

# **Deep Space Sirens**

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## Deep Space Sirens

‘There’s nowhere in the galaxy you can hide.’ It echoes in my mind, reverberating like an endless dirge sang by a choir of the damned. It haunts my every waking moment. Dements my every dream into nightmares of impending doom. Poke one teenage princess in her tiny pink virgin asshole and your life’s over forever.

Half of the notification lights circling the portal of the ancient airlock flicker green rather than flash. The other half remain dead, shorted or burned out, same as the chamber lighting. The speakers crackle and pop a buzzing cry to indicate the completion of pressurization. The door unlocks with a heavy thud but fails to open automatically, so I clutch the handle and strain to pull it open by force. It seizes a quarter way, and I groan, “Fuck it.”

I unseal my helmet and it deactivates as I disconnect it from my intelligent skin-suit, quelling the headlamp and plunging me into darkness. I glance up through the porthole to view the starfield warp, stretching and streaking, as the cargo hauler I hitched a ride on enters slipspace via an artificial wormhole, marooning me here. Icy tendrils of trepidation creep into my thoughts at once. I regret being unable to secure a prearranged means of departure, in case the info I bought was inaccurate. Fuck knows what awaits me inside.

Minus my helmet, I squeeze through the partially opened door to the derelict spaceport. It’s located on a forgotten moon orbiting a ravaged planet on the fringes of uncharted space. What better place to hide?

The corridor is pitch black. Pulling a flashlight from my hip, I stick it to my wrist and spark it.

A naked, withered corpse lays on its stomach, sprawled as if reaching for the airlock at the moment of demise.

I sigh. “Well, that isn’t discomfoting at all. Welcome and salutations to you too, buddy.” And I step around the strangely odorless cadaver to trek ahead, sweeping the deck with the beam of my light, surveying my path for obstacles.

I entered through one of the emergency airlocks in the maintenance area of the installation since they have manual controls. The central module is a good distance away through a maze of darkened tunnels. But no helmet means no HUD which means no nav-guide. The station AI is corrupted, or more accurately psychotic, as denoted by its shrieking warning of demonic intrusion, so any navigation would be unreliable anyhow. At least someone had the foresight to quarantine the life-support systems. Insane AI is extremely rare but highly dangerous. The last report of a berserk AI was several decades ago. It executed an entire orbital colony. Millions expelled into the cold vacuum of space without warning. Their lungs bursting in their chests due to explosive decompression. Wouldn’t exactly be my first choice of ways to go.

As I rove the dark, claustrophobic passageways, listening to the whispering hum of ventilation fans, steady dripping of condensation, and periodic hisses of steam, mounting anxiety strangles my guts, driving acidulous fluid into my throat. I’m not usually such a pussy, but this place has a foreboding ambiance about it. A palpable dread that’s asphyxiating. An altogether smothering ominousness. Like a sinister force is slowly siphoning the oxygen while poisoning the air with a toxin.

I jolt in fright as a hazy figure whisks by the edge of my flashlight beam and a searing image of a man screaming in horror flares in my mind. Fuck! Fuck! What the fuck?!

A chittering of gnashing teeth shoots a shiver up my spine and I spin around searching for the source. Another grinding chatter directs my attention toward the low ceiling. A quill-armored little creature screeches at me through circular rows of serrated fangs, and I bolt.

I discern more and more of the critters skulking over me as I run hunched over. The corridor is infested. Maybe they’re to blame for the shriveled body. Fucking bloodsuckers!

Another shadowy shade skirts my flashlight beam, assaulting my psyche with a horrid picture of a man roaring in agony. What the unholy fucking hell?!

I've heard barroom stories of supernatural entities of a malevolent persuasion lurking on deserted settlements on the outer limits of charted space, but I never suspected they were anything more than alcohol-soaked myths until now.

As I reach a three-way junction a ghostly wraith materializes in the left route, blinding my inner eye with a jarring scene of a man howling in excruciating pain, so I dart to the right and discover another withered corpse. I bound over the stiff and charge down the corridor, cursing myself for hitchhiking across the galaxy to a spaceport besieged by some diabolical power.

Rounding a corner, I perceive the presumed safety of illumination ahead and break into a hard sprint, my lungs burning, my heart hammering in my chest, sweat stinging my eyes, my mind aghast with terrors.

I hurdle two more shriveled bodies before stumbling through the dislodged door of the maintenance area and dropping to my knees, holding my aching sides. My gasping breaths gag me with the stench of death.

I look up and gape at the central module of the spaceport. My head spins and my stomach wrenches at the tragic sight. Withered cadavers are littered far and wide. In every restaurant, shop, and lounge. But worse, so much fucking worse, are the rotting, mutilated corpses. Crushed skulls, severed limbs, eviscerated torsos and mangled viscera are strewn everywhere. Dried blood stains every surface. Even the high ceiling is splattered. What the fuck happened here?!

After gathering my strength, I climb to my feet and tread ahead. Pinching my nose and breathing through my mouth, I scan for evidence of what transpired here, and soon realize all the shriveled corpses are male. But why? And what could have caused this? A better question to ask, is it still here somewhere? Fuck the why what and where. I need to get off this gravestone, but how?

The lighting above and in the shops and eateries blink off and on as a soothing nocturne begins to play from someplace ahead. I follow the lulling music, forgetting my revulsion to the carnage surrounding me, and it leads me to a neon-lit strip club, The Eternal Caprice. It looks out of place among its ascetic surroundings, the architecture a cross between a gothic citadel and a sex carnival, like it sprouted from a magick bean planted by a wicked sorceress with an ill disposition.

A voice in the back of my mind cautions me not to enter. Pausing at the threshold a moment, I ponder what may lie within. Booze, pretzels, and sex-bots most likely. Ignoring the warning of my intuition, I step inside the black-light illuminated erotic theater.

The hairs on the back of my neck rise almost as quickly as my manhood. Fuck me schoolgirl!

Long golden-blond pigtailed whipping about, peach skin glistening with perspiration, an adorable adolescent girl, sixteen judging by her small peaks and cute little apple bottom, is working a pole like an angelic ballerina for the gods. I should clarify she's designed to *appear* teen-aged as she can only be a bioroid. A pair of snow-white velvety bunny ears flops around on her head as she swings and spins. Her sylphlike body is naked but for baby-blue thigh-high stockings, a plaid miniskirt, and a lace choker. Her sparkling sapphire eyes shine brightly when she notices me. She affords me a demure smile, round cheeks flushing, and climbs down off the pole.

Neglecting the bloody massacre outside the club, I stroll down the sloping faux-marble floor under the mirrored ceiling to the circular stage and slump into the reclined black syntha-leather seating.

A sexy android, dressed in a skimpy pink cocktail dress, saunters out from behind the bar and delivers me a cold mug of frothy ale. "Courtesy of the club, sir."

I give the waitress an appreciative grinning nod and receive the beer. When the first gulp of suds reaches my stomach my eyes are opened to another dimension of reality.

Iridescent soap bubbles float and pop like carbonation around the cherubic teen bunny descending the dance dais. Her innocent simper showcases sharp fangs. Stubby alabaster horns protrude from her forehead and a matching long prehensile tail from the base of her spine, which twirls leisurely in figure-eights as she approaches.

I open my mouth to say something witty, but I can't form the words. My tongue has lost its way.

She bashfully winds a slender finger in one of her long pigtails, and squeaks, "I'm Bubbles. Wouldya like a dance?"

Fuck yeah, I would! Unable to verbalize my enthusiasm, I nod vigorously.

With a dainty hop, Bubbles spins around, turning her back to me. Rolling her hips and shoulders, she wiggles her bottom as she sinks into a crouch and grinds her unclothed cheeks into my crotch, her tail teasing my chin.

I chomp my bottom lip and clutch the seating with white-knuckled swelling need. My toes curl in my grav-boots. My heart drums in my ears. Sweat pools in the small of my back though it's cool. I've never been so horny in all my life.

Glancing over her slim shoulder, Bubbles whispers, "It'd feel better if ya pulled it out."

I gulp heavily, then split open the groin of my skin-suit, releasing my throbbing erection.

She continues her sensual gyration, polishing my prick with the silky flesh of her rear, and warm waves of euphoria flow through my body and mind, distorting time so everything moves at a glacial pace.

I watch in slow-motion as she turns around, sinks to her knees, and devours the fat head of my dick with her baby-blue plump lips. My jaw drops as I let out a blissful moan. She suckles softly like an infant on the teat, drool dribbling like forming stalactites, while delicately fondling my balls with one hand and gingerly stroking my shaft with the other.

An indeterminable amount of time passes blissfully before Bubbles reaches back and fingers a loop of string I hadn't noticed. With a gentle tug, she plucks a bead from her bud and coos in elation around my cock. She pulls bead after bead, murmuring joyfully with each one as she sucks me, until she holds a thread of twenty-five beads.

Pausing her nursing, she cracks one of the beads between her teeth and chews it with a merry grin. "Each one is a different flavor."

Bubbles eats two more before offering the candy anal beads to me.

I manage to mutter, "Thanks, sweetie." Then I stuff them into my mouth, one after the next, as she pumps my prick and swirls her tepid tongue around the tip.

When I've eaten the last sweet, the melodic lullaby suddenly shifts into electro gothic metal, and a second dancer appears on stage with a poof of black smoke and a bursting sizzle of green fireworks.

An unrevealed DJ shouts over the music, "Next up, Buttercup!"

The inky fumes dissipate to unveil a punky young woman twirling upside down, with skin pale as death, dark-green furry feline ears, curved jade horns and a matching tail. Her short pixie-cut hair is raven-black, and her emerald eyes effervescent. Her lipstick is harlequin-green, same as her spiked leather collar and bracelets, and knee-high stiletto boots. She flaunts her heavy buoyant bosoms and firm bubble-butt, wearing nothing else but a black strap-on double dildo, both phalli long, thick, and ribbed.

Springing off the pole, Buttercup appears to float through the air as if under decreased gravity due to the euphoria-induced illusion of deceleration of time, and lands behind Bubbles with the grace of a cat.

My stomach churns when I spot sickly-green transparent gremlins, impish and deformed with hollow eyes, squirming about her like a malignant infection in her aura.

Buttercup grips Bubbles' hips, raising them into position for double entry, and an igniting ripple of ecstasy surges through me, accelerating the passage of time severalfold. The club blurs around me, colors smearing, the heavy music growing louder, and all I can see clearly is Bubbles

bobbing frantically on my cock, tears pouring down her face, while Buttercup pounds her pussy and ass at once, her tail lashing Bubbles' bottom, alternating cheeks with each lunge.

Conflicting emotions contort my psyche as Bubbles' blubbing lips slurp and suck while Buttercup laughs manically as she thrusts and whips. My mind feels as if it's rolling backward perpetually. I'm not sure if I've discovered heaven, hell, or purgatory.

This goes on continuously, as stellar nebulas birth massive stars that expand into red supergiants which explode into radiating supernovas that collapse into neutron stars and black holes. All the while I teeter on the pinnacle of climax, the sweet oblivion of orgasm eluding me.

Eventually, the baleful discordance transmutes into brooding orchestral trance as a third beauty, with big bodacious breasts, appears from the whirlwind of streaking colors, and corrects the temporal pace. Her twinkling turquoise eyes are soul piercing and all-commanding. They sweep over me with titanic weight. Vermilion triangular fox ears jut from her vivacious-red hair tied in a ponytail. Her crimson lipstick matches her feather necklace and thigh-high stockings. Flaming droplets of boiling blood wreath her bronzed flesh in a sizzling halo of devilry. She boasts twisted ruby horns, a matching tail, and most daunting of all, a girthy, pulsating prick.

The DJ announces, "The one and only, Blossom!"

She shoves Buttercup aside and yanks Bubbles from my purple, swollen member. Nearly crushing my larynx, Blossom heaves me to my feet by the throat. She sits, spreads her legs wide, and her tail coils around my neck and pulls my face to her crotch, her oversized cock smacking me between my eyes, which go cross as they attempt to focus on her pulsing phallus.

Bubbles settles below me and returns to her enthralling suckling as Buttercup grasps my hips and nuzzles one of her dildos against my undefiled rosebud. My howl of pain and shock is stifled by Blossom's erection cramming into my throat.

Agony, pleasure and shame battle for ascendancy in the arena of my overloaded psyche as I'm dominated and worshiped simultaneously. Buttercup drills my ass rough, swift and deep with menacing laughter, as Bubbles works my manhood all the way down her throat, while Blossom gags me with her colossal cock. My mind wavers under the strain, threatening to come undone. Terrified of the dire plummet into insanity, I surrender to the wayward tempest of opposing perilous forces rather than allow them to tear me asunder, and rapture engulfs my soul, withdrawing me from my body.

Spirits hover all around the border of the club, watching the infernal scene. I'm struck with a revelation. All the women that dwelt on this haven were slain by these three succubi, and all the men were drained of life, their souls trapped here forever.

Some time later, the universe comes to an abrupt halt as three pairs of gleaming fangs are exposed in ravenous sneers, and I'm drawn back into my exhausted, physical vessel. This is it. The end. What have I done with my life? Not much. But I did fuck a princess.

My expiration date is a moment away, the hot breath of three monsters tickling my exposed flesh, when a burly bounty hunter marches into the club, neuron-disrupters at the ready.

I'm cast aside like rotten meat. All giggles and alluring smiles, the she-devils amble up the sloping floor to greet the brute. With teasing whispers and pecking kisses they disarm and disrobe him in seconds. The harrowing shriek that follows wanes quickly as they turn him into a human prune.

The withered corpse plops to the floor and the three vampiric demons are atop me in a flash, bloody fangs primed, eyes deranged with thirst.

I holler, "Wait! Wait! I can get you more! An unlimited supply!"

Lips quivering with craving, they begrudgingly recede and my heart rate drops under the redline.

"There's a bounty on my head. It's huge." I stretch my palms wide. "Every hunter in the galaxy's searching for me. If I leak some hints about my whereabouts, they'll keep coming, one after the next. Of course, these clues will be subtle and fleeting, so you'll have to keep me alive to create more."

They turn to each other, smiling faces flaring with exuberance, giddy as children at playtime, and grope one another feverishly.

Capitalizing on my newfound advantage, I clear my throat. “But I have one little condition.”

Their combined excitement shifts swiftly to amassing annoyance.

I can’t help but slip a sly grin. “You don’t fuck me. I fuck you. However and whenever I choose.” I arch a brow. “Deal?”

They nod together and speak as one. “Agreed.”

“Before I lure in any more meals, I wanna demonstration of your subservience.” I snap my fingers and point to the floor. “On your knees.”

They oblige with no indication of reluctance, three fanged mouths opening before me, silently pleading for abuse. Who knew they could be domesticated so easily?

Grasping Blossom’s ruby horns, I eagerly thrust between her welcoming lips and into her taut throat, forcing her to take me to the hilt. Snarling through gritted teeth, I viciously fuck her face, causing her to gag, choke and drool.

When I’ve exacted an adequate measure of vengeance, I shove her aside and give Buttercup the same maltreatment, growling ferociously with each ass-clenching, brutal lunge.

After I’ve pulverized her tonsils, I push her away, heave Bubbles to her feet and bend her over the stage. Gripping her pigtailed, I alternate between her tight pussy and tighter ass, relishing the contrast, as she bucks and squeals.

Finally, with all three whimpering like bitches in heat, I shower them with streams of pearly goo, splattering their faces and breasts, as I quake and roar in jubilant triumph.

Floating in a narcotic haze, I murmur, “Better than teenage princess asshole.”

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Thank you for reading Deep Space Sirens. I hope you enjoyed it. Please take a moment to leave me a review at your favorite retailer. And browse my website [JamesLucien.com](http://JamesLucien.com) for more of my works.

Heed this warning or the siren’s seductive song may ensnare your soul.

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