

Author's Note

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Erotic content: Breast expansion, hip growth, height loss; F/F futanari, non consent, pregnancy, breeding, sex doll transformation, implied incest

Sakis 20K

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Endings and Beginnings

The Lioness of Kamryon

“So that's it. It's over,” Sakis said as she watched the lights flashing from above the atmosphere. She was just plain 'Sakis', now, not *Commander* Sakis or even Legionary Sakis 725. The Star Legion was gone, as was the Senate of Allied Species, in all probability. The same catastrophic spacetime distortion that had ripped through the wormhole network would have utterly wrecked the fleet at the least. Insofar as she understood the physics of it, though, she expected that it would have also crippled all industry on every planet in Allied space, along with the large majority of the populations who depended on interstellar trade and communication networks. Doubtless there were many billions of stunned and confused survivors scattered through the galaxy, each little group cut off from the others by the vastness of subluminal space.

“We won!” Juli said, trying to cheer Sakis. “We'll rebuild.”

“Not before the surviving Ravagers arrive, Juli.” Sakis sighed, and turned her attention to checking the corpses of her former troops, confirming that they were all past any chance of revival. She had not known them well, having taken command of them for only a few hours after the Ravagers began their ambush, but she still felt their loss.

“It will take them a lot of time to get back to Alliance planets with the jump network completely destroyed,” Juli said, continuing her conversation with virtual Sakis while the former Legionary was physically preoccupied.

Sakis' avatar shrugged acknowledgement. “Doubtless it will take them decades, perhaps as much as a century to return, stranded as they now are, but they will return, and when they do, you know what they'll do.”

“I do?” Juli said, slightly startled.

“Of course you do. They'll find star systems that haven't yet rebuilt and crush them. Then they'll use the remnants to help crush the next, and so on. The Alliance's power was in its vast fleets and integrated industry. On their own, the planets will be no match for Ravagers.”

Juli relaxed slightly. “But you said yourself that all the Ravagers have left is a transport or two; no more than a battalion of Ravager planetary troops. Even on this weird backward planet there's a million humans for every one of them.” She motioned toward one of the stone castles, just barely visible of the horizon from their vantage point in the mountains.

Sakis shook her head sadly. “They'll turn them into new troops, of course. Given how primitive this planet is, it doesn't matter how large the numerical advantage is; pikes and gunpowder weapons won't be able to hurt the Ravagers at all, except perhaps by pure luck.”

“You'll help them, Sakis. We both will.”

“Juli, there's no way we could create the kinds of materials you would need to create an army of your bots, and furnishing the locals with a few dozen ion lances or plasma rifles wouldn't make a difference.”

Juli bit her lip. “What if... What if we made more of you?”

Sakis’ avatar raised an eyebrow sardonically. “Do you have a cloning tank I don't know about?”

“Nooo,” Juli said slowly, “But I do have the unlock codes for your gene complex.”

“What? For my gene complex? How?”

“Don't be mad, but.... the Senate authorised me to trade parts of your gene complex to the Ravagers as part of a treaty exchange.”

Sakis furrowed her avatar’s brow at Juli. “Why? Of all the classified technology to trade, why my gene complex?”

“Because the Ravagers were demanding possession of you as part of any treaty. This seemed like a possible compromise.”

“Possession of me specifically? Is revenge so valuable to them?”

“No, I think they wanted to incorporate your genes into their troops. They almost venerate you, Sakis, for beating them so many times.”

“Is *that* why they did me the honour of constantly trying to kill me?” Sakis asked skeptically. Their path back to Sakis’ crashed ship was taking them past dozens of Ravagers who had died in the attempt. One of Sakis’ tactical processing streams kept close track of them, making sure each was a complete kill.

Juli shrugged, impressively unbothered by the carnage around her despite being fundamentally a diplomat. “I think that was more of a 'if they can't have you, nobody can,' kind of thing. Regardless, I don't expect the Senate regarded it as particularly likely, but they wanted to make sure our options were open. And so, I can unlock all of your genes.”

“How does that help?” Sakis asked.

“Well,” Juli blushed, “That means you could have children.”

Sakis was impressed with Juli’s ambition, but shook her head. “Juli, you can't implant someone’s clone in their vagina; they tried that and the DNA being so nearly identical caused all sorts of gestation problems. And you know the atavistic human genes here locally are just too old fashioned to have any hope of being viable, mixed in with a modern galactic’s genes, much less those of an experimental warbody like mine.”

“The Ravagers already had a solution ready,” Juli said.

“I expect it's a little too late to recover that,” Sakis said, motioning toward the remains of their flagship the Grand Ravager, still smouldering in the distance.

“They ejected their biofactory on the way down, so the Ravager King could use it. But of course you blew up the Grand King dropship, so no king will be using a biofactory or anything else.”

“Wait, that was the capsule you investigated earlier? That was incredibly reckless, Juli! The Ravagers employ many different traps to make recovering their equipment extremely risky.” Sakis looked searchingly at Juli, as if the diplomatic agent's beautiful face might begin to succumb to flesh-melting bioweapons at any moment.

“They didn't have time to set the really difficult traps, I think,” Juli said, shrugging, “And I was able to disarm the others.”

Sakis' eyes widened. “I knew you were brilliant, Juli, but this genius... but I suppose the Senate would not have chosen you for the mission if you were not the best. Still... that is not something I would have attempted without days of careful inspection and preparations.”

“I chose a special focus on Ravager technology during agent training,” Juli said, blushing.

“Even so,” Sakis said, and shrugged her armoured shoulders as well as her avatar’s. “So, how long do you reckon it will take you to discover if you can modify this technology for your purposes?”

“I will have to do it quickly, or not at all. It only has food for a few days.”

“What does it, um, consume? Can we feed it?”

“Yes. I believe goat's milk would do the trick.”

“What is 'goat's milk'?” Sakis asked.

“Goats are mammals traditionally kept by surface humans, and like all mammals, they produce milk for their young.”

“Oh, is that where the word 'milk' came from? A substance secreted by mammals?”

“Yes, it's one of mammals' defining characteristics.”

Sakis chuckled. “How fortunate that you are familiar with that sort of historical esoterica.”

“You're taking my proposal very casually.”

“Compared to the inevitable destruction of everything I've ever fought for, it's an easy choice. There's a strangely transgressive feeling, reproducing without a license, which of course they would never grant a warbody like me who's stuffed with with restricted gene packages. Systemic ones, even,” Sakis added, laughing with a hint of lingering bitterness. “Besides, I've dealt with worse, and if one of these primitive humans can do it, I'm sure I can manage until we can construct a basic gestation tank with salvaged parts. A biofactory should provide plenty, I would think?”

“Of course,” Juli said quickly.

Sakis studied Juli for a moment. “Did you intend to create children? Surely you would be approved for as many as you liked, given your lineage and connections. If you weren't already.”

“I had planned on it, someday, yes. I wanted to find the right pairing first.”

Sakis looked sympathetic. “I'm sure you would have found one; you had such a bright future. It must be very difficult to have to have so much taken from you.”

“What about what was taken from you? Did you want children?” Juli asked.

Sakis shrugged. “I never had any illusions about whether I'd be allowed any, so I didn't lose anything there. Rather, I've gained, if I wanted children.” Sakis stopped for a moment in contemplation before shaking off the thought. “I had sometimes daydreamed that, if I survived long enough to see the war end, I might be permitted to assist with the fostering of war orphans.”

Juli smiled. “So, the Lioness of Kamryon has a soft side after all.”

Sakis chuckled ruefully and rolled her eyes. “I never understood why the Ravagers called me that. Why exaggerate what one scared and confused Legionary managed to do through luck and desperation?”

“Because they would far rather lose to a legendary warrior than some faceless Alliance logistics officer,” Juli explained.

“And if no legendary warrior is available, then they must create one?”

Juli just smiled, and the conversation turned to more immediate concerns such as securing parts Juli's drones would need in advance of going to the primitive humans.

Princess Juli

Though of course the primitives would be very foolish to attempt to menace Juli, how had her drones to defend her, Sakis in her hulking combat suit provided a more familiar-seeming sort of power that the primitives would respect, perhaps without being quite so spooked. Somehow Juli had acquired a quite functional translator, so she had no trouble introducing herself as a princess from the stars, which Sakis reckoned was true enough: Juli's progenitor had been someone very wealthy and influential. Sakis' part was so easy as to be almost boring; she just stood at Juli's side and made sure no one approached without an explicit invitation. Hopefully no one would dare attempt to attack from a distance, as Sakis' weapons would be massive overkill and likely kill scores of innocents in close quarters.

But no one did, and Juli had no trouble negotiating the concession of a large domain that had evidently been the object of a dispute between neighbouring kings. Sakis was obliged to demonstrate on a few occasions that Princess Juli could call swift and unstoppable destruction down on any who attempted to violate the agreement she'd imposed on the previously warring kingdoms. Only a few; word travelled quickly enough even if only on foot.

Both because warbodies barely slept and because Sakis hardly knew what else to do with herself, she kept up patrols around anyplace they were staying. The drones were quite sufficient to prevent anyone from approaching Juli unawares, but Sakis told herself that there was no substitute for moving through spaces herself, getting a feel for where someone would place an ambush, and how Sakis would guarantee that the ambush would fail. It had been her primary purpose when detailed as Juli's bodyguard during the diplomatic overture to the Ravagers, and even as a strike officer it had been her specialty.

Without it, though, she felt like she had few skills of value to offer. Even if Juli chose to assemble some kind of army of primitive humans, Sakis wouldn't know what to say to men whose bones Sakis could easily crush bare-handed. Even Juli's lightly-enhanced standard human body would probably be stronger, faster, and more agile than the most capable primitive warriors. Competent primitive armies fought close-packed, largely on open terrain, where the lines of men could provide mutual support. That would be utter suicide when facing any opponent dangerous enough to come to Sakis' attention. On this oddly backward planet, Sakis's lifetime of being talented as a warrior was pointless, and her main hope of purpose was being able to help build the land Juli had obtained for them.

Juli glossed the name of their new domain as the Principality of Zebes, and though its lushness suggested almost incomprehensible luxury to a Sakis, who had never seen such an untrammelled Earth-derived ecosystem, evidently the locals considered it a poor domain because the fighting had wrecked its human structures and mostly depopulated it.

With the arrival of peace and the ability of Sakis and Juli's drones to rapidly build

comfortable, secure places for humans to dwell, it was not long before local primitives decided to try their luck pledging loyalty to Princess Juli, whose decrees they evidently found relatively enlightened. Sakis didn't take a direct role in the running of the Principality because most of her time was occupied patrolling and building. When necessary she forcibly carried miscreants to Juli for judgment, but otherwise she had little occasion to interact with the primitives, and found it easier to remain mute around them so that she didn't have to coordinate with the tales Juli spun about their origins and intentions that were carefully calibrated to defuse counterproductive superstitions and slot them into a positive cultural narrative.

With all her 'royal' responsibilities, Juli was even busier than Sakis, but she still managed to work on the Ravager biofactory. When Sakis had the opportunity to assist Juli's efforts, they struck the former legionary as more like biology experiments than engineering. Sakis marvelled at how much Juli had discovered about how to manipulate and cultivate the ominously gelatinous Ravager biomatrices. Sakis confined her own contributions to retrofitting the electrical storage system to accept power from a windmill and other simple mechanical tasks. She wished she could do more to help, because Juli was obviously working herself too hard, almost as if she was racing against the clock.

Still, there were times when they could spend time together, such as when paying diplomatic visits to neighbour kings, or exploring for resources on the beautiful planetary wilds. Sakis always felt a frisson of pleasure when Juli treated her with intimacy, as if they were friends and equals rather than spacer flotsam in a warbody on one side, and a flower of the aristocracy on the other. Perhaps they were equals in that Juli's aristocracy was defunct and Sakis' Star Legion annihilated, but Juli's high class origins lingered on in her charismatic persuasiveness, her perfectly sculpted face, and tastefully lush body.

Warbody

Sakis was anything but tastefully lush. Her high metabolism kept her lean and hard, and while she had a good face for spacer flotsam, it had never been perfected in the ways Juli's had, even before life had begun to batter it. While the Alliance had spared no expense improving Sakis' warbody, they had spared any expenditure whatsoever on Sakis' appearance, and she looked older than her true age. So, while Juli might be a century old for all Sakis knew, Juli remained perpetually just out of her teens. Sakis looked, she suspected, about ready for retirement and maybe rebodging into a generic.

Not that there would be any generics for Sakis, or anyone else. Sakis could live a few more decades, she reckoned, before her injuries and the unraveling of her gene packages became serious. Likely she would die of it before the Ravagers returned, though she was already so lucky

to be alive as it was that it was all bonus time to her. Juli, on the other hand, could likely count on appearing much as she did now for a century or more, if she was careful. Juli would be the one who might someday witness the restoration of the Senate, if Sakis did her duty.

So, when Juli told Sakis one day that she would soon need to subject herself to the ministrations of the Ravager biogel Juli had altered for the purpose, Sakis did not object. She did feel some fear, but also anticipation. What would it feel like to become more like the primitive women, carrying in their bodies fully functional reproductive and gestational body systems that no one could take from them? Even setting aside that awesome power, Sakis already found herself intrigued in private moments, playing with the hair that had resumed sprouting from her head again for the first time since the Legion had found her and taken her in. It would likely seem like a small thing to Juli, who always had a mane of beautiful hair, or even to primitive women, who took for granted all the trappings of biological life, but to Sakis, it felt like an impossible luxury.

Sakis sometimes wondered if Juli would mention Sakis' little impostures as the various blockers and enhancers wore off or degraded, but she never did. Perhaps she was too polite to mention them because of the patchy nature of Sakis' acquisition of high class human features like hair, saliva, and white sclera. Regardless, by the time Sakis removed her armour in preparation for entering the biofactory chamber, she could almost pass as a standard human woman. In low light, perhaps. At a distance.

“Are you ready?” Juli asked, peeking in.

Sakis self-consciously positioned herself so that her arms would hide as many of her exposed suit mount points as possible without looking like that was what she was doing. “Yes, stripped and ready.”

“Hey, you have blue eyes!” Juli commented.

“Of course. All of us do, because of melanocyte repurposing,” Sakis said, confused. Juli knew at least as much about warbody alterations as Sakis did, and besides, Juli had seen Sakis' naked eyes before. Of course, previously they had been coated with a microscopic layer of radiation-scattering structures that made them darker and iridescent. The catabolic blocker that allowed the coating to accumulate to the point of visibility had worn off, making Sakis' eyes gradually appear more human.

“No, I mean... Never mind. But you're going to need to put down your sidearm.”

“Of course,” Sakis said, looking around for a place to put it.

“I'll take it,” Juli said, holding out her hand.

It required almost physical effort to disregard a lifetime of strict legionary discipline and Alliance law to hand her sidearm to an unauthorised civilian. But if she couldn't trust Juli, she might as well give up now.

“Wow, this is heavy!”

“It’s got a black hole in it, basically,” Sakis oversimplified, “It can take out a fully-armoured Alpha Ravager.”

“So *that* is how you managed to fight through the Ravager ambush back to your armour,” Juli said, turning it over in her hand. “I could hardly understand how it was possible. I thought you must have had some kind of advance warning of how the ambush would happen.”

Sakis shook her head. “No, that would be nice. The Ravagers had much better intel on us than we had on them, at least this time.”

“Not good enough!” Juli said with a grim laugh. “Alright, take the snorkel and submerge yourself in the slime. It’ll take me a while to calibrate, so get comfortable for a bit of a sit.”

Sakis did as Juli asked, and vaulted into the thick, viscous gel for her first treatment.

New Life

Service

The first “bath” was a strange experience, both during and after. With her eyes closed and her submerged hearing confused, Sakis was mostly reliant on touch to judge what was happening. Her primary impression was of pressure in her groin, though there was also some tingling around two points on her chest, about where her nipples had been before her warbody conversion.

Sure enough, by the time she emerged from the tank, she had her nipples back. Even more directly applicable to her new task was that she now had an apparently functional vagina between her legs.

“Is it going to work?” Sakis asked Juli in wonder, motioning toward her slit.

“In some ways yes, some no. Ovulation is going to require more work. But, everything else should be fully in order. I expect you might be a bit out of practice.”

“I used to masturbate in a virtual sensitiser, but it’s never really like the real thing,” Sakis said.

“Oh? I thought the Legion tamped down on all that?” Juli asked.

“No, they’re not allowed to do things like that, even to legionaries. Basically, they can make it so sex isn’t any fun, but they’re not allowed to try to control whether you want it or not.”

“Sounds terribly frustrating,” Juli said.

Sakis shrugged rather than point out that most of the time she hadn’t had to endure keeping close company with extremely attractive, friendly women like Juli.

There were several days between subsequent treatments, both to give Sakis’ body time to finish its subtle changes, and to give Juli time to update and tweak the biogel instructions. Even so, Sakis’ slow reversion to looking like a standard human accelerated so dramatically that by the tenth day, the only thing setting her apart to a casual observer was her unusual size and the suit mount points. Her virtual self had breasts, so it wasn’t so strange to feel them growing on her actual body, but there was something about the idea that she could walk amongst people and not be immediately seen as a warbody that gave her a little frisson of joy.

But she had a job to do, and her changed body a service to perform.

“I think I’m ready to induce ovulation,” Juli announced.

“Already? I thought it would take longer,” Sakis said nervously. “And how can it be fertilised?”

“I’ll show you. This is a Ravager inseminator.” Juli held up a pliable, translucent, liquid-filled rod shaped more than a little like a large human penis. “They actually explicitly designed it to be able to impregnate you.”

“Me? How?”

“They didn’t know precisely, so they equipped it with many capabilities, which I’ve used to,

I hope, make it happen.”

“So the offspring will be part Ravager?”

Juli blushed. “Of necessity a little bit, but the ‘sperm’ DNA is mostly taken from me. If that’s not too weird.”

Sakis gasped. “Of course not! Of course I would be honoured! Really! I... Of course.” She tried to stop herself from saying too much. As much as Sakis admired Juli’s appearance and charm, there was a reserve about her that made Sakis wary of confiding too much of her true feelings. Sakis wasn’t even sure Juli fancied women, much less warbodies.

“Good. Let me know if that changes. I’m not sure what I could do about it, but I could try some things.”

Sakis nodded. “So, what’s the procedure?”

“You get in the tank, and then we’ll induce an orgasm with the inseminator.”

“An orgasm?” Sakis asked nervously, wondering if Juli could tell that Sakis’ body was having a strong reaction to the idea of Juli somehow causing a sexual action. Did Juli somehow suspect that Sakis’ virtual erotic scenarios included a character based partly on Juli?

“Yes, that’s how the ovulation is induced, in your case. The menstrual cycle is crude and wasteful, and doesn’t fit our needs, so I made it so that you ovulate during strong climaxes. With that in mind, I should remind you that the biogel can form and manipulate membranes within its matrix, because this time it’s going to try to position your body for proper interaction with the inseminator, amongst other things. Also, the inseminator will be acting like a standard penis. I know it’s a bit alarming, but I’ll get in with you this time to make sure nothing goes wrong.”

Sakis was glad she was still incapable of blushing. “You’ve taken steps to make sure that you won’t be affected by the genetic treatment, correct?”

“There’s no genetic treatments this time, but don’t worry about that. I’ve been in there plenty of times myself.”

Sakis wanted to ask why Juli would go in herself, but Sakis suspected she knew: to test on herself before subjecting Sakis to it. Instead she just thanked Juli and jumped into the gel.

Not being a warbody, Juli had to climb the 3-meter high walls of the tank, but Sakis only had a few seconds to wait before she thought she felt someone else entering the gel. Tendrils had formed around Sakis’ hands in the meantime, pulling her into a supine orientation. Another pair of tendrils drew Sakis’ legs apart and up, clearing the way for the inseminator.

Two gelatinous pads pressed into the top of Sakis’ hips a second before the inseminator arrived at the entrance to her newly functional reproductive organs. With her eyes shut against the gel and her limbs immobilised, she was free to fantasise that it was Juli making love to her rather than the impersonal ministrations of Ravager biogelatin. It was easy to experience the pressure on her hips as Juli’s hands holding Sakis in place to receive her thrusts, and whatever gelatinous structure driving the inseminator into her vagina could definitely feel like the front of Juli’s thighs.

It occurred to Sakis that she was setting herself up for a broken heart, but she reasoned to herself that it was almost her duty to pretend that Juli was fucking her in order to achieve the necessary powerful orgasm. And she did that duty, achieving the first non-virtual orgasm of her life very rapidly. As if detecting her vaginal muscles clamping down, the inseminator dove to its full depth once again and remained there, pulsing just as if it had been a real penis ejaculating in her.

Sakis wanted so badly to reach out and embrace her fantasy lover, but she allowed the gelatin to continue to hold her in place to avoid breaking her illusion. Even so, when the pressure on her hips subsided and the inseminator withdrew, Sakis felt a foolish sense of loss. Steadily the gelatin's hold on her limbs faded as well, and she could no longer delay emerging from her stupid little fantasy.

"How was it?" Juli asked anxiously when Sakis resurfaced.

"It's was... okay," Sakis said, carefully keeping any telltale emotion from her voice. "It was very realistic in some ways."

Juli studied Sakis' face. "Was that good or bad?"

"Good. Mostly good," Sakis said.

"Mostly good means not entirely good, so what should I improve?"

Sakis shrugged and didn't meet Juli's eyes. "I'm sure it's good enough."

"But how could it be better?" Juli persisted.

"I don't see how it could be made better. It's just a fact that it's just a biogel rather than an actual lover."

"So a lover would be better," Juli said, as if making a note of it. "Do you have any favourites from your past that you'd like it to emulate?"

"From *my* past?" Sakis asked, startled. "Oh, you mean like, um, Chara Zonas?"

So there it was, out in the open that Sakis' virtual masturbatory scenarios had been designed by an artificer of lesbian fantasies. At least, Sakis assumed Chara Zonas was famous enough for Juli to be passingly familiar. She hoped; it would be very awkward to have to explain in more detail that Juli herself was very nearly Sakis' aesthetic ideal. Juli probably already had enough information to correctly suspect that Sakis had fantasised about her. Would it put a strain on their friendship?

As the thoughtful silence seemed to stretch, Sakis became ever more certain that she'd made a terrible mistake.

"You've never had actual body sex before," Juli said finally.

Sakis let out the breath she'd been holding. "Oh, no. Early on I couldn't afford it, and after Kamyron I've never had the opportunity to take that much time off in one go. I... I did rent a generic once when I visited a core world, but it didn't work out." Her limited conversational range and inexperience in how to move in a standard human body meant she had failed to interest anyone she fancied in fucking a generic. She could have paid extra for a premium sex body, but was afraid she'd *still* not find anyone, and that would have been even more embarrassing. After that, she'd decided to wait until she retired before trying again.

"But today worked out, right?"

"Yes!" Sakis confirmed, happy to change the subject from her sexual and romantic failures.

"Good. Good. Come back tomorrow. We'll see if anything has implanted and probably we'll repeat this process. Thank you for doing this, Sakis."

"Of course! I'm always happy to serve!"

Heir to Zebes

The next time in the bath was a marked improvement; Juli had added interactions to the

biogel so that it now felt much more like being made love to, including more hand-like grip around her waist, and caresses that roamed about her body. It even seemed to detect what made Sakis respond more strongly and adjust accordingly, just like a human lover might. Sakis tried fantasising about someone besides Juli, but it was futile. At least Juli had no way of knowing what Sakis was really thinking during her shuddering, mind-blowing orgasm.

The sex only got better from there, but Sakis didn't feel better about it. If anything, she was feeling worse. In the tank, they were lovers, and dream-Juli was as enamoured of Sakis as Sakis was of Juli, helped by the mental image Sakis held of herself being in a sex body. But then she'd open her eyes to the actual Juli, just as beautiful as dream-Juli, but Sakis was back to having a moderately prettified warbody, altered with one more gene package to allow reproduction. And there was nothing between them: it was all in Sakis' mind. She couldn't embrace real Juli, or thank her for her clever and generous lovemaking, or act as if any part of the fantasy was true. It made her prolong the sex as long as possible, to delay the crushing disappointment of her real life.

One thing they really did share, though, was an actual implanted zygote, and it was a great reassurance to Sakis. *That*, at least, was a real thing she'd done right for Juli. And everyone, of course.

It was good, because there was even less work for Sakis to do in her armour than before: all the major structures were already built, and if any remained Juli's drones were up to the task. Neighbouring kings no longer dared send any agents to spy within Zebes, and any remaining mechanical work didn't require the armour's massive power. So, she spent a lot of time just standing in Juli's throne room, listening and sometimes having virtual sidebar conversations, but adding nothing of her own to the proceedings, which she barely understood in the first place.

Juli was already fluent in two forms of the local languages, and used her eloquence to navigate the politics of nobility as if born to it. Juli also adopted the clothing styles of the local aristocracy, slightly altered to make greatest use of her incomparable beauty. With Juli modelling the fashions, Sakis quickly came to appreciate them in all their voluminous complexity.

She wasn't the only one: a steady stream of suitors or their messengers arrived to try to tempt Juli into marital alliance, either directly with her or with any future children. Some offers from particularly powerful sovereigns Juli entertained with varying levels of seriousness, but most were turned down out of hand. Observing the process taught Sakis about how the local culture worked. By default, male nobles held the most power, and the mothers of heirs the second most, but treaties could alter the arrangement, which is how some sovereigns managed to make offers with a hope of being acceptable to a princess who ruled in her own right.

An exemplar was the Emperor of Nuhindis, who proposed that they both remain sole ruler of each of their domains, but agreed to choose heirs from the fruit of their marital union. Of course, even if Juli made herself ovulate, it would be a challenge to alter herself to the point where

atavistic human sperm could produce a viable fetus. Any alliance would be childless, entered into merely to acquire an ally with vast holdings.

“I do need to get an heir, though,” Juli told Sakis. “Sooner or later there will be plotting against me if it’s expected that my line will end with me. And of course, having an actual heir gives rise to its own class of marital alliance opportunities.”

Sakis didn’t speak, not wanting to betray her ardent desire that Juli name their child together as her heir. She knew there was no way to make it work. A foundling would be dismissed as an heir whose inheritance could easily be set aside. Juli couldn’t even pretend to carry her own child with no husband in evidence. Juli’s power meant that she needn’t worry about the ignominy of having a child out of wedlock, but a bastard had no more secure a claim than a foundling and would be useless for treaty-making.

“It would be a lot to ask of you,” Juli said musingly, “But I have thought of one possible solution.”

“Of me? What? Anything, of course,” Sakis said, before she started thinking of the possibility of being married off someplace as part of some byzantine plot.

“What if I took *you* as my wife?” Juli asked.

Sakis was stunned. “Really? *Me?*” She knew it was too good to be true and that Juli wasn’t *really* asking to marry her. It had to be something else. But it didn’t matter. Tears of confusion emotion rolled down her cheeks.

Juli looked alarmed. “I’ll never mention it again if you don’t like it!”

“No, you idiot!” Sakis laughed through her tears as her impossible dream seemed on the verge of coming true. “Don’t you know I’m in love with you?” Just saying it aloud was such a huge load off Sakis’ shoulders despite her terror of Juli’s reaction to Sakis’ confession. Whatever else happened, at least she didn’t have to pretend any more.

“Oh, Sakis, really?” Juli said with a smile, and they shared an brief embrace before separating enough to look into each-others’ faces.

Sakis nodded, and wished that the more exotic aspects of the dream could come true so Juli could fuck her right there in her chambers instead of just hug. She tried a kiss at least.

“Wait, wait,” Juli said, and Sakis’ stomach sank. Here it came: Juli would explain how Sakis had misconstrued everything. But instead, Juli said, “I would have to make some changes that would mean you can’t use your armour any more.” She tapped one of Sakis’ suit mount points.

“All that is useless overkill here. Do whatever you want. Please do what you want. I want to be what you want.”

“Really?” Juli asked, struggling to suppress a smile.”

“Yes! You’re so perfect. You deserve better than a warbody wife.”

“I think you underrate yourself, dear,” Juli said, and the familiarity of the address made Sakis’ toes curl with euphoria, “But I do agree that some changes would present a better picture.

A wife so beautiful the world envies me seems about right.”

Sakis laughed, wiping her face of the unaccustomed liquid. “I’d like to see you make me *that* pretty.”

“You will, and then you’ll be mother to the heir to Zebes, and everything else I have,” Juli said, and Sakis would have agreed to anything at all in that moment, if Juli asked it of her.

Princess Consort

At first Juli tried to ask Sakis about this or that change, but Sakis didn’t want to hear what the changes were; she just wanted Juli to make them already; the sooner done, the sooner the impossible fantasy could come true. And Sakis would know that she was as close to Juli’s ideal as the biogel could make a former warbody.

The pressure this time was far greater than before, and general rather than localised. It wasn’t precisely painful, but it was overwhelming and somehow exhausting. Before long Sakis found herself drifting in and out of consciousness, and she had little idea how much time had passed. She couldn’t flatter herself that her extended absence was inconveniencing Juli, given how slight Sakis’ contributions had become of late, so she tried to relax and let it proceed at its own pace. At length, the periods of definite consciousness began to expand and connect, and Sakis found she could move her limbs again.

She used the opportunity to explore her altered body by touch. The changes were mostly subtle: narrower waist, wider hips and longer hair. Gone were all her scars and she thought her lips were plumper than they had been. The most marked change, though, was that her breasts were far larger than they had been. That wasn’t a surprise per se, as the need for her breasts to support nursing had been one of Juli’s first comments, but how big they felt in her hands surprised her. And pleased her. They felt wonderful, and she had always admired large breasts herself. The thought that Juli did as well made her feel like they were very well paired.

A sort of blanket wrapped itself loosely around her body from shoulders to knees when the changes had completed, then inflated, forcing out all the gelatin before a crane lifted her out of the tank. The first thing she noticed was a change in Juli and the surroundings, all of which seemed to have gotten much bigger. Or rather, Sakis had gotten much smaller. When the crane lowered her to stand in front of Juli, Sakis found herself looking decidedly *up* to Juli.

“Take a look!” Juli told Sakis, and turned her to face a mirror placed for the purpose.

“I’m a child!” Sakis exclaimed.

“After a fashion, yes. You’ve been reverted to the same age you were then you were made into a warbody. I have to make some modifications, then I’ll have it re-age you.”

“I have awfully large breasts for a child,” Sakis said dubiously, though with the blanket still

inflated around her there was no way to indicate them, or even be sure exactly how big they really were.

“Do you dislike it?” Juli asked, “I thought I did mention it previously.”

“No, I’ve always liked larger breasts. I guess I was just surprised.”

“Oh. Good. Now, please hold still for a moment while I take a sample.”

“I could hardly do anything else,” Sakis pointed out, slightly unsettled by the extremity of the change, but enjoying how cute she looked. The fine-featured girl in the mirror was absolutely what Sakis might hope to look like if she’d grown up with Juli’s taste and resources.

Juli chuckled slightly. “I’d release you from the blanket, but I’m sure you’re very weak right now and might have difficulty keeping on your feet.”

“It’s okay,” Sakis said, and marvelled at her appearance while she waited.

After a wait so long Sakis accidentally fell asleep where she stood, Juli gave Sakis a quick kiss on her forehead before sending her back into the vat.

Submerged again, Sakis was again reduced to detecting changes with only a sense of touch. That was sufficient to identify a further widening of her hips, and a massive further swelling of her breasts, until Sakis was sure she was as large as any of Chara Zonas’ erotic models. It was slightly disconcerting to feel like she’d been turned into a real life sex avatar, but even more exciting to contemplate the confirmation that Sakis had become Juli’s sexual ideal. And her own, perhaps.

When lifted out a second time, Sakis received a shock when she saw that though she had matured visibly to a girl in her late teens, she was barely taller than she had been as a girl. Caught between disquiet and wonder, she examined her delicate and feminine little hands and feet, the latter observed through a vast canyon of heavy breast flesh.

She could also see Juli’s hands around her tiny waist, keeping her supported upright. They looked and felt enormous. “I’m so small still. In terms of stature.”

“Yes, I thought it would present the best picture for the consort to be smaller than the sovereign, so I made you average height for a local woman.”

“Of course, I have no objections,” Sakis asserted unsteadily.

“Obviously, you’re a foreign princess in your own right,” Juli told her, “And I’ve arranged for a trustworthy girl to serve as your handmaiden until the wedding.”

“When will that be?”

“I scheduled it for the next full moon, which gives just enough time for everyone to arrive at the temple, but not so much that they have time to do a lot of plotting.”

“What temple?”

“I’m marrying you at the the most prestigious temple of their little religion. Then no one can say anything about it being unnatural. Their patriarch preferred that to having the whole thing blasted into charred sand.”

“That does make perfect sense,” Sakis said, swallowing her irrational fears, and replacing them with faith that she was Juli’s ideal now, and after the adjustment period, Sakis’ dreams would come true.

It was a struggle, but Sakis’ faith carried her through a long slow trip to the temple, separated from Juli by the need to be seen publicly chaste. A full trousseau awaited her at what seemed to be a sort of capital city, done in the relatively risqué style that Juli had made popular. That informed all who saw her that Sakis had the most perfect complexion and bountiful breasts of any debutante or bride the humans had ever seen. The key was for her dress to make sure her massive bosom always remained thrust out ahead of her. And ‘ahead’ was a the exact truth; the breasts were each as big as her head, or even a little larger, so that Sakis felt like she was following her breasts as much as her breasts were preceding her.

Sakis understood enough of the local language to follow simple directions and ask even simpler questions, but discussions of the circumstances that resulted in *Lady* Sakis becoming to be affianced to *Queen* Juli were over Sakis’ head both literally and figuratively. Sakis sometimes got the impression that they believed her to be from a distant nation that Queen Juli had conquered, though she doubted her interpretation, and anyway she had no idea why they would think that. Though Lady Sakis and Queen Juli couldn’t interact much, the looks of happiness between them must have been plain to everyone watching.

And, with all the dispatch Sakis could wish, the wedding ceremony itself was at hand. With two of Juli’s drones hovering watchfully overhead, a cleric led Sakis from her handmaiden to the altar where Juli waited, resplendent in a bejewelled gown embroidered with golden thread. Sakis and Juli’s gowns both featured intricate designs covering their waist panels. Cleverly, Sakis’ was done in a pattern strongly reminiscent of the old Star Legion insignia. Juli’s was harder to place, but Sakis thought she might have seen it before. No doubt it was a reference to Juli’s family holdings which would have been instantly recognisable to Alliance aristocracy.

According to local customs, Juli took the man’s place, while Sakis took the woman’s, though there were alterations to accommodate the fact that they were both women, in women’s wedding attire. Instead of a bracer on a gauntlet Juli wasn’t wearing, they both fastened the traditional earrings through each-others’ ears. Only Sakis got a necklace, though, a heavy choker that sat snugly around her neck and displayed what was probably another version of the design on Juli’s dress, though Sakis didn’t get much time to examine it.

Consummation

Finally it was done, and the moment Sakis had been feverishly anticipating arrived at last:

she would experience making love to Juli in reality. When they arrived at the suite set aside for their first wedded night, though, there was a tiresome gaggle of high priestesses present who insisted on inspecting Sakis to confirm her virginity, as measured by the presence of a hymen. Juli had warned her that this would likely be necessary when she'd provided Sakis with a hymen for the purpose, but it was still an irritating and unsexy delay.

Once they were gone, Sakis joked, "We'd best get rid of the hymen now so we don't forget later."

"Oh, we couldn't forget," Juli said with a laugh. "I'm going to inseminate you now, and tear the little flap of skin in the process. I didn't put any nerves in it so you won't really feel anything, but it'll satisfy their traditions."

"You brought biogel?" Sakis asked, shocked. She hadn't seen anything that looked like it.

"Well, the biogel isn't *strictly* necessary for insemination," Juli explained, helping Sakis disrobe. Welcome assistance, given how complicated the wedding gown was.

"No?" Sakis asked idly, most of her attention focused on enjoying Juli's hands on her.

"No, I'll show you in a moment. Get in the bed."

Sakis obeyed Juli's somewhat peremptory command willingly enough, using her perch on the bed to watch her new wife take off her own gown. Freed of restraint, Sakis' oversized nipples flagged her extreme approval of Juli's gradually-unveiled figure.

Juli had disrobed to her waist when loosing a final buckle allowed the rest of the gown to drop off all at once, displaying why exactly Juli didn't need biogel: a large erect penis bounced up from her groin, settling to point directly at Sakis' naked body.

In response to the smaller woman's sharp intake of breath, Juli laughed in delight. "So, do you like what you see?"

"It works? It's so beautiful! How?"

"I'll explain later, sweet. For now, let's make another heir." Juli gently but firmly pushed Sakis onto her back by raising her ankles until they were at either side of her ears. With no more foreplay that that, Juli slipped her prick into Sakis' slaving cunt.

Sakis whimpered in ecstasy with a small admixture of fear as she recognised that Juli was now as much bigger and stronger than Sakis presently was, as Sakis' warbody had previously been of Juli's civilian body. She just had to trust Juli not to hurt her.

But of course cultured, adroit Juli would never. Though the thrusts increased in vigour and speed, Juli never exceeded Sakis' tolerance, as if this was the hundredth time they'd had sex rather than the first. "How are. You so. Perfect?" Sakis managed to gasp in segments.

"Practice?" Juli joked, but then asked, "What do you mean?"

"It's like. You know. Exactly. What I. Want." Sakis explained.

"Well, you don't still think it was really the biogel fucking you the whole time, do you?"

"Huh? Uh? Uungh!" Sakis said as her body detonated with pleasure.

There was a pause as Juli filled Sakis with cum. When Juli was finished, she patted Sakis' tummy affectionately. "That should account for one or two more lioness cubs."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Sakis asked, hurt. "Did you think *I* would reject *you*?"

Instead of answering, Juli distracted Sakis by sucking on her nipples and gently kneading around her clit. That led to another, somewhat more languid round of lovemaking, and enough extra semen to make a sizeable puddle on the bed when it overflowed from Sakis' overfull womb.

"Do you like being my consort so far?" Juli asked.

"Yes, it's the best thing that ever happened to me," Sakis said woozily.

"Oh, you're so sweet," Juli said, and thanked her with a kiss.

"I just can't believe you didn't realise that I have been attracted to you from the start, Juli."

"Well, I wasn't entirely unaware, though the degree of it I couldn't be sure."

"So much so that you had to lie about the tank?" Sakis asked.

"I didn't lie. I just... left out key bits," Juli said with a smile.

"But why?" Sakis asked. "Did you really think I wouldn't have jumped at the chance to make love?"

"It was more than I didn't think it was wise to raise too many questions at that point," Juli said seriously.

"Such as how you did it?" Sakis asked. And now that she thought about it, it did seem like a stunning feat.

"Exactly," Juli said, as if expecting Sakis to solve a puzzle.

"What are you saying, Juli?" Sakis said uneasily.

"I'll explain in a moment. I think I'm ready to go another round."

Despite her unease, Sakis acquiesced easily enough, and soon she was bouncing atop Juli, awash in the sensation of being tossed about so easily, and the gyrations of her huge sensitive breasts, and of course the clockwork rhythm of Juli's member plumbing her depths again.

"Look at yourself, Sakis," Juli said.

Sakis opened her eyes to peer down at her bouncing boobs and her delicate hands in Juli's equally fine, but bigger ones.

"No, in the mirror. Do you like what you see?"

Sakis could hardly believe the petite wanton was her reflection, but the reality that it was made her even hotter than she had been. "Yes. Yes!"

"You like your naked body? Almost naked."

"Yes!" Sakis repeated.

"With my collar on it?"

"Yes!" Sakis screamed, and started coming around Juli's shaft. As she did, she suddenly recalled where she'd seen the design before: it had been on the Ravager King's dropship, just

above the main entry hatch. Right before Sakis had blown a series of holes through it. A series of thoughts occurred to her in succession, and a extremely unwelcome explanation occurred to her for why Juli was able to master the Ravager biofactory so quickly.

“You’re a Ravager agent,” Sakis said woodenly.

“Yes and no,” Juli said affectionately, and rolled them into a new position. “The Ravager King was my father. And now that he’s dead, I’m the Ravager Queen. And you, my sweet lioness, have been my heart’s desire ever since Kamyron. I thought daddy was going to buy you for me from the Alliance, but this is so much better because now you’re as in love with me as I am with you. And you’ve already filled up a dozen gestation tanks from before, but now you’ll get to carry some yourself! Did that thought make you ready for a fourth go round? I can feel you gripping me like you want to go again. I made sure this new body of yours can go and go and go. I understand that you’re a bit upset with me now, but I promise you I’ll always keep and cherish you, and I guarantee you’ll enjoy giving birth to a new generation of elite Ravagers.”

Sakis wept, but she also came.

Trials

Comfort To The Enemy

Sakis could see in retrospect that the local people had always understood the wedding as an instance of a conquering sovereign graciously taking a noble from the conquered land as wife. In their eyes, Sakis' failure to thank her lucky stars that Juli should deign to give her the honours of consort was an example of petulant ingratitude. They were not unkind to her, but it was clear they thought less of her for the unhappiness she failed to hide. The strange but awesomely powerful foreign queen had recognised the forms and traditions of their religion, so the wedding had elevated Juli's reputation significantly.

Ironically, Juli was the only source of sympathy or good news, some of which she shared on the long wagon ride back to Zebes.

"You'll be pleased to know that in our tests we found that the electromagnetic inversion side effect varies dramatically in range, so there's probably many systems in the Alliance that weren't so badly damaged. They really will rebuild. You were so *sad* in your moment of greatest triumph. I so badly wanted to tell you that you really did nearly defeat us once and for all, but of course telling you would have exposed me. You really had no other options, sweet, and it was just your bad luck about those two transports in stealth shutdown. Regardless, if you'd left us with those gravitic disruptors rather than setting that trap, we would have defeated your fleets without it being any kind of fair fight."

Despite her resentment, it did make Sakis feel a bit better for a moment, before another dismal thought arrived. "Is that why you're so set on cloning warbodies from me? To help you fight the rebuilding Alliance?"

"Yes and no. The two of us are now certainly the only people alive with any idea of how to build more gravitic disruptors or how to trap jump gates against them, so I'm sure in time I'd be able to use newly manufactured disruptors to annihilate any Alliance remnants that opposed me. But, I'd rather not do anything so unnecessarily destructive. Here, I'll just tip you up a little further so you don't get cum on your dress."

"I'm already pregnant, why do you keep raping me?" Sakis asked.

"Oh, am I raping you, sweet?" Juli asked with a laugh, "Would you really rather just wallow in misery for the whole trip home? Don't feel guilty for enjoying it. Of course you do. We were meant for each other."

“So you’re trying to cheer me up?” Sakis asked, feeling semen trickling up between her buttocks in her inverted position. She just didn’t have the emotional energy to be disgusted.

“Yes, a bit, but also you know I can take extra implanted zygotes and transplant them. All the gestation tanks are already full, but I’ve been experimenting with using local surrogates. Because I don’t intend to *clone* anyone. That’s an Alliance thing. If there are some identical twins, so be it, but we value genetic diversity.”

“You can’t build an entire army out of just our children,” Sakis objected.

“Oh, but I can, sweet! You have about quarter million eggs in you right now. Surely you won’t mind having a quarter million great orgasms?”

“That would take a long time, even if you fucked me every minute of the day for years,” Sakis pointed out.

“Yes, it will take a long time. I think the practical limit is going to be one or two ovulations per hour, and then there’s transplant time, so it will take several decades.”

“You’re really going to keep fucking me on the hour every day for *decades*, until every last egg is a Ravager?”

“Oh sweet, I that’s not the only reason I fuck you. I do love you, my little lioness. Let me show you again.”

Motherhood

Juli kept her new wife by her side as she ruled, both for public appearances and for private companionship. Spending so much time together made it impossible to remain indifferent all the time, and Juli’s charm and positivity were as hard to resist as her expert prick.

As Sakis’ belly grew, so did her status; mother to the heir was an important person. Through immersion, her grasp of the local languages also improved greatly, allowing her to participate in Juli’s clever badinage. It was, in fact, a very comfortable and even celebrated life. To no one’s surprise except Sakis’, she came to publicly enjoy herself.

This was despite seeing the gravid ‘miracle maidens’ walking the streets below her quarters, wearing the sign of the Ravager Queen on their habits as they went about their business. Carrying a ‘child of the crown’ was considered a respectable occupation here, and they received good living quarters, a healthy stipend, and official protection. They seemed happy enough, and they hailed from many lands, escaping far worse situations for the relative freedom, comfort, and security of bearing children in service of Queen Juli.

This in turn was stirring up trouble with those whose discontented women and girls had escaped to Zebes. During the celebration of Sakis giving birth to princesses Scylla and Charybdis of Zebes, a delegation arrived from what had become a neighbouring kingdom due to Zebes’

annexation of the kingdom containing the wreck of the Grand Ravager. They had come to demand the return of a princess who had been affianced to that kingdom's prince but who had subsequently run away to become a miracle maiden. Juli agreed to provide a princess with dangerous affability, then had the prince seized and thrown into the biogel which, over time, produced a princess whom she offered back to the kingdom as fulfilment of her promise.

And, because the kingdom preferred private defeat to the ignominy of having a scion turned to mere female, chose to refuse the princess and press the issue no further. Bereft of other options, the former prince chose to join her erstwhile fiancée amongst the miracle maids, and, like Sakis, found herself happier than she could have expected.

Because a few minutes in the tank was sufficient to entirely recover Sakis' body from childbirth, she was pregnant literally from the day she delivered her first children, this time with fraternal triplets, given how well her body had tolerated twins. Sakis was not consulted in the matter, nor did she know to object until after already outside the window when transplant was possible. Given the *fait accompli*, she accepted it as her lot like all the other many women.

She had many other responsibilities to occupy her thoughts, including official management of the maids, the raising of her own girls, and efforts to set up a free school of which Juli was surprisingly supportive. The more educated and high status of the maids won selection as nannies to Scylla and Charybdis, and companions to Sakis, affording her more time than a mother of twins would ordinarily expect. Juli also allowed Sakis to manufacture refrigeration for her milk and even designed automated milkers to speed the process of emptying her stunningly productive breasts. Juli was repaid by the opportunity to use Sakis' extra creamy excess to flavour drinks and dishes for special visitors.

With so many things to do, Sakis didn't have to think about how she was literally midwifing a new generation of elite Ravagers for Juli to use against the Alliance. And what was the point, anyway? Thinking about it would just make her unhappy, as there was little else she could do about it. Even if she tried to kill everyone and herself, Juli would only be inconvenienced to the point of having to clone where she had preferred sisters.

As Scylla and Charybdis began to talk, their triplet younger sisters began to crawl, and the weight of the next litter of siblings in her belly forced Sakis to waddle slowly, Sakis turned her hope to influencing the hearts of the future Ravagers, trying to teach them the value of fairness, compassion, and all the virtues that the Ravagers had eschewed except when convenient. In effect, she tried to become mother to all her genetic progeny, in the hopes that someday they might remember, and refuse to replicate the evils of Ravagers past.

Evidently Juli thought this was futile, as she looked on it with tolerant amusement rather than offence or alarm, and even provided Sakis with whatever resources she requested, though she did refuse to discuss Sakis' efforts.

Houseguests

“Sweet,” Juli addressed her one morning as the milk pump burbled along, pulling the night’s worth of milk into a bottle for storage, “I know you’re a bit out of practice, but we’re going to have visitors I need you to ambush.”

“Pardon?” Sakis asked, blinking the sleep away.

“You see, it’s my brother. I expect his ship was hidden from the gravitic disruptors intentionally, and no doubt he’s hoping he’s the new Ravager King. Very likely we’re going to have to kill him and some of his bodyguard. You don’t mind, do you?”

Sakis looked down past her heavy, milk-filled breasts to her moderately-distended belly.

“Oh, I’m not asking you to go back to your warbody or anything. I would never ask that of you. I’m just talking about using your powered armour.”

“Though I might *just* fit in it, I’d need the mount points,” Sakis reminded Juli.

“You still have them. I wouldn’t get rid of those; you have so much to teach our daughters, after all! A few minutes in the tank should expose them again, perfectly functional.”

Sakis’ heart beat faster. “Really? You don’t mind the fact that in that suit I could do whatever I wanted?”

“Oh sweet, you think I don’t trust you after all this time? By now you’ve had plenty of time to consider how much better it would be with me as Ravager Queen than some other Ravager.”

“Why don’t you use some of the gun batteries you salvaged to shoot them down as they come in for a landing?” Sakis asked, trying to understand why Juli was holding out so much power. Was it a test?

“I will if you don’t want to get in your suit, but I’ve been trying to restore your old ship and I could really use the parts from my brother’s. It’s a similar model.”

“I take it you don’t like your brother much?”

Juli shrugged. “It’s not that he’s not an amusing fellow or that he doesn’t have good qualities, it’s that he has the same obtusely simplistic ideas about strength and power as the local primitives. Similarly common amongst Ravagers, I’ll grant you, but you’ll note I’m not putting any of the others in charge either. To prevent people from doing something foolish, I have to be seen to win the contest in a way they readily understand.”

“It doesn’t even sound like you enjoy being Ravager Queen,” Sakis said.

“Oh, it has its perks,” Juli said, and nodded toward Sakis, or perhaps Sakis’ belly. Or perhaps there wasn’t a great distinction between the two. After Sakis didn’t answer immediately, she said, “Should I get the batteries ready, then?”

“No, no,” Sakis said quickly. “I was just thinking about how I would ambush your brother’s bodyguard.”

“Try not to kill too many of them. I’d prefer to leave some alive to help with questions about

who is in charge when the Ravager transports arrive.”

“Is that happening soon?” Sakis asked with alarm. Even Scylla and Charybdis were only 11 years old; it would be a long time before their thousands of daughters were ready to face Ravagers.

“No, not at all. But it’s never too soon to prepare!”

Sakis found that even though most of her frame had shrunken considerably, the widening of her hips had resulted in her connecting exactly as she always had. Some other adjustments were necessary to accommodate other changes, but nothing was such a tight squeeze as to be unworkable. She just needed a lot of padding around her torso to keep everything in its place. Of course she didn’t try to slot her arms or legs in the suit’s arms or legs, but it was really unnecessary; the suit had plenty of its own power, and only beginner armour pilots needed their actual limbs to move in time with the suit. Sakis might be rusty, but not *that* rusty.

In fact, after the several hours of refresher and adjustment time Juli granted, she felt almost her old self, and relished flexing the old mental muscles. She had never precisely exalted in being a legionary, but she had always enjoyed the fact that she was very good at it. Further, though she was careful not to do anything that might arouse suspicion, she regarded this as a sort of dry run for taking advantage of the fact that Juli had left her mounts in. Even if Juli put her in the tank to have the points re-covered, Sakis knew how to get the tank to re-run instructions from a previous alteration. That meant that if she could slip off to the tanks for even a few minutes, it would be enough to open up options she’d assumed were long gone.

The actual ambush itself was almost disappointingly easy, and was hardly even an ambush, the way Juli’s brother charged in to demand the throne. Sakis thought the bodyguards had been at least as out of practice as she was, and perhaps a little lackadaisical to begin with. Sakis did have to kill a few of them, but after Juli blew a hole through her brother with Sakis’ sidearm, they switched sides willingly enough. Between the three guards Sakis killed and one additional that Juli executed for speaking disrespectfully of Sakis, an even dozen Ravager guards added themselves to Juli’s service.

Juli’s public nonchalance gave way to private elation the next time she was alone with her diminutive wife. “Oh, little sweet, you are my idol!” she said, squeezing Sakis carefully to avoid hurting the babies, “You could have killed me, couldn’t you?”

“Pardon?”

“You knew of a way to kill me despite the force field, right?”

“Not directly,” Sakis said grudgingly.

“But you could have, and you didn’t.”

“You thought I would?” Sakis asked, a little hurt, even though she had wrestled with whether to risk it.

“I thought there was a real chance. But I also thought it was worth the risk. I don’t want to rule without my little lioness.”

Juli moved on to showing her appreciation in more physical ways, but Juli’s earnest relief and pleasure didn’t dismiss from Sakis’ mind the suspicion that Juli had implemented some kind of failsafe in case Sakis turned on her, and was merely relieved not to have needed to use it.

Betrayal

Superficially, the addition of the Ravager guards presented a challenge, but by drawing away more of Juli’s attention, they actually provided more options for Sakis to plan her escape, especially once spare parts had restored her own ship to operational condition.

Sakis was also distracted, however, as Zebes came under emotional assault by battalions of pubescent girls. Especially complicated was how to manage the fact that many of them developed fully functional penises like their progenitor Juli, and naturally wanted to experiment. Zebes and Queen Juli were far too powerful for this unsettling development to seriously impact diplomacy with the other nations of the planet, but purely as a matter of public order, it was quite a challenge. Keeping busy with study and work had together been the solution to Sakis’ libido when she was young, and it helped help manage her own daughters, but required constant invention and intervention.

It wasn’t until the eldest were obtaining young adulthood and could be employed in training up their younger sisters that Sakis began to seriously plan again. Juli rarely interfered in Sakis’ instruction on the history of the Alliance and the Ravagers’ long war with them, as long as Sakis was careful that the curriculum presented it in a dispassionate and evenhanded manner. Even so, of course many of their daughters recognised the virtues of the Senate and the various measures the Alliance took to at least attempt to protect the rights of individuals and cultures, relative to the Ravagers’ valorisation of cleverness, loyalty, and victory above all.

Turning some of their daughters against the others was right out, but influencing them to do little things for her under the idea of making the next Ravager Hegemony more like the Alliance wasn’t too difficult. She was, after all, teaching them to use her armour and how to defeat Ravager units, keeping it secret from the Ravager guards with Juli’s blessing.

It would be hard to leave them, Sakis reflected even as Juli brought her to the twentieth orgasm of the day she intended to escape.

“I love you, sweet Sakis,” Juli said after she finished, and kissed her consort with unusual tenderness.

“I love you too, Juli,” Sakis responded, full of guilt as well as cum.

“Sleep well, and I’ll see you at morning harvest.”

Sakis waited for a bit, savouring the post-coital lassitude and examining once again whether she had any other options. She considered the time she had suggested going to Alliance space under cover of making a joke and how Juli had clearly thought it daft. In public, Juli had reacted with open disapproval to any of Sakis' complaints that didn't relate directly to her assigned sphere, warning Ravagers to leave any women under Sakis' particular protection alone, but otherwise letting the Ravagers behave as Ravagers always did. Juli had been warmer in her reception to Sakis' commentary in private, but never hesitated to use her cock to render Sakis unable to continue talking coherently. Queen Juli certainly loved her consort, but she would not listen to her advice or change her ways one whit. So, Sakis had no other choice if she was to save the Alliance from the Ravager scourge.

She got up, washed up, and sneaked to the biofactory. The process to load the program to restore access to her suit connection points was easy enough, and getting the top off of the tank was easy enough as well, as it had a manual override that allowed it to slide aside without much pressure as part of its safety measures. The hardest part was actually getting down into the gel with the tank in safety override mode, because the gel was actually slightly denser than a human, and with circulation off as it was in override mode, she had to force herself down into it, then sort of tread water in reverse to keep herself fully submerged.

Fortunately she only needed to do so for a few minutes, and then the buoyancy helped her back out. From there she hurried to her armour, which she carefully rebooted using a low-level technique that also would, Sakis trusted, overwrite any traps or overrides Juli had installed.

The two Ravager guards on her ship were paying very little attention, but it wouldn't have helped them if they had. However, it was very advantageous that Sakis was able to kill them both with a relatively silent ion lance rather than having to resort to coring one or both with her impact cannon.

Even so, she thought she wouldn't have much time before something or other alerted Juli, and Sakis knew that Juli sometimes spent her nights in or near the equipment yard. She hurried to disengage the armour on the wall so she could enter the pilot's cockpit. Before she even sat down, she could see something was wrong: there was someone else aboard. She jumped up and hurried back to the suit.

The door to Sakis' own chambers opened just as the armour was coming back online, and she could have taken a shot, but... She just couldn't kill her wife. Not with Juli's confused look of betrayal still on her face. But as Sakis lowered her cannon, Juli raised Sakis' own sidearm.

"I'm sorry, my love, I know this will kill you. But I can't let you go," Juli said.

Sakis froze. She could still kill Juli; the suit was definitely fast enough. But Juli might also be fast enough to kill *her*. And with the both of them dead, all their daughters would be in the hands of the Ravagers. Would Juli really kill her own wife? If Sakis was capable of it, then Juli was.

Sakis powered down the armour in surrender.

Ounces of Prevention

Juli was angry, of course, but in a way she seemed more angry with the Ravager guards than Sakis. However, Sakis definitely received retribution.

“For the murder of Ravagers, disobedience, and insurrection against the queen, I hereby sentence you to demotion to Royal Toy,” Juli announced dispassionately. “The toy will of course be made available to Ravagers who earn it.”

Sakis knew something of Ravager toys, women and men altered until they were good for nothing except sex, and treated as objects, below even slaves. It was difficult to believe Juli would do that to her own wife, and she waited until they were alone together before she started to plead with her.

“You left me with no choice, Toy,” Juli said, fastening Sakis’ legs to weights to keep her submerged. “This is as painful to me as to you. More so, perhaps. But it must be done.”

“I love you, Juli,” Sakis sobbed.

“I love you, too Sakis, but you have to be Toy now,” Juli responded with iron control. “This kills several cruisers with a single beam, you see. Toys are a well understood type for the Ravagers, who will understand that this is a severe punishment. Yet, it leaves you capable of bearing my children just like before. Maybe even more than before, because the changes will make you, hmm, more *elastic*. They’ll also free up more space for your womb, by getting rid of superfluous abdominal organs and making your bones more pliable. Well, not *bones*, really, but the semi-rigid elastomer skeleton that will replace your bones.”

Sakis could say nothing, as she was now submerged, and could only hear Juli over her earpieces.

“And of course, by replacing your bones with the gas-filled elastomer, muscle tissues with gas striations, and other changes to make you into a very durable yet low-mass sex doll, you’ll also find it exceedingly difficult to repeat your trick with the biogel, since you’ll be so very buoyant. Finally, because the new gas-infused tissues will make some key parts of you expand dramatically, you won’t won’t be able to fit yourself into any kind of armour any more.

“But I don’t think you need to worry about anything piercing you in the future, given that you’ll be so obviously not a combatant. Small correction: the Ravager guards will be penetrating you a lot, which is not how I would wish it, but it is the custom. I have also dramatically enlarged your vagina and my prick, though, in the expectation that you will only really climax enough to ovulate if I’m fucking you.”

It felt as if the gel was worming its way deep into her body whilst also squeezing her around the waist. It could probably have been pleasant if Sakis hadn’t been repelled and terrified, but as it was, her loss of consciousness was a blessing.

When Sakis' consciousness returned, she could feel that she was wearing a tight bell gown, so tight she couldn't breathe, and with sleeves sewn so that she could hardly move her arms. Underneath her skirts, she became aware of her bum resting lightly on a large ball with a rod emerging from its centre. That rod penetrated deep inside her, and, it appeared, connected to the very similar rod filling her throat and issuing from her mouth, which was not nearly as uncomfortable as it should have been. She could feel its slight movements inside her as the platform moved her someplace. She couldn't tell where because the rod kept her head far back and she could only look at the blue sky she'd once found so exotic, wondering why she was not suffocating.

Once she entered the throne room, however, she knew it from the banners overhead.

"Ah, the Royal Toy," Juli said with every evidence of pleasure. "Remove the rod."

Unseen hands detached the ball from the rod, allowing Sakis to very slowly slide down the pole, then drop to the floor a short distance below. She was badly off balance and tight skirts under her bell kept her from moving to recover, so she somewhat ponderously tipped forward until her truly enormous breasts met the ground, flattening to fill almost Sakis' whole visual field. But she was still rolling, and her head struck the pavings as well, but for whatever reason it was hardly even uncomfortable.

Finally someone caught her and lifted her back into an upright position, facing a small crowd of Ravagers and heirs to the crown of Zebes.

"Well that wasn't very elegant, was it?" Juli reproved the unseen figure responsible for keeping Sakis upright.

She could have managed it on her own now, but she would have had to lean well back to counteract the weight of her breasts. They didn't feel or look remotely as heavy as they should, given that they were so large Sakis doubted her ability to reach her own nipples even without the strictures of her dress. Carefully, Sakis moved her limbs and digits to confirm to herself that she was still capable of it despite she extremely strange feeling of her body.

"Take note, all assembled, of what can happen to even my most beloved family in cases of betrayal. Meanwhile, for those of you who show diligent loyalty, you will of course be granted the right to use the new Royal Toy as is written in the Ravager bylaws. Rockard, please fold her for mounting in the public-facing position and bring her to me."

Rockard, the unseen Ravager, removed her bell and skirts, before forcibly pulling each of Sakis' legs back behind her shoulders. He then strapped her ankles together to keep her legs in place and provide a useful carrying handle. Sakis was treated to the sight of Juli unleashing by far the largest cock Sakis had ever seen, which swelled ever larger and harder until it was impossible that it could fit in any human woman.

It fit in Sakis, though, as the whole crowd watched, some chagrined, some excited, and all fascinated. Sakis could see them because Juli had pulled Sakis down with her toy facing away

toward the audience. The room was almost entirely silent except for the squelching sounds of Juli's monstrous cock sliding through Sakis to, she felt, the base of her neck, then back almost out, and back in. It should have been agonising. It should have killed her, crushing organs and breaking bones. But instead it felt good and right, and Sakis came so hard that she felt it from the top of her head to the soles of her feet. Her nipples shot milk with enough power to dislodge her breasts from the cups of her dress' bustier. Then Juli came, and semen blasted from Sakis' mouth and nose. Juli slowly lifted Sakis off her still-pulsing cock, ensuring that every internal space in the Royal Toy was full of Royal cum. Sakis tried to breathe, but a flood of semen painlessly flooded her lungs, to be coughed out as a light foam.

“I christen her... Bubbles seems apropos, doesn't it? Royal Toy Bubbles. Feel free to clap everyone. Rockard, please take her away for milking. And anyone who wishes to join her, you need only betray me.”

Restoration

Bubbles

In private, Juli would sometimes lament to Bubbles that it had come to that, and told her that she wished Sakis had just trusted Juli, but Bubbles' ability to follow Juli's commentary was often compromised by lack of oxygen to her brain. Fortunately asphyxiating to the point of brain death was very difficult as a toy, but asphyxiation to the point of impaired cognition was so common as to be the norm.

Slowly, Bubbles adjusted to her new role by submerging her Sakis identity beneath the need to breed, just as Sakis had once submerged her nearly-forgotten childhood identity beneath Sakis' duties as a legionary. Then, as now, she had been thrust into a body not of her choosing, and could do little but make the most of it. Though Queen Julie was obviously a tyrant bent on conquering any remnants of the Association to which Sakis had dedicated her life, the queen's Ravager rivals were obviously far worse.

And it was easy to learn to enjoy being the royal toy the queen used to remind potential rivals of the consequences of treachery. Bubbles' body lacked many powers Sakis' warbody had featured, but only Bubbles' toybody could fit around the royal cock without discomfort, or provide so many royal heirs. Bubbles was also proud that she remained Queen's favourite even after a number of disloyal former Ravagers joined the royal toy collection.

Even after years of resolute sexual abandon, though, Bubbles' disciplined relinquishment of her former self could be shaken when she noticed that she had failed to fully please her Queen. Not sexually, of course; Bubbles *always* pleased her Queen sexually. Even the Queen climaxing so hard inside Bubbles that royal cum gushed from every orifice, though, didn't always seem to be enough. The Queen would look at Bubbles wistfully, as if she wanted something else.

But Bubbles could only be a toy, just like Sakis had only been a legionary. Bubbles' only obtainable ambition was to be the best toy in the Queen's collection, just like the orphan who had become Sakis could only hope to be the best legionary in the Star Legion; trying for something else would do no one any good at all. Whenever Juli's mind seemed elsewhere, Bubbles vowed to try even harder to make the Queen harder. She even did her best to be the greatest reward she could be on those occasions when the Queen lent her to a Ravager who had earned the great honour of an encounter with the royal toy.

By becoming Bubbles as thoroughly as she could, she was able to achieve a measure of

happiness and fulfillment in her life that was, while not *perfect*, greater than any she'd felt before. With the same determined focus that had made Sakis the Lion of Kamyron, she reminded herself to be grateful for her incredible good fortune of becoming the Queen's sex toy.

Or at least, she did when the royal cock wasn't pounding away Bubbles' ability to think about much of anything.

Once More

"Sakis. Sakis, sweet, my love. It's time to come back."

Bubbles didn't want to be Sakis. Sakis was sad and disloyal. Bubbles made the Queen happy.

"Sakis, I'm so sorry, but you have to come back, or I'll never fuck you again."

That threat got Bubbles' attention because *not* being fucked by the Queen was literally the worst thing Bubbles was capable of imagining. But then again, Bubbles knew that the Queen could never refrain from fucking Bubbles for long, so the threat couldn't be true. It was just a matter of time before the Queen's cock would return to stretch Bubbles into her favourite shapes. Bubbles stuck her long, long tongue out in open skepticism of the Queen's ability to not fuck Bubbles.

"It's not that I won't *want* to fuck you, sweet. It's that I won't be able to, because I'll be dead. Or perhaps become a toy like you. I need the Lioness of Kamyron, at least for a little while. Please, can you do that for me?"

Slowly, reluctantly, Sakis returned to herself. To the remnant of herself, being held under the surface of the biogel by weights tied to her legs. Sakis was still physically indistinguishable from the Royal Toy Bubbles, but she could think more clearly, and reflect on what had become of her from the point of view of her Sakis-self.

She nodded. *Sakis* nodded, because that was who Juli needed.

Juli untied the weights, and Sakis shot to the surface as quickly as the gel's viscosity would allow. She found that she could speak. "Why?"

"It's time to destroy the Ravagers," Juli said.

"Pardon?" Sakis asked.

"I've recovered a cache of Alliance armours. Not enough for all our daughters, but enough, if you lead them."

"Against the Ravagers? Why?"

"Shouldn't it be obvious by now? I hate them for what they made me do to you. You're the finest warrior in the galaxy, and you only didn't overthrow me because you love me too much to kill me. Ravagers would see it as weakness if I had spared you, saying that my love had clouded my judgment. But I knew if I had you kill them all that the other Ravagers would likely try to

overthrow me when they arrived, so I had to go along with their ugly and cowardly idea of vengeance. Sorry I couldn't tell you, but obviously your strengths don't extend to hiding your true feelings, sweet."

Sakis blinked, trying to process this. "You could hardly be entrapping me, because what would be the point? So I have to assume that you are telling the truth."

"Of course I am! Please, my love, forgive me and let us destroy our enemies together!"

"Yes. Though, why did you let Charybdis..."

Juli blushed. "That was a bit of a misunderstanding! But the grandkids are quite adorable, so all's well that ends well."

"Very well then, I suppose I can't object to killing Ravagers," Sakis said, still searching for a catch.

"Of course not! Oh, and I checked: you'll *just* fit in your armour, though it will be a tight fit and you won't be able to breathe. But you know you can last for some time without breathing, and I reckon the fight will be over quickly."

"You're not going to change me back?" Sakis asked, alarmed. She had conflicted feelings at best about becoming a grimly utilitarian warbody again, but her toy body didn't seem very well suited to Sakis' purposes.

"Well, not just yet, as that would lose us the element of surprise. For now, we've done just enough to expose your suit connectors."

Sakis sighed. "Very well then. What have you planned so far?"

Juli started sliding Sakis up and down on her cock absentmindedly as she described her thoughts to Sakis, product of decades of ingrained habit. Sakis, likewise, didn't even contemplate the possibility of doing something besides contorting her toy body to most effectively fill herself up with Queen's cum. It was instinctual even as Sakis, and biologically necessary ever since the change to being a toy had moved almost all her digestive system, leaving her body only able to nourish itself with semen.

So, it was a briefing, breeding, fucking, and feeding all at once. And if they had to do it twice before Sakis got it all, neither of them minded.

The ambush was set for the moment when the partly-reconstituted Ravager fleet reached the Restored Alliance world of Aenax II. A minimal space fleet was expected, and the plan was to dodge past it to land quickly to seize the much stronger surface-based space defences. Though the surface forces protecting the space defences would likely be moderately effective at most, nearly every Ravager and Queen's Daughter were to be deployed to assure the quick seizure of the defences before the space forces could begin bombardment.

The destruction of the Ravagers was set to occur just after the seizure was effected so that bombardment could be warded off, but before Ravager troops could launch their customary post-

conquest rape and pillage. With some misgivings, Sakis helped plan the optimal assault based on her knowledge of Alliance tactics and equipment, but it also reassured her that her daughters would be at the Ravagers' backs, in perfect position to quickly and easily destroy them.

Meanwhile, only Sakis, one granddaughter, and the Queen's Guard Ravager compliment were present on the landed transport at the critical moment. The guard thought that Juli was retiring with her toy for a victory celebration, but instead she carefully, and somewhat forcefully, stuffed Sakis into her armour.

Thus she was available to, at the appointed second, emerge from Juli's chambers to spread slices and shreds of guard all over the transport's throne room. Within seconds, most other Ravagers in the fleet had met the same fate, though some few surrendered.

None of them had any idea what had happened until Juli announced over general coms, "The Queen commends her wife the Lioness of Kamyron on defeating the Ravagers once more."

New Alliance

"Isn't there another biofactory somewhere? Or maybe you could make a new one?" Sakis asked, looking at the blasted remains of the tank, which had been utterly wrecked in the fighting.

"Yes to both, but sweet, your changes at this point are so complicated that I would need the original gel and the original control systems to have any hope of making further changes," Juli said apologetically.

"So. I'm to be a toy for the rest of my life?"

"Only physically. And you can still use an armour from time to time."

Sakis felt strongly tempted to let Bubbles reassert herself, but there was a problem. "I don't know if it will be seemly to have the Speaker of the New Alliance Senate have a toy for a wife."

"If anyone speaks badly of my wife, I'll," Juli started before Sakis cut her off.

"You can't just kill them," Sakis reminded her beloved royal spouse, "This is the Alliance."

"The New Alliance. And besides, I'm still Queen of Zebes and Empress of Newearth. They'll be banned from the last known Earthlike planet."

Sakis smiled. "I do love you, though."

"And I love you. We can go back to Zebes if it would embarrass you to be a toy here."

"Well, I was a warbody once, and they would have considered me unseemly then as well. Being unseemly as your beloved toy is better for me, but surely not for you?"

"I already said, though, you wouldn't be my toy any way but physically. Unless you want to be."

"I do," Sakis said, but duty compelled her to add, "But wouldn't I be more useful to you in a warbody? Or as some sort of respectable consort?"

“Oh my beloved Lion, can’t you think of what you want for yourself for a moment? And don’t you think you’d still be useful as we scatter our daughters even further through the galaxy?”

“We don’t *have* to keep having more daughters, you know,” Sakis said, pressing her giant boobs against her Queen as she tried to get her hands on the royal cock, “The Ravagers are defeated.”

“We don’t *have* to,” Juli said, poking Sakis in the tummy, “But by my count you still have at least 20k more eggs, and I’d be happy to spend the rest of our lives making 20k more princesses.”

“Bubbles is so happy,” Bubbles said truthfully. She’d never been so happy. Her Queen was even more worthy than ever before, and Bubbles would get to resume serving as her sex toy, and concubine, and other things that Bubbles wasn’t in the habit of thinking about.

“Sakis. *Sakis* is so happy,” Queen Julie corrected her. “I hope.”

“Sakis the royal toy?” Bubbles responded, tentatively letting Sakis resurface. Sakis wasn’t sad, and ugly, and useless any more, so maybe it was okay.

“Sakis the *royal consort*. The galaxy’s greatest wife and warrior. And mother, and advisor, and many other things.”

It was strange to experience Bubbles and Sakis merging, aligned in their hopes and dreams and loves.

“And greatest toy,” she added, because she was proud of that, too.

“Surely the greatest toy,” Juli said, and Sakis felt validated as the royal cock pulsed suddenly larger between her hands.

“Thank you, my Queen,” Sakis said, relishing the thought of how tightly she was about to be stretched around that royal scepter. “But I have one request.”

“Anything you desire, my love.”

“Could you call me Bubbles, too? Or Toy. Whatever you feel is appropriate.”

“You *want* me to call you Toy?”

“I enjoy being addressed according to my use, my Queen. Would you want to use an old warbody like Sakis, if you could have Bubbles the devoted sex toy instead?”

Queen Juli shuddered with pleasure as her sex toy consort employed all Bubbles’ knowledge of how to please. “Perhaps I see. You should know, then, that I always wanted to fuck you as Sakis. Sakis the sex toy is just as good as Bubbles the sex toy. Better, because I want you to help raise twenty thousand more lionesses between fuckings.”

“Okay, then,” Sakis said, and at last abandoned herself to the joy of being the best in the galaxy at her lifetime’s second calling.