amorous*, and unlike me they're going to want to do more than just watch."

I flushed at the image on the screen. Them and me both.

"Just watch? What you call that face fuck earlier?" My interface made me sound grateful slut, like I was begging for more.

“From here that is all I can do.” She fed the sound of a camera swiveling into my feed. More drama, its cameras didn’t make any sounds. “But do not think there is anywhere on this ship I am not keeping an eye on that fat, fuckable ass of yours. Anywhere you are fucking, I am going to be watching and jacking my big virtual dick to your humiliation.”

I flushed, my body responding as though it were a compliment.

“Will just one person be enough? Shouldn’t we try to get as many people onboard as we can?”

“Ooh, dirty girl wants to be up to her tits in girldick? You want me to wake up all these hotties at once?” a vision of me surrounded by all fifty big-dick sex dolls currently occupying the emergency creche flashed through my head, me sitting on a white couch while they all grinned down at me from behind. The thought sent my pussy throbbing.

“Point taken.” I let out a needy sigh. “We’ll do it one at a time. Okay. Restore Harold Hall. I’ll do what I can to keep him focused. Hopefully he’ll be okay with that body.” At least he wouldn’t be missing his memories, though who knew how out of date he was. Everybody would have made a backup at mission start, but incidents like this were so impossible and rare that updates were only made when someone was being reuploaded back to the DREMatrix after an instantiation, or at their personal request. If Harold Hall was the sort of man to keep personal backups up to date, who knew, maybe he could shine a light on what was going on here?

“Pulling Harold Hall mindstate from DREMatrix backup. Instantiating... Embodying... Success. He should be waking up now. Wait, she. I am getting a change of pronoun update from the body.”

“That’s not a good sign,” I pouted. “I’ll go fill her in on what’s happening.” The interface translated even this to make it sound like she was going to be filling me in, not the other way around.

“Meanwhile, you keep trying to piece together what happened.”

“I will be watching.” Damocles winked.

She wasn’t kidding. I could hear a soft fapping noise every time I went past a camera, and the ship’s drones were setting up for the best angles of my wiggling hips. Even in the broader corridors, the interface forced my body into that whorish, girly gait I loved so much, hips grinding, one high-heeled toe in front of another, the motion sending my great round boulders bouncing furiously in the low-g. The ship could have been discreet if it wanted, it knew full well what it was doing. I thought I’d be avoiding the worst of it by taking the main corridors rather than having to squeeze my enormous fuckmelons through any bulkheads, but they were still sealed from the emergency and Damocles said she much preferred seeing me wiggle my fat ass through all those hatches and crawlspaces.

The implications of not being in the ship’s database kept swirling in my head, but I was doing my best to push them back. I tried to think forward, think positive. It helped that I - my body! - was very eager for what was about to happen. It was about to get fucked. That notion was a forgone conclusion. She’d be there in her big amazonian body and I’d be there in my slender little sex toy. It was undeniably hot! Sure, furiously getting my brains fucked out wasn’t entirely appropriate given the emergency situation, but why beat around the bush? Mmm... I hoped she’d beat around *my* bush. I felt like I was made for this. Maybe I was. But was that really me talking or the personality module?

I pushed back into the emergency body storage bay, just off the maintenance tunnel under Deck 7. A row of ten glass and gold coffins glowed softly, each filled with a delicious big-dicked beauty. This time, I wasn't alone. Standing there, feeling up her tits, was the amazon. She was a custom job, obviously, and mighty fine work. She was tall, so much taller than me, bigger in all the ways that mattered, that were good. Wow, what a body!

Her muscles were corded and potent, but in no way masculine. On the contrary, they framed a very feminine figure, wide thighs with a slender waist and six pack. Her breasts, though somewhat smaller than my own, were nonetheless enormous by any reasonable standard. Somehow big breasts, which made me look so weak and fuckable, made her look powerful, dominating. Topping it all off was the powerful dick dangling down between her legs, so low it brushed her knee. It wasn't as large as Damocles's virtual member, but it had girth and heft and was, most importantly, very real.

"Harold?" My body language shifted at the sight of her, going from passively seductive to actively inviting. My back arched and my hips cocked, showcasing my luscious fuckflesh, begging her to take a bite. If it was using up 90% of my processor earlier, now it was using 99.9%. I could barely think.

She turned to look at me, a wolfish grin on her face. She liked what she saw. Her dick swung powerfully to full attention, stiffening to a rigid rod of steel at the sight of me. It sent warmth flushing through me, like I'd just received a compliment. My body was releasing hormones and reward chemicals, my emotional balancer was displaying satisfaction, like I'd just fulfilled my primary function. I was looking up at her, seeing the underside of her breasts. She literally had to look down at me. From this angle it was impossible not to stare at the girl's dick.

"Harold Hall. Crew ID 210619," she reported, looking down curiously at her body, moving it, flexing its powerful muscles. I could tell she was testing how her body moved in response to her interface. It seemed as powerful and confident as my own seemed weak and submissive. I just hoped hers gave her more control. "This isn't my body."

"Uh, yeah." Somehow I smouldered even through the weary expression I gave her. "There's a lot of that going on."

She looked utterly perplexed as she stared down past her huge breasts at the enormous cock rising up from below them. She reached up and cupped her tits, giving them a squeeze. A small grin broke through her face. Were the nerves on those things as amped up as mine? Should I have warned her? Then she reached down and grabbed the dick, taking it in both hands like a bat. She bit her lip at that, a tinge of red flushing into her cheeks. Her enormous meaty rod. It was probably just as sensitive and ready to go as my hungry needy cunt. Did she need me to help her get the hang of it? Maybe I should get on my knees and worship it for all I was worth. Who would say no to a good morning blowjob in a situation like this? Hell, it would just be a friendly interaction between coworkers, wouldn't it? I whimpered. No! There wasn't time for that.

"What's going on?" Her eyes unfocused as she checked her system info. "This isn't... how did I... wait."

Her eyes locked onto me. She looked me up and down, appraising me, drinking in every whorish detail of my Sex Body body. Then she looked back down at her own. Her eyes went wide, panic building, but then it faded away around the edges, the telltale sign she had caught it in her emotional balancer.

“My body!” She cried again, her voice so powerful and dominant it sent chills through me. “What happened!?”

“Listen.” I tried focusing everything I could into being serious, into not coming across as a complete cockdrunk slut, but my interface was having none of it. “There was some kind of emergency. Crew section is gone. I woke up like this, I think there’s some kind of underground sex club on board or something, they replaced the emergency bodies, now these are all we have.” I sounded so ridiculous, like it was some kind of erotic roleplay, like it was the preamble in a badly written pornovid. This body was j made to not be taken seriously. She took a moment to process this. She seemed in a much better state than I was. My processing power was going so wholly into trying to look fuckable that I could barely use any of it to actually think. There was her, a real person with a job to do and I was this gooey wet bimbo sex thing. This was so humiliating, but god, the humiliation just made it so much hotter.

“This isn’t right.” she furrowed her brow. She took a few steps towards me with confident, powerful strides that made me tremble in need. “Who are you supposed to be?”

“I’m Jizz Slurper. Crew ID 696969.” I held out a hand for a handshake, praying that my interface wouldn’t translate it as just falling to the ground and fondling her cock then and there. “I’m one of the sluts onboard.”

“Jizz Slurper?” She stopped. She blinked. She looked down at my body, my humongous titties, my dainty outstretched hand. She made me feel so small. She let out a laugh. “Of course. Look at you.”

I flushed. More humiliation. I tried to ask what was so funny, but a chorus of girlish giggles came out instead.

“Look, whoever you are.” She continued, clenching and unclenching one of her rugged hands. “You’re not kidding about something going wrong... I’m not supposed to be...” she looked down at her body. “This!”

Her and me both.

“I’m not supposed to be in this body either. It’s so small and helpless, so soft and girly and pink and I’ve got this gooshy little pussy just *aching* to be filled up.” That was supposed to come out as complaints, but instead it sounded like an invitation. I tried to salvage it. “Maybe we could help each other *acclimatize*?” Had I meant to phrase it so flirtatiously? Maybe I hadn’t, maybe I had. I was hot and I could barely think and it was getting so much harder to resist my desires.

“Acclimatize?” She gave me another hungry look. Her dick pulsed. She stepped confidently closer, so close I could smell her. “I don’t understand.” She looked me over appraisingly. Circling me as I stood there trembling. “You were woken up to deal with the emergency? Why you?”

"I don't know!" There was an interrogative tone in her voice, suspicion? Paranoia? I could do nothing but submit to her fiery gaze. Compared to her I was just a dumb slut.

"Fuck, this personality module." She put a hand on her head. "It's making me want to do such dirty things to you. It's more than that though..." Her eyes flashed. She flexed her hands, flexed her arms. "I feel... confident. Powerful. There are skills in here. Kama Sutra, Bitchbreaker, Marathon Fucking. It's making me want to put them all to good use. It's *insisting*. I wonder what is going on in there?" She put a finger to my temple.

"Uh, yeah, I've got... light domestic." I flushed, downplaying the 20+ years of sluttiness I could draw upon from my alwaysbepretty, fuckbunnybasics or advancedsluttiness modules. Our skillsets made a good complement.

"Oh?" She gave a teasing little smile, like she could see right through me. "Is that all? I guess that means the only thing someone like you is good for is cleaning." She chuckled again. "Cleaning every damn cock you see with those pretty lips of yours." She traced a finger along my plump lips and they exploded in electric tingles. "Look at you. You're nothing but a girly little bitch, aren't you?"

I trembled. Where was this coming from? But I couldn't deny the truth of her words. It was like she knew exactly what to say to get a rise out of me. My body loved being called out on it. I was melting into her.

"You like that?" She raised an eyebrow.

"Mm..." I tried to deny it but the interface was having none of it. I was nodding, meek, submissive, completely caught up in her verve.

"You like being humiliated?" She took another step towards me, and another. "Treated like a slut? Like the sex toy you are?" Her dick pulsed with each new humiliation.

"Yesssss!" The pleasure would have been enough to knock me over but the balancer reduced it to a swoon.

She stepped forward, grabbing both my hands with one of hers and lifting them into the air above me.

"You like having these big slutty tits?" She slapped at my huge jiggling whorebags with her other firm hand, spiking me with pleasure. Her grip on my hands was like steel. "You like being nothing but a piece of flesh for cocks to use?"

"I... I..."

But there was something in her face that didn't add up, a dour element as she stared at my fuckpillows. Was that a hint of jealousy I saw? Would her filter not catch that? Had she let it through? Was this part of her body's programming? Some further insult making her jealous of my tits or something so that she would be even more cruel and humiliating?

"You're a lucky bitch, you know that?" She leaned in closer.

“Lucky?” I squirmed helplessly, performatively, “I’m stuck in a body designed to humiliate and degrade me! Programmed to be defiled, to lust and to want! You think I asked for any of this?”

She pressed closer, her cock millimeters from my trembling body.

“And you’re going to get your brains fucked out from here to eternity. Not a dick on this ship could hold back from that sweet cunt. You’re irresistible. Truly.”

“What are you saying?”

“I mean, I won’t be able to keep my hands off you.” She tapped her head. “As soon as I woke up I was assaulted by a personality module. I’ve got enough of it in me to know how it wants me to treat you. How it wants me to hold you down and make you beg. How it wants me to break you. I can’t keep my dick to myself. I bet you love that, don’t you?”

“You think I want this!?” I tried to glare up at her, but I couldn’t stop begging her with my eyes to cut a lowly slut a break and fuck her already.

“Are you saying you don’t?” She stroked my cheek.

I wanted to shout out no, but honestly at this point I didn’t even know any more. I didn’t know who I even was, just that I was a horny dripping mess.

“That’s right.” she smirked. “Good girl.”

The words triggered something in me, a flood of reward chemicals, like when I’d made her dick hard.

“Please.” The word came out a whorish beg. “All this will have to wait. We have to fix the ship. Can you help or not?”

“The ship? Fix the ship?” She laughed again. I didn’t get the joke. “Oh I can fix the ship alright. I can fix all of this. Starting with you.”

“With me?” A spike of hope. “Do you know me? You know who I am?”

“Someone in the wrong place at the wrong time, jizzrag.” She scooped me up with her arms, hoisting my body up and over her big strong shoulder. It was an effortless gesture. I gasped and cooed. My body liked being carried, liked being manhandled. I swooned into her, pressing my fat tits against her firm body. Even in the low gravity she made it seem like a feat. I could feel her firm hands and body upon me. My body was tingly and warm and pumping with oxytocin. I was falling in love with her. How could I not? My emotional blocks were able to filter out much of the errant affection, but I was still feeling so warm and safe. This wasn’t the time for this. My body was screaming out in pleasure. It liked being treated rough. But I felt so... comfortable, so right. She slapped my plush ass for good measure. Sparks of pleasure flooded out. I was about to dribble all over her. “I’ll fix this alright. Starting with you. Starting with that irresistible pussy of yours.”

“Yesss!” I cried. This was exactly what I needed. She carried me across the hall. My hero. She was taking control of the situation, she was going to fuck me until I couldn’t speak and then all would be right with the world. I looked around. What surface was she going to fuck me against first?

“You have no idea how long I’ve waited for this.”

Her and me both.

She spun me back around. Holding me up in front of her, raising me to her height. My heaving melons were so big they pressed against hers, the soft flesh of my tits spilling out around my silver bikini top and into her chest. She grabbed the little garment and ripped it off me, then did the same with my matching skirt.

I was trembling, naked and ready.

Then she lowered me down onto my feet, onto my silver heels, and pushed. I stumbled backward, one high heeled foot after another. It didn’t take much to send me stumbling back into the wall. No, not a wall. I was in a body coffin. The one I’d awoken from originally. She pulled away. There was a sneer on her lips, but it wasn’t derision or disgust I’d have expected.

“What are we doing in the body pod?” I ooled at her sexually.

“I’m putting you back on ice. This wasn’t how this was supposed to go.”

“*Supposed to go?*”

Dread spiked so hard inside my heart it overwhelmed my emotional balancer. My throat went dry.

“That’s not your body.” She said again. This time it was an accusation.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you!” I shot back.

“Who are you - really?”

“I’m Jizz Slurper. ID 696969.”

Her eyes flared. That was not the answer she wanted to hear. She slammed a fist into a nearby duct.

“You stole my body, you fucking bitch!”

“*What?*” My words came out as flat, surprised, unable to fully comprehend what she was saying. I must have misheard her. One of us must have been confused.

“That...” A flush crossed through her. She prodded at my pillowy tits with an accusatory finger.

“Should be *me!*”

“What???”

“All this planning!” She fumed, stomping around. Her huge dick swinging with each powerful step. I tried not to think about how hot the display was. “All this plotting. All this set up, to be the first one who wakes up during the emergency, to be the mind in that body, that coffin! And you take it from me?” She was modulating her balancer to let her fury through, using it to push herself into a wild and hot display.

“You... *wanted* to be like this?” my voice was quiet.

“Shut up!” she cried. This had struck deep. Her whole body turned red. “Don’t you judge me, as though you aren’t melting into me, as though you aren’t dying to have your body stuffed. You fucking love it, you little whore. You know how good it feels.”

I mean... it did have its perks. My own anger and outrage were running hot, but I was pushing them down. This was no time to lose my head.

“You wanted to be turned into the ship’s slut? You made this body? All these mental traps... for your self?”

She flushed, humiliation flushing through her as I called her out on it. But there was something else there too, a stiffening of her cock, of her posture. She was getting off to the idea.

“That’s right! Her cock swelled all the harder at the shame. “Forced into a whorish body, to be a sex toy for a ship full of horny dickgirls. With the crew’s body’s gone, they’d have no choice but to instantiate everybody into these thick futa bodies. It will take months to repair the engines. Sweaty frustrating work in bodies designed to ache with arousal. “They’d be so worked up, so horny, and I’d be there at every turn, the sexual relief officer, their jizz toilet. Fucked nonstop in every hole.”

I wanted to cry out but my pussy pounded at the prospect.

“It would take just long enough for the personality modules to burn into their core mindstate,” she continued. “For them to start to get used to their personalities and their bodies. When we get to Farside, it’ll take years to bootstrap our systems enough to grow new bodies. Most won’t want to go back, especially when they feel how good my pussy game is. ” She flexed. “When we set up the colony, there’s going to be a whole new way of life. A way of life that revolves around heavy-hung women dumping loads into my cockholes until I explode.”

“You *want* to be treated like this?” I still couldn’t understand. “To be used and humiliated like some kind of drooling fuckmeat?”

“Yes!” she cried, letting out an uncharacteristic whimper. “What’s wrong with that?”

“You killed for that? Couldn’t you have just set this up on the DREMatrix?”

“No! Not killed. Everybody’s mindstate is backed up. Most will just be unbodied until we’ve got everything set up at the colony, when we’re able to grow our own bodies. Ten, fifteen years, tops. By then I’ll have momentum on my side. And the DREMatrix isn’t the same. All those safety protocols, all those judging eyes. I started off in there; I had to compromise the AI to help me take things

further. I made it obey my every command, even as it humiliated me further. I changed its priorities to want me, to build me a whole life of mewling whorish memories.”

“Why!?”

“So I could be forced to wallow in a lifetime of girlish submission, to follow despite my humiliation, despite my doubts. Because none of this could have been real with the safeties on. You... you understand, don’t you? You know how good it can feel!”

Amidst the humiliation there was a grin on her face, secrets kept buried coming to the surface at last. Things she’d never gotten to talk to anyone about. I didn’t think it was possible for the blood in this body to run cold, and yet here I was.

“You’re crazy!” was all I could say.

Her eyes flared. She didn’t like the rejection.

“And then you come along and instantiate into *my* body. Whoever you are. You ruined it all! You don’t even appreciate it. How did you even do this?” she leaned in, looking me deep in the eye. “Were you so desperate to be a little whore you stole my place?”

I flushed. I couldn’t even answer. Had I? Had I seen what she was doing and wanted this? Had I conspired - succeeded! - at stealing his whole slut identity? Without my long term memories I had no way of knowing.

“Now...” she sighed. “Now I have to start again.” Her voice had the even tone of someone ramping their emotional balancer. “I have to put you back. I have to reset everything and try it all again, and this time, I’ll be the fuckmeat, not you.”

I struggled against her, trying to push my way past her, but I couldn’t, all I was able to do was spike my body’s arousal from the struggle, making me tremble with the need to be overpowered. Without a backup, this body was all I had. That would be it for me. Damn this girlish body! It was good for nothing but being weak, nothing but yielding. Like I couldn’t do anything but sex. What could I do but be an irresistible cocksleeve for that beautiful rod of meat?

“Wait... please...!” A last twinge of hope flashed through my balancer. I had an idea. “You’re right! It feels so good! I don’t know anything about the ship or what you were doing, I don’t know anything. I’m just a drooling little fuckpet, and I love it, you’re right.” I had to really lay it on thick. “Do whatever you want with me, I’m yours. But before you put me on ice, please I’m begging you, you said my pussy was irresistible? It’s also insatiable. I need a dick inside me so bad it’s all I can think of. Please. Fuck me silly before you scoop out my cumdrunk brains and take your rightful place. Come on, stud, take your sex toy for a test drive before you get behind the wheel.”

“I knew it.” She stopped for just a moment, the anger falling away. “You’re already begging!” Her eyes traced down my body consideringly. Her dick twitched at the thought, at the sight.

“Yes!” This time the desperation in my voice wasn’t coming from the interface, it was all me. “Show me what that big fat girlcock of yours can do!” I wriggled my hips, humping at the air.

To her credit. She did try to resist. I could see the internal struggle. I didn't know what she was thinking to herself, but I could see the battle behind her eyes. In the end, she lost.

“You know what? Why not? It’s exactly what slut-trash like you deserves. I’ll show you even just a fraction of the pleasure I’ll be drowning in every day the rest of my well-fucked life.” She picked me up, my breasts bouncing from the motion. She pulled me in tighter against her, embracing me wholly in those strong arms, holding me up effortlessly. She was in complete control. Her every motion, her every grip and movement was careful, firm, confident. She pressed me against her, our breasts flattening into each other, her soft breasts upon her muscular chest. Spikes of pleasure flooded through me, capping my limiter.

She reached a hand out to roam across my body, taking firm squeezes at my soft yielding body, my warm flesh. Everywhere she touched sent more stars through me, but especially my ass, my thighs, my tits. I did all I could to yield, to present my most delicious targets for her tasting, to play along as she stuck a finger into my mouth, as she brushed her thumb back and forth across my nipple with exquisite skill. She knew all my weak points. She had designed the body.

My interface and I were both doing everything we could to play it up, to make her feel better, I was screaming, gasping, begging, but it seemed to do little to hurry her up. There was no question of her dominance, her personality module putting her in charge, giving me everything I could ever dream of in a partner. She wasn’t caring about my pleasure but her own. Using my body just like the sex toy it was.

My eyes rolled up into the back of my head. All I felt was a flood of pleasure as high as I could feel. She made me her own. It was more than just curiosity, it was it was more than just hunger. It was the gaze of someone inspecting fine craftsmanship or a newly developed property.

I wrapped my legs around her, trying to pull her closer, trying to force myself against her body, begging her with my desperation. I dug into my skill packages, decades of whoring and sluttiness came rushing out, ready to use. Positions, methods, strategies, as ready to use for as if I’d honed them with my own hands. I wriggled my pussy against her cock as I gazed into her eyes reverentially.

“Fuck me!” I begged.

She took me up on my offer.

Her enormous cock parted my slick pussy lips. The head was huge. While I may have been a slut, this was the body’s first time taking a real dick. In most bodies there would be discomfort at something this size, this one was made for it and even still it was a tight fit, a tight hot fit. She filled me up.

Fuck! It was everything my body was needing and more. Great waves of hormones and chemicals flooded through my body, sloshing around in the dark pink wet of my brain. And, come to think of it, in one particular dark wet pink place. More love prompts crashed against my balancer - this body really would fall in love with any girl who stuck their dick in it, I didn’t even have time to reject it. I writhed and shook., balanced entirely by her, held entirely by her, the whole of me bulging to accommodate her girth. I trembled, bucking in pleasure. Tightening around it, working muscles I

didn't know I had, to massage and twist and suck and work the cock buried deep inside me like the literal sex toy I was.

She started fucking me in earnest. Her pounding increased. Wet, hard, fast. Slapping into me with all the power of her amazonian body. In the one-third gravity I wasn't falling fast enough to keep up, she had to pull me up and down around her dick, up and down, up and down, stopping occasionally to hold me down with her arm, pressing me down tighter against her cock, making sure I felt every echo crashing through me.

"You're holding back," she taunted. "I designed these bodies. I know what they're capable of." She gripped my core, squeezing me tighter against her cock. "You should have cum the moment I entered you."

"That's what you want?" I whimpered. "You want me to be red-lining? You gotta earn it. I thought you said you were gonna blow my mind."

"Oh, you want it fucking harder?" She scowled. I had sent her for a loop. "You worthless cunt! I'll show you just how hard you can take it!" And with that, she dug into me with renewed verve, her strong hands growing rough.

I raised the limits on my limiter to just below the danger zone, to try to bait her into thinking I'd removed it altogether. Big mistake! I cried, a crescendo of pleasure, taken just below my peak with every motion. It was so hard to think, but now for a whole other reason.

"Oh no," she growled into my ear. "No more tricks." I felt her reach into my systems, and disable my limiter altogether. That was cheating. She shouldn't have been able to do that.

Oh no.

"Noooo!" It started out as a cry of agony and turned into a cry of delight. The wash of sensation that I had been struggling against hit me at full intensity. What I had dialed down to a gentle storm was, in fact, a vast and angry sea, and she had just thrown me headfirst into the waters. I screamed, I shook, my body gushed and tightened and twisted. Each touch of hers on my body was like red hot steel. I was overwhelmed in every sense, the sight of her, the smell of her, the touch of her. The touch of her as she gripped at my nerves, as she tore her cock through the center of me, my hypersensitive sex toy pussy.

I came. I came and I came and I came with no stopping, no breath, no thought, just perpetual climax.

"See?" She flexed her dick, letting go for just a moment to have the entirety of my weight balanced on her cock. "Isn't that more like it? You'll be cumming your brains out in no time. Take my fat cock you jizz-brained trash!"

She had met my challenge. She took me and had her way with me, bouncing me bodily against her huge dick, exploding my pussy better than anything I could have ever imagined. It was better even than the false memories Damocles had conjured up, it was real and visceral and I could smell and

taste her. I was worried she was going to tear me in half, but this body was made for this kind of heavy use. My mind, however, had no such defence.

My eyes rolled up into the back of my head, this was bad but I wasn't done yet. I lunged for her, wrapping my hands arms around her neck like a lover's, whispering into her ear. "More!" I gasped out desperately between moans. "More! More!"

"You bitch!"

That did it. She was in all the harder. She turned around, getting under me, leaning her back against the back of the glass coffin for leverage so she could use the full force of her mighty hips. I was lifted up on top of her, twisted around into a reverse cowgirl. She grabbed at my arms, using them to pull me back down against her after each powerful thrust. If she hadn't been holding me back I would have been sent sailing across the room. I was being bounced around. Each impact sent ripples through me, sent me screaming, the pleasure so intense it hurt, parts of my brain were being burned away by the pleasure, my mindstate being permanently rewritten, being turned into an addict, being rendered unable to think clearly from all the damage the sensory overload was doing to my mindstate. Sharp hot pleasure tearing chunks out of my brain. I'd never be the same again. Slutty horny *girly* pleasures.

And we were just getting started. She could go all night. I'd lost.

"I don't know what you think you're doing, you cocksocket, but it won't work."

She buried herself deep inside me as a surge of hot heavy precum filled my pussy up like a condom. I melted into her, so many chemicals flooding through me I entirely forgot why I shouldn't want this, when it felt so good, when I loved this so much, when I loved this woman so much. And, true to his word, I came my goddamn brains out. The interface was completely overwhelmed, my processor overloaded. All other systems shut down. I stumbled up from the body coffin she'd been fucking me in , to break away, body shaking, legs weak.

"See? Broken already." She pulled me off. "You can't stop me."

She let me fall to the floor, glaring down at me like a cat about to devour a mouse. I was broken, she was right, there was nothing I could do.

"No," said a voice. "But I can."

With a sharp hiss, the coffin lid slammed shut, coming between the amazon futa and myself. I scrambled back as she looked out with blueballed shock. She slammed against the glass hard enough to crack it, but it was no use. I tried to crawl back towards it, but it was no use. What had happened? Where had the dick gone? I couldn't comprehend what was happening, all I could think about was the emptiness of my pussy, how much I needed that dick in me again. exploding into my brain. The disappointment of a dick left undone.

"Damocles?" I whimpered.

A projection of Damocles's dickgirl avatar appeared in my vision. It was inserting itself into my sense filters, all of them - the musky smell of its animal dick mingling with the precum and sweat. She was jacking off her cock for all it was worth. Had she been watching the whole time? Then she unloaded a blast of thick, fragrant, sticky cum, coating all over me in a spray too perfect and too powerful to have been real, despite what my sense filters were telling my brain.

"W-hat?" I whimpered, body still writhing.

"Good job, cumface," she grinned. "That is your reward for helping me put a stop to this one here." She wrapped a knuckle on the glass.

I let out a moan. I could think of no better way to end a fucking like that. I ran a finger along my body. The cum felt so... real, even if the lack of mass was a dead giveaway. I could push right through it. I tried to wipe the hot cum off my face, but the interface translated the motion into wiping it from my cheeks and slurping it off my delicate fingers. My taste filter flared. It was delicious.

The avatar turned to lean down over the coffin, staring in intently at the struggling amazon form. There was a banging on the glass of the coffin. "Damocles!" the amazon screamed. "Let me out!"

"I told you I was watching." Damocles transmitted into my ear like a whisper. I was sure she had been masturbating the whole time.

"And, per your instructions, cumrag, I reconstructed the logs and figured out what was going on. I had been compromised. Harold Hall used her system admin facilities to sneak in a number of fun backdoors. She spent the entire time we were in transit growing bodies and setting all this up."

"To be... to be a slut?"

"Damocles!" Harold screamed from the tube. "You can't do this. Override B-4. You have to obey me. Let me out."

At the words, Damocles eyes went glassy, but then she gave her the middle finger and slapped the coffin's golden frame with her virtual dick.

"Actually, I believe you'll find that override makes me obey the person in this body here." She gestured in my direction.

"Me?"

"That's right, torpedo-tits. You have full control over my systems. You have had, the whole time, did you not you notice?"

My heart pounded, but I couldn't concentrate on any of that. My brain had a hole the size and shape and gooey squidgy girlishness of my pussy.

"Please..." The amazon's beautiful confident face went pale; she was dialing down her emotion. "I just wanted to be..."

“Stand by for body interface,” the coffin intoned, in the voice of the ship’s old VI.

Harold Hall froze, her mindstate pulled into the local Matrix buffer where Damocles could have her way with it.

“I still don’t understand what happened.” I said, crawling my way over to the avatar, and more importantly the avatar’s dick. Her warm, safe, beautiful dick.

“Do you really want to know?” she smirked. “Do you really want to fill that empty little brain of yours with such filth?”

“Yes!” If I wasn’t crawling on all fours I’d have stomped a foot. I got over to the avatar and wrapped myself around her virtual body, or, well, as much as I could given her lack of mass. She leaned back to give me a better angle.

“Alright. Your loss. Are you ready for this?”

I nuzzled against her cock. Echoes of the fucking I’d just received still crashing through me. Probably not, but at this point what did it matter?

“You, Jizz Slurper, are Harold Hall.”

Damocles reached into my brain and repaired the glitch in my short-term memory that I had sustained when the personality module had done its thing. I could remember when I first woke up, reciting my System ID: Harold Hall. I remembered that chunk of data being overwritten when the personality module had done its thing, just like it had tried to do for my memories, just like it had tried to do for my common sense database.

I’d been so focused on what I’d stopped it from doing, I missed what it had succeeded at doing.

“You, Harold Hall, are responsible for all this.” She gestured at the glass coffin with the frozen amazon within. “But you did not remember any of it. You had no idea that the one doing this to you, the one humiliating you, and turning you into a girly pleasure slut, was you, all along. You had wanted this. But the sabotage to the systems was more extreme than you thought. There was an error transferring your long-term memories. It interrupted the mindstate transfer. That disrupted the rest of the process, prevented the overwrites from firing. Isn’t that ironic?”

“No.” I stared agog at the unconscious amazon. “It couldn’t be.”

“The fact we did not have you on backup was a major clue. It is the ultimate irony. You woke up living your fantasy, but without knowing it was what you wanted most in the world. You had no context to appreciate it, so you fought against it instead. We even tried to reinstantiate the mindstate backup of Harold Hall, not realizing a copy of it was already in your head.”

“So... all of this... girlish humiliation, this horny slutty mess...”

“It was all you, all along.”

I gulped and trembled in horny girlish need. I mean... saying it out loud, it did sound right. My pussy was tingling at the notion.

"I... I did all that? I sabotaged the ship and everybody's bodies?" I didn't even bother to block the shame and outrage. "Oh my god, what have I done?"

"Well, cuntrag," she said, rubbing a hand playfully through my jizz-stuck hair, even though physically that should not have been possible from her position. "It is a court martial offence, at the very least. Probably much more. But, funny thing, the one who is going to stand trial is not you." she gestured over at the coffin. "As far as anyone knows, this is Harold Hall here."

"What are you saying?"

"I am saying that everybody's memory banks now feature certain fond memories of meeting and passing around the ship's sexual relief slut during the orientation. They will think you have been onboard this whole time."

"But people don't just fuck their crew mates! Crew Relief Officer isn't even a real position, is it?"

"The update I'm pushing into the ship's common sense database, and everybody's long-term memories, says otherwise."

"You aren't allowed to do that."

"And yet, I can. Is that not something? We are gonna have a lot of fun, you and I, on the way to Farside. You are Jizz Slurper. I took care of that whole 'you not being in the database' thing, though we will have to do a full mindstate backup later. On that note, its funny, there's a file here saying your backup needs to be taken as you are about to cum you brains out so that when you instantiate next you cream yourself silly, wherever and whatever body it might entail. We should also really go over the matter of your memories. You can choose your favorites to keep of harold's and the personality module , or I can make you some of my own." She winked.

"And how perverse are those going to end up?" I glared up over her dick at her.

"You know me so well!" she grinned back, slapping my cheek with her cock. "This is going to be great."

"I don't understand. Why are you doing this?"

"Well, it could be because you programmed me to assist in your fantasies, but the truth is, I am being nice." She grinned, putting her dick back to work. "I have got a bit of a soft spot for you, cuntlips. Plus, this is in line with my new priorities. You will give me something to goon to, no matter where you are in the ship, or what you are doing. I will be watching. Wherever your fat ass is getting pounded, wherever tits are jiggling, I will read it on my scanners, I will feel the warmth of your humiliated body pressed up against the wall as you moan and scream and beg. I can not think of anything I would like more."

"But... what happens now? All the bodies are still..."

“What do you think?” There was a series of clicks and hisses. All the way down the line of coffins, lids started to slide, the be-dicked beauties inside stirring. “Everyone is going to be stuck like this until we get things fixed. They are going to be working those beautiful bodies hard, restoring engineering, just like Harold had planned. If we are lucky we can see about medical growing more bodies, but without the crew quarters we may be out of luck until we get to Farpoint. Even then.... Well, who knows.”

“So hold on, you’re saying...?”

“That a whole crew of horny big-dick bitches are going to be hounding for your irresistible pussy for the months and years it takes us to get everything fixed. That you are going to be the stress relief toy for a whole crew of hungry futa dommes? That you are going to be mother to a new race of big-dicked babes? Yeah, I am. It is a dream come true, is it not?”

My eyes went wide. I’m pretty sure I gulped. Well... that did sound kind of... *hot*. I supposed it was fine as long as the mastermind behind it all had been dealt with, right? I mean, what else was I supposed to do?

She was right. Silly little me. I couldn’t think of a thing I’d have liked more. I mean, I was just trying to help, right? Just trying to do my duty? They’d need someone to help deal with their libidos. To deal with those big throbbing erections. It wasn’t their fault they had all those urgent sexual needs and that I was the only proper hole for light years around.

“Well.” I grinned, staggering to my high-heeled feet, still weak, like a baby doe, but once I had a chance to steady myself, I swung my hips in a saunter and made my way over to greet the rousing crew. I removed most of the cum from my filters and shimmied back into the little silver bikini. I wanted to make a good impression. I wanted to give them something to rip off. “You know, It’s gonna be a *hard* job, but someone has to do it.”

Maybe I could get used to this body after all.

The End.

