

Spaceport: Stolen Love

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I felt so exposed...

Only twenty minutes earlier I'd been standing nervously in reception, picking at the techno-nails I'd applied that morning, hesitantly asking Lola about the introductory membership package she offered: a free thirty minute session with one of their bondage masters.

"Full name?"

"Cindy Sherman."

"Occupation?"

"IT." I whispered the white lie.

"Didn't I see you on Holly Barberossa's News show?"

Damn! "I was fixing a broken robot."

"That's right. I like her. She really nails those Port Authority bastards. She did a story on us, you know."

"Yeah," I said. "It was good promotion for you."

"It's been really good for business. Male or female?" she'd asked before I'd decided I was absolutely going to go ahead with it.

"I'm sorry?"

"For your first master."

"Oh, male."

Lola asked me dozens of questions. The last one was about the Zenite. I'd first heard there were Zenites on Adana in the Holly Barberossa story about Lola and her Your Pain Is Our Pleasure BDSM parlor.

"Would you like a taste?"

"Oh yes," I said, the eagerness manifest in my voice.

"You'll find the little critters addictive. They're ever so popular. Everyone wants them."

"You have plenty then?" I asked innocently.

"Two for each cubicle. Now, from your answers you're just a tad on the pleasure side of the spectrum so I'll set the Zenite accordingly. Okay?"

Only a tad? "Sure."

She led me into a small cubicle. "Strip!" Lola's tone was no longer friendly or welcoming. It had become authoritative and harsh. I kicked off my flat shoes and slipped out of my simple tunic and panties. Only when naked did I wonder if I should drop this stupid idea and just get the hell out.

Lola opened a small wall cabinet and extracted a black leather smart-hood. "Put this on." I had trouble with it and Lola pressed the operating stud and the hood shrank tightly around my skull, the front ending just above my top lip leaving only my mouth and chin exposed.

I felt a sudden movement of air across my exposed flesh. Someone else had joined us.

"This is Goh," Lola said. "He is your master. You will obey his every command. Understood?"

I nodded.

"Is that understood?"

"Um, yes."

A deeply masculine voice with a thick Mendovian accent, ordered me to sit down. Following his abrupt instructions I strapped on high heel shoes, six inches at least. With much fumbling I tightened everything to his satisfaction.

“Stand.”

Wobbled unsteadily, I followed Goh’s abrupt commands, stumbling a few dozen paces to enter another cubicle. A door squeaked shut behind us.

“Face me.”

“Sure, but where the hell are you?” I asked in frustration.

A whip cracked so close to my ear I yelped in surprise. “Do not speak.”

I turned in the direction of his voice. A finger brushed my lips. “Open your mouth.” A hard ball was pushed between my lips and a strap was fastened around my head.

“Put your hands behind your back.”

I did so. His big hands enveloped mine and attached wrist bindings so tight the bones of my wrists rubbed hard together.

“Spread your legs.”

Can’t turn back now. A shivery thrill swept through me and I did as I was told. He fiddled about my left ankle and some sort of mechanism clicked into place. Then my right foot was maneuvered about until another click sounded hollowly in the cubicle’s silence.

It was, of course, a spreader bar, forcing my legs apart. Unstably perched atop my heels, my thighs quivered and my buttocks strained. I’d hardly settled into that posture when Goh trailed the end of the whip along the inside of my thigh upwards towards my pussy. I braced myself for that touch, but he stopped mid thigh. Instead of a caress to my pussy he gave me something very different. He moved behind me to my imprisoned wrists, attaching something and suddenly jerking them upwards, sending shivers of pain shooting through my shoulders. I gasped against the ball in my mouth, which reacted with an irritating electrical vibration.

Goh winched my arms higher. The action thrust my head and shoulders forward and down. I teetered on tip toe vainly trying to reduce the pressure on my shoulders. My breathing rasped in short staccato gasps around the buzzing ball.

Goh attached the electro-nipple clamps, which were also connected to the ball gag so the slightest movement of my head activated a sharp pulse of warm electricity through my chest via my attenuated tits.

He trailed the whip along my inner thighs and I begged against the gag that he'd take it to my pussy, that he'd rub the handle against my inner lips and squeeze my clit with his thick, uncompromising fingers.

Instead he gently kissed my ass cheeks with a delicate flick of the whip. I quivered in response, striving to keep my balance. He cracked the whip beside my head. I jumped and pain dug through my shoulders with molten fingers. My breasts burst into flame and I moaned into my vibrating gag. My pussy pulsed in frustration. I wanted something, anything, to quench the overwhelming wet heat churning in my belly.

That something came in the form of a metallic coldness against the small of my back. It was small and undeniably alien. Because my body was singing with sensation I couldn't tell if I'd hallucinated the feeling that the thing had squirmed against my aroused flesh like a worm.

Goh cracked the whip. I jumped and through the haze of pain the thing on my ass held on, spearing me with tiny tendrils of liquid heat.

Oh Phong! It began to slither slowly down the crack of my ass. I arched my back, trying to dislodge it, but it held on. The pain in my shoulders, my mouth and nipples brought me into a tense stillness as the thing wormed its relentless way towards my pussy.

It paused at my asshole, and I thought I felt a warm, wet tentacle pushing its way through my clenching sphincter, but I could have been mistaken, for suddenly the thing was nudging against my slick pussy lips.

Oh, Phong! The thing, the Zenite, crawled into me, its hard little body undulating as it inched its way inside. Then I felt it; a thousand tentacles spearing into my wet inner flesh. My body heaved in powerful spasms against the restraints but now, instead

of pain, I felt an overwhelming blanket of delirious pleasure blossoming upwards from my pussy and radiated through me like the pulsing heat from a roaring fire.

I lost my balance and fell heavily against my restraints as I came.

The pain which should have been coursing through me had been transformed magically into pleasure, and orgasm after orgasm rocked me, leaving me gasping and convulsing against my bonds.

And then it -- the Zenite -- spoke to me. Inside my head its voice, a composite of all the lovers I've ever known, whispered to me, caressing my soul.

Cindy, I love you.

I came again, moaning into the vibrating gag which returned my kiss, the ball turning into a pseudo tongue which searched my mouth like an impatient lover. The clamps turned into fingers rasping my nipples as if between forefinger and thumb, and in my pussy came the unmistakable stroking of a cock.

I came again, tears of joy flowing down my cheeks.

Cindy, I've missed you. Please come back.

What was left of my ego smiled inwardly at the Zenite programmer's venal and addictive command. "I'll never let you go," I moaned, and was rewarded with another orgasm.

I swam in a tumultuous orgasmic sea for what seemed an eternity before the Zenite abruptly left me. Goh pulled off the hood and released me from my bonds. Through slitted eyes I watched him secure the Zenite in a wall cabinet. While I stood on quivering legs he ran a neural tissue energizer over every inch of my naked body, repairing any damage the strappado might have caused, then directed me to the shower in the corner of the cubicle.

As I was slick with sweat I thanked him. He grunted a response and left. It was a high pressure water shower and I generated enough steam to fog any spy cams.

Tweaking the security neutralizer embedded in the fingernail of my right forefinger, confident any alarms were silenced by its disrupter wave, I used the smart-nail of my left forefinger to open the cabinet's lock.

There were three Zenites in small sterilization cases. I extracted one from the back and deftly inserted the small silver sausage-shaped pod into my swollen pussy. I closed the cabinet and jumped back into the shower just as Goh returned with my clothes. The theft had taken me all of thirty seconds.

Back in reception I asked for another booking first thing in the morning. "With the Zenite," I added eagerly.

Lola laughed. "I told you it was addictive."

I gave her the sweetest smile I could manage.

She logged the booking and, after I reactivated my smart-nail security neutralizer, I waltzed out with the Zenite lodged lovingly in my pussy.

I'll return it tomorrow after I've analyzed its construction and programming and, of course, after letting it make love to me all over again. Lola was right, the little critters *are* addictive.

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