

THE AFFAIR

A futuristic spaceship is shown in flight against a dark, star-filled background. The ship is positioned in the lower-left quadrant, moving towards the right. It has a complex, multi-segmented design with various protrusions and a central cockpit area. Several bright, white, curved streaks of light trail behind the ship, suggesting high-speed movement or a specific maneuver. On the right side of the frame, a large, dark planet with glowing orange and red surface features is partially visible. The overall scene is set in outer space, with a greenish nebula-like glow on the left side.

<http://sandciderandspacehips.blogspot.com>

After a couple of years of publishing short works of fiction on my Eve Online website, my first novella started something. The creative juices were obviously flowing as I finished that one and went straight into this one. This is certainly a departure from standard. It is more of an **adult theme** and a lot more ‘**racy**’ than the last one which was really ‘action-adventure’. 50 Shades of Grey this is not, but the primary subject is bow-chicka-wow-wow! Under 18? Move along please, nothing to see here.

I’d like to think of this novelette as similar to a paint-by-numbers book. I have given you the outline, if your mind makes it colourful, don’t blame me!

Acknowledgements

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The Affair

The door opened and Detective Devereux was shown inside the small room. Inside, two uniformed men stared through the one-way mirror into the interrogation room beyond. The younger looking man wore a typical security services uniform, obviously the local law enforcement. The older man was wearing an officer's uniform; Devereux assumed he was the 'brass' in the room. Upon hearing the door open, the two men turned and the older of the two approached.

"You must be Detective Devereux from the Federal Investigation Bureau? I'm Station Commander Vidal and this is Security Chief Gérard".

They shook hands before turning their attention back through the mirror. A woman was sat in handcuffs at the small table. She was smoking a thin cigarette and didn't appear to have a care in the world.

Devereux would have classed her as attractive. She was of Gallente origin and had dark, almost black hair. She looked dressed to impress and he assumed she had been arrested on a night out.

"Commander, as I understand it this is a pretty open and shut murder case. No confession but pretty damning evidence if I read the summary right. I'm a little confused why the FIB were called?".

"Yes Detective. If this had been a normal case Chief Gérard here would have taken it. She's clearly guilty as hell and any tribunal wouldn't be sat more than 20 minutes before sentencing her. But there is a complication that was left out of the official report. The murder occurred in one of our Captains Quarter's."

"I still don't see the significance."

"A capsuleer's captains quarters."

The detective simply nodded and left the observation room, heading towards the interview room. Capsuleers were a law-onto-themselves and crimes committed by them and in their quarters were a federal matter. Out in space CONCORD had jurisdiction, inside stations and planet side it was the individual Empires responsibility. It was very rare to find local law enforcement keen to get mixed up in capsuleer matters. Therefore in the Gallente Federation or their outposts the FIB were called on to enforce the law.

He entered the interview room a few seconds later. The woman just looked at him, blowing a cloud of smoke.

"My name is Detective Devereux, Ms Rochette. I understand you have used your one call but you say you won't be having legal representation?"

The woman just nodded as if she wasn't particularly interested.

"I'd strongly advise you seek legal representation. These charges are very serious".

She shrugged indifferently.

"I'd like you to tell me your side of the story, from the start." he stated as he took the seat opposite her.

"Why?" she asked as if she was bored and didn't have a care in the world.

"Why? Because you are charged with pre-meditated murder and are looking at the death penalty!" the detective couldn't believe her flippant attitude.

"It'll never go to trial." she smiled.

"Sorry, but from where I'm looking it's a pretty open and shut case. The victim, who you were found with, had been strangled with a stocking around her neck. Is your right leg cold, Ms Rochette?" said the detective as he bent over looking at her legs of which one was covered in black silk and the other was bare.

"I've already been through this with the security guys." she complained.

"Please, indulge me."

"Very well, I suppose we have a few hours to waste. But if you want the story on how that dancer died, I have to start at the very beginning. And it is Doctor by the way, not Ms."

Devereux didn't understand that first comment about 'a few hours to waste', but as she started to recount her story he didn't want to interrupt.

-oOo-

"I left my own very private hell that was school early and went straight to university. Being the brainy ugly-duckling meant school was terrible for me. The teasing, the bullying. University was so much better. Less jocks and bimbo's, like-minded people where being smart was actually a positive attribute. I majored in bio-chemistry, aiming for a doctorate. I worked hard, studied hard and soon I was accepted to study for my PhD. That's where I started working with soon-to-be-husband.

Oh, how funny to think I was happy at that time. I guess I didn't know any better. How could I? I was mid-twenties and hadn't even been kissed before I met my husband. Nobody had wanted the ugly geek. By the time I'd blossomed and was considered attractive I was too busy with my studies. It was only during the PhD and working with my soon-to-be husband did I even think about that sort of thing.

We became involved, both got our doctorates, were snapped up together by the same bio-tech research corporation and were married. I thought I had it all. A good job, a husband that loved me, twice a month fumble under the sheets with the lights off. No foreplay Detective, a little bit of touching, him on top, all done in 5 minutes. I didn't know any better; he was my first and only. I say Detective, you're not blushing are you? Wait until I get onto my secondment!

Anyway, we always insisted on postings together. The corporation had no issue with this, thankfully. Six months ago we were at a small low-sec research outpost, not too dissimilar to this one. We were working on some medicinal projects when word came in that a transport ship travelling through the system had suffered an explosion and was requesting docking permission as they had casualties. They were arriving at the outpost and we needed all hands to the hanger to help. There were only twenty of us, and whilst we weren't real medics, we grabbed first aid kits and headed to the hanger to help.

The hauler docked and the doors opened, but there were no wounded people being brought out on stretchers. Instead there were masked men with guns. We had no protection, no security personnel. The facility was researching medicines, nothing that pirates or rival companies would attack for. They secured the base in a matter of minutes and took the commander to the ops centre and forced him to open the personnel database. They identified ten of us, myself and my husband included, forced us onto their ship and left. As we travelled

we realised they'd selected only the bio-chemists, none of the support staff.

An hour later we were herded out of the ship and into the hanger of a different outpost. A masked man stood there awaiting our arrival. He announced we were on a hidden Serpentis Syndicate outpost. An explosion in one of their labs had injured a dozen of their lab staff and they had a major order to fill. He explained that they were businessmen, not bloody-thirsty pirates. We would be given a lab, materials and a list of drugs to produce. If we met the deadline and the product was of sufficient quality we'd be released unharmed.

Like we'd say no. A bunch of academics surrounded by masked pirates with guns making demands.

I have to say I sort of enjoyed it, the work that is. We cooked their product and I bet it was better quality than they had ever made themselves. We actually cut it in the end as we were worried that if it was too good they'd want to keep us forever. We also worked slow, again so they didn't think we would be a good asset to hang onto. Making Cryllisium, Drop and Mindflood was simple for a bunch of bio-chemists with PhDs. Most of us had experimented with that crap back in uni. Don't look like that Detective - you find me a bio-chemist who hasn't produced something a bit naughty at some time in their past! We never used it ourselves, hell no, not us socially-awkward geeks. But it made us popular with the cool kids at uni. Did you ever try any drugs at university, Detective? I'm sure you did even if you'd

never admit it now. Chances are it was cooked up by a Bio-C student like me trying to impress one of the 'in-crowd'.

We were three days away from being released when the outpost was shaken. It was pandemonium; we didn't know what was happening. The lab shook violently, alarms were going off, people were screaming. Apparently our corporation hadn't forgotten about us. They'd approached a capsuleer agent and offered a reward for our safe return. That was what was shaking the station, an immortal in a battleship hurling missiles at us. The Serpents guards flooded into the room in a panic and grabbed us. They stuck us all into an escape pod and jettisoned us into space in the hope the capsuleer would scoop us up and move on.

Have you ever seen a Raven class battleship in action Detective? Not just patrolling a stargate or docked in a hanger. I mean up close and personal as it fires torpedos into a hapless foe? It is a sight to behold.

The thing is with capsuleers, lives mean nothing to them. In a typical engagement they kill tens of thousands just on the ships they destroy. This capsuleer obviously want to loot the wreckage of the outpost. The escape pod we were crammed into could hear the transmissions from the outpost. They first started with a casual "There's what you came for now go away.". Then they started to say that reinforcements were on their way and he should leave if he knew what was good for him. The capsuleer never said a word, he just kept firing. Then they

started pleading to him, explaining there were women and children on the outpost. The missiles just kept streaming from that Raven. In the end they put a young woman on the comms who begged for her life and her young family. She was still begging as the outpost broke apart. I've never heard such a deafening silence as I did when that woman's screams were abruptly cut off.

Our escape pod was tractor beamed into the battleship and we were unceremoniously dumped in its cargo bay. An officer from the ship greeted us and explained we'd be back home soon and we should just wait in the cargo bay as it wouldn't be a long journey. We were all a little dazed and confused. I strolled around the vast cargo bay stretching my legs for a while. As I wandered around I had an eerie feeling like I was being watched. I glanced around and noticed a security camera tracking me. I returned to the group and the camera followed me. Another person went to stretch their legs but the camera remained focused on me. I walked around a bit more, but all the time those cameras followed just me.

We got back to station and I thought nothing more of it. The corporation gave us all two weeks leave to recover from the ordeal.

When we returned for new assignments we were told we were being split up. We immediately complained but were told it was only for a month. My husband was to head to a new station to make a head-start while I had a different assignment and would join him in 30 days. We

weren't happy but the corporation board were adamant that it had to be done this way.

That night we had our last meal together and an early night. I think we had nearly 10 minutes of love making! Ha! And I thought that was special.

Next morning we kissed goodbye at the terminal and I boarded my shuttle.

My assignment was a secondment to a corporation I'd never heard of. Apparently they had some bio-tech blueprints they want me to look at to see if I could improve their manufacturing efficiency. I had thought it a bit strange they requested me, but what the hell, it would look good on the résumé.

I got on to the shuttle to find I was the only passenger. It was a private charter and I was flown several light-years in luxury being served champagne all the way. That was my first hint something wasn't quite right. I arrived at the station and I had been told I would be met at the arrivals hall. A smartly dressed, uniformed man in a cap had my name on an impressive gold-pressed board. He took my bags and escorted me to the most luxurious limo I'd ever been in. I started to get worried; had they made a mistake? Taken me for some leading expert? We got to the hotel and I walked inside as the driver unloaded the bags. By now I definitely thought there must have been some mistake. The hotel was seven star! It was located on the exterior of the station and

the magnificent lobby looked out over the planet below and into deep space. I just stared into the nebula, mesmerised. I was taken aback by the opulence of it all.

A smartly dressed man came up to me and enquired if I had a reservation. I stammered and said I wasn't sure. He asked my name and as soon as I told him his face lit up. It was like I was a movie star or something. He guided me to a private table away from the front desk and checked me in. He then personally showed me to my room.

'Room'? Ha! There is no way the word 'room' describes what I was led into. It was one of the most luxurious suites I'd ever seen. It was massive with exterior windows looking into space. It was simply amazing. It was also far too expensive for a mid-level bio-chemist. I was now terrified that there had been a mix up.

A note had been left with fresh flowers. It said that dinner would be at 8pm and that it would be a 'working dinner' to discuss the next 30 days. It also said it was not known if I'd packed suitable clothes for such a hotel so some had been provided for me. I rushed to the walk-in wardrobe and there were rack upon rack of designer dresses. I wondered what in Divinity's Edge was going on as I held expensive dresses up against myself looking in the mirror. I was like a kid in a sweet shop.

At 7:45pm I walked into the hotel bar, slightly unsteady in the killer heels that I'm pretty sure cost what I usually made in a year. I was

used to boring flats and had only worn heels a few times, and nothing like this. In fact my entire outfit was stunningly expensive. My suitcase had contained my usual boring attire, but in the massive walk-in closet I had found amazing clothing from all the major fashion houses. What was worrying is that they all fit perfectly. How did they know? There was even underwear, detective. I never really bothered before with lingerie; if my bra and pants matched that was me dressing up. I now had drawers full of the finest thin wisps of silk and lace in that hotel suite. Racy stuff that I'd never, ever think about buying myself. In fact, I hadn't dared wear it that first night. I was in my practical, comfy and extremely boring underwear that I had brought with me. Just the dress and the shoes were taken from the suite. Oh my, when I think back to that first time of seeing those rack upon rack of shoes in that suite! My god, before that day I'd never been into shoes. Too much of a geek, but the shoe closet turned me!

A man's voice behind me asked "Dr Rochette?" and I turned around. There was a man whom I can only describe as beautiful. He was Gallente, tall with dark hair and the most awesome piercing blue eyes I'd even seen. He had a gentle smile and an air of supreme confidence. He introduced himself as the CEO of the corporation that had hired me and led me to a private dining room.

What followed was the most amazing meal of my life. It was like nothing I'd ever eaten before. The food, the drink, the company was amazing. We chatted like old friends and it wasn't until we were

finishing the desert that I realised we'd not talked about what I would be doing during the next month. Before I raised that subject, I had to ask him how he had become CEO of a corporation at such a young age. He laughed and said that his body was actually only 2 years old. It took me a few seconds to realise and I nearly fell of my chair. I was sat opposite an immortal. A capsuleer. A starship captain who could be wired up to the ships systems and control it with just his mind. A man who would survive the destruction of that ship by having his brain scanned and transmitted at the moment of death across space to a waiting clone. I was stunned, I didn't know anyone who'd ever met a capsuleer. In the trillions of souls of New Eden these elite numbered just over a million. When the shock wore off it all fell into place. I asked him if he was the Raven pilot who had rescued us. He was. I asked him if he'd been watching me through the cameras in the cargo bay. He had been.

He went on to explain he did have some bio-engineering BPO's he wanted me to look at, but he said he'd seen something in me that day and wanted to meet me, to get to know me. Seconding me from my corporation seemed like the best way. What normal corporation is going to refuse a request and a stack of cash from a capsuleer?

He told me the bio blueprints and lab equipment were already set up in the adjoining suite to mine along with instructions on what he needed me to do with them. He also said the hotel had instructions to give me anything I wanted or needed and to bill his corporation direct

whether it was a second-generation protein analyser or a day relaxing in the spa.

He said he needed to be going and stood. I stood too, terrified of what he wanted in return. He simply took my hand and kissed it in the traditional formal Gallente way and said that he'd really enjoyed the night and looked forward to seeing me soon. Then he was gone, and the room seemed empty without his presence.

That night I called my husband as arranged. I wouldn't say I lied; I was just economical with the truth. The hotel was 'nice', the lab was 'OK but not at the level what we were used to', the CEO of the corporation was 'unusual' and the work that was lined up for me looked a walk in the park. That last bit was true. A standard lab AI program could have done what he wanted. I knew he was using it as an excuse to see me. I knew that I should have packed my bags and got the next shuttle out of there. But I couldn't. I wanted to see him again. I wanted to spend time with him.

“It was a few days before I heard from him again. I'd made good progress on the research and had started to relax. I'd go to the spa and the swimming pool whilst the tests were running. I ate in the restaurant mostly or had room service on occasions. The holoprojector in the room was totally unlocked and I had access to every channel. I had everything from the latest Gallente action movies to Matari historical documentaries and lots, lots more. I'd never really watched the HP much in the past, but was even getting into some shows during

my time there. Anyway, I got a bunch of flowers delivered with a note. He said we were going to a club so I should dress accordingly.

I spent half the day getting ready. I went to the spa to get my hair and nails done. I chose a racy little black dress and some high heels. I even put on some of that amazing lingerie. He met me in the hotel bar and was as charming as the first time. He complimented me on my hair and even noticed my nails. He was the perfect gentlemen. We left the hotel and headed in the limo even higher in the station. We had to pass through a security checkpoint as we crossed to the very upper decks. Eventually we got to the executive levels of the station and I found myself in a private members club. Although it was quiet I saw other capsuleers; they were making no attempt to hide the sockets on the backs of their necks. I also saw a few semi-famous politicians, sports and movie stars that I recognised from watching the TV so much in the previous days. We ate a meal that if anything was better than the first night; and we chatted like old friends. I felt so comfortable it scared me. Eventually we went down to the bar. It was amazing and again I spotted various celebrities milling around. We took a pair of posh armchairs in the corner and chatted whilst watching the world go by.

“It was getting late when I noticed a group of women enter. Every single one of them was stunningly beautiful and they all wore clinging micro-dresses. They looked like they come straight out of a Gallente pop music video. They split up and soon were chatting to various

men. The capsuleer explained to me that they were professional ladies: high-class, highly skilled and highly expensive. The club allowed them in after midnight to entertain their members. I had been feeling rather beautiful up to then, but these women were in a different league. It sort of soured my mood having them there. Was the CEO checking them out? Was he regretting bringing me here with him. Would he rather have one of them?

By that time I was a bit drunk, so I asked him playfully if he had his pick which one would he choose? He leaned forward and looked deep into my eyes. It was if those piercing blue eyes of his were looking deep into my soul. He said there was only one woman in that bar that he desired, and went back to his drink. My heart literally fluttered.

We took the limo back to the hotel and he escorted me to the lift in the lobby. My heart was pounding. Did he want to come up, did I want him to come up? What would I say if he asked? Should I ask him? I was conflicted and confused. He stopped at the lift door and said that he'd had an amazing night and that he was going to be away a few more days but would be back before the weekend. I felt dizzy - what was wrong with me? He smiled and I was melting. He moved in. Was he going to kiss me? What should I do? I was a married woman and a part of me said I should turn my head and offer him my cheek. But another part of me, a part I never knew existed, wanted to meet him head on, to devour him, to drag him into the lift and up to my room. In the end I hesitated and he made the decision for me. Whilst I was

paralysed with indecision he gently kissed my cheek and whispered seductively in my ear to sleep well and that he'd see me on Friday. With that he was gone and I was again alone and very confused.

That night I couldn't sleep. I tossed and turned in bed thinking of what I should have done. Should I have taken the lead? Would that have spoiled it, scared him away? What if he turned me down? What if he'd accepted?

In the end I gave up on trying to sleep and turned on the TV. I flicked through the channels not really looking at what was on. I just mindlessly hopped though the channels, hundreds and hundreds of them. Finally the screen lit up, with an image that made me pause. I'd scrolled through some 900 channels and was now into the adult section. I watched the scene in front of me, unable to change the channel, I was hypnotised. I'd never seen an adult movie before. As I watched the action unfold, the face of the two actors on screen melted away and were replaced by my mine and his. I started to fantasise that it was us on the screen. Me, who had never had those feelings before, was now deep inside my own fantasy world. I hadn't even consciously realised where my hand had slipped down to. For the first time in my life I came, and came hard thanks to the dirty Gallente movie and my mental image of me with the capsuleer.

Next morning I woke with smile on my face. I now know that it was a new me who awakened that morning. I threw myself into my work,

hoping it would speed up the time until I saw him again. I called my husband each night, the lies becoming easier and less painful.

Finally the day came. I didn't get any work done; I was pacing around until finally the knock at the door came. The flowers were beautiful and the card said he'd meet me in the bar at eight. I was then on a mission. I was hours at the beauty spa and had every treatment a woman can have. I even had the laser hair removal, and when I say removal I mean removal. Do you understand what I'm saying Detective? You are blushing again so I'll take it that you do. I wanted to look like one of those women in the movies that I had now been watching every night imagining it was me and him.

I dressed to kill. I'm pretty sure that whilst consciously I was telling myself that I'd be good, subconsciously I was planning to be bad. The dress had a daring slit to it and was backless. The heels were high, the stockings were finest Gallente silk and held up by a lace belt. With a backless dress I wore no bra. I looked into a full length mirror and for the first time ever I didn't recognise myself. Who was this sultry Gallente seductress staring back at me?

When I met him in the hotel bar I saw his jaw almost drop to the ground. He stammered out his greeting, for once his air of supreme confidence was crushed at the sight of me. I giggled. We went to the executive members club again. We ate, we drank, we people watched. When the girls arrived we watched the rich and the famous enjoy

themselves. Finally it was time to leave. I had been careful that night - I really held back on the drink. We neared the hotel lift and my heart was racing. I took the lead, scared he might leave me there again. I asked him if he wanted another drink. He smiled and followed me into the lift. We entered the suite and he asked me what I wanted before heading to the fully stocked bar to make the drinks. I studied the layout of the room with a scientific eye before sitting down. He approached with the drinks and I saw his eyes dart about just as mine had done. I sat on a three seater, spreading out to take a seat and a half. The position of my body meant that if he took any of the chairs to my left, I'd need to crane my neck to see him. There was only one place he could sit and we would be able to talk normally, and that was next to me. If he saw through my intentions he didn't show it - he handed me my drink and sat exactly where I wanted him. The conversation continued but my heart didn't slow. He appeared very relaxed, but was he putting on a face? Was this a friendly drink. What about what he had said the other night about there was only one woman in the bar he desired.

I shifted in my seat allowing the split in my dress to ride higher, showing my stocking tops. My feet were only a few inches from him but his eyes just were constantly fixed on mine, never dropping no matter how much leg I showed. If I stretched my leg just a little it would touch him. I had a hunger, detective, a raging hunger that needed to be satisfied. But I was also terrified I might ruin it if I made the first move.

When he next went to refill the drinks I stood and turned on some music. The entertainment system was already set with something appropriate. I had gotten it ready before I left, just in case. When he returned I didn't sit, I just slowly danced in front of him. He sat there as I danced for him, finally I could see his eyes all over my body, drinking me in as I seductively danced for him. He remained as he always was, cool, calm, in control.

“I held out my hand and he joined me, we danced to the slow music, it was perfect. Finally he moved his face away from my shoulder. I was burning for him, my heart was about to punch out of my chest. Then he leant in and kissed me. That was it, the dam burst. All that tension exploded into passion. After years of four-minute fumbles in the dark, he opened my eyes that night to a brave new world. He was my teacher that night, we went for hours, doing things I'd never experienced. When he used his mouth on me, I swear I saw stars I came so hard. My husband would never do that, just the thought revolted him. Do you do that to your wife, Detective? You should you know! Oh dear, you are blushing again, probably best you are attached to homicide. I think you'd turn red permanently in vice. I won't embarrass you with the rest of the details. Let's just say it was rather special.

Next morning I woke, satisfied for the first time in my life.

All pretence of the work I was seconded to do was forgotten. Over the next two weeks I would join him on his ship as he worked. The crew

were lovely and accepted me willingly. Nights were spend mostly in my hotel suite as the captains quarters are not designed for two.

For three amazing weeks I was on top of the universe. I did things that would have been unimaginable the previous month. He was my guide, my teacher. He showed me there was more to life than I ever dreamed possible. We mortals spend so much time in our own tiny world when there is a massive universe of adventure and thrills out there. Yet most will never know.

Towards the end of the secondment period he had to go away for a few days. He promised he'd be back for my last night and it would be special. I was crushed, he had referred to it as the 'last night' of the secondment. Was that it? The end? Thirty days of unbelievable fun, excitement and pleasure? I was mortal, he was immortal. Perhaps that is all it could ever be. But could I go back to my old life, my husband, my job? I had tasted the highlife, I had tasted pure ecstasy, I knew there was so much more than what I had come from.

Over the last few days I finished the research and closed down the lab experiments. On the penultimate day the hotel delivered a card with my check-out details for noon the next day. I cried. In the early afternoon the expected flowers and note arrived. He wanted to meet me at 9pm for a special night. I made a decision then, if this was going to be the last night I was going to make sure it was memorable. No more sadness, no sulking, no tears. He had promised me nothing more

than what he had delivered. Maybe I was a fool to expect more. I was going to make our last night our best night!

After an afternoon in the spa I spent nearly an hour selecting the most risqué outfit in the wardrobe. I wore his favourite underwear with black stockings and killer heels. I felt confident, sexy and ready to take on the universe.

We met as planned in the hotel bar and I could see from his face he approved of my efforts. For a moment I thought he was just going to drag me back to the room. I wouldn't have complained in the slightest. Instead he lead me out of the hotel to the waiting hover-limo. We went to the executive club for a meal, but rather than going to the bar afterwards we left. I expected he wanted to take me to the hotel and spend our last night together. Instead we went higher in the station. I asked him where we were going, he said it was a surprise and as it might be our last night together he wanted it to be wild. I smiled at two things he said. Firstly the 'wild' bit was just what I needed. If I was going to return to the goodie-two-shoes married doctor life, a wild night to end this amazing month would be just what I needed. But he had also said it 'might' be our last night together. There was the hint of potential.

We were dropped off outside a pretty non-descript club and entered a door framed by two huge bouncers. I was wondering what sort of club it was, as it certainly didn't advertise itself with the low-key exterior. As soon as we entered the main room after checking our coats I

realised we were in a strip club. High class, unbelievably expensive, but still a strip club. And I loved it! I still laugh at the change in me in such a short time. If my husband had suggested we go somewhere like that a month previously I would have almost fainted, felt sick and probably slapped him. Not necessarily in that order. Now, I was excited. We took a booth in the centre of the back wall with a good view of the stage. The girls strutted around in their gorgeous underwear and killer heels draping themselves over the various men watching the show. Occasionally they'd head off with them for a private dance in one of the back rooms. I'd watched enough movies in the last few weeks to know the score. Each girl did her turn on the stage for two songs, showing the punters their wares. They would then prowl the club trying to get the men to pay for private dances which were much more up-close and personal! We were avoided as it was clear we were a couple. I asked him if the dancers had kept their distance when he had brought other women here before. His answer took my breath away, he said he'd never brought another woman here. I was confused, was there more to this? Was tonight really the last night? If I asked him that would it scare him off? Sour the mood? We continued to chat and people watch as I over-analysed the situation in my head.

As we were commenting on the clientele he suddenly asked me if I could choose to have a dance, which dancer would I pick. He'd carefully worded it to match the same words I'd said to him on in the private members club on our second date. Although he added I

couldn't pick him. Again, it was a testament to how much I'd changed. Asked me that a month ago and I would have been revolted by the idea. However now I found myself carefully scanning the dancing girls and analysing each one. Too skinny, not enough up top, saw her on the poles and didn't look like she was very flexible, just not attractive enough. In the end I pointed discretely. He smiled and asked me why her. I explained I'd seen her up close when I went to the ladies room and her skin looked flawless, I also said she was beautiful, I loved her long straight hair and her time on the stage showed she was an amazing dancer. He smiled. When the waitress came over to ask if we wanted more drinks he whispered something to her. Five minutes later it was not the waitress who returned to our table with our drinks, it was the black Matari dancer I had picked out.

She placed our drinks down and sat between us and was so friendly. Very tactile, she stroked both of our legs as she spoke to us. We laughed and chatted like friends and she certainly paid me more attention. I guessed that these girls tended to concentrate on the female of couples. If they were all over the husband or boyfriend I could imagine some major arguments breaking out.

Finally she asked if we would like a private dance. Being the gentlemen, albeit a gentlemen who had taken me to a strip club, he asked me if I wanted to. I nodded with a smile. The dancer rose taking each of our hands and leading us to a small room. She closed the door behind us. Benches were lined opposite like a U-shaped booth without

a table. She said we could sit next to each other but she suggested that we sit opposite facing each other, as the view was always better. Again he deferred to me and I agreed with her suggestion. My man slipped her a stack of credits. I'm sure these girls get plenty of big spenders but I saw her eyes light up due to whatever he'd given her. He smiled at me and gently said to the dancer "Give us an hour, and don't hold back.". Again I expected her routine with a couple to be low-key compared to that with a single guy in order to make sure one of the couple didn't freak out with jealousy and cause a scene. He was asking her not to do that. Why? Did he want me to freak out to show I was jealous, to prove I had feelings for him and was not just some gold-digger? Or did he want me to prove my wild side? That was the problem with cuspuleers, they were impossible to read.

We were a full hour in that room. By the end I was driven half crazy with lust. She had concentrated on me mostly, and when she took a break between dancing sessions to have a rest and a drink it was me she sat down next to. Even when he was getting the dance, her eyes would meet mine and she'd stare at me with a look of absolute lust in her eyes that drove me wild. She was a skilled dancer and a master of pushing your buttons. She soon picked up on what you liked and concentrated on that, she was utterly amazing. She ran her breasts over my lips, gently blew hot breath onto the side of my neck, tugged at my earlobes with her teeth all whilst writhing in my lap in time to the music. When she danced between my legs, doing the proper lap

dance, she would kneel down and run her long elegant nails along the exposed flesh of my thigh above my stocking tops. When she did that I almost screamed in ecstasy. Me, Little Miss straight-laced boring doctor was having such wild thoughts about another woman! The hour completed and she gave us both a quick kiss on the lips and started putting on the scraps of lingerie that she had shed at the start of the hour. My man asked if she would join us for a one last drink when she was ready and she readily agreed. We left the private room and returned to our booth as she went to freshen up, and no doubt deposit the huge stack of credits she had been paid.

“Back at our table he asked me how I was. I told him the truth, that other than the nights we had shared that this had been the most sensual hour of my life and I had never been this horny or turned on, ever. I told him bluntly that that woman had turned me on to levels I never knew existing and that I needed him and needed him soon. That's the point there when I knew the old me was totally dead. That was the moment. When I was whispering to my secret lover what I was going to do to him after I'd had a naked Matari women working me up to a frenzy over the previous hour. I knew I could never return to who I was.

Our dancer arrived and we ordered drinks. She sat next to me again and was close, she had obviously refreshed her perfume and the sweet smell did nothing to calm me down, if anything the scent was making me worse. Reminding me of what had gone on in the private dance

room. We drank and chatted. I was growing impatient and more horny. Soon the drinks were nearing the bottom of the glasses. I was hoping he wouldn't order more. I want him to suggest we leave and go back to the hotel. I was getting desperate.

Then the girl asked me if we'd like another dance. I was terrified that he might suggest that we accept and force me into a corner. I had loved the last one and I did want more, but I also needed release, and needed it badly. Another hour of being teased and expertly worked up by that girl and I think I might have exploded. I was wondering how to decline politely when my man cut in. He said that we would have loved to, but couldn't accept another dance. I was relieved for a moment, until he continued. He said that the reason we couldn't go for another dance was that the first session had turned me on so much I was desperate to get back to the hotel room and get him into bed!

I sat there opened mouthed, incredulous that he'd told her that. She turned to me and smiled seductively. She wasn't shocked, in fact she looked pleased with herself. She asked if that was true. I simply bit my lip and nodded. Her hand slipped onto my leg under the table and I felt those nails brush my skin. I was on the edge of losing it. I then told her exactly what state she had got me in, and how, when I got my man back to the hotel, I was going to fuck him hard whilst describing each dirty little fantasy I'd cooked up in the last hour involving me and her. I even whispered to her an example of what I had imagined her and me doing together and that I'd be telling my man that in great

detail and so much more. I couldn't believe the words coming out of my mouth. It was utter filth. That was the new me. She asked me if I was really telling the truth that I was that turned on. I replied I certainly was telling the truth. I felt her hand rise higher up my leg. When her fingers brushed lightly against me, I shuddered with pleasure. She removed her hand and placed her finger in her mouth, she smiled at both of us whilst sucking her finger. She said to my man that I was indeed telling the truth. He simply smiled and nodded as if he'd received some minor good news. He was so cool, calm and collected compared to me it was unbelievable. She then asked him if he was looking forward to having me tell him about the fantasies involving me and her. He nodded again and smiled replying the mental image of the two of us girls together would be very welcome.

The dancer turned back to me, and said she could leave the club and finish her shift now as it was after core time. Would I prefer to tell him about the fantasies, or would I like to actually show him? I was stunned again, was she suggesting she come back with us? I looked over to my man who smiled gave me a 'it's completely up to you look' as he slowly walked a credit chip between his fingers. The dancer looked at me and then down to the high denomination chip he was walking through his fingers. I paused for a second, he had initiated it by showing her the credit chip, but had not suggested anything outright. He had opened the door for me, but was being very careful about it. It was clearly completely my choice if I walked through that door or not. I drained my glass before making my decision.

The next morning I woke with a smile on my face. I gently slipped out of the bed after carefully lifting the dancer's arm that was wrapped around my waist so not to wake her. Luckily I wasn't in the middle so I was able to get out and tiptoe into the dining room. The floor was littered with discarded clothes, mostly hers and mine. I slowly closed the door leaving my man and the dancer asleep. I made a fresh pot of coffee and.... oh sorry Detective, you didn't get all the explicit details? Sorry we're running out of time here. I saw the time on your watch and we are nearly at the end. We don't have long together. So let us just say my horizons were vastly broadened again. Capsuleers have such amazing self-control; he just sat on the chair watching me and the dancer for over an hour when we got back. Would you have been able to do that Detective? Just watch for that long? Have you ever thought about it? Your wife and one of her friends putting the show on for you? Mmmmmmm? Anyway, back to the story as I'm not sure you'd cope with the raw details of my first time with another woman. As I was saying, I made the pot of coffee and sat by the window staring into space. He had promised me the wildest night of my life and had delivered that and then some.

I had just finished the pot when the door opened and my man came in wearing just his briefs. He came up to me and kissed me gently and thanked me for an amazing night. I enquired where the dancer was and he said she had left. I felt a small pang of disappointment which actually shocked me. Was I really hoping for round two this morning?

He sat down at the table, his words 'We need to talk' almost made my heart stop even though I knew this was coming.

As you can probably guess detective, that wasn't the end, it was just the start. He'd explained he needed to test me, that in the world he inhabited only a certain kind of mortal could survive in a relationship. Apparently I had passed with flying colours. He said I had a choice. We could part ways there and then, he'd send a letter of commendation to my corporation with a bonus. I could take all of the clothes and shoes that had been bought for me and head back to my old life on the shuttle. He added that if I chose that, he hoped I would fondly remember this time as an amazing adventure. Or my other option was that his ship was departing later that day and his door was open for me. He said he would not accept an answer now. He told me to sit where I was and think about it very carefully. He said he was going to leave now and that his driver would be at the hotel at noon to pick me. It was entirely my decision, I could tell the driver to take me to the Interbus shuttle depot and thus home, or to his personal hanger and board his ship. With that he gave me a loving kiss and closed the door behind him.

As I am on a deep-space station on a murder rap that occurred in a capsuleer's captains quarters you can probably guess which I chose. The call to my husband was the most difficult. There was crying, begging, promises to change. But the problem was I was the one who had changed, and could never return to my old life. My corporation

contacted me before I could contact them. I was congratulated on my new post within the capsuleer's corporation and that they were very happy for me. The reality was they were more happy with the compensation my man had voluntarily paid them.

The next five months were wild. We roamed space and lived life to the max. We toured the cluster and we dined at the finest restaurants. We visited exotic planets. We engaged in battle with other capsuleers, of course with me in an escape pod ready to eject if something went wrong.

“Have you ever got close to a Titan, detective? A spaceship 16km long! Ever travelled to wormhole space? Ever seen a black hole? I have.

Along our adventures we recreated 'that' night again several times. In fact it was one of those times that occurred on this very station that has led us to this point Detective.

We were finishing a night out on D deck in the club there. We'd had a great time with a Caldari dancer and had taken her back to our quarters. We were all lying in bed basking in the afterglow of our fun when we got talking about other fantasies. I mentioned that my man had always wanted to tie me down but when we tried I found I have some sort of phobia about being restrained so had never been able to do it. The conversation moved on and I thought nothing more of it. Yesterday my man was heading on a fairly dangerous mission, I

always stayed back from them. If the ship was destroyed he'd survive, but us mortals are rarely that lucky. Anyway mid-afternoon I got a message that an appointment had been made for me at the spa on K deck. I thought it was a surprise from my man so I headed down there a bit later. No offense to this station but the spa is crap. I know I'm used to five star but this was pathetic. After 30 minutes of a 4 hour appointment I just left. I went back to our quarters after showering and changing into my seduction clothes at the spa. I knew my man would be back from his mission any time now, so I had taken his favourite underwear, heels and dress with me to the spa. That way I could change there and walk in and surprise him. In the end it was me that got surprised.

I entered our quarters to find the Caldari dancer from the previous night fastened spread-eagle to the bed with silver chains. Locks held her in place and a small set of keys was next to the bed. She looked at me in horror. At first I thought he was cheating on me, but I glanced down the gantry and his ship wasn't there. I looked at the dancer who was clearly terrified. I picked up my datapad and sent my man a message. He replied in seconds. I read the message and put the datapad down. I sat on the bed and ran a fingernail along her taut stomach. I asked if she minded explaining what was going on. She stayed silent so I told her what I thought had happened as my nail traced over her body. She was sweating now, fear detective, it was the first time I'd seen that level of fear directed at me. I said that I guessed that she had observed the code on the door when we brought her back

the other night and memorised it. She wanted my life and thought her way in might be the "tying up" angle which I couldn't do. So she had set up the spa appointment to get me out of the way and then got a friend to come here with her and chain her to the bed. Hoping that on my man's return he'd take full advantage and she'd be in with a chance of replacing me. She didn't deny it, just pleaded with me not to hurt her. The reply message I had got from my man confirmed he didn't book the spa for me, he said he'd heard it was terrible. The rest I had guessed. I looked at her small frame in her skimpy underwear chained defencelessly to the bed. I stood and kicked my shoes off. I then placed one foot on the bed and slowly removed my stocking. I saw a glint of hope in her eyes as I seductively peeled off the stocking. She actually thought I'd be up for some action after catching her plotting to steal my man! What an idiot. I then climbed on top of her and wrapped my stocking around her neck. As I slowly increased the pressure I saw the terror in her eyes, then pleading. I just pulled tighter and soon the begging and pleading for mercy became a hoarse rasp. I pulled harder and soon I heard nothing but the ventilation system and the fast beating of my heart in my ears. And that is my story, here we are now, Detective."

-o0o-

"So you killed her?" the detective asked. A low rumble sounded far away. He'd been hearing them for a few minutes but as the story was nearing the end he didn't want to stop her as she appeared to be about to confess. He wondered what was making that noise.

"Yes. I choked her with one of my stockings as she lay defenceless, chained to my bed."

"So you confess to her murder!"

"I killed her, yes. I had no idea of the cardiac sensors in the capsuleer's quarters. That emergency crash team certainly got a surprise as they burst in." there was another low rumble.

"Very well, by the power...."

The woman started roaring with laughter.

"Power? POWER! You know nothing of power. Do you think you have power? You don't. Do you think the mighty Federal Investigation Bureau has power? Think again. How about your ultimate boss? President Roden. Nope, he had it but he gave it up. Not even CONCORD has true power. Do you know who has the true power detective? It is the capsuleers. The immortals. To them, you, your precious F.I.D, the Federation, all of it is like a gnat. You are nothing to them, we are nothing. The best we can hope for is to bask in their light if we are ever chosen. I was chosen."

The detective wondered if this rant was the start for a plea of insanity.

"The capsuleers wield all the power and any mortal stupid enough to cross them will pay the ultimate price." the rumble sounded again before the detective's datapad began beeping.

"I think you'd better take that detective. I believe my ride is here to collect me."

Detective Devereux look at his datapad and read the short message that summoned him to the command centre urgently. He looked at the grinning killer as he left the room.

He raced to the command centre and burst into the room. All the officers were standing staring silently at the massive view screen that showed the exterior of the station. A fleet of battleships hurled missiles and hybrid charges at the outpost's shields. He could see the smouldering wrecks of the outposts defence fleet floating adrift in space.

"Ah Detective. Thank you for coming so quickly." the outpost commander said remarkably calmly without turning his view from the screen.

"The outpost's shields will last another 15 minutes under this attack. I assume you can have your prisoner in an escape pod, off this station and returned to that Raven class battleship well before then?"

Staring in awe at the devastating destructive power being unleashed
Detective Devereux simply nodded and left the room. She was right,
they were the ones with the true power

The End.

Coming Soon – The Vaaralen Strain



The crew of the Katsu Maru return to help find a missing granddaughter of a retired Navy Admiral. The mission soon evolves from a simple missing person's case to sinister plot that threatens to enslave an entire race.