

Pleasure Ship

Crimson Rose

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In the ready room out of earshot of the rest of the crew, Second Officer Drake Spade let out a long sigh before addressing the captain he had come to not only trust with his life, but consider a close friend. "Captain, we've been flying through space for three days. When are you going to tell us where we're going?"

"I wish I could, Drake, but I'm as in the dark about our destination as the rest of the crew," Captain Aurora Snow answered. "I don't like it anymore than you, but orders are orders. We are to remain on autopilot until we reach our destination. And before you ask, the helms have been blanked so not even Jaycee knows where we're headed."

"This is all very strange, Aurora," Drake said using the captain's first name since she used his. "I've been with the fleet for nearly a decade, served aboard freighters and fighters alike, and this is the first time I've ever seen this level of secrecy. Especially for a cargo freighter. What the hell are we hauling to warrant such actions?"

"I know it's frustrating, believe me, I do, but I have no idea what we're hauling."

"You're the captain of this ship! How do you not know what's aboard at all times?"

"I hate sounding like a broken record, but orders are orders and I was ordered by General Williams himself to deliver unknown cargo to an unknown location and that's what we'll do. All I know is that we'll enter slipstream in approximately eleven hours and exit nine days later close to our destination which will take another four days to reach. Two weeks and we can put this clandestine nonsense behind us. Will that be all, Commander?"

"The rest of the crew is as frustrated and anxious as we are, Captain. Being on auto-pilot leaves them with more free time than any of us are used to. They need something to take their minds off the secretive nature of the mission."

"If you have any suggestions I'm listening."

"We're drifting through space at the whims of the computer, Captain. The only reason any of us are at our duty stations is because we have nothing else to do. But you could order onboard leave until we reach wherever it is we're going. Give the crew permission to relax and enjoy what amounts to a free vacation."

"We're on the job, Drake, and your suggestion goes against all regulations. I'm sorry, but..."

"For the love of... take the stick out of your ass and think of your crew for once!" the First Officer snapped. "If you force us to sit around and do nothing for the next two weeks because you can't bring yourself to have a moment of fun, then you only have yourself to blame for whatever may happen as a result. And I don't need you telling me about regulations. My grandfather wrote the damn book and I've read it more than any other person in the fleet. Which is why you should familiarize yourself with Article fifteen, Subsection thirty-nine. But briefly, it states that during missions requiring more than ten days on auto-pilot the captain may, at their leisure, grant onboard leave. I don't want this to come off sounding like a threat, but if you're unwilling to give the crew time off to enjoy themselves then don't be surprised when they hold it against you."

"Out. Now." Aurora said through tightly clenched teeth, more pissed off that her first officer had quoted regulations than yelled at her. Waiting for the doors to slide shut behind him, she sat down at her desk, activated the viewscreen, and then proceeded to stare at it blankly as she fumed over what to do.

One more regulatory ace up his sleeve, First Officer Drake Spade exited the ready room and let his eyes drift from one bridge crew member to another. "Computer, open all channels."

"All channels open," a mostly realistic but still noticeably synthetic computerized female voice responded.

"Attention, this is First Officer Spade to all crew members. As of right now you have thirteen days of onboard leave to do with as you see fit for as long as we're on auto-pilot and conditions remain green." Eyes drifting to Chief Communications Officer Lillian Hawkes, he offered a brief knowing smile. "Enjoy your time off, but remember, Captain Snow may recall us back to duty at any time." Well within his rights as first officer to give the crew time off, it was now up to Captain Snow to allow or deny it and while he hopes for the former, he fully expected the latter.

Feeling her temperature rising, Aurora clenched her fists so tightly they hurt. Steeling herself, she pressed a button on her desk. "Commander Spade to my ready room immediately." A moment later the metallic doors slid open and her first officer entered. "You disobeyed a direct order, Commander Spade. Not only will this be placed on your permanent record, but you'll..."

"What order did I disobey, Captain?"

"The one I gave to not give the crew leave. As a result, you've..."

"You gave no such order, Captain. You said, and I quote, 'we're on the job, Drake, and your suggestion goes against all regulation.' End quote. "I am well within my rights as First Officer to give the crew leave. Now, if you want to counter my command and take said leave away that's your prerogative, but I will not stand here and allow you or anyone else to throw me out of the proverbial airlock. And honestly, as someone so hell-bent on obeying the rules to the letter, I'm shocked you'd make a false report against me. As such, this will go into my personal logs to be reviewed by command when we return to station," Drake said as he stared unblinkingly into Aurora's angry eyes. Knowing he had her right where he wanted her, he continued. "Now, I'm willing to forgive this transgression, but only if you're willing to pay the price."

"Price? What price? This is my ship and we'll run it by the books. If you don't like it..."

"Since when is filing false reports by the books, Captain? This and our previous meeting were on the record so it's a trivial matter for me to prove my innocence. Now, are you willing to pay the price or are we going through with this blatantly criminal act?"

"What price?" Aurora seethed.

"Two things. First, you'll address the crew and confirm my order to give them onboard leave. And second, you're mine, Aurora."

"Yours? Meaning what exactly, Commander Spade?"

"Meaning that for the next thirteen days you're mine to do with as I please."

"Meaning what exactly, Commander Spade?" Aurora asked even as her heart raced in her chest.

"Meaning exactly that, Captain. While I can't command you to do anything station related, I can command you in other ways. Private ways. Sexual ways," Drake clarified his meaning. "I want you as my sex slave for the entirety of our leave, Aurora. That is the price for my forgiveness. Otherwise, we do this by the book and you'll be severely reprimanded for abuse of power."

"You really expect me to be your sex slave?"

"I expect you to do whatever's in your best interest, Captain, but you have until I leave this room to decide."

“For the sake of argument, let’s say I agree. What are you going to do to me, Drake?”

“Whatever I want within the confines of the law. I’m not going to lie, Aurora, I like, no, I’ve been in live with you since the academy and I want you to succeed in your career which is the only reason I’m giving you this opportunity to keep this off the books. Agree and you’re mine to do with as I please for the next thirteen days. Refuse, and I won’t hesitate using the law to my advantage.”

“This can be construed as blackmail, Commander.”

“Not even remotely, Captain. If there’s nothing else, I’ve got leave to get to.” Turning, Drake made for the door, but stopped after two steps.

“Wait! The crew can never know about this, Drake.”

“Know about what, Aurora?”

“You know what.”

“I need to hear you say it, Aurora,” Drake said, taking another step towards the door. One more and he would be within range of the sensors.

“They can’t know I… that I’m… that I’m your s-sex slave.”

“I can’t promise that, Aurora. Now, if you’re serious about serving me then you’ll address me as Master or you’ll be disciplined. So, what’ll it be?”

“I… I’ll be your slave, M-M-Master,” Aurora said as her entire body blushed from the humiliation of giving herself to another in such a manner.

“Great. Turing around, Drake took four steps towards the captain’s desk. “Computer, make items Drake zero-zero-one and zero-zero-two.” Looking down into Aurora’s wide eyes, he continued. “This is going to be fun. Stand up and strip naked, slave.”

“Excuse me?”

“You’re my slave now, Aurora. As such, you’ll obey my every command without question, complaint, or hesitation or you’ll be disciplined. Now, stand up, strip naked, and then move to stand in front of your desk with legs spread and hands behind your head. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Master.” More humiliated than she had ever been in her life, Aurora regretted agreeing to this alternative punishment even as she stood and stepped away from her chair. “What are you going to do to me?”

“Whatever I want,” Drake said as he picked up a penis gag and a small gun-like device. Attaching the latter to his belt, He waited and watched the object of his lust stripping naked. “My god!” he exclaimed when she was down to bra and panties. “You really are the most stunningly beautiful woman in the universe.” Waiting for the last of her clothing to hit the floor and for her to stand in position, he stepped behind her and then planed the short metal cock in the captain’s mouth and then tightly buckled the straps behind her head. “Don’t want the rest of the bridge crew hearing you screaming now would we?” he asked, stepping around to stand face to face with her. “I’ve wanted to do this for years,” he said, pressing the end of the gun-like device against Aurora’s left breast and inch or so above the areola.

The pain overwhelming, Aurora stumbled back against her desk. Looking down through blurry, tear-filled eyes, she saw DRAKE’S DOLL permanently seared into the tender flesh of her breast. “I didn’t give you permission to break position, slave. You’ve got two more coming so get back in position or the discipline will reflect your disobedience.”

Unable to speak with the metal cock filling her mouth, Aurora glared at her first officer turned Master but got back into position despite the tears rolling down her flushed cheeks. Watching him adjust the branding gun, she tried steeling herself against the inevitable, but the

pain shooting through her body focused on her mound was even more intense than the first. Dropping to her knees, she looked down to see Spade's Sperm Bank seared into her flesh.

"One more, slave. Stand and take it without moving and I'll forgive the discipline you currently have coming. But move again and I'll triple it. Either way, after I brand your other tit you'll put your hands on the edge of your desk, move your feet back and spread them so I can make my first deposit. Nod if you understand."

As much as she wanted to toss him into an actual airlock and jettison him into the depths of space, Aurora nevertheless nodded her understanding as she stood on weak legs for what she hoped would be her final brand. Locking every joint and tensing every muscle, she closed her eyes, but jerked them right back open as hot metal pressed into flesh. Body trembling, she stumbled back against her desk and then fell to her knees weeping.

"Shame, I really thought you were going to take it like a good slave," Drake said as he walked across the room, placed the branding gun in the replicator, and then pressed the recycle button before returning and kneeling in front of his new slave. Gently placing his hand on her chin, he lifted it so they were staring in each other's eyes. "Despite repeatedly disobeying my commands, I'm proud of you, Aurora. And I love you more now than ever. That being said, I'm going to give you a choice. I have so many ideas for body modifications – some more extreme than others. I plan on giving you three on each of the next thirteen days. If you want that then you'll serve as my pain Slut for the duration and then we'll go our separate ways. If, however, you don't want anymore brands then all you need do is agree to serve as my loyal and obedient slave for thirty-nine universal months.

"I'm going to remove your gag so that you may answer, but before I do let me give you your choices. If you want to serve for thirteen days and receive all manner of body modification then simply say: 'I only agreed to thirteen days, Master.' If, however, you don't want to receive all those modifications then say: If you swear to never modify my body again I'll serve as your loyal and obedient sex slave for thirty-nine universal months, Master.' Nod if you understand.

One universal month equal to six earth months, Aurora quickly weighed nearly twenty years as a sex slave against so many body modifications against telling him to go to hell and dealing with the fallout of a blemish on an otherwise perfect career. Slowly nodding, she let her eyes drift from his to her right breast where she saw the words Captain Fucktoy branded into her flesh.

"I only want to hear one of the two answers, slave. If you say anything else your discipline will be swift and severe," Drake said as she unbuckled the straps holding the gag in the captain's mouth.

"If you swear to never modify my body again I'll serve as your loyal and obedient sex slave for thirty-nine universal months, Master."

"You understand what you're saying, slave?"

"I understand, Master."

"Explain it to me, slave."

"I'm agreed to be your sex slave for the next nineteen and a half years, Master. If you swear to never modify my body again that is."

"You understand that verbal contracts are binding, right, slave?"

"Yes Master."

"And you understand that in accordance with the sexual freedom laws of 2357 that includes slave contracts, right slave?"

"I understand, Master."

“Then I’ll ask one last time. And remember, this entire meeting is being recorded so there will be no denying your answer. If I swear to never modify your body again, do you agree to being my sex slave for the next thirty-nine universal months?”

“I agree, Master. Swear to never modify my body again and I’ll serve as your loyal and obedient sex slave for the next thirty-nine universal months.”

“I swear it, slave. I will never modify your body again. It’s done, Aurora. You’re my property now and I don’t think I could love you more. As a sign of that love, after I fuck you silly I’ll permit you to use derma-mend to heal the brands before we leave the room.”

“T-Thank you Master.”

“Stand and get in the position I mentioned previously and then I want you to tell the entire crew that not only do you confirm the onboard leave, but that you are now my personal property to do with as I please for the next thirty-nine universal months.”

“Please don’t make me tell the crew, Master.”

“They can find out from you now, or later when I give you to them to gang bang.”

“You... you’re going to... yes Master,” Aurora said as she slid her feet apart.

“You’re going to spend the next thirteen days as the crew’s fucktoy, Aurora, but first and foremost you belong to me,” Drake said as he slammed all thick eleven inches of his cock into her unprepared and unprotected womanhood.

“UHN! H-Holy hell!” she grunted a fraction of a second before the orgasm ripped through her.