

Trapped in a Pleasure Slave Body - Episode 2

What the hell, Brown? Have you completely lost your mind? You're a goddamn scientist, not...

Hm... wait.

I turned my head, feeling the heavy appendages slowly slide across my shoulders and back, still echoing with that lingering warm tension somewhere at the base of my skull, though no longer as demanding as before. The thoughts in my head really did flow easier now. Much easier. For a moment, it even felt like I was myself again.

No. It only felt that way.

I sharply sucked in air through my teeth, lowering my gaze to my body. My breasts, finally free from the rough top, slowly rose and fell, my nipples still hard and sensitive, while the hot moisture between my legs gradually cooled, running in a thin stream down the inside of my thigh and dripping onto the stone.

"Sha... kha'no... (pull yourself together...)" I exhaled, clenching my teeth harder as I pulled the rough, worn top back over myself, the fabric immediately sticking unpleasantly to my damp skin.

I took a deep breath, straightened up, and turned my head toward my real body again.

It still lay motionless on the rocks, with that strange, soft feminine face and my short dark hair. The body-swapping device was still beside it, except now the cable dangled from it in a torn stub, while the display kept flashing a red emergency warning.

Fuck! How much time had passed?

Probably no more than five minutes. Maybe. Though somewhere deep down, I already understood that far more time had actually passed. Much more.

I started to slowly get up, but immediately grimaced when the muscles in my lower stomach cramped with lingering tension, my legs trembling again while my feet once more tried to distribute their weight in their own strange way, as if they still didn't understand that their main job wasn't balancing on narrow toes, but standing firmly. I cursed everything in existence, but still forced myself to stand and stagger toward my body.

One thought kept spinning in my head: how much time had I wasted on that... release? Ten minutes? Fifteen? The rescue team was supposed to arrive in about an hour, so I still had time to find a way to switch back, right? Right?!

Fuck. Who was I kidding?

There wasn't going to be any "I'll deal with it later." Everything had gone off the rails the second I touched that damned screen.

My thoughts raced wildly, crashing into each other.

Throw the beacon away? Smash the device? Drag it deeper into the cave somewhere?

"Na'ha... (no...)" I breathed through clenched teeth, already understanding how useless that was.

The beacon signal would punch through even underground. Destroying it wasn't an option at all, because it was the only thing that could return me to my body. And throwing it away? Seriously?

If I were still myself, I probably could've carefully taken the device apart and removed the embedded beacon quickly enough, but now, judging from everything I already knew, I definitely didn't know how to work with technology in this body, and at best I'd just break the whole thing.

Why the hell did I even implant it in there?

Ah, right. Because officially it was an emergency beacon, while the fact that it also contained a universal body-swapping prototype for every race in the galaxy... well, that was a detail nobody was ever supposed to find out about.

Genius, Brown. Absolute genius.

Then maybe leave it here? Take my body and run?

The thought flared up suddenly, almost like salvation, and I even lurched forward, already imagining myself grabbing my own shoulders, dragging my useless limp body deeper into the cave, farther from the entrance, farther from those voices... but in the very next second reality, cold and merciless, slammed into that fantasy.

I froze.

Lowered my gaze.

And realized I wouldn't even be able to lift my own weight, let alone drag it anywhere: this body wasn't built for strength. It was built for something else.

Thin arms, wide hips, narrow shoulders, all of it had been made not for hauling a grown man across stone, but for arching beautifully while someone held onto a leash and forced it to bend into a position more convenient for thrusting inside.

A shiver ran through me.

"Na'ha... (no...)" I breathed out almost silently, feeling that thought, which had seemed like salvation just seconds ago, crumble apart inside my head.

I forced myself to look away from my body, because the longer I stared at it, the stronger that disgusting crushing feeling became, that it wasn't entirely mine anymore. That I'd been cut off from it. That between us now there was... a chasm.

And at that exact moment...

Voices.

I listened carefully, my entire body tensing.

At first they were muffled, but with every second they became clearer, closer. I understood they were speaking the common language, yet at the same time I understood one thing: I couldn't understand them at all. Not even a little.

"...khevar jike! Checka da ferdimetr!"

"No, no, szhinal iz stjonzf. Igside... cav..."

"Hasht, we no rime, cap'n Reddan want hepoft!"

The words broke apart in my head. I didn't even try to understand them anymore, catching only commanding tones and some kind of relaxed sarcasm.

Rescuers.

That fast?! Or had I really spent that long "relieving the tension"?

How little I'd wanted to stop. How my fingers had tightened around the lekku harder and harder on their own, how I'd arched and moaned in that alien language that somehow felt so natural, while wave after wave crashed over me, and I hadn't even thought about time.

The voices grew louder. Heavy footsteps on stone, the clatter of equipment, short commands.

What the hell was I supposed to do? Tell them the truth? Or lie and say I was a local who'd wandered in here, heard the beeping, and decided to check what was happening? Or that he was my...

I stumbled over the thought because even in my own head it sounded wrong.

My what?

Owner? Client?

My chest tightened at the thought, and I physically shuddered from how easily it had crossed my mind.

"Na'ha... (no...)" I exhaled sharply, shaking my head.

Even if I said that, it wouldn't work. They'd check. Scan me. Ask for documents. Start asking questions I had no answers to. I couldn't even talk to them properly because of this cursed language...

The voices were already very close.

I heard someone trip over a rock and curse, another person laugh briefly. Metal clinked. Confident footsteps. They were coming straight here without hesitation, like they already knew exactly where to look.

"Shar-kon! (Idiot!)" I hissed at myself, throwing one last glance at my old body, at that strange face that still didn't feel like mine.

Then I sharply turned around and, staggering slightly, stepped toward the dark passage between the rocks.

I had to move slowly, first because I didn't want to attract attention, and second because I still had absolutely no idea how to walk on these new legs. Each foot seemed to choose the wrong position on its own, while my hips swayed unnaturally, yet somehow adjusted smoothly to keep my balance. The lekku hung down my back, trembling faintly, barely glowing, but their weight also affected the way I moved.

Eventually I found a small alcove, so narrow and uneven that I instantly thought there was no way I'd fit inside. But the sound of footsteps forced me to try, and to my surprise, once I carefully squeezed sideways into it, there was actually still space left.

God, just how much smaller had I become compared to what I used to be, if my brain automatically expected my shoulders to get stuck and my hips to hit the stone...

The lekku settled gently against my back as I half-crouched, one knee on the ground, peeking out from behind the rock while trying to breathe as quietly as possible, feeling my breasts press against my wrist while my nipples started hardening again from the slight pressure.

"Kha'no... (easy...)" I whispered almost inaudibly, not even noticing the soft click at the end of the word or the feminine intonation this time.

And it worked, though I didn't realize it yet. My nipples relaxed, and my attention locked onto the three rescuers. Three, definitely. I could see their shadows dancing across the cave walls from the bright lights mounted on their suits. But what they were saying made absolutely no sense to me.

"Here he is, Commander!"

"Check pulse. Analyze DNA passport."

The words flew past me like empty noise stripped of meaning. I could only hear tones and sounds, understanding there were two men and one woman, who seemed to be reporting something.

"Subject: male, human..." the woman's voice was sharp and clinical, as if reading directly from a report. "Identification confirmed. DNA matches registered profile: Adrian Brown. Clearance level: scientific, Red Mark Category Four."

"Excellent. Take him."

Then came an electronic sound, like four tiny synchronized sources activating at once, quiet yet metallically precise, as though several mechanisms had powered on together, and without even seeing it directly, I immediately pictured it clearly: small drones, nearly silent, slipping from their containers, sliding beneath the body, carefully and precisely finding support points without wasted movement, then suddenly lifting it into the air.

I didn't even see them do it, but I heard the unmistakable steady hum of antigravity stabilizers, a sound impossible to confuse with anything else.

"Lift complete. Stabilization normal."

"Careful with the head."

Fuck. They were leaving now. Leaving with my body and my one-of-a-kind experimental body-swapping device, the only one in the universe, one that exchanged not only bodies, but knowledge too. Knowledge! God! How the hell was I supposed to recreate any of this without my scientific expertise?!

I jerked suddenly, and the stone beneath my foot gave a faint scrape. The sound was barely audible, but in my mind it rang out deafeningly loud, making me instantly shrink back into the alcove and press my nose against the rough rock surface, clenching my teeth so hard the muscles in my jaw began to ache.

But... it seemed I'd been afraid for nothing, because by the time the panicked rushing in my ears faded, the voices were already growing distant. The hum of the antigravity drones became quieter, echoing off the cave walls, while the heavy footsteps of the rescuers were almost impossible to hear now. They had really taken my body? Taken the device? Taken everything that could return me to myself?

"Na'ha... (no...)" I breathed silently through my lips, still afraid of drawing attention, though already stepping toward the place where I had left my body, my device, hoping, desperately hoping, that they had left the device behind. Every step still answered with that unfamiliar sway of my hips, the heavy bounce of my breasts beneath the rough top, and the soft sliding of the lekku across my bare back, but... somehow it felt easier to move now, as if my brain had partially figured out how this body worked. At least I wasn't suddenly lurching from side to side anymore.

Empty...

"Tsha-ren! (Damn!)" I cursed, immediately covering my mouth with those insultingly thin fingers.

My heart kicked back into a frantic rhythm.

I took another step forward, then another, already faster now, barely thinking about how I placed my feet. The stones beneath my soles answered with a dry scraping sound, but now that didn't matter anymore.

Nothing. There was nothing here: no cable, no device itself, not even any real sign it had ever been lying here. Almost no traces remained except for faint scratches on the stone where the drones had lifted the cargo, and a weak, rapidly fading smell of ozone.

It felt like I'd been punched.

"Na'ha... na'ha... (no... no...)" I exhaled, shaking my head, feeling the heavy lekku slide across my back with delayed inertia, softly bumping against my shoulder blades, and I didn't even notice it immediately because for a second it had felt natural, as if that was exactly how things were supposed to be.

No. No no no.

I suddenly lunged forward toward the cave exit, forgetting that I definitely hadn't learned how to run in this body yet, and because of that, by the second step I nearly fell, awkwardly catching my unnaturally large feet-paws against a rock ledge, feet that felt more like built-in high heels than actual feet. I tilted sideways, but somehow managed to stay upright by grabbing the wall, feeling my thin fingers slide along the rough surface while my breasts swung painfully and knocked the breath from me for a moment.

I gathered all my strength and pushed onward, no longer simply moving my legs, but forcing them to work together, adapting to this strange center of gravity.

My hips swayed widely, stubbornly pulling me from side to side, but I was almost managing to control them. The lekku lagged a fraction of a second behind every movement, softly striking my back before sliding downward again, and involuntarily I began compensating for it, leaning my torso slightly forward so I wouldn't lose speed. My breathing broke unevenly, my breasts bounced heavily beneath the rough fabric of this pathetic excuse for a bra, the material rubbing against my still-sensitive nipples and making me squint with every step.

The light grew brighter and brighter. God, it felt like I hadn't been that far from the exit when I'd started the experiment, but now every meter stretched endlessly, as if the cave itself resisted, unwilling to let me leave.

And then, when the bright light finally struck my eyes, nearly blinding me, forcing me to squeeze them shut reflexively and stumble for a moment, I practically fell out of the cave, tripping over the edge of a rocky ledge and somehow keeping my balance.

My legs still trembled from the run, but immediately I heard the low vibrating hum of the shuttle. The engines were already powering up, the antigravity modules lifting the craft into the air, throwing clouds of dust and small stones around it. I bolted forward, rushing onto the open platform and desperately waving my arms above my head.

"Na'ha! (No!)" burst out of me sharply, almost panicked, and without thinking I sprinted several more steps forward, raising my arms and waving them wildly, desperately, as if everything depended on whether they noticed me or not.

"KHA'THA! (STOP!)" I practically squealed, the word ending with that same sharp click.

The airflow from the engines already hammered into my face, stealing my breath, throwing dust everywhere, forcing me to squint and shield my eyes, but stubbornly I kept taking step after step forward, feeling my feet slip across the loose stone, feeling my legs tremble, and feeling this damned body suddenly push itself to its limits, as if it understood on its own that everything was being decided right now.

"NA'HA! NA'HA! (NO! NO!)" I shouted, barely hearing my own voice over the roar.

They couldn't just leave like this! They... had they noticed me?

...

"Captain. We've got movement on the perimeter," the pilot reported shortly, his diction overly polished and professional, never taking his eyes off the console.

Captain Reddan gave an annoyed grunt and shifted her gaze from the tactical display to the large observation window, narrowing her eyes.

"A local?" she asked shortly, glancing at the green figure frantically waving an arm and jumping in the distance, sounding as though she didn't even need an answer. Then, as if confirming her own assumption, she addressed another crew member, who was currently bent over the diagnostic station, synchronizing data from the recovered body. "How's the scientist?"

"Vitals stable," he answered without looking up. "Heavy sedation. Looks like somebody pumped him full of a ridiculous dose of sleeping drugs. Heart rhythm steady. Breathing slowed."

"Somebody," Reddan interrupted dryly, narrowing her eyes at the green figure below on the planet. "Scan her."

The pilot immediately pressed several buttons on the console, and the rescue craft altered its trajectory, first turning smoothly to the left, then just as smoothly beginning a controlled descent, its nose tilting slightly forward.

A Twi'lek, and now they could clearly see that it definitely was one, froze for a fraction of a second when she noticed the movement, as though she couldn't quite believe the shuttle was actually responding to her desperate gestures. Then she resumed waving, though less frantically now. At least she had stopped jumping in place and stood there as if calmer, once she realized the shuttle had not only noticed her, but was moving toward her.

"What were they even doing out here together?" the captain muttered, studying the approaching figure more carefully.

She leaned slightly forward, bracing one hand against the edge of the console, squinting harder. The dust from the engines was dispersing now, and the silhouette was becoming clearer.

"Approach distance: eighty meters," the pilot reported calmly, still focused on the interface.

"Hold position there. No closer," Reddan added shortly without turning around.

"Yes, Captain," the pilot answered, locking the shuttle into position. The craft hovered safely above the ground, vibrating with a low hum as the antigravity stabilizers held it steady.

With fast, precise movements, like a pianist gliding over keys, the pilot ran his fingers across the console, pressing one button after another, and a moment later a wide green scanning beam softly sliced through the dusty air, moving across the Twi'lek from bottom to top, as though feeling along every inch of her body, recording every curve, every motion, every microsecond of movement the naked eye would never notice.

The central screen immediately flashed with a profile.

SUBJECT PROFILE

Name: Lyra'ven

Species: Twi'lek

Sex: Female

Height: 157 cm

Age: 21 standard years

Status: Fugitive

Origin: Ryloth

Classification: Pleasure Slave

Crime: Escaped captivity

Owner: Low Orbit Entertainment Network

Bounty: 500 credits

The pilot let out a low whistle.

"Biometric match: ninety-eight percent..." he muttered, squinting at the screen. "It's her."

Captain Reddan tilted her head slightly, studying the pretty face on the display with its full lips and, apparently, the same clothes the Twi'lek below was wearing, though in far better condition.

"What, she missed male attention already?" a male voice behind them remarked sarcastically, the same one who had been working on "Brown" and apparently deciding to add his two cents.

"Save your jokes for your buddies from the Diamond Medusa, Marek," Reddan replied calmly, though with a sharp undertone of command, never even turning her head. "Now shut your mouth and work."

"They're not my buddies," he muttered quietly, though the captain barely seemed to hear him, too occupied with her thoughts.

"Picking her up?" the pilot asked, already resting a hand on the controls.

Reddan hesitated, taking a heavy breath. She looked once more at the profile, then at the figure below.

"No," she finally answered, not sharply, but with that particular pause before a decision, the kind that made it obvious it had already been fully considered, and because of that it sounded even heavier than a direct order. "We're heading back to base."

"What? Why?" the pilot reacted immediately, then quickly added, as though apologizing for the boldness, "She's a fugitive, and besides, there's a bounty..."

"Five hundred credits is not a bounty. And I don't want anything to do with those filthy criminals from Low Orbit," Reddan finished, straightening sharply in her seat. "We have an unconscious scientist with red-level clearance onboard. Priority is delivering him to base. Some runaway whore isn't our concern."

The pilot opened his mouth as if to argue, then changed his mind and silently nodded instead, pulling his hand away from the controls and once again beginning to play across the console, though far less eagerly this time.

"Understood, Captain..." he grumbled without enthusiasm. "Forwarding the sighting report on the fugitive to central command."

"Wait," the captain stopped him, but paused mid-sentence, realizing that if she ordered the crew to conceal the encounter and not transmit the data, she'd only incriminate herself. And despite the fact that deep down she wanted to help the poor girl with all her heart, duty and regulations were stronger.

“Send it. Standard protocol. Let Low Orbit deal with their own property themselves.”

...

Why? Why weren't they coming closer? They had to have realized by now that I, or rather the “me” they had onboard, was pumped full of sedatives, and now they'd seen me, they were supposed to talk to me and figure out what was going on, weren't they? That was logical!

But after scanning me, instead of descending fully and sending someone out to me, the shuttle just kept hovering there in the air, as if deliberately testing my nerves. And just when I was about to lose my temper and start screaming at them who I really was from down here, the engines suddenly roared louder, dust billowed into the air again, and the rescue craft slowly, but with terrifying certainty, began rising higher.

“KHA'thha! KHA'thha-a-a! (Stop! Stop!)” I screamed, my voice breaking into a shrill squeal as I stepped forward, forgetting all control over this body, and instantly my huge foot slipped on loose stone, my wide hips swayed sharply to the side, my breasts jerked upward painfully against the rough fabric of the top, and I lost my balance, nearly crashing face-first into the ground. At the last second I managed to throw my hands forward awkwardly, catching myself against the dirt, feeling my thin fingers scrape against the rock while my elbows trembled from the sudden strain.

I lifted my head upward. The lekku slid across my back while my eyes locked onto the underside of the departing shuttle.

I kept screaming, arching my back desperately, louder and more hysterically than I ever had in my life, and immediately felt so pathetic that my voice faded on its own, turning into a broken, hoarse whisper.

“Rakron... rakron va'tha ule'kho...? (Why... why did you leave...?)” I whispered while the shuttle, right before my eyes, became a tiny dot that eventually disappeared completely into the bright sky.

I was alone.

Alone. With the body and DNA of some escaped sex slave. On a planet where the phrase “galactic law” meant absolutely nothing. Without my knowledge, without any way to recreate the body-swapping device, or even prove that I was Doctor Adrian Brown, a human who... a human. Fuck. I'm human. Even saying that in this body sounded like I was insane.

I dropped back onto my ass, immediately feeling the hard, loose ground beneath my butt. It was bigger than it used to be. It felt like I was sitting on a cushion built directly into my body. Soft, round ass cheeks pressed firmly against the rough earth, and the sensation of their fullness and elasticity, suddenly so obvious right now, made me shift involuntarily.

Those thoughts about my ass were so absurdly inappropriate right now that, furious at myself, I slapped my palm against the ground.

“Grum'ba! (Shit!)” I yelped immediately, jerking my hand back as sharp pain shot through my palm, while my damned breasts bounced again from the motion, painfully reminding me of themselves, as though deliberately dragging me back into the reality of this body.

Shit! Shit! Shit! God, Adrian, you fucking idiot!

I sat there on the hard ground, my powerful four-toed feet spread wide apart, feeling hot sweat run down my green back, making the heavy lekku stick damply against my shoulder blades, which were now trembling faintly as though reacting to the emotional overload.

I closed my eyes. Took a deep breath.

I needed to get a grip and think. Panic wouldn't lead to anything good. More accurately, it already had, because I'd hidden like an idiot after giving in to it, and now everything was even worse.

I inhaled slowly, feeling the ribcage with those alien curves rise and fall, and with it came a strange ripple-like sensation across my body from my nipples sliding against the fabric, something I apparently would have to get used to. At least for a while.

But there was no other option. I needed to reach my laboratory. There were backups there. Tools. My assistants, people who could recognize me by my face.

"Kha'non... (God...)" I ran a hand over my face, realizing just how impossible and distant everything that had seemed so easily accessible yesterday now felt, starting with the simple fact that my laboratory was in the center of the galaxy and I somehow needed to get there, despite not even having documents, let alone money, and ending with the fact that the first patrol that stopped me would most likely just send me straight back to wherever this green bitch had escaped from.

Still, it was at least some kind of plan, even if it seemed completely impossible. But that was better than sitting here waiting for whoever owned this body to find me, or trying to hide and live as her.

"Fine. I'll go to Rikkan, tell him I need to get to the galactic core, and let him figure something out," I thought as I slowly started getting to my feet, only to suddenly freeze, half-risen on one knee, feeling my breasts hanging downward, heavily pulling at the skin, while only one thought echoed through my mind:

Who the fuck is RIKKAN!?

And at that exact moment I literally felt someone's warm calloused hand squeezing one of my hanging breasts, while my left lekku was pulled back behind me, forcing me to imitate the motion right there in the desert like some actor or actress. Because for an instant I was somewhere else, inside a cramped room with the same hard dirt floors and a giant poster on the wall reading "Star Bitches IV: A New Hole" and in that same instant I felt something moving between my legs from behind, sliding in and out of me.

I jerked upright onto my knees and violently shook my head along with the lekku, letting out something more like a horse's snort, "pffrvrh," and for a moment it seemed to pass.

But the second I took a deep breath, I suddenly felt my mouth filling with something warm and pulsing, something thick sliding harshly across my tongue and pressing against my throat, while a salty taste flooded my senses. I even involuntarily jerked my head back and forth, imagining someone's hand gripping the back of my skull while I felt the cold floor of a cramped cabin beneath me and felt my own greedy hunger for it, the desire for that cock to be bigger, thicker, and—

"KHA—!.. kha... kha..." burst from me the moment reality and the vision merged together into one thing before finally fading from sight.

I started coughing, grabbing at my throat while desperately sucking in air that suddenly felt impossible to get enough of.

The lekku flared bright yellow, floral patterns pulsing across them and casting warm light onto the dusty ground. My breasts rose and fell heavily, my nipples pushing hard against the rough fabric of the top, while between my legs everything became hot and wet again. My hips spread apart slightly on their own, as if expecting something, but the second I noticed it I immediately forced them closed again.

"Na'ha! (No!)" I rasped, struggling to steady my breathing.

What. What the hell was that? What was that?

Ah, fuck it. First I needed to calm down, otherwise I'd end up jerking off again until this body exhausted itself, and I was already starving. Besides, doing that out here in the open was an incredibly bad idea. Not to mention that the whole thing disgusted me.

I sharply inhaled, forcing myself to focus on something simple, on breathing, on the feeling of air filling my lungs, on the way my chest expanded and contracted, on the way my heavy breasts... no! Not breasts, don't think about breasts, think about... rocks! Sand... the sky...

"Sha'hen... (endure...)"

The sky. Right. My body had disappeared into the sky. My body-swapping device. My life. That was what the sky meant now.

Though... honestly...

Maybe I should've ridden my own cock while I still had it.

I smiled without realizing it. My body immediately started trembling again, and my hand slipped downward almost on its own, but the instant I became aware of what I was thinking, I abruptly stopped it, literally grabbing my own wrist with my fingers.

"SHAR-KON! (Idiot!)" I hissed through clenched teeth, yanking my hand back sharply and forcing both palms hard against the ground behind me.

I let out a heavy breath and slowly straightened up.

No.

Enough.

This time I'd handle it. Handle this damned body and these desires. I wasn't going to become some whore. I was fucking Adrian Brown, inventor of the most brilliant device in the universe, and I'd deal with this too, because otherwise...

Otherwise...

No. There wouldn't be an otherwise. Everything would happen exactly the way I decided. I'd find this Rikkan, whoever he was, get back to my laboratory, reclaim my life, and become the most powerful man in the galaxy, and—

Wait.

I'm not shaking anymore. The lekku were still faintly whistling, but... holy shit, did it actually work?