

Valentine's Made Manifest

Captain Paul Reed stepped onto the bridge of the *Manifest Destiny*, letting out a soft whistle. When he'd told Lt. Commander Bell that he had a special task in mind for her, and she should get ready, he hadn't known quite what to expect.

This was certainly impressive. The lights had been dimmed, and electric candles were set up at the empty work stations. Soft jazz music played over the speakers, and a blanket had been unfurled on the ground, with a bottle of champagne and a few sets of picnic food. And for dessert, there were a set of carefully coiled restraints, crops, and toys arranged to one side.

"Captain!" There was a delighted, anticipatory nervousness in Jessie Bell's voice as she surged to her feet. The lieutenant commander had adjusted her uniform, taking it in at the waist to create a corset-like effect and plunging the already-deep neckline down to her belly button to show off her athletic build. The shoulders of the fabric were held on with tape, and the sleeves of her arms and legs were sheer, transparent black. Her dark hair was tied up, her lips were bright red, and her eyes were rimmed with black makeup. Jessie took a deep breath, almost popping out of her uniform, and took a step towards him. "I've been waiting for you, sir."

"I know you have, Lieutenant." Reed smiled, and watched her breath quicken in response. Bell had been conditioned to be hopelessly in love with him and only him, with her libido and submissiveness cranked up. He'd also implanted aversions to sex with any other crew member, masturbation to the point of climax, and self-harm - just to be safe.

Reed stepped up to the woman, reaching out his hand, and placed it on her shoulder. Bell shuddered with pleasure at his touch. "You've put together a beautiful display," he said with ruthless cheer. "Plans for the evening?"

Jessie stared at him in confusion. "...yes?" she said quietly. "You said..."

"Oh, yes. I need you to work an extra shift tonight. My pet has put together a special display for me to walk through." Reed pretended not to see Jessie's face crumple. "I think she must have gotten everyone on board to put on a show for me. So sweet."

“So sweet...” Jessie murmured back, biting her lip.

Reed reached up to cup her cheek, leaning in. “You’re okay with that, right? It won’t interfere with your plans?”

“...of course not. Anything for you,” she murmured back, lips parting to kiss him.

“Great!” He let go, taking a step back and turning away. Jessie almost fell forward, but recovered quickly. “Enjoy your picnic.”

He stepped out of the room, listening to her plaintive moan of frustration. He hadn’t fucked her once, and he had no plans to. Watching her squirm was too much fun. She’d spend the rest of the night imagining all of the things happening to everyone else, and wishing that she was one of them.

Which was ironic, because everyone else on board would be wishing they were her.

There hadn’t been many relationships on the ship. Half the crew were under twenty-five when they signed on, expecting to marry colonists at their destination. The other half were either married to a colonist currently sitting in long-term cryosleep, or among the very small number of Authority citizens who weren’t married before thirty. There had only been one married couple on the crew, and the constant watch of the Cultural staff meant that any other romances were well-concealed.

But none of that was a problem that couldn’t be solved by a couple years in cryo-conditioning. And for this year’s Valentine’s Day, Reed had laid out the perfect romantic date activities.

He stepped into the mess hall, listening to the mixed sounds of gentle guitar music and gasping moans. Dinner was the perfect start to the evening, and there was a small buffet laid out - nothing fancy, mostly processed mash and various reconstituted gravies and dips. Paul loaded a small plate and then turned to see how April and Mandy’s Valentine’s dinner was going.

As it turned out, it was going very well. Mandy was a slim, athletic woman with tanned skin and curly brown hair. She was spread-eagle on the table, wrists and ankles chained to the legs, and was moaning desperately through the large ball

gag fitted into her mouth. Her body was covered in foodstains and lipstick, and pools of fluid were dripping onto the table from her crotch. She turned her sweat-stained face towards Paul, letting out a soft, hopeful sound.

“Evening, sir,” April said, rising up from where she was crouched over her prey. April was taller than Mandy, with short red hair and freckles. Her small breasts were cupped by the crop top she was wearing, leaving her belly visible, and her lipstick was slightly smudged. She stretched, grinning. “Happy Valentine’s Day.”

“Happy Valentine’s Day, Lieutenant. How is the Junior Lieutenant doing?”

“Seven orgasms so far, sir, but I think I can get her to twenty.” Mandy let out a hopeless moan at April’s words. She’d been a particularly conservative officer, having never so much as touched herself before, and Paul hadn’t had to dial up her revulsion to same-sex affairs. Instead, he’d simply dialed up her physical sensitivity as far as it could safely go. April, on the other hand, had always had certain closeted tendencies, which Paul had enhanced until she couldn’t resist a chance to make another woman cum. He’d then given her the order to toy with Mandy for as long as she wanted to.

Now, April turned back to the table. She fished into her glass, pulling out a small icecube, and holding over Mandy’s chest. Mandy shook her head ‘no’, the gag reducing her pleas to smothered moans as the cold water dripped over her curvy breasts, each drop drawing a shiver of involuntary pleasure as her nipples stood even more erect. April grinned, using her free hand to caress Mandy’s face. “You’re so beautiful,” she murmured. “I can’t believe that the captain is letting us play together *all night*.”

“Mmm-ggg!” The ice cube dipped down, running over Mandy’s breast, and she shuddered as her body responded. The woman tried to close her eyes, but they popped open as April leaned down, her tongue licking out to warm the cold spots she’d just created. “NNNN!”

“Oh, yes. Don’t worry, Mandy. You might be my nurse, but I’ll play doctor today...” April’s tongue licked slow circles around her captive’s breasts, then slipped down her taunt, straining stomach. She kissed Mandy’s small belly button, shifting around the table as she slowly approached her crotch. “It’s been a few minutes. Do you want to play down here again?”

“NNN! NNNN!”

“I thought so!” April teased, picking up a small bowl of honey. She poured it down over Mandy’s pussy, and then knelt to lap it up. “Come on,” she moaned between licks, her own hand dropping down under her skirt. “You’re so sweet... so helpless...”

Mandy was bucking against her restraints, trying to fight off the pleasure that was obviously building inside her. She looked over at Paul, eyes wide. “MM! MM NN!!”

“That’s quite the ball gag,” Paul said.

“There are three pairs of my panties behind it,” April cooed, coming up for air. “All properly prepared for my little dish, wet with the taste of my arousal. After all, it’s not dinner if we aren’t both eating up...”

“Well done.” Paul had given April full discretion for how to restrain her meal. Mandy had simply been ordered to let herself be tied up. He grinned, watching the junior nurse wriggle, breasts heaving as she tried not to give in yet again. “No sense fighting it, Mandy. Give your mistress what she wants.”

Mandy moaned into her gag, eyes going wide as April redoubled her efforts. Moments later, her body lurched against its restraints as she was rocked by another orgasm, shoulders quivering and legs kicking helplessly against the table. April moaned too, bringing herself to climax as more juices squirted out over her.

“That’s eight,” she teased, standing up. “Time to go back to some light teasing while you recover, and then we’ll go for nine.”

“Keep at it. I’ll come back in a couple hours, see how you’re doing.” Paul finished his food, walking out of the room to the sound of Mandy’s muffled, despairing wail as April began to slowly drip hot gravy over her stomach. The sound followed him down the halls towards the next step of his date.

The next thing that Paul had thought might follow dinner was dancing, and the small crew gymnasium had been carefully decorated by the participants in this little drama. Hearts lined the walls, the lights were low, and frisky salsa music was playing over the speakers as two people danced and swayed, holding each other tight. Tom and Trisha Dermott had been one of the ship’s few married couples, having wed straight out of high school. They’d both entered the military together but hadn’t yet had children, leaving them as a logical choice for colonial

activities - a fact only slightly complicated by their burning resentment of each other, which had already been near a fever pitch *before* Paul had gotten involved.

You wouldn't know it from their footwork, but it was obvious on their faces. Tom had traded his uniform for a shimmering red suit, riding low on his hips and clinging to his muscles; the bulky man was light on his feet, swinging Trisha around and dipping her easily as his hands caressed her hips, eyes burning with rage. Trisha was wearing a matching red flamenco dress, dipping at the shoulders and with her black hair done up in a bun. Her pale skin was dotted with sweat, and her narrow face scowled at her husband as she curled around him, running the inside of her heel up his thigh and clawing her nails down his back. Every movement was sensual, touching each others' deepest vulnerabilities, and matched only by the spite they were throwing at each other with their soft, loving words.

"Soon you'll be on your back, and we'll be having some real fun," Tom whispered lovingly.

"Not if you pass out first," Trisha teased, slipping one hand up to tap his nose. "Then Kelly and I will have the next dance."

Paul took a seat to watch the pair, next to the glowing candlelight of the room's other two occupants. When he'd taken over the ship, he'd decided to add some cracks to Tom and Trisha's relationship just to see what would happen. Tom had fallen in love with Kelly, a statuesque Black woman who worked as a technician, her hair shaved in a buzz cut and her hips curved in all the ways that Trisha's weren't. At the same time, Trisha had ended up in a passionate affair with Wade, a tall, wiry technician who worked with Kelly, his blonde hair curling around his shoulders and his abs much more well-defined than Tom's.

When the twin affairs came to light, the fallout had been exceptional. Tom and Trisha had each accused the other of ruining their relationship, claiming their *own* affair as a necessary relief from a monstrous spouse. They'd run into the arms of their respective paramours, and never missed a chance to make each others' suffering at Paul's hands just that much worse. Which led to poor, innocent Kelly and Wade's current predicaments.

Kelly was standing tall, hands crossed behind her head and legs spread wide. She'd been ordered not to move or make a sound until freed by the end of the challenge, at which point she would follow any orders by the winner that didn't cause

permanent harm. At the moment, she was biting her lip, trying not to whimper as the massive, broad candles that had been inserted into her pussy and ass slowly burned upwards, the flames licking at her thighs as they very, very gradually moved up towards her most sensitive regions. Beneath Kelly was Wade, who had been given the same set of orders. He was lying on his back, hands reaching out to hold Kelly's ankles, and the wax from her candles was slowly dripping down onto his own cock and balls. Every drip drew a strained hiss of pain, as Wade stared up and waited to be freed from his torment - or thrust into something worse.

Tom spun Trisha again, one leg going back as he pressed her back against a wall. "You can always give up," he murmured, leaning down to kiss her ear.

"You think you're going to last much longer?" Trisha answered, slipping through his grasp and twirling sensually around him.

Tom and Trisha had been given a few simple orders. As long as they were in the room, they had to dance, as sensually and provocatively as possible. Either of them could give up and leave at any time, but if they did, the other would have free reign of both their own partner and their cheating spouse's lover for the rest of the night. A stack of torture tools and sex toys were on a table on one wall, waiting for one of them to give up. If either of them collapsed and couldn't rise, they would have to leave the room immediately.

As Paul had suspected, both Tom and Trisha were far too vindictive and angry to give up. They could have both agreed to leave the room at any time, leaving both their partners safe, but each one was determined to make the other one break, and to get some painful revenge afterwards. Even knowing that every minute they danced was making the pain of both their lovers worse, they were only doubling down, trying out moves to force each other to stumble, to collapse, to break.

They were also both wonderful dancers. Paul was glad that he'd set each room to record. He wanted to be able to show them their moves later, when they were less fired up. He sat quietly, letting the music wash over him and listening to the almost-silent whimpers of the victims of Tom and Trisha's rage as the pair continued to dance, fondling each other hatefully.

Eventually, though, it became clear that while both Tom and Trisha were exhausted, they weren't giving up any time soon. Paul stood, cheerfully patted Kelly on the head, and nodded to the pair. "I'll set an alarm so that I know when

one of you falls down,” he told them as he moved for the door. “I’d love to see what comes next.”

“Oh, you will,” Trisha promised, her voice sickly-sweet.

“Any time now,” Tom agreed, dripping with seduction.

Paul chuckled as he made his way down the hall. He suspected Kelly and Wade were just about done with their lovers; it might be funny to pair them up and let them bond over revenge later - or to see if he could get them to do it without any further conditioning.

And speaking of pairing people up...

The door to the viewing room slid open, and Paul slipped through, listening to the sound of moaning coming from within. Gordon and Sandra were sitting on the couch, well into a state of disarray. Gordon grunted, looking over and giving his commanding officer a nod. Paul had been withering away his independence and dialing up his cruelty, which had admittedly not taken much work. The man was basically a loyal goon at this point.

Sandra was a much more delicate experiment. She was a mousy, skinny little woman, with modest breasts and a decent ass, who had made it to the age of twenty-four without ever being assaulted by her superiors and had slipped onto the ship’s helm crew as a lieutenant through her church connections; unlike many in the Authority, she was actually a devout believer and was constantly looking out avoid committing ‘sins’. During her first tour, Paul had taken care not to abuse her, leaving her to helplessly watch the degradations being suffered by the rest of the crew.

Sandra was on the couch, wearing fragments of her uniform. Her pants and underwear were around her ankles, and her shirt had been rolled up to her shoulders, leaving her fully vulnerable to Gordon. He was completely naked behind her, impaling her ass on his cock as he slowly, cruelly pumped away. His hands ran up and down her sides, tweaking her nipples and running over her thighs, as she tried not to respond to the constant stimulation. Her eyes were fixed on the screen in front of her, wide with horror and flush with arousal.

The movie that was playing was of everything that had been done to her on her past two rotations. Paul had used her as the ship’s slut, conditioning her to

respond with extreme arousal to being humiliated and mistreated. She'd been drawn on, fucked in every hole, forced to crawl on the ground while other crew members stepped on her back and pressed her into the ground, and made to beg for the cocks and pussies of her superiors. And at the end of every day, her memory had been wiped so that she would go through the whole process new, a permanently embarrassed slut being broken daily.

Right now, the screen was showing the day that Sandra had spent on her knees, letting men cum over her face and begging them for more. As she watched a highlight reel of her most intimate moments, Sandra bounced on Gordon's dick, rushes of unwanted pleasure sparking through her. She gasped quietly, muttering prayers as she tried to hold off climax. For his part, Gordon was conditioned not to cum until the movie was over, giving him plenty of time to wreck his victim; once that happened, Sandra would do whatever he wanted her to.

"I love a good movie," Paul said, sitting next to Sandra. "Oh, I remember this! You had the cutest mews." On the screen, Sandra was falling to her hands and knees, shaking her ass as she was slapped by her fellow lieutenants. "You must be enjoying it."

"I am damned," Sandra whispered back, never breaking eye contact from the screen.

"Oh, years ago. But shh, I want to hear this."

Paul chuckled as he listened to the twin moans coming from the screen and beside him, relaxing against the couch. Finally, though, he decided that he was aroused enough. "When you're done with her," he told Gordon, "bring her around to my bedroom. I'll have a few extra toys to slide into her."

Sandra whimpered, bowing her head and watching the screen as Gordon laughed and nodded, keeping time with the thrusts now entering her ass on screen to make her feel as though she was seeing and feeling it in synchronicity.

His rounds complete, Paul returned to his bedroom and his final two subjects. His latest art piece was fixed to the wall, vacuum-sealed and framed with elaborate chains that didn't actually restrain her. Her eyes were wide and glassy, coursing on a mixture of nearly-endless edging and the cocktail of conditioning and drugs that Dr. Juggs had settled on to keep her from passing out. Her body quivered

against its restraints, a light flow of electricity stimulating the muscles and adding a layer of endless itching to the arousal forced on her.

Paul stepped up to the artwork, running one hand over her body. “Happy Valentine’s Day,” he murmured, flipping a switch.

The woman stiffened as the electricity turned up, just as the pressure on her pussy doubled. All at once, her body stiffened and she screamed soundlessly in orgasm, the pain crackling through her met by equivalent pleasure. The flow didn’t slow, however, and within seconds the woman was cumming again, eyes rolling back in her head as a level of pleasure she hadn’t experienced in months rocketed through her.

Paul left her to it; she would pass out eventually, and the systems would shut down to allow her a few hours of rest before returning to edging her in the morning. He turned his attention to his final present.

Captain’s Pet Heather Blackstone was kneeling at the base of the bed in front of him. The muscular woman’s body was nude except for the collar she was always required to wear, a tight black corset, and a pair of painfully steep high heels. Glittering nubs over her nipples had replaced her usual rings, linked together by a chain that ran down to cuffs on her wrists and prevented her from moving her hands too far from her body. “Greetings, master,” she whispered softly.

Reed stepped forward, and put a hand on her head. Heather shivered with pleasure at his touch, and flushed with shame. Keeping her obedient without totally breaking her had been a difficult challenge, but he’d managed to keep her shame strong without building into full depression. “Good evening, pet. You did beautifully. Every display was exactly as I’d imagined.”

He’d given Heather the task of subjugating her former crew, making sure that everything was in place for their suffering. He hadn’t forced her to do a good job, but he knew that she would. Anything to distract him from her, even if she hated herself for it.

“Thank you, master,” she said with only a hint of a whimper. “Would you like me to come with you to watch them more?”

“No, I don’t think so,” Paul teased, reaching down to flick her chains. Heather gasped, almost bringing her hands up before she recovered. “I think that you have given me one last present, and that I should take my time unwrapping you.”

“Thank you, Master,” Heather said, letting Paul draw her to her feet and lead her to the bed. “May I pleasure you?”

“Of course. It will be a lovely start. And Heather? You did so well tonight that I’m in a... giving mood. Make a request, on behalf of the crew members you so effortlessly gave to me.”

Heather drew in a breath. “May I request no pain tonight, Master?”

Paul grinned. It was an audacious request. He reached down, unclipping the trailing chains from her nipples. “I think we can make that happen,” he teased. “Pleasure only. After all, it’s Valentine’s Day. Time for love.”

He guided her to the bed, and pulled off her heels, letting them clatter to the floor. “Now, get to work. We have a long night ahead of us.”

As Heather moved to pull down his pants, her head moving towards his crotch, Paul grinned. This was going to be a Valentine’s Day to remember.