

Conditional Delegate

Paul Reed smiled as he walked into the *Manifest Destiny's* observation lounge and saw that it was already occupied. The ship's newest crew member was draped across a couch, holding a long cattle prod in one hand as she watched Lieutenant April Sullivan struggling to stay upright. April was bent over backwards, hands and feet on the ground, her pants and underwear on the floor around her ankles and her top pulled up over her face, concealing her fiery red hair and freckles. Even from here, Paul could tell that her pussy was wet with need; the woman couldn't help but be turned on by a domme, no matter how unhappy she might be with the situation.

And the domme in question was a looker. Bella was a bronze-skinned twenty-nine year old woman with well-toned muscles and an athletic physique, still wearing the white gown she'd been frozen in and nothing else; she was a few inches shorter than Paul, but you wouldn't know it from the way she carried herself. The first thing she had done after waking up and having her situation explained to her was take a razor to her dark brown hair, cutting it down to a deliberately-ragged inch in length and daring Paul to say anything. He'd smiled at the rage simmering in her dark eyes, and settled for an approving nod.

But now the rage was quieter, and Paul could see the reality of the situation had sunk in. He walked up, gesturing to the chair next to her. "Can I sit here?"

"Can I stop you?" Bella asked bitterly.

"It's your ship, too. If you want some alone time with April, I'm happy to leave."

"Whatever." Bella gestured to the seat with her free hand, and then reached out and pressed the prod against April's cunt. She held it in place for a second, watching the woman quivering in fearful anticipation, and then pressed the trigger.

"A-AAGH! Th-thank you, ma'am," April sobbed, voice muffled by the fabric of her shirt.

"So, how are you settling in?" Paul asked.

"Oh, I'm just *lovely*," Bella said sarcastically. She jabbed the cattle prod into April's cunt again, without pressing the button. April let out a muffled shriek and

tensed, waiting for the current to flow. “First, I spent two years in a prison labor camp being beaten and raped every day. Then I was bundled into a cryopod and told that when I came out, all my rebellious attitude would be gone and I would be a faithful daughter of the Doctrine.” She pulled the prod back, and then jabbed it against April’s leg, drawing another whimper of anticipation that faded when no shock came. “And *then* I woke up on this ship of sexual horrors instead, and I’m told we’re three light-years away from everyone I ever knew, I’m never going to see the Earth again, and you want me to help you torture a bunch of people.” This time, when the prod touched against April’s inner thigh Bella pulled the trigger fiercely.

“E-AA! Thank you, m-’ma’am...” April gasped.

“So I’m fucking great. How are you?”

“I’m in control of a ship of sexual horrors and I saved a thousand people from the Authority’s vision, I’m doing quite well,” Paul said with a smile. “I have to say, if you’re opposed to this ship, why are you doing that to poor April?”

“Because I’m angry, and I’m horny, and I wanted to know if you were telling the truth about the crew having to do whatever I want. And I didn’t like the way she smiled at me,” Bella growled. “Reminded me of the bitches in the prison camp who would suck up to you, then turn around and rat you out first chance.” She let the prod drop to the ground, watching April’s struggle to keep from collapsing to the ground. “Assuming that’s even the real reason. Maybe I did it because you dialed up something in me. How much have you messed with my head?”

“You’re totally unchanged,” Paul said. “Conditioning is exclusively a punishment for people who’ve proven they can’t be trusted, and I don’t want to create a precedent of using it outside of that.”

This wasn’t *entirely* true. While Paul hadn’t given Bella any *unique* conditioning, and he was sincere in not wanting to control the colonists, he’d wanted to make sure that they didn’t wreck his fun the moment they were unfrozen. He’d implanted a general belief that sexual torture and humiliation, if deployed proportionately, was a reasonable response to wrongdoing, along with a general unwillingness to injure, imprison, or overthrow Paul and a refusal to believe that they’d been conditioned. He thought it would be best that no one be horrified or traumatized to learn what had happened to their would-be jailers.

But accepting punishment as reasonable didn't instill a desire to inflict it. That was all Bella, and he was impressed. "Besides," he said out loud, "this isn't anything new for you, is it? You have quite the record. Remember when you stripped that judge and his wife, tied them together with his cock up her ass, and then hooked a car battery to his balls?"

Bella smiled faintly at the memory. "Yeah, but he had it coming. And he survived, mostly." She looked over at Paul. "How much do you know about me, anyway?"

"What was in your files. Three years in re-education for second-degree lesbianism. Two years for assaulting an officer when he tried to force you into sex, which got you branded a Wanton Woman. Then you slipped off the radar and started a campaign of vigilante violence against the men who used the system to their advantage and the women who helped them, ending with you and your girlfriend being sentenced to life in hard labor." It had been quite the resume, and the attached pictures of Bella's victims had sparked Paul's imagination; the perfect blend of controlled sadism and targeted retribution.

"Hm." Bella thought about that for a long moment, watching April tremble. "Okay, yes, I *guess* it's not that different from what you're doing here, assuming you actually researched these people."

"Trust me, every crew member on this ship deserves to suffer. I've made their files available to you if you want some light reading; they're an even mix of true believers and shameless political climbers. The Authority would send nothing else on their grand folly."

"Makes sense." April's knee buckled, and Bella turned to glare at her. "Don't you dare fall down, bitch, or I'll shove this prod so far up your ass you'll taste the electricity."

"Sorry, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am." April gasped. "May I please you, ma'am?"

"Not yet." Bella glanced back to Paul. "Horny little bitch, isn't she? What was her deal?"

"Oh, she was a nasty one. Lots of closeted lesbian tendencies, which she dealt with by blaming the women she was attracted to, framing them for lesbian behavior, and using their arrests to climb the ladder. Now she just can't get enough pussy." Paul leaned back in his chair. "I've mainly been using her to punish the others, but

you're welcome to shift things up, adjust her conditioning, whatever you like. The only crew members that I'm keeping exclusively for myself are the Captain's Pet and Dr. Juggs."

"... why?"

"Oh, I don't know, I think I like her."

"Not that." Bella looked at Paul suspiciously. "Why am I here? Unfrozen, given the keys to the kingdom? You've built yourself quite the harem, why are you opening it up - and to a woman?"

"I'm not a sexist, Bella," Paul said seriously. "I chose you because you're the best option. You're smart, you're vicious, and you hate these fascists more than I do. And I'm opening the harem up because I believe in redundancy. If I keel over from a heart attack next week, I need someone in place to keep the project running and make sure the prisoners are unfrozen and unconditioned at our destination, and while I *did* think about conditioning a crew member into the perfect me, I'd rather have someone who can make their own decisions. And I've been thinking that I may want to take my turns in cryosleep so that I'm not *that* old when we arrive."

"Right." Bella was interrupted as April's muscles finally gave out. The lieutenant collapsed to the deck, and Bella stood up. "I warned you," she said, picking up the cattle prod."

"No, ma'am, please, let me eat you out, let me clean your feet with my tongue, don't... aagh!" April's conditioning kept her from resisting as the cattle prod was forced up her ass, but she whimpered as she tried not to move. "Please, ma'am, I'll do anything!"

Bella snickered. "Okay," she said to Paul, "I may be coming around on this." She smiled down at April. "You can turn over, wriggle on your belly over to me, and start licking my feet clean while I talk to the captain here. Leave the prod in. I'll decide whether to use it."

"Thank you, ma'am!" April twisted around, pulling her shirt down, and began to squirm forwards. As she reached Bella's foot, she started to lick her toes, a soft moan slipping out from her lips.

"You're liking that, you little slut?" Bella laughed.

“She’s so horny, any chance to touch another woman would get her off,” Paul said.

“Don’t you *dare* cum,” Bella advised her.

“N-no... ma’am...” April said between licks.

Bella looked back to Paul. “I’m not going to put on a show for you, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

“Not at all. If you’d like some privacy with her, I can leave. Or I could invite someone else in to help you. Mandy is still awake this week, and she has some *unresolved issues* with April.”

April hesitated for half a second, eyes going wide. She looked up at Bella pleadingly as she returned her attention to her feet. Bella’s feet were clean, of course. Cryosleep didn’t leave much room for sweat, and the corridors of the ship were almost dustless. But Bella liked the feel of April’s tongue as it ran between the cracks in her toes, looking for any specks of dirt to remove.

“Yeah, give her a call. I can have her on standby if April doesn’t do well,” Bella said thoughtfully. A few ideas were coming to her, and she did have a lot of frustration to burn off. “So, what is the plan you’re worried about ruining? Dump us on a frigid moon, we all starve to death trying to build a farm?”

Paul laughed, pulling out his comm and punching in a quick message. “That was the Authority’s plan, and it was terrible. Fifty-fifty odds this ship even reaches its destination, even worse odds that the planet was inhabitable. The stated calculations had two or three ships out of the initial ten being able to form a sustainable colony, and once I had a chance to look over the numbers I’m pretty sure they were calculated with more politics than science.”

“Great,” Bella groaned. She put her free foot on the back of April’s head, pushing it down towards the ground. April responded by sticking her butt up, whimpering as the weight of the prod pressed against her. “So we’re all going to die in space.”

“No, we’re turning around.” Paul grinned. “The crew found a comet we can use as a slingshot. Twenty-six years after we left, we will slip back into Earth’s orbit with a thousand radicalized prisoners. I’m still working out the approach that will keep us off the Tripartate’s satellites, but if they haven’t managed to blow themselves

up by the time we get there, we can start taking them apart. How's that for a plan?"

"Oh, that is a plan that I like." Bella grinned fiercely. "I may have been wrong about you."

"Probably not, I'm a terrible person. But I like to point myself at people who are worse." The door hissed open, and Paul stood. "I see Mandy is here. I'll leave you three to it. Check in with me tomorrow, and we can discuss plans. I want to work with you to decide what we can ethically give to the prisoners to prepare them for insurgent life."

"Oh good, homework." Bella waved Paul off. "Fine, whatever. I'll be by whenever I wake up. Depends on how much these sluts tire me out."

"Take your time." Paul walked out the door. Bella shook her head at herself. Paul was going out of his way not to bark orders, but she knew what the power balance really was, and she just couldn't help but prod the bear. On the other hand, he didn't seem to mind. Good sign.

She turned her attention to Mandy as the woman walked cautiously into the room. She was a bit taller than Bella and with a slightly lighter skin tone, shaped like a doll with big breasts and a narrow waist. Her hair was dark brown, curling around her chin as she looked at April with obvious distaste. "You summoned me... ma'am?"

"I take it Paul gave you the memo?"

Mandy made a face. "Yes, ma'am," she said. "We're to obey you as though you were him." She looked down at April. "What is she doing?"

"Worshipping my feet. Well, my foot." April shifted her position, lifting her left foot off of April's head and bringing it down so that April could begin licking it, and then putting the other one lightly on the back of her head. "You have a problem with that?"

Mandy's throat twitched for a moment, but clearly part of her conditioning required honest answers. "It's depraved," she said.

"The foot stuff, or the girl on girl stuff?"

“Both. Mouths are not meant for sexual congress, women are not meant to whore themselves out to one another. I’m sure that wanton slut was commanded to do it, but she’s obviously enjoying it and she’s going to Hell for it.”

“I’m starting to see why Paul sent you in.” Bella glanced down at April. “How many times have you made this frigid bitch cum?”

Mandy’s face flushed bright red as April said, “Oh, I lost track. Dozens.” Once again, each word came out between a sensual lick, as she sucked on April’s big toe. “She screams like a banshee. Loves it.”

“I do not love it!” Mandy snapped angrily. “That... that devil in human flesh forced sin on my body!”

“Okay, that’s enough out of you. No more words unless I say so.” Bella wagged a finger at Mandy. “Come over here, kneel behind April, and grab the cattle prod. We’re going to play a game.”

April swallowed, looking up fearfully at the mention of the prod. “Am I not doing well, ma’am? I can do it differently! Whatever you want...”

“Oh, honey.” Bella reached down, stroking April’s cheek as Mandy reluctantly walked up behind the lieutenant and knelt at her feet. “What I *want* is to see fascist bitches suffer. Did you ever spend time in a work camp?”

“N-no, ma’am...”

“No, I didn’t think so. No one who did would have a nice job as an officer on something as high-profile as this. Did you ever *send* anyone to a work camp?”

April swallowed, eyes wide. “Y... yes,” she whispered.

“I thought so. So we’re going to play a game, and you can beg all you like because I like to hear it.” Bella patted April gently. “I’m going to lower my panties, and you’re going to start diving in. Show me how good you are at eating a girl out. Make me forget all my worries.” She looked up at Mandy, whose face was twisted in displeasure. “And you watch. Watch very closely, and if April starts looking like she’s going to come from the pleasure of being my slave, I want you to shock her

hard.” She smiled. “I want to see how well she does scared and desperate. This isn’t about *her* pleasure.”

Mandy looked like she wanted to make a snide comment, but her conditioning held and she simply nodded in understanding.

April swallowed heavily. “Yes, ma’am. Thank you, ma’am.”

“You got used to being the one who got to mess with people, didn’t you?” Bella reached down, pulling down her leggings and panties, and April began to shuffle forward. “You thought you’d pulled the wool over Captain Reed’s eyes?”

“Mm-hmm...” April murmured as she leaned in. Despite herself, her eyes were misty with lust as she licked the edges of Bella’s thighs, the conditioning taking over.

“Well, take your time, then. Show me how you’ve managed to keep from being punished so far.” Bella leaned back in the chair, letting April get to work. She was already wet as hell from the show earlier; she hadn’t wanted to admit it in front of Reed, but he was right about her. She’d always been dominant, but getting to punish these fuckers, men and women both... that had become a fetish she couldn’t overlook. Something to take back a fragment of power in her life. Even in the work camps, she’d kept her eye on collaborators, waiting for the day the guards stopped caring about them so that she could move in. She wasn’t proud of it, but she didn’t have to hide it anymore.

April was moving cautiously, intermingling kisses along the inside of Bella’s thighs with long, slow licks as she moved towards her pussy. She was slow, determined, and focused, shivering slightly whenever Mandy leaned forwards to check on her and the prod in her ass shifted. Bella had forced a few women to go down on her before, during her vigilante days, but this was different. She’d never had someone who was so eager and frightened at the same time.

And she was good at it. April’s tongue began to circle Bella’s clit, and Bella moaned softly. Each gentle stroke sent a wave of pleasure through her. She reached down, running her fingers through April’s hair and bringing her closer. “Yes,” she moaned.

April moaned in response, and then squealed as Mandy lightly tapped the prod. Her body spasmed and she instinctively tried to pull back, and Bella’s fingers

wrapped around her scarlet tresses, holding her in place. “Don’t get too excited,” she whispered teasingly. She looked up at Mandy. “Well done.”

Mandy scowled silently.

April redoubled her efforts, trying to bring Bella to completion before her own pleasure overwhelmed her. Her face was flushed, sweat beading on her brow as she teased Bella’s clit, tongue moving in small circles before diving into her pussy and pulling back again. Bella kept her hands in place, feeling the other woman trembling under her. Her own legs were beginning to tremble from the waves of pleasure coursing through her, and she could feel an orgasm building. “Keep going,” she moaned. “Keep going...”

And then she felt herself come, squirting over April’s face as her whole body tensed. For a moment, April’s eyes lit up with delight, her red lips opening in a moan of pleasure as she saw her mistress come. And then Mandy grabbed the handle of the prod and pressed it down, and April’s moan turned into a garbled shriek as electricity coursed through her. She collapsed to the ground, convulsing as Bella sat over her, fluids dripping down on the girl.

Bella leaned forward, breathing heavily, and looked at the scene. April was curled up on the ground, gasping for breath. Mandy was still kneeling behind her, holding the prod with an expression halfway between distaste and satisfaction.

“Couldn’t quite hold it in, could you?” Bella teased, reaching down to wipe the tears from April’s cheek.

“No, ma’am. I’m sorry, ma’am. Please... please don’t punish me more, ma’am.”

Bella made a show of considering it, looking down at April. Finally, she chuckled. “Mandy, please remove the prod from April. Gently.”

Mandy grunted, and then nodded, shuffling forward to work the prod out of April’s ass. Bella slid off the chair, sitting on the ground in front of it, and beckoned to the girl. “Come here, you naughty little thing. I like a little bit of cuddling after I come.”

April’s eyes lit up with hope. “Yes, ma’am!” She quickly shuffled over to Bella, letting the woman wrap her arms around her.

“Don’t get used to this,” Bella whispered into her ear. “I might still punish you later.”

“Worth it,” April murmured, cuddling against Bella’s breasts.

Bella shook her head. Reed had really done a number on this girl. It was going to be interesting figuring out her limits. She looked over at Mandy. “And as for you... would you rather cuddle with us, or sit there and watch?”

“Watch,” Mandy said with extreme reluctance.

“Your choice,” Bella shrugged. “Stay kneeling, and watch how aftercare works.” She stroked April’s hair softly. “By the time I’m done with you, you’ll have paid back all of your crimes,” she murmured. “I’m going to ask Reed whether I can have you exclusively.”

“Thank you, ma’am. You’re too kind,” April said.

“Oh, we’ll see if you still feel that way in a few months,” Bella said with a sparkle in her eye.

She sat back, watching the stars and feeling her earlier annoyance fade. Twelve more years. Six, really, since she would be spending half of it in stasis. As long as Reed wasn’t pulling some kind of long con on her, that could be a good time. And at the end... a new rebellion. More trouble for the Tripartate.

She could live with that.