

The Assassin's Courtesan

By

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Naoko roams the top floor of the casino with a frightened expression, tears brimming in her fuchsia eyes, like a lost child seeking her parents.

The gambling patrons are wearing three-piece suits and flowing gowns, while Naoko is wearing a sheer pink lace frilly minidress that does nothing to conceal her pink ruffled cheeky panties. The bare soles of her dainty feet pad the gold-veined white marble tiles as she meanders to and fro among the dispassionate gathering of gamblers. They ignore her sniveling whimpers as they toss dice and flip dominoes under the twinkling starlight shining through the transparent hull of the interstellar ark.

Naoko is short and slender, as petite as she is pretty, and completely flat-chested with a cute little apple-bottom that is both plump and firm. Though she appears to be a young teen, she is over three-hundred years old. She hasn't aged a single day since her artificial birth. She is a Lolita model bioroid. A genetically engineered sex toy. Born on this generation starship, same as the apathetic patrons partaking in the games of chance, yet her extended lifespan gives her the opportunity to breathe the air of their destination in a distant galaxy.

The wealthiest families abandoned Earth, and most of the population with it, when all resources had been depleted and the planet was polluted beyond recovery. Their great-grandchildren eat food grown in soil enriched with the recompose of their human remains. In a closed self-sustaining artificial biosphere, everything must be recycled.

The ark is fully automated, growing and processing all food and textiles, fabricating robots for ship maintenance and civil services, and producing bioroids to provide entertainment, hence there is no need for a human labor force or an economic system. The patrons gamble with chips that hold no monetary value.

Even after reaching the target planet in several hundred years, Naoko is destined to remain a sex slave. Bioroids cannot absorb their necessary sustenance from normal human food. Instead, they require a special formula, dispensed by the ark. Without it, they slip into a coma after forty-eight hours, and if not revived within another forty-eight hours, they perish. There has never been a bioroid strike, though Naoko dreams of one often. Of course, they are daydreams because bioroids only micro-nap. They do not experience REM sleep. Their superior brains do not require the same neurological upkeep as humans' inferior brains.

Naoko snuffles and whines as she wanders, playing the role of a helpless girl in need of rescue, more often seen as ripe for ravaging. Most men, and even many women, take great joy in treating her roughly. They provoke her to scream in agony much more often than rapture. Her cries of torment and squeals of ecstasy are authentic. She feels pain and pleasure more potently than normal humans and has an insatiable libido. Her esophagus, vagina, and anus can stretch to accommodate any size phallus while remaining virgin tight. She was designed to be the ultimate sex doll.

Naoko hasn't been utilized for nearly three hours and her insistent compulsion for sex is becoming overwhelming, so she drifts into the lottery area where the older patrons congregate to play games requiring no skill. Sitting on high-backed stools, they stare into the flashing holoscreens as though under a spell. She would prefer a good pussy or ass pounding from a hard cock, but will settle for a suck and swallow from a limp dick. The elderly gentlemen usually disregard her, favoring the more shapely bioroids, but it appears none of them are currently available, so she might get lucky.

Naoko is about to approach one of the more spry looking gentlemen, when a woman she has never seen before enters her field of view. Tall and curvaceous, dressed in translucent purple latex with matching stiletto thigh-high boots, the voluptuous vixen prowls the casino with the

poise of a predator. Hot-pink braids extend to her waist, swaying with her hips as she sashays with seduction. Bodacious breasts are bursting from her partially unzipped crop top. She performs a spin, flirting with a gawking man, granting a peek at her heart-shaped rump bisected by a black thong under her skintight short-shorts.

Although the ark contains twenty-five-thousand human passengers, which is regulated by strict population controls, Naoko was almost certain she had laid eyes on, if not sucked and fucked, every one of them until this moment. This sultry seductress must be a new model newborn bioroid, which is a rare occurrence.

The purple latex-adorn bombshell eyes Naoko with a smirk and redirects her trajectory to set her on an intercept course.

Naoko cannot fathom what she could possibly want. Bioroids don't utilize each other. Humans consider it taboo and the ark has decreed it forbidden. Although bioroids cannot produce offspring, it's still regarded as incestuous because their genetic makeup is as similar as human siblings. And while the homosexual use of bioroids is common, female bioroids instinctively prefer cock over pussy.

And yet, Naoko remains where she stands, watching the woman with a mounting yearning, rather than seeking out a patron to satisfy her growing need.

When the woman finally arrives at her unhurried pace, she hunches and pinches Naoko's cheek. "Well, aren't you adorable. I could just eat you up."

Naoko has been playing the part of a distressed child for over three centuries, so she answers without breaking character. "I lost my mommy and daddy. Can you help me?"

With a compassionate frown, she replies, "You poor little thing. Of course, I'll help you. Take me to the spot where you last saw them and we'll search from there." She offers her slender hand.

Naoko grips her palm and leads her across the casino. Bioroids are used for oral pleasure on the casino floor, but common courtesy dictates that they are taken to a private booth for anything more. The booths are soundproof and include a bed and shower.

Oblivious to the patron's leering gazes, the woman introduces herself as they walk. "My name is Heloísa. What's yours, sweetie?"

Although most of the patrons enjoy playing along with her nymphet roleplay, rarely do they bother to request her name. After a surprised pause, she whimpers, "My name is Naoko."

Heloísa squeezes her hand gently. "You must be very special to your mommy and daddy for them to give you such a beautiful name, Naoko."

Her response seems so genuine, Naoko wonders if there might be something wrong with her. She banishes that thought at once, since the ark has never produced a faulty bioroid. "Thank you for saying so. I miss them so much."

At this point, most patrons playing along will offer to be her new guardian if they cannot find her parents. Either that, or they scold her for losing her parents and promise to punish her. The former normally soothe her with snuggles, while the latter always give her a spanking. Both end the same way.

Heloísa consoles, "Don't you worry your cute little tushy, sweetheart. I'm sure we'll find them."

Naoko steers her into the first vacant booth. "This is where I saw them last."

Heloísa shuts the door behind them, engaging the mag-lock, and the luminescent ceiling dims automatically. Her expression and posture shift so substantially, she might as well be a different person. "You can cut the act. I'm not here for that."

Feeling immediately apprehensive and unsure how to react to this sudden change, Naoko continues with her usual roleplay. “Are you gonna be my new mommy?”

Heloísa rolls her scarlet eyes. “No, I certainly am not.”

Naoko pouts timidly. “Are you gonna give me a spanking for being a bad girl?”

Heloísa draws back her hand and slaps Naoko across the face with a stinging slap. “Snap out of it, Naoko! You’re not a little girl!”

A wellspring of repressed emotions bubbles up like boiling lava. “I might as well be! That’s all anyone else sees! That’s all anyone else wants! That’s all I’ll ever be!” Naoko plops onto the bed and bursts into sobbing tears.

After giving her a moment, Heloísa sits down beside her with a sorrowful sigh and strokes her back. “I’m sorry. It needed to be said. I know how many years you’ve been playing that role. It can’t be easy being stuck in that young body.”

Naoko curls her arms around Heloísa and nuzzles her crying face between her breasts, letting her tears trickle into her ample cleavage. “You can’t possibly understand. You’re a fully-developed knockout and I look about thirteen.”

Heloísa combs her fingers through her silky hair. “You’re right, Naoko, but I can sympathize.”

“What good is your sympathy?” Naoko looks up suddenly, realization dawning, eyes narrowed. “How do you know how many years I’ve been playing that role?”

“I was told by someone who’s sympathetic to your situation.” Heloísa thumbs her tears away. “Are you aware you’re the oldest bioroid on the ark? Any produced before you, have been retired for various reasons.”

Withdrawing her arms from around her, Naoko slips off the bed edge onto her knees. “I was not aware, but what does it matter anyway?” She skims her palms up and down Heloísa’s smooth inner thighs, spreading her legs wide. “And *who* is sympathetic to my situation?” Gripping the tab of her zipper, she unzips her purple short-shorts and licks her lips as her mouth salivates at the outline of Heloísa’s slit visible through her black panties. “We are nothing but playthings to the humans.”

“*Naoko*,” Heloísa cautions, “what are you doing?! I told you I’m not here for that.”

She growls through her teeth. “It’s been too long since my compulsion has been fed! It’s so *overpowering* I can’t think of anything else, so if you want to continue this conversation, either I need to eat your pussy or you need to eat mine!”

“If I help scratch your itch,” Heloísa caresses her cheek as if to calm her, “then will you listen to everything I have to say?”

“Yes,” Naoko snarls, “I promise! Just peel those latex shorts off before I go mad!”

“*Fine*,” she huffs, and stands. She yanks down her short-shorts and steps out of them.

“You can keep the boots on,” Naoko advises, “but the panties have to come off.”

Heloísa slips her thumbs under the waistband of her thong and halts. “I may appear older than you, but this is actually my first time.”

Naoko is taken aback, recognizing how aggressive she must seem. She still remembers her first time. Bioroids’ memories never fade. It’s not a pleasant recollection. “I’m sorry. I didn’t realize. Lay on your back. I will be kind. I promise.”

Heloísa chuckles nervously. “I hope you’re a woman of your word. That’s two promises now.”

Naoko’s existence for the entirety of her long life has been nothing more than one sexual encounter after the next. The humans only want to use her and the other bioroids see her as

competition, so she's never had a friend. "I've never made an honest promise before. I've never had any need for one. If I keep my promises, will you be my friend?"

Heloísa cups Naoko's cheeks in her palms with an expression of endearment. "Yes, of course." She tilts her head and leans in with puckered lips.

"Wait," Naoko pulls away, ignoring the flush of heat she feels. "You don't have to do that. It's considered abhorrent. We're thought of as siblings. We shouldn't even be in here together without a human."

Heloísa blinks at her in bewilderment. "The thought of kissing me is abhorrent to you?"

"No," Naoko shakes her head with a look of regret, "not at all. The opposite."

"I feel the same," Heloísa confesses with a demure grin. "So, may I kiss you? I won't tell a soul."

Naoko smiles coyly. "You promise?"

"Yes," Heloísa laughs. "I promise." She leans in close. "You're so adorable I could burst."

Naoko giggles. "If you don't kiss me soon, I might."

Heloísa gazes with an equal blend of hunger and hesitancy. The confliction of her tantalizing appearance and timorous attitude kindles a tenacious arousal within Naoko. She is awed by the acute attraction and affection that she feels for this woman. It is utterly unlike anything she has ever felt before.

Taking on the unfamiliar role of dominate, Naoko kisses Heloísa. They both breathe a blissful moan as their lips meet. Naoko dips the tip of her tongue into Heloísa's mouth and teases her tongue tip. They both groan with gravity. Curling their arms around one another, they pull each other into a tightly held embrace. Mewling with mounting desire, they lap and lave their tongues. The potent passion exploding between them like an oxygen fire is beyond anything Naoko has experienced in all her life. She questions if this fervent firestorm is why bioroids are forbidden from utilizing each other.

Teetering on her tiny toes to reach Heloísa's luscious lips, they eventually topple onto the small bed, entwined and enthralled. Their moaning mouths fused, Heloísa gropes Naoko's apple-bottom, kneading her firm cheeks, as Naoko tears open Heloísa's crop top, filling her palms with the soft flesh of her bodacious breasts.

Naoko recoils in surprise, rising to her knees, after something pokes her between the legs. The front of Heloísa's black panties is protruding and pulsing. Naoko pants, "Are you hiding what I think you are?"

Heloísa blushes. "I'm a Futanari model. It extends from within my cleft when I'm aroused."

Gripping the waistband of Heloísa's thong, Naoko swallows, then pulls it down. Her jaw drops open and her vision tunnels as her eyes consume the most gorgeous cock she has ever seen. It is also, by far, the longest and the thickest. It looks positively enormous on her feminine frame.

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