

# **Vassal of Talreen**

**Crimson Rose**

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# Chapter 1

## The Landing Party

The survey ship Solaris continued scanning the lands below as it orbited the planet Talrennia. They had been in orbit nearly six months now and had learned a great deal about the planet and its people - the Talreen they called themselves, a species of green-skinned humanoids with horns growing from the top of the forehead and sweeping back. The length of the horns seems to indicate one's station in life with those in power having the longest and peasants having short nubs that were kept ground down to a minimum.

After six long months of listening in on transmissions from the surface, and learning the local dialects, it was time to send the first manned mission to the surface. There was always risk involved when encountering a new species for the first time, but the crew of the Solaris were trained for hardships. They were the top in their class at the academy, and the best in the field. In its eight years travelling the galaxy it had never lost one of its own - something no other vessel could claim.

Jayde Keller entered the Ready room along with fellow officers Doyle Grant and Allen Ramsey. They were exobiologists and would be the first team on the surface. If their mission was a success other more diplomatic teams would follow.

"Please, sit down," said captain Jonathan Frakes "I know how eager you all are to get to the surface, so I won't take up much of your time." He waited for the three crew members to take a seat before continuing. "New Intel has come in pertaining to the Talreen and it isn't good. At least not for you Lieutenant Keller," he said turning his attention to the pretty exobiologist that was suddenly looking very nervous. Something about the fear showing in her big brown eyes made him want to smile, but he managed to keep it in check.

"Me sir?" Lieutenant Jayde Keller replied. She flipped open the folder on the table in front of her and skimmed through it. "What does it have to do with me?"

"Well, as you all know, Talrennian females keep their horns filed down to nothing more than nubs. And then there is the matter of the marks that ninety percent of them are branded with. As it turns out, the Talreen are slavers. The men dominate the women, subjugate them to do all manner of...things."

"Things sir? What sort of things?" Keller asked.

"Things you're better off not knowing, Lieutenant."

"With all due respect, Sir, I've been trained to handle any hardships just like Grant and Ramsey here. So I ask again: what does this have to do with me personally?"

"They are sex slaves Lieutenant. The females of the species are sex slaves to the males. *All* of the males. Understand now?"

"I do sir," Keller said looking through the folder sitting in front of her. "But I see here that only the slaves of the species are branded and the rest of the female population is free. So I just go down the unbranded and everything is fine."

"Unfortunately, no," the Captain replied. "While it is true that unbranded women are free, they are only free because no one has caught them yet."

"So, why are we here?" Grant asked, motioning to himself and Ramsey.

"Because you're all part of the team. I guess the two of you can go ahead to medical for the transforming. I'll see about getting another male member for the team."

“SIR!” Keller exclaimed. “With all due respect I am the best officer for the job. I’ve got more experience than anyone on this ship, plus I’m the only qualified exolinguist you’ve got.”

“I will not send you down into harm’s way. Perhaps if we are able to negotiate with them I’ll reconsider, but for now, you stay aboard ship.”

“What if Grant and Ramsey agree to act as my protectors?” Keller protested. “If they agree to keep an eye on me and make sure I remain safe will you let me go?”

“Why? Why would you want to put yourself at risk? You have no idea what those creatures down there are capable of.”

“Neither do you sir. It’s my job to find out though.”

“Look Keller, I appreciate your dedication to the job, but the new Intel does not paint the Talrennian males in a very good light. If I send you down there artificially marked, then you will be seen as a slave to do with as the men please. If I send you down unmarked, then you are free and any man that sees you may take you as his slave. It’s a no win situation for you either way.”

“It says here that slaves of one House may not take a marked woman of another House,” Keller said looking through the report. “If that’s the case, then have me marked as the House we are surveying and no one else can take me, right?”

“While mostly true, reports have come back indicating that slaves can and often are stolen by other houses and little is done by the original house to retrieve them. I do not believe it is worth the risk sending you. I’m sorry, Lieutenant.”

“What if I wore a subcutaneous tracker? That way, if anything does go wrong you can transport me the hell out of there. I know my duties, Sir, and I am not afraid of what may or may not happen down there. Besides, I’m also trained in hand to hand combat and am a fairly good shot. I can handle my own as well as any man aboard this ship.”

“Of that I have no doubt,” the Captain smiled. “Fine, if you are so adamant about going, then go. Tell the doc to implant you with the tracker to be on the safe side.”

“Thank you Captain.”

“Dismissed.”

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The transformation process was a painful one as the three crewmen started looking less like a human and more like a Talreen. Pigments were added to make the skin turn green and slits were cut in the appropriate places on the forehead so that the bone could grow through to form horns. While prosthetic horns would have been more practical, the real deal was required for the extended stay of the crew. And that is where the differenced stopped in terms of male and female changes.

Grant and Ramsey were already fit and muscular so no change was required there, but their human forms were lacking considerably down below. Their penises were surgically altered to resemble that of the Talreen men - longer, thicker, and with a ring of boney nubs an inch under the head and an inch up from the base.

Lieutenant Keller had other changes made to her physique. Her eyes were made to look larger, her facial features softened to give her a more feminine and exotic appeal. Accelerated growth gave her longer, slimmer fingers as was common with the females of the species. She was also altered down below to make her more easily excitable. Instead of one clitoris, she now had the equivalent of three.

With the transformation complete, the doctor handed them each a bag and told them to get dressed. Grant and Ramsey climbed out of bed, the sheets falling off their naked bodies.

“Dear lord!” Keller gasped at the sight of them, her eyes drifted between their legs and her jaw dropped. “What in the hell is that!”

“Don’t tell me you’ve never seen a dick before!” Grant laughed.

“Yes, but not one that looks like that. You sure you got the dimensions right, Doc?”

“Down to the last millimeter. Just as I did with your alterations, Lieutenant. “How are you feeling?”

“Horny,” she blurted out, slapping a hand over her mouth as her face flushed. “I...I didn’t mean...oh god kill me now!”

“It’s alright, Lieutenant,” Doc explained. “I’d be worried if you weren’t. You’ve got three clitorises now as all females of the species. Please get dressed, the Captain wishes to see you in his Ready room for the final briefing before you go.”

“Is this it, Doc? Where’s the underwear and top?”

“Enslaved females do not wear underwear or tops,” Doc replied. “That is all you get to wear.”

“Can I get a robe to wear while on ship?” Keller asked, looking down at the brand of a black phoenix on her upper right arm.

“No can do. Captain’s orders.”

“So, he expects me to walk around the ship nearly naked?” Keller sighed.

“You won’t hear me complaining,” Grant winked. “You were pretty before, but now...DAMN! I almost want to try this bad boy out!” he said shaking his cock in her direction.

“That would be her increased pheromone production at work,” Doc explained. “You’ll find it nearly impossible to resist.”

“What in the hell did you turn me into Doc?” Keller gasped.

“A Talrennian female,” Doc answered. “At least as close as I can approximate without having one on board to examine further.”

Grant and Ramsey, now prime specimens of the Talrennian people, put on traditional leather pants and boots while Keller put on a sheer skirt that was slit up both sides to the hip. Slaves on Talrennia were not permitted to cover their breasts, or nether regions as they were required to always be accessible.

On the way to the Ready Room the three transformed crewmen got a lot of looks, but none more so than Keller. The men stared at her with lust, some followed close behind just to get a whiff of her exotic aromas. Grant and Ramsey were no better. They stared at her ass the entire way, making her walk in front as her rank dictated.

“Was it necessary to make me walk through the ship naked, Captain?” Keller said as she sat down in her seat.

“It was. And you will kneel on the floor like a proper slave girl,” the Captain ordered.

“Captain?” Keller said with raised brow.

“On the floor kneeling with your ass resting on the heels of your feet, palms flat on your knees with your back straight and eyes forward, Lieutenant. That is the proper way for a Talrennian slave girl to sit so you might as well start practicing now. Remember, slaves are not permitted on furniture without permission. They are also not permitted to talk without permission. While I won’t punish you aboard this ship, down on the planet they will not hesitate to take the whip to you for even the slightest infraction. Still think it a wise idea to go?”

Keller looked at him, at the bulge growing in his pants and the look of pleasure he was getting by making her humiliate herself. Since she was not allowed to speak, she nodded her head.

“Very well then,” the Captain continued. “You will be transported a few miles outside the city of Zrey on the continent they call Kagroa. It is part of the Dragothian Empire and is an agricultural society. Your mission is to blend in as well as possible and learn all you can about House Dragoth and the other four ruling families.” He handed them each a folder before continuing. “Inside is your identity and backstory. It should be enough to fool the locals into believing you are whom you say you are. Keller, you are a slave of the House Dragoth now and you know what that means. I’ll be monitoring you closely and all you have to do is give the signal and I’ll get you out of there. Dismissed.”

The three crewmen stood up to leave the room when the Captain held his hand out to Keller. “Get back in the kneeling position, Lieutenant. You are not permitted to leave until we are out of the room. Better to learn that here than down there where they will punish you for it.”

Keller knelt on the floor and hung her head. She had never felt more humiliated in her life, but she wasn’t about to quite now. No matter what happened she had to see it through or else look weak in the eyes of the Captain and crew. Only when the others were gone and the door closed did she get to her feet and exit the room. She retired to her private quarters to go over her new Talrennian identity. She had three days to commit it to memory, but she needed only a few hours.

Three days was a long time to be trapped onboard a spaceship full of horny men and women. Despite her best efforts, Keller was unable to keep her increased pheromones in check. After a near catastrophe in the mess hall she locked herself in her quarters until departure time.