

Reaper of Worlds

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Reaper of Worlds

Copyright© 2024 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Chapter 10](#)
[Chapter 11](#)

Bright lights focused on a large cluster of cells casting everything else in near pitch darkness, Arch-Reaper Xindra looked down at her new demonic form and smirked. Tail slowly swaying side to side, she folded leathery wings over her shoulders like a cloak. One set of hands going up to gently trace the sweptback horns now protruding from her forehead, a second set cupped her large milk-filled breasts. Skin deep red with hints of orange and yellow giving the illusion she was flame incarnate, she commanded the nanites swarming through her 8-foot tall form to change the pigment to a more appealing purple. And as much as she enjoyed having four arms, she went back to a more practical two.

Her voice a series of clicks and throaty grunts, she spoke to the insectoids occupying the cells. "You are my prisoners. How long and comfortable you live depends on how cooperative you are. Don't bother attempting to kill yourselves as your alemtucor nodes have been removed," she said, referring to a special gland in the species' brain which, in the event of capture, they can manually rupture filling themselves with a dose of instantly fatal poison. "The nanites in your systems can reward or punish you. They can bring you to the heights of pleasure, or inflict unimaginable pain. How they respond is entirely in your hands. If you lie or refuse to answer my questions then I'm more than willing and capable of probing your minds. And if you don't believe me then ask former Captain Qamara Reydi. Or should I say Xak'Tarii?"

Remaining in the darkness, Xindra paced back and forth. "Species name: Scengrol. Appearance: Insectoid with hints of mantis, roach, ant, and beetle. Temperament: aggressive conquerors with no regard for life other than their own. I've been in the mind of your leader. I know everything they know. I alone rendered you incapable of killing yourselves to hide your secrets. Even now, though you want to tear at each other's throats the nanites I planted in your bodies prevent you taking any aggressive actions. And even if you somehow managed to overcome your new programming, I can flood your cells with Elcirix rendering you all unconscious before any harm can be done. And now that we know who is in charge here, let's begin."

Stopping, still concealed in the chamber's darkness, Xindra stares into the cells and smiles. "You may seem hideous to some, but I find your species as beautiful as any other I've ever laid eyes on. And I'm not just saying that to garner favor. You truly are beautiful and it's your exotic features that make it so. Yes, you're my prisoners, and are even now calculating all the ways you could or would like to murder me, but we do not have to be enemies. I can cure you of your megalomaniacal, self-righteous, and frankly barbaric ways and turn you into a species capable of not only getting along with others, but one that actively seeks peace. Yes, I know that flies in the face of millennia of indoctrination and tradition, but let's face the facts. If not for the Scengrol's ability to procreate on a scale virtually unheard of, you'd have gone extinct long ago as you're not exactly the most technologically advanced species out there and it's only a matter of time before you meet one capable of wiping you out once and for all."

Stepping from the darkness for the first time, Xindra continued. "I am High Arch-Reaper Xindra and I have the power to annihilate your entire species. I possess the knowledge to eradicate you like the plague that you are in a matter of hours. It took me a matter of minutes to break through Xak'Tarii's mental defenses and read their every thought and memory. What chance do you think you have against billions of my kind? I give you this one chance. Accept my help in changing the Scengrol species for the better, or hold onto your barbaric values and die."

“Once we figure out how to purge the nanites from our systems we’ll rip you to pieces and feast on your remains and then we’ll rid this universe of your kind once and for all!” Xak’Tarii replied in the Scengrol tongue.

“Scengrol law dictates that no species may hold us prisoner and any that do forfeit their lives!” another chimed in. “Our laws demand you set us free so that justice can be done!”

“You’re billions of lightyears from home. Do you honestly think your laws apply here? And even if they did you’re thirty-three Scengrol on a planet of fifteen billion humans and Furtasians that wouldn’t think twice about eradicating a hostile invasion force. I rendered you all unconscious on my own. I removed your alemtucor nodes on my own. With a thought I can tell the nanites to eat you alive and you’d experience the most agonizing death imaginable. What chance do you really think you have? Now, why don’t we start again. You,” Xindra said pointing to a lithe Scengrol female with long dark green hair and wide amber eyes. “What is your name?” Her question met with silence, she only smiled. “I understand you have some innate sense of pride and would rather die than leak information to your enemy, but I am your only hope of ever leaving this planet alive so I ask again: what is your name?”

“Thek’Ranna,” the alien woman replied after a long silence.

“That is genuinely a beautiful name for a beautiful woman,” Xindra said as she approached the Scengrol’s cell. Taking in the orangish-red chitinous plates covering the alien’s lithe feminine form, her smile widened.

“Your honeyed words will get you nothing more.”

“Honeyed though they may be, they’re also the truth. Nanites, translocate the Scengrol identified as Thek’Ranna outside of her cell so that we may have a more civilized conversation.”

No sooner was she outside of her cell, then Thek’Ranna lunged for her captor only to fall short as the nanites prevented her causing harm. “I’ll kill you!”

“No, no you really won’t. I can return you to your cell, or we can sit down and talk like rational adults,” Xindra said, causing lights to come on revealing a long conference table.

“Please, have a seat. Or if you’re feeling particularly adventurous we can have a little fun first.”

“What does that even mean?” Thek’Ranna asked.

“It means I want to show you just how beautiful I think you are. I am as sexually open as one can be, Thek’Ranna, and believe me or not, I am incredibly attracted to you.”

“If you knew anything about us you’d know we’d rather die than taint our blood with outsiders!”

“Says the Scengrol that already tainted your blood multiple times aboard the Celestial Wraith,” Xindra smirked as she transformed into her sheep-type furtasian persona. “Is this a more recognizable form? You and the others had no problem having sex with me then. And according to ship’s records each and every one of you had sex with no less than fifty members of the Vauthian crew so don’t give me your puritan nonsense as we all know that’s bullshit. Now, for the last time, can we cut the crap and just interact like adults? I want to have sex with you in your natural form, Thek’Ranna, so will you let me show you a good time?”

“I... Scengrol would rather... we were doing our duty... we were under orders to...”

“To break your cardinal rule by tainting the species by having sex with non-Scengrol? Even if that’s true, you’ve had sex with at least two different alien species so how can doing it again make things any worse? Also, how exactly is the blood tainted when it’s impossible for your species to procreate with any other? Do you see how easily these arguments fall apart with just a little bit of logic?”

“And what if I refuse to have sex with you? Are you going to force me to do it?”

“Absolutely not. I’m freely offering you a few moments of pleasure no strings attached, but if you don’t want that then we can sit down and talk.”

“I’ll have sex with you,” a Scengrol woman with deep red hair matching the yellowish-red chitinous plates providing natural armoring called out. “If she won’t talk then I will, but you must promise to not only guarantee my safety, but to give me asylum as well as once I tell you everything my people will torture and kill me.”

“What is your name?”

“My name is Mec’Jarra, Goddess. Yes, I recognize you and while they might deny it, I openly admit that I loved having sex with you and every Vauthian aboard the Celestial Wraith and I’m a slave at heart. Promise me protection and I’ll give you everything you want. And for the record, while Xak’Tarii might have been the ship’s Captain, I’m the true leader of this group. You want to know why we were aboard an enemy ship? You’re right, our species is invasive. You’re also right that the only reason we’re able to spread as quickly as we can is directly proportional to rapid procreation. Unfortunately, we attempted to invade the Vauthian home world and they fought us back time and time again so we waged biological warfare against them rendering them unable to procreate. Our only chance was to wait for them to die out on their own. Unfortunately, they’re incredibly long lived so we decided to infiltrate their ships to learn their technologies in the hopes of learning their every weakness.”

“We were instructed to do whatever it took to get that information including engaging in sex with them,” Thek’Ranna said. “But... but while we hated it at first, it didn’t take long to start enjoying it. How disgusting can we be to love having sex with our mortal enemy? We all recognize you, Goddess, and we all enjoyed having sex with you even if you were Vauthian at the time. Well, most of the time anyway. I was there when you first arrived. I was there when you had sex with us as you are now. If our leader is willing to have sex with you and to tell you everything, then so am I. Please, Goddess, make love to me.”

“What happened to tainting the blood?”

“That’s complete bullshit and we all know it, Goddess,” Mec’Jarra replied. “Like you said, it’s impossible for us to procreate with any other species and if our leaders were truly concerned about it they never would’ve given us permission to have sex with our mortal enemy.”

Walking up to their Furtasian captor, Thek’Ranna timidly reached out and cupped Xindra’s lightly furred cheek. “Do you really think we’re beautiful?”

“I do.”

“Enough to perform the Hethar’Zul’Kai?” Thek’Ranna asked, using the Scengrol term for a joining of partners.

“I thought that ceremony was forbidden with outsiders?”

“It is, but so is having sex with species other than our own, but here we are, Goddess. So would you perform Hethar’Zul’Kai with me?”

“I already have four life partners. Are you willing to perform the ceremony with them as well? Are you willing to spend the rest of your life with five aliens?”

“I am, Goddess,” Mec’Jarra said. “While not recognized on our home world, I am more than willing to perform the Hethar’Zul’Kai with you and all of your other wives.”

“Me too, Goddess,” Thek’Ranna said.

“TRAITORS!” Xak’Tarii shouted. “When I get out of here I’ll rip your plating off and beat you to death with it!”

“Says the traitor that couldn’t wait to get her hands on my and tongue in me,” Xindra shot back. “Nanites, translocate the Scengrol recognized as Mec’Jarra out of her cell and in front of

me.” When the Scengrol was standing in front of her, Xindra continued. “I’ll give the two of you a chance, but one wrong answer, one attempt to cause harm to me or anyone else, and you’ll never see freedom or the light of day again. Is that understood?”

“If you know what the Hethar’Zul’Kai is then you know that it binds partners in body, spirit, and mind making it impossible for us to cause harm to each other, Goddess. Once joined there’s literally nothing we can do to cause harm to you or anyone else we join with. That being said, may I have sex with you, Goddess?” Thek’Ranna asked as she knelt at the furtasian’s feet. “May I remind you how pleasurable our hands and tongues can be?” she added as she slowly pulled Xindra’s leather pants down.

“Both of you may. And once we’ve fucked each other to the point of exhaustion we’ll talk.”

“Deal, Goddess,” Mec’Jarra said as she got down on her knees where she immediately punched her right fist into Xindra’s womanhood knowing the furtasian could take it with practiced ease.

Also knowing what their Goddess can take, Thek’Ranna punched her left hand into Xindra’s womanhood stretching her open fast and wide. Linking fingers with her leader, the two Scengrol women then pulled their hands out and shoved them back in causing Xindra to gush in orgasm. “W-Which crew members were you, slaves?” Xindra panted.

“I was Lieutenant Aila Torlynn,” Mec’Jarra replied.

“And I was Ensign Roshia Mornala,” Thek’Ranna said.

“I remember you both very well so I know you’re more than capable of taking this,” Xindra said as she commanded the nanites to modify her anatomy. Pulling herself off the thrusting hands, she looked down at the kneeling Scengrol women as they watched in side-eyed shock as their captor grew an enormous double cock with each shaft measuring ten inches long and three inches thick. Grabbing Thek’Ranna and flipping her onto all fours, Xindra shoved her cocks into the Scengrol’s pussy and ass balls deep causing her to let out a guttural moan. “I’m going to breed you, slave.”

“If only it were possible, Goddess.”

The rest of her body quickly morphing back into it’s Sitharrian form, Xindra thrust in and out of Thek’Ranna driving her cocks in and out hard and fast. Whipping her long tail out and around Mec’Jarra’s left breasts, she poked the pointed tip into the Scengrol leader’s nipple. “I’m going to permanently mark you as my property, slave. Now’s the time to change your mind.”

“Please mark me, Goddess,” Mec’Jarra replied without hesitation. “Unlike those locked in the cells watching, I will never lie to you. I loved everything you did to me aboard the Celestial Wraith and nothing will make me happier than being your property.”

“P-Please mark me t-too, Goddess,” Thek’Ranna grunted. “And please accept my proposal of Hethar’Zul’Kai. Join with me forever and I’ll happily spend the rest of my life as your obedient sex slave.”

“I’ll be your slave again too, Goddess,” a Scengrol in one of the cells called out.

“Me too,” another said.

“You can do whatever you want to me as long as it ends with fucking me silly with those massive cocks, Goddess,” a third pleaded.

“I think it’s safe to say most of us would rather be your willing and obedient sex slave than your prisoner, Goddess, so if you let us out we’ll give you everything you desire and more,” another added.

“Before I let you out know that we are more than a mile underground with no way out but to translocate and the nanites will prevent you attempting to cause me harm before you even realize you’re thinking about it. I will also admit that I designed this form with the ability to procreate with any and all species including Scengrol so only come out if you’re prepared to have half Sitharrian children,”

“G-Goddess!” Thek’Ranna gasped. “That’s not possible! We can only be bred by our own kind!”

“And now me and all those who will soon take this form. Those of you willing will usher in a new species that will inhabit a world of their own. And in time we will convince other Scengrol to abandon their conquering ways and embrace lives of peaceful procreation. But until then, we’ll spend however long it takes to impregnate you. Now, thirty-three is a far cry from what we’ll need for a stable population so once I’m finished breeding the lot of you we’re going to find more Scengrol willing to put aside their conquering ways for the betterment of the universe.”

“We have people on more than a thousand Vauthian ships, Goddess,” a Scengrol with long black hair matching her dark gray chitinous plating said. “My name is Kreth’Lyn and I was Lieutenant-Commander Elmyra Gillesh aboard the Celestial Wraith. If you can get aboard those ships and do the same thing you did with the Celestial Wraith you could have approximately forty thousand Scengrol to breed. I don’t know how you’d be able to get them all here, but knowing they’ve broken the cardinal rule and will never be fully accepted back into Scengrol society being your prisoner and breed slaves is far better than the alternative.”

“We’ll discuss it after you’ve all been bred. Well, those willing to be bred anyway,” Xindra said as she continued thrusting in and out of Thek’Ranna.