

"...Hot day as always, huh, Jaro?"

"You like playing the obvious," the second voice came, mixed with faint interference and crackling.

"Then here's a not-so-obvious fact for you, Lin: yesterday on Nar Shaddaa some idiot tried to hijack a transport carrying a container of live nuna, and two blocks later the nuna themselves were dragging him naked down the street. I still can't figure out how he even managed that..."

I groaned and immediately winced, shifting my hand and feeling how my entire skin seemed to thank me for it.

God, I want to sleep... so badly that even the cold and the hard surface under my body feels distant and unimportant.

Probably worked too late again and passed out right on the lab floor, because my body felt heavy, numb, wrecked, and the muscles between my legs and in my lower abdomen ached with some dull, strange pulling fatigue I had never experienced before in my life. I let out a quiet groan, trying to open my eyes, and immediately grimaced because my lips felt oddly tight, like they had swollen overnight from a hit or an allergy. They felt too big. Too soft. Even just pressing them together now felt unfamiliar, like my mouth had suddenly become different.

Ah, whatever.

God, what a dream I had. What a nightmare... Twi'leks, Tatooine and... sex! Like... like I was being fucked and I...

Fuck! What the hell am I even dreaming about?!

I took a deep breath through my nose and immediately let out a soft:

"mmh..."

The sound came out strange. Too high, more like a moan.

The smell of cigarettes, dampness, dust and alcohol hit my nose immediately. I frowned, slowly opening my eyes and feeling my eyelashes stick together unpleasantly after sleep.

In front of me was a dirty metal floor with scratches, dried stains and a cigarette butt lying just a few centimeters from my face. Somewhere above, an old fan hummed lazily, and to the right, through a half-closed door, dim orange light of a Tatooine morning was seeping in.

Tatooine.

Shit.

Tatooine!

I woke up instantly, like I'd been doused with cold water, and realized I was lying on the floor in that same hideout of that smuggler Rikkan, the one I had run to yesterday hoping for help and with whom...

Oh God!

NO! No no no!

Not this! This can't be real! I couldn't have! I just couldn't have had sex with him pretending to be Lyra'ven.

I tried to resist. I did! I remembered it perfectly clearly. Remembered how I wanted to explain who I was, how I wanted to push him away, how I was about to get up and... and...

But then, as if in response, between my legs and in my lower abdomen I felt that strange heavy muscle pain stronger, so telling that denying what had happened became almost impossible. I sharply squeezed my thighs, and the movement made it ache inside even more unpleasantly, like those muscles were sore after a long, far too active night.

And then the memories hit all at once.

Not in fragments. Not in separate flashes. But the whole night. A night that wasn't fragments of Lyra's memories, but my night!

How his hands held my lekku, how I pushed myself back onto him, greedy, almost with desperate pleasure, how I clenched him inside with those muscles I didn't even know existed before and how I moaned his name. How later I was on my knees, almost pressing my forehead into his legs, while Rikkan lounged on the old couch, smoking and holding my lekku with one hand. How my hands settled on his thighs on their own, how my tongue moved so confidently like it had been doing it for years, like I wasn't a scientist at all, not the great doctor Adrian Brown whose discoveries could turn the galaxy upside down, but really some cheap Twi'lek whore who spent the whole night licking and swallowing his cock like it was the only thing she had ever wanted.

"Oo'kha... m-mh... (Yes... mm-h)" a pitiful moan slipped out of me on its own along with the memory and even a hint of pleasure, and I immediately winced at it.

Shit. It really happened. Why was I doing that? Why couldn't I stop? Why did I want it so badly?

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My body ached, but the hardness of the floor and the cold air drifting through that cramped little room were slowly pulling me out of that murky, damp nightmare I had dragged myself into during the night.

I slowly rolled onto my back and immediately let out a quiet hiss through my teeth.

"Tscha-ren... (damn...)"

The muscles between my legs pulled unpleasantly, and my breasts swayed heavily across my body as I awkwardly braced myself on an elbow against the floor. Only now did it fully hit me that I had no clothes on. I was naked. Completely naked, unless you counted those cuffs on my thin wrists and the diadem on my head, tightly strapped around my lekku.

I got up sharply, and immediately hissed through my teeth again.

"Tscha-ren... (damn...)"

My head spun. The lekku slid heavily over my shoulders and breasts, one brushing wetly against a nipple, the other teasing along my spine, making my whole body flinch as I instinctively grabbed the nearest wall and let out a faint groan as, from that movement, my ass swayed heavily beneath me, as if reminding me of itself separately from the rest of my body.

"Kha'non... (God...)" I exhaled, squeezing my eyes shut.

What the hell kind of hips does this twi'lek even have? How does she walk with this? How does she sit? How does she... exist?

I froze, breathing heavily, pressing my palm against the rusty metal wall of the cramped room, and for a few seconds just tried to ride out the wave of weakness and irritation. My breasts still weighed down my skin in that unfamiliar way, rising and falling so distinctly that even with my eyes closed I could feel them, the lekku still clinging damply and unpleasantly to my back and shoulders, and the hosts' voices kept rambling about some nonsense.

But I noticed the main thing — I was alone. Probably. Because the bed, where Rikkan had apparently slept, was empty, and the room was far too small for anyone to hide in. And why would he even hide?

I automatically shifted my lower jaw, pressing a palm to it — my old habit, something I'd picked up from my idol in that show about the mad genius — and again I felt something strange. No, not the fact that I was a twi'lek girl — that was already a relatively established fact. It was that same sensation I'd had since waking up.

My tongue reacted faster than the thought could fully form, slipping out and running along the outer surface of my lips, immediately confirming that my senses weren't lying to me. They really were full, noticeably fuller than yesterday, soft and unusually sensitive, because even that light touch of my tongue sent a short, warm wave through me that raised goosebumps along my skin.

"Va'na shel-mirak! (I need a mirror!)" I exhaled, almost breaking, and jerked forward myself, not even thinking where I would find one, but after a couple of moments I stopped and looked around the room.

A dirty cot. Crumpled fabric. Empty bottles.

An old table piled with junk — parts, some tools, scraps of wires...

I took a step forward and immediately winced as my breasts swayed heavily, painfully pulling at the skin, and my hips, as if on purpose, rolled smoothly to the side, forcing me to take the next step with a slight, involuntary sway. So feminine. So seductive. The same movement that had irritated me so much when I approached the settlement yesterday.

I turned my head to the left again. Then to the right, feeling the warm lekku slide over my shoulder blades.

Hm, have these things just become extensions without that intense sensitivity now, or is it just me?

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"Shel-mirak... (Mirror...)" — I whispered in panic as soon as I spotted the small mirror, and immediately lunged for it, awkwardly, yet at the same time with some unnaturally smooth movement, with a swaying gait where my hips were leading me more than I was controlling them, and within a second my fingers grabbed the small handheld mirror that had been hiding among the pile of junk.

I quickly raised it toward myself, but in that same instant turned away, squeezing my eyes shut, as if the very act of seeing my reflection would finally and irreversibly confirm what I had become.

"Kha'no (Easy)" I muttered quietly, almost in a whisper.

I slowly opened my eyes, but didn't rush to turn toward the mirror, lowering my gaze and immediately running into the sight of my own breasts. Naked breasts. Naked green breasts with stiff nipples and faint yellowish patterns, and I realized two things at once.

First, I was seeing my breasts without any clothing for the first time, even if that bra could barely be called clothing, but still... And it hit me that they were mine. Mine, damn it. That realization was so unnatural that for a moment I even forgot to breathe, just staring down as the green skin with faint floral patterns softly shimmered in the dim light of the lamps, as the nipples were tense and sticking out, and I could literally feel the air through them.

And second. Those patterns. They weren't there yesterday, I knew that for sure.

I leaned to the side, bending to look at my stomach, and my hips swayed smoothly on their own, while my back arched so that my breasts swayed heavily forward, putting themselves on display in this cramped little room. But the main thing was that those patterns were all over my body, even in... my vagina.

"Na'ha! (No!)" I said more to myself, not wanting to look at my... my vagina!

I jerked my gaze away as if burned. My back straightened on its own, automatically, and my hips curved slightly forward, forming an elegant, feminine pose. My hands tightened around the mirror's handle, and my lips once again reminded me of themselves with that ridiculous sensation, like I had deliberately pumped them up. They parted slightly on their own, and the tip of my tongue ran along the lower lip again, as if checking its shape, as if savoring how it yielded even to the lightest touch.

I finally turned the mirror and looked at my reflection.

"Kha'non (God...)" my voice said, my own, so familiar and yet so disgusting in this green skin, and in that same second I forced myself not to look away, but to keep looking, to look straight, like a scientist, and so I slowly, with almost painful effort, raised the mirror a little higher, aligning it in front of me until the reflection fully settled.

It was... me.

Not "similar." Not "reminds." Not "you can kind of see it."

It was my face. The same features. The same line of the nose with that slight bump, the same small scar on the bridge, the same sharp, slightly angular cheekbones I remembered down to the smallest detail... but now all of it was placed into a completely different context, set into that strange-textured, smooth green skin where faint floral patterns subtly showed through, trailing down to the cheeks, to the neck, to the breasts.

Except, maybe, the lips. They were too full, slightly standing out, and that was the only detail that wasn't my face, but... but even they, with their softness and seductive fullness, weren't чужими, they were mine, just as if somehow exaggerated.

Everything. Absolutely everything was mine.

The door to the room burst open with a crash, letting in the bright morning light of the two Tatooine suns, which hit my eyes and blinded me for a moment, and in the doorway appeared Rikkan's silhouette

— seeming tall to me and definitely broad-shouldered, looking like he had just come back from a morning run.

"Kha—..!" slipped out of me, but the sound immediately broke, turning into a strained, high inhale.

I jerked sharply, squeezing my thighs so hard that the muscles between them ached from last night, and the mirror slipped from my fingers, shattering across the metal floor with a loud clang. My hands shot to my breasts on their own, grabbing the firm green curves, trying to cover myself at least somehow, but from that movement my nipples painfully rubbed against my palms, and the heavy lekku swung forward, sliding over my shoulders and softly brushing the backs of my hands.

"Uh... what's gotten into you?" Rikkan said, closing the door behind him and casually kicking it with his heel so it shut with a dull click, narrowing his eyes as he looked me up and down.

I stood there, feeling my heart drop into my stomach, while under my hands the firm softness of my breasts almost slipped through my fingers, slowly rising and falling with my breathing, and with every breath my nipples rubbed unpleasantly against the skin, sending short, sharp pulses that only made my thoughts scatter even more.

Meanwhile Rikkan walked over to the table without any hurry, as if he saw nothing unusual or worth attention in me at all, and, leaning one hand on the edge, began lazily sorting through the scattered parts, searching for something among the wires and scraps, and I, standing a few steps away from him, suddenly realized with unpleasant clarity that he... was so tall, or more likely, I had become noticeably shorter, so much so that now my gaze hit somewhere around his chest instead of his eyes like it would have before, and that simple fact made something inside me tighten uncomfortably.

"Kha'no... va.. (listen... I...)" slipped out of me, and I even cut myself off mid-word, it sounded that pathetic, soft and drawn out.

Rikkan didn't even turn around.

"Hold on," he answered without looking, continuing to rummage through the table. "Stop fidgeting."

What? What is he saying? I don't understand anything... Just another meaningless set of sounds. Though judging by the tone, it sounded like something casual.

I took a step forward, not even noticing how my hips swayed softly, and my feet touched the floor smoothly. Carefully, even slightly seductively.

"Kha'no... va Rikkan... (Listen... Rikkan...)" I exhaled, trying to put at least a drop of firmness into my voice, but instead I heard only a soft, slightly drawn-out sound that sounded more like a plea than an address.

This time he turned his head slightly, and I saw a faint smirk appear on his face.

"What, wanna keep going?" he said just as calmly, and a second later, turning back to the junk, added louder, "Oh! There you are!"

At the loud sound I flinched so sharply that my breasts bounced heavily in my hands, sending a painful jolt through my nipples, and my hips, as if not asking me, shifted softly, presenting my body at a different angle.

Meanwhile Rikkan straightened up, holding in his hand a thin, worn metal ring with wires sticking out along the perimeter, on the front of which a small module with a dial glinted, and inside I could see four needles. I immediately understood that this thing was about to be put on me!

I involuntarily took a step back, feeling my hip tremble.

"Na'ha... (no...)" I exhaled quietly, almost inaudibly, but my voice still broke into a soft, pleading sound that resembled a request more than a refusal.

Rikkan smirked.

"Huh? What are you..." he said in confusion, stepping toward me. "Scared?"

He came closer.

I instinctively took another step back, but my heel immediately caught on some trash on the floor, and it took real effort not to fall, and at the same time not to drop my tits, which I accidentally squeezed in that moment.

"Na'ha... (no...)" I said again, pleading, but it seemed to only irritate him.

"What kind of dumb girl are you," he scoffed, this time angrily, already reaching his hands toward me. "This'll be easier, you won't be mumbling that nonsense of yours."

I recoiled, but hit the wall, only just feeling how his fingers roughly, but firmly grabbed my chin, locking my head in place, forcing me to look slightly up, toward his face looming over me from above.

"Stop twitching," he exhaled irritably, squeezing my jaw a bit tighter, so that my lips parted on their own, and I immediately felt the air touch their damp surface, sending a short, completely inappropriate wave of sensitivity through me. "Gonna fix it so you can talk properly."

"Na'ha... na'ha... (no... no...)" I breathed out, trying to turn my head away, but his grip only tightened, and the fingers of his other hand were already cold against my neck.

Click.

Cold metal wrapped around me, and a second later I felt something at the back snap shut, like a lock closing on its own, and then, almost at the same time, four thin, cold pricks along the inner side of my neck, shallow, but so precise and synchronized that I flinched involuntarily, squeezing my thighs and letting out a quiet whimper, and along with that the collar, tightly hugging my throat, gave a faint vibration.

"Tsh—... kha—!.." slipped out of me, but the sound immediately choked off, because the collar vibrated faintly, and somewhere inside it clicked again, softer this time, with that characteristic electrical crackle of old tech.

Rikkan let go of my chin just as abruptly as he grabbed it, and I barely stayed on my feet, forgetting about shame as I braced one hand against the wall, the other just dropping down like something heavy. My breasts, freed from my grip, swung down with their full weight, painfully pulling at the skin, and I involuntarily sucked in air through my teeth, feeling how my nipples instantly responded with a dull, irritating pulse from the slightest movement.

The collar on my neck kept vibrating, and I suddenly realized that it was a "translator", the one I think I had once seen in Rikkan's hands and begged him to give me, and he...

I squeezed my eyes shut. Damn! It feels like Lyra'ven's memories are starting to feel like mine! That's not good. That's very not good.

Meanwhile Rikkan pulled out a pack of cigarettes and, flicking a lighter, lazily lit one, as if everything happening was just a normal morning, and not... this.

He didn't even look at me right away.

I was still standing there, leaning against the wall, feeling that damn ring tightening around my throat, the dull, unpleasant throbbing left where the needles had gone in.

"Kha'no... Rikkan..." I started, forcing the words out.

And at that very moment...

"...you need to listen to me." I said in my male voice, in Basic, so suddenly that I even forgot what I was about to say.

Rikkan's head snapped up.

For a few seconds he just stared at me without moving, with a squint in which, for the first time this whole time, there wasn't lazy superiority, but pure, genuine confusion.

"...what?" he slowly exhaled, pulling the cigarette out of his mouth.

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I gasped sharply, feeling my breasts rise heavily again, my nipples painfully rubbing against the palms I had brought up to them, and those plump lips felt like they were just begging to be touched.

"I'm not Lyra'ven," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "You need to listen to me. This is important."

He didn't listen. He was already standing next to me. One of his hands lifted my chin, while the other was doing something to the collar.

"What the... is it broken or something?!" he muttered irritably, ignoring me.

"I'm serious," I continued faster, trying to catch the moment. "This is an experiment. I'm a scientist. My name is—"

Click.

Something inside my neck got another light jolt.

"Adrian Brown," slipped out of my mouth in a feminine tone, and my eyes went wide.

"Yeah, that's better, but..." Rikkan said, not paying attention to me and continuing to twist that damned dial on the collar, like he was tuning a radio, while I felt how with each turn something inside my neck made my vocal cords vibrate along with it.

"...m-m, Adrian Brown, sweetie..." I said, trying to reach him, hearing how I was saying it unconsciously softer and more drawn-out, with a faint breathy tail at the end, like I had just come and was now purring right into his ear.

"Oh. Now that's better," Rikkan finally said, letting go of my chin and taking a step back.

The satisfied look on his face almost made me sick.

"...what kind of, mmm, nonsense is that, darling..." I practically sang, touching the collar and trying to turn the dial myself, but it seemed like it didn't change anything at all. "you really think this is 'better', m-m?"

"Ha. Of course it's better," he said, taking a drag and placing his hands on his hips, lazily looking me up and down, as if judging not my words, but the way I stood, the way I breathed, the way I held myself. "At least now I can understand what you're babbling instead of you just moaning."

I swallowed, feeling my breasts slowly rise with my breath and immediately pull at the skin, reminding me of themselves. I involuntarily tensed my shoulders slightly, but that only pushed them forward even more.

"You... need to..." I started, trying to speak sharply, briefly, the way I was used to, but...

"...listen to me, m-m, sweetheart," my lips continued softly, almost affectionately on their own, stretching the words, adding that disgusting breathy tail.

"Of course, that's why I put this thing on you. Let's start with you telling me who the hell you are? Lyra's sister? Or her clone?" he cut me off, looking at me, "Though no. Who would bother cloning her, too expensive."

Sister? Clone? He doesn't even realize how far off he is.

"This is... mm... not what you think, sweetheart..." I exhaled, trying to speak faster while he was listening, but my voice stretched on its own, softened, turned thick, almost purring.

Damn it.

I clenched my teeth.

"I'm not her. I..." I started firmly, but my lips parted slightly on their own, and my tongue, as if living its own life, slid along my lower lip. "I'm a human, mm... a scientist, darling..."

Rikkan raised an eyebrow and opened his mouth slightly, as if about to say something in response.

But a second later his loud, rolling laughter tore through the room so suddenly that I flinched all over again.

"Ah-ha-ha..." he even bent forward slightly, exhaling smoke through his teeth. "Holy shit... now that's something you just came up with, huh, baby..."

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Baby. Baby? Baby?!

"I'm... not..." I started sharply, harshly, the way I was used to.

"...not your 'baby', m-m, darling," my own lips immediately breathed out, softly stretching the words, with that disgusting breathy tone that made something inside me clench unpleasantly.

He didn't even let me finish.

"Oh, feisty. I like that, though," he said, already standing with his back to me and pouring himself some water, then took a sip, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and only after that slightly turned his head toward me.

"But..." he began, turning to me and narrowing his eyes, "you didn't answer my question."

I bit my lip, immediately feeling how soft and yielding it was, how easily it gave under my teeth, how that sent a short, warm wave across my skin, completely out of place.

Damn it.

I forced myself not to twitch and raised my gaze to him.

"I... mm..." I started, trying to say it firmly, briefly, to the point, like always, but my lips parted on their own, and my voice slipped out soft, with that cursed drawn-out tone. "I really am human, darling..."

Rikkan snorted.

"God, what nonsense," he cut me off immediately, not even letting me finish, and stepped closer. "Did someone mess with your head or what? And where the hell is Lyra? I just went to check on her — they say no one's seen her since yesterday. Maybe she's wandering around somewhere, but that's not like her."

Damn. And what am I supposed to do? I wouldn't believe it either if some lusty twi'lek whore ran up to me at night, moaning my name all night and arching like that's what she was made for, and then in the morning started claiming she's human, and a scientist on top of that.

I swallowed, feeling how this damn collar tightened slightly around my throat, while my lips slowly parted on their own.

"...but it's true, darling," I exhaled, hating how it sounded. "I invented a device for exchanging... bodies, m-m... consciousnesses, sweetheart..."

I could hear it myself, how my lips, soft and overly sensitive, seemed to deliberately stretch every word, adding that sticky, lingering aftertaste to it, and because of that even the meaning I was trying to convey turned into some pathetic, almost flirtatious nonsense, nothing like the cold, precise language I was used to using in the lab.

Rikkan stood there, leaning his hip against the table, slowly taking a drag from his cigarette, looking at me as if I wasn't talking about a fundamental scientific breakthrough, but just mumbling some amusing nonsense after a good night.

"A device, huh..." he drawled, exhaling smoke to the side, unhurriedly, with that lazy squint. "And you're a scientist, then..."

He pushed off the table and stepped toward me, and I had to automatically lift my chin.

"who decided to become a twi'lek whore?"

"...no, m-m, darling..." I breathed out immediately with that stupid, sensual breathiness, "she was just the best specimen, kitten..."

God. I'm going to die from the way I sound. And what the hell, why am I still naked?

"Yeah, yeah, a specimen," he said this time more thoughtfully, looking off to the side, slowly exhaling smoke, "though it still bothers me that you look too much like her. Except for your creepy face, of course, in all your habits, body, clothes, the way you move — you're Lyra." He smirked. "I only realized this morning you're not her."

I took a heavy breath.

"...mm... Rikkan..." I exhaled, and my voice spilled out on its own, soft, thick, with that cursed breathy tone, "please, darling... I'll pay you... a lot..."

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I tried to smile and took a step toward him, immediately feeling how my hips moved smoothly, with that slight, familiar sway.

"...I'll really pay you, s-s-s, sweetie... whatever you say... just... help me..."

I hated how it sounded. Hated how every word seemed to wrap around him, to offer itself, like I wasn't asking, but flirting.

Rikkan slowly turned his head, narrowed his eyes, looked me up and down, lingering on my breasts, then lower, on my hips, and I could almost physically feel that gaze.

"M-m... you'll pay, huh?" he drawled lazily, taking a step closer, and I had to tilt my head back slightly because once again he was over me, taller, broader, heavier. "You?"

He smirked.

"Maybe you just give me a last blowjob and get lost?" he added, leaning slightly toward me.

I, trying to process what he said and still looking up at him from below, blinked, and my lips instinctively parted, forming that stupid little "O", while my heart thumped heavily in my chest.

"Oh..." I whispered, feeling myself tense at his предложение, while my plump lips parted on their own, as if already anticipating something I didn't even want to think about.

I forced that stupid expression away and took a step back.

"...My lab is in the Core... on Coruscant, m-m, darling..." I exhaled, feeling how my lips stretched the words on their own, making them softer, warmer, almost lulling, even as everything inside me tightened with tension. "There... everything... everything needed to change me back... my master..."

I can't believe I said that on purpose, already, drawing from Lyra'ven's memory, knowing exactly how to speak to him and which words would trigger the right reaction.

I exhaled slowly, forcing myself not to rush, and took a small step toward him. My hips gently guided my body, my hand rested on his shoulder, and a strained smile appeared on my face. God, am I really doing this?

He immediately turned a more interested look toward me, narrowing his eyes slightly.

"...m-m... yes, my master..." I said quietly, with that drawn-out breathy tone, feeling how my lips shaped the words softer than I wanted. "The galactic center... Coruscant... my lab is there, oh Great Rik, champion of making a girl forget who she is, m-m... sweetie..."

He smiled, and inside me everything twisted from a burning shame that felt like it would stay with me for the rest of my life.

"Ha..." he exhaled shortly, letting out smoke. "Lyra only talked like that when she was really ready for anything."

And in that exact second, when the thought sounded in my head almost desperately, I suddenly realized with terrifying clarity just how low I had already fallen in my own eyes. I was standing here, begging some filthy smuggler to help me, knowing I was ready to give him my entire fortune just so he would take me to my lab.

"...God..." I whispered, turning away and squeezing my eyes, feeling everything inside me clench unpleasantly.

Rikkan, as if he actually felt something from that, spoke.

"Hm... you know what," he began, and I immediately looked up at him, eyes wide open, catching every word, "I'll take you there."

I didn't believe my ears... so much that for a second I just froze, staring at him without blinking.

"...m-m?.." slipped out of me, quietly, almost confused, and my lips parted on their own, soft, wet, as if catching every word he said.

He looked at me with a lazy smirk, clearly already pleased with how quickly I had "understood" the rules of the game.

"What are you staring at, huh?" he scoffed, taking a step closer. "I said I'll take you. But..."

He paused, taking a drag, and I already knew there was going to be a "but."

"...not because of your fantasies, but because I was heading there anyway, and I like to fuck," he added, looking not into my eyes, but lower, where my hands were still awkwardly covering my breasts, "and I like getting sucked off during the flight."

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Su... suck... fu... fuck. He wants me to be his personal whore for the duration of the flight? Seriously? Maybe he didn't quite understand how much I'm willing to pay him?

"...mm... darling..." I exhaled, stepping toward him, and my hips smoothly guided my body on their own, as if they knew the trajectory better than I did. "you don't understand... I can give you much more than... mm... this..."

Rikkan didn't even look at me right away. He lazily took a drag, blowing the smoke straight into my face, and only then let his gaze slide over me from top to bottom.

"And start using makeup or something, it's disgusting to look at," he stubbed out the cigarette, stepping away from me and going back to rummaging through his junk, "either that, or fuck off!"

I swallowed, feeling the smile fade from my face. God, is there really no other way? Maybe tell him to go to hell and try to find another way out... but the thought fell apart just as quickly as it came, because I understood too well that I had no ship, no money, not even the language without this damn thing around my neck, which already turned every word I said into some pathetic, drawn-out imitation of flirting. And besides, I was in the body of a runaway who, if checked by DNA, could just be handed back to her "owners."

"Well?" he muttered, not even looking at me, still digging through his junk.

I stood there, feeling my breasts rise heavily with each breath, the skin under my fingers slightly slick with sweat, and that cursed collar vibrating softly at my throat, as if reminding me that even speaking now I could only do the way he allowed.

"...mm... I..." I started, not believing I was actually saying this, "I... fine... but, darling..."

"What 'but'?" he asked with noticeable irritation, not even fully turning, like I wasn't a person he was talking to, just some annoying background noise.

"...but... mm..." I began, stepping closer, and caught myself as my hips once again guided my body in that soft, fluid motion, like I wasn't walking but gliding, "turn the collar so that—"

"Ha! Not a chance! You can take it off if you don't like the voice."

I swallowed.

"Alright... darling... there are more important things... mm... I need to pick something up... my sweet pie..."

"What? Why would I care?" he replied quickly, still messing with his parts.

"...it's important, darling..." I exhaled, taking another step closer, barely noticing how my hand reached for his shoulder on its own, touching him lightly, fingers sliding over the fabric. "in the cave... the device is still there... mm... mine..."

"I asked 'why should I care'?" he repeated slower this time, clearly irritated, turning his head toward me and narrowing his eyes.

I froze for a fraction of a second, feeling everything inside tighten, and my body... my body already knew the answer before I could form it, because my hips swayed softly on their own, my knees weakened slightly, and I almost physically felt that simple, humiliating realization rise in my mind — 'you don't convince him with words.'

I didn't even notice when I was already on my knees, and my thin fingers deftly unfastened his belt on their own, pulling his pants down in one smooth, almost practiced motion. My lips — those plump, indecently full lips — were already parting, brushing against the fabric of his underwear, and even that light touch sent a sharp, sweet wave through my mouth, making me shudder.

"M-m... darling..." I exhaled, and my voice again spilled out soft, with that cursed drawn-out tone, "listen... please, darling... I need to... get the device... m-m..."

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"...Hm, well, if it's that necessary..." he replied, lowering his gaze to me with a smile, and his cock started pressing out against the fabric of his underwear so quickly that I barely had time to register it before it was already brushing against my cheeks, and in that moment all I felt was a sense of "victory."

Thin fingers quickly pulled down the remaining fabric, and the hot, wet cock stood right in front of my face so that I instinctively ran my tongue along the underside of the shaft.

God. What the hell did I just do? My tongue and these plump lips had just slid along that hot length as if I was still persuading him by promising millions of credits. And the worst part was that I felt that same desire again, the one that had already gone to my head twice before — in the cave and when I came to Rikkan.

But the thought didn't have time to fully form, because Rikkan above me let out a rough breath and touched one of my lekku with his hand.

That was enough. I let out a wet moan and pressed my lips to his cock, starting to suck it greedily.

"So what's your name, baby?" Rikkan asked from above, lazily running his fingers along one of my lekku and pulling it back slightly, making me arch more on my knees.

I pulled away just a little and looked up, leaving wet traces from my lips on him.

"...A...Adrian..." I whispered, and my lips didn't move away from him, just dampening him with my breath.

"Adrian, huh?" Rikkan smirked, still lazily stroking my lekku and pulling it back a bit more, making me arch involuntarily. "That's quite a name you've got, sweetheart..."

I swallowed, feeling a warm wave pass through my body from that simple motion, hating that my body reacted faster than I could think.

"...m-m... yeah, darling..." I breathed out, barely pulling my lips away as they stretched back on their own, as if craving the contact. "Adrian... m-m... Brown..."

The words came out soft, with that cursed drawn-out tone, as if I wasn't introducing myself, but... flirting.

Rikkan gave a quiet chuckle.

"That's a man's name," he noted without changing his tone, continuing to stroke my lekku, pulling it again so I had to lift my chin. "I don't like it... come up with something nicer, baby."

I froze for a split second.

Several options flashed through my mind at once, but all of them were male.

But then, as if answering the demand, I realized that to please him, the name had to sound soft, gentle.

I hesitated for a moment, feeling his fingers still idly playing with my lekku, my nipples cutting against the air.

"...m-m..." I exhaled, barely pulling away, feeling my plump lips slide along his skin, leaving a wet trace. "Sha... Sha'na... m-m... Sha'na, darling..."

The name came out soft, drawn-out, almost lazy, like I wasn't introducing myself, but offering myself, and in that same second I flinched internally at how easily I had chosen this humiliating name for myself, and why.

Rikkan gave a low hum from above, his fingers tightening slightly on my lekku.

"Nice to meet you, Sha'na," he said as my lips greedily wrapped around the head of his cock, "We'll fly, since you're such a good girl."

And that was it. I was already beyond stopping. My awareness and control shot somewhere into the stratosphere after those words. My lips and tongue were already working on their own, as if without me, savoring how easily the cock slid along this new tongue, how the thin skin of my lips sent waves of sensation with every movement, and how every part of this body felt needed when it was used like this.

And Rikkan. Rikkan just stood there, lighting another cigarette, thinking about something of his own...