



# Captain Scarr and the Housewife

## Part 2

**Two days later... Earth, 10:47 PM.**

A second-floor window of a boutique hotel glowed a soft amber. Inside: shadows moving. Rhythmically. Sloppily.

Back aboard *The Velvet Saber*, the comms tech sat at his console, legs crossed too tightly, cheeks flushed. The scanners confirmed it: *Ted*, the lying husband, mid-thrust, pants around one ankle, making half-hearted noises over the intern's giggles. *Amateur*.

"Status report." A terse voice clipped over the speaker on his console. His body responded.

"Target acquired," he croaked, his member straining in vain against the inside of his pants.

"No, ensign," she sneered quietly. "I gave you a command before I left for the planet's surface."

"While I'm gone, I'd like you to do a manual adjustment of your equipment — a full eject and purge. I'll want to see the results when I return."

He had, in fact, ejected. Four times. And was still uncertain where exactly to leave the "results." A sealed vial sat next to a labeled datapad, trembling slightly with every buzz of incoming sensor data.

The speaker once again sparked to life. "When I return from my mission, I will do a proper inspection of your equipment. I expect to be impressed."

**Room 217.**

The headboard thumped rhythmically against the wall, muffled by the plush decor and a string of apologies Ted wasn't exactly delivering with sincerity. The intern — twenty-two. Maybe. — giggled into the crook of his neck, her legs locked around his waist, her nails digging into his back just enough to make him feel young again. Her firm, perky breasts jiggled with his every lumbering thrust.

"Daddy, you're so bad," she whispered in a sweet falsetto, hips rolling up to meet his. "Your wife must be so bored."

"She doesn't... she doesn't understand me," Ted panted, already close. "She doesn't do it like this."

"No? Not like this?" The doe-eyed intern arched beneath him, her breath hot against his ear. "Not like a little slutty secretary riding your dick between meetings?"

Ted groaned, burying his cock deeper into her wet pussy. He gazed into her face — her wide, empty stare, her puffy lips slightly parted, the flush on her rounded cheeks. Lipstick smeared across the pillowcase like evidence.

"Tell me I'm better," she breathed. "Tell me I'm tighter."

"God, you're so tight," he gasped. "Fuck, you're perfect."

Her eyes went wide as her mouth formed a neat "O."

“Are you going to blast your hot load inside me?” she purred, voice syrupy and cruel. “I’m not on the pill, Daddy.”

He had no idea what she’d said. He was too busy coming — sloppily, and too fast, muttering a mix of curses and guilt. He collapsed onto her, sweating and grateful she was half his size.

She giggled again, brushing a sticky strand of hair from her cheek. “You last longer in board meetings.”

He was still catching his breath when the light in the room dimmed. The intern frowned and looked up just in time to see a shimmer ripple across the air — and then *she vanished*.

There was no flash. No bang. Just an empty bed.

Ted blinked. “...Kara?”

A shadow moved behind him. Leather creaked.

“Late night assignment?” came a voice from the dark — rich, low, and very unimpressed.

Ted turned just in time to see Captain Scarr step into the light, hips cocked, corset gleaming, and a smile that promised trouble measured in hours.

Ted blushed, still half-hard, still half-clueless. He lumbered to his feet.

"H-hey, look, it's not what it—"

She shoved him against the dresser with one gloved hand, pinning him with ease.

"Shh. It's exactly what it looks like. Fortunately for you, I'm not here to shame you."

A pause. Her grin deepened.

"I'm here to retrain you."

He swallowed, cock twitching in spite of himself. "I... I mean. I'm listening."

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The room pulsed with soft, violet light and smelled faintly of leather polish. The chamber was built for training... and punishment. Cold chrome restraints gleamed on the walls. A padded bench occupied the center, with restraints already uncoiled like waiting hands.

Ted stood naked, his body flushed, confused, and not a little aroused. His wrists were cuffed in front of him, loose enough to be adjusted later.

The doors hissed open.

Ted's breath caught as Captain Scarr stepped through the threshold like a goddess who'd just conquered her hundredth moon. She wore a high-gloss black corset so tight it looked painted on, pushing her breasts up and together in a display that was almost architectural — two perfect, heaving orbs framed by polished leather trim. They wobbled lewdly with every stride of her booted legs, and her hips rolled like she owned gravity.

He'd barely noticed it before — maybe because he was too focused on not being caught, or too distracted by the eager youth of his intern. But now, standing naked in an alien discipline chamber, Ted *felt* it: that ache of recognition.

She wasn't young. She wasn't slim. She was *substantial*.

And Ted's cock — treacherous, twitching — was very much aware of the difference.

The intern had been perky, sure. Tight. Textbook hot. But this woman? This *force*?

Scarr's body promised experience. Indulgence. Control. Everything about her, from the deep valley of her cleavage to the confidence in her stride, hit him in a place the intern never could. Not just arousal — *hunger*.

She noticed.

A smirk curved her lips as she paced toward him, her gaze dropping meaningfully to his growing erection.

“Ah,” she said, voice like molten silk. “So the boy does know quality.”

Ted tried to speak but ended up just swallowing hard, blood thundering in his ears. She reached out with one gloved hand, dragging a single fingertip along the underside of his chin, then lower — over his collarbone, his sternum, the tight clutch of his belly.

“Your little intern got you excited,” she murmured, circling him like a predator, her curves brushing his shoulder as she passed. “But this?” She paused directly in front of him, cupping one massive breast in her palm, squeezing it just enough to make the corset creak.

“This is what you crave when the lights are off and the lies fall away.”

Ted moaned under his breath. There was no point denying it now. Not with his cock saluting her.

Scarr leaned in, massive tits brushing his chest, her breath hot at his ear.

“You want a real woman to lock you up.”

Click.

The sound of the cage's latch echoed through the chamber. The cock cage snapped into place like a verdict. She tightened it just enough that he gasped when he started to swell — then couldn't.

Ted gasped, hips twitching instinctively as the metal pressed snugly around him. It wasn't painful. Not exactly. But it was *impossibly* tight. A cruel little prison. And the worst part — OK... the best part — was how it made every throb, every flicker of arousal *matter*.

"There," Scarr said, stepping back to admire her work. "Now we don't have to worry about you getting ahead of yourself."

Ted groaned, hands still cuffed in front of him. His skin was flushed, nipples tight, eyes wide. Every inch of his body was straining with unspent tension. And Captain Scarr looked like she'd just painted a masterpiece.

She walked behind him, her corset stretching with each stride, the polished leather catching the violet glow of the chamber. She unhooked the wall restraints with a soft *click* and guided his wrists upward, fastening them to the overhead suspension bar. Another pair of cuffs wrapped his ankles, splaying him just wide enough to make him feel *exposed*.

“You’ll hold this position,” she murmured, voice velvet-smooth as she adjusted the straps. “No squirming. No whining. No leaking.”

She stepped in front of him again, her corset lifting with every breath, the deep canyon of her cleavage now directly at eye level. She was close enough for him to smell the heady mix of leather, ozone, and something darker—something *intoxicating*.

“I want you present for this. Not drifting off like you did with the intern.”

Her gloved hand traced down his chest, pausing over his caged cock. She tapped it gently. *Tink tink*.

“You wanted to cheat? Congratulations. You just earned a lesson in focus.”

She snapped her fingers. The bench behind him lit up with a soft hum — activated, calibrated. It adjusted itself, angling upward like a throne, or an altar.

“Now,” she said, circling back behind him again, her boots echoing slowly across the chamber, “you’re going to take your punishment like a man...”

Another pause. Then a low chuckle.

“...or a reasonable facsimile.”

She returned with a small device — round, chrome, with soft leather extensions. Ted squinted. A paddle? A sensor?

It buzzed to life in her hand.

“Pain is easy,” she said, dragging the tip across his inner thigh, not quite touching. “But denial... denial lingers.”

She pressed a button.

A low hum filled the air as the device activated the cage. Not pain — *vibration*. A slow, maddening pulse. Enough to wake every nerve. Enough to make him swell — and be punished for it.

Ted let out a high, helpless whine.

Scarr purred, pleased. “There’s the sound I was waiting for.”

She seated herself in a high-backed chair directly in front of him, legs crossed, breasts rising like a promise, and held a remote in one hand.

“We’re going to spend the next hour learning about consequences.”

The lights dimmed, the hum deepened, and Ted began to understand that Captain Scarr didn’t just discipline.

She *reprogrammed*.

## **One hour later. Angela's backyard.**

Birds chirped. The sun rose warm and golden over the suburban fence line.

Angela yawned as she stepped onto the patio in her robe, coffee in hand — and stopped cold.

There, tied upright to the maple tree by shimmering alien restraints, was Ted. Nude. Grinning like a dopey idiot. Hungover and harnessed in a chrome cock cage. A note dangled from the harsh device.

Angela stepped closer and read:

*“You were right about the intern. After some intensive interrogation, it turns out all he needed was some discipline.”*

*“The key to the cage is taped to that cute little butt — do with it what you will.”*

*“I might drop by later to see how you two are doing. P.S.: Invite the intern over sometime. I think she'd LOVE to get to know you better.”*

Angela sipped her coffee, looked Ted up and down, and smirked.

“Looks like someone finally got a performance review.”

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*Meanwhile, aboard the Velvet Saber...*

The comms tech had just finished scrubbing the data logs — and his own search history. Thirteen “ejections” would be impressive, right? Even for a woman like Scarr.

The doors hissed open, and a young, naked intern wandered into the command deck.

“Where am I?” she peeped, her small hands pressed against her round breasts.

Before the comms tech could reply, she pointed to the enormous vial he was holding, half-filled with a suspiciously thick, pearlescent liquid.

“Could I have some of your smoothie?” she said. “I’m soooo thirsty.”

