

## Chapter 2 - My Scopes Negative

A few days after their meeting, the schedule of their prison routine changed slightly. Lieutenant Taesi Boldard didn't know what happened to her, but somehow she was in a fighter cockpit. It was a simulator, she was... pretty sure about that, but she still didn't understand how she'd come to be in. Her, Yethica and another pair of girls had been moved into a holding area one minute, and then the next, her hands were pawing over long missed control yokes.

'What fresh insidiousness is this?' The blonde said as she moved the main part of her hair out of her eyes so she could view the screens without obstruction. Soon, without her having done anything, the cockpit became awash with beeps and lights and the pod powered on. It didn't take her long before her mind was able to pick up on the type of fighter that was being simulated on the panels and screens.

'They put us in Kihrazz fighters? Why make us fly in pirate ships? This doesn't make sense. If they're trying to figure out the best pilots... we should be flying-'

"Hey... is anyone out there? Please check-in. I'm in a simulator. At least I hope..." Taesi heard Yethica's voice call out over the com unit. The only person she really knew in the desperate situation sounded a little more subdued than when they'd first met. The pilot closed her eyes, recalling her training. She needed to get Yethica to calm down, or the mission would be over before it began.

'This place is getting to her... Don't worry Yethica, we will work together. Our solidarity will see us through this,'

"Yethica. I'm here. I'll be... Alpha One, you'll be Alpha Two. You're about two clicks away from me. Get on my wing," The seasoned Imperial pilot said before sending her peer some coordinates.

"Alright!" Yethica was excited to hear Taesi's voice, but it was hard not to think about how they might have to reassign who was in the lead after they saw the final kill tallies. Knowing that she wasn't alone, the black-haired Rebel operative tried to relax her mind.

The mission turned out pretty straight forward, but the strange choice of fighters wasn't the only oddity they faced. While they and two other pilots were tasked by a faceless, almost-robotic voice to protect a transport ship, groups of enemy starfighters jumped in. The strange thing was that each group was a mix of TIE fighters and X-Wings. At first, no one had any motivation to shoot down the simulacrums, but a quick shock to their system from machines secretly installed in the cockpit chairs gave each pilot a degree of motivation to vape the 'enemy' starfighters.

"Good work, Alpha Squadron. Looks like we'll be making it home after all," A gruff male voice called over the channel. It appeared to be coming from the transport ship.

Taesi was slightly amused by the simulation. She didn't truly care about the person running the transport during the simulation, but it did feel nice to at least be fake flying. The group of captured pilots flying vessels through a space made of 1s and 0s got one more transmission from the freighter. This one was a different voice. It sounded young, almost child-like.

"Thank you, pilots. My family is carrying medical supplies to a colony,"

'Well, this is just ridiculous. Colony ships would never be attacked by the Imperial navy. At least if that's what the freighter is...' The Imperial mused while she and the other ships continued flying in formation.

Suddenly, things got flipped on their head. "Alpha Squadron. Disregard first orders. That transport entered different jump coordinates. I'm ordering you to disable their life support now! A boarding party will jump in soon,"

Taesi suddenly felt light-headed, like there was an oxygen leak in her cockpit. But that didn't make sense. She wasn't actually in a cockpit, wasn't actually in space for that matter. Simulation or no, killing the life support meant killing the 'colonists'. Her reflexes engaged all the same, laying her red targeting reticle over the ship until it flashed over to red. Despite all her training to merely follow orders to the letter, she resisted and kept her gloveless fingers from touching the triggers.

"Whatever your game is Command, I don't care. I'll disable the engines,"

"Alpha Two the pilot is a traitor and a thief! If you don't do something now, we'll lose the ship, and the turncoat will give up our secrets,"

Yethica laughed into the com. "You haven't interrogated us. You don't know any of our secrets,"

But she was wrong. After a moment, as the transport continued moving away, the voice of Command returned.

"Yethica Ziurc. Ran away from home at fourteen. Fell in with the Gar'Voota Gang..."

This time she did not laugh. All the Rebel pilot wanted to do was find the damnable voice and choke them to death. Her past was her own business.

"Taesi Boldard. Required her parent's assistance to help get her into a prestigious flight academy. Meager entrance scores would have meant, she'd never fly without mommy and daddy's 'help',"

Taesi's hands became white-knuckled. 'He's talking about the Darkwing Academy on Carida! How?... those records were erased?'

Still... none of the fighters destroyed the transport's life-support system.

“Resilient. Quite impressive. Alright, Yethica... You’ll like this one. Approximately two years ago, our scoundrel friend was hopped up on glitterstem. Then during a job for her nefarious employers, she attempted to-”

“Enough!” Yethica screamed out. She moved the control yokes and immediately blasted the engines of the vessel to smithereens.

“How disappointing. Alpha Two, you disobeyed orders. Now the traitor has nothing to lose. He’ll kill everyone on that ship. Same result...”

“You said a recovery team was five minutes away. Plenty of time for any innocents aboard to lock down their area and stay safe from the madman,” Taesi felt compelled to interject, even though she’d moved her own targeting sights onto the life support systems.

“I’m disappointed in you both,”

“Put me in a real ship, Command. I assure you that you won’t be disappointed then...” The Imperial pilot barked out, her mind suffering from a fit of rage. This place was bad enough without these fake piloting runs and disclosure of personal secrets.

The blonde woman couldn’t tell, but in her pod, Yethica was smiling, encouraged by her friend’s bravery.

Soon, the pods shut down and the two women were removed from the simulation theater. Each was restrained by two bulky guards. As Taesi and Yethica exchanged glances between one another, the Imperial pilot tried to buck up her strength. In her mind, it only made sense that their wardens had put them into piloting situations if one day they thought the prisoners would need to fly ships.

‘And a ship means an escape for me. And Yethica if she is quick as well...’

The group rounded a corner and the captured TIE pilot noticed the guards adjusting their masks. Before she could figure out just what was happening, the two were marched forward through an area with vents lining the walls. Stopped halfway through, neither pilot smelled the specific blend of spice and chemicals. It was the same concoction that had been administered to them upon their capture. It was cutting edge stuff, processed at the massive facility.

The two beleaguered pilots joined a collection of other women. It wasn’t hard to figure out where they were going. In her mind, Yethica had taken to calling the place they were headed, the Flesh Pits. Once inside the large square room, a lucky group of guards surprised the prisoners, rubbing wherever they liked and rubbing their thick cocks in between whatever they wanted. The chemical passing through their bodies made each woman much more reactive and they welcomed the attention.

A quiet voice inside the Rebel pilot wanted to return into the pilot seat, but the much louder voice told her to stick with her adoptive squadmate, and coincidentally, to stick out her tongue

and her ass as one of the guards began playing his gloved fingers all over her body. As her black hair occasionally blocked her visions, she made cute and somewhat airheaded requests to the man hungrily drinking in all the details of both savory Human women. Eventually, they were paired up and surrounded by a clutch of the horny guards. It was what she wanted, but she ended up getting surprised by the guard's lurid creativity.

A powerful Nikto suddenly shoved Yethica forward while a whisker-faced Toygarian pressed Taesi in as well. Both women's naked bodies met in the middle. At first, it kind of felt awkward, but then Taesi reacted to the memories the pair had made their first time in the Flesh Pit.

'This is where she found me...'

She remembered hands pinching her hips as a foreign cock plunged inside of her. Then there was a flash of a face, determined and strong. That face had spoken to her while the pragmatic woman's pussy devoured a strange Alien penis. In the tangle of naked, sweaty, and stanky flesh, her fellow pilot had offered her support. The Imperial pilot would never forget it. The blonde's brown eyes closed partially as she gently hugged Yethica's body and leaned her face down against the crook of the other pilot's head and shoulder. It was a little surprising to the Rebel pilot, but after the initial shock wore out, she kissed at the woman's neck and reached her hand down along Taesi's well-toned stomach.

The flesh was firm, forcing her to react a little impulsively. As the two women nuzzled each other's bodies, Taesi felt Yethica's fingers dancing along the slight depressions of her ads. The sensation created a small smile but that soon parted into a luscious moan when the blonde felt two fingers reach her exposed pussy.

"Yethica... ahh... are you sure..." The Imp's lips pursed while her vaginal lips relaxed to allow her compatriot even more access to her wam wetness. It wasn't as if the blonde's vagina had been lonely during their confinement, but the gentle and pleasing touch of the spunky pilot standing in front of her was making her feel so good, and so reassured.

"More... give me more..." The naval officer who had faced so many rigorous tests to earn her wings moaned out. She felt shame considering her wanton lust, but the woman's fingers were making her melt. As Yethica continued, Taesi's lips formed a cute O shape. Taesi pulled her head back and when they were in range, she latched her own mouth against her companion's quietly gasping opening.

"Mrrrhmmmm..." both stellar beauties whimpered out as their nipples and titflesh played off one another's.

The kiss was fleeting. Their unscrupulous guards liked a good saucy moment, but they'd seen it before, and seeing was just not as good as doing! The Imperial and Rebel (both still unaware of their respective allegiances) both murmured mournfully when their tongues and lips became untangled. As the first pair of guards stunned the two women with their grips, Yethica felt a fat alien cock jutting against her streaming cunt lips. When someone did the same to Taesi, all that

remained of their connection was passing bumps and touches of their fingertips. The touch of the cocks beginning to pound their wet insides however, were far from fleeing.

“Fuck... oh fuck! You’re even bigger than the last guy!” Yethica cried out as she was ravaged from behind. Her mate bit into her shoulder and squeezed heartily on her bouncing tit as he continued poking her full of his bulging cock. As each thrust brought more of his thickness into her honeypot, the Rebel pilot became aware of something else. The specific cut of Nitko swelling her pussy with his cock appeared to have rings of small barb-like growths at his tip and the middle of his lengths.

The woman’s short black hair danced while her body undulated with every throttling burst of pleasure. When the horny bits really began scrapping the depths of her pink, pleated walls, Yethica’s eyes began crossing as her orgasm began to knock on the doorway into her rowdy mind.

While Yethica began hollering out nonsense as the Nikto began stirring every part of his horned length into her gushing pussy, her Imperial counterpart was dealing with her own strange cock. The man with his arms wrapped underneath her lively breasts was a Togorian, a member of a feline-like race who mainly became notorious pirates. She couldn’t have felt more revolted if she tried. All the same, it wasn’t long before the softness of her face from when she’d been hugging Yethica was replaced with expressions formed from the scary but voracious sensations exploding out from her womanhood. After each lewd gasp, the woman still believing that the Emperor himself might swoop down and save her, felt her pussy becoming close to frothing each time his raw, unsheathed cock coursed past the Imperial’s defenses. One particularly heavy-hitting thrust made her body quake so much that Taesi ended up squirting all over his fur-covered legs.

“What a slut. She squeezes me harder when I pick up the pace,” The feline Alien said before emitting a powerful roar.

“That’s not true. No woman could ever... Nrhaah... feel good from-” The Imperial’s breath failed her in that moment due to the tumultuous conflict between her heart and her body. Her breasts got progressively hotter while her pussy felt like it was melting every time it got stretched out by the non-Human’s coarse and disgusting cock. When she let out another series of undeniably scintillating moans, Taesi’s face turned red as a Sith blade and she brought her hand up to her mouth so she could bite on her knuckles. Doing so proved a mistake, it was noticeable by everyone around her, including the Togorian. Captivated by her naughtiness, he ended up getting bigger inside of Taesi’s flaming and dripping core.

“Haha. You can’t hide your arousal from me, girlie. Not with this nose...” The furry alien chuckled, pinching one nipple and playfully scratching along her opposite breast while he picked up speed. In no time at all, both the blonde and the raven-haired woman watched one another as their bodies raced towards release with no sign of deceleration.

“Hooaahh... Ah... I can't... I can't even think anymore... fuchh... your brutal alien cock is pulling my pussy inside outaaaaahhh!” Taesi screamed out before her tongue lolled out and her eyes became erratic and completely unfocused. Her pussy clamped down on the unsheathed pink flesh, rubbing and putting the screws to the cock to milk the Alien for all his worth.

When she felt his warmth suddenly burst out and begin coating her womb with his semen, her eyes glazed over. Blinking lazily, the Imperial's cheeks blushed an even darker shade. All around her, she noticed with dawning terror just how many guards were furiously jacking off towards her embarrassing state.

'They're... all... masturbating... to me...' Their stares and hungry slurping seemed to click off launch one more torpedo of pleasure into her normally straight-laced brain. The naked Imperial felt her pussy churn and squirt, even as the Togorian's thick furry balls continued spilling their contents out within her hole.

When she saw the Imperial's entire body spasming like it was breaking apart from the inside, the naked Rebel pilot lost her own battle. Sticking a finger into the open hole of her mouth and then sucking hard on it to stifle a little bit of her own pleasure-fueled exclamations, Yethica continued being consumed. Her pussy felt like it was breaking right along with her mind. With the next surging press of hard, horny flesh, her eyes rolled up in the back of her head as she felt the horned cock rocking and bucking within the tight goey folds of her pussy.

It felt so amazing but she still persisted, sucking heartily on her finger. It was so intense, she almost worried about scouring the flesh from her finger while her pussy was plastered with multiple spurts and streams of extremely fiery cum.

After going several more rounds, the women were cleaned up, though not in any caring or decent way. Some technicians wielding large industrial-grade hoses came in and sprayed soapy water to help cleanse all the prisoners of their sweat and other bodily fluids. From there, a fresh group of guards came in with towels and returned their prisoner uniforms. Then it was off to work detail once again.

This time, the two pilots were tasked with fixing up a large assembly line. They were given tools, even some that Taesi knew could be used as blunt weapons in the right scenario, but security was still quite adversarial. Beyond a full squad of guards watching the set of twenty-four women, they were also bound together in pairs with a plasma cord.

The Imperial's mind went to work, though she made sure to help out Yethica so that their division of labor was equal. Each time she got a break, her pecan-colored eyes were always on the prowl, measuring the distance between guards, seeing if any prisoners were trying to pocket tools or even screws from the conveyor system. It reminded her of when she'd had to rebuild the interior control suite of her TIE fighter back at the Academy.

Engineer Chief Jalm had tested her and the other pilots on it day after day till they could get it right. Every piece of the puzzle was just as important as the last. Taking another look around,

she knew that there had to be something, some tiny detail that she could use to build her escape route.

Funnily enough, her eyes came across a familiar face. 'Commander Miona Acort!' The lieutenant quickly coughed into her elbow to help disguise her surprise. The woman with ash-colored hair and hazel eyes had been not only a mentor of hers, but Miona had also paved the way for the introduction of female pilots into the Starfighter Corps.

During their meal break, the final step to yet another day of tiresome and grueling sex and manual labor, Taesi managed to link up with Minoa.

"Commander..." She whispered.

Minoa blinked at her, hazily. It took a few moments, but a glimmer of recognition finally formed in the older woman's hazel eyes. "Taesi Boldard... Oh no... they got you too?"

"Yes, the Rebels must have used some sort of new ion bomb. I haven't found any of my squadmates though. Something is really fishy about this place.

The other prisoner frowned and then leaned in close. "It's the gas, isn't it. It's already affecting your brain. You must be strong..."

Taesi was confused. She looked around to make sure there weren't any guards around. "I'm not sure what you mean..."

"This is no Rebel prison. It's something else. Something worse. F-Far worse. Every time I try to piece it together, it's like my mind just... I can't..."

Taesi frowned. She knew that the Commander had only been MIA for about two months before the flight where Taesi was captured. How could she have become so scatterbrained in that space of time? This place was rough, but the Commander was a hardened Imperial officer, one of the Empire's best.

'I have to get out of here,'

\*\*\*

A few days later, Taesi and Yethica had pieced together enough of a plan. They had learned from some loose-lipped guards about a com center not far from the area where the flight simulation theater was. If the patterns of routine held, after their pilot test, they'd be taken to the Flesh Pit. Their plan was simple, to seduce the guards taking them to the debaucherous entertainment area, and then send out a com for backup.

By then, both women had essentially discovered that they were from opposite sides of the war, but in the spirit of escaping this dreaded place, they had each agreed to put their differences

aside. Each argued that it wasn't just about the two of them. Escape would possibly mean being able to help all of their other pilots experiencing the cruel and insidious imprisonment.

Tricking the guards wasn't hard, especially with how adept both women were becoming at sucking and taking cock. Yethica ended up being the one to get their weapons out. Four stun shots later and the women were on the move, just not especially fast since two guards had opted on anal.

The two prisoners burst into the com center, finding it mostly occupied by droids, a technician and two guards. The Rebel pilot didn't take any chance and quickly stunned all three of the living beings while the Imperial fighterjockey went to work finding a way into the system. In the end, she had to splice into the adminmech droid. The dirty-white and red unit's designation labeled it as GB-63.

Having co-opted the droid, Taesi moved her hair to the side and set it work getting them access to systems. In no time, they found that they could access the communications systems.

"I don't like this..." Yethica said, looking sound for any sign of navigational charts or data, anything that would pinpoint where they actually were in the galaxy. Her feelings of unease only increased once Taesi declared that she'd found an Imperial signal within range.

"Are you sure about this? We have weapons... we can explore more, maybe find some frakking ships on... whatever this place is,"

Taesi shook her head. She knew her friend was scared of winding up leaving one prison cell only to end up in an Imperial one. "Don't worry, they will send a rescue mission. I'll do everything I can to make sure they go leniently on you..."

The instant the words left her mouth, Taesi closed her eyes with regret. "I... I didn't mean-"

Suddenly Yethica had her blaster squared on the woman she had thought was her partner. Obviously, the pilot had assumed at the very least, they'd lie about who she was to provide her a good route to escape. Her grip on the blaster intensified. "Go leniently on me? If you think I'm-"

Before Yethica or Taesi said one more word, the doors to the 'com center' wooshed open. A rank of four guards appeared. Two immediately blasted the weapons out of both women's hands.

'That fucking smarts...' Yethica howled out in her mind. Focusing her dark eyes on the open door, she saw a figure in strange dark armor. It had golden accents, but it was unlike any design she'd ever seen. Her hands clenched and unclenched and Taesi knew there would be a fight. Before anything else happened, however, the armored figure waved his hand. It was as if the lights went out in the minds of both women.



Their unconscious forms fell to the floor. Without a word, the man's entourage moved in and collected him. Pleased that their latest supply run had at least merited some possible candidates, the mysterious figure allowed himself a moment of pleasure before ordering a medical team to get the stunned people inside the room back on their feet.

'Time is money, and no one around here is paid to sleep on the job...'