

Ship of Perverts 2

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Ship of Perverts 2

Copyright© 2025 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](#)

Day 100...

Waking to the agonizing feeling of flesh being cut, Captain Nimhea Ulo scrambled back to see her new ward and prisoner turned lover Naya'il sadistically grinning back at her with blood dripping from one long, sharp fingernail. "What in the hell do you think you're doing?" Nimhea asked – glaring from her lover, to the line now carved into her left breast. "I told you to ask first! Dammit, Naya'il! I knew you couldn't be trusted!"

"I... but you..."

"No excuses! I told you what would happen if you betrayed my trust and you couldn't even last a single day without succumbing to your urges."

"But Mistress, you commanded me to wake you with a carving!"

"I said no such thing!"

"But you did. It was while making love last night and I was carving your flesh as commanded and you told me to wake this way every morning."

"I think I'd remember something like that, Naya'il!"

"Everything is recorded. Ask the computer to play it back. I know you don't fully trust me yet, Mistress, but I swear on my life that I didn't and would never betray the trust you've placed in me. Please! I'm begging you to let me prove my innocence."

"Computer, search my personal recordings from the last fifteen hours. Isolate any mention of waking up to Naya'il carving my flesh."

"Accessing personal recordings of Captain Nimhea Ulo... two instances found. Would you like them played?"

"Put them on screen." No sooner was the command given, then Nimhea saw herself and her charge in the throes of passion – her body covered in sweat, blood, and the most humiliating and degrading words imaginable in half a dozen languages.

∞ ∞ ∞

"Oh God I love you!" Nimhea moaned as a fingernail slowly carved a symbol into her belly. "I never... the pleasure... I could wake up to this every morning!"

"It would be my honor and pleasure to wake you with a carving, Mistress, but is that what you really want?"

"YES!"

"I love you so much, Mistress! But given the circumstances of our relationship I need to hear you say it for the record. Please, Mistress, please tell me what you want."

"I want you to wake me with a carving every morning, slave! I want you to use my body as canvas for your beautiful art! If you fail or refuse you'll be disciplined! Is that understood, slave?"

"I understand, Mistress, and thank you." Naya'il said as she drew a line down her owner's outer left labia causing the captain to gush in orgasm.

∞ ∞ ∞

"I must've been really out of it because I don't remember that at all, but there's no refuting the evidence. I'm sorry I doubted you, slave."

"Thank you for letting me prove my innocence, Mistress."

"You may continue the carving. And No matter what it is I give you my word I'll never heal the scars."

“Thank you, Mistress.” Straddling her lover’s hips, Naya’il leaned down and with surgical precision carved the words SLAVE TO PAIN into the captain’s left breast – eliciting three orgasms from the masochist in the process.

“Mmmm... truer words were never carved,” Nimhea purred. “I’m going to wake my first officer today so that she can marry us. What do you think about that, slave?”

“I think that makes me the luckiest Dremevese in the galaxy, Mistress,” Naya’il said as he large feathery wings opened to reveal they had turned blood red – something that only happens when a soulmate has been found.

“Red wings!”

“We were meant for each other, Mistress. I may have doubted it before, but the wings don’t lie.

“They’re starting to turn blue. Please correct me if I’m wrong, but doesn’t that indicate fertility?”

“Yes Mistress. If you want to impregnate me now’s your best chance.”

Using her half-hecvese anatomy to grow functional male reproductive organs, Nimhea drew her lover in for a kiss. “We’re going to breed each other, slave.”

“I love you so much, Mistress!”

“And I love you!” Nimhea said as she pushed her ward back onto the bed. Lifting her hips, she plunged all 9 inches into her willing and eager soulmate and then stopped while looking down at Naya’il’s hard cock. “I want to try something different.” Pulling out, she flipped her lover onto all fours. Reaching down, she drew Naya’il’s cock back between her legs and then guided it into her womanhood while simultaneously pushing hers into her alien lover so they were effectively fucking each other. “Mmmm... this might just work,” she purred.

“I think you might be right, Mistress. And if not then at least we tried,” Naya’il said as she slowly fucked herself on her owner’s cock while fucking her owner on hers.

“Oh, this is definitely going to work, and this is how we’re going to ensure we’re bred at the same time!” Nimhea said as she ever so slightly adjusted her position to make penetration and being penetrated just that much easier. And since we’re both at our most fertile, there’s no time like the present!”

“May I ask a favor, Mistress.”

“You may.”

“Thank you, Mistress. If it’s possible, can you grow your cock two inches longer and maybe fifty percent thicker?”

“I can, but that’ll make this position harder to maintain. How about I grow my cock nice and thick for an ass reaming afterward?”

“Mmmm... thank you, Mistress.”

When we’re finished I want another permanent carving on my right breast that says Bred by Naya’il. And I’m going to carve Bred by Nimhea into yours.”

“Nothing would make me happier, Mistress! I don’t know what I did to deserve this, but thank you for being the best lover and owner this perverse Dremevese could ever hope for.”

“As you said, the wings don’t lie. I thought Mikaela, Jaynelle, and Myles were insane when they proposed this plan, but I have to admit, of all the thousands of lovers I’ve had over the years, you... you’re the only one I’ve truly connected with. We really are meant for each other. Now, less talking and more fucking, slave!”

“Yes Mistress.” Adjusting her position, Naya’il fucked herself on her owner’s cock, while fucking her owner in return.

Meanwhile...

Waking to a powerful hand wrapped tightly around their throats, Comms Officer Mikaela and Chief Medical Officer Jaynelle were roughly yanked out of bed and while Jaynelle was met with a tongue down her throat, Mikaela was impaled on the 14-inch-long, 3-inch-thick cock of their Tebraxian husband.

“Morning, playthings,” Thomul greeted his new wives in the only way he knew how.

“Mmmm... morning to you too, bug guy,” Mikaela moaned as the bulbous head of her husband’s cock slammed against her cervix as he lifted her up and down with one hand.

“Best wakeup call ever,” Jaynelle purred. “But remember, we’re pregnant now so...”

“Be gentle in my roughness,” Thomul said. “I’ll play by the rules, Mistress.”

“Good boy. Now, let’s play a game of pound the pussy!”

“Thomul like!” the huge brutish man exclaimed. Lifting Mikaela off his cock, he brought Jaynelle down on it. Pulling her off, he plowed into Mikaela. Alternating back and forth, he fucked his toys for a solid fifteen minutes before the urge to come grew to great to ignore. Dropping them on the floor, he grabbed them by the hair of the head, and then blew his load all over their faces which he then pushed together to indicate he wanted them to lick each other clean.

“Best wakeup call ever!” Mikaela purred as she licked the thick, surprisingly sweet semen from her wife’s face.

Meanwhile...

Waking to the feeling of a rough tongue licking his manhood, Chief of Security Myles looked down to the green eyes of his new wife stuck in the reddish and tan furred Iphines form staring back at him. “Careful or you’ll lick the skin right off,” he said, reaching down and gently caressing her lightly furred feline cheek.

“Sorry, Master. I just get so excited pleasuring you that I got carried away.”

“No harm done. Just remember, human skin isn’t as thick as that of other species in the universe.

“I’d make my tongue a little smoother for you, Master, but I can’t alter even the tiniest part of my form while pregnant.”

“It’s okay. Just don’t use quite as much pressure and you’ll be fine. But if you truly can’t control yourself then lick somewhere with thicker skin than my dick.”

“Yes Master. I’m really trying to keep my urges at bay, but sometimes when I’m really excited...”

“I know, my love. That’s why I’m here. You’ve spent your entire life in a state of sexual frustration and it’s going to take longer than a few months to get it out of your system, so go ahead and lick me as hard as you want anywhere on my body except the family jewels and we’ll get it under control eventually.”

“I love you so much, Master!”

“I love you too, Kimra. Now suck my cock and be mindful of the fangs. Light scraping is okay, but no biting!”

“Yes Master.” And with that the horny alien woman sucked her human owner’s cock into her mouth while maintaining eye contact. Sticking her long tongue out, she did her best to gently

lick his balls. Pulling back, she scraped her sharp fangs along his shaft hard enough to make him moan while not drawing blood.

“Mmmm... that’s it, kitty! Keep doing that and you’ll be rewarded with a creamy treat!”

“Kitty does love a creamy treat, Master!”

“And I love feeding you my creamy treat,” Myles said as he thought back to the events of the last 99 days. “There’s something else I love that I want you to do for me, kitty.”

“Anything Master!”

“It’s no secret between those of us that are awake that I love Mikaela and Jaynelle fucking me up the ass, but I want more, kitty. I want you to stretch my ass open enough for me to take Thomul’s enormous cock.”

“R-Really, Master?”

“Really.”

“I... may I make a request, Master?”

“You may.”

“Thank you, Master. Stretching your ass open that wide and deep isn’t a problem at all, but will take a long time. Time enough for me to give birth and be able to shift forms again. Instead of Thomul fucking you with his huge cock, what if it was mine? I can easily become Tebraxian and fuck you with whatever sized cock you desire. And because I know you have a thing for transgender females I can do it as a transgender Tebraxian.”

“I like the way you think, kitty. It’s a deal, but you need to do it before we reach Blackport Penitentiary.”

“Yes Master, but we’ll need to keep you stretched all day, every day for us to have any chance.”

“Then we better get started.” Grabbing his comms badge from the stand next to the bed, Myles gave it a tap. “Captain, Myles here, I’d like permission to create a playroom in the space beneath my quarters.”

“Permission granted,” Captain Ulo moaned in reply.

“Everything okay, Captain?”

“N-Never better!”

Comms going silent, Myles tossed the badge back on the stand. “Computer, using the space under my quarters and extending as far as structurally possible create a bdsm playroom filled with all of the toys, furniture, and equipment possible.”

“Request accepted and initiated. Thirty-one hours, forty-nine minutes to completion,” the computer replied.

“Well, that sucks,” Miles huffed.

“With your permission I can use my fingers and fists until the room is complete, Master, or I can ask Mikaela and Jaynelle for some of their toys to use.”

“I don’t want anyone knowing about this, kitty.”

“I can tell them they’re to stretch me to better accommodate Thomul’s cock in my current form, Master.”

“I don’t think we’re going to make significant progress in the next thirty-one hours so we’ll just use your fingers for now.”

“Yes, Master, but based on the size of the toys they fucked you with fisting you isn’t going to be an issue at all. In fact, I’m fairly certain I can put my whole hand in your ass right now. Getting it deep enough to take a Tebraxian dick, however, that’s going to take a lot more work.”

“Computer, give me a large bottle of lube and a twenty-inch long, inch and a half thick dildo capable of inflating to four inches along the entire length,” Myles instructed. A moment later the items were on the nightstand. “Will this work to stretch me deep?” he asked, holding up the very flexible sex toy.

“That will work perfectly, Master!”

Handing his wife the bottle of lube, Myles rolled onto all fours and then raised his ass.

“Then put it in me, kitty.”

“Um, there’s one more thing you should get used to doing, Master.”

“What now, slave?”

“Enemas, Master. If you want to take it that deep you’ll need to keep yourself cleaned out or, well, things can get impacted and that’s no fun.”

“Computer, replicate me an enema kit,” Myles instructed and a moment later it was sitting on the nightstand.

“Thank you, Master. If you’ll join me in the bathroom I’ll make sure you’re cleaned out nice and deep and then we can spend the day stretching you open.”

“As you command, Mistress,” Myles replied.

“M-Master?”

“You’ve taken charge of the situation so dominate me, Kitty. If it pertains to stretching my ass then I’m yours to serve.”

“I... you... I don’t know... that’s very generous of you, Master. Thank you for the trust. Now get on all fours and crawl to the bathroom so I can clean out your ass.”

“Yes Mistress.” Pulling his wife in, Myles kissed her hard on the lips. “I love you more than words can ever express.”

“I love you too, Master.”

“Slave.”

“Master?”

“I’m your slave right now, Kitty, so that’s how you should address me.”

“Y-Yes slave. Now get your ass in the bathroom before I cane it.”

“Yes Mistress!”