



This story contains sexual themes and is meant for mature, consenting audiences only. Please respect my artistic freedom as much as I value your freedom of ideology. I put hours and hours into my work and am as serious about it as any artist. This story is properly tagged as mature.

Illustrations of Astrid Meander by  heveti.deviantart.com
Computer screen images by Neglected2much

I stare at the gate viewer in shock. "What do you mean 'embarkation denied?' "

I had a gut feeling that a quick trip down to the surface was a bad idea, but did I listen? If it had been anything but Sagittarian brandy--

The gate agent barely bothers to look up at me as he points the little green laser dot of his bioscanner at the exposed skin on my left hand. After a soft beep, the viewer on the counter responds:

RESTRICTED
A897-33RA-9821B
Name: Astrid Meander (Starship Captain)
Bioprofile: Terran/Female/Age 46/No communicable diseases
Visitation Permit: Interstellar Trade
Associated Vessel: Moonage Oddity
Embarkation Condition: 2300 penalty units

"I've only been ashore three hours! How can I owe units?"

Actually, I had a pretty good idea how. I really should have been expecting some kind of scam on this rock. Any place that turns a blind eye to half as much as this place will have someone working the system. The trick is normally to find out who and make a deal, but here, it's probably a *what* and not a *who*. This could get...*complicated*.

The agent punches a few buttons on the console apathetically, yet I catch his sideways glances as he checks out my boobs, crotch, and legs. Must like what he sees as much as he keeps looking--my skintight white jumpsuit doesn't leave much to the imagination, another tool of the trade. It's amazing how often that's been useful in situations like this, but today is not my lucky day...and it's definitely not going to be his.

"It's a summary judgment for petty smuggling infractions. The court office is out the front door, two blocks straight, one block left, open all hours," he says.

"Shit. Seriously?"

Maybe this isn't so bad. If the court is involved, then it's not a matter of who or what is working the system, it *is* the system. This is just plain old bureaucratic red tape! That's always a problem with these computerized auto-govs--no gray areas.

The agent just shrugs and goes back to watching a vid on his compucator--nothing like attentive customer service. I can see the vid is some kind of porno with a naked green-skinned woman, probably an Orionid, locked in a complicated metal device that holds her doggy-style while she is *serviced* from behind by a machine. It's definitely intriguing. I can't tell if she's in pain or having the time of her life.

Normally, his don't-give-a-shit attitude would piss me off, but I see the quiet desperation in his eyes and let it go out of pity. Outside the entertainment zones, depressing suckitude hangs in the air like smog on this planet. They have one of those totalitarian auto-govs here; computers are in charge of everything. The only reason they even have a bioform agent at all, instead of a bot, is for public relations--the machines have learned that they need to have a face. The agent would never let on, but I know his balls have been cut off, in effect, and he has no authority to make any decisions whatsoever. The machines that run everything behind the scenes don't change their tiny binary minds either. It's all right or wrong, yes or no, 1 and 0, fucked or not fucked. The same computers control the heavily-armed security bots at the orbit-lift station, except they are more heavily on the *1=fucked* side of the binary equation, so crashing the gate is definitely not an option. I'm screwed until I can get my few bytes of travel status data updated, back to *0=not fucked*.

Since the judgment was listed as petty smuggling, I'm sure there was some minor problem with our offload--just enough of a problem to fuckenate my life, big time, if I don't get it taken care of quickly. Our launch window is coming up, and if we miss it, we'll be stuck here for over a month waiting for the right planetary alignment for another one. More importantly, late deliveries are definitely not a good idea with our type of customers--if you know what I mean.

Auto-govs and all their asinine rules! They're great for discreet sales and wide-open commodities markets (computers keep secrets and seldom care what you buy or sell), but missing some technicality is inevitable. I don't know what we missed this time, but it should be easy to fix. I've got good signal strength on my compucator so I call the ship to sync up.

"Sundog here."

"Dog, do we have a departure time yet?" I ask.

"Um, let me check, Captain. Yup, the nav computer is finally done. We need to break orbit by twenty-three hundred to sync position for the travel lane. Don't tell me you got a last minute lead on that Cephian Euphoriachocolate?"

"I wish. No, I'm still stuck on the surface. Something on that offload fuckenated. They're hitting me for 2300 units before I can gate the lift up to spacedock."

"What bullshit. I think my commerce net link is still open, hold on...cool, I'm still in...I see what happened. Looks like the concentration tested too high on the Antarian lust dust we sold. That makes it a schedule 3 extended action sexual stimulant instead of a schedule 4 novelty drug. In turn, that makes it an undeclared regulated substance and a smuggling violation," said Sundog. "Maybe we should have kept a case of that stuff if it's that good."

"Trust me Dog, ten-minute men like you don't want any part of that stuff," I teased. (Besides, it's rare and worth a fortune on this planet.)

"It'd be a ten minutes that would change your life," he countered. "It's all in the foreplay." She could practically hear him smiling over the commlink. "Besides, Captain, you've got it backwards. Antarian lust dust is for females."

I laugh to change the subject. My timing is off causing it to sound insincere--or nervous. Thankfully, Dog just lets it go. I really do wonder if the rumors about Herculaens and their infamous hyperfuck are true.

"I didn't think they had drug restrictions on prepacked dose units here? That's the whole reason I wanted to cash in that shit."

"The dust was legal enough. What they are calling smuggling is all just bureaushit about shipment re-routing, tariff rate discrepancies and handling fees due to the inaccuracy. Each box was listed on the manifest separately with its own tracking number, so they hit us for 23 different violations," said Dog.

"Still, something tells me a corrected manifest isn't going to do it."

"I already tried."

"I don't see how there's another option but to pay up and be done. I don't think it's very much, pisses me off more than anything else. Isn't two-thousand units something like a thousand bucks?"

"Yeah, don't sweat it," says Stardog. "A grand should cover it, and we aren't going to miss it."

"OK, I'm out then. See you in an hour or so."

"Roger that, Captain. We'll be ready for transit by the time you get back."

Last time we stopped here there was a problem like this then too. It has to be a setup. I don't trust computers any more than biologicals, less in fact, since the motives are less predictable. I hate having to make payoffs even if they're disguised with laws and regulations. Oh well, fuck it, sometimes you just have to let them win and pay the cost of doing business. I guess I can't really complain much since we made a bundle on this trip and have a full cargo hold that will bring in even more at our next stop.

The court office is easy to find, but a Lacertan woman is monopolizing the time of the short Qxuasitawnic clerk with her arguments, her face red with anger in contrast to her pink skin. He wisely backs away a little from the service counter, as a precaution. I think I'd end up flushing her out an airlock if she were on my ship for any length of time.

"As I've told you, *Miss*, policy has changed. You cannot pay for this type of penalty unit with currency. You must proceed to the one of the self-service punishment centers for your species type and gender. Humanoids are down the street on the left," says the clerk.

"I'm entitled to diplomatic consideration! I can't believe this!" says the Lacertan woman angrily. "I'm on the Lacertan governing council!"

I didn't like how this was looking. Normally all anyone cares about is the payoff.

While the Lacertan fumed, I jump into the conversation. Something tells me she's only getting started, and the clerk is looking forward to it. "The last time I was here I was able to pay off the points. I don't know what the problem is."

"The government calculated that fines were not a significant enough deterrent anymore. Visitors were not learning to correct their improper behavior sufficiently, so the policy was revised to include alternate forms of punishment for offenses," states the clerk smugly.

"Maybe there's been a misunderstanding," I argue while trying to keep calm. Qwasitawnics bug me to begin with. I can't get over the upper lip flap thing. "I'm just here because of an inaccurate manifest problem."

The clerk picks up his bioscanner and points the green laser at the oval cleavage window in my bodysuit. Rude, if you ask me.

"Hmmm, I see. Twenty-three counts of petty smuggling. Verified digital signature on the manifest. Several prior offenses. Yes, you'll have to resolve this matter at the punishment center as well," says the clerk. "Repeat smuggling offenses prohibit a cash settlement."

That was it then. Binary finality, 1=fucked. I don't even know what the previous offenses were, just that the computer would have them, all proper and correct, so there would be no point in disputing them. I want to rip his lip flap off, but it would only make matters worse. Besides, I know he's just as powerless as the gate agent, except that this guy loves his job too fucking much. I'll leave him to the Lacertan. She looks halfway to berserk already. Talk about an "emotional" species, and trust me, you don't want to be around when a Lacertan loses it--they are much stronger than humans, even though they look almost the same, except pink.

"You know there is some mention of diplomatic exemptions for visiting royalty in the travel regulations package", I say to the two of them.

I could see the Lacertan's glassy eyes bug out. No doubt a heated debate about royalty versus certain ranks and positions in democratic governments would follow. That ought ought to keep the annoying little clerk busy for a while. Besides, there really was a mention of royalty in the regs.

Walking to the self-service punishment center, I can only guess what I will be subjected to. Some worlds have some pretty weird ideas about what makes an effective non-monetary punishment. Most of the time the preferred method involves inflicting pain, so most likely I'm going to get something akin to a spanking for being a bad little smuggler. Since the Inter-Planetary Uniform Law Treaty, long-term imprisonment of an off-worlder is illegal, mental reprogramming is only allowed in cases of murder and behavior modification chips can only be used for crimes of violence so they can't do anything *really* serious to me. In fact, I'm more curious to see what they have in mind than anything else. It should be a good story to laugh about later.

No problems finding the place, it's huge. The government computers must have slipped a decimal point on the floorplan. The entrance is an open walkway and reminds me of a big public restroom, females left, males to the right.

First up is a security station. One of those affairs with a revolving door and a bioscanner. I hold my hand under the scanner and step inside, the door turns, but then stops, leaving me stuck inside.

A synthesized voice comes on with instructions, "No talking or communication is permitted. No contact with other guests is permitted. No interference with the punishment of other guests is permitted. Additional penalty units will be imposed for all infractions. You must serve a minimum of 100 penalty units, or the remaining balance of your sentence, per visit to the center. There is no wait at this time. You must complete a punishment session if you enter. Do you wish to be punished now? Press the green button for "yes" or the red button for "no."

Guests, what a laugh. I push the green button with a shrug, and the door starts turning again.

"Guilty plea accepted," says the voice. "Proceed to cell number five."

Wait a minute? Was there ever an option for a not guilty plea?

The mention of a cell sends a chill down my spine. I hope it's just part of some one-size-fits-all-crimes-and-species processing routine. After all, they do have bioforms like that Lacertan woman to deal with.

When I find the cell, it reminds me of the pass-through security scanning chambers I've seen on more paranoid planets. The doorway is open, but a second doorway at the back is closed with metal bars. I start to recall every horror story about prisons on distant planets I've ever heard, but manage to step inside before I lose my nerve. It can't be *that* bad. It has to all be part of some scare tactic. Bars immediately slide across the doorway with a clang and the click of a lock. I know for sure I'm on the *1=fucked* side of the calculation now, scare tactic or not.

The voice starts up again. "Open the small locker in the wall to your left. Place all of your belongings, including all clothing, inside and close it. Your belongings will be returned at the end of your visit."

I'm hating this more by the second. I really don't want to give up my compucator and can only imagine what I'll have to wear, but I have no idea what else to do than comply. I try both cell doors, no surprise that they don't budge a microt.

"Please proceed," the voice urges.

I don't dare speak and get hit with a talking violation. Besides, no one would be listening. I could send a text message to my ship on my compucator, but what are they going to do?

"Please proceed."

Maybe I should at least send them a message that I'll be late. Shit, no signal. They must be jamming.

"Proceed immediately."

Astrofuck, that voice is annoying.

I take off my boots, belt, bodysuit, thong and boob stabilizers and put them in the locker along with my compucator and backup security cards. I know I'm going to regret it, but I shut the door. Immediately there is a

click, some mechanical sounds, and a rush of air. Afterward, I pull open the locker door to see what I'm supposed to wear, but it's empty. Everything is gone. *1=fucked.*

"Thank you for your cooperation," says the voice. "You will find foot marks on the floor. Please place your feet on the marks."

I look down to see two illuminated footprints spaced rather wide apart, probably a universally compatible distance for humanoids in my height range. They must be going to do a body scan, probably want to make sure I don't have a laser cutter hidden up my ass or something. This just gets better and better.

"Thank you, please extend your arms horizontally, palms towards the walls."

A dimensional scan runs, precisely measuring my body down to the microt. I saw the characteristic closely spaced grid of red lasers for a second there. It's the same kind we have on the Oddity for optimized packing system. They probably took a number of other scans too. Hopefully, they're measuring me for clothes.

"Thank you for your cooperation. Please exit cell 5 then select a punishment."

On cue, the back cell door opens. What? Apparently clothes aren't in the plan. I sure hope I can laugh about this later, but it's not funny now. At least the air is warm. As I walk out, I'm not really sure what I'm supposed to do. The annoying voice could have been a little more specific. Five long corridors with evenly spaced doors on both sides spider web off into the distance at angles. A few of them are closed with smooth, handleless, metal doors, but most of them are open.

Aimlessly, I head to the first door to see what's inside. It reminds me of a dimly lit gym at first glance. Every few feet there is another machine of some sort. Looking more closely, I can see that the machines have quite a different purpose. They all have restraints to bind a woman in some painful or compromising position. I check another room to find the same. Each room has about 4 to 8 different machines. Soon I realize the deal. I'm supposed to lock myself into one of these things!

The machines have translingual pictorial instruction panels showing the bondage positions and punishments they are designed for. Many of them have a panel with buttons, knobs and switches for customizing the various options available. Penalty unit credits are labeled prominently on a little digital display that changes based on selected options.

Many machines simply bind their subject in some compromising position that seems erotic to me, actually, but they "pay" low point values. There is a lot of variation, however. In this room, a number of machines show what appear to be tickling fingers and have much higher point values. As I wander through more rooms, I see a few with spiked studs on the footrests and seats. Still other machines force physical exercise. I also see a number of them with dildos for sexual torment. The range of options is overwhelming.

It doesn't take me long to realize that 2300 is a shit load of penalty units. The majority of these machines are rated for less than 100 points an hour. I'm going to fuckenate the launch if I don't find a high paying machine and just get it over with. I'm way further on the *1=fucked* side of the equation than I thought.

I say, "hell no" to the tickling machines. I don't like the idea of being exercised like an animal either, and the sexual punishments are completely out of the question--some machine isn't fucking *this* pussy. That leaves me pain and contorted positions as the main options that earn enough points.

Most of the pictures identifying the option controls don't make sense to me, but I think that's by design. Surely they could have actual instructions in different languages available on the viewer if they wanted? They want you to guess and make mistakes. Regardless, I'm not having much luck finding a machine I like with a high enough point value, regardless of options, until I stumble on one at the back end of the whole place. It's in a room by itself and is marked with a symbol that looks like an old time rocket. I have no idea why this machine is set aside on its own, but it's definitely a serious one with a 2000 point/4 hour minimum. I don't see a better option so this will have to be the one.

I'll be locked in a standing spread eagle. It has twin bot arms equipped with formidable springy metal rods behind it, positioned where my ass will be, one on each side. The options are expectedly confusing. The first one is illustrated with a mechanical arm holding a rod next to a cartoon woman that looks surprised. The arm looks like the bot arms so it must have something to do with how the rods operate. The next option has a dial from 1 to 8 under a rod image. The machine pays significantly more units for 8 than 7 so I leave it on max. It must have to do with the force of the strokes. This is going to suck, but I need the points. The last option shows the cartoon woman with big eyes and red cheeks like she's crying or upset. That can't be good, but if I turn it off, the point value drops to almost half so the 4-hour minimum extends to 8 hours. I'll have to take my chances with whatever the painful surprise will be, even though I have an idea what it might be or should I say *where* it might indicate.

Doing some quick math, I should be done with a little time to spare. I'm sure I'll be howling in pain and probably won't be able to sit down for days, but it'll be over fast--a lot of pain now, or a month of problems later. I hit the *select* button on the pedestal in front, scan my hand under the sensor, hit *remaining balance* for my point selection, and then hit yes for the "Are you sure?"

A little door illuminates on the pedestal. I open it to find a ball gag. Damn. I hate gags. I should have expected it though. It's in keeping with the rules about quiet, and I am about to get the shit beat out of me after all. The viewer shows a diagram depicting how to push the big red ball in deep behind my teeth before fastening the snap-in connector for the clear plastic head strap. It appears to be disposable since the connector cannot be undone without cutting the strap. The chin strap just slides snugly underneath. It is all pre-measured for me and tight fitting.

Now that I've stoppered my own mouth, the viewer automatically continues with an illustration of the machine. It repeatedly shows a humanoid woman turning around, then placing her wrists and ankles into the restraints.

OK. Time to get it over with. I step into the left ankle cuff then carefully place my hands on the floor for balance, as shown on the viewer, so that I can stretch wide enough to insert my other foot into the right cuff without falling on my ass. The gigantically oversized metal cuffs look like they would hold any humanoid in the galaxy, which is probably the intent. I half expect them to snap closed like an animal trap, but in this game, the computers are waiting for me to lock myself in--as if it's *my* idea.

Carefully straightening up, proud of my relative gracefulness and minimum wobble, I extend my arms up and out into the widely spaced cuffs above my head. The spread eagle position makes me feel really exposed and helpless. At least there is something to enjoy. I do have to admit bondage turns me on. It's an automatic response I've never been able to repress, even in a situation like this.

Big green buttons are flashing above my hands. I take a deep breath, extend my fingers (putting my wrists in perfect position within the cuffs), and push them both at the same time.



The ridiculously large restraints snap closed with surprising speed. Astrofuck, they're tight, definitely a customized fit (no doubt thanks to the dimensional scan they took). Immediately, I hear a motorized hum and the top portion of the machine extends upwards, stretching me uncomfortably taut. I know all about that old pirate's trick. It's not just about immobilizing me further; they want my muscles tense so that the caning hurts more.

OFFICIAL LEGAL RECORD
Punishment Transcript

Conviction: 789-A112-905FE (Petty Smuggling, 23 Counts)
Offender: A897-33RA-9812B (Astrid Meander)
Device ID: 5689-123-FFFF (sponsored by Red Rocket Limited)

Detention Requested: Remaining point balance
Accepted

Approved Gag Detected: Audio penalties disabled

Please place ankles in restraints

OK

Please place wrists in restraints

OK

Please press green activation buttons to indicate ready

OK

I struggle against the cuffs and find they are like nothing I've ever been bound with before. The precise fit, and some kind of sticky, rubbery lining inside the cuffs, completely prevents me from twisting or sliding my wrists or ankles. It's like I'm being grabbed and held. I don't think I've ever felt more helpless.

Eight gravity-balanced camera orbs with bright lights float in view, then surround me like angry fireflies. I never even saw them coming. An orb hovers in front of my face while another hovers low, in front of my spread legs. The rest circle into equidistant high and low positions around me to capture the 360-degree view needed for a high-res 3D image. My stomach sinks at the sight of them. The plan was to get this over with quickly and discreetly. I don't like the idea that video of me naked and being whipped exists somewhere, even if just part of a legal record on some planet with a number for a name.

Humiliation mode (Y/N)?

Y

Engaging 3D camera array

Commencing live interplanetary broadcast

Sending subscriber invitations

Physical profile indicates subject at risk for loss of consciousness

Please wait.....

Injecting 15cc [ALL_NIGHT_LONG] stimulant [buttocks]

OK

Humiliation mode? Interplanetary broadcast! It must have been the option that had the little cartoon woman with red cheeks--I should have known not to trust something so cutesy. Once I calm down, the thought of how many bio-forms might be tuning in to see me bound, naked and whipped sinks in. My body responds with a flush of embarrassment accompanied by a rising heat of arousal. I can feel them both turning my face red.



Now I understand why this machine is worth so many points, but I still don't understand why I have to serve such a severe punishment for a fine that would normally be just a thousand bucks. It doesn't add up. It must all be part of the setup, false sense of security and all of that. Well, they got me. I walked right into it.

Clinging to some semblance of a starship captain's dignity, I try to look calm and collected for the broadcast, even though inside I'm much closer to panic. Anyone watching will be able to use interactive 3D vid features to circle around my virtual body and see me from any angle they want. Through willpower, I freeze my compulsive struggles against the restraints and relax my body--just in time to feel the sting of an injection in my ass. No doubt, the camera in front of my face caught every detail of my stunned reaction.

The injection is a clear signal that I've been way too cavalier about this situation. Part of me was secretly looking forward being punished when I picked this machine. Pain turns me on just as much as bondage does. It's just the way my body is wired. (A spanking machine would have been perfect, but none of them earned enough points.) Doesn't every woman have the naughty girl who needs to be punished fantasy? I've been thinking about it ever since they made me take my clothes off. Now, I'm wondering just how big a fool I might have been thinking this was going to be something I could just laugh off.

I'm feeling the stim already. It's not helping my nervousness. My heart is pounding, and head is buzzing. Damn, that is some strong shit. As I try to focus, I see the crotch camera is moving in closer--I can only imagine who is enjoying a crystal clear high-res view of my pussy. Instantly, I can feel my nipples getting hard, and I'm getting even wetter. I bet viewers are able to see that my pussy lips are glistening with wetness.

My normal reaction to bondage started my pussy juicing, but the additional reaction I'm feeling from the exposure is something new and more intense. They're making me look like a total slut. The embarrassment is only going to get worse too. I know I won't be able to control my reactions once the punishment begins.

```
Robotic stimulation probe selected (Y/N)?  
Y  
Utility robot 78-FRC-9 powering up  
Striking wands powering up  
Target 1 identified [buttocks]  
Target 2 identified [inner thighs]  
Target 3 identified [breasts]  
Target 4 identified [vulva]  
Utility robot 78-FRC-9 operational  
Utility robot 78-FRC-9 probe APL-014 attached  
Striking wands at full power  
Utility robot 78-FRC-9 proceeding to location [device 5689-123-FFFF]
```

Stimulation probe? I had checked this machine carefully to make sure it wasn't equipped with any kind of sexual attachments...it must have been the option with the rod and the bot arm. Now that I look at it again, it does look phallic. Fuck. Calling in a bot, what a sneaky trick.

```
Species [Terran] physical baseline not on record
Establishing subject pain tolerance
Subject ready (Y/N)?
Not applicable
Target 1 [buttocks]
**Activate
Reaction insufficient
Increasing force and voltage
**Activate
Reaction insufficient
Increasing force and voltage
**Activate
Reaction insufficient
Skin damage detected
Decreasing force, increasing voltage
**Activate
Reaction within established parameters
Target 1 [buttocks] complete
```

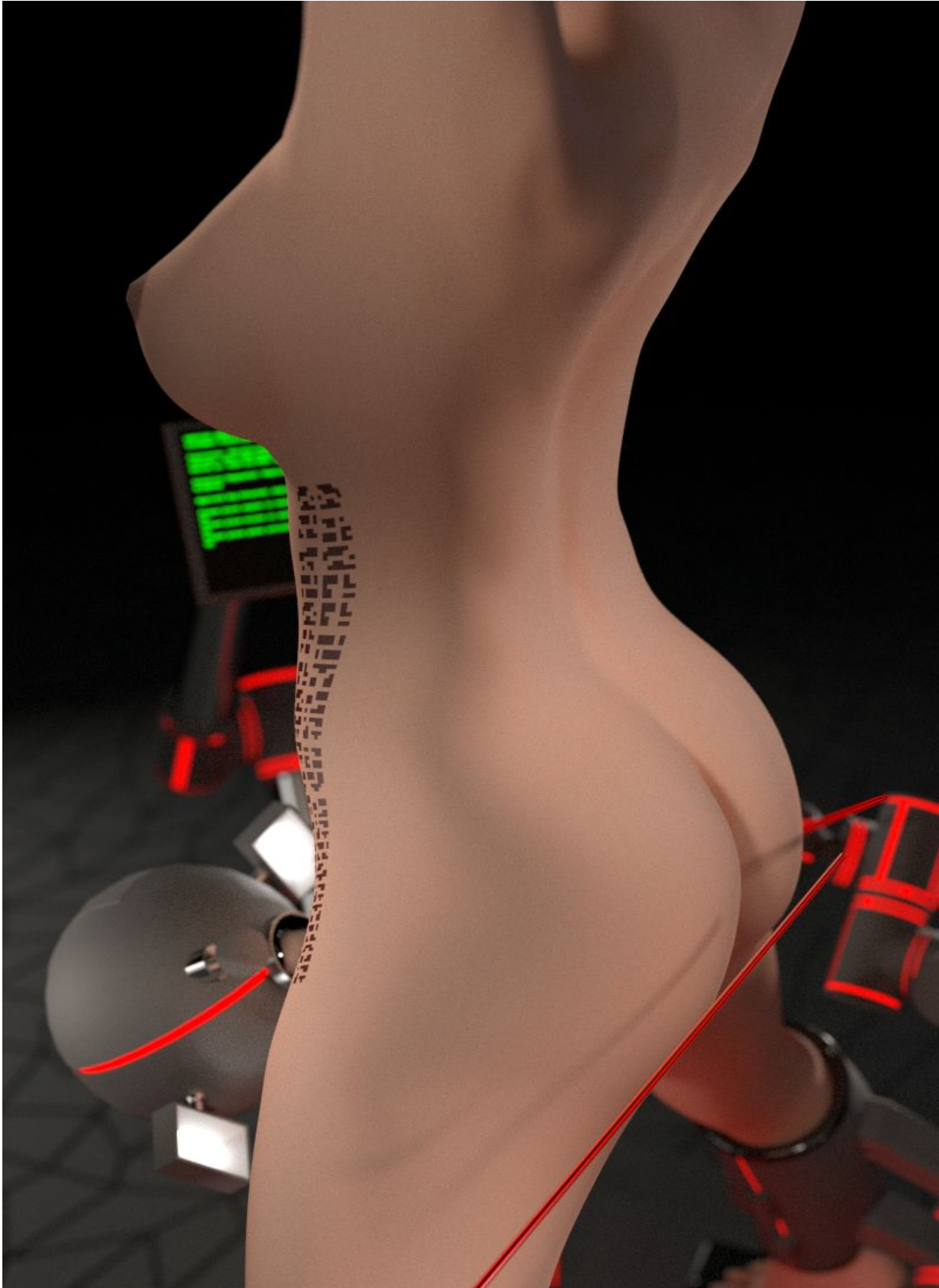
The first strike catches me completely off guard while I'm distracted looking for the approaching bot. The wands strike in perfect coordination, one at the top curve of my ass, the other low under the curve of my bottom cheeks. They smart like a son of a bitch, but that's only half of it. As soon as the metal wands touch my skin, they discharge an electric shock, like a static spark, that travels between them through my whole bottom.

The second strike almost takes my breath away. It's much harder and the spark forces my ass muscles to contract painfully. My arms and legs strain against the restraints as the contraction forces me to thrust my pelvis forward like I'm humping an invisible lover. I can't believe it when I see "reaction insufficient" on the viewer. *What the fuck!* Two seconds later, on the third strike, I lose it completely and scream into the gag while struggling frantically against the restraints--so much for dignity.

Thankfully the fourth strike doesn't feel like it ripped my skin, even if the contraction in my ass muscles is worse. I wonder if the viewers know why I'm air humping on the strokes. Instead of thousands of volts (at low amperage) shooting through my muscles, it probably looks like the impact is knocking me forward.

```
Repositioning striking arms
Target 2 [inner thighs]
Selecting single leg mode [alternating]
Alignment fault [insufficient clearance]
Increasing leg spread...
...wider...
...wider...
OK
**Activate [left]
Reaction within established parameters
**Activate [right]
Reaction within established parameters
Target 2 [inner thighs] complete
```

Wider? Holy hell. The hydraulic cylinders fixed to the ankle cuffs slowly pull my legs apart. Soon I feel like a wishbone about to snap, but the machine keeps going. As I'm forced wider, I feel pussy juice drip down my leg. The crotch camera doesn't miss a thing and floats in closer to get a better close-up while I blush like the cutesy woman on the options panel for the other camera in front of my face. I wonder how many viewers just saw that. When the cylinders finally stop, my legs are spread wider than I thought they could go. I hope I can walk later.



The camera moves back out of the way just as the wands whip and shock the inside of my left thigh. I don't get to finish hissing my pain and anger through the gag before the rods repeat their strike on my other leg. I never realized just how vulnerable the insides of my thighs are before; my legs are feeling like rubber just from two strokes.

The helplessness of not being able to close my legs drives me wild in a way I can't explain. All I can think about is how bad I want to cum as I start to cross over into a delirious state of lust--a lust which pain will fuel further. I close my eyes, waiting for the next strike, hoping that the pain alone can push me over the edge, but I hear mechanical sounds instead.

I open my eyes to see the metal wands positioned horizontally across my chest. Fear pushes aside my lust, and I instantly start to writhe in my bonds. The futility of my struggles is psychologically irrelevant. The thought of electricity shooting through my boobs is something I cannot just hold still for. I have to try to get away, out of pure instinct, just like a scared rabbit has to try to run.

```
Repositioning striking arms
Target 3 [breasts]
Large breasts detected
Adjusting [wide gap]...
OK
Selecting high/low mode
**Activate
Invalid reaction [nipple contact]
Pausing for subject recovery...
OK
Excessive subject movement detected
Incline subject forward...
OK
**Activate
Reaction imbalance detected
Increase force [lower wand]
Decrease force [upper wand]
**Activate
Reaction within established parameters
Target 3 [breasts] complete
```

The whipping arms seem to move erratically, and I realize they are having trouble getting a clean lock on my breasts as I struggle. Encouraged, I move all around, jiggling my boobs as much as possible. While not a good long term defense, I can't really help it. I keep thinking that a glancing blow might not hurt as much.

After a minute, the bots strike their evasive target. It's my first direct look at the wands in action--up close and personal--and I now completely understand why they sting like hell. They snap back so fast that I barely see them move. They're like cobras: strike, bite, retract. I don't even have time to flinch.

The rods strike horizontally just as my boobs were bouncing upwards. One hits the bottom of both boobs. My jiggling works, and it is a glancing blow that doesn't hurt terribly; however, at the same instant, the other wand strikes straight across my lusty erect nipples--connecting the circuit. The pain is incredible, worse than

anything so far. I can feel myself starting to pass out, but the stim injection does its job; the blackness closing in on my vision begins to recede almost as fast as it started. I bite down on the gag and growl through the pain.

After a moment, the machine starts to hum as it tilts my body forward. It doesn't incline me much, but the new angle is enough to cause a disturbing shift in the distribution of my bodyweight. My midsection sags forward unsupported, arching my back and thrusting my breasts out. I try to straighten up, but the awkward position requires too much strength to hold for more than a few seconds. Still worse is that I can't put as much weight on the footpads and mostly need to hang from my wrists. Now I'm grateful for the solid, even grip of the tight, huge cuffs.

The bot arms adjust to my new position and strike again. Jiggling my breasts as much as I did before is out of the question. All I can do is watch helplessly as they strike the top and bottom of my breasts together. The connected circuit makes my chest muscles twitch, bouncing my boobs while they are still trapped between the rods. It really is very painful. But, in truth, the pain doesn't seem that bad after the direct nipple hit earlier. Maybe I'm getting a little delirious.

The bot arms start to move again, and my eyes shoot to the viewer, but I don't need to read it to know what's next. As the arms disappear from view, behind and underneath me, I'm left to anticipate the big event. Just the thought of it has my stomach doing flip flops and my vagina clenching in anticipation. No one has ever hit me on the pussy before. I've never even been hit there accidentally. Rationally, I know it will be very painful, but my body is not rational and has its own ideas about what to expect. The tension from the peculiar combination of dread and lust is so uncomfortable that I'm really just anxious to get it over with.

The rods strike from underneath on each side of my vulva without warning. The sudden sting of the blow takes my breath away, but the electricity is far more painful as my pussy completes the circuit between the metal rods. I've heard that electricity tends to follow the path of least resistance. Evidently, that happens to be right through my clit in this case.

```
Repositioning strike arms
Target 4 [vulva]
**Activate
ERROR: Reaction levels exceed range
Analyzing....
Orgasm detected
Repeat test
**Activate
ERROR: Reaction levels exceed range
Analyzing....
Post-orgasmic sensitivity indicated
Waiting....
OK
Repeat test
**Activate
Reaction excessive
Reduce voltage
**Activate
Reaction excessive
Reduce force and voltage
**Activate
Reaction within specified parameters
Target 4 [vulva] complete
```

So, it turns out that we were both right, my mind and my body. The pain is even worse than my mind predicted. I would have dropped to the floor and balled up in a fetal position clutching myself if I could have. Irrespective of the pain, the electric jolt jumpstarts a huge orgasm that goes on and on--just what my body had in mind. For a moment, I forget the camera orbs and lose myself in pleasure. All the moaning sounds I typically make when cumming hard don't sound all that different with the gag, just a little muffled.

Tremors of pleasure run through my tightly stretched body, head to toe, and I shudder uncontrollably. My sex muscles continue to twitch in delicious little aftershocks. Any viewers watching definitely got to see me cum my brains out.

The rods strike again while I'm still sensitive from the orgasm, and my mind says, "I told you so" to my body. There is no hint of pleasure, just a terrible slap followed by...I can't even describe it. The stims deny me the relief of unconsciousness and force me to endure it all. Suddenly, I find that I'm screaming my lungs out. I've never screamed in pain before--cursed yes, screamed no--but when I'm done with my first muffled cry, I keep screaming again and again. Sound production is irrelevant. I just need to let it out.

After the pain starts to subside, the machine just leaves me waiting. I'm not sure if it's calculating what to do next or if it is giving me time to recover. Shortly, the delay turns into torment. What is it going to do? Well, I'm pretty sure what it's going to do, but maybe-- (*thwack!*)

I don't even bother cursing and go straight to screaming again, no words in particular, just more gag-muffled shrieks. If you think I'm being soft, then let me see you take a few thousand, or whatever the fuck, volts to the pussy. It continues to sting and ache, like a burn, well after the rods have struck.

"Reaction excessive." Thankfully the machine knows the pain was too much--but that means it's not done, shit. I listen carefully, nervously; there is a faint motor sound when the rods are first activated. I didn't notice it the first few strokes-- (*thwack!*)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! At least that's what I tried to say before the gag garbled it. I'm sure anyone listening to the broadcast knew exactly what I meant. Fortunately, the electrical sting is a lot less, but the machine is not done. I see on the viewer, "reaction excessive." Another do-over. To my relief, I'm actually happy with the result when the rods strike again. It hurts like a bitch, but I can handle it--and I just might be able to enjoy it.

```
Utility robot [78-FRC-9] ready
Communications link established
Acquiring control [78-FRC-9]...
OK
Positioning [78-FRC-9]...
OK
Deploy stabilizers...
OK
Align probe [APL-014].....
OK
Subject lubricated(Y/N)?
Y
Incoming alert, standby...
CONGRATULATIONS! 100,000 viewers
Humiliation validated
```

A small oval bot a couple feet across that resembles a six-legged metal spider rolls towards me from the darkness beyond the camera lights. It reminds me of one of the hull repair bots on my ship and has the same kind of high-precision mechanical arm. The bright red rubber probe sticks up from the front like a unicorn horn. The probe looks a lot like an old-time rocket with three fins on the bottom and a rounded nose. It doesn't look particularly formidable: only about 5 inches long (~12.5 centimeters) and not that much thicker than my thumb.

The bot stops just in front of my spread legs. After pausing a moment, it extends its little stabilizing spider legs. I can hear hissing air being cut off as the suction cup feet grip the floor. Now braced, it unfolds and extends its arm with the probe pointed towards me. I lose sight of it as it moves underneath my breasts and belly towards its vulnerable destination. The mechanical arm is bent at a right angle so that it does not block my inner thighs or any part of my pussy, except near the probe itself.

```
Extending probe [APL-014].....
Target orifice located....
Probing...
OK

***Thank you for choosing RED ROCKET!
***The fastest way to blast off!

Expanding probe to requested size [8]...
ERROR: Resistance exceeds limit, probe size [6]
Resetting probe...
OK
Expanding probe to requested size [8]...
ERROR: Resistance exceeds limit, probe size [7]
Resetting probe...
OK
Expanding probe to requested size [8]....
ERROR: Resistance exceeds limit, probe size [7]
Resetting probe...
ERROR: Maximum attempts exceeded

Receiving new instructions.....
OK
Ejaculating [Event Horizon Gel, Extra Strength] quantity [2 oz]...
OK
Waiting.....
Expanding probe to requested size [8]
OK
Probe ready
```

All I can do is wait, helplessly, to be probed. I know not to underestimate the probe based on its looks, and hold my breath anticipating a surprise, but it slips in uneventfully. Uneventfully, that is, until the fins come into contact with my body. One points up, creating uncomfortable pressure right on my sensitive nub. The other two spread my labia disturbingly, sort of wedging them open. I don't like the feeling, but that's soon the least of my worries.

I gasp with nervous fear and lustful desire when I feel the probe start to expand. From the message on the viewer, I realize the dial labeled with a rod symbol was not the force of the striking rods, but the size of the cock. I can only try to relax as the rubbery erection grows inside me. Within seconds, I'm breathing hard and sweating--I can't take it. It's too big. The only reason it doesn't tear me open is that a safety mechanism kicks in, and the probe shrinks rapidly.

Apparently following it's mechanical protocol, the probe resets again, and starts to expand. I think my vagina stretches a little more this time, but I'm still too tight. Just as I fight back a scream, the safety mechanism kicks in once again. *Now* I understand why 8 on the option dial is worth so many more points than 7.

The machine relentlessly resets. I don't know what I'm going to do. I can't *make* my pussy stretch. The probe fills me--and then keeps going. I wonder what the pussy cam is showing. I can't help thinking I'm up on a wall viewer in some dive bar where all kinds of bioforms are making bets on how many times I'm going to get reamed. This time I do scream (gag muffled), as much out of absolute frustration as anything else--I don't know what else to do.

When the viewer changes, I'm more nervous than relieved to see that new instructions are being loaded. I know the machine and bot are not going to give up. With mechanical persistence, they will make that probe fit somehow. It could be overriding the safety protocol.

Suddenly, I feel gel shooting into me like the probe is cumming. It keeps going until gel is oozing out of me. Within a few seconds, I know it pumped me full of an enhancer. My vagina starts to tingle with an icy hot sensation. It's intriguing at first. Then it gets warmer...and it begins to feel good, but the pleasurable feeling doesn't last long; it starts to get too hot. Soon my vagina is burning like hellfire and tingling madly. The machine just leaves me hanging there in misery, struggling and unable to think about anything except the chemical reaction raging inside me.

An eternity later, the machine once again instructs the robot to expand the probe, and I can feel the gel being squeezed out of me as it grows. This time I do feel my pussy stretching. My tissues and muscles are completely flaccid and offer no resistance as the probe expands to size 8. The ridiculous thing is that I feel hot all over now, and it's not just from the gel. I'm completely horny and close to cumming. I can even feel my sex muscles reflexively squeezing back on the probe as if urging it to action.

```
Subject input disabled
```

```
Prescribed settings:
```

```
>Orgasm duration [15 to 30 seconds]
```

```
>Orgasm intensity [levels 5 to 10]
```

```
>Rest interval [10 to 180 seconds]
```

```
>Setting striking wand target sequence [random]
```

```
Strokes remaining: 206
```

```
Orgasms Remaining: 103
```

No fucking way! That can't be right. *One hundred and three* orgasms! That isn't even possible. My body just doesn't work like that. No woman's body works like that! (At least no Terran woman.)

The machine doesn't wait for me to comprehend what I see on the viewer. The bot arm pumps the gigantic probe once, in and out like a piston, just a couple inches. I can't help gasping at the sensation. It feels like my whole body had been rocked by the force of it. As soon as the probe is fully back, deep within me, rocket fins re-wedged, I feel the sting of the double rods across my ass. At the speed of thought, my mind races back and forth between the feeling of penetration and the pain as my electrified muscles force me to thrust my pelvis forward. Bound at an inclined angle, the thrusting causes me to rise an inch or so along the probe, then to drop back down on it.

The pump, wedge, whip, pump, wedge is over in less than two seconds. With perfect timing, I feel something strange as the sequence ends. I'm not sure how to describe it. It's part electricity, but there is something more too--something like a high-speed vibration. Instantly, I start to cum...and cum and cum. The probe is somehow making me orgasm artificially. The sensation is as powerful and satisfying as any natural orgasm I've ever had. *Holy fuck! When is it going to stop?* Just as the forced spasms start to turn to torture, the probe shuts off and I feel a double blow across my breasts. The bot arms have repositioned while I was cumming.

Strokes Remaining: 204
Orgasms Remaining: 102

I hang in my bonds, recovering at first, then waiting. Now I know how one hundred orgasms is possible. What I don't know is how I'm going to make it through this punishment. The pain-pleasure-pain sequence has an intensity to it that has my body trembling and uncertain how to react.

I feel so incredibly helpless just watching the rods in front of me, knowing they will snap at me any second now. My eyes just have time to widen when I feel the probe pump me again while I watch the rods whip my breasts. As the pain registers, the Red Rocket makes me cum again. I'm not sure if it's more or less intense than before. All I can think about is how the bot arms are moving behind and underneath me...

Yes, I do think screaming helps. When you can't believe how long 30 seconds of intense cumming really is; when your pussy is whipped hard and electrically forced to contract on a gigantic dildo; when your vagina is tingling and hot with gel; when you're full of stims and unable to find relief in unconsciousness--when you know that any second now, your pussy is going to be struck again with 101 more times to go--yes, damn it, screaming does help. What else can you do? 1=fucked x 103.



The fourteen member crew of the Moonage Oddity assembled in the room which served as mess hall, break room, bar, and in this case, theater. Halley made the popcorn while Koslowski tapped a keg of aromatic Tavorilkian Ale.

"Rewind it again, Jackson," said Nelson. "I want to see the look on her face that first time she cums."

"I think the bondage and whipping just made her hornier." Davis just shook his head in amazement. "I would have never guessed the Captain was a pain slut and into bondage."

"I would have never guessed the Captain had a bald pussy," said Tremel.

"Hey, what the fuck?" exclaimed Nelson. Jackson had switched the channel.

"Sorry, but you gotta see this," said Jackson. "They made a commercial." He fiddled with a few controls on the media console to rewind and turn up the sound.

With some fast, electronic dance music in the background, the commercial shows the Red Rocket dildo/probe from various angles, in the box, and out of the box as an announcer speaks:

Red Rocket, the ultimate vehicle for your intimate journeys,

Close cropped scenes of Captain Meander's punishment session flash by in a montage--but the actual circumstance is hidden. They never show how she was bound or whipped. Every shot is a close up of part of her naked body. Her glistening pussy and erect nipples are flashed from multiple angles, intermixed with shots of her cumming, moaning, and in various states of apparent bliss (or perhaps not entirely unpleasant pain).

Captain Astrid Meander knows how to navigate hyperspace.

More scenes with the Captain moaning, screaming and thrashing intently flash by. Then, they show the Red Rocket by itself after the session, dripping with her juices.

Red Rocket, when you absolutely, positively, need to blast off.

They all sat there stunned with wide eyes, slack jaws, and bulging crotches. Nelson was the first to speak, "Play it again!"

"Yeah, I missed the beginning," said Captain Meander.

They all turned both in surprise and perhaps embarrassment, unsure what to say.

Dog started to speak, "Captain, you're back! We meant no..."

"Oh *please*, I would have been disappointed if you weren't watching," she said.

"Here Captain, sit down. Let me get you a beer. Victor is ready to take us out to the launch coordinates so we can relax for now," said Dog.

"I'm not really interested in watching myself, Dog. And, I don't think sitting down is a good idea yet." *Walking is even worse.*

Dog was undeterred. "Oh, I have something else in mind. Something you're really going to like."

"Oh?"

"I knew that whole thing had to be a setup. It was just too coincidental."

"At first, I thought you guys set me up to see me get my brains fucked out," said the Captain. "Then I realized, that none of you had anything to do with that inventory."

"But, I know who did," said Dog with a gigantic smile of triumph. "We bought that dust from a net listing back on Alpha-Epsilon-543. It was an electronic market sale at a ridiculously low price."

"I remember."

"Well, the only ship with that kind of dust in the sector at the time was the Fallen Angel."

"Fuck, it would be just like that bitch to set me up!"

"You lost me," said Tremel.

Dog paused for dramatic effect. "Floris Lobo is the Captain of the Fallen Angel."

"Oh, *that* bitch," said Tremel. "She just doesn't know when to leave well enough alone."

"I wish we had time to do something about it," replied Meander. "It's never good to let people screw you over and get away with it."

"Well, you know how you are always telling me I should take more initiative--"

"Uh oh. Dog, what did you do?"

"Maybe you should have a beer and see for yourself," said Dog. "You know those hypersonic couplers we bought back from Rho-Psi-Gamma?"

"The ones that look a lot like laser rifle focusers?"

"Exactly. Well, the Fallen Angel may have bought two cases from an indirect third party which happens to have already left the system going the opposite direction of our mutual flight path with the F. Angel."

Tremel smiled in admiration. "So that's why you wanted Carson to do that machining."

"Worked like a charm. Weapons smuggling, 8500 points. Manifest signed by Captain Lobo," said Dog. "They're going to miss their launch window too."

Captain Meander took the beer and clinked glasses with Sundog, "And we'll get to sell our cargo at a premium due to the shortage since they were going to the same system. Very Nice."

"Captain Lobo's punishment session is coming on," interrupted Jackson. "Looks like she's going with multiple installments." He pauses, realizing his double entendre, as several people laugh. "I mean that she's going to serve her sentence in several sessions."

Victor's voice came over the speaker, "Captain, are you expecting a delivery?"

"Yes, go ahead and authorize the delivery bots," instructed the Captain.

"Chocolate?" asked Dog.

"Better," said the Captain. "I bought the last fourteen cases of Red Rocket personal satisfaction devices on the net market. We'll arrive a month before the export shipments, and my commercial will be airing ahead of our arrival. They should sell for a nice profit, especially with my own personal autograph."

"You're completely shameless. You knew about the commercial?"

"Saw most of it at the orbit lift station. The gate agent is a fan. Besides, at this point, everyone has seen it all so there's no point being any more embarrassed about it."

"Something tells me that Captain Lobo won't feel the same way," said Nelson.

Dog looked a little pale. "Definitely not, but I don't think she'll find out who set her up."

"Trust me, she'll know," says the Captain. "But, I don't give a fuck. Following our current flight plans, we won't see her for at least two years."

"I think her legs muscles are giving out," adds Jackson. "She's going to have to sit down on that big pink vibrator now."

"Ten bucks says she cries when the whipping starts," offers the Captain. "Can you pass me the popcorn?"

"I'll take that bet," said Tremel. "I don't think she's going to make it that long."