Life in the Nightmare Asylum

by MA7

Summary

The untold story of life onboard a Chaos Lord's Flagship during a lengthy warp voyage, as seen through the eyes of the people who live onboard. A fascinating (and brutally blunt) look at what Chaos Worshippers actually do during boring down time when no battles are being fought and there is nothing much to do beyond the normal running of the ship. Whether you are in terror of insane psykers and the lethal horrors in the dark, or just worried about your relationship problems, every person on board the flagship has their own trials and tribulations. From the Chaos Lord to the lowliest slave, everyone on the ship has a story to tell about what it is that they actually do all day and what things they care about.
Chapter 1

Life in the Nightmare Asylum.

*book four of the Women of the Night Lords series*

Chapter 1C

Deep in the magenta glow of the warp, near the eastern fringe of the Ultima Segmentum, all was relatively chaotic as it always was. Daemons battled against other daemons, souls travelled to heavens and hells, and warp predators snatched up and devoured the unwary.

Since the beginning of time this particular patch of pure chaos had been more or less the same, flowing hither and yon with the currents and tempests of the great immaterium. It was chaos, but as chaos went it was rather calm and peaceful chaos.

A nurgling was floating around the currents, not doing anything in particular, just relaxing and taking a nap. For 5897 years this nurgling had existed, ever since a great unclean one puked it out, and life was really good. The nurgling sighed with diseased contentment and stretched his diseased joints.

The nurgling was just thinking about what to do next when something absolutely huge hurtled through the warp and splattered the nurgling in a colossal impact, destroying it and ending it's long life in complete indifference. The huge thing didn't even notice the nurgling splattering against it's Gellar field, a long and mischief filled life snuffed out without so much as an acknowledgment.

The huge hurtling thing continued on it's way through this never before disturbed patch of warp space, obliterating a multitude of local daemonic wildlife with its brutal indifferent passage. In its wake it left a ferocious plasma plume and the occasional bit of jettisoned trash, to the dismay and confusion of the local wildlife.

The huge hurtling space ship, for spaceship it was, had been traveling for some time. It would in fact be traveling for a very long time more before it reached its destination.

As one got closer to the huge dark shape, the distorted bubble of real space trapped inside the Gellar field cleared to reveal a colossal baroque shape. The shape was huge, a full 20 kilometres in length, and dark midnight blue in colour. It was festooned with brutal weaponry from end to end, and in giant blood red letters along the side was painted the words NIGHTMARE ASYLUM.

This ship was the Nightmare Asylum, personal flagship of Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson of the Night Lords Traitor legion. It was a Gloriana Class Command Battleship, like the Primachs of old used to use. It however had been built less than two years ago, using stolen Tau technology, the first of it's kind to be built since the time of the great crusade.

The theft of the technology to build this ship had led to a hugely destructive war with the Tau Empire that left billions of dead in it's wake, a war only won by the Night Lords by manipulating the prideful Ultramarines chapter into doing the bulk of the fighting for them. Playing the Ultramarines and the Tau Empire against each other from the sidelines, the Night Lords had then swooped in at the end of the battle and annihilated the exhausted forces of both sides to claim a sneaky and underhanded victory.

Now with it's holds filled to capacity with loot and it's decks filled with chained and wailing human and Tau slaves, the Nightmare Asylum was embarked upon a lengthy voyage to the Segmentum.
Solar on the other side of the galaxy.

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The hallways and corridors of the Nightmare Asylum were dark and poorly lit. Here and there a high efficiency light emitting diode illuminated occasional sections of deck in harsh bright light, little islands of illumination in a sea of darkness.

Strange things lurked in that darkness, terrible things with horrible jaws, hungry things, silent things. For the most part these horrible things fed on carrion, ripping it from the cadavers that littered the entire ship, but only for the most part. Not everyone returned from the dark.

For such a new ship the Nightmare Asylum was surprisingly filthy. It was a body strewn trash heap, with a never ending carpet of maggots, and flies so thick that the already darkened visibility was reduced to mere meters.

Within this unholy filth cowered chained prisoners of half a dozen different sentient races, mostly human and Tau, all of them filthy and starving. These damned wretches were the source of most of the cadavers, poor unfortunates cursed with not having died yet, like their more fortunate dead comrades.

Amid these wailing unfortunates and mountains of fly strewn filth, a pair of unchained people were walking around in the dark. They moved fearfully, avoiding the light and doing their best to blend in with the swarm of flies.

The huge nameless horrors living in the dark suddenly crashed away with heavy thuds and slithers through the filth, sensing extreme danger radiating from the pair and fleeing from their presence.

From what little the slaves could see of him, the larger of the two was a horribly mutilated man. He had cut up stumps for hands, only his palms remaining and had a bionic speaker implanted into his neck.

The smaller one was a little girl, no older than 11 or 12 at the most. She was very clearly a mutant with bird talons for feet and blue feathers for hair. Her head was capped with a strange high tech looking helmet that was securely locked around her head with thick metal bands under her jaw. The thick metal bands had been locked and backup locked so many times that the sides of her head were covered in a multitude of padlocks, clearly someone had gone to extreme lengths to make sure this helmet stayed on. The helmet itself seemed to pulse with some enormous strain, as though it were containing some terrible force.

Of the two, the little girl was somehow the most dangerous, something about her radiated danger, intense enough to even send the nameless horrors fleeing from her.

Having traveled a sufficient distance, the little girl stopped and squeezed in beside the wailing slaves. She hissed in pain as she gingerly sat down between the slaves. The man silently sat down between another pair of slaves, silent and stealthy as a spider.

The slaves tolerated the pair's presence and resumed their usual wailing lament, a symphony of woe and suffering.

The little girl looked at her wailing neighbours and a look of terrible sympathy entered her face.

In a strangely bird like voice the mutant girl said, "I am so sorry that this happened to you, I tried my best to stop this."
One of the neighbouring slaves stopped wailing and looked at her.

With a broken voice he told her, "You are only a little girl, you didn't do this to us. The chaos lord is the one who did this, it is HE who's name we curse."

The little girl started to cry and she sobbed, "I know! I tried to make Daddy set you free, I tried I really tried but he laughed at me and mother gave me another beating! Mother and Father never listen to me, I really tried my best!"

All the slaves within earshot went silent and looked at the little girl with intense hatred. You could cut the tension in the place with a knife.

"WHO are you?" The slave who had spoken before asked her.

The little girl shivered and wretchedly said, "I am Egg Sevenson, oldest daughter and heir of Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson, born by his wife TigerLily. Please believe me that I tried everything to make Daddy be nice to you! I REALLY tried!"

There was a stunned silence of complete shock as the slaves processed this information. When they did, they grabbed the little girl by the neck and started strangling the life out of her. The mutilated man gave an electronic shout of horror from his neck speaker and savagely beat the slaves with what remained of his hands and feet until the little girl squirmed free, gasping for breath and moving out of range of their wall chains.

"You should not have done that! My parents are on their way now... I am SO sorry for what is about to happen to you!" The little girl croaked sadly through her bruised windpipe.

The slaves wailed in fresh horror that the PARENTS were coming to avenge their daughter!

A truly terrible supernatural presence filled the space, evil and full of rage. It chilled the air with it's tangible evil, filling the slaves with a certainty that they were now in the most terrible danger.

First in ones and twos flies began dropping out of the air dead, getting exponentially more extreme in scope until the air was positively raining dead flies, clearing out a massive space. Inside that space a ball of magenta lightning started to flicker and with a blinding flash the ball exploded outward, setting trash and insects ablaze!

As the blindness from the flash abated the slaves saw something absolutely terrible, far more terrible and deadly then any of the horrors that lurked in the dark! This deadly evil thing was deceptively harmless looking in its physical form. It looked like a rather beautiful woman, a mutant almost identical to the little girl only a fully grown adult. She was floating supernaturally in mid air, wearing the blue robes of a Tzeentch Sorceress and holding a leather belt in one hand. This floating thing radiated terrible power and it's face was a mask of madness and hatred.

The little girl got down on her knees and begged, "Mummy PLEASE don't hurt them! Please have mercy on them!"

The woman did not physically speak but within every mind a terrible rage filled woman's voice roared, "SILENCE!"

The woman glared in the most complete rage and hatred at every slave who had tried to strangle the little girl. The slaves screamed in horror and terror and tried to back away as far as their chains would allow.

A terrible magenta glow surrounded the woman's head and suddenly the slaves floated up off the
floor with their arms and legs stretched out and fingers hyperextended. With a sickening snapping sound each of the fingers were bent around in a full twist and tied in a knot, one finger at a time...

Slowly...

The slaves shrieked in the most indescribable agony as titanic psychic forces proceeded in tying each arm and each leg into knots with even louder sickening snaps! It was slow and drawn out, absolutely appalling cruelty. When the slaves had run out of body parts to tie in knots, they fell back down to the trash covered floor, still very much alive and conscious.

The woman then turned her terrible attention to the little girl, who silently dropped her pants and bent over, exposing a hideously bruised and beaten backside. The woman flexed the leather belt in her hands viciously.

The terrible woman's voice boomed in every mind, "YOU ALMOST DIED! I KNEW THAT I SHOULD NOT HAVE REDUCED YOUR DAILY BEATINGS! COUNT THE BELT STROKES YOU BRAT!"

The little girl cowered in fearful obedience as the woman administered a brutal and excessive beating with the belt. The girl counted out 99 blows before the woman finally stopped.

The little girl was shrieking with agony and the mutilated man had a very pained and angry look on his face.

"I don't care what you think about how I discipline my own daughter. You are lucky that you just saved her life, as long as you continue to protect her I will resist the urge to kill you!" The woman's voice said coldly in every mind, apparently directed at the mutilated man who's mind she seemed to be reading.

The mutilated man glared at her in intense hatred and the woman psychically said, "FINE, but you better keep her safe!"

With that the woman grabbed the little girl and the man, and with a magenta flash the three vanished in a teleportation jump.

The wretched slaves who had their body parts tied in knots wailed in absolute horror when they realised that she had gone without putting them out of their agonising misery! She had just left them like THIS, still living and conscious!

They wailed for a long time in the most indescribable agony, begging and pleading for the horrible things that lurk in the dark to rip out their throats and put them out of their suffering. For once those horrible hungry nameless horrors did not return to the corridor, shunning the smell of the terrible woman. The slaves wailed and pleaded for death, but death it seems wanted nothing to do with them...

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Egg Sevenson was in tears, her bottom was red and swollen, burning with pain from the savage belting! It just hurt so BADLY!

Egg clung fearfully to her abusive mother, desperate to appease her.

Mother looked at Egg with deranged overprotective eyes, eyes burning with maniacal obsession and psychotic love.

"I love you so much my beloved daughter. You have no idea how much I love you! You precious,
priceless thing! I would kill for you! I would DIE for you! No cost is too great to keep you safe!"

Mother's crazed voice said faintly in Egg's mind, muffled somewhat by the helmet.

"I love you too mother!" Egg said desperately, absolutely terrified.

"Do not lie to me! You HATE me! You don't see that I am beating you to protect you from
yourself! You MUST be protected!" Mother replied maniacally.

Egg got down on the floor and grovelled before her batshit crazy mother.

"ENOUGH! You have abused my child enough for one afternoon!" Came the deep booming voice
of her father from his command throne.

"DADDY!" Egg wailed with desperation and ran with all her might and nestled in his protective
lap.

Egg felt the reassuring touch of her father's deactivated lightning claw palm gingerly cover her
backside protectively. Mummy glared but Daddy held her stare until she looked away
subserviently. Egg beamed at her father, he had just saved her!

With Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson protecting her, Egg was absolutely untouchable. Daddy's lap was
by far the safest place to be in the entire Nightmare Asylum.

Daddy was a huge and ancient space marine. He was over 8 feet tall and he wore a suit of
terminator armour, though he wore normal clothes in the forbidden sanctuary of the family home.
Egg was one of the few mortals who had access to the personal chambers of the Chaos Lord's royal
family, the privileges of being his daughter.

Daddy was a very very bad person, a very evil person. The psychologists said that Daddy was a
"failed psychopath", apparently meaning that he was a psychopath who had gained just enough
conscience to be able to love certain people (and ONLY those certain people). Egg was very very
fortunate to be one of those few people who Daddy loved.

Daddy was a serial killer AND a serial rapist AND a war criminal AND about a million other bad
things. Most recently Daddy had performed genocide against millions of poor Tau in a disgusting
excess of sickening violence.

Egg sobbed her eyes out in this brutal despot's lap, and he looked down on her with a vague flicker
of pity and affection, dim empathy flickering in his psychotic mind.

"Your mother means well, she just gets a little crazy with the discipline." Her father said tenderly.

"I have not been able to sit down for months Daddy! How much longer must I be punished?" Egg
pleaded in tears.

Her father turned his terrible gaze and glared at her mother and said, "I wonder that myself. I grow
tired of seeing my heir constantly suffer for something long in the past."

"She has still not learned her lesson enough! She needs to have all thoughts of suicide completely
beaten out of her! I am not seeing enough progress!" Mother's voice angrily replied in their minds.

The chaos lord and his daughter exchanged an incredulous look and the chaos lord pulled out his
bolt pistol and shot at Egg's mother.

The bolter rounds stopped in midair, caught by mother's psychic shield. This had only been a
warning shot, not intended to kill her. Mother froze in apprehension and slowly raised her palms in peace as other nearby chaos space marines trained their weapons on her.

The Chaos Lord spoke, "I am not surprised that my daughter is suicidal with you beating her so much. You will only drive her to suicide if you punish her anymore. As Lord of this warband I command that my daughter has been punished enough for threatening suicide. Any more violence towards her will be SEVERELY punished, do I make myself clear?"

Mother paused for a long moment before eventually hissing, "Yes Master."

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Chapter 2

Chapter 2C

Egg Sevenson felt intense relief that her poor bottom would be spared from any more beltings! In a few weeks she would be completely pain free! Egg cheered wildly and skipped through the halls with joy!

Her mutilated slave limpingly skipped with her, trying his best to skip with his mutilated feet. Egg happily held his stump of a hand and skipped and danced around with joy!

"My bottom is FREE!" Egg sang happily, feeling better than she had felt in years. Oh it was so good to be alive!

Egg was skipping through the Royal family section of the Nightmare Asylum, where everything was safe and clean and everyone was related to the Chaos Lord in some way.

Egg happily skipped all the way to Aunty Wendy's apartment, making happy birdsongs with her mutant voice box. Egg happily placed her hands on the fingerprint scanner at the door way and was rewarded by a green light and an electronic voice saying, "access granted, welcome Egg Sevenson".

The magnificent baroque metal door slid open and Egg and her slave skipped happily inside.

Inside came the sounds of whip cracks and a woman's sexual moaning. Egg instantly recognised the moaning as belonging to Aunty Wendy, a chaos champion of Slaanesh. It sounded like Wendy was doing something really kinky.

The huge apartment looked like a bondage dungeon, full of restraints and bondage furniture, sex toys and implements of torture. Everything a kinky Slaanesh champion needed to have a really wonderful time.

Egg herself had been raised by Aunty Wendy for the first 11 years of her life, and had only recently been reunited with her horrible biological parents. Egg had grown up calling Aunty Wendy "Mummy", and was really struggling to now think of the woman who raised her as being just her Aunty. It hadn't exactly been an ideal childhood being raised by a sex mad Slaanesh champion, but it had been a damn site more pleasant than the abuse she got now from TigerLily!

"Mum, Mummy! I'm here to visit!" Egg called out ecstatically as she skipped towards the moaning.

The whip cracks ceased and a door opened. Out of the door stepped an astonishingly beautiful woman, completely naked and holding a whip. She had pale perfect skin, long curly brown hair, brown eyes and a figure so perfect it made you want to weep.

With a squeal of joy the naked woman dropped the whip and gathered Egg up in a blissful embrace, purring, "my baby, my baby!" in an intoxicatingly seductive voice.

This stunning creature was Aunty Octavia, the wife of Aunty Wendy. Octavia was easily one of the most beautiful women on the entire ship, with a tiny waist, absolutely gigantic breasts and a face that would make a supermodel feel ugly in comparison. All the plastic surgery money could buy had gone into making Aunty Octavia far more beautiful than nature could ever achieve, turning her into one of the most seductive creatures Egg had ever seen.
Aunty Octavia was a devout Slaanesh worshipper who was favoured by the lust god. She emitted a constant psychic aura of raw lust that enflamed everyone around her, adding to her maddening physical beauty to make her a creature that almost no mortal could resist. Octavia had started out as a slave, but had quickly fucked her way to the top and married into the Royal family.

Egg felt herself burn with lust in Aunty Octavia's presence and started to mindlessly paw at her naked body. Octavia screwed up her face in concentration and the terrible psychic lust aura decreased till Egg had regained her composure. The lust aura could be dangerous, it had driven men mad in the past, frying their brains until nothing was left except howling all consuming lust.

Aunty Octavia (who Egg called "Mum") had raised Egg alongside Aunty Wendy, and Egg was even closer with her and thought of Octavia as being her "real" mother. For all her perversions and nymphomania, Aunty Octavia was a very kind person and a genuinely good person (in a fucked up sort of way). Egg had gained her moral values system largely from this former slave, much to the irritation of her biological parents.

Aunty Octavia led Egg into a large and well equipped dungeon room. Suspended from the ceiling and bound in an EXTREMELY unflattering way was Aunty Wendy, chaos champion of Slaanesh.

Aunty Wendy was the Chaos Lord's sister and almost as ancient as he was, but ruthless use of rejuvenation drugs had greatly reduced her ageing process so that she was physically only in her mid thirties. She had long straight brown hair, pale skin and was very pretty (though not the OMG levels of pretty that Aunty Octavia was!). She was a petite woman who had modest breast enlargement surgery, but all in all she had a sensible build that could do other things besides just having sex. On her right cheek was a bright pink mark of Slaanesh, marking her as a chaos champion.

Aunty Wendy was a strict lesbian and a highly submissive masochist. She had an intense need to be dominated by other women and couldn't so much as go to the toilet without asking her wife's permission! During her home life Aunty Wendy was a harmless grovelling submissive. But OUTSIDE of home life Aunty Wendy was a completely different story, with the blood and suffering of millions on her hands. She was the manipulative mastermind who had allowed her brother to rise to become a chaos lord, and that made her one of the most favoured people on the entire ship.

"Egg!" Aunty Wendy exclaimed in happy excitement, and Egg ran up and hugged the bound naked woman.

"Mummy!" Egg exclaimed happily and covered Aunty Wendy's face with happy kisses.

"Ew!" Egg exclaimed and frantically wiped her mouth a moment later, Aunty Wendy's face stank of pussy (and worse)!

"Sorry sweetie, Mistress Octavia has been having a lot of fun with my face." Aunty Wendy apologised.

"By Slaanesh I can certainly smell it! Gross Mummy!" Egg exclaimed in revulsion.

Mum and Mummy (what Egg used to call them) laughed happily and Aunty Octavia (Mum) showed Egg to a sink to thoroughly clean her mouth and face!

"When are you getting custody of Owner Egg back again? I worry for her safety." The Egg's mutilated slave man said in an electronic voice through his neck speaker, surprising Egg as she frantically washed her face.
"Sorry Pete but probably never, you know what TigerLily is like in a custody dispute, her last husband didn't get shit." Aunty Octavia told the slave sadly.

Egg's head fell in sadness and she whispered, "no, please Slaanesh no..."

Egg finished washing and returned to the dungeon trying to remember that she was happy today. With a start Egg remembered why she was happy and a smile split her face.

"Today was my last belting! The punishment is finally over!" Egg announced jubilantly.

Her aunties shouted with joy and relief, saying things like "thank Slaanesh for that!" and "about fucking time!" Egg and Aunty Octavia danced around in joyful celebration and Aunty Wendy cheered from her restraints.

"Oh Egg that's wonderful! I'm so happy for you!" Aunty Octavia gushed happily.

After a lot of congratulations her aunties finally settled down and Aunty Octavia picked up her whip again and advanced on Aunty Wendy with a sadistic expression on her face. It never seemed to occur to the two Slaanesh worshippers that they should halt their activities in front of a child. Egg watched in fascination as Aunty Octavia flogged Aunty Wendy's exposed private parts.

Aunty Wendy's mark of Slaanesh glowed bright pink on her cheek, the glow proportional to her level of pleasure. Wendy was moaning in a way that suggested that her level of pleasure was very high indeed as Aunty Octavia did ever more extreme sexual things to her and her mark of Slaanesh glowed like a high strength light bulb!

"How is your school work going?" Aunty Octavia asked her conversationally, even whilst she was performing intensely sexual acts on Aunty Wendy.

Egg looked guiltily and said, "umm... It's going... Ok..."

Aunty Octavia tutted and affectionately said, "Egg, you know that's not good enough."

"I just HATE maths! Why can't I just use a calculator! Cogitators and servitors do all the maths anyway!" Egg complained.

Aunty Octavia wagged a finger and said, "You are the heir, you need to have a well rounded education for when you lead us. A lot of lives depend upon you knowing advanced mathematics."

Egg sulked but agreed that she would try harder, stupid maths!

To vent her frustrations Egg got a large bird feather from a shelf and used it to stroke Aunty Wendy's toes. Aunty Wendy went crazy with laughter but Aunty Octavia did nothing to stop Egg. Tormenting Aunty Wendy was somehow therapeutic for Egg and she felt some of the tension ease out of her. Egg had so little power in her life that sometimes it was nice to be able to exert some control over other people, even by making them suffer.

For a long time Egg mercilessly stroked Aunty Wendy's toes as Aunty Octavia watched in amused approval, feeling more and more tension pour out of her as she made Aunty Wendy shriek with laughter. Eventually Aunty Wendy wet herself and Egg relented, feeling like an enormous amount of tension had flooded out of her. Egg stretched blissfully, feeling how much her aching tense muscles had relaxed.

"Thank you so much for the wonderful torment Egg, it was exquisite!" Aunty Wendy purred, with a look of orgasmic pleasure on her face.
Egg smiled and gave a theatrical bow, giggling.

"Your turn." Aunty Octavia said mischievously and crept theatrically towards Egg with her hands making a squeezing motion.

Egg squealed playfully and dodged this way and that, zigzagging around the dungeon as Aunty Octavia playfully chased her! Egg was quickly caught and squealed with laughter as Aunty Octavia's fingers dug into her ribs tickling her!

Suddenly a terrifying chilling psychic presence seemed to fill the space and Aunty Octavia instantly let go of Egg and backed away with her palms raised in peace.

As Egg's life had not been in actual danger (you can't tickle someone to death), the psychic presence was less hostile then before. After a long pause TigerLily (who else would it be?) seemed to decide that Egg wasn't in any danger and the psychic presence vanished without harming anyone.

"Holy fucking Slaanesh TigerLily! I have heard of batshit helicopter parenting, but you are a whole new level of crazy!" Aunty Wendy shouted angrily into the air.

A glowing magenta image appeared in the air showing Aunty Wendy kissing TigerLily's naked backside, apparently a creative way of telling Aunty Wendy what she thought of her opinion.

Aunty Wendy rolled her eyes in disgust and Aunty Octavia hesitantly resumed trying to tickle Egg, but the moment was ruined and she gave up after a moment.

Egg felt really smothered, Aunty Octavia had not meant any harm and TigerLily had just completely ruined a bonding moment! She wished that she had never been reunited with TigerLily, Egg had known nothing but suffering ever since she met her biological parents!

For basically all of her life until recently, Egg had been lovingly raised by her aunties. At the time the chaos fleet had been engaged in a terrible civil war against itself and millions of chaos worshippers had died. For their protection all of the Royal family children alive at the time had been taken to safety on a ship by Aunty Wendy, to wait until the fighting was over. Due to communication problems Aunty Wendy's ship had been unable to reestablish contact with the chaos fleet for 11 long years.

Egg now found herself desperately longing to be back in those first 11 years, back with her 2 loving adopted mothers, never having met her biological parents at all! Life had been difficult sure, but it had been a much KINDER childhood than she had now.

Completely overnight Egg had gone from having a pair of kind and loving mothers to being completely uprooted and suddenly having to call a complete stranger "mother". She still (obviously) regarded Wendy and Octavia to be her "true" parents, and to suddenly have them demoted to mere aunties was extremely jarring and painful.

Egg just wanted her old family back, it was just so cruel!

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Octavia Sevenson waited until after Egg left before letting herself burst into tears. She was determined that her "daughter" not see her cry over this. Octavia's tears got Wendy all weepy too and together they lamented the loss of their daughter.

Octavia and Wendy had raised that girl, they had even named her! At the time that they fled with
her, Egg had been quite literally an egg, a baby sized mutant egg that TigerLily had laid! Luke and TigerLily had not given them naming instructions (not intending to be separated from Egg for so long) and Octavia and Wendy had not felt right giving her a name. Originally she had just been called "the Egg" and when she finally hatched the nickname stuck and became her name.

Egg had hatched in their care without ever knowing her birth mother. They had loved her and cared for her like she was their own daughter, and after 11 years they had come to consider that they really had earned the right to now keep her as their own daughter!

Seeing TigerLily come back and reclaim her had been painful enough, but to see TigerLily ABUSE their child had been absolutely devastating! This was Octavia's little girl and she felt like her heart was splitting asunder!

"At least TigerLily has stopped beating her." Wendy said sadly through her tears.

Octavia nodded, at least that was something.

"Maybe TigerLily will be nice to her now? If she has forgiven Egg then that means that she will start being kind doesn't it?" Wendy reasoned desperately.

"I really hope so, I just want her to be happy." Octavia said

"Me too, I'm sad of course to give her back but really I just want her to be happy. This has all been so hard on her, oh this is breaking my heart!" Wendy said, bursting into tears at the end.

Octavia hugged her wife tightly, feeling terribly sad. Octavia untied Wendy and for a while they just cuddled sadly, just two grieving parents.

For all their lust and wild sex, Octavia and Wendy were very devoted parents, with the same parental feelings of any (good) parents. Just because they were sex-mad kinky nymphomaniacs did not make their love for their children any less real! Right now their hearts were aching with a terrible sadness.

Sad as they were, the eternally hungry lust of Slaanesh gnawed at their loins. They could deny it for a while but only for a while, their god incessantly demanding fresh offerings of howling lust from them.

They cuddled tenderly, comforting each other in their terrible sadness. Enjoying the warmth and closeness of each other Octavia felt amazingly comfortable.

As they cuddled they talked, venting their feelings and reassuring each other that Egg would be ok. They of course knew that this was wishful thinking, but they happily deceived themselves, a sweet lie more tolerable than a horrible truth.

Octavia looked at Wendy lovingly, admiring her tear streaked face. Wendy was absolutely the most beautiful thing in the entire universe as far as Octavia was concerned, the absolute love of her life. Octavia adored her, completely and totally smitten by her.

Octavia lustfully licked Wendy's face, tasting her tears. Wendy shuddered with pleasure and Octavia felt her lust slip free. Octavia fed power into her passive lust aura and Wendy gasped as the supernatural lust consumed her. They had had a good long cry, but now it was time for lust once again. They were hopeless sex addicts that could not go a day without sex, in fact Octavia could hardly last even a few hours without some kind of sexual pleasure!

The part of Octavia that wasn't howling with lust felt guilty for not grieving longer before giving
into the desires of the flesh. Being a nymphomaniac really sucked sometimes. The constant sex took up so much time that she was forced to have sex IN FRONT OF HER CHILDREN just to make time for them! It was a terrible addiction that consumed her entire life!

Octavia and Wendy made passionate love like wild animals as a part of Octavia felt intense self hatred. Octavia had no control left, she was an addict, consumed by her NEED to endlessly satisfy her bottomless lust that could never be satiated! Both Octavia and Wendy cried their eyes out in grief for their daughter even as they feverishly fucked each other!

After a very long time and countless orgasms, dehydration and hunger forced them to stop and they staggered weak with hunger and thirst into the great Royal family feast hall, wearing only their birthday suits! They grabbed mountains of food and drink and paused only long enough for their wrist mounted auspex scanners to confirm it wasn't poisoned before indulging in an orgy of gluttony.

The food they chose was actually very healthy and well balanced, full of complex carbohydrates. They drank high energy sports drinks to replenish the electrolytes lost in sweat and bring up their plummeting blood sugar levels. Their diets were the diets of a pair of elite athletes, their constant energetic love making as strenuous and calorie burning as an endurance sporting event.

"Nice of you to finally join the family feast sister." The deep voice of Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson said in amusement, "I see that you forgot your clothing yet again."

Wendy poked out her tongue playfully at her eldest brother and teasingly said, "clothes just get in the way."

"MUM I don't want to see your tits when I'm feasting!" Said a space marine neophyte sitting beside the chaos lord.

Octavia jiggled her tits at her son teasingly and he rolled his eyes.

The chaos lord laughed heartily and but an affectionate hand on the neophyte's shoulder proudly. The neophyte was Augusta Sevenson-Antony, Octavia's only biological child and bastard son of Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson.

Octavia had been abducted at gun point and enslaved from her village on an Imperium planet as a teenager and had had the dubious honour of being personally raped by the Chaos Lord many years ago as Luke's personal sex slave. Luke had a fetish for cutting slaves throats after he fucked them, and Octavia through incredible dumb luck had been the only sex slave to ever survive being raped by Luke.

Luke's ancient mother had walked in on him raping Octavia, resulting in a bit of embarrassment and awkwardness. In the confusion Octavia had somehow been given to the mother as a gift and survived without getting her throat cut. Octavia had gotten pregnant from the rape and had given birth to Augusta, the only known surviving bastard son of the Chaos Lord.

At the time Luke had had no other children and he doted on Augusta as his first (known) child, catapulting Augusta to power and privilege as Octavia rode with him, clinging to his shirt tails. Using Augusta's influence Octavia had met Wendy and secured for herself a very favourable marriage. It had been a long and complicated journey but here she was, comfortable and relatively happy.

Octavia had a very turbulent history with Luke, far beyond merely being raped. The custody arguments with Luke had been legendary, with Luke kicking down doors and holding a gun to her
head whenever he got frustrated. She was one of the very few people who had ever survived slapping Luke in the face, only because Luke had (very correctly) guessed that killing Octavia might make Augusta upset!

At one point Luke had even wanted to marry Octavia just to try to retroactively legitimise Augusta as his lawful heir! Octavia had been rather drunk that night and may or may not have thrown her drink in Luke's face, she couldn't quite remember. At any rate she had already been romantically involved with Wendy at this time and so had had a good enough excuse to spurn the marriage proposal in a way that let Luke save face and let Octavia avoid being shot!

Luke had brooded bitterly after the rejection and had instead rebounded onto his attendant Chaos Sorceress TigerLily, fucking her and eventually marrying her. TigerLily was in turn jealous of Octavia and Octavia had tried everything to stay on good terms with her, something really not helped by the time that Octavia's nymphomaniac lust had driven her to fool around with Luke one time!

Octavia wondered if TigerLily had forgiven her yet?

A psychic voice in her head angrily said, "No I most certainly have NOT forgiven you for fooling around with my husband! Keep your filthy slut holes away from my HUSBAND you whore!"

Octavia looked guiltily to see TigerLily glaring hatefully at her from her consort's throne next to Luke's Chaos Lord feasting throne. Octavia had stupidly forgotten that TigerLily could read minds.

"I'm so terribly sorry about that TigerLily! It wasn't personal, I'm a nymphomaniac, I just fuck people... and aliens... and..." Octavia started to think.

"ENOUGH!" TigerLily's psychic voice interrupted, "I don't want to hear about all the things you have ever fucked! And I DON'T appreciate all the fucked up stuff you exposed my children to over the last decade! My daughter Violet becoming pregnant to that pedophile ESPECIALLY pissed me off! Pray that you don't piss me off even more!"

Terrible guilt and pain filled Octavia at the memory of how TigerLily's daughter from a previous marriage had been brutally raped by a Slaanesh worshipping pedophile when Octavia wasn't watching and gotten her pregnant. Octavia hung her head in shame and wept bitter tears.

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"Pedo" Pete Smith was in chronic pain as he stood attentively a respectful distance behind his young owner, Egg Sevenson. This little girl was Pete's whole world, the only thing in his miserable life that brought him any joy. He loved her, loved her completely and utterly, he would die for her.

In his former life as a free chaos crew member Pete had been a serial child rapist and was a convicted pedophile. This in and of itself was not a problem on a chaos ship, provided that you were very careful to choose the right victims. Pete had very stupidly not checked first when he had found 3 lost little girls... very VERY stupid!

How was he to know that those girls were members of the Royal family! They had been wandering the general decks, lost and alone, easy prey!

Those girls had been: Violet Smith - daughter of TigerLily Sevenson from a previous marriage, Mandy Sevenson - daughter of Wendy Sevenson's late former wife, and Egg Sevenson - eldest daughter of the Chaos Lord!!!! Violet Smith had gotten pregnant as a result of the rape and had been only 12 years old when she gave birth!

The Royal family (also known as the Sevenson Family Cartel) had not been gentle to Pete! Not gentle at all! Their very first act had been to brutally cut off his private parts! They had in fact got the little girls themselves to cut his bits off! It had been so utterly horrible!

Mandy had been the worst, she had cut off so much of his flesh! His fingers and toes had been brutally cut off by that sadistic little girl, and she had cut his skin all over with knives until he was a mass of scars! The little girl had then brutally cut out his tongue while a space marine held his screaming mouth open! He could only talk now thanks to a bionic speaker implanted in his neck...

Pete had then been branded as a slave and kept alive for the little girls to torture for fun... Oh Slaanesh it had been so utterly horrible! The children had called him "Pedo" as a name, short for pedophile!

But Egg had been different from the other two, so SO different. Egg had refused to torture Pete at all and, most astonishingly, Egg had forgiven Pete for raping her!!! This act of profound forgiveness had broken Pete down more than any physical torture could, this kind sweet child that he had done such horrible things to had been so consistently kind to Pete that it shattered his heart into a thousand pieces and changed him forever.

This beautiful act of forgiveness for such a worthless piece of shit like him had been the catalyst that completely reshaped his entire being. Not only had she forgiven him, she had also gone to quite extreme lengths to protect him from the abuse of the Royal family and the other children! She had been compassionate to a fault and extremely protective of him.

As a result of this Egg had earned Pete's eternal loyalty. He had become like her shadow, always following her around, serving her and protecting her from harm. He was her loyal hound, her bodyguard, and he would NEVER forsake her!

Over time the family had agreed to let Egg buy Pete as her own personal slave alone and they had gradually accepted him as Egg's personal bodyguard.

Pete noticed that Egg's cup was getting empty and he dutifully refilled it gingerly with his
mutilated hand stumps. His owner rewarded him with a smile and he flushed with satisfaction to have pleased her.

Egg was sitting next to her biological mother TigerLily at the Chaos Lord's table and beside Egg sat a long line of progressively younger mutant bird children, all legitimate children of the chaos lord borne by his wife TigerLily. Off to on side sat TigerLily's eldest daughter Violet Smith, who was dotingly fussing over Patrick, the son that Pete had put in her belly.

TigerLily raised a hand to scratch and Egg flinched in fear. Pete was at her side in an instant to comfort her and Egg clung to one of his hand stumps like a security blanket.

TigerLily turned her face and regarded Pete with deranged eyes. He held her gaze calmly and she smirked and winked at him.

A woman's psychic voice spoke in his mind, "very good Pete, very very good. Your thoughts of protecting Egg make me pleased. Continue protecting her life at all costs."

Pete had nothing much to say so he thought nothing in reply.

Pete regarded TigerLily, she looked like an older version of Egg, with bird feet and blue feathers for hair. TigerLily was what was colloquially known as a "bird mutant", a stable strain of abhuman characterised by psychic powers and bird traits. All bird mutants laid eggs instead of normal childbirth and all female bird mutants had unbreakable maternal instincts to ensure the safety of their eggs and offspring.

These maternal instincts were the entire driving force behind what motivated the female bird mutants. They would do anything, even completely insane things, just to protect their children. Even the most reasonable female bird mutant would become absolutely batshit crazy if their offspring were threatened in any way.

This maternal craziness was clearly visible in the eyes of Violet as she gazed in fanatical adoration at her son Patrick. And this maternal craziness was a thousand times stronger in the eyes of TigerLily. This woman would slaughter and torture the entire galaxy just to protect a single one of her offspring!

This insane maternal drive to protect also explained the excessive child abuse against Egg. Egg had held a gun to her head and threatened to pull the trigger. In doing this Egg herself had become a threat to the safety of one of TigerLily's offspring (namely herself) and TigerLily had responded with the same level of viciousness that she would have against an outside attacker! TigerLily's maternal instincts had gone totally nuts and embarked upon a completely insane quest to beat the suicidal thoughts out of the little girl!!!

"Stop judging me you fucking pedophile!" TigerLily's voice angrily spoke in his mind.

Pete flushed with pain and anger, she was right of course. For all her abuses at least TigerLily had the excuse of not being able to disobey her maternal instincts. Pete had had no such excuse when he raped Egg, and that made him worse!

"Never forget what a piece of shit you are Pedo, nobody else will. You are scum who's only worthy role in life is to protect my precious little girl!" TigerLily's psychic voice said cruelly in his mind.

"I agree, but you must also protect Patrick! You must do your duty to protect your son!" Violet's psychic voice added.
"NO! He must protect Egg!" TigerLily insisted.

"NO! Patrick comes first!" Violet countered.

"Egg!", "Patrick!", "Egg!", "Patrick!", the pair of them bickered inside Pete's mind!

TigerLily's maternal instincts gave priority to her own children over her grandchildren, and Violet's maternal instincts were prepared to kill the entire universe just to protect her one child without a care about the life of her siblings! Together the pair's insane maternal instincts had a blazing row over who Pete should protect, giving him an intense migraine.

"stop it both of you, you are hurting him!" Came a tiny faint heavily muffled whisper.

All 3 of them looked at Egg in horrified shock.

"SEDATE EGG! HER HELMET IS BROKEN!" Violet screamed verbally at the top of her voice and panic and pandemonium erupted in the feast hall.

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Dark Mechanicum Tech Priestess Labia Johnson tinkered frantically with the helmet device that was the only thing protecting them all from certain death!

With a gasp of relief the advanced Tau technology recalibrated to accommodate with the replacement firmware and the magenta lightning leaking out of the little girl's head flickered and vanished.

"All fixed!" Labia said with gasps of relief, her heart was pounding so fast!

The Chaos Lord let out a huge sigh of relief, as did everyone else in the room. They had all almost died!

Egg Sevenson was what is known as an Alpha Plus level psyker, born with completely off the scale levels of psychic powers. Even by the standards of the highly psychic bird mutant abhuman strain Egg was remarkably powerful. Egg was so powerful that without her psychic nullifying helmet she would be quickly ripped apart by her own powers, ripping the ship apart in the process!

The last time she had been unprotected by a helmet, she had horrifically damaged a fleet of 4 chaos starships and that had only been in the few seconds it took to put her helmet back on!

With a lot of further testing Labia confirmed that the helmet was now functioning properly and she debriefed the family. As the family left, Labia collapsed into a chair exhausted by the terrible fear she had felt.

"That was too fucking scary!" Labia exclaimed out loud to no one in particular.

"Does not compute, please specify." Said every servitor within earshot in cold emotionless monotones.

"I wasn't talking to you servitors, never mind!" Labia told them exasperatedly.

"Yes Tech Priestess." The servitors replied with mindless obedience.

Labia sighed and slowly regained her composure. This was supposed to be a cushy and safe job with high pay, that's why she became a tech priestess in the first place! She had never imagined having to defuse living doomsday bombs as part of the job description! She certainly wasn't a
priestess out of religious devotion to the Machine God!

Labia's rather... unorthodox name had been chosen by the dubious wisdom of her Slaanesh worshipping nymphomaniac mother. It was common for poorer Slaanesh worshippers to give their kids truly terrible names, especially naming children after sexual anatomy! Labia was used to her name and had decided not to change her name, it was a great ice breaker at parties after all.

Labia was a life long Slaanesh worshipper born into relative poverty. Her mother was a professional prostitute and had gotten pregnant by her work many times. As luck would have it Labia's biological father had been a Tzeentch worshipping diabolical genius with a penchant for having unprotected sex with poor Slaanesh worshipping whores like her mother. Labia had inherited a very high IQ from her father (her mother was dumb as a bag of rocks) and so had been intelligent enough to become a Tech Priestess.

It of course hadn't been that simple. As a child of a dirt poor prostitute, education opportunities had been limited and the highest education she was able to get was an apprenticeship as a semiskilled plumber. Octavia had been the key she needed to unlock further education opportunities.

Labia was married to Octavia's best friend and was herself Octavia's second best friend. Labia and her then girlfriend Candy had taken Octavia in as a rent free lodger in their old shitty apartment back when Octavia had been a homeless pregnant slave on board the old chaos strike cruiser "Crucible of Starvation". Candy had found the severely depressed Octavia crying in a corridor back when she was a nobody and taken pity on her.

Octavia had been a real mess back then, still traumatised by her brutal rape and enslavement, and constantly suicidal. She had at the time still worshipped the Emperor of the Imperium and this caused her severe psychological complexes and guilt about being a slave to the forces of chaos. Candy and Labia had cared for Octavia, wiped away her tears and continually talked her out of suicide. In the end they had been the ones to convert Octavia to the worship of Slaanesh and she had really been a lot happier ever since.

Candy and Labia slowly earned Octavia's loyalty and became Octavia's best friends. Then Augusta had been born and Octavia had started her meteoric rise to power and she had not forgotten her two best friends! Using Octavia's considerable Sevenson Cartel Royal family influence Labia had been able to obtain a very highly sought after decade long Dark Mechanicum Tech Priest apprenticeship. Now over ten years later Labia was fully graduated and was a full tech priestess.

Labia had a very comfortable life of privilege now, with 2 wonderful children, a loving wife and a massive salary. If it wasn't for dangerous crap like today it would really be the perfect job.

Having recovered from her shock Labia got up out of the chair and got back to work recalibrating the cogitator of the automated bolter ammunition manufacturing machinery, improving production speed by 0.05 percent.

She was always finding ways to improve efficiency like this. Her real specialty was in taking existing designs and improving on them, pushing efficiency and productivity to the cutting edge, no matter how small the improvement. She was especially good at computer programming and hacking.

It was Labia who had started the war with the Tau Empire, first by hacking into a Tau Earth Caste factory computer network and stealing every terabyte worth of technical blueprints she could find, and then by using this stolen information to construct a Chaos ship. She had been the innovative genius who had learned to adapt Tau Technology to make Chaos technology and her innovations had ultimately allowed the Nightmare Asylum to be built.
Labia felt a twinge of guilt over the countless billions of mostly innocent people who had died in that terrible war. It had never been her intention to kill anyone. She was an information thief, not a murderer!

Labia feverishly prowled the manufacturing and engineering decks, hungrily searching for any tiny improvements that could be made, any increased efficiency or power savings that could be made. After her success with the Tau technology, Labia's reputation as a Tech Priestess had grown to the point where she had almost free reign to innovate without interference from more senior Tech Priests.

For example, the ship had previously been wasting huge amounts of unnecessary power on lighting every part of the ship! Most of the ship was currently filled with chained slaves, and they didn't really need light when they were just sitting there all day! By turning off most of the lights she had freed up vast amounts of power, power that could be better spent on increased manufacturing output!

Everywhere she looked she saw waste and opportunities for increasing productivity. Every tiny improvement meant increased profits for the Dark Mechanicum, and bigger wages for Labia! She might worship the Machine God for a living, but in her free time she was utterly a creature of Slaanesh and she had a taste for expensive pleasures and luxuries.

Finally Labia's shift ended and she wandered home in her long dragging priestly robes and heavy hood. She ignored the darkness of the ship, her bionic eye implants seeing perfectly in the dark, aided by both radar and sonar.

The ship was an absolute pigsty and had a serious fly problem! Candy and the other sanitation workers were clearly goofing off as usual, focusing only on the importance parts of the ship. Typical!

Not only was their trash and human waste, there were also reeking cadavers... Holy Slaanesh! That Chaos Spawn was absolutely HUGE! Labia shot the vile thing dead with a Plasma pistol and fired warning shots at other nearby spawn, sending them fleeing.

The ship was infested with these vile things. They had been human chaos worshippers once, but had been careless in the infernal pacts they entered into and mutated by capricious daemons into hideously deformed monsters. The chaos spawn then fed on the cadavers (and sometimes on the chained up slaves and other live prey) and bred furiously, making more of their kind. They would need to be culled again soon.

The slaves never saw the spawn and called them "horrors in the dark", not knowing what they were. What they were were a nuisance and unwanted pests!

Many dead spawn later, Labia arrived home and gratefully entered her magnificent richly furnished apartment. She greeted her family and took off her heavy robes, getting the hired maids to take it away and wash it.

Underneath her robes Labia was revealed as a slim sensuous woman, with her naturally blonde long hair dyed bright pink. She was wearing only a hot pink G string and a matching hot pink push-up bra with symbols of Slaanesh emblazoned on the cups in black. Her very expensive boob job gave her exceedingly ample cleavage and her surgically perfected face was stunningly beautiful.

Labia's arms and legs were all still flesh and blood, but her body was riddled with discrete bionic implants hidden below the skin. Hidden by her long hair was a mass of cranial implants that covered her skull and ran all the way down her spine, letting her brain directly interface with
Candy wolf whistled and sauntered sexily up to Labia and kissed her passionately, putting her tongue in her mouth! Labia flushed with pleasure and eagerly caressed Candy's tongue with her own, moaning passionately. Candy's tongue tasted like semen and whatever genitals she had been sucking today, and the taste excited Labia incredibly. Labia felt Candy's chubby fingers slip inside her G string and Labia's eyes rolled up into the back of her head as she groaned with ecstasy.

Labia felt herself becoming very wet as Candy's fingers slid over her labia and clitoris. Candy pulled down Labia's G string and got down on her knees and started kissing Labia on the vagina! Labia gasped open mouthed in pleasure and sang praises to Slaanesh as Candy messily ate her out!

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Hours later Labia was tied up in bed with her adoring wife, the earlier bondage games had been fantastic! The two Slaanesh worshippers lovingly canoodled and made out heavily, the mark of Slaanesh glowing bright pink on Candy's ass cheek.

Labia admired her wife, drinking in her raw primal beauty.

Candy could best be described as "extremely fuckable", everything about her was intensely accommodating to having sex. She was a chubby, pretty and naturally busty woman with the libido of a horny daemonette and the sexual scruples of an even hornier daemonette! She would fuck literally anything (except kids) and would (and did) let complete strangers fuck her freely. She enjoyed pretty much anything during sex and was a devoted fetishist.

Candy was promiscuous even by Slaanesh worshipper standards and had fucked so many people that she had earned a mark of Slaanesh and was technically a chaos champion. But Candy was also dumb as a bag of rocks and had done nothing with this gift, but simply continued on in her unofficial quest to fuck every consenting adult creature in the entire universe.

Labia's wrists and ankles were securely chained to the bedposts of their magnificent giant bed, and she was completely naked except for a latex harlequin mask that left the face exposed. Her entire body was painted in clown makeup and she looked ridiculous, but the humiliation of her ridiculous appearance turned her on terribly! Candy was currently indulging in a clown fetish bondage fantasy and she was likewise wearing a harlequin mask and body paint.

Candy walked her fingertips along Labia's defenceless body and quickly found her armpits and stroked them sadistically. It tickled terribly and Labia started to laugh involuntarily.

"That's right, laugh clown girl, laugh!" Candy said gleefully.

Labia had no choice but to oblige and was rewarded for her laughter by having a rubber chicken inserted inside a very intimate area! It was so bizarre that it was funny and Labia laughed voluntarily as well as involuntarily.

Labia shrieked with laughter as Candy blew giant raspberries on her belly, the fart noises from the raspberries adding to the fart noises from the whoopee cushions under her back and ass! It was so funny that Labia was laughing with humour too, making her shrieking laughter even louder. Oh Slaanesh this was some weird fucking fetish sex!

Candy was laughing like a maniac as she found ever more creative ways of making Labia laugh. Laughter was key to this particular fetish and Labia's throat hurt from how much she had laughed already.
Candy threw a cream pie into Labia's face and then proceeded to lick the cream off, all the while energetically tickling her armpits to keep her laughing. Labia was incredibly turned on by the face licking and honestly didn't mind the excessive tickling, it was still an extreme sensation and the Slaanesh worshipper drank it in like nectar.

After a lot more laughter Candy brought Labia to yet another orgasm with the rubber chicken!

Labia gazed in awestruck adoration at the love of her life, completely transfixed by her. Candy was absolutely PERFECT!

Labia and Candy were childhood best friends and sweethearts, Labia could not really remember a time in her life before she knew Candy. They had always been absolutely inseparable friends and had never ever fallen out with each other. Even in earliest childhood they had known each other intimately, exploring each other's bodies and worshipping Slaanesh together.

As they had gotten older they had both had numerous other lovers but had at all times been lovers ever since hitting puberty. They were openly unfaithful and non-monogamous, freely having sex and romance with other people, but at all times their relationship had remained their "primary" relationship.

Their formal marriage was mostly about property inheritance, to make sure that Candy inherited Labia's property in the event that Labia died. It hadn't really changed their dynamic at all, they still freely fucked anyone and everyone, though they always came home each night to sleep in the same bed.

Together they had explored almost every fetish in existence and were especially into anything that involved bondage. They took it in turns each night to be the one tied up and they always respected each other's limits and safe words. They were the epitome of what a healthy BDSM relationship should look like, always safe, (relatively) sane, and consensual, with proper aftercare and proper communication.

They each had a thirteen year old daughter, both with the same biological father. Shortly after getting married they had started trying to get pregnant, deliberately sleeping with a willing space marine for months and months until they had both gotten pregnant. The space marine had not minded the constant sex in the least!

Labia had gotten pregnant first and given birth to a girl, Honey Johnson. Candy had gotten pregnant a few months later and had also given birth to a girl, Sugar Johnson. Both girls were currently sleeping over at their boyfriends homes, probably getting a damn good pussy pounding. Both wives encouraged their daughters to have as much sex as possible and hoped they were being complete sluts with their boyfriends right now.

With a space marine as their biological father, Honey and Sugar were guaranteed preferential treatment in life and could rise very high indeed. It was an entirely unjust and corrupt system, and Labia had played it beautifully. While countless millions of slaves and poorer chaos worshippers lived in squalor and poverty, corrupt war criminals like Labia got to live lives of luxury with their families and loved ones safe and secure!

This thought troubled Labia, was she really a "war criminal"? Well according to transmissions she had intercepted and unencrypted from the Tau Empire she was a listed war criminal with a massive price on her head. Wanted for a plethora of cyber crimes, espionage, theft of highly classified information, illegal use of stolen Tau technology, and ultimately causing a war that devastated numerous planets and cost billions of lives. More specifically she was counted as a war criminal for turning hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war into mindless servitors.
Yes, Labia admitted, she was a war criminal. She had done a lot of very bad things in her quest for technology and innovation. She was not at heart a bad person, more that she was indifferent to the effects her actions had on the wider universe. At any rate she had needed those extra servitors to increase production and it wasn't like anyone VOLUNTEERED to become a servitor anyway!

Well at any rate here she was, the big bad war criminal, chained naked to a bed in clown body paint and a harlequin mask, being tickled and sexually pleasured by a woman who loved her!

Labia groaned with pleasure as Candy sucked her nipple. Life was indeed totally unfair, and it was absolutely glorious!

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Chapter 4

Chapter 4C

Candy Johnson (wife of Tech Priestess Labia Johnson) was enthusiastically slacking off at work, alongside the rest of her Slaanesh worshipping coworkers. They were SUPPOSED to be cleaning the filthy corridors where the slaves were chained up, but the slaves were very very good at distracting them.

The normally pitch dark filth choked passageway was currently illuminated, the lights turned on as needed by the staff. It was frankly such a horrible thing to look at that darkness would be a great improvement.

Candy was currently having sex with one of the male human slaves, which was much more fun than cleaning. The man was too weak from hunger to do much more than just lie there, but he was maintaining his erection and Candy didn't mind doing all the work.

"They really should feed you lot more often." Candy sulked to the man she was straddling. Every slave who had the strength to talk bitterly agreed.

The man groaned in orgasm and shot a feeble wad of semen into her, reduced in size by hunger. Candy orgasmed a moment later, moaning loudly and shuddering all over.

"Thank you!" The slave whispered gratefully, "Thank you for this kindness!"

Candy kissed him lovingly and got off him, intent on making a halfhearted attempt to get back to work.

Candy balked at the squalor that she had to clean and desperately looked for a way to procrastinate! She looked hopefully at the slaves, hoping another one would hit on her. She used her most provocative body language on the starving wretches, trying to get another one to invite her to have sex.

"Please give me some water!" A woman slave pleaded.

Candy felt pity for her and positioned her vagina over the woman's mouth and masturbated until she was totally wet. The woman was desperately dehydrated and frantically sucked on Candy's wet pussy, desperate for the moisture it contained! Candy was soon moaning loudly and squirted into the woman's mouth when she orgasmed. The pitiful wretch drank the squirt desperately.

All over the corridor Slaanesh worshipping sanitation staff were joyfully taking sexual advantage of these desperate people. They were so hungry that they were begging men to cum in their mouths just so they could eat the semen and so thirsty that even the most heterosexual women were gladly giving oral sex to the female staff just to drink their juices! It was a situation absolutely guaranteed to prevent Slaanesh worshipping cleaning staff from getting any work done at all!

"What in Tzeentch's name are you DOING!?! You are supposed to be CLEANING this corridor!!!" Shouted their shift manager, a Tzeentch worshipping man with an annoyingly professional work ethic.

"We are! I just gave a slave's cock a very thorough cleaning with my pussy." Candy said being a smart ass.
The manager ignored the smart ass comments and pulled out a vicious whip and flogged them, trying to motivate them to work. This was counterproductive however and the Slaanesh worshippers moaned in pleasure and enjoyed the lashing, refusing to move.

The manager pulled out a communication device and put them all on report for insubordination at work. The threat of having them fired eventually got them to get to work, still only making a half assed attempt at shovelling up the filth and mopping the floors.

With the manager sternly watching them they got the corridor barely clean enough to pass muster. It was no fun at all, though admittedly it was no more unhygienic then having sex with the sick and filthy slaves! Candy stank to high hell from having sex with those filth encrusted wretches!

Finally after over an hour the manager left to check on the other staff groups that were doubtless slacking off in his absence, and Candy and the others productivity steadily decreased over time until they were back to having sex with the slaves.

***

Candy sulked as the boss manager of the entire deck section shouted at her and her coworkers, he was so MEAN!

"We don't pay you to fuck the slaves, we pay you to CLEAN! You can fuck anyone you like in your TIME OFF, but at work you will do your jobs or you will get to enjoy PERMANENT time off!" The boss shouted at them.

He just kept on shouting and shouting until even the thickest of the staff understood that their jobs were in jeopardy. It would take a pretty big bribe from Candy's rich wife and friends to get them out of this one. Candy suddenly had an idea.

She pulled out the mobile communication device Labia had built for her and rang up Wendy, even as the boss was shouting at her, putting it on speaker phone.

After a few rings Wendy answered saying, "this is a bad time Candy."

The boss was still shouting abuse and Wendy thought that it was directed at her.

"Who the fuck do you think you are talking to! I am WENDY SEVENSON, sister of Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson!!!" Wendy screamed at the boss.

The boss went white with terror and pleased apologies, imploring that he had been shouting at Candy, not at her!

"You speak to Candy that way!?! You evil brute! Candy happens to be my wife's best friend!" Wendy screamed with deranged rage.

"Please don't kill me your highness! PLEASE! I have a family! I take it all back! Candy can do anything she likes at work!" The boss shrieked in terror for his life.

"And my coworkers in my shift?" Candy pressed.

"Them too anything! You can do what you like, you all get a 400% pay rise starting now! Anything you like, just spare my life!" The boss pleaded.

"You better be much nicer to Candy! One bad word from her and you and your family get a one way trip out an airlock!" Wendy threatened with deadly certainty.
The boss frantically agreed and Candy thanked Wendy and hung up.

Candy hummed happily and smiled at the boss smugly...

***

Wendy Sevenson got off the phone and returned to her meeting with the Royal Family administration officials, she had already been extremely annoyed and had been grateful to vent her pent up rage on a lowly sanitation manager who could safely be intimidated without causing problems.

Wendy was the administrative mastermind behind a space marine faction known as the Sevenson cartel. They had risen to power over the previous Muhammad dynasty of space marines, mostly because they were so much better organised and more unified then the Muhammad dynasty had been. Wendy had been the architect behind this organisation.

The Sevenson cartel were all mortal descendants of the Slaanesh Daemon Princess known only as MA7 and she ruled the cartel with an iron claw. For a brief period of time the Sevenson cartel had ruled it's own small empire and Wendy had been the power behind the throne who kept everything running smoothly. But it hadn't lasted.

During a terrible civil war a Greater Daemon of Slaanesh known as "the Flesh Mistress" had defeated MA7 and taken control of the Sevenson cartel. Luke and a handful of others had escaped and formed their own new faction called "the Royal Family".

Wendy was very frustrated by the completely different way the Royal Family administration operated from the Sevenson Cartel administration framework, it was just so poorly handled!

"This is unacceptably inefficient!" Wendy shouted, throwing a pile of papers on the floor.

"It works well, for a decade we have been working on this system." The dickheads replied pompously.

"A decade? A mere decade? For over two CENTURIES I perfected my administrative framework for the Sevenson cartel! You are a bunch of amateurs! Your system employs tens of thousands of paper pushers to ten times more slowly do the same work that I managed with a mere few HUNDRED cartel women!" Wendy exclaimed deeply irritated.

The administration officials defended themselves stubbornly, coming up with all sorts of stupid arguments and insisting that Wendy was not needed to lead the administration of the Royal Family assets and institutions!

Wendy was horrified to hear the very concept of her not being at least heavily involved in administration of the ship, she had ALWAYS been involved! Administration was what she did! It was the only thing she had to contribute to the work of Slaanesh! SHE had to be in an executive role, she COULDN'T just retire into being nothing more than the Chaos Lord's sister!

"You have given centuries of dedicated service to the forces of chaos, maybe it is time to finally retire? That way you can focus on being a full time submissive, isn't that your dream?" The senior-most administration official said to her.

Wendy flustered, "w,w,well it's the dream... but I have so much more to offer! I have a shot of daemonhood one day and you are suggesting I RETIRE! I must keep contributing to the cause of Slaanesh!"
"You are 290 years old! Retirement is long overdue! You can still find other ways to contribute. All we are saying is that your services as administration executive are no longer required." The official said imploringly.

Wendy bitterly accepted at least temporary defeat and walked home deep in thought, wondering what she should do. Should she really just become a full time submissive and do nothing else except submit all the time to Mistress Octavia? Oh holy fuck that sounded so tempting!

Wendy arrived at her apartment door and placed her palms on the fingerprint scanner. The door opened as it always did and Wendy got down on her hands and knees and submissively crawled inside.

"Mistress Octavia, I'm home!" Wendy called out as she crawled.

"In here bitch." Mistress Octavia called out dominantly from one of the dungeon rooms.

Wendy shuddered with submissive desire and obediently crawled into the dungeon on her hands and knees.

"Clothes off bitch." Mistress Octavia commanded as soon as Wendy entered and she obediently stripped naked for her Dominatrix wife, trembling all over with excitement.

Wendy gazed up at the woman who Dominated her so completely and was filled with awe at her intoxicating perfection.

Mistress Octavia was as sexy and beautiful as it was physically possible to be, and far more so than it was NATURALLY possible to be! She was a curly brown haired goddess, a terrible tempting siren! The mere sight of her caused Wendy to grovel in submissive worship of her!

Mistress Octavia was wearing a crotch-less bust-less black leather Dominatrix outfit that made Wendy's pussy become instantly wet, and she was wearing a black leather commissar's hat that brilliantly gave her a look of cruel authority! Her makeup was heavy and dark, making her look even more cruel and seductive. Her perfume somehow had a "cruel" smell, hard to describe but if cruelty had a smell, it would smell like Octavia did now!

Wendy's mouth went dry with blissful subservience, her will flawlessly giving way to be completely dominated by the will of Mistress Octavia... Wait a minute, that wasn't true!

Wendy gazed suddenly at the slave brands clearly visible on Mistress Octavia's bare shoulders. These brands very clearly said "property of Wendy Sevenson!"

True another brand also said "granted freedom by marriage to owner", but if they ever got a divorce, Octavia would once more become Wendy's slave by law! Octavia was only a slave who was doing as she was told!

Mistress Octavia noticed the change in Wendy's demeanour and asked, "What's wrong submissive fucktoy?"

Wendy prostrated herself on her face in submissive worship and said, "Mistress Octavia, I want to be completely following YOUR will, not my own. I know that you only do things that you know will give me pleasure, but I want to serve YOUR pleasure!"

"MY pleasure is to give YOU pleasure my love. I love you so much and crave above all else to pleasure you. I am utterly devoted to you, I love you with all my heart!" Mistress Octavia explained.
Wendy was genuinely touched by this and murmured, "oh Mistress Octavia, that is so romantic!"

Mistress Octavia tenderly stroked Wendy's hair as she grovelled at the Dominatrix's feet, it felt wonderful and Wendy sighed in contentment.

Wendy raised her head from the floor and gazed at her Dominatrix in complete awe, she was so beautiful! Mistress Octavia pinched Wendy's nose painfully and led her yelping in sweet pain by the nose to a set of chains on the floor. Wendy moaned in wonderful pain as she was roughly forced into the chains and securely bound to the floor.

Wendy felt completely smitten as Mistress Octavia proceeded to walk all over her naked flesh with her viciously cruel high heels! It hurt like absolute fuck, just the way Wendy liked it! Mistress Octavia was mercilessly cruel as she dug her hard heels into Wendy's soft skin, causing very extreme pain. Wendy was completely and totally in love.

Wendy screamed her head off as Mistress Octavia pressed an agonising cattle prod hard against her clitoris, oh sweet holy fuck that hurt! The pain made her feel so completely dominated and the deep peace of submission filled her, driving out her stress and anxiety, filling her with the most blissful peace.

For an indeterminate amount of time Wendy was floating in a sea of pain, feeling absolutely blissful. Octavia was very inventive at finding ways to torment Wendy and there was never a dull moment.

As she tortured her, Mistress Octavia also had sex with her, getting Wendy to perform continual oral sex on her and penetrating Wendy with all sorts of objects. Wendy could not count the number of orgasms she had and was in her own personal heaven.

After an eternity that was still not long enough, they were interrupted by the kids coming home. Wendy sighed in disappointment as she heard Mandy, Augusta and the girlfriend Liling announce that they were home.

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Wendy sat submissively by Octavia's side on the sofa, as they talked to their two remaining children (and one freeloading girlfriend that mooched off their children) in the lounge room.

Octavia's bastard son Augusta was only 14 years old but was already the size of a truly massive muscular man, thanks to his space marine gene seed organs acting on his growth and development. Normally bastards did not receive gene seeds, a right only of legitimate sons, but in this post-cartel era these restrictions had become meaningless and given who his father was Augusta had had no trouble getting access to becoming a Night Lord space marine.

Augusta was now so big and heavy that the furniture had had to be reinforced so he could sit on it without breaking it under his weight. He was wearing the armour of a space marine scout, dark midnight blue with the emblem of the Night Lords legion emblazoned on the shoulder pads. At his belt was a bolt pistol and a brutal looking combat knife, and on his lap was the top half of his age appropriate freeloading girlfriend Liling Wong.

Sitting next to Augusta was Wendy's 13 year old daughter Mandy, well she was not technically related to Wendy at all but Wendy considered her to be her daughter. Mandy was the daughter of Wendy's late wife Mistress Talon, conceived and born while Talon was married to Wendy and therefore legally recognised as Wendy's daughter. With the biological father dead and all his next of kin permanently out of reach on his home planet of Necromunda (a strongly held Imperium of
Man planet), Wendy had sole custody of the girl. Talon did have family but they were understandably reluctant to take on the powerful Wendy in a custody dispute!

Mandy was Wendy's sadistic little angel, her sweet little girl. Well not so little anymore, even at 13 she was developing quite a bust on her and would clearly be a busty woman when she reached adulthood!

Mandy had her mother's good looks and jet black hair, and had inherited paler skin and impressive muscles from her House Goliath Necromundan father. The mixed heritage suited her very well and the blend had made her exquisitely beautiful, like a super model (Wendy admitted that she was highly biased about her daughter).

The biggest distinction about Mandy was in her psychology and behaviour. Her mother Talon had been a selectively bred pedigree Dominatrix, descended from a long line of professional Dominatrices who very carefully controlled their own breeding to make their children better suited to a career as a professional Dominatrix. Mandy had inherited generations of behaviour and instincts for Talon and it clearly showed in her behaviour.

Right at this very moment Mandy was enthusiastically spanking Liling (whose lower body half was laying across Mandy's lap), making the masochistic freeloader moan with pain. Mandy had a deeply ingrained need to inflict pain and suffering on other people and to act out a Dominatrix role, she wanted nothing more than to be a Dominatrix. She had absolutely tormented the other children growing up and had commandeered Augusta's girlfriend Liling as one of her many victims.

Wendy was so proud of Mandy, she would make a submissive spouse very happy one day and was a wonderful gift to submissives everywhere! Despite her considerable sadism she was a good natured girl, loving and sweet, it was just that she expressed her love in a very sadistic way.

Finally it had to be noted the existence of the third teenager in the room who was submissively sprawled across the two children's laps, the 14 year old girl Liling Wong. She had straight jet black hair and was very clearly of oriental descent (like most of the population of the Kilimanjaro), petite, pretty and adorably cute.

Liling was a highly submissive masochistic Slaanesh worshipper and officially the shared girlfriend of both Augusta and Mandy. She was the homeless daughter of a homeless unemployed nymphomaniac with about a million other kids, all of them to unknown fathers. Augusta had befriended her when they were both infants, he had found her playing in a maintenance crawl space back when they lived like cattle crowded into the tiny chaos ship "Kilimanjaro" with hundreds of thousands of other chaos refugees fleeing the civil war. The friendship had endured the test of time and Liling had gradually become more and more sexual with Augusta until she was his official girlfriend.

Given her lack of stable home life, Wendy and Octavia had reluctantly had to provide Liling with everything she needed growing up and were paying for the girl's education. They had seen this girl grow up and Octavia had bonded with her enough to not want to throw her out. Wendy had rather more mixed feelings about the expensive freeloader who's highly expensive education she paid for.

Liling was currently completely naked in the laps of her two dominant lovers, moaning softly as Mandy spanked her. Wendy felt jealous and wished that she was getting spanked right now too! Augusta affectionately stroked Liling's long soft black hair absentmindedly as he chatted to his two mothers.

"I got to use a Las Cannon today! It was fucking awesome! Burned a hole clean through a metre thick steel plate!" Augusta told them excitedly in his very deep voice.
Mistress Octavia laughed happily and eagerly pressed for details, which Augusta was happy to provide. Augusta went on and on excitedly about his military education and training, clearly having found his true calling in life.

"I learned a new way of tying up Liling today, it was so cool!" Mandy told them as soon as Augusta stopped hogging the conversation.

Wendy frowned and said, "As much as I encourage that, I hope that is not ALL you learned today! I still expect you to get at least one PhD in a USEFUL subject before you are 30!"

"But MUMMY! I want to be a professional Dominatrix when I grow up! I don't WANT to be a doctor!" Mandy whined.

"I don't care, you can do all that in your free time but you also need a PROPER job that will help our family stay in power. You know the rules, no exceptions!" Wendy insisted.

"What about torture?" Mandy asked hopefully.

"We already have a number of family members with PhD's in torture and interrogation. You need to do something that the family can use..." Wendy said and trailed off sadly.

"What's wrong Mummy?" Mandy asked concerned.

Wendy sighed and said, "I was told to retire today by the new administration officials, they said that I wasn't needed anymore and they even had the nerve to suggest I just become a full time submissive to Mistress Octavia!"

"But that's wonderful Mummy! You will be able to just have fun all day long!" Mandy said excitedly.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?" Mistress Octavia asked in surprise.

"I'm sorry Mistress Octavia, please punish me accordingly." Wendy said apologetically.

"I will punish you later, right now I want to hear everything." Mistress Octavia said animatedly.

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Liling Wong was vaguely aware of her surroundings as she lay sprawled on her belly over the laps of her two Dominants. Her bottom hurt wonderfully and she had some really wonderful new bruises and ouches from today's play time with Mistress Mandy. She felt absolutely blissful.

Wendy was saying something about retirement and it was distracting Mistress Mandy from spanking her! Liling shifted very slightly to remind Mistress Mandy that she was still there, but Mandy ignored her, focusing solely on what Wendy was saying.

Liling figured that this was a very important conversation and listened curiously. It quickly became apparent that Wendy was deeply troubled by the thought of retirement and was pouring her heart out to the family about it.

It all sounded very personal and Liling felt like she was intruding and moved to get up and leave the room.

"I didn't give you permission to leave submissive slut, lay back down on our laps!" Mistress Mandy demanded with authority.
"Yes Mistress Mandy." Liling said submissively, flushing with pleasure from feeling so dominated.

"Mandy! Let the poor girl pee! You are cleaning it up if she wets herself on the couch." Octavia exclaimed.

"Permission to speak?" Liling asked humbly.

"Of course you can." Octavia said with a smile.

Liling remained silent, gazing at Mandy and Augusta. She was submissive to them alone and needed their permission to speak.

Mandy smirked and said nothing, drawing out the discomfort.

"For fucks sake, yes you have permission to speak Liling!" Master Augusta said with exasperation.

"Thank you sir," Liling said and continued, "I don't need to pee, I just thought that this was a private family moment and feared I was intruding on something very private. I thought that perhaps I should leave and give you some privacy."

"I'm impressed with your response, that was really polite and thoughtful. You are a very good submissive." Wendy said with rare respect.

"That is really sweet Liling but you are part of the family now. I would really love to hear your opinion about Wendy's retirement." Octavia said sweetly.

"You have permission to speak and move freely submissive." Master Augusta told her.

"Thank you sir", Liling said feeling deeply touched.

Liling respectfully sat down on the lounge next to Augusta and got comfortable before speaking.

"I think that... Well to be honest I envy you Mrs Sevenson (please call me Wendy she said), you get to now be a full time submissive without having to go to work or study or do other things. It sounds like heaven, surely every submissive dreams of this?" Liling said.

"It's not that I don't desire that, the problem is the loss of my personal power and influence. I didn't become rich and powerful by being lazy, I clawed my way to power by working my ass off every day for centuries. If I am not doing something indispensable then my wealth and power will fade! Power is a very impermanent thing that slips away quickly if not firmly gripped at all times!" Wendy said passionately.

Liling thought about this and it made a certain amount of sense.

"What about studying something else? You say I have to be doing something USEFUL, why don't you do the same?" Mistress Mandy asked meanly.

"That is actually a great idea Mummy." Sir (Augusta) agreed.

"And for that matter, why doesn't Mum (Octavia) have to study too? She gets to be a Dominatrix while I have to do boring USEFUL stuff." Mistress Mandy added nastily.

Wendy gave Mistress Mandy a warning look and said, "That's not fair Mandy, you know as well as anyone that Mistress Octavia is barely literate and didn't have the same educational opportunities as you did growing up!"
Octavia looked embarrassed and said, "I have gotten a lot better, I can read entire books now!"

"I know Mistress, I am so proud of you. I know how hard it has been for you." Wendy said submissively.

"She has all the time in the world to build her education, she will do a PhD EVENTUALLY won't she?" Mistress Mandy asked cuttingly.

Wendy and Octavia looked embarrassed, evidently they had never planned for Octavia to do advanced education.

"SEE! If Mum doesn't have to do a PhD then neither will I! It's only fair!" Mistress Mandy said triumphantly.

Wendy started to get defensive but Octavia said, "You know what, I WILL do a PhD. I have always wondered what it was like anyway. That way we can ALL get PhD's!"

"What about Liling and Augusta?" Mistress Mandy asked grasping for straws.

Liling spoke up, "Mistress Mandy, I actually do plan to get the best education I possibly can. I spend all the free time you give me doing homework and studying. I want to become something really useful like maybe a medical doctor."

Mistress Mandy frowned and said, "Wrong answer submissive, very very bad girl! Go put your head in the toilet and keep it there until I give you permission to leave!"

"Yes Mist..." Liling started to say but Augusta countermanded the order.

"Order overruled, you stay here Liling, you are not to be punished for speaking freely like you were told." Sir overruled.

"Yes sir." Liling said and stayed put.

"No, I want you to go put your head in the toilet!" Mistress Mandy insisted

"Yes Mistress Mandy", Liling said rising to obey.

"Stay!" Sir insisted.

"Yes Sir." Liling said staying put.

"Go!", "stay!", "go!", "stay!", they said one after the other, Liling got up and sat back down in obedience to the most recent order given.

Wendy and Octavia burst out laughing.

"You are confusing the poor girl! Which one of you outranks the other?" Octavia said laughing

"I obey both Mistress and Sir equally, I am a very good girl." Liling said proudly.

"Yes you are a VERY good girl and you should obey me over my sister." Sir told her affectionately and Liling beamed proudly.

"No, you are a very BAD girl and you should obey ME first!" Mistress Mandy told her angrily and Liling felt the angry at being treated this way.
"You know what MISTRESS Mandy, I have had just about enough of the way you treat me! I have feelings too and a mind of my own! I was ordered to speak freely and I obeyed that order. You have no right to punish me for obeying an order!" Liling shouted angrily.

"What are you going to do, break up with me?" Mistress Mandy sneered arrogantly.

Liling gasped in disgust and shouted, "YES, that is exactly what I am going to do!"

Liling sat very deliberately on (Sir) Augusta's lap and turned her back on (no longer Mistress) Mandy, to the stunned silence of everyone else in the room.

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Chapter 5

Chapter 5C

Mandy Sevenson cried bitter tears on her bed, her girlfriend had just DUMPED her! To add insult to injury, her step brother Augusta was having very loud sex with said girlfriend in the adjoining room!

"Oh Sir! Oh Sir! Yes Sir Yes! Yes please fuck me harder Sir!" Liling's moaning voice filtered through from Augusta's bedroom!

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!!" Mandy screamed at the noisy pair.

Liling responded by moaning even louder just to spite her and Mandy screamed at her until Augusta yelled, "stop cock blocking me Mandy, I'm trying to get laid here!"

Mandy angrily threw her pillow at the closed adjoining door and stormed out in tears.

Mandy felt utterly heartbroken and bitterly wanted Liling back! Liling had been the perfect submissive playmate, she was totally obedient and very rarely used her safe word. For an entire year Mandy had tortured and dominated the submissive girl and had been falling in love with her very deeply. Their official 1 year anniversary had been only a few months ago!

Mandy attacked random furniture in a rage as she stormed through the apartment in tears. She headed for her parents bedroom and entered the room without knocking.

Inside she found Mummy (Wendy) hogtied on the bed and Mum (Octavia) busily alternating between tickling and spanking her. Mandy ignored the play activities and got into bed with them, crying heavily.

"Aw sweetie, there there." Mum said compassionately and gave Mandy a cuddle.

"You poor thing, we are here for you sweetheart." Mummy said from her hogtie.

Mandy wailed loudly in grief, not caring about the volume, and Mum hugged her even tighter.

"Just cry it all out sweetie, just cry." Mum soothed at her.

Mandy obeyed and screamed and wailed at the top of her lungs for a very long time, making an avalanche of noise until her voice was hoarse. The entire time her two mothers comforted her.

Mandy made such a racket that eventually Augusta and Liling entered the room to investigate. Mandy screamed at them to go away but Liling walked straight up to the bed and gave Mandy a tight cuddle, which really confused her. Mandy's hoarse wails were then silenced by Liling kissing her on the lips.

Mandy stopped crying and started kissing Liling passionately. The kissing got extremely heavy and soon Mandy was stripping out of her clothes.

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Night Lords space marine Neophyte Augusta Antony-Sevenson looked in amazement as Liling and Mandy fucked each other passionately. Mum and Mummy were also gazing at the spectacle, torn between delight that they had gotten back together and dismay that the makeup sex was happening
in their bed while they were in it!

Augusta quietly tiptoed to the bed and picked up the hogtied Mummy and carried her out of the room to give the pair some privacy. Mum followed them out and Augusta set Mummy down on the carpeted floor outside the bedroom, closing the door behind them.

"I'm so glad they made up." Mummy (Wendy) said happily from the floor.

Augusta was happy for them too but was also trying to remember exactly WHY he had ever agreed to share his girlfriend with his sister! Out of all the girls to share Liling with, why did it have to be with one he could never have a threesome with! Augusta was still horny and Mandy had stolen Liling!

"It's so romantic!" Mum (Octavia) gushed ecstatically.

"I'm still horny, Liling didn't finish sucking my cock yet!" Augusta griped.

"Give them tonight together, they need a full night to make up." Mummy said knowingly.

"You are in favour of this? I thought you hated Liling!" Augusta asked amazed.

Wendy's body language reaction was hard to read from laying hogtied on the floor but she exclaimed, "I don't HATE Liling, I just have my concerns about how much it costs to keep her and pay for her education. She NEVER goes home anymore and she is completely freeloding off us. Don't get me wrong, she is a lovely Slaanesh worshipping girl and will make an excellent wife for you..."

Augusta cut her off, "whoa slow down! Why are fuck are you talking about marriage!"

"I'm not saying that, I'm just saying that she is extremely suitable for you! I just wish that she had some financial support from her actual parents. Do you have any idea how much it costs to enrol her in the Nightmare Asylum Private Academy?" Mummy explained earnestly.

"How much?" Augusta asked curiously.

"Half a million dollars a year." Mummy said bluntly.

Augusta's mouth fell open in shock!

"Doesn't the Royal family treasury cover all our education expenses?" Augusta asked flabbergasted.

"They do for you and Mandy, but Liling is not part of the Royal family neither legally nor a bastard. She is a commoner, about as much of a commoner as it is possible to be, so she gets no subsidies. I have to pay 100% of her education costs all from my own pocket." Mummy explained bitterly.

Augusta thought about this and felt bad for causing such a huge financial burden on the family. He thought for a moment about how to reduce this cost.

"Well what if I found a way to get her covered? I could talk to Dad about it." Augusta asked

"You can try but for her safety I strongly advise against it. If Luke foots the bill for her education and you then ever break up, he will personally have Liling killed for costing him money. I don't mind paying to save her life." Mummy insisted.
"But it's such a lot of money when you don't have an income anymore! What if I marry Liling, that would entitle her to free education wouldn't it?" Augusta suggested.

"You bit my head off a minute ago for suggesting Marriage!" Mummy pointed out.

"Well whatever, would it WORK?" Augusta demanded.

"Fuck yeah it would! If Liling becomes your wife then she will be entitled to almost all of the same rights and privileges as you are." Mummy relied.

"This is not one of your better ideas son-in-law." TigerLily's psychic voice said inside Augusta's head.

The murmurs from Mum and Mummy showed that they heard it too.

"What's wrong with it?" Augusta asked out loud.

"Well your father takes a dim view of marriage for the purpose of extracting education subsidies from the Royal family, so do I for that matter. Also you are both only 14. Also I think Mandy subconsciously wants to marry her. Even mentioning this idea to Liling will put a huge burden on her and make her feel compelled to say yes just to prevent you from breaking up with her. That's a few reasons why your father and I are not in favour of it, take your pick." TigerLily replied.

"Wait a second, Mandy wants to marry Liling? Also did you just say that Liling doesn't want to marry me?" Augusta asked out loud.

"It doesn't take a mind reader to see that Mandy is madly in love with Liling and vice versa. Neither of them have seriously thought about it yet but I think it's very likely that they will marry one day." TigerLily said seriously and continued, "And no, I didn't say Liling doesn't want to marry you. She is only 14 and marriage is far from her mind. If you ask her then OF COURSE your loyal submissive will say yes! But it will be a huge burden for her and I don't think she is ready for marriage yet! Let her enjoy her youth before having her become an adult!"

Augusta saw her point but decided that he should still talk to Liling about the idea, not propose, but simply discuss and hear her thoughts on the matter. Surely that would be ok?

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TigerLily Sevenson cursed silently to herself, Octavia's bastard was considering the idea of marrying a pure strain human! This was a disaster for TigerLily's own offspring's chances of holding on to absolute power!

TigerLily didn't give a single fuck about the wellbeing of this Liling, nor Augusta for that matter. Augusta MUST NOT produce legitimate male heirs!

As the wife of the Chaos Lord, TigerLily had gotten pregnant as many times as possible and produced a large number of legitimate heirs, making sure that at least one of her offspring would rule after Luke eventually died. The problem was that TigerLily was an abhuman, a type of stable mutant strain colloquially known as a Bird Mutant, and Bird Mutants were incompatible with space marine gene seeds. That meant that barring a miracle none of TigerLily's descendants would EVER become space marines!

But Augusta was both a pure strain human son of Luke and OLDER than any of TigerLily's children by Luke. As a lone unmarried bastard he was no threat to the succession, no matter how many bed slaves and girlfriends he got pregnant it wouldn't matter so long as the children were all
illegitimate. But if he MARRIED a pure strain human woman and she started pushing out legitimate heirs to Augusta then it could cause serious problems in the future.

Any legitimate sons Augusta had would become space marines too and once he had enough of them the rest of the Royal family might suddenly decide that Augusta was in fact the rightful heir and oust TigerLily's descendants from power!

At the moment she could not afford to just kill Augusta nor kill his little fucktoy. Both Luke and even worse Egg, were intensely loyal allies of Augusta and the wider Royal family was watching her very closely. The Royal family members employed a small army of psykers just as security against TigerLily herself, with daily checks for psychic brainwashing on all Royal family members and servants (including the psykers themselves).

In fact the entire behemoth administration system was so huge solely to prevent TigerLily from taking control just by psychically controlling a few key people! She could not adequately possess tens of thousands of people all at the same time to fill out complex paperwork, meaning that her options were limited.

TigerLily couldn't do so much as a psychic fart without it being seen and recorded by an army of psykers! This made any direct attempts to kill or mind control Augusta and his fucktoy completely out of the question!

TigerLily was instead resorting to the completely innocent looking approach of simply talking to Augusta and trying to convince him to change his mind. She had chosen her words very carefully so that she appeared only as a concerned stepmother. On the face of it her arguments of them being too young sounded completely reasonable, but she of course had a very special reason for delaying them.

Augusta was a Night Lord Neophyte with a Sevenson cartel gene seed. The gene seeds used by the cartel originally came from another Night Lords faction known as "the Disembowelling Knife", and these gene seeds were cursed with a mutation that caused a type of psychopathy in its recipient space marines. A few like Luke Sevenson and Mark/Mary Sevenson were failed psychopaths who had just enough empathy to genuinely feel love and be capable of desiring marriage, but these were very rare.

Augusta was still young enough that the psychopathy had not taken full effect yet, so he could still feel love. If he started bonding with this "Liling" now and seriously considering marriage while he still had his humanity, it was extremely probable that these feelings and affections would endure as an established neural pathway. This had happened with the 14 year old neophyte Nathan Hornswoggle and his slave girlfriend MA7 310 years ago and that had started no end of trouble!

By bonding with MA7 early, Nathan had built up a lasting neural pathway of love which resulted in him marrying MA7, having scores of space marine children and overthrowing the previous Muhammad dynasty in an orgy of violence culminating in MA7 ascending to daemonhood!

If Augusta was likewise this serious with a girl this early then it could be just as dangerous. If they MARRIED now when he still had his conscience then it was all over and he would probably never divorce her. Tzeentch only knows how many kids Liling might have!

Liling was exactly the sort of girl that would survive being married to a cartel space marine. She was completely submissive and compliant to her dominant partners, so she would probably not provoke Augusta to murder her no matter how big a psycho he became. These sort of submissive doormats had a very long life expectancy around their psychotic lovers precisely because they never resisted or disobeyed and as a result never provoked the rage of their lovers.
Liling had the added bonus of being Augusta's best friend from infancy with a HEAP of positive memories associated with her. TigerLily would kill her right now if she could get away with it!

TigerLily was thinking and plotting so furiously that she didn't even notice her husband Luke until his hand was squeezing her belly! Oh crap not NOW TigerLily thought desperately as she started shrieking with the birdsong that was her way of laughter!

Luke knew after over a decade of marriage exactly what TigerLily's weaknesses were. When she had her focus she was a borderline Gamma/Beta level psyker, but when her focus was sufficiently distracted she was nothing more than a slim mutant woman. And nothing in the whole universe distracted her focus like being tickled really hard on the belly!

Luke was mischievously squeezing her belly at a sustained extremely rapid speed in the worst possible spot! She shrieked with laughter, it tickled so terribly that she could barely breathe! Her concentration and focus were totally distracted and her powers were useless, she was now just an average strength flesh and blood woman trying to fight off a massive Chaos Lord who had her pinned down! Until he chose to stop, TigerLily was completely trapped and powerless!

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Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson was having a wonderful time as he humbled his wife. She had been far too arrogant lately and needed to be put in her place.

TigerLily struggled and shrieked hysterically, but he pinned her down and tickled her as hard as he possibly could. In a few hours she would probably pass out from exhaustion, he would not stop until then.

Luke smirked happily, this was really really fun! Having such a powerful psyker helpless in his lap gave him such an amazingly warm feeling! The best part was that she would be really really sick when she regained consciousness and by the time she was feeling well enough to use her powers, she would have forgotten that she was mad at him and would not try to retaliate.

Luke gazed at his screaming wife with what might be called love. Her suffering was really entertaining and he loved her for being so fun.

Luke gazed at his wife's jiggling tits, her struggles were sending them jiggling all over the place! He felt an erection growing in his robes that he wore at home and he released it from his robe pants without stopping tickling TigerLily for even a moment. He expertly stripped her naked without stopping.

Luke felt TigerLily's pussy with a fingertip and found that she was absolutely gushing wet, nothing got her hotter than rendering her powerless like this. Luke manoeuvred TigerLily into the right position and he slid his cock deep inside the laughing woman. She was wonderfully tight and slippery to penetrate.

Luke joyfully had intercourse with the struggling woman, such concepts as sexual consent not entering his happy mind. This woman was his wife and that means that he had sexual rights to her anytime he wanted! Luke was having a really wonderful time, so he guessed that TigerLily was too.

TigerLily was physically mute except for birdsongs, her mutant voice box was incapable of forming human speech. She could only communicate using her psychic powers for telepathy, but right now she couldn't use them.

After a while Luke ran dry and pulled out of TigerLily. She was getting really frantic now as he ruthlessly tickled her belly on his lap. She was frantically tapping on his arm and shaking her head to get him to stop but he ignored her and made her scream even louder.

Luke was feeling so happy today, he had just learned from his other psykers that TigerLily had tried to talk Augusta out of proposing MARRIAGE to his girlfriend! His son was growing up so fast! Luke was absolutely delighted and was already planning the wedding in his head, it had to be spectacular!

Luke was actually quite angry that TigerLily had presumed to say that Luke would not approve of Augusta getting married immediately! It was appalling arrogance on TigerLily's part to speak for him (so wrongly) without checking with him first! Well Luke was going to humble TigerLily with punishments until she got a serious attitude adjustment!

Luke loved his wife so much, and if you love someone then you should discipline them to improve them. Luke lovingly kissed TigerLily's screaming mouth and kept tickling her until she passed out.

***

Liling was getting towards the end of her sexual stamina when Mandy's mobile phone buzzed with about a hundred messages that continued to be sent until the sheer volume of message notifications interrupted Mandy. Liling sprawled out on the bed in exhausted comfort as Mandy crawled over to see what the hell was going on with the phone.

"Oh my fucking Slaanesh! Liling did Augusta propose to you?!?!!!" Mistress Mandy asked in utter shock.

This was so bizarre that Liling forgot her usual communication protocols and said, "Huh? What the fuck are you talking about? That's so fucking random!"

Mistress Mandy slapped Liling's face halfheartedly for addressing her incorrectly and showed Liling the phone.

Liling read in absolute dismay and confusion as about a gazillion people messaged Mistress Mandy about her brother proposing to Liling and about the Chaos Lord publicly announcing his approval of the wedding!!!

"WHAT THE FUCK!!!" Liling shouted in absolute shock.

Sir, Octavia and Wendy entered the bedroom, having heard Liling's shout and they looked just as dismayed as she felt.

Tears flowed down Liling's cheeks like waterfalls, Sir wanted to MARRY her! She was blushing more than she had in her entire life and felt a storm of emotions.

"Liling... I..." Sir began to say.

"YES... MY ANSWER IS YES!!!" Liling blurted out before she could stop herself and cried her eyes out with joy.
"Whoa slow down I haven't even asked you yet! Don't you want to talk about it before you decide?" Sir said sounding shocked.

Liling felt foolish, poor Sir probably had a whole proposal speech prepared! Liling tried to settle herself enough to listen but she couldn't stop crying.

Sir struggled to speak but he seemed to be having difficulties.

"Fucking TigerLily is to blame for all the phone messages, what a fucking gossip!" Wendy said with amused irritation.

"We were literally, just while you and Mandy were making up, talking about the POSSIBILITY of you two getting married this year, and TigerLily psychically eavesdropped on the conversation, nosily gave her opinion on the topic. It looks like she then told the entire ship about it!" Octavia said exasperatedly.

Liling felt hot sad tears add to her hot happy tears and she wailed, "so you are NOT proposing to me!!!"

Liling hid her face in shame, she had said yes too quickly! Oh this was so HUMILIATING!!

"I love you Liling and I DO want you to be my wife, let's get married!" Sir said determinedly.

Liling cried yet again, feeling like an emotional roller coaster and she swooned and fainted.

***

TigerLily was feeling absolutely wretched as she puked into a bucket beside the bed. Damn Luke really had fucked her up badly! What part of safe, sane and CONSENSUAL was so difficult to grasp? It had been neither safe nor sane nor consensual at all... Well ok the SEX had been consensual, but being tickled until she passed out was rough even for Luke!

TigerLily was busily puking into the bucket when she felt Luke grab one of her bird feet by the ankle. He stroked her right between the toes in a spot she couldn't reach with her toe claws and she squawked with laughter even as she was puking, the puke coming out in jets. She was quickly choking on her own sick, feeling so completely wretched as she coughed and gasped for air while simultaneously involuntarily laughing!

If TigerLily had a white flag right now she would be waving it frantically, she just wanted to surrender and be left to puke in peace!

This was so horrible! Why had she ever married this fucking psychopath! This was beyond harmless sexual sadism, being tormented while she was puking in a bucket was really fucked up!

TigerLily started to cry, she just couldn't take any more of this, she bawled her eyes out as the psychotic maniac abused her. Who would have thought that such a powerful psyker could have become a battered wife?

TigerLily puked herself empty and then wet herself. She was just about to crap herself when her husband finally stopped.

"Please husband no more! Please, I feel so sick!" TigerLily pleaded with Luke telepathically, her focus far too weak to do anything beyond telepathy when she was so sick.

"This is punishment, I am giving you an attitude adjustment, I don't care for your arrogance lately."
Luke said and picked her up in his arms and carried her to the bathroom as the slaves changed the sheets and cleaned up her sick.

Luke sat her down on the toilet and towered over her, invading her personal space. TigerLily looked at him fearfully, scared of more abuse.

Luke stripped himself naked and roughly grabbed TigerLily's head, forcing his penis into her mouth. TigerLily frantically sucked his cock as she did a huge dump, desperate to appease him. This had the desired effect of distracting Luke enough that he let her crap in peace.

Luke ejaculated in her mouth before she had had time to wipe and he dragged her to her feet and brutally forced her head into the toilet, pressing her face down into her shit!

"Lick it wife! Show me your obedience and lick the shit!" Luke shouted at her!

TigerLily felt absolute horror, this wasn't happening! Surely this was just a bad dream!

"Husband PLEASE! Please have mercy on me! I thought you loved me?" TigerLily pleaded.

"I DO love you, that's why I am doing this. This is discipline to make you more humble." Luke explained sternly.

"What did I even do wrong?" TigerLily pleaded.

"You dared to tell my son that I did not approve of him getting married! How DARE you speak for me in such a personal matter! I have approved the wedding and publicly given my blessings to it. You had no right to do what you did!" Luke explained, as though this was a perfectly reasonable justification for all the recent abuse.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry! Please don't make me eat shit!" TigerLily pleaded wretchedly.

A very faint feeling of empathy stirred in Luke's brain and TigerLily frantically wept and pleaded until it grew enough for him to show mercy. He pulled her head out of the toilet and flushed it to her immense relief!

Luke roughly steered her into the shower with him and ran the water. TigerLily picked up soap and frantically washed the shit and sick off herself. Luke grabbed her tits from behind and played with them as TigerLily washed herself.

TigerLily became very aware of her husband's erection pressing into her back and she tensed. The question was not "would Luke fuck her", that was guaranteed, real question was "which hole would he fuck?" It turned out that the answer was EVERY HOLE!
Chapter 6

Chapter 6C

Egg Sevenson put another wet rag on her mother's black eyes and brutal bruises, feeling so sorry for her.

"Poor Mother, why don't you move out for a while? You are not safe." Egg asked gently.

Her Mother looked at her and said, "I wish you would call me Mum or Mummy, 'Mother' has such a stiff and formal sound to it."

"That would just get me confused with my others Mum and Mummy, and don't change the subject. You are a battered wife, you need to move out to protect yourself from Daddy's fists!" Egg insisted.

"She's not going anywhere, she is being punished! Once she fully learns her lesson I will be gentle to her, I'm doing this out of love!" The deep voice of Daddy boomed from a doorway.

"WHAT exactly is she being punished FOR?" Egg demanded.

"Watch your tone child unless you want to resume your beltings! She is being punished for her arrogant attitude. She has been ANNOYING me for quite some time and THIS was the final straw!" Daddy exclaimed.

Egg cowered in fear putting her hands over her bottom and in the most humble and submissive voice she could she asked, "I'm sorry about my tone Daddy, I am merely curious about what she did to annoy you? Please don't be mad at me."

The giant Chaos Lord that was her Daddy softened his body language slightly at her subservient tone and paused thinking about why he was annoyed with TigerLily.

"Umm... well... Well I got really annoyed when she belted you nonstop for months, she was extremely disobedient when I told her to stop. It took months of asking nicely before my patience was gone and I made her stop on pain of death."

"She has done other things too, little things that annoy me. I have had psykers secretly keeping tabs on her, recording everything she says, and I have for years been taking anti-telepathy drugs to hide most of my thoughts from her so she couldn't read more of my mind than what I let her. The stuff she secretly gets up to is disgustingly arrogant, she thinks that she is so fucking smart and that I have no idea what she is up to!"

Daddy turned to Mother and said, "I have been on to you since day one. I am no fool and I am NOT your ticket to taking over the Sevenson family! You have been getting careless over the past few years, letting your guard down in small ways, just enough for me to learn how your mind works. It has been extremely amusing, but when she tried to manipulate Augusta for her own selfish reasons she went too far!"

Egg looked at her Mother.

Mother's face had gone pale as a sheet of paper, a look of uttermost horror on her face. Her face itself said an entire story. It spoke of surprise, it spoke of having absolutely no idea that Daddy was cunning enough to outsmart her. It spoke of deep fear for her personal safety. But most surprising of all it spoke of feeling deeply ashamed.
Egg's helmet allowed only the most limited of telepathic communication, so she couldn't tell what Mother was thinking deep down, but on the surface she looked completely wretched. What she looked like was DESPAIR!

This was bad, Tzeentch worshippers NEVER felt despair usually, they ALWAYS had hope! Mother's face was the face of a Tzeentch worshipper a moment before they died in their own convoluted scheming!

Egg threw herself in front of her mother like a human shield and screamed, "NO! PLEASE DON'T KILL HER!"

Mother viciously threw Egg out of the way, her maternal instincts not letting her daughter be used as a human shield.

Daddy laughed cruelly.

"I am not going to KILL her. I'm just going to HURT her, hurt her REAL BAD. She will suffer but I will keep her alive." He said psychotically.

Daddy grabbed Mother by the neck and lifted her up off the ground. He held his face inches away from her own and gazed into her scared blind eyes.

"I fell in love with you and I STILL love you. The only reason why you are still alive is because I love you. You are my WIFE and mother of my children. Not only that, you are my BEST FRIEND, or have you forgotten that TOO?" Daddy whispered to her with a mixture of affection and deadly threat.

"I love you too! I ADORE you husband! You are the only man I ever truly loved, you were kind to me when your family tortured me, you were MERCIFUL! What happened to the merciful kind man I fell in love with?" Mummy replied desperately.

"Your exact words when I fell in love with you were something along the lines of "fuck off you mass murdering psychopath!" You know that I was never KIND. You knew EXACTLY what I am when you fell in love with me too and you love what I am because you are ALSO a "mass murdering psychopath!" You cannot emotionally manipulate your way out of the hole you have dug for yourself, accept the consequences with humility and when I have beaten the attitude out of you we can go back to being a loving couple." Daddy said with a terrifying grin.

The despair vanished from Mother's face and she grinned maniacally, looking at Daddy with insane love and appreciation.

"Deal!" She said with a smile, "I DO love you you fucking psycho. So you are definitely not going to kill me?"

"I think my life would be boring without you. I want you at my side for eternity you crazy girl. I trust that you won't kill me either when you get your powers back?" Daddy replied happily.

"Oh I won't KILL you, but I will HURT you really REALLY badly. You have no idea how much pain I will inflict on you!" Mother said seductively.

Daddy looked aroused and said, "That's my girl!" and started making REALLY rough love to her in front of Egg.

Egg gazed at the display in dismay, they really were just as crazy as each other!
Egg left them to it and returned to her bedroom, silently followed by Pedo.

The bedroom was a girly paradise, painted bright pink with lots of colourful decorations. She had gone overboard with the glitter, covering every surface with bright sparkles. The walls were covered with photos and posters, mostly of family and friends but a few of especially cute guys that she had crushes on. Doll houses and plush toys were everywhere and in general the theme of the room was "ridiculously cute".

Egg picked up a large cute plush toy and cuddled it, enjoying the softness. Egg sat down in front of a doll house and giggled at what greeted her eyes.

The dolls were apparently having a bondage heavy orgy, tied up with string and engaging in sex acts! Mandy had obviously snuck into her room again and helpfully "rearranged" her dolls for her. Egg found it hilarious.

Egg had a fit of giggles as she explored her room finding every hilarious alteration Mandy had made. Mandy had really gone the extra mile in her efforts to corrupt Egg’s innocent toys! Her Konrad Curze doll was sodomising her Warmaster Horus doll on a dolls bed, the toy chaos dreadnaughts were scissoring each other, and her bendy dolls were apparently sucking their own private parts! Egg exploded in giggles.

As always, Mandy had hidden a selection of vibrators and dildos under Egg's pillows and in various other places, mostly to mess with the prudish elderly maid slave who kept Egg's room clean. Egg exploded with giggles and carefully rehid these sex toys, imagining the reaction of the maid.

Egg rescued her toys from their bondage and returned their modesty. She put her dolls back in their pretty colourful dresses and set them up having tea parties and other settings. It took quite a while to undo all the rearrangements Mandy had made, but that was half the fun.

"Would you like more tea Konrad?" Egg had her Lorgar doll ask, pouring a cup of air for her Konrad Curze doll.

Konrad himself was wearing a bright pink tutu over his power armour, as were all the other primarch dolls.

Pedo giggled electronically at the game and helped play, holding dolls as best he could between his stumps.

Pedo was currently holding a doll of the false emperor. This doll was permanently sitting on a silly looking golden toilet and had the word "loser" engraved all over him.

"I'm a big baby, I don't like tea, I want my mummy, waa waa." Pedo had the false emperor say.

Egg exploded into giggles at this and happily joined in the game, having her toys engage in a quest to make the false emperor drink some tea.

It was just so much fun and took Egg's mind off things. The game was just getting into full swing when Egg's squadron of private tutors politely entered the room with a respectful bow.

"It is time for your lesson Princess." The lead tutor said.

"It BETTER not be maths!" Egg warned.

"Alas Princess, your Royal father has insisted on pain of our deaths that we improve your
knowledge of mathematics." The tutor said with just a hint of desperation.

Egg swore in Aunty Octavia's native village dialect, a language now spoken by only 5 people in the entire universe after the genocide. The tutors could not understand her words but they guessed from the tone that she was swearing and asked her to watch her language.

"Fuck off." Egg said in the common tongue of low gothic, poking her tongue out.

The tutors ignored her and led her to the academy for her lessons. Egg looked longingly at the other children who were playing on the artificial turf of the playground and swimming in the huge swimming pool, she would much rather be playing than doing lessons!

The academy occupied a huge amount of deck space and was extremely exclusive. Space marine neophytes, Royal family members, and (with the right connections) the bastard children of space marines all got free tuition at the academy, paid for by the treasury of the Nightmare Asylum. Anyone else could attend but had to pay a staggering $500,000 a year for the privilege!

It was not only the finest educational institution in the entire chaos fleet, but probably the finest in the entire sector of real space they were currently traveling past. All students were taught to be multilingual, taught how to think logically and had their gifts and talents nurtured. The education was comprehensive and fulfilling, preparing it's students for careers as highly trained professionals in positions of power.

Egg's favourite subject by far was the brand new psychic classes, which were slowly teaching her to control her mind to the point that she could one day remove her helmet safely! If Egg could control her powers and avoid being ripped apart by them, then she would have the power of a GOD! There was theoretically no limit to what a fully trained Alpha Plus level psyker could do! Then she would be able to get out of doing maths!!! Also help her family Egg thought guiltily.

Egg walked past classrooms and study halls, libraries and laboratories, workshops and training rooms in every subject imaginable. Eventually they reached the relatively small tutorial room that was specifically booked for Egg's private use during this time slot.

The room was filled with white boards, books, computers and puzzles. Egg hissed with pain as she gingerly sat down on a chair, her backside was still healing and would hurt for a long time before it was fully recovered.

The tutors gathered around her, fussing over her and giving her attention. They opened books for her and started an interactive lesson about algebra.

Egg was not a difficult student by nature and she was really trying her best, she just was not good at maths. Her brain hurt and she was getting frustrated.

"Let's try an alternative approach, think of these symbols as being dolls. Each doll has a different personality and wants to do a different thing. Your job is to have each doll interact in a way that makes all the dolls happy." Said an enslaved Tau Earth Caste mathematician who was one of her tutors.

Egg brightened up considerably as the Tau played a highly organised game of dolls with her! He cut out little paper dolls with different symbols on them and engaged in a highly hands on lesson with her.

This was so much fun! This didn't feel like stuffy Algebra at all, it was a game of dancing dolls playing a game. The dancing dolls were amazing, as long as each doll played by the rules they
could work out the answers to complex sums!

Far too soon the class was over, but Egg refused to leave! She demanded that the game be extended and her other class rescheduled. The tutors contacted Egg's father on the phone and he was delighted with the change in Egg's attitude to maths. He was more than happy to reschedule Egg's other classes and have her devote extra time to algebra.

Egg was ecstatic.

***

Tau Earth Caste Mathematician Shovah (no relation to the deceased ethereal of the same name) sighed in relief as he retired for the night to the broom closet that he slept in every night since joining the faculty, he had just saved his life with that doll game idea. If the princess had failed to improve her grades yet again then the Chaos Lord would have personally strangled the tutors to death!

Shovah felt intensely lucky to be alive. Billions of his fellow Tau had been murdered by the Night Lords, and millions (including him) of survivors had been brutally enslaved. Most of the captured Tau were slowly starving to death throughout the ship, chained up in their own filth. Shovah had been incredibly lucky to be top of his field in a skill the Night Lords could use.

Shovah did what he could to help his fellow Tau, sharing rations of food and water with the starving and dehydrated. It wasn't much but it was all he could do without affecting his own ability to work.

He was a slave with no income of any kind. All he ever got was food, water and other basic life essentials. Despite this he still knew that he potentially had a lot of power to improve the greater good of everyone. As a teacher of Egg Sevenson (who was heir to the throne and the second most powerful member of the Royal family faction), Shovah had access to the seat of power. This could come in very useful to help a lot of people.

Egg was not a bad person, in fact she had a kindness and goodness rarely seen in humans. She was an extremely decent person, especially given her genetic heritage. Her father was a psychopath, and her mother very clearly had some major mental health problems. Such a human coupling would normally result in a child that was a mentally ill psychopath, it was remarkable how differently Egg had turned out just from a different nurture environment!

Shovah had high hopes for the girl, high hopes indeed. He only hoped that her home life with her various parents improved.

***

Octavia was dancing around the party, just gyrating with the crowd as the deafening night club music blared, filling her brain with wonderful sensation.

All around her were high ranking people and their favourite sexual partners, mostly Royal family members but also present were other rich and powerful members of the crew. The entry requirements for non Royal family members were simple: submit to a credit check and if you had over one million dollars then you and your party were allowed in.

Octavia and Wendy danced about crazily on the spacious dance floor, both of them fairly drunk on alcohol and high on a cocktail of party drugs. The sounds and lights flooded Octavia's drugged senses, causing the most surreal and intoxicating pleasures. Octavia led the dance, Wendy
submissively following her lead as always and it was getting steadily crazier. At the moment Octavia was directing Wendy to flash her tits at the crowd as they gyrated around drunkenly.

Octavia grabbed Wendy's tits from behind and pushed her tongue inside Wendy's ear.

"Oh Mistress, Yes!" Wendy slurred and giggled excitedly.

Octavia pinched Wendy's nipples hard and licked the side of her neck all over. Wendy squealed and Octavia smiled sadistically and twisted her nipples harder and harder until Wendy was orgasmic with pain. Octavia turned Wendy around and messily made out with her, getting turned on.

Octavia was out of control and was losing the ability to regulate her passive psychic powers. Her psychic lust aura was starting to attract unwanted attention from men in the crowd. For about the 50th time this HOUR, Octavia felt herself being groped! It was really frustrating, a sea of hands grabbing her ass when she wasn't looking.

Octavia swatted the unusually large hand that was grabbing her ass and suddenly cried out in pain, shocked to find her hand was bleeding! She whirled around and fell over in fright at the sight of the monster who had groped her!

"Damn it Luke! You scared me half to death! I am going to need stitches now!" Octavia shouted in a drunken slur.

What happened next Octavia had only vague recollections of afterwards.

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Chapter 7

Chapter 7C

Octavia was blissful oblivious in a dreamless sleep, feeling nothing, thinking nothing, totally comfortable. It was a timeless and trouble free state of being, complete bliss.

A sudden slap to the face shattered Octavia's blissful slumber like a glass window, hurling her miserable mind into the first vague inklings of her wretched hang over. Octavia groaned and tried to go back to sleep but a slap stung her face again, harder this time.

Octavia moaned orgasmically at the pain of the slap, wondering if it was a Dominatrix who was slapping her. Octavia's ears heard a strange bird squawking sound, a very ANGRY bird by the sound of it! Before Octavia could make sense of the sound, a pair of very strange clawed hands were gripping her throat and she felt herself being strangled! The grip was terribly strong and it was killing her! She wasn't strong (or awake) enough to fight against the terrible grip and she felt the life leave her body!

Octavia was too tired to deal with this, maybe if the grip killed her she would be able to sleep? She was just about to swoon when suddenly the grip froze and loosened slightly.

"Let her go right now TigerLily! If you kill her then I will banish you from access to our children, I will send you away to another ship!" A booming deep voice shouted from right beside Octavia.

The grip loosened completely but didn't let go. Blood rushed to Octavia's brain and her eyes shot open from the sudden energy burst from an adrenaline rush.

Octavia was laying naked in an absolutely enormous bed, draped under a sheet. Sitting beside her on the huge bed was an equally naked TigerLily, and TigerLily's bird talon feet were securely gripping around Octavia's neck! TigerLily's face was a mask of fury, jealousy and deep hatred! She was visibly shaking with rage and had tears streaming down her face!

Octavia's brain tried to make sense of this information but she was terribly hung over, disoriented and in terrible pain. Octavia just wanted to sleep, but her self preservation instincts would not let her with TigerLily trying to murder her!

Octavia gazed dumbly into those crying hateful eyes, not knowing why TigerLily was acting like this. Had Octavia DONE something to piss her off? TigerLily nodded furiously, reading her thoughts and letting her know that YES, Octavia had done something to piss her off.

Octavia's hungover mind thought hard, but couldn't connect the dots. Octavia didn't remember enough to figure out what was going on... As far as Octavia knew, she was currently in bed with her wife Wendy, right?

TigerLily angrily spat in Octavia's face and let go of her neck. Octavia massaged her throat and lay down, swooning into unconsciousness. The comforting oblivion returned and Octavia slept for what felt like an eternity.

***

Octavia dimly regained partial consciousness a long time later, she had had the most bizarre dream about TigerLily strangling her!
Octavia was extremely comfortable and felt very VERY warm. The warmth was emanating from a small body that she appeared to be spooning. Octavia thought that it was Wendy and tried to grope her tits, but found that this body did not have much in the way of mammaries. A quick feel of the helmeted head confirmed that it was her daughter Egg and Octavia shrugged and snuggled her warmly. The 11 year old Egg was always welcome to come and snuggle.

Octavia blissfully snuggled her adopted daughter, feeling utterly at peace in her presence. Obviously Egg had come for an early morning visit and climbed into bed with her.

Octavia had a terrible hangover and groaned in pain, wanting the sick feeling to dissipate, she would need to rehydrate and take some medicine to clear away the feeling.

"Nice of you to visit us Egg, I didn't think you were allowed to visit on school mornings?" Octavia whispered affectionately.

"I'm not Mum, I'm home right now. YOU are the one who is visiting silly." Egg whispered back sweetly.

Octavia got very confused by this and replied, "What are you talking about? I'm confused."

Egg whispered, "Mum you slept with Daddy last night... Don't you remember?"

Octavia processed this information for a very long pause and her eyes went wide with horror! She had very vague snippets of memory, a blur of sex and dancing. She definitely had been fucked by a man last night, she remembered giving head...

"I... Um... Oh Slaanesh NO! NO please tell me I didn't fuck Luke last night!!!" Octavia exclaimed with horror.

"I'm sorry Mum, but you definitely did. You were... were very... loud last night. Mother was pacing back and forth through the apartment breaking things and crying, she tried to interrupt you many times but Daddy threw her out. Later when you were both asleep Mother tried to strangle you but Daddy woke up and saved your life!" Egg said apologetically.

"Oh fuck! Oh sweet Slaanesh poor TigerLily!!! Oh the poor thing! Oh fuck I feel so bad for her! Oh no..." Octavia trailed off, feeling terrible terrible guilt.

"Where is Wendy?" Octavia asked.

"I'm here Mistress Octavia, I am a little tied up." Wendy said from the foot of the bed.

Octavia turned her head and saw Wendy blindfolded and tied up with her hands behind her back and her legs tied together. The rope work was Octavia's personal style but the drunkenness had caused it to be a very sloppy job.

"Did Luke fuck both of us?" Octavia asked confused.

"No, just you Mistress Octavia. Both you and Luke tickled me a lot, but only you gave orgasms. Luke never did anything sexual to me, just tickled the living hell out of me!" Wendy explained.

Octavia felt violated and asked, "what exactly happened? I don't remember a thing."

***

Augusta gave a great show of clapping and cheering when Mum and Mummy finally emerged, his
fiancée Liling obediently joined in and together they succeeded in making Mum (Octavia) cry. Augusta felt guilty, but surprisingly he felt less guilty than he would have a few months ago.

The females in the room (except Liling and Octavia) glared at Augusta and he winked at them mischievously. The room was filled with Luke and TigerLily's children but Luke and TigerLily had gone out to the command throne room to work on ruling the ship.

"This is not a joke Augusta! Poor TigerLily! I might have just destroyed her marriage! Do you have any idea how GUILTY I feel right now!" His birth mother Octavia exclaimed through angry tears.

Augusta felt a stab of guilt and said, "Sorry mum, it was just a joke."

"I'm such a terrible person, and neither me nor Wendy can remember everything that happened!" Mum exclaimed.

"You are NOT a terrible person. Dad fucks other women all the time, like several times a day! He is an absolute terror to the female crew everywhere he goes! You are not the first and won't be the last." Augusta reassured her.

"Really?" Mum asked.

"Really! I might be the FIRST bastard son he ever had, but now I'm just the first of HUNDREDS. He has been knocking up women like you wouldn't believe. You are just another one night stand."

"Then why did TigerLily look so hurt last night? You should have seen the look on her face last night when she was strangling me! Absolute pure hatred! Is she like that with every woman?"

"To be honest I don't know", Augusta admitted, "She normally just ignores the floozies, even joins in the sex sometimes from what I hear. I think that maybe she just doesn't like you?"

"But why? I have not done anything to annoy her have I?" Mum asked in dismay.

Mummy (Wendy) spoke up and said, "Mistress Octavia, it's because of Augusta that she hates you, because of the threat to her own personal power and dynasty. She is clearly terrified that Luke will one day divorce her and marry you, and in doing so retroactively legitimising Augusta as the heir above Egg. It's all about POWER!"

"But that's RIDICULOUS!" Augusta pointed out, "I'm the STRONGEST supporter of Egg getting the throne. I have spent my life helping Egg and protecting her, in the understanding that she will one day be our Chaos Lord!"

"Be that as it may, Egg has sworn to never have any children, so she won't have any heirs. If Egg snuffs it then the throne might go to you, TigerLily cannot tolerate the competition to her own brood." Mummy (Wendy) explained.

TigerLily's psychic voice interrupted any further discussion of her character, saying in their minds, "That's not fair Wendy! My husband has an affair with his ex and suddenly I'M a bad person for getting upset? That's not fair and it's very unkind!"

TigerLily was not in the apartment as far as Augusta could tell, the message was clearly happening at long distance.
"Dad cheats on you all the time, but you never tried to kill the other women. Why did you single out my Mother?" Augusta verbally asked suspiciously.

There was a brief pause.

"Um, well um, well it's because it's HER! I love Luke and he loves me, but he loved HER first! I know damn well that I was Luke's second choice! I'm the fucking REBOUND girl! How do you think it makes me feel when she comes anywhere near him? This is PERSONAL! I don't want to lose my husband!" TigerLily said, flustered at first but getting steadily more determined.

This actually made a fair amount of sense to Augusta. If anyone tried to steal Liling from him (permanently steal, not just sharing her) he would murder them too.

"Yes, I see that Augusta understands what I mean. If someone tries to steal your lover you murder them!" TigerLily's psychic voice said in their minds.

"I don't want to steal Luke! I didn't do this soberly! I was drunk and high as shit, I would have gone home with ANYONE last night. You must be able to read my mind that this is not like that!" Mum frantically explained.

"Your mind is a gutter of lust, you are a sex addict who will fuck anyone at any time! I don't want you anywhere NEAR my husband! The ship is full of people to fuck, I'm just asking you to stay off ONE person out of multitudes!" TigerLily spat angrily.

"Message received, I will ask Luke to sleep with someone else next time." Mum said reassuringly.

"See that you do! I will fight for my man." TigerLily replied angrily.

***

TigerLily miserably tried to get her husband to fuck her in the harem group sex, feeling terribly jealous and insecure. Luke was currently having anal sex with one of his concubines and TigerLily hadn't gotten so much as a kiss tonight!

The large shag pad contained all 5 of Luke's permanent concubines, half a dozen commoner floozies from the corridors outside the Royal family quarters (he had simply invited them in), and last (and least) TigerLily herself! All 12 women were naked and Luke was naked too and fucking these girls enthusiastically.

TigerLily's powers were returning now and she could very easily kill everyone in this room, but it was more complicated than that. TigerLily truly deeply loved Luke, loved him more than she had ever loved anyone that she had not been compelled to love by her maternal instincts. She had divorced her previous husband for him, had lots of very small children to him, had gone to extraordinary lengths to get him! Luke was her best friend, he was her whole world.

TigerLily had no intention of hurting Luke, even after all the domestic violence, she just wanted her husband to love her of his own accord. Really all she wanted was to be loved and cherished by her man and have a happy family. Her scheming of Tzeentch was mostly a thing of the past, she already had everything she wanted, at least on a good day when Luke gave her attention she did.

TigerLily was jostled further and further away from Luke by the crowd of girls and was getting extremely frustrated. She wanted to use her powers but was terrified of getting beaten up again... Suddenly TigerLily saw how ridiculous she was being. She was the most powerful being on this ship (not counting Egg), why fear a beating?
TigerLily drew in the power of the warp and levitated into the air. The sluts fearfully backed away from her and she floated towards Luke. The girl he was fucking yelped with fear and fled away, leaving Luke in the middle of a girl-free clearing. Luke looked up at TigerLily irritatedly, his thoughts very subtly clouded by the drugs he took.

"Stop scaring away my girls and get back down on the bed, you are not going anywhere until I fuck you!" Luke demanded.

TigerLily felt a rush of pleasure at his desire to fuck her and she floated down to the bed and spread her legs for him.

"Fuck your wife Chaos Lord!" TigerLily purred into his mind.

Luke looked around at the other girls, noting that they were all out of arms reach and shrugged. TigerLily was the only girl currently in reach, so Luke grabbed her and roughly put her on top of him and fucked her.

TigerLily beamed with triumph and savoured the reward of her victory over the rest of the harem. Luke's penis was proportional to his massive size and it felt absolutely huge inside her! It stretched her pussy wonderfully and really pressed hard on every part of her pussy as it squeezed it's way in and out of her. Her G spot was pressed hard and her clitoris was being rubbed by the sheer SIZE of the massive cock!

TigerLily moaned in blissful birdsong, feeling intense pleasure. She was utterly turned on and gave herself fully to the pleasure her husband was showering her with. The pleasure was all the sweeter because it was connected to exerting power over the other women.

Luke's hands were around her hips, pulling her down into his forceful thrusts and she gasped open mouthed at the sheer power of the thrusts! Luke's cock was clearly longer than her pussy was deep, and every thrust pounded crushingly on the very end of her pussy, transferring intense force to her G spot, cervix and every other location inside her vagina! The pleasure and sensation was completely overwhelming and soon she was screaming with pleasure.

Orgasm was still a little while off in the distance, and TigerLily enjoyed the wonderful ride, not in any hurry to cum. This was what married life should feel like!

Luke came inside TigerLily with explosive force but she wasn't done yet. She kept riding his colossal cock, ignoring his gentle prompts to get off him. Luke shrugged and just kept fucking her very hard.

TigerLily was distracted having an intense orgasm when Luke's hands on her hips started digging the thumbs into her ticklish belly! Damn it Luke had rendered her powerless yet again! Her world darkened as the tickling destroyed her concentration and rendered her powers unusable, she was once again completely powerless, Luke had tricked her!

***

Octavia was so glad that the hangover had finally gone. She still had the bandage around her hand from where she slapped one of the knuckle blades of Luke's power claw, but otherwise she was fine.

As far as she could work out Luke had decided to grab her ass as a joke and she had slapped his hand, stabbing her palm in the process. He had then summoned medical treatment for her injury and this had got them talking. Luke joined them on the dance floor and things got steadily more
friendly. The conversation had somehow turned to a bet over who could tickle Wendy the hardest and they had gone home with Luke and Octavia had tied Wendy up. After a lot of tickling of Wendy, Octavia had become sexually receptive to Luke and he had very eagerly fucked her.

TigerLily had been home at the time (spending time with the kids while Luke partied) and had kicked up a huge fuss about Octavia's presence, but Luke had simply ignored her and Octavia had been too drunk to notice the jealous wife! Octavia felt bad for her.

This whole situation had been extremely awkward and embarrassing for Octavia. Luke was the monster who first enslaved her and helped wipe out her entire village! Thanks to Luke, she was the last member of her entire local ethnic group! Her village had had it's own language spoken nowhere else and it's own culture and thousands of years of history. It was all gone now thanks to Luke and a handful of other space marines!

Octavia still remembered the look on Luke's face and the way he laughed as he had shot her father in the head in front of her, he had shot Daddy just for the fun of it!!! She remembered the horror and misery of being raped by Luke, surrounded by the dead bodies of previous rape victims! She remembered the months of suffering and the nightmares Luke had caused her!

She had been a harmless innocent teenage village girl, minding her own business in a meagre but comfortable life, and Luke had invaded uninvited into her life and thrown her kicking and screaming into HELL!!! No matter how nice her life was now, she still could not forget what Luke had done to her. She wanted as little as possible to do with that man, TigerLily could have him, Octavia did not want those bloodstained hands to touch her!

The knowledge that Luke had fucked her AGAIN was deeply troubling to Octavia. She felt violated and sick at the very thought of him doing things to her! Ew!

Octavia shuddered and returned her attention to fingering Wendy. Octavia gazed at her wife in adoration. THIS person had never hurt her (except consensually), THIS person had not even been on duty when Octavia's village had been raided. Wendy was an admin paper pusher, not a psycho rapist, Wendy at least was a good person. Octavia deliberately ignored the fact that Wendy had organised and planned slave raids, that was just depressing to think about!

Wendy was Octavia's treasure, the love of her life. To be fair, Octavia had REALLY been in love with Talon and polyamorous with Wendy as a second partner, but since Talon had died Octavia and Wendy had become primary partners. Octavia adored Wendy now, absolutely smitten by her.

"I would do anything for you Wendy, you are my everything!" Octavia told Wendy in absolute awe.

"Oh Mistress Octavia, you are so romantic!" Wendy purred in submissive worship.

Octavia lovingly kissed her and fingered her more intensely. Octavia was still amazed by how much love she could have for another woman.

Octavia had grown up assuming that she was straight. In her village homosexuality had been viewed as sinful and was a cultural taboo. It had not been easy for Octavia to accept that she was bisexual. It had taken very patient and understanding friends a long time to coax her out of her shell. It had all started weirdly enough with something as innocent as tickling of all things!

Octavia had a strong fetish for being tickled, if she was honest she had always secretly enjoyed it. But she had been deeply afraid of being tickled too due to bad experiences in the past (and cultural taboos). Tickling games were very common in the Slaanesh worshipping chaos crew and it had
seemed innocent enough to Octavia. It took a long time but eventually Octavia built up enough trust to let a few close female friends tickle her, and when they did, it unlocked the floodgates of her repressed sexuality!

The real catalyst had been Wendy's former wife, Mistress Talon. Mistress Talon had befriended Octavia and eventually earned her complete trust. Octavia had consented to letting Talon tie her up and tickle her and Talon had transformed her. Talon used to spend hours every day tickling Octavia, and the more she was tickled the more she hungered for even more! Feeding her fetish for tickling had unlocked other powerful desires in Octavia and she had eagerly given herself sexually to Talon.

Talon had talked Wendy into buying Octavia as her own personal tickling slave and for a while life had been absolutely perfect! The tickling had been Octavia's gateway into the worship of wonderful Slaanesh, and the pleasure had been heavenly. As a dedicated tickling slave she had been given extensive plastic surgery and beauty treatments, and her life had completely revolved around being tickled as much as humanly possible, every single day of her life.

It had been a glamorous life of working in porn with other slaves, being tickled by all sorts of rich and powerful people, expensive luxuries and endless sex. Talon used to enter her in "slave tickling" events, a type of highly sadistic "sport" and Octavia had won a whole cabinet full of trophies.

Life had been so good back then, just endless pleasure and laughter. Talon used to spend at least 6 hours a day tickling and having sex with Octavia, it was HEAVENLY!

But it hadn't lasted... The other slaves had been far less loyal than Octavia and had stabbed poor Talon to death and waged a bloody civil war just because they wanted "freedom!" Bunch of fucking killjoys! After that things had turned to shit and Octavia was forced to "just for a little while" stop being a tickling slave and instead be Wendy's Dominatrix... Over a decade later she was STILL playing the Dominatrix role!

Before Octavia could bring up this to Wendy they were interrupted by the butler. The butler was accompanied by a group of heavily armed men.

"Lady Octavia Ma'am, His Majesty the Chaos Lord has sent a squad of Royal guards to collect you." The butler said sombrely.

"What's he want?" Octavia asked confused.

"Booty call, you won't need clothes." The sergeant of the Royal guard squad stated matter of factly.

"This is my WIFE! You can't just help yourself to her!" Wendy exclaimed in outrage.

"I'm sorry Lady Wendy, our orders come from the Chaos Lord. We really must insist." The sergeant explained respectfully.

"Believe me I WILL!" Wendy promised.

***

"What the FUCK do you think you are doing brother! How DARE you commandeer my WIFE as your own personal fucktoy!" Wendy shouted at Luke.

Luke thought that this was a bit of an overreaction and said so.

"Overreaction? OVERREACTION! My reaction is perfectly appropriate for someone trying to
steal Mistress Octavia from me! You don't see me trying to commandeer TigerLily whenever I get horny!" His sister Wendy shouted at him.

"Feel free to, she's fun." Luke smirked.

TigerLily squawked in shock and shook her head frantically at Wendy.

"I'm sure she is but that is NOT the POINT! You can't just help yourself to your sister-in-law like this!" Wendy exclaimed angrily.

"Actually I CAN. One of the perks of being Chaos Lord of this faction is that I can fuck any woman I want." Luke pointed out.

"Don't I get any say in this? It's MY body after all." Octavia asked.

"You girls are really busting my balls here! All I want to do is have some fun with Octavia, I won't kill her." Luke said very reasonably, feeling exasperated.

"You can fuck hundreds of thousands of OTHER women, all I ask is that you leave MY one alone!" Wendy shouted in a huff.

"Go fuck TigerLily for a while, I will return Octavia to you soon enough." Luke commanded.

"I don't WANT to fuck TigerLily! I want OCTAVIA!" Wendy whined.

"It was a COMMAND not a request, I ORDER you to take TigerLily to the guest bedroom and FUCK HER until I tell you to stop. Disobedience will be punished in a way that you really won't like!" Luke threatened her.

Both Wendy and especially TigerLily looked at Luke with deeply betrayed expressions but they glumly held hands and walked to the guest bedroom, followed by Royal guards to make sure they obeyed.

"Much better", Luke said and looked the yummy Octavia up and down.

"Poor TigerLily! Why are you so cruel to her? That woman is clearly heterosexual!" Octavia said sadly.

"Why do you pity her, she would kill you right now without me protecting you. She is a cunning ruthless viper that is only kept in check by me being EVEN MORE ruthless than she is, do not pity her, she is NOT your friend!" Luke told her brutally honestly.

"It's still not very nice, it's your marriage not mine, what do I know." Octavia said.

Luke nodded, what did she know indeed. He walked up to Octavia and placed his bare hand on her naked breast. Octavia trembled and purred softly, the best that the Slaanesh worshipping nymphomaniac could manage in giving him a cold reception. This was too easy, even though she clearly did not consent to this she couldn't help herself. Luke knew just how to warm her up.

Luke grabbed Octavia from behind and started to tickle her stomach. The former tickling slave reacted predictably with hysterical laughter, she was an EXTREMELY ticklish woman. With his free hand Luke felt Octavia's pussy for wetness, she was still quite dry but she was getting steadily wetter as he tickled her. It wouldn't be long before she was too horny to resist him...

***
Wendy was having extremely unsatisfying sex with TigerLily. Her sister-in-law was dry as a bone!

"This sucks." Wendy said miserably.

TigerLily nodded, saying nothing.

With the Royal guard watching them they had no choice but to continue until Luke told them to stop. Wendy was fingering the bone dry TigerLily and really not enjoying herself.

TigerLily grimaced in pain and Wendy gently slowed down to the bare minimum speed that the Royal guard would let her get away with.

Without any verbal communication, Wendy thought thoughts directed at TigerLily.

"He really treats you mean doesn't he?" Wendy thought.

TigerLily nodded.

Did he beat her? TigerLily nodded... Hmm was it consensual? TigerLily shook her head. Was she afraid of him? TigerLily nodded frantically!

Wendy felt sad, she knew domestic violence when she saw it. This poor girl was beaten and terrified. The fact that even the mighty TigerLily had been so subdued showed just how powerful psychological abuse could be. Despite her godlike psychic powers this woman was too afraid to resist Luke!

TigerLily nodded bitterly at this and her psychic voice whispered, "I know... I'm pathetic aren't I?"

Wendy shook her head and hugged TigerLily, she wasn't pathetic at all, just a victim of the person she loved...

***

Octavia moaned orgasmically as Luke fucked her, she felt absolutely wonderful! Holy fuck his cock was HUGE! No wonder the rape had hurt so much back when she was a virgin!

Luke tickled her yet again and she shrieked with blissful laughter, this was HEAVEN!

Octavia was now completely sexually receptive to her rapist and was enthusiastically consenting. She already had a belly full of Luke's semen and her anus and pussy were likewise oozing with what felt like gallons of his cum.

Octavia screamed with pleasure and had yet another extremely ticklish orgasm! She had completely lost count of how many she had had now. How long had she been here? Definitely hours at the very least!

Luke had sure done his homework on Octavia's sexual tastes, he was very deliberately pushing every button she had! This wasn't fair! She couldn't resist when he did everything so RIGHT! She knew that this was wrong but she just couldn't help herself, she was a sex addict and Luke was perfectly mimicking the body language and actions of Mistress Talon!

It was totally unfair! Octavia was psychologically programmed to respond sexually to her beloved late owner Mistress Talon, she was psychologically incapable of responding coldly to Talon's sexual advances! And now that Luke was so expertly mimicking her behaviour cues, Octavia was starting to associate Luke with TALON! Luke's muscular physique even reminded her of the
steroid abusing lesbian!

Octavia's submission to him was total, she just couldn't help herself!

"This isn't fair Mistress Talon! I have no choice!" Octavia told Luke sarcastically.

"You love it tickle toy!" Luke said, mimicking Talon and affecting Talon's accent.

Octavia moaned at the sound and became even more submissive, helpless to resist what her brain thought was Mistress Talon. Luke dug his thumbs into her belly sides and she squealed with laughter and felt her resistance completely vanish. She was his, completely and totally physically his.

Luke clearly knew that she knew that he was psychologically manipulating her, but he was completely shameless about it and even joked about it!

Octavia hated him so much for this, but damn him she physically loved him with her entire body!

"You are my fucktoy from now on!" Luke told her dominantly.

Flushing with pleasure and trembling all over, Octavia said, "Yes Mistress Luke, I am all yours!"

***
Octavia tugged at her new metal concubine collar, unable to remove the irritating thing. It was heavy and almost indestructible!

The collar was made of the metal alloy known as "adamantium", at least she thought it was an alloy... From what little chemistry she knew there was no element called adamantium on the periodic table. Whatever it was it was the toughest and most indestructible metal she had ever seen! It had some sort of unpickable lock that kept it locked around her neck and only a tech priest could remove it.

The front of the collar said "Luke's #1" and it identified her to all as being the chief concubine of the Chaos Lord! Octavia had been submissive as shit when she agreed to be his concubine and she was majorly regretting it now!

"Open up!" Octavia wailed, banging on Candy and Labia's front door.

"Octavia? Ok just a sec." Labia's voice called out from inside.

The door opened and Octavia burst inside and hugged Labia crying.

"Octavia what's wro.... Oh!" Labia said noticing the collar.

"Help me!" Octavia begged her.

"Tell me what happened, I need to know EVERYTHING." Labia said firmly.

Octavia entered the apartment and told Labia, the tied up Candy, and the two daughters everything that had happened. They listened sympathetically and it felt so wonderful to vent to them.

"Can I stay with you girls tonight? I am too upset to go home right now." Octavia asked.

"Of course you can, you are always welcome here." Labia reassured her.

"Labia can you take this collar off me?" Octavia pleaded.

"Well I certainly am ABLE to but I WON'T! Removing this collar without Luke's permission is punishable by death for the Tech Priest who does it!" Labia exclaimed fearfully.

"Not permanently, just for a few hours?" Octavia insisted.

"Sorry sweetie but absolutely not. This collar is programmed to send out an alert if it is removed. It's actually a remarkable bit of machinery." Labia replied.

"It's so heavy and uncomfortable!" Octavia complained.

"Octavia this collar is the most priceless thing you have ever owned. With this collar on you have absolute unlimited access to anything you want on the ship! You can go anywhere and steal ANYTHING freely and no one will dare stop you. Harming you is punishable by death and the entire crew will kiss your ass! You are answerable to no one now except Luke!" Labia told her.

"But I don't WANT power, I just want a happy and peaceful life! Why is this collar so bulky
anyway?” Octavia asked

"It is full of surveillance technology, nuclear power supply, it also functions as a keycard to give you unlimited access to absolutely everything on this ship... It also has a homing beacon so that Luke knows where you are at all times. It can also cause you painful electric shocks anytime Luke likes, so I would suggest that you keep him in a good mood with you..." Labia explained, filling Octavia with dread.

"It also has a speaker system so that I can talk to you at any time fucktoy. Hi Candy, Hi Labia, how's the family?" Luke's voice spoke from the concubine collar.

Octavia just about had a heart attack from fright as Candy and Labia politely exchanged pleasantries with Luke through the collar.

"Usually I keep my concubines in cages when I am not using them, but you have relationships with my sister and my son so you are free to roam the ship as you please. Just come to me when I call you and obey my every command and I will let you have that happy and peaceful life you want. Ok?" Luke's voice said.

"Ok Luke, you know that I do as I am told. I'm just afraid of being so completely powerless to you after all that you have done to me in the past." Octavia said submissively.

"You will learn to love me in time, we are going to have a lot of fun together." Luke told her.

Octavia trembled with submissive desire, yearning for the touch of her knew "owner". Octavia deeply desired to be a slave and this collar right now made her feel more enslaved than ever.

She felt Labia give her a comforting cuddle and she let her frayed nerves calm down.

Labia untied Candy and together they gave Octavia a soothing full body massage, relaxing her tension considerably.

"What am I going to do about this?" Octavia asked her best friends.

"You are going to enjoy yourself and be the best damn concubine he ever had. You are good at making dominant partners happy remember? You have your lust aura too. You go be the best fucktoy you can be and he will treat you very well." Labia reassured her.

"I'm really envious of you, I want to be the Chaos Lord's fucktoy too!" Candy added.

"You are welcome to join us Candy, just get your sexual diseases healed up first, I can smell your pussy from here!" Luke's voice replied through the concubine collar.

"I keep forgetting to take the antibiotics, it's not my fault!" Candy complained defensively.

"I LIKE the way you smell baby girl, never change my darling." Labia said lovingly and kissed Candy passionately.

Octavia watched as the two wives made out, it was really tender and sweet.

A knock on the door interrupted and Labia's daughter Honey answered the door. A few moments later she returned leading Octavia's wife Wendy into the room. Octavia held out her arms for a cuddle and Wendy submissively nestled in her arms.

Octavia fussed over her submissive wife, noting all the scratch marks from TigerLily's claws.
Octavia lifted Wendy's obedient head up to look at her and kissed her lovingly.

"Permission to speak whore." Octavia told Wendy.

Wendy shuddered with pleasure and answered, "Thank you Mistress Octavia. I was so worried about you when I heard the news! Are you alright?"

"I've been better slut, being completely honest I am scared half to death. Slaanesh only knows what sadistic things he will do to me! I'm fucking terrified!" Octavia admitted.

"My poor Mistress! I am here for you, I will carry you through this." Wendy promised.

"I am worried about how this will affect you and me. I won't have time to spend all day dominating you anymore bitch! Your ass isn't going to kick itself!" Octavia said miserably.

"I will follow you into Luke's bedchamber and attend to your every need Mistress Octavia." Wendy said loyally.

"Oh no you WONT, no fucking WAY am I letting my SISTER watch every time I fuck my new favourite slut!" Luke's voice said through the concubine collar.

"But she is my WIFE! Do you have any idea how PAINFUL this is to me? My MARRIAGE comes before your concubine!" Wendy wailed bitterly.

"You have had HEAPS of wives over the years! Octavia is the first girl I ever loved, she means more to me than she does to you!" Luke bickered selfishly.

Wendy went pale with fury and was too upset to speak, so Octavia saved the situation.

"Luke, you already have a wife who very much wants to get more physical with you. TigerLily has to come first, she deserves the lion's share of your sex time. Satisfy her FIRST before fucking other women, it is your duty as her husband." Octavia said reasonably.

"FINE! Wife come her and suck my cock. Octavia and Wendy, this is not over yet." Luke said.

***

Luke sighed in contentment as he fucked his wife's mouth, she was getting better at giving head. TigerLily's psychic powers were hard at work on the pleasure centres of his brain, greatly improving his pleasure to heavenly heights. Her powers were the only thing that made her better than his other girls at having sex.

Luke gazed down at the blue feathered head of his wife as she sucked him and he felt a dim feeling of love for her. Octavia was right of course, his wife had to come first. TigerLily read his thoughts and made happy noises. He reached down and stroked her feathers as she enthusiastically sucked.

TigerLily was a good wife, excellent in fact. She was a loving and faithful woman who never cheated on him and for a Tzeentch worshipper she was remarkably loyal to him. She was intelligent, witty and highly competent. She had performed flawlessly as his second in command and had served as his loyal psychic bodyguard, saving his life many times. She always put out, was always affectionate to him and sex aside, she was his BEST FRIEND!

Why then was he so mean to her?

"Yes husband, WHY?!? What do you need me to do? I only want you to love me and be NICE to
me! Why are you so cruel to your loving wife?" TigerLily's psychic voice asked in his mind.

Luke cursed, he had forgotten to hide his true thoughts from her.

"Please husband, no more secrets." TigerLily pleaded.

"You are a submissive masochist, you LIKE it mean." Luke told her.

"I'm a switch, I like to alternate between sadism and masochism, it has been months since you last let me top you! I admit that I do like it rough, but not as rough as it has been recently! I have not been given a safe word nor any limits, and you beat me completely on a whim. I feel like you don't love me anymore." TigerLily told him openly.

"I'm just not in the mood to bottom recently, I need you to keep submitting to me until I am ready to switch." Luke told her.

She was still sucking his cock and he felt himself climaxing. TigerLily's powers quadrupled the power of his orgasm and he screamed in the most extreme pleasure imaginable! Damn she was good!

"I'm happy enough to be submissive to you for as long as you need, but submission requires TRUST and clearly defined structure. Between you taking Octavia as a concubine and all the random domestic violence, I am having trouble trusting you recently. We need to talk about it." She told him.

"What is it with women and TALKING? Is it so much to ask that my wife simply be obedient and submissive?" Luke said irritably.

"You love me very deeply don't you?" She asked.

"Of course I do!" Luke snapped impatiently.

"Well then doesn't that love make me worth a bit of boring conversation about feelings and our relationship?" TigerLily insisted.

Luke was getting irritated and he tried to grab TigerLily and tickle her into submission, but his body refused to move! It was then that he noticed the magenta energy glowing around her head and the stern look on her face. He tried to move again but her psychic powers overrode his motor neurones, preventing the signals from reaching his arm muscles. He could still breathe and maintain his posture, she was merely preventing him from touching her.

"I have had just about enough of being tickled recently! I think that it's YOUR TURN!" TigerLily said threateningly.

Luke had no desire to be tickled for hours on end so he chose the talking option. TigerLily smiled cruelly.
"You can dish it out but can't take it huh?" She mocked him.


"You had your chance to talk, now it's tickle time!" TigerLily said and Luke was suddenly wracked with the most intolerably extreme tickling sensation imaginable.

***

Liling snuggled Augusta sleepily in bed, the Chaos Lord was STILL laughing! He had been laughing loudly the entire night, Liling had no idea what was so funny.

Liling checked the clock, it was 6am! She stretched and snuggled closer to her future husband, he was so wonderfully warm.

"Shut the fuck up! It's been all fucking night!" Augusta shouted yet again at his noisy father.

The laughter didn't stop and Augusta tried to ignore it. He had tried everything to stop it but TigerLily wouldn't let him enter the Chaos Lord's bedroom. Augusta had eventually given up and had gone back to bed, occasionally shouting abuse when he felt especially irritated by it.

Liling submissively remained quiet and just kept snuggling him. It had been a long night and Augusta had taken his mind off his irritation by having continual sex with Liling. She was getting a bit sore now and was not sure how much more her pussy could take! Augusta sighed deeply and lifted Liling onto his penis and had sex with her yet again!

"Ow, Sir please! I am getting really painful! My pussy needs a rest!" Liling begged him.

Augusta nodded and shifted her slightly and penetrated her ass instead! Liling moaned praises to Slaanesh at this new sensation and kissed Augusta passionately. Liling was getting bad gravel rash from his stubble but thankfully her acid neutralising makeup and oral pH buffered antivenom was rendering his acid venom harmless.

Liling drank in the rich mix of sensations and went wild until Sir cummed in her ass and pulled out of her. Liling excused herself and went to the toilet to clean up. She was terribly tired and would struggle to concentrate at school today.

Liling finished in the toilet and went back to bed but Sir had decided to get up so she instead joined him in the shower.

Liling dutifully washed Augusta's massive back for him. It was covered in stretch marks from his insanely fast growth and was absolutely bulging with thick muscles. He was just so yummy! Liling couldn't help herself and licked his yummy muscles. Augusta got excited and she sucked him off hungrily.

"I love you so fuck much Liling! You are everything a guy could ever ask for!" Augusta told her passionately.

Liling felt blissfully happy at the praise and warmly reciprocated with praise of her own.

This was what true love feels like! Liling and Augusta were meant to be together, she knew that beyond all doubt. At 14 her body was surging with hormones and the emotions of her romantic life were more intense than anything she had ever known! She was hopelessly smitten and wanted to be together forever!
A lot of people said that 14 was too young to get married, but what did they know! They couldn't feel just how intensely she loved him, they didn't know what they were talking about! Liling and Augusta had been more or less sexually active with each other since they were like 4 or 5 years old! In that time they had broken up for a few years and then gotten back together again. That meant that they had been a couple for like 6-7 years before getting engaged, surely they had been dating long enough to now be ready for marriage!

The wedding was still a few months away and she had a lot to organise with the wedding planners. The dress would have to be altered to fit her closer to the date as she was in the middle of a growth spurt right now. So much to do!

"Stop fucking, we need the shower too." Egg told them, banging on the glass of the shower door.

Liling and Augusta quickly finished washing and got out of the shower. One of the attendant slaves passed them towels and they dried and got ready for school at the academy.

The Chaos Lord was STILL laughing when they left!

***

TigerLily smirked sadistically at her laughing husband, this was so fun! She was determined to really make him pay for everything he had done to her!

The attendants and children had banged repeatedly on the door but TigerLily would tolerate no interruptions. Luke HAD to learn his lesson!

Luke had given up begging for mercy long ago and simply laughed as she stimulated key areas of his brain. He was currently enduring a tickle far worse than it was naturally possible to feel with dull human senses!

TigerLily read his thoughts and saw that he STILL hadn't broken! A normal human would have gone mad hours ago but these space marines were made of far sterner stuff! He should be exhausted but he had endless stamina and his arms were still trying to grab her and get revenge!

"Damn it husband why won't you just break already so I can stop? The sooner you break and submit, the sooner I will stop." TigerLily told him.

"You need to sleep eventually, sooner or later I will get revenge!" Luke's mind thought.

TigerLily gulped, he was right! Space marine gene seed organs let them operate for weeks without sleep if needed, but TigerLily was merely human and would get tired before too much longer.

"Truce? How about we talk?" TigerLily offered.

"I offered to talk yesterday but you thought it would be more fun to torture me. You are now reaching the end of your strength. You want to tickle me more? Bring it on! I can outlast you easily." Luke thought.

Oh shit TigerLily thought, he sounded really mad! TigerLily stopped tickling Luke but kept him from moving.

"How much trouble am I in now?" TigerLily asked.

"I am going to hire some people to torture you every waking moment for a week... Maybe longer!" Luke thought at her.
"A WEEK?!? That's not fair, I only went for a night and that was revenge for how much you have already tortured me! I deserve a night at the most." TigerLily said fearfully.

"You are right, not a week... TWO WEEKS!" Luke thought evilly.

"Can I negotiate terms with you?" She begged.

"You can, but I might not stick to them!" Luke smirked.

"Stop being a dick Luke, you totally deserved this! I don't think I deserve punishment for getting you back!" TigerLily said with a sigh.

"What are your terms?" Luke asked her verbally.

"My terms are that we forget this ever happened and we carry on being friends and lovers." TigerLily said hopefully.

"My darling wife, we are still friends and lovers. I'm not going to leave you for this, I'm just going to make you suffer for a while." Luke told her.

TigerLily sighed and quickly negotiated terms of surrender to Luke. She released Luke and gulped as he grabbed her and extracted terrible revenge on her!

***

Octavia and the other concubines gazed in dumbfound amazement as Luke did cruel and humiliating things to TigerLily. He had ordered them all to simply watch as he humiliated her, the presence of the audience making it all the more humiliating for her.

At the moment Luke was pressing TigerLily's face into a bowl full of human waste and shouting abuse at her.

"Lick it bitch, lick the shit!" Luke shouted at his poor wife.

TigerLily obediently licked and Luke laughed at her. Tears were running down her face.

"Stop it!!! Stop being such a brute to the poor woman! All she ever did was love you!" Octavia shouted at Luke, unable to stop herself.

"Are you challenging my authority?" Luke demanded threateningly.

"Of course not! Your authority is unquestionable, I'm challenging the way you treat your poor unconsenting wife! What sort of brute does this to their wife?" Octavia shouted angrily.

"She started this, this is payback! She deserves to be punished!" Luke said defensively.

"I don't care what she did, THIS is absolutely unacceptable behaviour and I won't stand for it!" Octavia shouted and got up and rushed to TigerLily's side.

"Come on TigerLily, let's go get you cleaned up." Octavia said gently and lead TigerLily slowly away from Luke.

Luke grabbed both women and held them from getting away. Octavia glared at him.

"Think very carefully before you do anything here. You have in your hands the only two women who you truly love. You won't kill us, you will regret it forever if you do, and you need us to be
cooperative or we are no fun at all. Let me go and take care of TigerLily as you fuck your other concubines. I will clean her up and then when we are ready we will be very fun in bed for you.” Octavia said very calmly, carefully keeping her tone submissive.

There was a very long pause as Luke considered what she said. Octavia bent down and kissed Luke's feet, showing that she was completely no threat to his authority.

"No, you both stay here. You will obey me." Luke said firmly.

Luke continued in the unnecessary abuse of TigerLily and Octavia lost absolutely all respect for him.

"You know Luke, I was really starting to fall in love with you... But not anymore, not if this is how you treat the women who love you.” Octavia said disgustedly.

THAT got Luke's attention and he whirled around to face her with intense interest. It was no secret that Luke was in love with Octavia and any proclamation of love by her was guaranteed to get his attention.

"You're falling in love with me?" Luke asked hopefully.

"I said that I WAS, past tense. After this revolting display of domestic abuse I want nothing to do with you! I thought that you had changed since you raped me the first time, but clearly I was a fool to think that! I don't want to be your concubine anymore and don't expect any goodwill from Augusta or Egg from now on, I will tell them what a terrible person you are!” Octavia spat in disgust.

To Octavia's disbelief Luke started to cry like a big baby! She had seen him blub like this before once but this time he had no helmet on to hide his shame. All of the concubines gawked at him in disbelief and exchanged glances. Luke wore his emotions on his face and it was pathetic watching the cogs in his head spin.

Octavia had forgotten that Luke was almost incapable of coping with a situation that he couldn't solve through violence. He couldn't use violence to make Octavia fall back in love with him and he knew it. From his face it was clear that he saw his world spiralling out of control and he thought that he was losing many things that meant a great deal to him. With everything falling apart he lacked the emotional maturity to cope and so here he was crying like a baby, humiliating himself in front of his concubines!

"Oh for Slaanesh sake Luke! Stop crying! Ok ok, I will give you a second chance! You don't have to go crying on me!" Octavia said exasperated.

"You will?" Luke sobbed hopefully.

"Yes I will, BUT, yes BUT I need you to put an end to domestic violence and abuse! Show me that you have changed by how well you treat TigerLily. The way you treat her shows me how you will treat me. Treat her right and I will let myself fall in love with you.” Octavia said firmly.

"Ok sure, I will treat her better." Luke agreed frantically.

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TigerLily was feeling deeply conflicted about her desire to murder Octavia, oh Tzeentch why was this so complicated! She prayed to Tzeentch frantically for guidance and he laughed at her in response! Tzeentch was right, she was being ridiculous!
Feelings were just a pain in the ass that got in the way of plans. There was no room for such niceties on the climb to power. TigerLily desperately desired to give her children absolute power, and to give herself the absolute power to put them there. She would hopefully ascend to daemonhood soon she thought.

"Keep dreaming!" Tzeentch smirked at her when she thought she was soon going to ascend!

TigerLily got depressed and started to despair. She felt Tzeentch turn away from her in disgust and she wept in wretchedness.

"What's wrong?" Octavia asked from the hallway outside the small shrine to Tzeentch.

TigerLily sat on the comfy bench in front of the shrine and gestured for Octavia to sit next to her. Octavia happily obliged and looked at her with sympathetic expectation.

TigerLily sighed and decided to be honest, "Tzeentch is disgusted with me for being so weak."

"Domestic violence doesn't mean you are weak." Octavia said kindly.

"No not weak because of that, weak because of my feelings. You see I really need to murder you to further some of my own schemes, but I feel... conflicted. You have been kind to me and I don't know if I could bring myself to end your life... I prayed just now to Tzeentch about the dilemma and he laughed at me for being weak and turned away from me in disgust when I started to despair." TigerLily said with brutal honesty.

Octavia was silent for a long time, but TigerLily could read her thoughts and they were anything but silent. TigerLily watched the thoughts carefully, determining what sort of person Octavia was. About a thousand different things fought for supremacy in the woman's mind but in the end it was kindness that won out.

Octavia hugged TigerLily tightly and didn't let go. TigerLily felt so wretched that she hugged her back and sobbed into the woman's hair.

"That took a lot of honesty to admit what you just told me and I deeply appreciate it. Obviously I don't want to die, but I do want to help you with gaining your god's favour. Tell me your plan and I will help you find a solution that doesn't involve me being murdered." Octavia said sounding deeply moved.

"I need to gain absolute power for my children, I want them to rule. I also need to ascend to daemonhood so that I can assist my children properly." TigerLily admitted, being completely honest for probably the first time in her life.

"Don't worry about that, I love Egg like my own daughter and will spend the rest of my life helping prepare her for one day ruling the fleet. I really am not your enemy in this." Octavia reassured her kindly.

"You are still a threat that needs to be removed. Luke is absolutely obsessed with you, it was great when you were gone for years, Luke gave me attention. But now that you are back and wear that collar you are a threat to my marriage. Luke is a big enough asshole to divorce me just to marry you, I cannot take that risk! I need you out of the way so that my children can be assured as heirs." TigerLily explained.

Octavia started to think hard and TigerLily interrupted her, "no offence Octavia but you are far better at fucking than thinking. I have already thought of everything you are thinking and it doesn't solve the problem. I need you removed permanently, if I give you some poison will you please
drink it? Your death will be painless and you will then enjoy your Slaanesh afterlife."

"I have a wife and family here! I have people who love me and need me. I'm sympathetic to a point but this is my LIFE you are talking about! Do you value your power more than you value my life?" Octavia asked in shock.

"I used to, was a time when I would murder you on the spot, but now I have all these feelings and all this guilt and empathy. Why can't you be more of an asshole so I can kill you without feeling so conflicted? I'm begging you to piss me off so I can stop being so weak!" TigerLily said miserably.

"I feel... sick, this conversation is really disturbing me! I I, oh Slaanesh this is going to give me nightmares for the rest of my probably very short life! I will break up with Luke tomorrow, I will go far away, please just spare my life!" Octavia pleaded wretchedly.

"I think that I have heard enough, TigerLily you are under arrest for conspiracy to murder my number one concubine!" Luke's voice spoke from Octavia's concubine collar.

TigerLily cursed her weakness and focused her powers on Octavia's mind, attempting to kill her. Octavia lapsed into a coma and TigerLily relished the feeling as she smothered the life out of the girl. The girl was just moments from death when TigerLily sensed Egg holding a gun to her own head!

"Spare Mum's life or I blow my own brains out!" TigerLily sensed Egg saying from the other side of the ship, out of range of TigerLily's powers to stop her!

TigerLily's maternal instincts instantly overruled all conscious decision making processes and she was compelled to spare Octavia's life.

"Repair the damage to Mum's mind, bring her safely out of the coma or I shoot myself!" Egg demanded.

TigerLily's frantic maternal instincts obeyed instantly and Octavia coughed herself awake.

"You fucking evil BITCH! You just tried to murder me!" Octavia screamed. TigerLily ignored her.

"Place yourself under arrest and I will take the gun away and keep on living." Egg ordered, and TigerLily miserably obeyed.

***

The Royal family was not very impressed with TigerLily as they sat around the conference table debating what to do. This was an extremely complicated family problem that affected everyone.

TigerLily herself was sitting in a chair with a specially modified psychic nullifying helmet securely locked around her head. The helmet was one way, meaning that other psykers could read and affect TigerLily's mind but she herself could not use any powers. A hired psyker was acting as the means of communication with TigerLily.

"You really are a horrible person aren't you!" Octavia said at TigerLily angrily.

"I know that I am, I felt bad about it, but also terribly satisfied. I was a fool to confide in you. And now it is going to cost me my life, I really am a fool!" The psychic interpreter replied.

"No you are not a fool for confiding, that was the only decent unselfish thing I have ever seen you do. It might be the only thing that convinces me to vote to spare your life." Wendy said
"Really?" TigerLily said through the interpreter.

"You have always been a piece of shit TigerLily, one of the most evil and manipulative bitches I have ever met. Time was when I would have gladly killed you, especially after attempting to murder my wife. But now like you said, I'm conflicted. In your own fucked up way you reached out to Octavia to warn her and try to spare her from the schemes of Tzeentch. That showed me that maybe you are changing into a human being." Wendy said in a hard tone.

"It was absolutely disgusting! We have all reviewed the data from Octavia's concubine collar recorded over the last 48 hours and it was all so disgraceful!" Macy (Luke and Wendy's eldest sister) said in outrage and continued.

"Honestly it is disgraceful the way you treat your women Luke! Commandeering Wendy's WIFE to be your personal concubine was inexcusable! The poor girl spent most of the time recorded crying her eyes out to her friends about it! I cried as I watched the footage, it was so heartbreaking!"

"She really is a sweet little thing, she really had a heart of gold in the footage I saw. Sure she had some rough sex with Wendy, but we all know Wendy likes it rough."

"It was disgusting how you forced all your concubines to watch as you forced TigerLily to lick shit and screamed abuse at her! I wanted to punch you for being such a brute! It was totally fucked up! You really are a horrible husband to this rotten bitch!"

"Which brings me to YOU TigerLily! Luke was doing terrible horrible things to you. Octavia took pity on you (because she is a far nicer person than you!) and she risked a beating to talk my brute of a brother into treating you right. She succeeded in getting Luke to treat you like a wife should be treated, and how do you repay her? By trying to MURDER her!"

"You evil, nasty bit of shit! You and Luke are made for each other, you are both such horrible people!" Macy finished.

"Fuck you too sister!" Luke exclaimed angrily at Macy.

"I agree with Macy, it was just a shocking situation all around." Said Mark/Mary Sevenson, the male to female transgender space marine.

"Shut up Tranny, TigerLily is on trial here not me!" Luke snapped irritably.

"Please don't kill our mother, please spare her!" Added all of TigerLily's children who could talk.

"I don't want to kill her either, just lock her up so she doesn't kill ME!" Octavia said.

This sparked even more debates over whether or not to kill her, as well as criticism of Luke's domestic behaviour.

"This is not a democracy, I'm the boss here!" Luke bellowed.

"You are only the leader of the space marines for as long as WE decide to follow you great uncle." Said Wendy's grandson Sherman Sevenson.

"What you think a young whippersnapper like you can lead us?" Luke snapped at Sherman.

"I'm over a hundred years old! I'm not young!" Sherman countered.

"I'm over 300 years old you young turd!" Luke jeered.
"Fuck off you old fart!" Sherman shouted back.

"Can't we EVER have a family discussion without name calling and shouting?" Octavia yelled.

"You aren't even a family member, you are just the wife!" Yelled Bradley Sevenson.

"Don't talk to my Mum that way!" Augusta yelled at Bradley.

"Shut up Bastard, you aren't even legitimate!" Bradley countered.

"Just because your Dad was married to your Mum when he raped her you think you better than me?" Augusta said

The mention of Nathan raping MA7 got the entire table involved in a vicious argument that sent insults hurling at everyone present.

"HEY, what the hell are you all shouting about? Insulting mothers is not relevant to deciding what to do with TigerLily!" Liling piped in after listening quietly for a long time.

The family reluctantly stopped their favourite pastime of shouting at each other and instead resumed shouting at TigerLily and calling her names. Liling sighed, what the hell was she marrying into?

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Chapter 9

Chapter 9C

Egg once again had an extremely sore bottom, Mother's maternal instincts compelling her to belt the living hell out of Egg's bum for threatening suicide yet again!

"200 belts is enough, you need to stop now!" Pedo pleaded with TigerLily.

"Never enough! I gave her a second chance last time and it didn't work, this time I will belt her FOREVER AND EVER!!! She threatened my baby's life, that is unforgivable!" TigerLily's electronic voice shouted through the speaker system of her psychic nullifying helmet.

"She IS your baby you batshit maternal lunatic, you are killing her!" Pedo shouted at her, clearly losing his patience.

"KILLING HER!!?" TigerLily shrieked in terror and frantically hugged Egg and called for medical attention.

Egg sighed miserably as the confused emergency medical technicians tried to make sense of why TigerLily had called them. The medical technicians treated Egg's red bum as TigerLily screamed at everyone in earshot. It had been like this ever since the end of the trial.

TigerLily had been charged with attempted murder of Royal family wife and chief concubine Octavia Sevenson (AKA Mum) and had been found guilty. Normally the punishment for this crime would be death but TigerLily's position as wife of the Chaos Lord entitled her to special treatment. It was simply out of the question to execute her, so the Royal family had instead merely rendered her relatively harmless and left her defenceless to the domestic violence of her husband!

Egg's birth mother was a mass of black eyes and bruises, Daddy was obviously beating her up on a daily basis. TigerLily had lost the goodwill of Mum (Octavia) after trying to murder her and now had no one to protect her from Daddy's fists! In fact, no one in the entire ship had any goodwill left for TigerLily at the moment, the trial had revealed a lot of insights into her character and it frankly speaking left a lot to be desired!

Around TigerLily's head was locked a specially designed psychic nullifying helmet. It let her see through cameras and hear through microphones, and it contained a speaker to let her speak. This let her function normally but it completely blocked all of her psychic powers. She was now nothing more than her flesh and blood, but unfortunately for Egg she was still big and strong enough to overpower her and belt her ass raw!

The EMT gave Egg a painkiller injection and she sighed in relief as the pain in her ass vanished. Mother was attempting to belt Egg even more and the EMT's angrily held her back.

"Mother you forced me to do it! You were killing my Mum!" Egg shouted at TigerLily.

"*I* am your Mum! Not HER! ME ME ME! You are MY daughter!" TigerLily screamed in rage.

"No TIGERLILY, you are NOT my Mum, you are a vicious monster who beats me! You have NEVER been like a mother to me! Octavia raised me, protected me, cared for me and LOVED me ever since I hatched! I wish I never met you you horrible monster!" Egg said cruelly, surprising even herself that she could say something so cruel!
TigerLily gasped in hurt shock at these terrible words and Egg immediately regretted her words. "I'm sorry, I should not have said that." Egg apologised as TigerLily started weeping.

***

Octavia was shrieking with laughter as Luke tickled her. She was bound spread eagle to the bed and Luke was busily stroking her armpits!

Octavia tugged uselessly at the restraints, unable to escape and completely helpless... Just the way she liked it! Oh Slaanesh this was heavenly! She had missed this so much over the long decade!

Luke was absolutely ruthless and Octavia had no time to rest, not even a second to recover from the constant tickling! Luke had fucked her repeatedly over the past few hours as he tickled her and she was oozing out semen like a waterfall!

"Come on Luke! I want my wife back now! You have had her for half the day!" Wendy's voice pleaded from outside the bedroom door.

"You had her all to yourself for over a decade, it's my turn to enjoy her!" Luke shouted back.

Octavia felt really special the way she was being fought over. Recently she spent every waking moment having kinky sex with both siblings, dominating Wendy and being dominated by Luke. Honestly she was amazed that Luke even found the time for his other duties!

Octavia was laughing far too hard to speak as Wendy and Luke squabbled over who gets to play with Octavia!

"Don't you have to go to work? I hear that the clowns in your administration department have a stack of papers taller than me that needs your signature!" Wendy chided.

"Fucking hell! Really? You can't be serious!" Luke exclaimed in horror.

"You spent all week fucking my wife, the paperwork piles up! Get your cock out of my spouse and go do your job!" Wendy shouted.


"This sucks, I'm sick of all this work! I just want to fuck girls all day long during peacetime!" Luke lamented.

"Oh you POOR thing! I worked my ass off every day of my life and you can't even take a few hours each day to pull your cock out of girls and get some work done!" Wendy mocked him.

"I go to WAR! Bullets flying, risking my life, it's much more dangerous than your job ever was. During peacetime I should be able to relax." Luke complained.

"All you ever DO is relax! The only reason anything got done was because TigerLily did all the work while you cheated on her!" Wendy said exasperatedly.

"Yeah, it was great wasn't it? How long before she can resume her duties?" Luke asked shamelessly.

"HER duties? I think you mean YOUR duties! And no, the family doesn't trust her with anything
like that anymore, she is a convicted criminal who attempted to murder MY WIFE!" Wendy answered angrily.

"Bye." Octavia called happily as Luke left for work in a huff.

"I'm so sorry about my brother taking up so much of your time Mistress Octavia." Wendy said apologetically.

"You kidding? I LOVE it! I'm having a wonderful time being tickled all day." Octavia said blissfully.

Wendy looked sad and insecure and said, "Oh Mistress, I KNEW I wasn't satisfying you! I'm such a terrible wife!"

Octavia kissed Wendy lovingly and tied her down on the bed where Octavia had been tied up.

"I think that I can find ways of making you satisfy me." Octavia purred and started spanking Wendy.

For many minutes Wendy moaned in pleasure and then suddenly she let out a horrified scream!

"That wet patch is semen isn't it?!? I'm not on any birth control!" Wendy shrieked!

***

"Congratulations Luke, you got your sister pregnant!" Dr Carina Sevenson said mockingly.

The entire assembled family laughed uproariously.

"This isn't funny!" Wendy shouted angrily.

"It is kinda funny." Luke said.

"You are not the one who has to go through the discomfort of pregnancy! From my point of view it's not funny at all!" Wendy sulked.

"I wonder how this will affect succession?" Octavia wondered out loud.

The entire assembly roared with laughter.


"This isn't funny! This is so fucking gross!" Wendy cringed.

"It's your own damn fault for not being on any birth control!" Luke condemned her.

"I'm a LESBIAN! I don't NEED birth control! In almost 300 years this is the first unplanned pregnancy I have ever had! Why can't you clean up the fucking huge PUDDLE of cum off your bed you gross pervert!" Wendy retorted.

"Sorry, my bad. It was second hand semen from my pussy, I thought it was safe once it had already been in one pussy?" Octavia said sheepishly.

The family howled with laughter at Octavia's appalling grasp of basic sex education.

"But I was ON birth control! I thought that made it... safe..." Octavia said trailing off.
"Safe for YOU, not safe to tie Wendy face down with her pussy in a puddle of semen!" Dr Carina explained to the laughter of most people present.

"Leaving aside sex education for the insane, what are you going to DO about this pregnancy Wendy?" Macy asked.

"I don't know," Wendy wailed, "I need time to think about what I want to do!"

"I didn't think that women over 200 years old could even GET pregnant!" Octavia exclaimed.

"You are forgetting all the anti ageing rejuvenation drugs we take. Chronologically Wendy is almost 300, but BIOLOGICALLY she is a perfectly healthy fertile woman in her mid thirties. You yourself are still biologically in your very early twenties despite being over 30 chronologically because Wendy has been giving you rejuvenation drugs ever since she bought you as a slave. Our whole family ages much more slowly than natural." Dr Carina Sevenson explained.

"I think you should keep it just to annoy TigerLily! Tell her it's the new heir!" Sherman said nastily to the laughter of the family.

"Where is TigerLily anyway?" Octavia asked.

"She is a little tied up at the moment, I left her with a dominatrix to keep her company." Luke smirked.

"I thought you were at work?" Wendy asked disapprovingly.

"I was but TigerLily annoyed me." Luke explained.

"So will this child affect succession seriously?" Octavia asked changing the subject back to topic.

"I'm not sure to be honest, the only other family members gross enough to do this were Sandra and Ross Sevenson, but they are not here. Where are they?" Wendy asked.

"Probably fucking each other like always, should we call them?" Luke replied.

"Oh Slaanesh no! Brother sister couples freak me out!" Wendy said.

"HEY that's not cool Mummy!" Said Violet, Mandy, Egg and Augusta in unison!

"What are ALL of you a couple now?" Wendy asked in shock.

"It's complicated." Violet admitted.

"Ew! What is wrong with this family! Even you son?" Luke said in disapproval.

"Well... Mandy and I share Liling and sometimes we double up... Violet used to have sex with Mandy and I think that Egg did too. It's a web." Augusta admitted embarrassed.

"No I don't have sex with Mandy, I am Mandy's submissive, it's purely nonsexual torture games!" Egg explained frantically.

"Me and Mandy have sex." Violet admitted bluntly.

The rest of the family shifted uncomfortably.

"Well... Well Mandy and you are not related by blood son, so I guess that's ok... Violet, I am not
your biological father and you are not related to Mandy either so it's not technically incest..." Luke reasoned awkwardly.

"At least they didn't knock each other up!" Sherman smirked.

"It's not like I personally fucked Wendy, this was just carelessness around second hand cum!" Luke said defensively.

"Is "second hand cum" even a word?" Sherman asked mockingly.


"Sister fucker!" Sherman said back.

"Ummm... Idiot?" Luke said back trying to think of an insult to say.

"Nice one" Sherman smirked.

"Do they always insult each other?" Liling whispered to Wendy.

"We have space marine hearing Liling, whispering won't do shit. Yeah this is what we do, you are marrying into a family of expert fucking wordsmiths!" Luke told Liling.

"Some more expert than others." Sherman added.


"Touché? What is that?" Liling asked confused.

"Honestly I have no idea where the word comes from." Luke admitted.

"I think it's some ancient swear word?" Sherman suggested.

"Yeah, like Touché you!" Luke added.

"It's a sword fighting term you twits, it's what you say when someone else stabs you. Sort of like, applauding someone for managing to wound you." Macy told them.

"Why would you applaud someone for stabbing you? I sure as shit didn't applaud TigerLily for almost killing me!" Octavia asked incredulously.

"It's a guy thing, maybe Mark can explain it to you... Oh that's right you had your cock and balls cut off didn't you?" Sherman said nastily.

"Fuck you Shermy, I was just minding my own business, why you gotta attack me like that?" Mary/Mark Sevenson the trans woman space marine yelled angrily.

"Shut up tranny, go find a guy to fuck your fake pussy!" Sherman jeered.

"SHERMY! That is a horrible thing to say! I can't believe my own grandson is such a bigot!" Wendy exclaimed in shock.

Sherman grumbled but said nothing.

"Sword fighting and trans bashing is all very informative, well not so much the trans bashing, but anyway, we are getting wildly off topic here." Macy exclaimed.
"What was the original topic?" Octavia asked confused.

The other family members thought hard trying to remember.

"Your wife is pregnant." Macy reminded her.

"Oh yeah, THAT! Well um..." Octavia said, not sure what to say.

***

While the Royal family members dealt with such things as pregnancies and relationships, the multitudes of damned slaves had the much more urgent problem of not starving to death! Shovah and an army of other moral individuals were working frantically in their spare time to give food and water to these poor unfortunates.

The human, Tau and other slaves thanked Shovah profusely as he ladled water into their mouths and gave them what little food he could spare.

"You do this every day?" His pupil Egg Sevenson asked from the middle of her squad of heavily armed bodyguards.

"Yes child, if I don't then these people will die. I share as much food as I can spare with them to keep them alive." Shovah explained.

"This is wonderful! Can I help?" Egg asked.

"No you may not, stay away from the slaves!" The bodyguard leader snapped at her.

Egg pouted disappointedly and looked terribly sad.

"One day you will be in a position to help them when you rule as a Chaos Lord. It is enough that you simply take note of your subjects and domains, a wise ruler stays informed of everything they rule." Shovah explained.

"You are a MATHS teacher, stop teaching her this freedom activist crap!" The bodyguard shouted at Shovah.

"This IS maths, this is for her major assignment on calculating ship food assets management! She needs to get a good grasp of exactly WHY the numbers in food supply is important! Egg, you see these slaves? Every single one of them will starve to death if YOU don't do your maths correctly, THIS is what makes it so important!" Shovah explained firmly.

"Oh Slaanesh! Please help me, I don't want them to die!" Egg begged.

"You are willing to give up an extra hour or more of free time each day to focus on your maths?" Shovah asked.

"Yes of course! Just help me save these people!" Egg insisted frantically.

"You see Royal guards? I know what I am doing, do not question my teaching methods. I alone have been able to engage this child in improving her mathematical education, that makes me far less replaceable than YOU. Any more interference from you and I will inform her father that you are preventing me from doing my job... How long do you think you will remain alive if I do?" Shovah said with deadly threat.

The bodyguards immediately showed very fearful body language and they apologised desperately.
To anger the chaos lord was to die unless you were very high ranking, and bodyguards were no where near high ranking enough to take that risk.

Shovah showed Egg how much food and water he dished out to each slave and got her to write down the figures. He then got her to count every chained up slave that she could see and write the number down. Egg was extremely engaged, able to see just how important this was. Using the methods he had taught her Egg correctly calculated the bare minimum food and water each slave needed every day just to stay alive.

"Correct, very good Egg! You are doing great!" Shovah told her and continued on with the lesson.

***

Egg was feeling determined to do something to help feed the poor slaves as she went into various relatives homes and helped herself to the food in their kitchens. She was currently directing her slave Pedo to lift a heavy box of synthetic tofu packets into the metal trolley she was using.

"What the fuck! Thief!! Oh it's you Egg? Why are you stealing my stuff?" Asked a very confused Jenny Sevenson asked her.

"I need it to feed the slaves, they are starving to death all over the ship! They need this food more than us." Egg explained with deadly seriousness.

Jenny giggled delightedly and said, "oh you are so adorable! Sure you can take it honey, I will just get the kitchen slaves to order some more."

Egg thanked her and cleaned out Jenny's kitchen of everything remotely edible. Egg and Pedo had a lot of difficulty pushing the overladen trolley out the door and down the corridors to the elevator. A bodyguard squad formed around Egg as soon as she left the Royal family forbidden quarters and they helped push the trolley the rest of the way to the food charity head quarters office.

"Here is some more." Egg told the stunned charity workers.

"This is wonderful Egg, you just saved hundreds of lives with this donation!" The charity workers told her.

Egg felt wonderful as everyone praised her, it was so rewarding to help the poor!

"I have a lot more relatives kitchens to raid, I will steal as much as I can." Egg told them happily.

"Wait, this food is stolen?" One of the workers asked concerned.

"Yeah, I just walk into the kitchens of my relatives and take it. They never try to stop me... Well my distant cousin Sherman the space marine did give me a spanking and shouted at me... But on the whole they don't mind." Egg explained.

"I don't want you to get into trouble Egg." The lady said with concern.

"My ass can survive a spanking, these slaves can't survive without this food!" Egg insisted adamantly.

Egg hurriedly dropped off the food and returned with the empty trolley to the Royal family quarters. She did a quick calculation as Shovah had taught her and calculated that she had saved less than a thousand lives with the food so far! She got out a pen and paper and did some calculations. She would need over ten tons of food to save the thousands of starving people she
planned to tonight.

"Royal guards come here NOW." Egg commanded.

Dozens of men came running to assist her, looking around for threats.

"All of you grab a trolley each and follow me, I have a lot of work for you to do!" Egg commanded sternly.

***

The Royal family was less than thrilled with Egg the next morning, she had stolen EVERYTHING from every unguarded kitchen and food storage area in the entire Royal family quarters!

"I'm hungry!" Mandy moaned unhappily.

"We are ALL hungry!" Wendy said irritably.

The entire Royal family was sitting around the bare feast hall shouting angrily for food as the ship's synthetic food synthesiser worked furiously to replace their missing breakfast!

At the front of the hall Egg was bent over the knee of one of the space marines getting a hard spanking. A long line of people were lined up waiting their turn to spank the thieving little girl! TigerLily was getting extremely agitated about Egg's safety and Luke had tied her to a chair to stop her interfering with the punishment.

"At least her heart was in the right place. She really is a dear little thing." Octavia said.

"She is Mistress, but this behaviour is worrying. No one is denying that she did this out of the best possible motives but stealing 30 TONS of food in a single night is too big to overlook!" Wendy replied with a sigh.

"Yes it is really astonishing what she can do when she sets her mind to it! She will make a great Chaos Lord one day." Octavia said with a smile.

"I'm worried that she is too soft hearted for it. Chaos Lords have to kill people and make the hard choices to achieve victory. Is Egg really capable of that?" Wendy pondered.

"Well she has her powers, maybe she won't need to kill people just to defeat them? Maybe she can just reprogram their minds so they surrender?" Octavia suggested.

"Maybe Mistress, I hope so. I'm very worried about the stuff her new maths teacher is filling her head with, it is dangerously close to the freedom activist bullshit that caused the civil war." Wendy replied.

"I don't know, at least he got her interested in maths! We have been searching for a teacher who can do that ever since she started school. She planned out this food theft using MATHS to calculate how much food to steal! I never thought I'd see the day when she took so much interest in maths!" Octavia insisted.

"Never mind all that, I am HUNGRY! When will breakfast be ready?" Mandy whined.

"How is YOUR homework going Mandy? Are you taking an interest like Egg is?" Octavia asked sternly.

"Wait, why am I in trouble? SHE is the one who should be in trouble not me!" Mandy complained.
"I didn't say that you were in trouble, not unless you made Liling do your homework again!" Octavia said sternly.

"But MUM! She is my submissive, she LIKES to do my homework for me!" Mandy whined.

"That's not what subs are for! You are a terrible Dominatrix if you think that a sub is just an easy way to get out of your responsibility!" Octavia chastised her.

"I know that is not what subs are for, I spend hours having fun with her. But if she offers to do my homework of course I won't say no!" Mandy explained.

"The whole point of your very expensive education is to prepare you for adult life. Every time you let Liling do your homework you are handing over some of your power to Liling, improving HER education at your expense! Over time all that extra education is going to add up until she is far ahead of you!" Wendy explained.

"So what?" Mandy asked, not understanding the point.

Wendy sighed and explained.

"When I was just a bit over your age I was exactly like Liling, I was a submissive doormat for a series of dominant sadistic girlfriends. These girls relaxed and made me do all their homework for them. When they got bad marks in homework they punished me and this motivated me to learn like you wouldn't believe! Not only was I doing their homework, I was also doing my own. In effect it meant I had to do twice as much homework as anyone else in my class."

"Well for me it was perfect, I got the pleasure of submission and I was highly motivated to do twice as much homework as anyone else. When it came time to exams I had an edge over everyone else in my class and I EASILY got far better grades than my lazy dominant girlfriends got! By being lazy my girlfriends had opportunities close in their faces and they had more limits on how much further education they could do. But because I had stolen their homework tasks from them, I got into the advanced administration classes and had opportunities open up for me."

"When I dumped my girlfriends they were always far worse off than they were at the start of the relationships, and I parasitically fed off their educations for my own benefit. I went from girlfriend to girlfriend leaving ruined educations in my wake and I proceeded into getting multiple masters degrees in administration whilst my foolish ex girlfriends tried to explain to their angry fathers why they had flunked out of higher education!"

"I used my education to organise our family's rise to power and I became a billionaire and a chaos champion! My ex girlfriends are all dead now and none of them got far in life, do not become like them!" Wendy finished.

"But, but why didn't you help them? If you loved them why didn't you marry them?" Mandy asked horrified.

Wendy laughed, "I don't top from the bottom, I did exactly what those arrogant fools commanded me to do. And for the record I DID try to warn them about doing their own homework but they slapped me and punished me for suggesting it!"

"You still didn't need to just dump them like trash!" Mandy wailed.

"Why the hell would I want to marry those dumb upper class fools? They were not particularly good Dominatrices, just spoiled bitches. I dumped them as soon as it suited me and when I grew up I dated and married the best professional Dominatrices on board the ship! Why would I settle for
spoilt fools when I could have the best on offer? I was a billionaire, I had every Dominatrix on the ship fighting over me!" Wendy said laughing triumphantly.

"That's so cruel!" Mandy whined, clearly empathising with the high school ex girlfriends.

"It worked out well for you. Your biological mother Mistress Talon Lash Lee was the best professional pedigree Dominatrix on the entire ship at the time, the finest quality that money could hire! She was absolutely EXQUISITE and I had the wealth needed to marry her all for myself! You are her daughter and you hit the fucking Jackpot that she was married to a billionaire when you were born!" Wendy said with a blissful smile.

"You are my mother too!" Mandy pleaded desperately.

"I raised you as my own and I regard you as my own daughter yes, but you don't have a single drop of my blood in your veins. Your biological mother was a relatively poor sex worker, and your father was some poor as shit hive ganger working as a grossly underpaid ship's crew member in a ship of the Imperial Navy that Luke captured! You came from nothing and I raised you up to the height of power and privilege! Do not make me think that I raised you up for nothing." Wendy warned.

"Yes Mummy, I will do my own homework from now on." Mandy said submissively.

"Good girl." Wendy said dominantly.

"It's really hot seeing you be so dominant." Octavia purred seductively.

Wendy flushed with pleasure and Octavia kissed her hungrily.

"If you only marry the best Dominatrices then why are you married to a submissive like Octavia now?" Mandy asked curiously.

"Well there are a few reasons why. But just look at her! She is like the hottest woman I have ever seen! Slaves like this are almost impossible to get hold of!" Wendy said.

"Not that Mum's not great, but what makes her so special as a slave?" Mandy asked?

"Mistress Octavia is one of those super rare slaves from a culture that actually WANT to be a slave and will fight against any attempt to set them free. She is utterly loyal and submissive to whoever owns her, considers being a slave to be the highest form of family to her owner. I had a heck of a hard time trying to set her free! Even to this day she insists that she is my slave!" Wendy explained laughing.

"Hmpf!!! How dare you make fun of my culture! I am a PERSON with feelings, not just a commodity! Yes I am your loyal slave, yes I have a deeply held cultural belief that slavery is a noble and blessed privilege, but I also LOVE you as my WIFE! How dare you make fun of me!" Octavia shouted and stormed off in a rage.

"Octavia honey, I'm sorry!" Wendy called out after her mortified.

Octavia went and sat on Luke's lap and was soon shrieking with ticklish laughter.

"She doesn't seem all that submissive." Mandy pointed out.

"She will be back in a while, I just touched a nerve. She is very sensitive about being a slave and she deeply resents me setting her free to marry her." Wendy explained.
"While she is gone, what makes her so special? I have seen the photos before the plastic surgery, she was only average looking, fuckable but not anything like as hot as me or Talon." Mandy asked quietly.

"Her character is really special, she is so much more genuine than most slaves. You never get fake interactions with Octavia, she wears her heart on her sleeve and is just a genuinely nice person with a lot of love to give. She is I would say my friend." Wendy explained.

"Your friend?" Mandy asked.

"Yeah, back before you were even conceived. Talon and I were friends with her, not sexual at all, just friends. This was long before any of us ever had any intentions of us ever buying Octavia, long long before we ever considered a sexual relationship with her. She was just a really genuine friend." Wendy said and continued.

"We used to babysit Augusta for her when she couldn't get child care, during her terrible slave labor shifts. The poor girl was an unskilled maintenance slave, used to work like 12-16 hours a day in the filthy crawl spaces cleaning the grime out of moving machinery parts before it jammed. It was absolutely filthy work and she was fed so little. The poor thing came home each day completely caked with grease and grime and then still had to look after Augusta and do chores."

"She had very little but what little she had she would gladly share. She had so little spare time but she always made time for people. We only knew her as the mother of Luke's bastard son, she really was nothing to us. We just sort of clicked with her."

"Whenever I got the shits with Talon and threw her out she would crash with Octavia as a place to stay. Whenever we were having marriage problems she was our shoulder to cry on. We never paid her and she never asked for anything in return, she was just genuinely nice."

"She wasn't even sexual at all back then, she worshipped the Emperor and was totally sexually repressed. Luke absolutely ruined her when he raped her and for over a year she was completely asexual."

"What changed? How did you ever end up together?" Mandy asked.

"You know most of it already, it was Talon who unlocked her sexuality. Octavia has an extreme fetish for tickling and Talon was happy to oblige. Used to tickle her like Luke is tickling her now and Talon completely reshaped Octavia's mind into what she is now. We bought her and completely reshaped her body into the stunning form she is now."

"But why did YOU marry her?" Mandy asked.

"Because I fell in love with her. We used to both submit to Talon and she would make us have sex with each other and make out as she watched. We really bonded strongly and Talon and I wanted to have a 3 way marriage with Octavia as the third spouse. Talon then went and died on us and we got married like planned. She has been one of the best wives I have ever had."

"But she is not a Dominatrix!" Mandy exclaimed.

"No she hasn't got a Dominant bone in her body, but she is such a devoted wife that she took on the role just for me. She has spent an entire decade focused on nothing but my pleasure, how can I not love that?" Wendy said in awe.

***
The Nightmare Asylum was abuzz with talk about Egg stealing all the Royal family food to give to the slaves and it made Egg extremely popular with the lower classes. All over the ship was drawn humorous graffiti of an egg with arms and legs carrying a large sack labeled "food".

"You must be really proud of your daughter after what she did, she helped thousands of people." The Dominatrix who was torturing TigerLily chatted conversationally as TigerLily screamed in agony.

"Please stop! I will pay you a million dollars to stop!" TigerLily pleaded with the woman.

"I'm really sorry but money is useless if I'm dead, the Chaos Lord promised to murder me and my family if I show you any mercy. I don't personally have any ill will for you, I just have a gun to my head here. You know after all the time we have spent together recently I was hoping that we would become friends, I enjoy talking to you." Mistress Lash Lee said apologetically.

"Holy FUCK that hurts! Please turn down the voltage!" TigerLily begged.

"I really wish I could, I personally think that you have suffered more than enough already. Please don't hate me." Lash apologised.

"Ouch! Fuck that hurts! I don't, ow, I don't hate YOU Lash. Oh Tzeentch make it stop! Ouch! I know you are under duress! Ow ow ow! Is your son's rash cleared up? Oh fuck!" TigerLily said as Lash tortured her.

"I'm amazed you remembered, yeah my boy's rash healed up a few days ago, the medicine you sent me really helped. You are a great friend TigerLily." Lash said happily as she viciously shocked TigerLily's private parts with a shock prod.

"Oh fuck please no more! I am NOT proud of Egg at the moment, ahhhh! She, ouch, she said she wished she never met me! Ow ow ow! She said that Octavia is her REAL mother not me!" TigerLily hissed miserably.

"Oh by Undivided that's awful! What a horrible thing to say to her mother! I'm so sorry TigerLily." Lash said sympathetically.

"Please call Luke! Ouch! I can't take any more!" TigerLily pleaded in tears.

"Sure thing honey." Lash said and speed dialled Luke without stopping the torture.

"What is it?" Luke asked.

"Please husband! Please mercy! I will be a good girl! Please stop!" TigerLily pleaded desperately.

Luke sighed indulgently and said, "fine, that's enough for today. Same time again tomorrow Lash."

"Yes Sir." Lash said humbly and Luke hung up.

TigerLily felt wretched as Lash untied her and gave her aftercare in the form of cuddles and reassurances. TigerLily reciprocated with the friendly Dominatrix and sighed as Lash gave her aching body a soothing massage.

TigerLily and Lash had a very weird relationship. Lash was a high class pedigree professional Dominatrix, Mandy's biological second cousin, and every day Luke sent TigerLily to Lash's dungeon for hours of agonising torture. TigerLily ought to hate Lash's guts but instead they had developed a weird friendship.
TigerLily was extremely lonely and depressed lately and Lash was the closest she had to a friend at the moment.

"I have ruined my life! Why did I have to try to murder Octavia?" TigerLily wailed to Lash.

Lash made sympathetic noises that TigerLily found soothing and comforted her.

"My husband beats me every night! And every day he sends me to you and it hurts so much! And I see him fucking Octavia right in front of me! And my in-laws all hate me! Why didn't I listen to my mother? She warned me about marrying Luke! And Tzeentch is angry with me too because I am full of despair! What am I going to do Lash?" TigerLily wailed.

"I suggest that you beg. Be absolutely shameless, get down on the floor and beg your husband and his family like you have never begged before. Make an absolute fool of yourself if you have to. As much as I need the business I truly hope that your husband stops sending you to be tortured." Lash suggested.

TigerLily nodded sadly.

"I think that we need to call Octavia for this one." Lash insisted.

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Chapter 10

Octavia entered the Dungeon of professional Dominatrix Lash Lee and shook her head in amusement.

"You have a lot of nerve asking me for help after last time!" Octavia said hostilely.

TigerLily was sitting naked but unbound in a bondage chair, her body showed signs of terrible abuse and torture. TigerLily nodded wretchedly and started to cry.

"She has cracked under torture and told me everything that happened. I know that it's a lot to forgive and I know what she did to you." Lash explained.

"Last time I reached out to you in friendship you tried to murder me in cold blood! You are an evil person and you deserve everything that is happening to you!" Octavia said with no sympathy whatsoever.

TigerLily shakily got down off the chair and grovelled pathetically on the floor, pleading for mercy. Octavia sneered, not buying it for a second.

"What will it take for you to forgive TigerLily and give her a second chance?" Lash asked earnestly.

"Nothing, I'm not an idiot. I'm not giving her a chance to kill me again. This bitch is utterly evil and selfish, don't be fooled into feeling pity for her like I did, she will just stab you in the back as soon as it suits her. I hope that you torture her extra hard!" Octavia said angrily.

"Please! Please I reached out to you in honesty before I tried to kill you! It wasn't easy for me but I tried to warn you, out of respect for your kindness and mercy. I know that I have made a lot of very poor choices lately, but surely you can see that I am trying to change for the better?" TigerLily pleaded.

"Yes you are a slightly different shade of shit than you used to be, but you are still a piece of shit! If our situations were reversed would you help me?" Octavia asked coldly.

"You know that I wouldn't, but that's because I am a far less... moral person than you. I was wondering if you could teach me to improve as a person? Teach me to be like you?" TigerLily asked.

Octavia considered this.

"I don't know if common kindness can be taught. I do it because I CARE about the wellbeing of other people, it comes from the heart, it's not just an act I learned." Octavia said exasperatedly.

"WHY do you care about other people?" TigerLily asked.

"I'm no philosopher, I don't have any deep answer to explain why, I just know that I DO care about others and that is enough for me." Octavia explained.

"Oh, I have a reason! If you care about others then they will care about you and treat you well." Lash suggested.
"Well I am eager to learn anything you can teach me." TigerLily pleaded.

"I'm not buying it, you will just say anything to talk me into begging Luke to end your torture! You tried to MURDER ME! You are lucky to even still be alive! All things considered a few weeks of torture is a VERY lenient punishment. Just serve your time, stop complaining and soon enough you'll be back to normal!" Octavia spat in disgust.

"She has severe depression, I'm worried about her." Lash said seriously.

Octavia sighed, "look, I am not vindictive by nature and I of course don't want my sister-in-law to have severe depression, but given recent events I think that some punishment is in order."

"Egg disowned me, my husband beats me, even Violet doesn't like me! The closest thing I have to a friend is this woman who tortures me every day! Please have pity on me a wretched sinner!" TigerLily lamented.

"Egg disowned you?" Octavia asked in surprise.

"Yes, she said I was a monster and she wishes she never met me! She said that YOU are her mother not ME! My own daughter said THAT to me!" TigerLily said miserably.

"Smart girl, she's no fool that one. She IS my daughter not yours, and I am a far better mother to her than you are!" Octavia said nastily.

"That really hurts, not cool Octavia! I thought you were a nice person but clearly I misjudged you!" TigerLily hissed angrily.

"Look, I am here listening to you and am being honest with you about what I think. I already know that I am a nice person, I don't care what you think of me. It is going to take more than a few tears to repair the trust you have broken. I WILL forgive you eventually if you can show me that you are actually even sorry about what you did beyond being sorry about your punishment, you have so far shown like zero remorse!" Octavia pointed out.

"I'm sorry I tried to kill you, I deeply regret it now." TigerLily said unconvincingly.

Octavia shook her head in disgust and walked out.

***

TigerLily sat in the nursery room, surrounded by her precious children. She had Egg bent over her lap and was enthusiastically beating her bum with a leather belt. The presence of her children was highly comforting to TigerLily.

"I HATE YOU!" Egg yelled through her sobs of pain.

TigerLily hissed with hurt feelings and belted the little brat even harder!

"I am having a terrible time lately, stop hurting my feelings!" TigerLily said with deep self pity.

"Ouch! YOU are having a terrible time? What about me! Ow stop hitting me! Please you have no idea how much pain I am in!" Egg wept.

"You threatened to end your precious life! you better believe that you will be in a lot of pain for that you miserable little BRAT! I WARNED you what would happen if you did this again! Now I am going to beat you everyday for the rest of your life! And if you EVER threaten suicide again I
will make the beatings even worse!" TigerLily yelled angrily.

"If you don't stop then I will do everything in my power to beg Daddy to torture you even worse than he already does!" Egg threatened viciously.

TigerLily cringed in horror and stopped belting Egg temporarily.

"Egg that is not nice! You know that I have no choice but to obey my maternal instincts! I don't WANT to spend the rest of my life belting you, I am COMPELLED to obey my instincts." TigerLily pleaded.

"What will make you stop? I think I know! If you don't stop then TWO of your other children will be killed by invisible assassins." Egg said meanly.

TigerLily's maternal instincts instantly became alarmed and even though she knew Egg was lying she searched everywhere for the assassins.

"You don't have your psychic powers anymore, you can't see them. I have limited psychic powers that let me see them, oh look one of them is holding a gun to your new egg!" Egg tormented her.

TigerLily became extremely agitated as her mindless instincts went haywire against nonexistent threats and she wailed in misery.

"They are safe so long as you never belt, spank or beat me ever again." Egg promised.

TigerLily picked up the belt to punish Egg but her arm froze. Her maternal instincts were cut off from psychic powers to confirm that Egg was lying and refused to take the risk.

"That's a really rotten trick! Playing on a bird mutants maternal instincts is absolutely horrible! You have no idea how painful it is to our kind when our children are threatened!" TigerLily said miserably.

"She's right, it is completely horrible! It is a pain worse than any torture! She's lying mother, their are no assassins, my psychic powers are working fine." Violet said from where she was nursing her son Patrick.

The confirmation from Violet reassured TigerLily and she raised the belt.

"Violet is lying because she knows that the assassins will kill her son if she admits that they are there!" Egg said quickly.

TigerLily froze yet again, her maternal instincts going crazy with fear. She was now physically incapable of harming Egg until she could remove her helmet and confirm the lie was a lie.

"Well played, very well played. You do realise how much trouble you are in as soon as I can convince my instincts that you are lying don't you?" TigerLily said, secretly trying to get Egg to admit that she was lying.

"I'm not lying, I'm deadly serious! Any more violence from you and two of your other children will die!" Egg insisted, onto TigerLily's scheme.

Damn! It was checkmate!

"Fine you win. You have me trapped until I get this helmet off. Now please stop tormenting me." TigerLily said with a sigh.
Egg grabbed the belt from TigerLily's hand and said, "It's payback time, bend over and count the strokes as I belt your bum!"

"No way, I get enough hours of torture each day as it is. This right here is the only ME time that I get without pain. I am in a very bad way recently, Lash thinks I have depression." TigerLily said firmly.

"Who's Lash?" Egg asked.

"The Dominatrix Luke sends me to during the day for torture. She said that I have severe depression, she is extremely worried about me." TigerLily explained.

"The woman who tortures you all day is worried about you?" Egg asked incredulously.

"Yes, it's ridiculous I know. I just feel so alone recently, Lash is the closest thing I have to a friend right now." TigerLily said glumly.

"You still have us mummy." Said many of TigerLily's other children.

"I know darlings, you are my treasures." TigerLily cooed at them adoringly.

"Well apart from you, I have other worries at the moment." Egg said unhappily.

"You mean stealing food?" TigerLily said disapprovingly.

"The slaves are starving to death, I had to do something. But now I think that I won't be able to get away with stealing more food and the slaves still need to be fed every day. I don't know what to do." Egg said glumly.

"Why don't you ask your father to give you the food you need?" Violet suggested.

"Good idea, thanks Violet!" Egg said and ran off to find Luke.

***

Luke was in heaven playing with Octavia, she really was a delight to play with.

Everything about this girl enflamed his lust and the aura she passively emanated was driving him absolutely wild! Her massive tits were jiggling all over the place as he fucked her from behind, doggy style!

On her neck her concubine collar was sliding back and forth, proudly proclaiming that she belonged to HIM! Well, the slave brands on her shoulder and wedding ring on her finger actually said that this woman was the wife and property of Wendy, but apart from that she was Luke's!

She was making the hottest sex noises in her unique village accent and it was the most intoxicating sound Luke had ever heard! She was screaming with pleasure and yelling his name like a chant!

Luke's eyes rolled back into his head in pleasure as he came inside the screaming seductress, feeling intense wonderful sensation! Octavia groaned at the feel of his cum inside her and moments later she was orgasming as well.

"Oh Luke that was FANTASTIC! More! Please Slaanesh give me MORE! I want you inside me, fill me with cum!" Octavia moaned passionately.

Luke looked at the woman he loved with complete awe, she was PERFECT! He was just
penetrating her again when the door opened and Egg walked in.

Luke groaned with annoyance at the interruption as, predictably, Octavia pulled away and moved to check on her adopted daughter.

"What's wrong sweetie?" Octavia asked.

"I need to talk to Daddy, about my stealing recently." Egg said humbly.

Luke quickly covered himself with a semen stained sheet and sat down, smiling indulgently.

"I am proud of you for coming to me to talk about your stealing problem. Have you learned your lesson now?" Luke asked affectionately.

"Yes, it was wrong of me to steal. I should have instead come straight to you to start with." Egg said.

She pulled out a piece of paper with numbers and calculations scribbled all over it and said, "I need this much food to be delivered to the charity every day Daddy".

"Woah, that is a tall order, is this in TONS?" Luke exclaimed.

"Yes Daddy, that is in tons, I calculated that is the bare minimum needed to keep the surplus slaves from starving to death. Can you please authorise this?" Egg asked sweetly.

"Aw you are so adorable! I'm so proud of you." Octavia gushed affectionately.

"PLEASE Daddy?" Egg begged in her most adorable voice.

"Oh go on, show how generous you are Luke." Octavia purred in a voice that promised sex.

Luke felt trapped between the adorable little girl and the hot woman promising sex and knew that he would give in.

"Oh very well." Luke said indulgently and called his administration department to authorise the daily transfer of food.

Egg squealed with happy gratitude and Octavia erotically licked the side of his face making him shudder.

"I love you Daddy." Egg said and Luke felt his stone heart melt slightly.

"You really have changed haven't you Luke? I think that I can have no trouble at all in falling in love with this new you." Octavia purred and put her tongue in his ear.

Luke enjoyed all this female praise immensely, he felt extremely comfortable being showered with love and praise like this. Yes, he didn't regret his decision at all he decided.

***

Wendy and TigerLily waited side by side outside Luke's bedroom door. Wendy was waiting to collect Octavia and TigerLily was presumably waiting to try and seduce Luke. Wendy glared at the vile murderous woman, feeling intense hatred for her.

"I can see you glaring at me, this helmet has excellent peripheral vision." TigerLily said quietly.
"I'm glad that you can see it, I don't take kindly to people who try to murder my wife." Wendy said coldly.

"Luke killed one of your ex wives and you forgave him." TigerLily replied.

"It took DECADES for me to forgive him for that. And I like Luke a lot more than I like you!" Wendy spat.

"So you will forgive me eventually?" TigerLily asked.

"Sure thing you bitch, show some personal growth and in a few decades I will think about it." Wendy said sarcastically.

"I forgave YOU for trying to murder Egg!" TigerLily said gently.

Wendy gasped in outrage and slapped her across the face.

"How dare you! How DARE you!! How dare you compare the desperate family decision to push for an abortion with you attempting to murder an adult family member in cold blood! The situation with Egg was a desperate affair, you DELIBERATELY had her just to cause a succession crisis for your own evil schemes! It was all YOU! You forced my hand! Don't you think it tormented me every day I was raising that dear sweet little girl! Don't you DARE try to turn that around on me!" Wendy exclaimed in outrage.

"If I had not gone to extreme lengths to stop you then you would have shattered her against a wall in cold blood and hacked up the remains." TigerLily insisted.

Wendy wailed with horrified guilt and curled up in a ball on the floor, rocking back and forth weeping.

TigerLily continued to relentlessly say toxic and very graphic accusations to Wendy, calling her a murderer who tried to kill her own daughter until Wendy was half mad with guilt and grief.

"I forgave you." TigerLily insisted.

"I forgave you too Mummy." Egg said in a quiet voice from the crack in a nearby door.

Wendy wailed and held out her arms and Egg rushed out of her hiding place to her and gave her a big cuddle.

"My baby! Oh my baby girl I am so SORRY about ever trying to abort you!" Wendy wailed.

"I forgive you! I forgive you! You made up for it by loving me from the moment I hatched! You are more my mother than this monster ever has been! I am YOUR daughter not HERS, she has NO RIGHT to even make an issue of her "forgiving" you, she never did a thing to raise me!" Egg firmly insisted.

TigerLily squawked with emotional agony at being disowned but Wendy ignored the toxic monster, hugging Egg with all her might.

"What in the world is going on out there?" Luke's voice asked for the other side of the bedroom door and a moment later the door opened to show a confused looking Luke.

Before Wendy could speak Egg answered on her behalf.

"Daddy take this THING that you married and send her back to the torture chamber and leave her
there! She has been using toxic guilt tripping over the attempt to abort me to try to emotionally manipulate Mummy here into forgiving her! It was the most cruel and fucked up mind games I have ever seen! TigerLily is EVIL!" Egg exclaimed shrilly.

"Start at the beginning, I'm confused." Luke said.

Together Egg and Wendy repeated everything that TigerLily had said, constantly interrupted by TigerLily who tried to spin it into a more positive light. Luke gave up listening and instead reviewed the surveillance recordings.

After reviewing the tapes Luke grabbed TigerLily angrily by the neck. Wendy shielded Egg's eyes from the terrible domestic violence that followed.

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"Oh you poor thing!" Lash said sympathetically as she flogged TigerLily with a massive whip.

"I think my marriage is really over this time!" TigerLily wailed in between her screams of agony.

"Honey, in all honesty maybe you are better off if he leaves you. You are always welcome to stay with me if you need a place to live, I won't let you starve." Lash said reassuringly.

"Really?" TigerLily said in surprise.

"Of course TigerLily, we are friends after all." Lash reassured her.

"Friends... I like the sound of that. I'm so lonely." TigerLily said in a broken voice.

Lash noticed that TigerLily's back was bleeding and she carefully aimed the whip strikes at the bleeding cuts to inflict the maximum amount of pain. TigerLily was shrieking with agony, which made Lash smile sadistically. Lash was a nice person, but she was still a sadist who enjoyed inflicting pain.

"We have a pretty weird friendship." TigerLily said with a faint smirk.

"You are actually one of the most NORMAL friends I have. I have to spend almost every waking moment at work, with only horny submissives for company. It's nice to meet someone who doesn't want to be here for a change, it's refreshing." Lash said happily.

"Your ex still doesn't give you child support?" TigerLily asked in between her screaming.

"Yeah, still not so much as a dollar! Odious man! Mother said I had to breed with another pedigree, but the males are such pigs! Oh well I only needed him to give me a few daughters to continue the line, I'm glad he is now out of my life." Lash said with a sigh.

"Yeah, men are pigs!" TigerLily agreed bitterly.

Lash expertly broke TigerLily down to tears with extreme amounts of pain, and humiliated the crying woman just as her contract demanded. Lash spent hours torturing TigerLily after she had already broken and TigerLily became completely subservient. Lash was ashamed to admit that she was having a wonderful time torturing her friend like this.

"You are a very good girl TigerLily." Lash told the broken wretch.

TigerLily smiled proudly at the praise, trying feebly to appease her. She had the glazed over eyes of deep subspace and was totally submissive now after hours of torture.
"Ok that's enough for today, send her to my bedroom to suck my cock." The Chaos Lord's voice boomed over the intercom.

"Yes sir." Lash said fearfully and untied TigerLily gently.

TigerLily was far too weak to walk so Lash dressed her and supported her with her shoulder all the way to the Royal family quarters. She planned to leave her at the gate but TigerLily insisted that she enter and the guards added her to the temporary guest list.

Lash was astonished by the wealth that greeted her as she helped support TigerLily to her home. The Royal quarters were like a luxury resort, full of swimming pools and comfy chairs, works of art and extravagant luxuries. Entire statues were made of solid gold and silver gleamed everywhere. Gorgeous slaves were everywhere, attending to the needs of the Royal family but all of them gave TigerLily a wide berth.

As they walked, Royal family members spat on the ground at TigerLily's feet and shouted abuse at her. TigerLily hung her head in shame and endured the abuse, Lash was absolutely horrified!

Lash led TigerLily passed a luxurious swimming pool and a bunch of girls in bikinis looked at them in interest.

"Lash? Cousin Lash is that you?" Said a bikini clad beautiful teenage girl from the water.

The girl was very obviously a half blood Dominatrix pedigree of Lash's line and could only be Mandy Sevenson. She had her arms around the necks of a pair of very submissive looking teenage girls, both also wearing bikinis.

"Mandy? Is that you? Wow love the bikini!" Lash said recognising the extreme wealth of the high quality swimwear.

"Yeah it me Mandy that's right. Woah what are you doing helping that piece of shit? Make that bitch crawl, you know she tried to murder my Mum right?" Mandy exclaimed.

"She can't walk, I spent 8 hours today torturing her as painfully as possible without a break, she's at the end of her strength. The poor thing has been crying her eyes out all day and she still has to spend all night enduring the wrath of her husband! Have some pity on her." Lash explained, disappointed by Mandy's attitude.

Mandy laughed cruelly and said, "you have all the fun! Invite me to help next time, I want to make that bitch scream!"

TigerLily started to weep, completely humiliated.

"Some help carrying her would be more appreciated right now." Lash told her.

"You two bitches, get your submissive asses out of the pool and carry my worthless Aunty for Lash." Mandy told her submissive teenage girls.

"Yes Mistress Mandy." They said in unison and got out of the pool and took TigerLily off Lash's hands.

Mandy got out of the pool and walked with Lash as the teenage subs helped TigerLily get home.

"These your subs?" Lash asked.
"Yeah these bitches are mine, I have a lot of subs. They are on a timetable so all get equal time
getting their butts kicked by me." Mandy said proudly.

"They Royal family members?" Lash asked curiously.

"Nah, these bitches are lowborn, I put out ads in the corridors and hold auditions. The winners get
put on the Royal family quarters guest list and get the privilege of being my subs. I gave them the
bikinis to wear." Mandy said arrogantly.

"You have a mentor teaching you the Dominatrix art?" Lash asked concerned.

"I wish! My mothers won't let me, they insist that I focus on becoming a doctor before I am
allowed to train as a Dominatrix! It SUCKS!" Mandy griped.

Lash flushed with anger and snarled at Mandy, "You little bitch! I wish so badly that I had had your
education opportunities! I don't even know how to read and write! I have to work every waking
hour just to feed my family and STILL we go hungry frequently! You are going to do EXACTLY
what your parents say or I will have the entire Dominatrix guild blacklist you from EVER
becoming an apprentice in the family arts! Is that understood you little whore?"

"Woah calm down, yes it's understood, I already promised my Mothers that I would. Please don't
blacklist me! It's just so hard, our pedigree isn't bred for academics! Maybe you can help me?"
Mandy said submissively.

"What help did you have in mind?" Lash asked confused.

"Well I have to choose a subject to get a doctorate or at least a masters degree in. Every female
member of the Royal family is expected to specialise in something different from the other
members. When the space marines have a problem they call all us girls in to a massive meeting to
discuss it, and the women combine all their knowledge to find a solution. Well we also have to do
tasks the space marines delegate to us." Mandy explained.

"Wow that's really cool! You are so lucky to have such an awesome family." Lash said impressed.

"But what subject should I focus on? I get the worst marks of any of the Royal family children!
The others have fancy Wsuan heritage with special genes that make them good students. They are
all either that or they are like Violet and are descended from diabolical geniuses like my psychotic
Aunty TigerLily here. Every part of my genome yearns to be a Dominatrix like I was bred for! I'm
really struggling to get the marks I need!" Mandy said honestly.

"Let me think about it, you make a good point. I have another client after I drop off TigerLily so I
unfortunately can't stay. Tell you what, it costs $10 an hour to book me, you schedule time with me
and you will have all the time you like to pick my brains." Lash told her as they reached the door to
the ridiculously extravagant bedchamber of the Chaos Lord.

The group of them were ushered into the bedroom by a slave and trembled in fear at the sight of
the huge muscular form of the Chaos Lord Naked on a massive bed. The Lord was absolutely huge
and he was surrounded by a group of well fucked looking naked women.

The Chaos Lord smiled at the bikini clad submissive teenagers and gestured for them to get into
bed with him.

"Those are my girlfriends Uncle Luke and they are too young for you." Mandy said bravely.

"How young?" The Chaos Lord asked.
"13 and 14". Mandy replied.

"Both are fertile age, if it bleeds every month then it's fair game to fuck." The Chaos Lord said unapologetically.

"No wonder you got your sister pregnant if that's your attitude!" Mandy exclaimed cheekily.

Lash and the two submissive teenage girls gazed at Mandy in amazement that she could be so foolishly brave as to mock a Chaos Lord, sure that Mandy was about to die. To their amazement the Chaos Lord roared with laughter.

"You gonna fuck me and Lash while you're at it?" Mandy asked sarcastically.

The Chaos Lord looked Mandy and Lash up and down and shrugged, "sure why not, you are both hot enough."

"I am already booked for the next few hours with another client Chaos Lord, I will need to refund him if I cancel. Sex costs extra, plus additional fee for the last minute change of booking. This will cost you $120 up front for the first 4 hours and $20 per hour for every additional hour. For that price you get absolute sexual rights to me." Lash told the Chaos Lord in a businesslike tone.

The chaos lord opened a draw and pulled out a wad of cash and threw it at Lash, she counted out over $600 and slipped it in her boot, smiling greedily. She borrowed the Lord's phone and canceled all her other bookings for the next 24 hours.

"And how much do you charge Mandy?" The Chaos Lord asked with a smirk.

"Give me an honorary doctorate to get my parents off my back and I'm yours." Mandy laughed.

"I think that my sister would personally murder me if I gave you a free pass on your education." The Chaos Lord replied with a chuckle.

"Can I PLEASE have my two submissive sluts back Uncle Luke? They are my reward for finishing all my homework all by myself." Mandy begged.

"Oh very well, take your girlfriends and have fun, Lash will just have to be fucked three times as much to make up for the loss." The Chaos Lord said indulgently.

"Call me." Lash told Mandy as she left the room with her very relieved looking girlfriends.

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Lash was absolutely exhausted by the time that the Chaos Lord finally fell asleep and she and TigerLily spooned together among the pile of exhausted women. The Chaos Lord himself was laying down on his back, completely covered with naked women like a blanket.

The bed was an absolute mess of semen and squirt and the sheets were soaking wet with sweat. All the women were filthy from sweat and had dried semen stuck in their hair! Lash had never seen one man have such sexual endurance to fuck this many girls so many times and make such a mess!

Lash had been fucked in every hole she had so many times that she was amazed to still be even alive! The Chaos Lord was like a tireless machine that just went from girl to girl without ever getting tired. Because she was charging money, Lash got fucked the most often out of all the girls present, but the others all looked pretty worn out too!
Poor TigerLily had gotten the least sex and the most humiliating treatment of all the girls. The Chaos Lord had told TigerLily that she was the official cum disposal unit of the group sex and had forced her to "clean up" every time he ejaculated semen. Basically she was forced to suck the semen out of the various holes of the other women and swallow it! And for her troubles the Chaos Lord barely fucked her at all and beat her brutally, punching her in the guts until she threw up semen all over the other girls! It had left the bed in an absolutely appalling state!

TigerLily murmured softly as Lash spooned her from behind, the poor thing was utterly exhausted. Lash cuddled her tightly to comfort her and she sighed in contentment.

"I don't pay you to be nice to her!" The Chaos Lord growled opening one eye.

"Yes Sir." Lash said fearfully and dug her nails painfully into TigerLily's flesh making her scream loudly with pain.

The other women groaned at the noise and stirred from their peaceful slumber.

"I didn't mean torture her right now you fool! Just stop making her feel so comfortable, she is a convicted criminal serving a sentence for attempted murder! She has to pay for her crime before she gets to be treated nice." The Chaos Lord explained angrily.

"Yes Sir, I understand now sir." Lash said obediently.

They all settled back down after that and went back to sleep. Lash made a point of sleeping on the other side of the bed away from TigerLily.

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Chapter 11

Chapter 11C

"I think that I want to keep the baby, all this stuff with Egg has really got me thinking. I will regret it if I don't give this child the chance to live." Wendy told the assembled "clan Wendy" gathered around the large conference room set up in her apartment.

The group of Wendy's descendants and their hangers on murmured supportively.

Like most of the Older generation Sevenson women, Wendy had bred generations of descendants and, like most of the first generation, all of these people were collected together in a formal "clan" bearing Wendy's name.

Not counting Mandy and not counting step children from previous wives, Wendy had 3 adult daughters: Bullwhip, Brand/Rack and Shockprod. The craziest Dominatrix Wife Wendy had ever had, Mistress Scourge, had chosen the children's names. Scourge had sadistically forced the strictly lesbian Wendy to have unprotected sex with multitudes of random men each night just to torture her! It had been pure hell for Wendy but Wendy LOVED hell and enthusiastically obeyed the insane sadist! Wendy gave birth 3 times as a result of all the unsafe sex and Luke had gotten so upset at seeing Wendy forced to have sex outside of her sexual orientation (among other cruel and crazy things Scourge had done) that he shot her to death!

Wendy had not been on speaking terms with Luke for the next few decades after he murdered Scourge but had eventually forgiven him for it.

Wendy's 3 daughters were well over 100 years old by now and they had all produced children of their own, mostly daughters. The children had then had children, who in turn had children and the clan had been steadily growing with each new birth.

The oldest male descendant was the acid tongued Sherman Sevenson, a particularly vicious chaos space marine who ATE people who annoyed him! His power armour was covered in the stretched out skins of his victims, giving him a truly horrifying appearance. Wendy still called him "Shermy" like she had when he was still a baby and the space marine tolerated her babying him with barely hidden aggression.

As well as Shermy there were a handful of other adult space marines present, but very few. Sadly the space marines had a very low survival rate, with most of them dying in battle before turning 50! It was an extremely dangerous business going to war, even for space marines! But one thing the clan did have in abundance was teenage and adolescent space marine neophytes, over a score of them now, and more boys on the way to being old enough to receive gene seed organs!

In fact the entire clan was breeding furiously with every woman under the age of 100 expected to produce no less than 20 babies before her 100th birthday! They desperately needed to increase their numbers to expand their power base, more boys born meant more space marines loyal to the clan!

"What gender is it?" Sherman asked.

"You won't know that until it decides it's gender for itself." Mark/Mary Sevenson, the family trans sexual, said in a hostile tone.

"Thanks for wasting time Tranny! What BIOLOGICAL gender is it?" Sherman snarled.
"It's a boy!" Wendy said excitedly.

"Excellent! Another marine for our army!" Sherman said happily.

"I don't want him to die in a war!" Wendy exclaimed in horror.

"If he takes after his father then he won't, that old prick NEVER dies!" Sherman reassured her.

"He will be your uncle." Wendy said with a giggle.

"If he calls me "nephew" then I will put my boot in his ass." Sherman smirked amused.

"Are you going to have any more after this? Going for the full 20?" Bullwhip asked curiously.

"I'm getting a bit old to have another 16 children after this one, I think that I might leave that to Mandy." Wendy said with a chuckle.

"Oh SLAANESH! TWENTY?!? first a doctorate and now this? I will have no life at all!" Mandy wailed.

"She doesn't have our blood, we need to keep the bloodline!" Sherman said angrily.

"Well obviously I will get you or one of the other boys to get her pregnant so the children have our blood, don't worry about that side of things." Wendy reassured him.

A bunch of the hornier neophytes instantly volunteered to start fucking Mandy right now. Mandy wailed and hid behind her submissive boyfriend in terror and Wendy sighed exasperatedly.

"Stop acting so surprised, you know the rules, it is the duty of all the younger girls to increase out numbers. The Royal family needs to have at least an entire legion of new space marines by the end of the coming century!" Wendy chastised her.

"But, but EGG doesn't have to produce any children at all!" Mandy objected.

"Trust me NO ONE wants to see an Alpha Plus psyker like Egg develop bird mutant maternal instincts! She is exempt because it is just too dangerous if she got pregnant. As soon as she is old enough she will be permanently sterilised to ensure that never happens! If you like then you can have an ADDITIONAL 20 just to make up for her?" Wendy explained.

"It's not that bad, I had all of mine at once in a single year using artificial womb technology. The slaves do all the hard work of raising them, I just get the fun stuff." Melody Sevenson reassured Mandy.

"No way young lady! You have to focus on getting your doctorate first!" Wendy told Mandy sternly.

"But I will have no life at all!" Mandy wailed.

"Sure you will, get your doctorate at 30 and then have the kids, it will all be over by the time you are 70 at the latest and then you can enjoy yourself after that." Wendy reassured her.

"Or at just 50 if you have them all at once like I did." Melody added.

"That is like FOREVER!" Mandy wailed.

"We ALL have to do it!" Shouted every other clan teenage girl in the room.
"You are part of the family Mandy, you are the ONLY nonblood to ever be accepted as a clan member, you have no idea how hard I fought to assure you this privilege. You are a MILLIONAIRE who lives in a Royal palace, you live in luxury and have a safe and secure future! You think your commoner boyfriend there has what you have?" Wendy scolded Mandy firmly.

"Well boy, DO you have what Mandy has? Do you live in luxury like she does?" Wendy asked the submissive boyfriend.

"No Ma'am, my family don't even have a hundred dollars to spare, my parents are sanitation workers." The boy said shyly.

Wendy pulled a wad of cash out of her cleavage and counted out $1000 in hundred dollar bills. She gave the money to the astonished boy.

"Before Mandy dumps you, here is something for your family. Do NOT let Mandy take that money off you!" Wendy told the boy.

"I wasn't going to dump him." Mandy exclaimed defensively.

"Then what's his name?" Wendy asked smirking.

"Ummm... I just call him my loser, I have his name written down somewhere..." Mandy said feebly.

The boy looked at Mandy with a look of heartbroken disappointment and Mandy looked at him guiltily.

"True love I see." Sherman said roaring with laughter.

"Whatever your name is, don't string all your hopes on Mandy, she has dozens of lowborn subs like you. Have fun with her while it lasts and enjoy yourself." Wendy told the boy.

"Yes Ma'am." He said and wrapped an arm around Mandy and groped her boobs, earning himself a slap.

"If you let me out of doing a doctorate I will have a HUNDRED kids!" Mandy asked hopefully.

"No deal, we don't keep dead weight in this family." Wendy replied with finality.

"But you didn't make Mum (Octavia) get a doctorate or have 20 kids." Mandy insisted.

"Not this shit again! Wives and husbands of family members don't count! Only children! Stop trying to get out of the few duties that come with your life of privilege!" Wendy angrily rebuked her.

"Your mother is right, you are being such a spoiled brat! You have spent your whole life free and comfortable, everything was just handed to you for nothing!" Melody snapped and continued.

"Octavia and I were fucking SLAVES! How DARE you complain that Big Sis Octavia doesn't have to do the same duties as you! I used to live in a tiny little cage, drowning in my own filth and tortured by every sadistic monster who walked past my cage! I was bought for the sole purpose of being tortured for the fun of my former owner! If my wonderful wife Mary hadn't fallen in love with me and married me then I would STILL be a sadist's torture toy!"

"You think you have it so fucking bad because what, you have to get a good education? You little
SPOILT BITCH! I have HAD my 20 plus children and I am currently working on completing higher education even though I am not obligated to, because I believe in DUTY to my family! You will do your duty GLADLY you little bitch and you will be THANKFUL for the privilege!"
Melody finished with shouts of rage.

The other adults in the room clapped in applause and joined in with chastising Mandy.

Wendy waited until Mandy was properly humbled before bringing the conversation back to topic.

"So getting back to my pregnancy, does anyone have any questions or comments about me having another baby?" Wendy asked.

"How EXACTLY did you manage to get pregnant? I find it hard to believe that you can ACCIDENTALLY get pregnant by your brother!" Asked several people.

Wendy sighed and recounted.

"As you know, my dear oldest brother has recently helped himself to my lovely wife for his harem. Luke has been spending hours each day fucking Mistress Octavia as much as physically possible and really filling her up with cum..."

"Well the other day I was about to ovulate when I got Luke to get off my wife and get his lazy butt to work. He had Mistress Octavia tied spread eagle on her back in the middle of the bed and had spent like 6 hours or more fucking her in that one spot. The cum was oozing out of her and had puddled under her ass."

"Well Luke untied Mistress Octavia and she immediately tied me in her place, only face down and started giving me a lovely spanking. The room was poorly lit and I thought that the puddle under me was all sweat... I mean Mistress Octavia had sweated all over and the sheets were absolutely soaked, I just assumed that it was all sweat."

"I mean, honestly who would be gross enough to not clean up the cum after them! Luke really is a fucking slob!"

"Poor Mistress Octavia gets really confused about sex education, she didn't realise that I might get pregnant. She was giving me a delightful spanking and I was getting really turned on and rubbing my pussy as much as I could on the sheets. It was maybe 10-15 minutes? I don't know exactly, but for some time my pussy was in direct contact with the cum and rubbing against it."

"I finally noticed that the consistency was all wrong for sweat and I figured out that it was cum. I screamed out to Mistress Octavia and she untied me after a bit of initial confusion. By this time I was ovulating I think and probably already pregnant. I flushed myself out with spermicides but it took me a while to find the fucking spermicides! At any rate, here I am pregnant!" Wendy finished.

The much of the assembled clan were trying very hard not to laugh and Wendy flushed angrily.

"It's not funny!" Wendy said crossly.

The sniggerers tried their best to keep quiet, which only seemed to make things worse until they were howling with laughter.

Wendy sighed, her relatives really were a bunch of dickheads.

***
Mandy was having a wonderful time in her bedroom with her subs, it was just so fun! Her room was filled with bondage and torture equipment and was a sadists paradise. The room were painted black and the walls were covered with photos of her victims, all of them in deeply uncomfortable situations, most of them in tears.

Lowborn teenage boys and girls hung suspended from the ceiling in heavy bondage whilst others were locked in cages or strapped into various instruments of torture. A naked teenage girl was currently on her hands and knees and Mandy was sitting on her back for a chair.

In front of Mandy were a pair of terrified looking teenage boys with their hands securely tied behind their backs and their legs tied to stop them escaping. Mandy grabbed them painfully by the hair and forced their mouths together.

"Kiss each other losers!" Mandy ordered them sadistically.

The boys were both heterosexual and they had looks of complete horror on their faces! Mandy felt incredible pleasure from their suffering and ruthlessly forced the two boys to make out.

As they kissed, Mandy called them names and humiliated them until both boys were crying. It was so hot that Mandy turned on her vibrating panties and had an awesome orgasm over the wonderful display.

"Mandy I have had enough, please let me out now!" Egg squealed from inside the tickling machine.

"That's MISTRESS Mandy to you, and NO, you can take more!" Mandy insisted.

"But Mistress Mandy, I am about to pee!" Egg squealed with laughter.

"You have to hold it in like a good girl, you love it don't you?" Mandy told Egg sternly.

"Yes Mistress Mandy I LOVE it! I just need to pee!" Egg squealed masochistically.

A moment later Egg wet herself liberally and Mandy laughed.

"There you go, problem solved!" Mandy told Egg.

Egg laughed happily and resumed her ticklish enjoyment of the high tech tickling machine she was trapped inside.

Mandy had an entire row of these tickling machines and from inside each of the others came the screaming laughter of teenage girls trapped inside. The machines were all set to a very high setting, making the victims go absolutely crazy. Mandy savoured the sounds of torment, it was so satisfying to listen to!

Mandy sighed in contentment and walked over naked to her bed and relaxed. The screaming and crying was like a soothing lullaby.

"You mustn't sleep until you untie your subs and give them aftercare." Said Egg's loyal slave Pedo from where he stood at the doorway ensuring Egg's safety and consent.

"Aftercare? But that's boring, I just want my own pleasure and then I am satisfied." Mandy whined.

"I will tell your brother and he will give you a taste of your own medicine." Pedo warned.

Mandy gulped, remembering the last time Augusta forced Mandy into her own torture engines!
"Fine!" Mandy sighed.

"Please a little longer! I'm having fun!" Egg squealed ticklishly in between her frantic laughter.

"I can let Egg out when she is ready but you need to give your other playthings some aftercare." Pedo insisted.

Mandy sighed and began the odious task of untying and releasing every single one of her lovers. The wretches clung to her weeping and really killed Mandy's buzz.

"Toughen up you crybabies! Get on that bed and boys put on condoms." Mandy ordered them.

The wusses cheered up and got excited, Mandy was one of the hottest girls in their age group and all of them desired her sexually. They got on the giant bed as ordered as Pedo dedicatedly watched Egg to free her as soon as she was ready to stop her game.

Mandy walked to the bed and crawled over the naked bodies to her spot right in the middle and lay down on her back with her legs spread. The teenagers were then all over her. Mandy gasped as a penis entered her and moaned praises to the Lust God Slaanesh.

"Don't just fuck me, fuck each other as well!" Mandy told every teenager who wasn't currently having sex with her and soon a massive orgy ensued.

***

Pedo watched in disapproval as the spoilt Mandy initiated a massive underage orgy! If he still had private parts then the eunuch would have a giant erection right now! Pedo wrestled with his pedophilic urges and regained tenuous control of himself.

He gazed frantically at Egg, willing her to get bored of her torture game and let him take her away from this terrible place!

The metallic device that Egg was locked inside of was a masterpiece of technology. It automatically adjusted for the size of the victim and used smart learning software to map out the most sensitive spots on the victims body, making it steadily worse over time.

The victim, in this case Egg, was locked naked inside the device and the device automatically grabbed hold of the limbs and locked them in the most vulnerable position, completely immobilising the victim. Various mechanical limbs tipped with feathers and other attachments then started stroking the body all over and mapping the amount of laughter. It would then focus on the spots that caused the most reaction and experiment with different stimulation patterns to find the best way of tickling them.

The device could only be stopped from the outside, although it did have a safety timer that automatically opened the device after 24 hours. Once inside, the victim was completely at the mercy of people outside the device who could adjust the intensity as they wished and let the victim out if they wished.

The device was currently set at a high but not maximum intensity setting, and Egg's laughter filled the room. The little girl was struggling frantically to get away from the feathers stroking her armpits and shrieking with laughter.

"Had enough?" Pedo asked hopefully.

"No, please increase the intensity!" Egg squealed through her laughter.
Pedo sighed and changed the intensity setting to maximum, causing Egg's laughter to become a continuous scream.

"Ugh too loud! Turn down the volume!" Mandy yelled from the middle of her orgy.

Pedo ignored her, glad that the spoilt brat was discomforted by the noise.

Egg was masochistic but still only human and 20 minutes later she begged Pedo to turn the machine off and let her out. Pedo pushed the giant red safety switch on the machine and it instantly stopped stroking and disgorged the little girl from it's innards. Pedo cleaned the urine and sweat out of the machine, making damn sure to unplug it first lest it grab him and start a new cycle!

Egg herself was an absolute mess and Pedo dedicatedly cleaned her and dressed her. He led her out of that terrible room and back to her much more wholesome own bedroom.

Pedo checked her vaginal area with a sniff, not realising how creepy that was, and found that she stank of urine.

"You need a bath owner." Pedo told the little girl that he was enslaved to.

"Ok Pedo, let's take a bath together." Egg replied innocently.

***

Most human families in the universe would question the wisdom of letting a convicted pedophile share a bath with an 11 year old girl, but the Sevenson family had never let anything so pedestrian as common sense dictate their actions.

The fact that this particular pedophile had raped this little girl and her two sisters only a year ago should have been an even bigger hint that this wasn't a great idea. But again, the Sevenson's had a proud history of making extremely questionable decisions and they weren't about to stop now.

The tiny little girl Egg Sevenson was as trusting and naïve as ever as she shared the tub with the massive hairy man. The fact that Pete Smith was even called "Pedo" as a nickname should have been a warning bell!

Egg hummed happily as Pedo washed her body for her, he was always so dedicated to the hygiene of her intimate areas. Her vagina must be REALLY dirty she thought, Pedo had been washing it for AGES!

"Silly Pedo you lost the soap inside me AGAIN!" Egg giggled.

Egg put her finger inside her tiny vagina and fished out the broken slither of soap that Pedo had been using to wash the INSIDE of her vagina. Egg made sounds of triumph as she fished the soap out and held it aloft. Pedo smelled the soap for a long time and Egg giggled, he was so silly.

Pedo put the slither of soap in his box where he kept all the old soap he had used on her private parts and Egg playfully splashed him.

Pedo washed him self quickly and then started to play "bath games" with Egg. Egg giggled happily as they played "guess which body part this is".

"That's your penis, at least it's the stump." Egg guessed, feeling around blindly in the water with her eyes closed.
"Correct." Pedo said happily.

Poor Pedo had had his penis and other bits cut off in punishment for raping Egg. Egg had tried to stop them and had cried the whole time they were cutting his bits off. It was just so cruel Egg thought, he had learned his lesson, it's not like Pedo had ever done anything sexual to Egg since getting his bits cut off!

"No no Pedo, that's my pussy, you got lost again! Move to your right more!" Egg giggled as Pedo got lost again, he was so easy to beat at this game!

They spent a while playing "bath games" and then got out of the tub. Pedo dried her quickly and led her to the wall heater. Egg luxuriated naked in front of the heater, enjoying the feeling of the warm air blowing over her drying her.

Pedo fussed over her and used a prosthetic hand to hold a hair brush and brushed her long feathers where they hung down below her psychic nullifying helmet. Egg sighed in comfort as Pedo used a specially designed hairdryer to dry her feathers under her helmet.

The grumpy old maid slave was glaring angrily at poor Pedo, watching him like some bird of prey as though she feared that Pedo was about to do something bad! Egg wished that the annoying old woman would go away and leave them alone! She had interrupted bath time so often that Egg had had to station bodyguards outside the bathroom door just to keep the meddling old nuisance from stopping their bath games!

Egg ignored the old pest and enjoyed as Pedo gave her naked body a full body massage.

"Stop it you brute!" The old woman shrieked as Pedo gave Egg a vaginal massage.

"Go away you old nuisance, that's why it's called a FULL BODY massage! Because it massages every part! This is normal! It's possible for a grown man to touch a child's private parts without it being something bad you fool! Go away!" Egg shouted.

"Nothing about this is NORMAL, that man is molesting you Princess!" The old maid wailed.

"No he isn't! You are such a prude!" Egg shouted at the foolish woman.

"Maybe I should stop this." Pedo suggested with a guilty tone of voice that surprised Egg and he stopped the massage.

"No I ORDER you to continue Pedo, you are my legal slave, do as you are told and don't listen to this old nuisance!" Egg commanded firmly.

"Yes owner, sorry lady but I have no choice but to obey my owner." Pedo said humbly.

***

Agnes Everett watched in horror as the little girl was sexually molested by her slave "Pedo" Pete Smith. Agnes could not stand it anymore and left the room in angry tears.

Agnes walked through the Chaos Lord's apartment in tears, looking for someone she could tell. The halls and corridors were all empty of anyone powerful enough to intervene and Agnes got desperate.

Agnes had always cared very deeply about children, and sexual molestation of children was the sickest and most upsetting thing in existence as far as she was concerned!
Agnes was a slave against her will. She had been kidnapped at gun point 5 years ago and had changed owners several times over those years. It had been absolutely horrible and several of her owners had raped her! It was only her love of children that kept her sane.

Over the years Agnes had built up a fine reputation as a top quality children's maid and she had steadily increased in price until she was valuable enough to gain the attention of TigerLily. After reading her mind and after confirming with the Chaos Lord that he didn't find Agnes remotely attractive, TigerLily had enthusiastically bought Agnes as a slave and made her Egg's personal maid.

Agnes loved the little girl deeply, she was such a dear little thing and was so kind and innocent, totally unlike her parents! The little girl had never liked Agnes unfortunately and resented Agnes' constant efforts to protect her from the sexual depravity all around her!

Agnes didn't care what the naïve little thing thought of her, she could not stand by as a pedophile molested her!

Agnes screwed her courage to the breaking point and approached the door to the Chaos Lord's bedchamber. A squad of royal guards barred her access to the door and demanded that she state her business.

"Egg Sevenson is being sexually molested by that THING that follows her around everywhere! The Chaos Lord must be told so that he can rescue his daughter!" Agnes told them.

"We will rescue her ourselves, no need to bother the Chaos Lord." The guards replied and several of them led Agnes away to Egg's bedroom.

The guards burst into the room with Agnes and shouted in rage at what they saw.

The little girl was completely naked and the vile man was rubbing between her legs with his hand stumps! The soldiers aimed their weapons at Pedo and ordered him to move away from the girl.

"I ORDERED my slave to touch me like that! He is my property to use as I wish! He is obeying my direct orders!" Egg screamed at the guards.

The guards immediately apologised and let Pedo continue molesting her!

Agnes wailed in horror and pleaded with the guards to do something to stop this!

"Sorry slave but the princess is free to use her property any way she wishes, our hands are tied." The guards said apologetically.

"Her FATHER would shoot you if he found out that you didn't stop this!" Agnes threatened them.

The guards all blanched at this and hurriedly arrested Pedo and called the other royal guards on the radio to inform the Chaos Lord of the situation. Agnes grinned in triumph, surely the Chaos Lord would have the vile pedophile shot for this!

***

Luke was extremely irritated when his guards interrupted him from cumming in TigerLily's mouth with news of his eldest daughter being sexually assaulted in his own home!

Luke grabbed a weapon and stormed out of the room wearing only a Kevlar loincloth for modesty to protect his private parts from being shot.
He angrily entered Egg's bedroom and demanded an explanation. The ugly old maid raved hysterically about many different things "Pedo" had done to his daughter. Luke had heard enough and held his gun at Pedo's head, planing to blow his brains out.

"Daddy NO! I ORDERED HIM TO TOUCH ME!" Egg screamed.

Luke felt conflicted and lowered his weapon. This was a complicated "grey" area and Luke called in the military police to do a full investigation to save him the headache of dealing with it.

Luke enthusiastically carried TigerLily back to the bedroom, letting other people deal with his screaming daughter.

***

Pedo was not very popular over the coming days. It was not just the Royal family that took a very dim view of him either. Egg had saved countless thousands of lives with her securing daily food deliveries to the major charity she supported and that made her the darling of the slave classes. The majority of the ship was angered by the news of her being sexually molested by a pedophile.

It had not taken the military police long to extract information from Pedo and the witnesses, Pedo had cracked under torture and psykers had read his mind and recorded his memories with their brain implants. The military police had been absolutely disgusted by what they found out and had not been gentle to him!

Egg had repeatedly said that she had commanded Pedo to touch her, even though this was not entirely true, and this alone had saved Pedo's life. It was illegal for a slave man to sexually molest an 11 year old princess (even on board a chaos ship this was far too serious a crime to ignore!), but it was ALSO illegal for a slave to disobey a command from their owner. By insisting that Pedo was obeying her orders Egg had created a complex legal dilemma that the Royal family was very quickly losing patience with.

In a few weeks the Royal family's short attention span would have completely gotten bored and Pedo would be relatively safe once again. That was just how "justice" worked on the ship. A "crime" in this system was basically anything that annoyed the people in power, and the moment they stopped being annoyed it was no longer a crime. It was a completely emotionally reactive system with very little in the way of actual justice!

"We are not idiots, it is clear that you have been taking sexual advantage of this dear sweet little girl! Your "bath games" and "full body massage" are blatant child abuse you sick fuck!" The chief judge of the trial shouted with not a whiff of judicial impartiality.

"He is my property to do with as I please! You wouldn't put my plastic dolls on trial if I put them in my pussy! Give me back my slave!" Egg demanded with angry shouts.

"But princess he is a person not a doll, and he has been brainwashing you for his own sick and twisted pleasure!" The judge pleaded.

"He's a slave not a person! Give me back my favourite toy!" Egg shouted.

The judges looked at each other in dismay, they CERTAINLY didn't want to argue for the personhood of SLAVES in a very public trial like this! It was extremely dangerous to let slaves think too deeply about their own personhood and was a taboo topic to discuss in a court of law.

The judges deliberated yet again, trying to find a way to nail down this vile pedophile. No matter
what they tried, Egg insisted that her property was simply obeying her orders! It was quickly turning into a simple property law dispute rather than the righteous revenge the Royal family wanted.

The judges returned to the stand and tried a different approach. They got Egg to shut up and they spent a long time explaining just how unnecessarily sexual her slave was being with her during his daily duties and WHY it was bad. Egg listened and eventually understood what they were saying.

"Pedo! When I get you acquitted I will be VERY cross with you!" Egg told her slave with a sound of deep betrayal.

The accused hung his head in shame and submitted obediently to his owner.

The judges sighed and said that THEY should be the ones to punish the accused!

"NO! He is MY property! I bought him with my own money! Stop trying to steal my stuff, buy your OWN slaves you thieves!" Egg exclaimed angrily.

The audience stand laughed at this while the judges physically face palmed in exasperation.

It wasn't as easy as just taking the slave by force against her will because of the very real possibility of Egg holding a long term grudge against the judges. None of them wanted to be murdered 10 years from now at the hands of assassins hired by Egg once she grew up, but they also didn't want to be murdered by the Chaos Lord tomorrow if they simply acquitted the pedophile!

What they really needed was one of two options: preferably they had to convince Egg to willingly agree to Pedo being sentenced to some suitably gruesome punishment to satisfy the clamouring for revenge. The only other option was to keep the court case bogged down in proceedings for such a long time that everyone got bored and then quietly give the accused a pitifully lenient punishment that sounded harsh on paper. The generally accepted punishment for this was to give the slave "life in slavery" which the owner could appeal after a discrete interval, basically changing nothing whatsoever.

"Anyway, I had FUN playing those games! He always stopped as soon as I told him to. It was CONSENSUAL!" Egg insisted.

"You are ELEVEN! You are below the minimum age of giving consent to sexual activity!" The judges exclaimed emotionally.

"That's bullshit! My brother Augusta is under age and he is GETTING MARRIED! Every teenager and adolescent in the Royal family is sexually active! Why not me too?" Egg demanded.

"Your brother FOURTEEN not ELEVEN and he is engaged to someone the SAME AGE as him, it doesn't count as pedophilia if everyone involved is underage! And you know that it's different for boys! If an eleven year old BOY of Royal blood has sex with a 30 year old WOMAN slave then that is perfectly legal. This law exists solely to protect highborn children from vile MEN molesting them, because that is fucking gross!" The chief judge explained impatiently.

"So if Pedo was a woman then this would be fine?" Egg asked

"Well not ideal but it would be much more acceptable, that's common sense." The chief judge explained reasonably.

"That's sexist discrimination! I love Pedo and he loves me, leave us alone to sort out our own
"relationship privately!" Egg said with determination.

"He needs to die for what he did to you! Please accept this!" The judges implored her.

Egg thought for a moment and then said, "what if Pedo was my husband? Then it would be ok right?"

"Oh please NO, don't do this princess!" All the judges pleaded her.

"Pedo I formally ask you to marry me and be my husband. Do you accept?" Egg asked the accused in a loud voice.

"R-Really? Oh my owner are you sure you want ME as your husband?" The accused stammered in complete shock.

"Yes I am sure, I love you!" Egg said only slightly convincingly.

"If you are so sure then yes, my answer is YES. I formally accept your marriage proposal and will be your husband!" The accused said with sickening excitement.

The judges wailed in horror, she had just made the case a thousand times more complicated! Even worse, this would generate gossip like nothing else and confuse the resolve of the ship as a whole on the issue!

A male attendant slave in his thirties sexually molesting an 11 year old princess was guaranteed to anger everyone on the ship, but if that man was the princess's FIANCÉ then it started to introduce shades of grey that might make some of the more stupid people on the ship less sure of wanting to convict! And unfortunately the Royal family were among the stupidest people on the entire ship when it came to wisdom about relationships!

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The gossip about the engagement of Egg to her attendant slave was all that anyone could talk about. From the Royal family to the lowliest slave it was absolutely explosive news. Given all the different things involved it was quite simply the juiciest gossip the ship had ever had!

It had everything, a Royal heir apparent, a pedophile, a forbidden "romance" (that existed only in the wild gossip) and a lowly slave marrying into royalty. The ship was becoming deeply divided over whether or not they approved of the marriage and it kept everyone peacefully distracted from civil unrest for a while.

Candy Johnson was engaged in animated discussion with the strangely well fed chained slaves as she slacked off at work.

"It was never sexual molestation at all!" Said a female human chained slave, "clearly it is true love that the Royal family is just trying to hide because they don't want slaves raising up in society!"

"The guy is like 3 times her age and is a convicted pedophile! I remember comforting the crying little girls when he raped them the first time!" Candy exclaimed, enjoying the debate over this juicy gossip.

"I bet that he's not as old as they would have us believe! He's probably only a few years older than her! Like 15 or 16 or something." The slave woman insisted.

"I have met him many times, look I even have photos!" Candy said and pulled out her priceless
mobile Vox phone.

Candy opened up the photos folder section on her display screen and showed the woman.

"Those are sex photos of you and another woman." The slave woman said with a cringe.

"Damn, wrong photos, those are of me and my wife." Candy explained and tried to find the right photos, flicking through thousands of her own sex photos and naked selfies.

"Ew you are DISGUSTING! I don't want to see any more of your revolting photos!" The slave woman said and refused to look at the screen anymore.

Candy gave up trying to find the right photos and put her phone away frustrated by her lack of technical aptitude.

"I wouldn't mind seeing your sex photos." Said a nearby human slave man and Candy happily snuggled up beside him and showed him the photos.

A few minutes later Candy was predictably having sex with the man, to the revulsion of the female slave.

The corridor was surprisingly clean today, as were the slaves. The charity workers had apparently been hard at work improving the hygiene of the slaves and their living environment. It was far from perfect but it was a distinct improvement.

"I think one of you slave men got me pregnant, who of you had sex with me about 3 weeks ago?" Asked one of the Slaanesh worshipping female sanitation workers.

Every chained human slave man within line of sight put up his hand to indicate sleeping with her. Candy giggled, the woman had her work cut out for her in figuring out who the father was!

The visibility was poor as ever with the swarming flies but from what little could be seen, most of the sanitation workers were having sex with any slave who let them. Candy kissed the man she was fucking happily and had 3 or 4 loud orgasms before she felt him cum inside her. Candy happily got off the slave and returned to talking to the slave woman from earlier.

"It's so nice that a lowly slave can catch the eye of Princess Egg, she really is a champion of slave welfare!" The woman said happily.

"I think he is on trial because he caught more than just her eye!" Candy giggled.

"Ew get your mind out of the gutter! They LOVE each other, this is about true love! Stop making it dirty!" The woman complained.

"I have met Egg, she said that "her vagina is a weird shape" ever since she first met Pete Smith. He fucked her." Candy explained to the stubborn slave woman.

"Well yeah okay maybe they did have sex... Sounds like she lost her virginity to him. I agree that 11 is too young to lose your virginity, but that doesn't mean that the young couple don't love each other!" The slave woman insisted.

Other slaves joined in with the conversation at this point. They argued that Pete Smith was probably only 12 or 13 at the oldest himself and that the whole trial was because the Royal family didn't approve of the relationship. They all agreed that 11 was very young to have an age appropriate boyfriend but they reasoned that princesses in Royal families "always marry young".
The more the conversation went on, the more that Pete Smith was portrayed as a dashing and romantic adolescent boy. These slaves had never seen Egg nor Pete Smith and had no idea what they were talking about. They refused to believe that Egg was a mutant psyker, instead imagining some stereotypical golden hair princess in a tiara!

"I am best friends with the former slave Octavia Sevenson, the bed slave who married into the Royal family a decade ago! Octavia has invited me into the forbidden Royal family quarters several times! I have MET Egg. She doesn't have blonde hair, she is the mutant daughter of a CHAOS LORD! She has blue feathers in place of hair, bird feet in place of human feet and she is an extremely powerful psyker!" Candy explained feeling frustrated.

"You are such a liar!" the slaves all said and refused to believe her.

Candy dialled Octavia on speed dial and put her on video call and speaker phone.

"Yes Candy what is it? Luke is fucking me from behind but I can talk." Octavia moaned sexually.

"A bunch of slaves don't believe that I know you and Egg. They have all these wrong ideas about Egg's engagement." Candy whined.

"You called me in the middle of sex with the fucking CHAOS LORD just for that? Who cares what they think." Octavia said irritatedly.

"You are fucking the Chaos Lord?!!" The slaves asked in amazement, leaning toward to gaze at the naked woman on the screen.

The deep booming terrifying voice of Luke shouted, "Yes she is! I'm TRYING to fuck my favourite concubine and you are interrupting me!"

The slaves cringed in fear, recognising the distinctive voice from the ship's public announcement system when he occasionally addressed the entire ship with important announcements.

"I better go, call me tonight at the usual time ok." Octavia said and hung up.

"Told you I knew her!" Candy said smugly.

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Chapter 12

Chapter 12C

Mandy trembled nervously before the entire assembled Lee family Dominatrix Guild in the massive commercial conference room Mandy had booked for the night. Mandy had used quite a lot of her weekly pocket money to hire every single Dominatrix in the entire Guild on top of the fee for renting the room.

A sea of cruel looking women of all ages in leather and latex outfits filled every seat in the room and all of them were staring at Mandy expectantly.

Mandy felt shy in her seat at the head of the table and let Lash do the talking for her.

"I know that it's a long time since we all gathered together like this but one of our own needs our advice. First some introductions are in order."

"This here is Mandy, Mandy Sevenson by her mother's married name, but Mandy Lee by blood."

The assembly murmured curiously.

"More than a decade ago one of our own, Talon Lash Lee, succeeded in the elusive prize of marrying the submissive billionaire Wendy Sevenson. I know that some of you are ex wives of Wendy and I apologise for bringing up such a painful topic."

The assembly buzzed with excitement at the mention of Wendy, hoping that she was single again so one of them could become the new wife.

"Please stop talking, I don't want to repeat myself!" Lash requested sternly and continued once the noise died down.

"Well some of you might not know that Talon got pregnant while she was married to Wendy and after giving birth to a daughter, Wendy took the unprecedented step of legally adopting Talon's daughter as her own child, with full Sevenson Cartel/Royal family membership status and all the benefits that go with it!"

"Mandy here is that Daughter. She is a half blood pedigree, her biological father was a Necromundan from the "Indefatigable Faith", that ship we all had to whore for just before MA7 ascended to daemonhood."

"A brief bit of history for you Wendy chasers out there. As you all know, Talon was murdered by freedom activists back at the start of the slave wars. We all got excited when Wendy got back on the market, no offence to Talon of course ◦of course◦ murmured the entire assembly before Mandy could take offence>. Well Wendy went and married that damn bed slave and we all missed out..." Lash said but was interrupted by Mandy.

"HEY! That "damn bed slave" is my MOTHER! Maybe not biologically but my Mum Octavia raised me as her own daughter! You don't even know her, stop talking shit about my Mum!"

Mandy shouted in a rage.

"My apologies Mandy, I shouldn't have said that. Please forgive my poorly chosen words." Lash said chagrinned.
"I find it really fucking sick the way you prey on my Mummy Wendy like some fucking bag of money! She is a PERSON who I love dearly, I will personally talk her out of marrying anyone of you if she ever becomes single again if THIS is your attitude!" Mandy shouted at the entire guild.

"Hi Mandy, I am your second cousin Blade Lash Lee. Please understand that our family is very very poor. We have to pay a lot of protection money to gangs, pay rent, and support our families. If it wasn't for Wendy then we would have starved to death as a family many times over the last 200 years! She is the ONLY billionaire sub who almost exclusively marries low born professional Dominatrices. Her marriages have an average length of 10 years before she gets bored and marries someone else. During her once a decade single period, our guild competes with all the others to marry her so we have to be ruthless. Whoever marries her then funnels money into the guild's emergency fund to keep us all from starvation during hard times. It's a matter of life and death!" A leather clad young Dominatrix explained.

Mandy felt her rage subside as understanding of their desperation sunk in and she felt empathy for them.

"Well now you have ME to make sure you don't go hungry. You don't have to be all predatory on Mummy anymore." Mandy said smugly.

The assembly cheered and rejoiced at this and it took quite a while to quiet them down.

Lash continued speaking.

"Well after Wendy and the other Sevenson women disappeared Wendy married Octavia. Wendy and Octavia raised Mandy as their own daughter and all sorts of stuff happened, I don't know the whole story."

"Well at any rate, Mandy is now 13 and like it was for all of us it is an extremely confusing time for her. She seems to have inherited ALL of our Dominatrix instincts and is rapidly accumulating a critical mass of subs. Every Sevenson child her age is at risk of becoming her sub!"

The assembly laughed uproariously at this.

"Even the darling little Egg is now Mandy's submissive, as is the space marine fiancée Liling Wong, and other prominent people in her age group!"

The assembly murmured unhappily about the beloved Egg Sevenson being submissive to Mandy.

Mandy defended herself, "Egg and I grew up side by side, she calls me her sister and she loves me to bits, and I love her to bits too! We have been playing tie up games since earliest childhood. I know my sister Egg very well, she is a submissive masochist who INSISTS on playing with me."

The assembly looked unconvinced so Mandy called Egg on her phone and invited her to join the meeting. Egg excitedly agreed and went to join them.

As they waited for Egg to show up Lash continued talking.

"Mandy is really in need of our support and advice during this difficult time of puberty. Mandy's every instinct is compelling her to be a professional Dominatrix, but Wendy is demanding that Mandy be like all the other Sevenson girls and study hard to become a doctor of some sort."

"Mandy is really struggling to meet Wendy's very high expectations." Lash said before Mandy interrupted yet again.
"Mummy, that's what I call Wendy, I call her Mummy. Mummy demands that I finish an EXTREMELY difficult doctorate by the time I turn 30, and immediately after that I have to fuck one of Mummy's male descendants and give birth to at least TWENTY children, no joke, TWENTY! To breed more space marines! It's overwhelming!" Mandy said miserably.

"20! Holy crap that would hurt! Giving birth to 4 was bad enough." Blade said horrified.

"It's a new law ever since we broke away from the fleet of Hagen the dickless, every Sevenson woman under the age of 100 is now legally forced to become basically a living factory for producing soldiers! I have to find a strong Sevenson male to sire them, one who is a descendant of Mummy so that they will make up for my lack of Sevenson blood." Mandy explained sadly.

"That sure explains why most of the younger Royal family women are constantly pregnant." Blade said with a laugh.

"Well the babies are not the problem, I mean at least I know that I am capable of having babies. My problem is the doctorate. A doctorate is the ultimate pinnacle of education and the HARDEST to obtain! It means finding a particular question about like machines or medicine or other such complex things, a question that no one in history has ever answered before, and I have to answer it in such detail that it takes up an entire huge book just to fit the whole answer. AND the answer has to be SO right that hundreds of geniuses could look at it and not find any faults in it! I have to be able to stand before the Chaos Lord if he asks this question and confidently answer his question absolutely correctly no matter how much detail he asks for!" Mandy wailed.

The assembly shuddered in horror at the thought of this, imagining themselves in that position.

"Would the Chaos Lord shoot you if you can't answer him?" Blade asked fearfully.

"What Uncle Luke? Nah he likes me too much to shoot me, but it would still be bad. Even if I don't get physically punished I will still have let down my family and have to carry that guilt, Mummy will DEFINITELY not let me hear the end of it if I let her down." Mandy explained sadly.

"I can certainly believe that!" Said an extremely elderly Dominatrix, "I was Wendy's wife for 10 years back long before most of you in this room were born. I know what the Sevenson family is like!"

"Who are you?" Mandy asked curiously.

"Fetter Talon Lee-Sevenson, I was Wendy's wife oh about 80 years ago now, at least I think it's around that long ago, the old memory's not what it used to be. I know exactly how hard the Sevenson's push their kids and how much they use pressure and guilt to make em toe the line." The old woman said sagely.

"But, but you must be over 100 years old! How are you still alive and working as a Dominatrix?" Mandy exclaimed tactlessly.

"Ten years of their rejuvenation drugs did wonders for my health and I was wise enough to get some high tech artificial medical implants whilst still on Wendy's gravy train. It bought me a few extra decades of life. But I'm dying now, got cancer. Ain't got no Wendy to pay for my treatment, I got not long for this world now." Fetter said sadly.

"Screw that, you are getting treatment!" Mandy said angrily and rang up Wendy, putting the video feed up on the conference room big screen.

"Yes Mandy, what is it?" Wendy asked, her face flicking up on the big screen.
"Your Ex Wife Fetter is dying of cancer, she needs immediate medical attention!" Mandy said and flicked the camera setting to view the entire room through the camera the room came equipped with.

"WHAT?!? Mistress Fetter is still alive? Wait who are all these people?" Wendy asked in complete bewilderment.

"We are the Lee Family Dominatrix Guild, we have missed you Wendy." Said every woman in unison in extremely dominant voices.

Wendy shuddered with visible desire at the crowd of Dominatrices and quickly straightened up her hair.

"Hello, oh my, yes I have missed you too, but I am submissive to Mistress Octavia. Maybe she will let you play with me? I must have her permission to play." Wendy said submissively.

"I didn't hire the entire guild for you to get your rocks off, you need to give poor Fetter some medical attention, she is dying of cancer and is your ex wife!" Mandy snapped firmly.

"Huh? Oh, sure thing Mandy, I will book her into the Royal family private hospital as soon as I finish this call. But why did you hire these goddesses? Wait hang on, THEY BETTER NOT BE APPRENTICING YOU!" Wendy said, first submissively and ending in angry uncompromising shouting.

"No Mummy, they are my relatives, this is a family meeting. This is just a friendly meeting, I have a lot of catching up to do with Talon's side of the family." Mandy said reassuringly.

"Very well, I want a full report of everything that happened when you get home. Don't stay up past your bedtime. I will go and book Fetter in the hospital now, talk more when you get home and be safe." Wendy said and hung up after Mandy (and the entire guild) said goodbye.

"I am stunned Mandy, you have just saved my life!" Fetter said and was escorted to the hospital by a group of guild women.

The assembly was just settling down again when Egg Sevenson arrived escorted by a squad of armed bodyguards.

"Hello there, my name is Egg Sevenson. It's nice to meet you all, whoever you are." Egg said sweetly.

The entire guild enthusiastically welcomed Egg and sucked up to her shamelessly, all desperately trying to network with her as well as the more innocent motive of just being interested to meet the famous princess.

"Sit on my lap Egg." Mandy told her.

"Yes Mistress Mandy." Egg said sweetly and sat on her lap.

The entire assembly cringed at hearing Egg address Mandy as "Mistress" and murmured unhappily.

Egg was quite chatty with the assembly and quickly learned who they were and why they were here.

"We are just worried about your safety Egg, is Mandy hurting you?" Lash asked in a reassuring
"Oh well yeah she does hurt me but I like it, I'm a, what's the word? Machinist? No I am a Masochist, that's the word, masochist. I enjoy the stuff Mistress Mandy does to me, especially when she tickles me! It hurts but I like it, it's fun." Egg explained happily.

The news that the heir to the chaos lord was a submissive masochist greatly excited the guild and they looked at her with calculating interest, sizing her up as a very profitable marriage when she was older.

"So is your engagement certain?" Asked one of the younger Dominatrices.

"Huh? Oh well that's something that I feel a bit uncomfortable talking about. It's complicated." Egg said defensively.

"How so?" Asked Lash sweetly.

"Because the mean judges want to kill poor Pedo! It's very upsetting for me. Please let's talk about something else!" Egg said earnestly.

"Ok honey, fair enough." The young Dominatrix said disappointedly.

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Wendy and the latest wife Octavia made a big show of holding hands as they visited Wendy's ancient ex wife, Fetter.

"Alright lovebirds I get it, your current wife owns your heart, you don't have to be so obvious about the hand holding to mark your territory!" Fetter said with a chuckle.

"I told you it was being too obvious!" The wife told Wendy with a chuckle.

"Sorry Mistress Octavia." Wendy said submissively.

A sharp pain stabbed Fetter in the heart and she said, "I remember when it used to be "yes Mistress Fetter", after 80 years it still hurts that you call other women as you used to call me."

"You never remarried?" Wendy asked in surprise.

"I did have a pedigree husband for a while, but that marriage only lasted long enough to produce some heirs. I had my clients at work to meet my sexual needs and my children for company at home. But I never had what you would call a proper marriage after you." Fetter said sadly.

"Oh Fetter, I'm so sorry to hear that! Why didn't you move on?" Wendy asked guiltily.

"I honestly didn't have the time for romance and marriage after the money you gave me ran out. I spent almost every hour of every day working just to pay the bills for the last 80 years." Fetter said with a laugh.

A doctor interrupted at this point and pulled Wendy aside to discuss Fetter's health. The current wife Octavia sat on a chair beside Fetter's bed and looked at her in interest.

Fetter put on her glasses and gazed at Octavia curiously.

Octavia was completely different from anything Wendy had ever married before, both in body and in demeanour. The woman was not even dressed up in any sort of Dominatrix outfit. She was
wearing a push-up bra, an extremely revealing skin tight white gym top showing off her midriff and a massive amount of cleavage, and a red G string... That's all! She was wearing strappy high heels and a strange metal collar too but they hardly counted as clothing. A number of brands running along the front of her right shoulder marked this woman as a former slave, which was a first for Wendy to marry.

Octavia's entire demeanour was friendly and very gentle, and she radiated sexual energy like a light bulb, which Fetter recognised as a gift of Slaanesh. The woman's eyes spoke volumes. She had the slightly crazed look of a terminal sex addict, a common ailments of Slaanesh worshippers (which she clearly was), and Fetter could instinctively sense that the woman was a slutty submissive by nature. It was obvious that this woman didn't have any desire to be a Dominatrix and was only doing it for Wendy's sake.

What struck Fetter the most about this woman was her openness and genuineness. This was no predatory gold digger, this woman showed obvious signs of being close friends with Wendy and of having real love and affection for her! This was someone who didn't care about Wendy's money, but merely cared about Wendy herself, making this probably the healthiest relationship Wendy had ever had!

Physically Octavia was a textbook surgically perfected top grade bed slave, with soft muscles and bulging breasts. It was a body shape well suited to being fucked by dominant partners but completely unsuitable for the rough and tough role of a really hands on Dominatrix. Wendy had always previously chosen hard bodied athletic women for wives, Octavia was just so radically different from all previous wives.

Octavia smiled warmly at Fetter and introduced herself as Octavia the bed slave, which surprised Fetter.

"Why do you think of yourself as being still a slave? You are free by marriage girl." Fetter said confused.

"I didn't CHOOSE to be set free, I love Wendy and am her wife, but the law states that a slave is AUTOMATICALLY set free when they marry a free person. It sucks!" Octavia complained.

"Huh? What the fuck? You actually WANT to be a slave?" Fetter asked in complete bewilderment.

"Of course, why does everyone get so weird when I say that?" Octavia said with a sigh.

"Mistress Octavia, permission to speak freely?" Wendy asked from the foot of the bed.

"Permission granted." Octavia said automatically.

"Mistress Octavia is native to the remote hill villages of the planet Harold's Reach. In her culture slavery is considered to be a great honour and slaves in her culture are loyal to a fault to their owners. It is the ultimate insult to set a slave free in her culture, it is the equivalent of disowning a family member." Wendy explained.

"I am proud to be owned by Wendy, to be a slave is the closest form of family." Octavia added.

Fetter nodded with understanding, Octavia was one of THOSE slaves, the ones that actually live up to the expectations of the propaganda idea of what a slave should be.

"If you don't mind me asking, this is a very different move for Wendy to marry a slave. How are you finding it?" Fetter asked gently.
"It's, well its different but I think that Mistress Octavia is the best wife I have ever had." Wendy admitted.

"Ouch Wendy, your ex wife right here remember?" Fetter said feeling a bit hurt.

"Well you asked. Look I'm sorry that things didn't work out but our relationship ran it's course." Wendy said defensively.

"I am not here to open old wounds, it was so kind of you to give me this treatment, I am grateful for what you are doing." Fetter said reconciliatorily.

"Well I couldn't just leave you to die, I thought you died of old age long ago to be honest." Wendy said placated.

"Not quite but almost." Fetter said with a chuckle.

"I have so many questions to ask you about Wendy, we must meet up after you are discharged from hospital, I will pay for your time of course." Octavia said happily.

Fetter gave Octavia her address and contact details which Octavia wrote down on a bit of paper in some strange language. She tucked the paper away in her bra and promised to call on her later.

"The doctor said that you have terminal stage cancer. Fortunately for you I have the hundreds of thousands of dollars needed to pay for your treatment. Even at this late stage it is curable with the most expensive treatments available. You owe me big time for this Fetter." Wendy said sternly.

"How will I repay you?" Fetter asked.

"I haven't decided yet, but I will find a use for you. You had only a year at the most left to live, maybe even mere months. For however long the rest of your life is, I want you to know that every extra day of life is a gift from me. I own your ass now." Wendy said with a cruel smile.

"Are you saying that I am a slave now?" Fetter asked in astonishment.

"That depends on how badly you want to continue living." Wendy said cruelly.

"WENDY! How can you speak in such a way to your ex wife?!?" Octavia said in horror.

"I'm sorry Mistress Octavia, you are of course the boss and have the final say in this matter. I will obey anything you say." Wendy said submissively, grovelling on the floor in contrition to Octavia.

"I don't have a problem with giving her the honour of slavery, I just don't like your tone. Be nice in how you speak to this frail old lady, respect your elders." Octavia said stupidly.

Fetter laughed and said, "Actually I am less than half Wendy's age, I'm not her elder by a long shot."

"But but, oh right the rejuvenation drugs! That's absolutely incredible the difference they make!" Octavia said amazed.

"Yes Mistress Octavia." Wendy said in grovelling worship.

Octavia trampled Wendy's ass under her high heels, causing Wendy to moan in masochistic pleasure.

Fetter cleared her throat politely and asked about what was going to happen to her.
"Well what happens now is up to you. Today's treatment is a freebie for old times sake and will buy you maybe an extra 6 months of life tops. If you don't mind dying sometime in the next year and a half then all is square and you don't owe me a thing." Wendy said from the floor.

"And if I don't want to die an agonising and undignified death from untreated cancer, drowning in my own filth without proper palliative care?" Fetter asked sarcastically.

"Well your continued treatment will cost me a huge amount of money and I am not as rich as I was when I was married to you. I'm afraid that it's going to cost you your freedom at the very least." Wendy said seriously.

"At the very least?" Fetter asked incredulously.

"I might need you to throw in some relatives just to make it worth my while." Wendy said unashamedly.

Fetter was silent for a long time, thinking and feeling so many things at once. Wendy really was a ruthless bitch when it suited her!

"You are asking to ENSLAVE my FAMILY! My relatives will never agree to this! My life is worth far less than the freedom of my family, I am shocked that you would even suggest that I sell my own into slavery just to give me a few more years!" Fetter said finally, trembling with rage.

"Not all of them, just a few?" Wendy haggled.

"Not even a one! You may enslave me and me alone." Fetter said firmly.

"Ok maybe not as slaves but maybe as unpaid workers to pay off your debt?" Wendy suggested.

"They would tell me to get fucked. I am already dead in their eyes, it saddens them but they have accepted it." Fetter said seriously.

"I wonder if your guild could be allied to me? For a fee of course. Surely they would be willing to pay me some of their earnings in exchange for my influence?" Wendy asked.

"We already pay a fortune to gangs in protection money, we can't afford any more taxes. We barely make rent!" Fetter said sternly.

"I think that I can provide better protection than the lowborn gangs can." Wendy said with a smile.

Fetter smiled with understanding, "yes maybe we could come to some arrangement."

***

Lash led the team of Chaos Space Marines and Neophytes from Clan Wendy to the gang head quarters of the "Pink Scorpions" gang, making sure they stayed out of sight of the gang. The Pink Scorpions were a gang of Slaanesh worshipping traitor imperial guardsmen, all combat trained and armed to the teeth. This gang took over 50 percent of the Lee Family Dominatrix Guild's daily earnings in exchange for not murdering them.

"You got our cut for today? It better be better than yesterday's!" A gang member told Lash as she stood in front of the peephole at the head quarters doorway.

"Yeah let me in." Lash told him.

The gang member opened the door and found himself staring down the barrel of a bolt pistol. He
froze and slowly raised his hands.

"We have some business to discuss with your boss. Take us to him or die where you stand."
Sherman said in a threatening whisper.

"A'right, be cool, we got no beef with Space Marines." The gang member said and led the team inside the complex.

They entered a large industrial complex full of heavily armed men and their girlfriends and whores. The whole place was covered in gang graffiti and full of weapons and ammunition. The gang members fearfully left their weapons holstered at the sight of the space marines and they backed away cautiously.

The group of Space Marines (and Lash) was led deep into the complex and finally came to a massive luxury penthouse that housed the gang leader (and a small army of whores). They found the leader sitting behind a desk wearing carapace armour and holding a lasgun fearfully.

"Boss, these space marines wanna talk to ya." The gangster from the front door said fearfully.

"S'up, ya need something?" The gang leader asked.

The terrifying Sherman Sevenson did the talking.

"The Lee Family Dominatrix Guild is now under the personal protection of the Clan Wendy faction of the Royal family. Any attack or harassment of the guild will be considered as an act of war against Clan Wendy, and by extension an act of war against the Royal family. Understood?"
Sherman said in a pants wettingly terrifying snarl.

"That won't be a problem sir, the Lee Guild already is under our protection, we have an arrangement with them." The gang leader said feebly.

"Well then you may feel free to go on protecting them free of charge if you wish." Sherman said with a harsh laugh.

"For free?" The gang leader asked unhappily.

"Let me spell it out for you moron, you continue to live only at the pleasure of the Chaos Lord, and he is angered VERY easily! You will not be receiving so much as a single dollar from the guild, no protection money, NONE. Any problems you have with this can be brought PERSONALLY to the Chaos Lord! Do you under-fucking-stand pitiful worm?" Sherman bellowed.

The gang leader cowered in terror and nodded frantically.

"If your gang does ANYTHING to upset our Lee Family allies, I WILL PERSONALLY EAT YOU AND ADD YOUR SKIN TO MY ARMOUR!!!" Sherman shouted in apocalyptic rage.

"Yes sir! We won't bother them at all sir!" The gang leader promised frantically.

"I'm feeling particularly angry, some money from you might improve my temper." Sherman said with clear threat.

The gang leader scrambled to gather a pile of money into a bag and fearfully handed it towards Sherman. Sherman grabbed the bag and inspected the contents.

He smiled and said, "I am feeling much less angry now. You get to live... for now..."
The gang leader frantically gave Sherman an even bigger bribe and Sherman's body language became less hostile.

"Now that the business side is taken care of, let's party. Bring in all your best girls and let's have some fun!" Sherman said merrily and helped himself to what was obviously the gang leader's girlfriend.

***

"Hold still you coward, I need to get the brand in the right place! Damn it can't you do something about those wrinkles? They need to be flattened out!" Wendy irritatedly said to Fetter, trying to brand her.

"Holy fuck that thing looks hot! Can't you at least give me a local anaesthetic first?" Fetter pleaded.

"That takes all the fun out of it! I want to hear your scream, this is really fun for me!" Wendy said happily.

"Octavia please have pity on me, I don't want to feel the brand!" Fetter wailed to the only person with the power to stop Wendy.

"It will hurt for at least a week afterwards, I have SIX brands on my body! No matter what we do it is going to hurt. If you like I will help hold you down." Octavia said sympathetically.

"No please no!" Fetter pleaded.

"It's is too late to back out now, the paperwork is signed and I already own you. Now hold still SLAVE and let me brand you!" Wendy said sternly.

Fetter steeled herself and stretched her skin out flat. She was wearing a pair of heavily padded furnace mittens to protect her hands from reflexively grabbing the branding iron. A whole array of recording equipment was set up to record this legal procedure.

Wendy grinned sadistically and took careful aim with the red hot iron. With deliberate slowness Wendy drew out the aiming process just to torment Fetter, making her more and more afraid until she was in tears. Once Fetter was suitably humiliated Wendy pressed the iron hard into her skin! It hurt worse than any pain imaginable, cooking her flesh! Wendy did not remove the brand quickly, it was probably only a few seconds at most but it felt like HOURS! Fetter reflexively grabbed the iron and tried to pull it off, causing her mittens to smoke! Wendy however was much stronger than the physically frail old Fetter and Fetter couldn't budge her!

After an eternity of agony Wendy pulled the branding iron away and dropped it in a bathtub full of cold water, causing a brief hiss of steam. Wendy threw a bucket full of cold water on Fetter's brand, removing some of the terrible heat. Fetter wailed in pain and misery, wondering if this had been such a good idea.

"Welcome to the family, you are going to love it!" Octavia said jubilantly.

"It burns!" Fetter wailed.

Wendy and Octavia gently poured buckets of cold water over the burn, sucking away some of the terrible heat. It felt wonderful even though it hurt like fuck!

A slave nurse injected something into Fetter's arm and she moaned in relief as the pain vanished,
replaced only with feelings of the brand being too hot. The buckets of cold water now felt almost orgasmic as they steadily cooled down the burn.

"Your highness the patient needs to be returned to bed now." The slave nurse said humbly.

"Take her, I will have my fun with her later when she is recovered." Wendy said dismissively.

Fetter groaned as a team of slave nurses used some machine to lift her off the bathroom floor and carry her to the hospital bed set up for her in one of the guest bedrooms.

"Welcome to the family sister in slavery. We will take care of you, us slaves gotta stick together." The slave nurses reassured her.

Fetter wailed, "Sister in slavery? How did it come to this? Just another year and I would have died having spent my whole life a free woman. Now instead she is going to extend my life for gods know how long and make me do gods know what!"

"We know the feeling, we were all born free and enslaved. Wendy is a far nicer owner than most and Octavia always takes care of us." The nurses said cheerfully.

"Octavia won't last forever, no wife of Wendy's ever does. You know who I am right?" Fetter said to them.

"To be honest we heard wild rumours but we don't know exactly who you are, only that you owe Wendy a lot of money and are being enslaved to settle the debt. Wendy is being pretty mean to you, you must have really have owed her a lot to make her be this sadistic to you." The nurses replied sympathetically.

"I'm Wendy's ex wife." Fetter told them sadly.

"Oh fuck! Oh fucking hell! Oh crap!!!" The nurses said in dismay.

"Yeah I'm totally fucked, she won't be gentle to me. I am absolutely terrified." Fetter told the nurses as they dressed her and put her into bed.

"Yeah, this won't be fun for you. I'm assuming the marriage ended on bad terms?" One of the nurses said.

"Well I survived the divorce without being murdered by her brothers so it was a relatively peaceful divorce, but Wendy is never on the best terms with any of her ex wives even at the best of times. It wasn't terrible terms we ended on, but I didn't do her finances any favours and now that she's broke she is not exactly pleased to see me." Fetter explained.

"Broke? She doesn't look broke to me!" A nurse exclaimed.

"Back when I was her wife she was worth more than twice her current net worth. The slave wars cost her all of her investments, and now that she is retired from her high paying administration executive job she has no real income beyond what her brother the Chaos Lord gives her. She has her cut of the loot from the Tau empire, but that's about all, it's static wealth and decreasing every time she spends money." Fetter explained.

"Oh wow, so she must really hate your guts!" The nurses exclaimed tactlessly.

Fetter started to cry.
"We will take care of you sister." The nurses reassured her.

***

Liling looked at herself in the mirror, inspecting the latest wedding dress critically. It was a pink tinged white silk gown with a deep cleavage that Liling didn't yet have the tits for.

"I don't like the cleavage." Liling told the tailor.

"I still think you should go topless." Said Mandy, who was her maid of honour.

"NO! My stepson's wedding has to be modest enough for my Tzeentch worshipping relatives to attend without offending them!" TigerLily said angrily.

"But WE worship Slaanesh." Mandy said argumentatively.

"If the bride goes topless then every female in the wedding party will ALSO have to go topless, including ME! My tits are for the viewing pleasure of my husband alone!" TigerLily insisted angrily.

"Everyone has already seen you naked, your sex tapes are like all over the ship's network! You have a mark of Tzeentch right above your pussy and your nipples have a slight blue tinge." Mandy said cheekily.

"Well I don't want my MOTHER to see me topless in public, she already has a very low opinion of Luke and I don't want to give her any more ammunition against Luke." TigerLily said testily.

"You have a mother?" Mandy asked in amazement.

"Of course I have a mother, she is an astropath on the ship's communications choir." TigerLily said defensively.

"Why haven't we seen her before now?" Mandy asked in surprise.

"Because she is a total overprotective lunatic! She is totally smothering! Always obsessed with my safety and a total pain in the ass!" TigerLily exclaimed.

"In order words she is just like you." Egg said with a giggle.

"She is a lunatic. She keeps attacking Luke and stabbing him! Luke heals super fast so he forgave her but she has been a huge pain in my love life ever since I started dating Luke. Always "blah blah blah, he is a psychopath who beats you, you are not safe, he will murder you, blah blah blah". It's so tiring." TigerLily said exasperatedly.

"All jokes and differences aside, granny has got a point, Daddy probably will murder you at the rate things are going. I would be worried too if I was her." Egg said seriously.

"You are one to talk about choices in marriage partners!" TigerLily countered.

"Actually I am, I have found someone who will never try to deliberately hurt me, who is gentle and kind." Egg said argumentatively.

"He sexually molested you!" TigerLily exclaimed in outrage.

"Well shouldn't my future husband find me sexually attractive and want to do sexual things to me?" Egg retorted defensively.
"Not when you are ELEVEN and he is old enough to be your father!" TigerLily shouted lividly.

"I'm only 3 years younger than Liling." Egg countered.

"Even I wouldn't marry that man, and he is the father of my baby." Violet said in disgust.

"Yeah, I still remember that asshole raping me! That monster has done terrible harm to all 3 of us and to our family! We only kept him alive so that we could spend every day TORTURING him! NOT so that the Royal heir would MARRY him! It's INSULTING to me and Violet and every other child that monster raped, how could you DO this to us?!!?" Mandy exclaimed sounding deeply hurt.

"He raped ME too, in fact he raped me the most because I was the youngest. I had to have vaginal surgery to repair the damage he did to me! I have suffered TOO ok, and that also means that I have earned the right to choose to forgive him. He has been true to me ever since he hurt me and he has changed his character. I know damn well that he is a pedophile, I have accepted that fact, it's just what he is." Egg explained.

"Can't you at least wait until you come of age?" TigerLily pleaded.

"He won't be interested in her when she is old enough." Mandy laughed nastily.

"If I don't marry him now then he will be killed and I will miss out forever! It's now or never and I don't want to lose him from my life!" Egg exclaimed frantically.

"What if the judges were to not kill him? Would you then be willing to have a much longer engagement, postponing the wedding until you come of age?" TigerLily asked.

"Get people to leave poor Pedo alone and give him back to me and I will happily have a longer engagement." Egg agreed.

"I think that your father might be able to arrange that." TigerLily said with relief.

"Why are you agreeing to let that pedophile come back to her?!? You are a TERRIBLE parent!" Mandy shouted in disgust.

"Fuck you brat, how dare you insult my parenting!" TigerLily screamed in outrage.

"THIS is a clear example why Octavia is Egg's Mum and you're not, my Mum would NEVER put Egg in danger of being molested. Lock that monster away and throw away the key! Don't put up with this shit from Egg!" Mandy condemned.

"You know nothing about this, it's more complicated than that." TigerLily said defensively.

"Can we PLEASE get back to choosing a dress?" Liling exclaimed in distress.

"I told you, go topless." Mandy replied.

"Fuck off Mandy!" TigerLily shouted.

"Don't take your self hatred out on me you horrible bitch!" Mandy shouted back.

"Stop it BOTH OF YOU! You are RUINING my wedding preparations! Fight each other LATER! Sit down, shut up and help me choose a dress!" Liling screamed in a rage.

"FINE!" Both of them said in unison and sat down.
Liling striped out of her current dress and stood wearing only a pair of white lacy panties as the tailor searched for the next dress for her to try.

"You look absolutely perfect, that's the outfit for you." Mandy said.

"No fucking way." TigerLily replied.

"GET OUT BOTH OF YOU! GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY DRESSING ROOM AND DON'T COME BACK!" Liling screamed at the top of her voice.

Both of them apologised and asked to stay but Liling had had enough and sent them both out of the room.

***

Mandy sulked as she snuggled between her two mothers in the new headquarters of the Lee Family Dominatrix Guild. They were sitting on a comfy sofa in Wendy's magnificent new work office surrounded by a small army of heavily armed young men, all of them the bastard sons of Clan Wendy space marines (mostly Sherman's).

"Damn it we need to make this business more profitable! Why the hell are you paying so much rent on the deck 20 dungeons? And why the fuck are you only charging $10 per hour?!?" Wendy shouted angrily at Fetter.

"We have no choice but to pay that much, they own the facilities and charge whatever they like. We have to charge only $10 per hour to remain competitive against our competition, most of our customers cannot afford more than that anyway." Fetter explained fearfully.

"I will send Sherman to renegotiate the rent for MY guild. As for your clients, I will see to it that the girls have access to Royal family and upper class clients then you can charge enough to give me a decent cut each day." Wendy said dominantly.

Octavia purred seductively at Wendy's dominant tone and Wendy got excited.

"YOUR guild, Owner?" Fetter asked gently.

"Hell yeah it is, I have married enough of you parasites over the years and it's the money you and other ex wives stole from me that let this guild survive so long. Is this going to be a problem?" Wendy said dangerously.

"Not a problem to ME Owner, I was merely surprised to hear you claim ownership." Fetter said subserviently.

"Good slave." Wendy said dismissively and turned her attention to her phone.

Wendy called up various people to put the guild on all the exclusive guest lists and called up Sherman to pay a visit to some landlords about cheaper rent.

"I still can't believe that Liling threw me out!" Mandy sulked.

"Brides get like that about their weddings, she will calm down." Mum (Octavia) reassured her.

"She was just so rude about it! I understand her throwing TigerLily out, but I'm the maid of honour!" Mandy complained.

"Why did she only throw out you and TigerLily?" Mummy (Wendy) asked.
"Because we were fighting over the dress. I wanted Liling to go topless and TigerLily kicked up a huge stink about it! She's such a prude!" Mandy whined.

"You wanted the BRIDE to go topless to her own wedding?! No wonder TigerLily complained. This event will be broadcast over the entire ship, that would be extremely embarrassing to the Royal family!" Mummy exclaimed.

"But why? We worship Slaanesh." Mandy complained.

"The Royal WOMEN worship Slaanesh, not the men. It's your brother's wedding too you know. Stop being so disrespectful." Mummy chided.

"Augusta does TOO worship Slaanesh, I agree he's not very devout but he honours Slaanesh with sacrifices at the temple." Mandy disagreed.

"All marines honour Slaanesh but it's not the same as full worship. And it's not just Augusta who might be offended. The crew expects a classy Royal wedding and might riot if the bride is topless!" Mummy explained.

"You got into a big enough fight with TigerLily to get thrown out over THAT?" Mum (Octavia) asked incredulously.

"Well... It was also about Egg's engagement. I called TigerLily a bad mother for being in favour of the wedding and she exploded at me!" Mandy explained.

"She said WHAT?!!" Mummy exploded.

"She made a deal with Egg to get that vile monster released back to her in exchange for Egg waiting until she comes of age to get married, I couldn't believe it!" Mandy told them in disgust.

"No fucking way! I have had enough of that loathsome pedophile, he needs to die!" Mummy exclaimed angrily.

"Absolutely! Kill that fucker!" Mandy agreed.

"Wait before rushing off to kill anyone we need to talk to Egg about this." Mum (Octavia) said seriously.

Mandy and Mummy reluctantly agreed.

***
Chapter 13C

Egg hugged Pedo frantically in the visiting cell, ignoring the angry noises of the guards. She had not seen him outside of a courtroom since this whole mess started.

"Thank Slaanesh you are ok! I thought that I was going to lose you forever!" Egg said frantically.

"I am very far from OK Owner, I have been tortured continually ever since I got arrested. Why am I still alive?" Pedo asked in a broken electronic voice from his neck speaker implant.

"Oh you poor man. I'm sorry that they tortured you. I... I made a deal to spare your life, you might not like it, Daddy was very firm to negotiate with." Egg told him.

"Tell me the worst." Pedo said steeling himself.

"This torture facility is now your home until Daddy says otherwise, you will live here... and be tortured every day.. I'm so sorry Pedo, it was either that or death! But I can visit you like this everyday, and I can take you out on day release with daddy's permission. They will let you get 8 hours sleep each night, and they will feed you, but the rest of the time they will torture you." Egg told him sadly.

Pedo's eyes went wide and he turned pale. He looked terribly afraid.

"What about the engagement?" Pedo asked.

"I had to agree to wait until I come of age before I can marry you. Once you are my husband I will be allowed to have conjugal visits and the doctors will give you a new penis. But you will live here even after we are married unless I can get you pardoned." Egg explained to her fiancé.

"Come of age? But I can't perform sexually with adults, are you SURE that you want to marry me?" Pedo asked shakily.

"To be honest I am still extremely cross with you for everything you did to me. You took advantage of me, friends don't do that to each other! To be honest you have hurt me and damaged our relationship, but I don't want you to die and I want you to stay a part of my life. I had no choice but to propose to you to save your life." Egg told him honestly.

"So you don't really want to marry me?" Pedo asked sadly.

"It's complicated. I care about you deeply enough to marry you to save your life. I have accepted the fact that we are getting married, but I am ELEVEN!" Egg said crossly.

"You mustn't throw your life away over me like this, maybe it would be better if I died." Pedo said sadly.

"Shut up slave, I decide if you live or die, not YOU. Now get up and come with me, you are on day release and we are going to play with dolls, UNDERSTOOD?" Egg shouted angrily at the ungrateful slave.

***

"Business is going great now, Wendy has really turned the guild around into a massive money
TigerLily wailed in agony and tugged desperately on the straps of the bondage table. Lash smiled sadistically and inflicted even more pain on the naked woman.

"Are you always this chatty to your torture toys?" Wendy asked in amusement from her work desk at the other side of the room.

Wendy had insisted that TigerLily be tortured in her office for her viewing pleasure each day.

"I like to chat to TigerLily, she doesn't care if I don't talk the usual talk the way I do with my more willing clients, so I can actually have a nice chat. I work such long hours and it's the only social life I really have most of the time. The Chaos Lord never said that I couldn't talk to TigerLily as long as I torture her as per my contract." Lash explained cheerfully.

"I am in an extraordinary amount of pain... Please stop! Please release the clamp on my clit, it is too tight!" TigerLily groaned in extreme discomfort.

"Sorry TigerLily but I am going to make that clamp even tighter soon, I'm gradually going to be increasing your pain for the rest of the day. Please don't hate me." Lash told TigerLily regretfully.

Wendy laughed and asked, "can I help, that looks like fun."

"That would be very unwise, I am far more willing to forgive an impoverished Dominatrix under threat of death than you, and this helmet will be removed eventually. You would be wise to stay on my good side." TigerLily warned dangerously.

"Hmmm are you threatening me with violence?" Wendy asked sweetly.

"You might need a favour from me in the future, you would be wise to remain in my favour." TigerLily said carefully.

Wendy sauntered over to the table humming happily.

"When have I ever been in your favour? You hate me and would kill me if you could get away with it. You attempted to MURDER my wife! How much good will do you think there is between us? Why should I not torture you right now?" Wendy asked.

"Because I am a very dangerous enemy and because sooner or later I will complete my sentence and my husband will need me again for my powers. I am warning you that you will regret it if you torture me!" TigerLily openly threatened.

"Very well, I will settle for just watching the show, but you owe me a favour for this." Wendy said sweetly.

Lash smiled happily and tightened the clitoris clamp, making TigerLily scream in agony.

"Please make it stop!" TigerLily pleaded.

"Sorry honey but you know I can't." Lash said apologetically.

***

Wendy sauntered back to her desk in disappointment, but relieved to have not pissed off the terrifying TigerLily for the future. Wendy sat back down at her desk and ensured that the guild was running as profitably as possible.
Wendy had used every bit of corruption she could to give her guild an unfair business advantage, and combined with her genuine competence the guild was now fully competitive even without the unfair advantage. The rent was extremely low, the supplies were heavily discounted and the girls were charging 3-5 times as much with far richer clients than usual.

Wendy got a 50 percent cut of all the money earned by the girls and it was rapidly building up. It would easily pay off Fetter's medical expenses in less than a year, at least it would if Wendy wasn't in turn giving a cut to every member of Clan Wendy who was helping in the enterprise.

Wendy desperately needed a way to make even more money and racked her brains thinking. How to make this business even more profitable?

The fact was that the guild already WAS making a fortune in money and was producing a steady profit even after giving everyone their cut. It was only a loss for Wendy because of the medical expenses.

"Damn it how the hell am I going to make any real money!?!" Wendy cursed out loud.

"I have never earned so much in the last decade! We are doing fine." Lash said in surprise.

Wendy sighed and explained to the uneducated Dominatrix.

"I am spending more on Fetter's medical expenses than I am making back from the guild. I'm losing hundreds of dollars every hour! I'm haemorrhaging out money like you wouldn't believe! At this rate I will no longer be a billionaire very quickly!" Wendy explained patiently.

"You will still be richer than anyone else outside the Royal family. How can you even spend that much money?" Lash asked in confusion.

"You really are thinking like a poor person Lash. The point of having a lot of money isn't to spend it but to HOARD IT so that no one else can get it! It's about POWER! Only when times are truly dire do you spend large sums and then only to maintain your power. I spend only what I have to spare of my profits usually." Wendy lectured.

"But why?!" Lash asked stupidly.

"Because if I don't have power then someone else will! Staying in power let's me live my life of luxury for centuries! I MUST stay powerful to maintain my lifestyle long term!" Wendy exclaimed.

Lash shut up for a while and focused on torturing TigerLily and Wendy continued to think hard about what to do.

"Perhaps I could help? I could help you make money." TigerLily offered in between her screams of pain.

"You are an utterly selfish creature TigerLily, you would only do something if it directly benefited you and you would quickly betray me!" Wendy pointed out coldly.

"An alliance between us could be mutually beneficial." TigerLily insisted.

"What's in it for YOU?" Wendy asked snidely.

"I am in desperate need of a friend right now, I need your help to rebuild the tatters of my life." TigerLily said sadly.
Wendy cocked her head thinking, TigerLily certainly did need a Royal family ally right now. She was at her lowest point and her marriage hung by a thread. Wendy's support could save her from divorce and give her some political security.

"Ok I can see what's in it for you, but what's in it for ME?" Wendy asked.

"I can help you make money and when I am in a more favourable standing I will remember how you helped me. This has long term benefits for you." TigerLily explained.

"You have gone out of your way to make me distrust you recently, trying to murder my wife and then your toxic mind games! You have a lot of nerve asking me to forgive you and trust you, especially when you have shown me nothing at all to show any sort of repentance or personal growth. I don't trust you and I have every reason to not trust you." Wendy pointed out.

TigerLily whimpered in pain as she listened and she was clearly thinking furiously for an angle to get what she so desperately needed right now.

"Tell me very specifically HOW you can help me earn money." Wendy demanded.

"I have powerful psychic powers and I have a lot of money in my own savings that I am willing to share with you. I can do all sorts of things." TigerLily insisted with laughable confidence.

"You have your powers inhibited and without them you are useless. You are smart but you are also mad as a fucking hatter. You have connections but I have MORE connections. You have money but Luke controls most of it. You are married to Luke but your marriage hangs by a thread... Do you see a problem here?" Wendy said in a business tone.

"Not forever. Eventually things will improve for me, whether you help me or not. You would be very wise to help me now and get on my good side." TigerLily insisted.

"And what exactly do you want from me?" Wendy asked.

"I want you to spend more time with your wife and I want you to speak favourably about me to the Royal family. In exchange you will gain my loyalty." TigerLily insisted.

"Money?" Wendy asked.

"I can pay you a very large amount, 100 million dollars, right now!" TigerLily pleaded.

"I think that I should discuss this with Luke." Wendy smirked.

"200 million!" TigerLily screamed.

"Look, tempting though that is, I will have to discuss it with my wife first, she is greatly enjoying her time with Luke each day." Wendy explained.

"400!" TigerLily begged.

"I will think about it but I honestly have to ask my wife." Wendy insisted.

"Ask me what?" Octavia's voice came from the doorway.

Wendy immediately threw herself on the ground in submissive worship of her radiant Dominatrix wife, grovelling humbly. Mistress Octavia walked up to Wendy angrily and pressed her high heel into Wendy's face.
"I asked you a question you submissive bitch!" Mistress Octavia snapped dominantly.

Wendy shuddered in complete submission to her chosen dominant partner and obediently explained everything.

"Very very naughty girl! This bitch tried to KILL me! I don't care how much money she offers, we are NOT forming an alliance with her is that clear?" Mistress Octavia said sternly and dug her heel in cruelly.

"Yes Mistress Octavia! Perfectly clear, you are the boss!" Wendy wailed in submissive terror, feeling wonderful.

"1 billion!" TigerLily pleaded.

"Shut up you horrible bitch! Stop trying to get out of your punishment! You tried to kill me in cold blood, that demands retribution! Shut up, suffer and serve your sentence!" Mistress Octavia shouted at TigerLily.

Mistress Octavia then picked up a massive whip and flogged the living fuck out of Wendy, filling her with wonderful agony! Mistress Octavia screamed humiliating abuse at Wendy as she punished her, making her completely humble!

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Wendy was in terrible trouble for even considering a deal with TigerLily and Mistress Octavia was punishing her more severely than ever before. Wendy was falling in love with Mistress Octavia, really having a second wave of feeling for her. TigerLily had changed Octavia, made her more vicious and sterner, and Wendy LOVED the new her!

Wendy was currently cleaning the toilet bowl with her tongue as Mistress Octavia screamed abuse at her. The taste was absolutely indescribably foul and Wendy was crying her eyes out from the sheer unpleasantness of it!

It was bliss, complete masochistic bliss crying her eyes out in terrible discomfort. Wendy was in heaven and was utterly utterly wet!

It was just so HOT! It was sexy as sexy could be!

The vicious whip bit into Wendy's backside yet again, making her scream with agony.

"Lick it harder you loathsome little cunt! Taste the shit with your whole tongue!" Mistress Octavia said with terrifying strictness.

Wendy obeyed frantically and cried even harder at the terrible taste.

Wendy was the most submissive she had ever been with Mistress Octavia and was terribly afraid of her. It seemed that her wife's dominant side had finally been unlocked, and it was glorious!

Wendy's heart was completely molten with love for her beloved Octavia, completely smitten.

Wendy felt Mistress Octavia's short nailed fingers enter her vagina from behind and she gasped in pleasure. The fingers cruelly dug their nails into her ultimate soft spot and Wendy groaned in agony. Mistress Octavia inserted her thumb as well and agonisingly pinched the insides of Wendy's vagina!
Wendy screamed her way to an agonising orgasm and puked violently into the toilet with morning sickness as she came. Mistress Octavia forced Wendy to lick away all the puke and Wendy wept in revulsion as she obeyed the wonderfully sadistic command! Wendy was too sick to hold it in anymore and heaved until her stomach was completely empty, wailing in orgasmic misery.

"Are you unwell slut?" Mistress Octavia asked with concern.

"Yes Mistress Octavia, morning sickness Mistress Octavia." Wendy replied in utter submission.

Mistress Octavia flushed the toilet with Wendy's head still inside it and the cold water shocked Wendy's senses as it washed away the terrible foulness. Mistress Octavia threw Wendy's toothbrush and toothpaste tube into the toilet and Wendy gazed in horror as her only toothbrush splashed into the toilet water!

"Clean your mouth you whore! I want it to be clean enough for me to kiss!" Mistress Octavia demanded and pulled Wendy's head out of the toilet.

Wendy grovelled in obedience and collected her toothbrush and toothpaste from the toilet and rushed to the sink to thoroughly clean her mouth. It took flossing, an advanced medical injection, sterilising alcohol and mouth wash in conjunction with repeated brushing to get her mouth (and face) clean enough for Mistress Octavia's divine kisses. Wendy was rewarded by having Mistress Octavia spit in her mouth!

Mistress Octavia put a collar and leash on Wendy and walked her naked on all fours out of the guild bathroom and back to Wendy's new work office in the guild headquarters. Wendy blushed with shame as the exhausted Lee Family Dominatrices sneered at her sadistically as she crawled past them. Mistress Octavia led her to the middle of the room and then pushed Wendy's magnificent office chair up to her, and sat on the chair, using Wendy as a footstool.

"Your punishment is far from over whore, you are just lucky you are pregnant!" Mistress Octavia told Wendy severely.

"Yes Mistress Octavia!" Wendy said thrilled with fear.

TigerLily was still being tortured and was watching them with vague interest as she wailed in agony from her own torture.

"How could you even think of dealing with this murderer!?" Mistress Octavia demanded.

"Mistress we need money." Wendy explained with total submission.

"Explain the problems in detail about our current finances." Mistress Octavia commanded.

Wendy quickly explained the entire financial situation and how they were rapidly losing money. Mistress Octavia listened patiently before weighing in.

"You fool, stupid stupid submissive slut! You forgot about your most valuable asset: ME!"

"You paid ONE BILLION DOLLARS for me! I'm one of the most sought after women in the entire ship and thanks to the cosmetic surgery you gave me I am absolutely fuckably SEXY! People will pay a fortune to fuck me!"

"USE ME! Let me pull my weight and help you you bitch! It's about time I started earning you back that billion I cost you!" Mistress Octavia finished.
"I obey Mistress Octavia, but I want you all to myself." Wendy said sadly.

"We can do porn as well." Mistress Octavia suggested.

"The pair of you have your private sex tapes all over the databases, I doubt anyone would pay money when they can watch for free." Fetter pointed out.

"Well what about doing private porn shows, just me and Wendy for paying audiences?" Mistress Octavia suggested.

"That would undermine Wendy's credibility as a force to be reckoned with. She is the terrible Wendy Sevenson, enslaver of millions and mastermind behind the Sevenson family rise to power! She can't afford to appear weak, and whoring herself out in any capacity will do just that! You Octavia are famous for being a fucktoy of the Sevenson family so nobody will think twice about YOU whoring yourself out for money." Fetter explained.

"What about pairing up with guild members?" Lash suggested.

"Not exotic enough, especially not for the amounts of cash she has in mind. She is the Chaos Lord's chief concubine, that makes her arguably the most desirable woman on this ship. For a one on one she could easily charge $1000 per hour, but if she is paired up with a second equally desirable and unobtainable woman then they could charge tens of thousands per hour and people would pay! We need either another Royal family woman who is at least as hot as a grade A bed slave, or else we need someone so unbelievably hot that it doesn't matter who they are." Fetter explained.

"I know someone who is BOTH, Sabrina/Anal Abernathy, mortal consort of the Flesh Mistress!" Mistress Octavia said happily.

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It was terribly hot in Sabrina's waste heat junction maintenance tunnel and she was sweating terribly, it was always terribly hot here, but Sabrina was used to it. It was worth it for the peace and quiet she got here. Even the chaos spawn were repelled by the infernal heat, it was one of the safest places on the entire ship.

Sabrina hosed herself down yet again with cold water from her jury-rigged water refrigeration system, sighing in satisfaction as the lovely coolness sucked heat out of her body. The water evaporated very quickly, taking a lot of heat with it.

This waste heat junction was right next to one of the primary outflow pipes from the cooling system of one of the many deuterium plasma fusion reactors that collectively produced the countless thousands of terawatts of power needed to run a ship as big as this Gloriana Class Battle Ship. The reactors fused deuterium (an isotope of common hydrogen) to form helium, and in the process produce vast amounts of heat that could be harnessed to produce work.

This heat was the lifeblood of the ship that allowed the huge thing to even move. Liquid salt was used to transport most of the vast quantities of heat to the engines, where it superheated a reaction mass of deuterium depleted water (often with any other materials that were not needed such as useless waste byproducts added in to make up extra mass) which then blasted out of the engines to produce thrust. The amounts of reaction mass used were surprisingly small for the thrust produced, because the quantities of heat were so large that it caused significant thermal expansion in the reaction mass.

While most of the heat was blasted out the engines with the reaction mass exhaust, terawatts still
remained onboard and needed to be harnessed for electricity power needs and then safely radiated out of the ship into surrounding space. Pretty much all of the surplus heat was used to make power and was then pumped out through waste heat junctions like this one, carrying the super heated radiative fluid through pipes to specially designed radiator structures on the outer skin of the ship.

Sabrina's little tunnel was her home for the last few months, filled with bedding and appliances and her few other possessions. To most humans (or indeed life of any kind) it would be lethally hot. The flies that infested the ship dropped out of the air dead before they even reached Sabrina, she was right down the hottest end of a very hot long tunnel. Maintenance drones occasionally came down here to perform routine maintenance, but other than that her serenity was never disturbed. Sabrina badly needed this solitude to protect herself from being constantly raped!

Sabrina had once been merely human, but that was a long time ago. She was now far beyond mere humanity, made perfect and flawless in her flesh by her beloved Master. Oh how she yearned to be reunited with him!

Sabrina had the extremely mixed honour of being chosen by an extremely dangerous Greater Daemon of Slaanesh as his eternal consort. He was known by Many names, but the Sevenson family called him "the Flesh Mistress". To Sabrina he was known simply as "Master". He loved her, at least as much as a morally devoid sociopathic daemon could love anyone and had bonded with her the most of all his slaves and chosen her as his favourite lover.

Sabrina was his favourite because of how much he had corrupted her. She had formerly been the mastermind behind the freedom activist movement that fought a bloody civil war against the chaos fleet crew to get freedom for the millions of miserable slaves. She had been a paragon of virtue willing to die for what was right! She had been found out and caught and given to the Flesh Mistress as a play thing to torture to death!

Master had indeed killed her and eaten her soul, but he enjoyed her too much to merely destroy her. In his belly she as a disembodied soul had been tortured beyond any mortal suffering and had been systematically remade into a creature utterly enslaved to her Master. She was eternally his, completely and utterly.

After he completely enslaved her soul, he had made a new body for her and vomited out a tiny fraction of her soul into it, giving her a body once more! And what a body it was too! The Flesh Mistress was a surgeon and doctor beyond compare who specialised in the moulding of flesh into new forms. Sabrina's new body was his masterpiece!

This body was a body worthy of being fucked by Master, and that meant that it was a body of complete perfection! She knew without a doubt that she was physically one of the most, if not the most beautiful woman currently alive in the entire universe. She was physically perfect, it was impossible for her beauty to improve in any way, she was at the pinnacle of how beautiful it was possible to be!

Not only was she beautiful but she was physically perfect in other ways too. She never aged, even without rejuvenation drugs, she looked like she was in her late teens no matter how old she got. She never got sick, never got fat, never even produced a bad smell from body odour or farts! She never grew any unwanted body hair nor pubic hair either. And in this case, she could endure extremes of temperature that would kill ordinary humans with nothing worse than discomfort.

Every time she left the safety of this heat she was raped on site by horny Slaanesh worshippers who were entranced by her beauty! She got all that she needed to survive bywhoring herself out in exchange for food, items and machine parts for her home made appliances. She had access to a fire hydrant that provided her with water and she went to the toilet in the hottest corner of her home,
desiccating her piss, periods and turds instantly to a sterile dry powder.

Sabrina hated this! She was the property of her Master! Other mortals had no right to fuck Master's property without his permission! Every fibre of Sabrina's being yearned to be reunited with her Master!

The Sevenson family had stolen her from Master as a hostage over a decade ago, a DECADE of not having Master's cock inside her!!! She had begged, screamed, bargained and pleaded to be reunited with him but nothing swayed them! At least now they were heading back in the right direction. Hopefully they would give her back to her Master soon?

Her thoughts were distracted by the sound of heavy footsteps at the far end of her tunnel. She looked up in alarm to see a space marine in scout armour walking towards her! Space marines were one of the few life forms tough enough to withstand this heat!

Sabrina feared rape and bolted to a hiding place under the terribly hot pipe where the space marine was too big to fit into.

"Stop running away you coward, it's me Augusta. Mum wants to talk to you, I'm here to escort you to her." The space marine told her.

"Octavia's brat? What do you want? Don't rape me!" Sabrina yelled at him.

"Hot as you are I do not want to rape you. I'm here to make sure that you DON'T get raped. Mum wants to talk to you about doing some porn with her for huge amounts of money." Augusta reassured her.

Sabrina was getting terribly overheated in her hiding place and scrambled out to hose herself down with her refrigerated water, shrieking with relief as her temperature dropped down from close to boiling point.

"You will be able to afford much better cooling equipment with what Mum is offering." Augusta suggested.

Sabrina sighed in defeat, "very well but I am only going to listen to her offer, no promises of accepting the deal and I want safe escort back here regardless of what I decide."

Augusta agreed and led her by the hand.

The journey was terrifying. Sabrina was wearing nothing but a bra and everyone they passed looked at her hungrily. She was so thankful that Augusta was with her.

By holding Augusta's hand, Sabrina looked like she was Augusta's girlfriend. The crew were used to Space Marines having the hottest girlfriends on the ship and even as hot as she was, Sabrina still passed for one of those girlfriends. Even the horniest commoners wouldn't dare to be seen as any sort of romantic rival between a chaos space marine and such a hot girlfriend so they gave her a wide berth, merely looking at her jealously.

"Yeah this girl is MINE! BACK OFF!" Augusta shouted at a man who got too close, drawing his bolt pistol.

The man backed away fearfully, clearly unhappy but valuing his life more than the chance to fuck Sabrina. Augusta had already shot a few men who had been too eager!

Augusta led her into some vast commercial complex that was labeled "Lee Family Dominatrix
Guild", it was full of bondage equipment and tired looking Dominatrices. Sabrina was taken into a
giant office room and paused at the bizarre spectacle that greeted her.

TigerLily Sevenson was strapped down naked to a table having various kinky things done to her by
a Dominatrix somewhere in her thirties. All around the room lounged exhausted looking
Dominatrices on comfortable chairs, clearly overworked. In the most prominent part of the room
was Octavia Sevenson, wearing nothing but high heels, and sitting on a magnificent office chair
resting her cruel heels on a naked and dominated looking Wendy Sevenson.

Sabrina let go of Augusta's hand and stood before Octavia respectfully.

"Please take a seat." Octavia told her and Sabrina sat down on a chair that an extremely elderly
slave wheeled over for her.

"You wanted to talk to me about doing porn with you?" Sabrina prompted.

"Yes, porn and prostitution as doubles." Octavia confirmed.

"My body belongs to my Master, I need his permission." Sabrina said matter of factly.

"Ah, well you know that we can't contact him to ask, but you would make a lot of money." Octavia
said feebly.

"Tell me everything, what's on your mind?" Sabrina asked.

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Octavia was irritated by Sabrina's stubbornness and took it out on Wendy with her heels. She had
just explained her entire plan in detail but Sabrina was being difficult about it!

"When will I be reunited with my Master?" Sabrina demanded repetitively.

"Soon, the ship is going as fast as it can towards his last known position. If he meets our demands
then you will be returned to him." Octavia insisted.

"I want him inside of me." Sabrina moaned lustfully.

"What's it like, being with a greater daemon?" Octavia asked in spite of herself.

"Wonderful, oh I don't have the words to describe how it feels when he makes love to me! It is
beyond any other pleasure!" Sabrina said with raw desire.

Sabrina went on to give an extremely graphic description of her sex life with "Master" and Octavia
got so turned on that she openly masturbated.

Octavia got excited and engaged Sabrina in conversation about her Master, getting Wendy to
perform oral sex on Octavia as she listened to the wonderful erotic descriptions. Sabrina warmed
up from talking about her single minded obsession and became more agreeable to the idea of
working with Octavia.

"I will think about it, spreading lust is a great cause for Slaanesh after all, but I am very fussy
about who I whore for. They have to be respectful of my Master and they have to be hot enough to
get me off!" Sabrina insisted.

Octavia frantically agreed and offered to start right away.
"I get to be the dominant partner, I submit to Master alone." Sabrina insisted.

"Deal." Octavia said happily.

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Octavia tugged fearfully at the wrist holes of the metal pillory she was locked in, she had never suspected that Sabrina could be so sadistic! For probably the first time since she had gotten comfortable with bondage, Octavia was considering using her safe word.

Sabrina increased the current to the metal dildos in Octavia's vagina and anus and it hurt so much that Octavia started to cry. Sabrina laughed at her tears and humiliated her as she tortured her!

The cameras were all rolling for this pornographic film and they had already been at it for hours, often reshooting the same scene to get the lighting right or because mistakes were made! Octavia was of course utterly wet, Sabrina was so fucking hot that Octavia's wetness was guaranteed, but it was still causing her great suffering.

Octavia was the very model of submissive obedience, desperate to get this first film finished today so that they could start earning money sooner. Sabrina had greedily insisted on earning 50 percent commission on all profits of the film, leaving little for the others involved in the film to share between themselves, greedy bitch!

Octavia wasn't even keeping her own share, determined to pay off Fetter's medical expenses as quickly as possible with her own earnings! Sabrina really had changed since the Flesh Mistress fucked her up, she wasn't a nice person anymore!

After hours of weeping through excruciating torture and being completely and totally humiliated, the filming was finally finished and Octavia fled to Wendy for cuddles and aftercare as Sabrina sang songs of worship to her Master.

What a fucking bitch! Octavia thought to herself.

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Chapter 14

Chapter 14C

Mandy sat at the huge dinner table in Mummy Wendy's apartment for the rare occasion of a family dinner in the actual dining room (celebrating the financial success of Mum's new pornographic film). Uncle Luke the Chaos Lord (plus his entire harem of concubines) was visiting, as was Sabrina, TigerLily, Egg, Violet (and of course Patrick), Pedo, and even Lash! Augusta and Liling were of course present too, as were Wendy's 3 adult daughters and a few other people including the Johnson family and Mandy's army of submissive lovers.

Mandy was looking forward to the highly entertaining fight that was sure to follow, gatherings of this size outside of the routine gatherings in places like the feast hall almost always erupted into arguing and name calling, it was just the Sevenson way.

The seeds of conflict were already sown:

Mum (Octavia) was currently sitting on Uncle Luke's lap squealing with laughter as he tickled her and TigerLily plus the entire harem were glaring at her jealously, all wanting Uncle Luke's attention to be on them instead.

Mummy (Wendy) was also jealous for Octavia's attention but she was mostly glaring at Pedo and ready to explode with the right provocation.

Sabrina's mere presence at the table was causing obvious lust in every person with any sort of sexual attraction to adult human women, basically every male except Pedo (who was focused solely on Egg and to a lesser extent the other child/adolescent girls), and every female except TigerLily who for whatever reason appeared to have no interest. Everyone else was clearly drawn to her, frequently returning their gaze to her even when focused on other people, and it was escalating the tension wonderfully.

The presence of all the children plus all the parents likewise was giving wonderful potential for a blazing confrontation, not to mention all the other contentious issues going on right now.

The food arrived quickly before the inevitable fight could start and it had the desired effect of temporarily distracting everyone as they ate. As always, Augusta was forced to eat his special diet to ensure proper growth of his ceramic bones and other gene seed altered tissues. He hated this food and Mandy decided to tease him about it to add a spark to the tension in the room.

"Don't do it Mandy! Please don't ruin this family gathering." Violet's psychic voice spoke in her mind.

"Get out of my head, that's really rude." Mandy thought angrily.

"A message from Mummy's mind: don't you DARE try to stir up a fight or you will be in serious trouble!" Violet relayed.

Mandy darted her head around at Mummy (Wendy) and saw her glaring at Mandy with a warning look. Mandy looked at Violet angrily and called her a fucking tattle tale.

"Mummy said that I am to watch you all night, if you think the wrong thoughts then don't blame me." Violet's psychic voice said firmly in her mind.
Mandy gave up trying to start a fight and instead focused on thinking the most graphically sexual thoughts that she possibly could about doing sexual things to Violet. Violet blushed and whispered halfheartedly to Mandy's mind for her to stop. Mandy ignored the protests and soon had Violet sexually aroused and discretely masturbating at the table.

"Drop Patrick off with Mummy and come to my room after dinner, I will make you scream."
Mandy thought seductively.

"Um sure thing." Violet moaned in Mandy's mind.

Mandy and Violet were openly in an incestuous non-monogamous sexual relationship. Slaanesh celebrated all forms of sexual love, no matter how taboo and the family was remarkably accepting of the relationship. Violet was certainly not Mandy's primary partner, but they did have sex at least once a week when they could.

Mandy was easily one of the most incestuous members the Sevenson family had ever had in it's long history. She was sexually active with every age appropriate relative who would have her and wanted to fuck the entire extended family eventually! Mandy didn't specifically have a sexual fetish for incest, it was more a case of her being sexual with absolutely everyone in her age group regardless of relation and siblings were simply the closest people to fuck.

Mandy had been fucked by her brother Augusta many times over the past few months, but always in a threesome with Liling and always as a second choice with Liling being fucked the most. Egg of course was a masochistic submissive who eagerly submitted to Mandy, but their play was mostly heavy tickling and pain play rather than actual sex.

Violet was different from the other two, it was more of a real relationship. Violet had never had a (non-pedophile) sexual partner other than Mandy and to this day she relied on Mandy to meet her sexual needs. Violet was a reluctant submissive and preferred more traditional forms of love making. She enjoyed oral sex, heavy kissing and lots of cuddles.

"I do indeed and I am all wet for you sister." Violet purred lustfully in Mandy's mind, making Mandy get really wet too.

Mandy's submissive lovers chose this moment to interrupt with begging for attention, irritating her immensely and earning them all vicious slaps across the face.

Mandy irritably returned to heavy flirting with Violet, both psychically and with hand gestures. And it really heated up until the entire table was aware of what they were up to.

"Slaanesh smiles on incest, you make such a lovely couple." Sabrina told them approvingly.

"Don't encourage them, just because we tolerate it doesn't mean we approve of it." Uncle Luke said distastefully.

"What's that supposed to mean Dad? You do know that I regularly fuck Mandy don't you?"
Augusta asked angrily.

"She's your SISTER son! Look I get that she is not your biological sister, but it's still a bit gross!" Uncle Luke said defensively.

Augusta angrily rose from the table, walked over to Mandy and surprised even Mandy when he grabbed her, pulled down her panties, bent her over the table and fucked her in front of everyone!

Mandy had never been so embarrassed in her life and grabbed the metal lid over a synthetic meat
dish and covered her head with it to hide her face from the embarrassment! It wasn't exactly rape as Mandy was in the mood and would usually be enjoying this, it was just the wrong place in front of the family like this.

The entire table exploded in shouting and arguing as the entire powder keg of tension ignited from the public incest sex, but Mandy didn't find it funny this time as she was too embarrassed! Mandy wondered how long before Augusta decided that his point was made, but he didn't stop! What the fuck was wrong with her brother? This was the sort of thing only a psychopath would do!

Mandy was crying her eyes out in shame by the time that Augusta FINALLY cummed inside her and pulled out. He pulled the lid off her head and felt her hot tears with his thumb.

"Why you crying, did I injure you?" Augusta asked in surprise.

"You... You horrible... How could you... In front of everyone... I can't... Can't..." Mandy tried to speak through her heavy sobs.

"What did I do wrong? Our love is nothing to be ashamed of." Augusta said in complete confusion.

"It's not okay for ANY of my boyfriends to bend me over the table at a nice dinner in front of my whole FUCKING FAMILY and fuck me! I have never been so embarrassed in my life!" Mandy said through tears of anger and shame.

"So I AM your boyfriend?" Augusta asked hopefully.

"Really? THAT is what you took out of what I said! Yes Augusta you WERE my boyfriend, PAST TENSE! Get the fuck away from me you psychopath!" Mandy screamed at him.

Augusta shouted in rage and pulled out his bolt pistol and held it at Mandy's head! The entire room froze in horror.

"Violet get the fuck out of my head! As for YOU Mandy, you take what you said back! I have come to enjoy our relationship and it WILL continue or else I'll paint the room with your brains! I said get out of my head Violet!" Augusta bellowed in psychotic rage.

Mandy looked in terror at those suddenly soulless psychopath eyes that had once been her kind and empathetic brother and she KNEW that he would kill her if she didn't appease him!

"I take it back! You are my boyfriend! You are my boyfriend Augusta! I was speaking in anger, I didn't mean it when I said all that! I love you! You are my boyfriend and I love you!" Mandy frantically insisted with all the energy she could muster.

Augusta seemed satisfied with this and put away his bolt pistol. Mandy repeated over and over again everything Augusta wanted to hear, terrified for her life!

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Octavia gazed at her beautiful sweet baby boy as he held a gun at Mandy's head, feeling complete horror!

It was like he had turned into a psychopath. Augusta had never been a psychotic child, naughty sure, but he had always been a remarkably (by chaos standards) moral and ethical person who was extremely protective of his sisters. This was completely out of character for him, something was really wrong!
Octavia's heart stood still as Mandy desperately talked Augusta out of shooting her. She gasped in relief as he lowered the pistol and put it back in its holster.

Octavia rushed to Augusta but Luke held her back and silenced her with a look. Octavia fearfully obeyed and watched as Mandy frantically told Augusta exactly what he wanted to hear. Augusta and Mandy embraced and Augusta calmed down. The entire table sat back down and the meal resumed in silence.

"Mum calm down, I am acting as the communication with the whole table so that Augusta cannot hear what we say. Don't say anything out loud, merely think and I will hear you." Violet's voice spoke in Octavia's mind.

"What the fuck just happened?" Octavia thought frantically.

"It's a side effect of the Sevenson Gene Seed, it makes all recipients become psychopaths. That's why the Sevenson Space Marines are all such fucking psychopaths, even the really nice boys. Augusta can't help it, none of them can." Violet explained.

"My Augusta is a psychopath?!?" Octavia asked in horror with her thoughts.

"Not yet fully but he is becoming more affected over time as he gets closer and closer to 15, which is when the psychopathy really gets bad. By the time he is 18 he will be a fully fledged psychopath unless we handle him very carefully." Violet explained.

Panic and horror flooded Octavia's mind but Violet snapped her out of it.

"You need to FOCUS! We can turn him into a failed psychopath like Uncle Luke or Mark/Mary if we give him the right support. A failed psychopath gains enough human emotions to feel at a basic level and is capable of limited moral agency." Violet insisted.

Violet went silent for a while, apparently talking to other people and Octavia sat quietly and forced herself to eat food and act normally. Augusta had returned to his seat and Mandy was being comforted by her submissive lovers. Octavia looked at Augusta with horror creeping onto her face.

"What's with the look? Oh yeah... Sorry about threatening to kill Mandy, she just needs to learn that it's not nice to hurt my feelings. You don't need to worry Mum, Mandy will always do the right thing when I get mad, so I won't ever kill her." Augusta explained cheerfully.

Octavia slapped him hard across the face, she couldn't help it, it just happened. Augusta snarled viciously and slapped her in retaliation, sending her flying out of her seat and slamming into a wall!

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The moment he slapped her he regretted it.

"Mum!" Augusta shouted in alarm, fearing he had killed her!

Augusta rushed to her and was relieved to find that she was still alive.

"Oh Mum I thought I KILLED you! Thank Slaanesh you are ok!" Augusta exclaimed with relief.

"You very nearly did! You can't slap me that hard, I'm only human!" Mum exclaimed clearly upset.

"You are right of course Mum, I will slap you more gently next time." Augusta promised.
"Next time? Augusta this is not ok. Space marine violence against defenceless women is never ok unless they consent! I have no way of defending myself against you, try to imagine how terrifying that is for me." Mum lectured him.

Augusta brushed off the lecture, just like a mother to overreact to every little slap. Augusta hugged her lovingly, enjoying her soft warm body, his Mum always comforted him. He associated her with comfort and being nurtured and he enjoyed the comfort her presence caused him.

Mum grumbled about crap like violence against women but Augusta simply tuned it out as irritating white noise.

"It's not white noise, I can read her mind, you REALLY scared her!" Violet's psychic voice forced it's way into his mind.

"Violet is insisting that I "REALLY" scared you, I'm sorry about hitting you mum. I was in no danger of dying from your slap but my return almost killed you... I should not retaliate when women hit me, women are physically harmless without weapons or psychic powers, and y'all break and die so easily. I would regret it if you were no longer alive, so I will try my best to never hit a woman... At least not outside of rough sex." Augusta reassured his Mum.

Mum immediately started slapping his face over and over again, crying out her pent up emotions. The slaps hurt but did zero damage to Augusta's ceramic boned face, so Augusta kept his word and didn't retaliate. Eventually she stopped hitting him and instead hugged him frantically. She always had been an extremely emotional woman.

"Feel better now?" He asked her.

His Mum nodded energetically and covered his face with kisses and hugged him tightly. He tolerated this for a while and then tried to dislodge her by tickling her, but she merely laughed ticklishly and refused to budge no matter where he tickled her. Augusta shrugged and let her keep hugging him and returned to his meal.

After the meal Augusta managed to dislodge his hysterical mother by trying to put a finger in her pussy, which earned him another slap but was extremely effective at dislodging her!

Having made peace with his mother Augusta had a quiet talk to his father to make sure they were cool.

"Normally I wouldn't tolerate a space marine slapping my chief concubine but as you are her son I will make an exception." His Dad told him.

"Oh yeah that too, but I was more talking about the stuff with Mandy." Augusta told him.

"Oh I was actually secretly proud of you for fucking her on the table like that. You responded like a man and showed me you are serious about that girl. It's ok really, it is obvious that you are not related by blood, fuck that girl to your hearts content." Dad said proudly.

"What about the gun to her head?" Augusta asked, feeling more and more relieved with every passing moment.

"Yeah, that was almost a problem but you didn't pull the trigger so it's forgivable. You can't go around shooting or even only hurting members of the Royal family, especially not members by birthright. Whatever her heritage, Mandy has been legally given Sevenson family birthright. You can hit or even kill Liling all you like just like I hit my TigerLily on a whim, because they are commoner wives (or fiancées in your case) and not born family members, but you can't go hitting,
shooting or otherwise seriously harming women with birthright! That's why space marines very rarely date inside the family, we fuck, date and marry outside women only, that way it's ok if we kill or injure them." Dad explained wisely.

"The fuck? LUKE!!! I don't want you teaching my son that it's ok to treat me and other non-birthright women like expendable punching bags!" Mum exclaimed angrily.

"For once I agree with Octavia, I did not marry you so that you could "hit me on a whim"! Being non-birthright doesn't mean that we are scum." TigerLily said sounding very hurt.

"Umm well... To be honest I got so wrapped up in the conversation that I forgot you two were there." Dad admitted.

"You can say goodbye to having sex with me for a long time then if THAT'S what you say when I'm not around!" Mum said angrily.

Dad pulled a tiny remote control out of his pocket and pushed a button. Mum screamed in pain and convulsed on the floor frantically trying to tear off her concubine collar. From the collar came the crackling sounds of agonising electric shocks. Augusta gazed in fascination as his Mum wet herself, her entire body locking up as the electric shocks caused her indescribable agony, totally immobilised.

"How often can I expect sex?" Dad asked sternly.

"Whenever you like!" Mum said frantically.

Dad turned off the electric shocks and patted Mum's hair saying, "right answer, very good girl."

"That collar is so useful! Can I get a pair? One for Liling and one for Mandy?" Augusta asked excitedly.

"I don't need one, I always obey you sir." Liling told him lovingly.

"Yeah that's true, you are always obedient, plus I like your neck bare." Augusta said, tickling her neck for emphasis making her giggle.

"One for Mandy then?" Augusta asked hopefully.

"She has birthright son, the family would complain about it. Only non-birthright people can be collared, technically you could be collared yourself as you are not legally legitimate." Dad explained gently.

"By the way I am still upset, but it's not like my feelings matter or anything, I'm just scum after all." TigerLily said bitterly.

"What do you expect to achieve by whinging about it?" Dad asked her.

"Nothing, not a Tzeentch damned thing. You don't care about my feelings. At most I expect a beating and maybe some rape, that's pretty much all my life is recently, pain and rape." TigerLily said with black bitterness.

"You can't rape your own wife, stop being silly", Dad told her.

"Actually you can Dad, it's a girl thing. Sometimes girls don't feel good having sex, like it hurts them or something. Mum and Mummy have taught me very clearly about sexual consent. It's
"Well is there some medicine they can take so that it doesn't hurt them? That way they can always have sex?" Dad asked.

"It doesn't work that way Luke. The only reason I'm always in the mood is because I'm a Slaanesh worshipping sex addict. Much as I despise her, TigerLily needs to be able to consent to sex, torture of course is deserved, that's different! TigerLily worships Tzeentch and that makes her sex drive merely that of an ordinary woman, she can't put out like I can." Mum explained.

"Maybe it's time you converted to worship Slaanesh?" Dad suggested to TigerLily.

TigerLily squawked in horror and shook her head frantically.

"It might make you better in bed, and it would certainly make the other family members like you more." Dad insisted excitedly.

"She is a chaos champion of Tzeentch, you can't just expect her to change her religion like that!" Mum exclaimed in horror.

"Yes I can. The collar you wear changed your mind about sex, made you consent. I'm sure it will be effective at persuading TigerLily to change gods." Dad reasoned.

"I didn't consent, technically you are raping me next time you have sex with me! Giving me electric shocks until I agree to have sex with you against my will is not consent! If I didn't have this damn collar on then you would not be fucking me for a long time after all the nasty things you have been saying! I love you Luke, but right now I really don't like you very much at all!" Mum said unhappily.

"You really feel that way Octavia?" Dad asked sounding hurt.

"Well... Slaanesh knows I love the sex and all the tickling, and I don't want it to stop, but you have not been nice to me! I am the wife and property of Wendy. You don't own me Luke. I have a wife and a family and now a career as well, having you as well leaves me with very little time to even sleep! If you are going to keep being such a big part of my day then I at least ask that you be nice to me." Mum said with a deep sigh.

"Why even have the career?" Dad asked her.

"Because Wendy is retired and we are going broke. We desperately need the money." Mum explained.

"How much do you need? I'm happy to help you out." Dad said happily.

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Violet kissed Mandy passionately, feeling the tension pour out of her as she thought praises to Slaanesh. With all the recent troubles Violet was in desperate need of some romantic R and R.

Mandy's lips were extremely soft and full, extremely pleasurable to kiss, and Violet drank in the wonderful sensation. They were making out very messily, their faces wet with each other's saliva. Violet groaned excitedly as Mandy licked her face, getting so fucking turned on!

Violet read Mandy's mind and was comforted by the pure single mindedness she saw in it. Mandy was full of raw passion and instinct, no hidden agenda or faking feelings. Quite simply put, Mandy
was doing this because she enjoyed doing this and had little in her mind except lust, pleasure and raw desire for Violet's body.

Violet was reassured by Mandy's lack of bullshit. Violet had very deep trust issues that greatly limited her choice of romantic partners. The Sevenson family had an ingrained culture of high sexual activity, like most Slaanesh worshippers did. All of them were culturally expected to be fully sexually active by 13 years of age and faced ridicule if they didn't have sex with someone at least once a week after their 13th birthday.

Teenagers who didn't have weekly sex faced ridicule and social stigma from their peers, especially the girls, and it put a lot of pressure on them to put out. Violet was not actually a Sevenson but she had been assimilated into the Royal family as an unofficial member and raised by them. This meant that Violet was under a lot of pressure to have a regular sexual partner.

Even with her ability to read minds Violet had a huge amount of difficulty trusting people enough to get close to them, especially with her maternal instincts for Patrick. She trusted her immediate family and a few family friends and SOME extended family, but that's all, severely limiting her choices.

Of the few choices Violet had available, Mandy was the best choice. She was EXTREMELY beautiful, she was slutty enough to fuck her own sister, and she had a strong bond of trust with Violet. Most importantly she was protective of Patrick and accepted him as her nephew, which satisfied Violet's all powerful maternal instincts.

They openly fucked once a week, fulfilling Violet's social expectation to be sexually active, and as a result the bullies left Violet alone. The rest of the week Violet was completely sexless, not really having any desire for sex beyond her weekly arrangement.

Violet was tied naked to the bed, spread eagle and defenceless. Pegs were pinching her nipples and the soft skin of her breasts, the pain adding to her orgasmic pleasure. Violet trusted Mandy completely to tie her up like this, the only person in existence that Violet trusted to do this to her.

Mandy was horny but she was engaging in extended foreplay for Violet's benefit, knowing that Violet needed a lot of foreplay. Violet felt really special and cared for, this was really tender and romantic! Mandy pushed her tongue into Violet's mouth and they chased each other's tongues around in circles.

Violet relaxed completely, drinking in the wonderful feeling of Mandy's soft tongue as it caressed her own. For ages they made out heavily, lost in each other, minds totally at peace. It was for this peace that Violet mainly desired physical sex. Violet's pleasures came from her psychic powers, she could experience other people's pleasures and orgasms by reading their minds, and with how sexually active everyone around her was, she got way more than enough vicarious pleasure! Her weekly sex with Mandy was a time of meditation, of emptying out her stressed mind and just losing herself in kissing.

Violet snorted with laughter as Mandy sadistically tickled her belly, a clear sign that Mandy was getting bored with the kissing and wanted to start fucking. Violet had a safe word but preferred not to use it, so she patiently endured the killer belly squeezes as best she could. After a lot of laughter and a bit of pleading, Mandy finally agreed to stop and resumed kissing Violet passionately.

Violet would personally prefer to not have actual sex at all, she loved the kissing and foreplay as it gave her peace like nothing else. The bondage was also peaceful for Violet, being unable to physically move made everything feel much more simplified, putting her mind in the right state to meditate. The pain was likewise soothing, focusing on the pain let the mind empty. The tickling on
the other hand she had more mixed feelings about, she enjoyed it but it distracted her meditation.

Violet waited until she felt completely and totally at peace and mentally empty, savouring it for a few moments before telling Mandy that she had found peace. Mandy understood what this meant and proceeded to have sex with Violet, sitting on her face and 69ing her.

Violet enjoyed the orgasms that followed but sex wasn't really a big deal to her. For Violet sex was a bit like a really long and drawn out sneeze: extremely satisfying when it happens but not something you go looking for, something you can happily go months in between with no problems. Violet got turned on just as much as the next girl, she just enjoyed the journey of arousal and build up more than the actual destination of orgasm.

As she often did, Mandy gave Violet a long gruelling post orgasm tickle before untying her, driving her wild with laughter. Violet kissed her affectionately as soon as she was untied and they spent a while having aftercare and kissing deeply.

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Candy had this time taken a complete video of the entire night at the dinner at Wendy's home. Her phone had an ingenious way of recording footage in all directions at once to prevent losing things out of shot. The slaves at work would believe her now! She had even got Labia to show her how to find the video.

Candy had interviewed everyone at the dinner, getting them to tell the camera who they were and a little bit about themselves. The interviews had not exactly gone smoothly but the basic information had been collected. Labia had done all the editing to get the image on the screen to follow the action in the room.

Candy showed up to work carrying a large movie projector and a bunch of bug bombs to get rid of the flies. Her shift followed her to the corridor with the most chained slave doubters who didn't believe that she knew Egg.

Candy set off the bug bombs, clearing the air of flies and set a the projector in a position where the majority of the most doubtful slaves could see the footage.

Candy turned on the video projector and everyone went quite and watched the show:

The film started with Candy holding the camera far too close and her face filling the screen.

"You are holding it too close, keep your arm straight," a woman's voice said in a lower class "Crucible of Starvation" crew accent.

The camera pulled back to show Candy's top half. She was wearing an extremely tight and provocative pink dress bedecked with symbols of Slaanesh and had a heap of glitter in her very low cleavage.

"How bout now?" Candy asked the other woman who was out of shot.

"Perfect darling." The woman replied.

Candy blew a kiss at the woman and then focused on the camera.

"Hi all, Candy here. I'm here as a guest in the home of Wendy Sevenson, sister of the Chaos Lord. All you slaves at work who don't believe me that I know the Royal family get ready to be proved wrong!" Candy told the camera.
The image slowly panned around 360 degrees, giving everyone a good view of a magnificent dining room with richly dressed guests in the process of arriving and sitting down. The camera was then briefly commandeered by another woman with pink hair and a lot of small bionic implants.

"I haven't met you guys but I have heard a lot about you. I'm Dark Mechanicum Tech Priestess Labia Johnson, wife of this sexy thing here," the pink haired woman said and paused to passionately kiss Candy.

Candy in the film giggled and stole her phone back.

The camera panned to show a pair of very scantily dressed adolescent girls who waved shyly.

"These are our daughters, Sugar and Honey. Sugar here I gave birth to, and Honey was squeezed out of Labia's pussy." Candy said happily, ignoring the embarrassed protest from Honey.

Candy and her wife spent some time talking about their family, to the very vague interest of the slaves and sanitation workers in the audience.

The footage then gave a tour of the extravagant room and showed Candy harassing various people for interviews. The first person she interviewed was a terrifyingly massive man in extremely expensive clothes who was obviously a space marine. The man radiated violence and threat and had the look of a man who had killed thousands, clearly a very dangerous man.

"Luke can you please tell the camera thing on my phone who you are, my friends at work don't believe that I know you." Candy cheerfully asked the scary looking giant.

"What the fuck Candy! I will stick that phone up your ass!" The man threatened in a voice that the audience clearly recognised from the public announcement system, the distinctive deep voice of the Chaos Lord!

Candy took the threat literally and bent over, dropping her panties.

"Please do, that sounds like fun." Candy purred, handing the phone to the Chaos Lord.

"You really are the dumbest slut I have ever met. Fine I'll do your blasted interview, just cover up your gonorrhoea infested pussy, it fucking stinks!" The Chaos Lord growled.

Candy cheerfully returned her clothing to it's proper place and enthusiastically pressed her body up against the Chaos Lord, handing the phone to her wife. Candy put her hands inside the Chaos Lord's pants and shamelessly gave him a hand job inside his clothes.

The Chaos Lord did not seem to object to this in the least and looked at Candy with a hungry predatory expression on his face.

"So can you tell the camera who you are lover?" Candy asked in a seductive purr.

The Chaos Lord huskily said, "My name is Luke Sevenson, eldest surviving son of Daemon Princess MA7. I am the Chaos Lord who rules this ship, this fleet, and the entire Royal family... Candy if you get my cum on my clothes I am going to get mad!"

Candy buried her head down inside his trousers, out of view of the camera and noisily gave head. The slave audience shifted uncomfortably, they didn't particularly want to see the brutal despot who enslaved them having his cock sucked.

Labia attempted to ask additional interview questions but the Chaos Lord mostly ignored her,
clearly more interested in his cock being sucked by Candy. He did answer a few questions, but wasn't really engaged in the interview.

After an embarrassingly long time Candy's head emerged from his pants. She had semen running down her chin and true to form she got some one his clothing. The Chaos Lord snarled and gave her a beating, but made sure to only bruise body parts covered by her scanty clothing!

"LUKE! That's my best friend you are beating up!" Shouted an insanely beautiful woman.

"She deserved it, look what she did to my clothes!" The Chaos Lord said defensively.

The woman fussed over his clothes, cleaning them with a tissue she wet provocatively with her tongue. The chaos lord got excited and was soon tickling the woman on his lap, making her shriek with laughter.

Candy and Labia discretely put some distance between themselves and the brutal Chaos Lord while he was distracted.

"That woman who just saved me from having my ass kicked is our best friend Octavia Sevenson. She is the number one favourite concubine of the Chaos Lord, he spends like 6 hours a day fucking her." Candy giggled to the camera as she rubbed her bruises.

"She's a tickle freak, look at her go! She love it!" Labia added happily.

Candy and Labia interviewed several other people for a while, getting all sorts of insights into the Royal family and gossip from the guests.

"This here is the Royal Consort TigerLily Sevenson, wife of the Chaos Lord. Say hi TigerLily," Candy said cheerfully.

"Fuck off," TigerLily told them simply in an electronic voice from a helmet she wore.

"Um ok, it seems that the Her Majesty is not in the mood to talk," Candy explained unnecessarily to the camera.

The camera panned up and down TigerLily slowly. She was clearly trying to be sexy and wearing an insanely provocative blue outfit that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. The outfit was clearly designed for Slaanesh worshippers but had been tailored so that it was covered in symbols of Tzeentch. She was a beautiful woman, put completely outclassed by the titanic raw sex appeal of Octavia.

She was very clearly a mutant, with her bare feet the feet of a bird rather than the feet of a human. She had very long blue downy feathers in place of hair and these cascaded down her back in a fluffy tangle that suited her. Her eyes gazed blindly, not moving and out of focus. Around her head was locked a high tech looking helmet with a metal band running under her jaw to keep it on and dozens of locks hanging off it to keep it locked firmly on her head.

She was covered in horrific bruises and black eyes that spoke of incessant domestic violence, all unsuccessfully covered by huge amounts of makeup. Her entire demeanour was the pitiful look of a beaten wife.

The mutant woman was facing the Chaos Lord with a look of wretched jealousy on her face. She continually rearranged her cleavage and outfit to look as provocative as possible, clearly trying to get the Chaos Lord to notice her. He completely ignored her as though she didn't even exist.
"Poor TigerLily, she tries so hard." Candy in the video said sympathetically.

"She will probably die soon, the violence is getting worse by the day according to Octavia. I think her husband only keeps her alive now to produce legitimate heirs, she has already given him over 10 kids so he probably doesn't need her anymore." Labia added in a whisper.

The camera suddenly panned around to show TigerLily storming towards them, her face full of rage.

"Whoops, looks like she heard me." Labia said and she and Candy ran away with TigerLily in hot pursuit.

The video proceeded to show Candy and Labia being briefly chased by a very angry looking TigerLily, and quickly ended when TigerLily tripped over and hurt herself.

Candy and Labia stopped running and helped TigerLily limp to the nearest first aid kit for an injection to dull the pain and accelerate healing.

"Are we cool now?" Labia asked TigerLily apprehensively.

"I guess so..." TigerLily sighed wretchedly through her helmet speakers.

"You change your mind about an interview?" Candy asked hopefully.

"Who are you even planning to show this too? You already know who I am." TigerLily asked suspiciously.

"It's for the slaves at work who don't believe that I know Egg and Pedo. I'm trying to convince them that Egg is not blonde and that Pedo is not a handsome young boy her age." Candy explained.

TigerLily laughed bitterly, "you have no idea how much I WISH that he was the right age for her!!"

Candy and Labia in the video explained the sort of thing's that the slaves were saying and TigerLily sighed with exasperation.

"Care to correct these misunderstandings?" Candy asked.

"And dash their hopes? Tzeentch wouldn't like that at all. Well I guess it'll come out sooner or later." TigerLily said and addressed the camera.

"My name is TigerLily Sevenson, Tzeentch Sorceress and wife of my beloved husband the Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson. Princess Egg Sevenson is my daughter by birth and is my first child born to the Chaos Lord. My daughter is 11 years old and is still very much an innocent child."

"Egg's slave Pete Smith is in his late 30's and has a history of raping and sexually abusing hundreds of preteen children. Under the neglect of the Tau Empire Egg and 2 other little girls were left unattended and were brutally raped by Pete Smith."

"Pete was a free chaos crewman at the time and completely unknown to the Sevenson family. The rape split open Egg's vagina and required vaginal surgery to repair the damage. The rape also got one of the other girls pregnant, my daughter Violet."
"The Sevenson family wanted to kill Pete Smith for his crimes but the Tau Empire wouldn't let the family kill him. Instead the family enslaved him as punishment and cut off his private parts to stop him raping any more kids. Originally he belonged to Violet but then later Egg built a bond with him and bought him off Violet as her own personal slave."

"Ever since she bought him, Pete Smith has been brainwashing Egg and convincing her to let him insert objects into her vagina. At first it was grey areas like spending a bit too long washing her private parts, but in the last few weeks it has gotten much much worse."

"For example they bathe together in the same bath tub every time Egg bathes, and he touches her in the bath. He would spend like 15 minutes at a time penetrating her vagina with slithers of soap, tricking her into believing that it is a normal hygiene practice to spend 15 minutes twice daily to wash out an 11 year olds vagina with a cake of soap!"

"Egg also told the investigators about Pete Smith's so called bath games that involved groping around blindly in the water to try to touch each other between the legs! It was really sick stuff!"

"Eventually one of the maid slaves couldn't keep silent anymore and risked her life to approach the Chaos Lord about it. When the guards burst in to investigate they found Egg laying naked on the floor with Pete rubbing her vagina!"

"Pete went on trial and was facing the death penalty but poor little Egg is so brainwashed by him that she has been doing everything in her power to derail the court case."

"First she argued that she ordered him to molest her and that he was just being an obedient slave, but that's just ridiculous and conflicts with other witness testimony."

"After that didn't convince the judges, Egg proposed marriage to Pete in the courtroom in her latest bid to derail the entire legal system! The engagement laws are such that it has created a massive legal quagmire that is completely derailing the entire judicial process!"

"The thing about Egg is that she is naïve and far too trusting for her own good. Everyone knows about how she saved all those slaves from starvation, that's the sort of person Egg is, the very embodiment of compassion."

"If she sees someone in peril, even a pedophile facing justice for raping her, she will go to extreme lengths to protect them, even going far enough to marry a pedophile to save him from the death penalty, she is THAT nice!" TigerLily finished.

The entire audience now was murmuring unhappily, many of the women were crying.

The video proceeded to show them returning to the dining room and sitting down to the meal. The atmosphere at the table was very tense and the food arrived quickly. The phone was placed in Candy's cleavage crack, affording an excellent view of the table as everyone ate.

One of the teenage girls started making sexually suggestive gestures at another teenage girl on the other side of the table from the first girl, and the other girl started to moan and become very sexually excited. This went on for some time getting steadily worse until the girls appeared to be masturbating openly at the table!

At this point it generated comments and the entire audience cringed when they learned that the two teenage girls were sisters! Things escalated with astonishing speed when it became apparent that one of the girls was sexually active with her giant space marine brother! Very very fast escalation!!

Within a minute the space marine was shamelessly fucking his sister over the side of the table and
the entire table erupted in shock and outraged shouting, all filled eagerly by Candy.

This caused a lot of disquiet among the audience too, all of them now watching it like a soap opera and totally hooked.

The sister fucking ended with said sister in tears and shouting angrily at the space marine brother saying she was breaking up with him. The audience gasped in dismay as the space marine held a gun to his sisters head and promised to shoot her if she didn't recant the break up! The poor girl was terrified and wretchedly insisted that she didn't want to break up anymore!

The entire time nobody intervened as the giant monster forced the teenage girl at gun point to continue an incestuous sexual relationship that she clearly didn't want. Eventually the girl's pleading proclamations of love calmed down the massive psychopath and he returned to his place at the table.

The ridiculously hot Octavia identified herself as the Space Marine's mother and chastised him for pulling a gun on his sister, slapping his face. He proceeded to nearly kill his mother with a brutal blow to the head before finding calming down!

The rest of the gathering consisted of hurt feelings, nonlethal violence, fucked up conversations and generally dysfunctional behaviour!

The audience looked at Candy repeatedly in astonishment to confirm that this had all really happened.

Eventually after a lot of cringe worthy moments Candy and Labia finally cornered Egg and Pete Smith for an interview and the audience growled with rage at what they witnessed.

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"Hello friends of Aunty Candy, I'm Egg and this is my fiancé Pedo, sorry Pete. What would you like to know?" Said the little mutant girl.

The princess was certainly not blonde and was basically an 11 year old version of TigerLily. She had the same physical mutations as her mother and was also wearing a helmet like her mother. She was absolutely tiny and adorably cute, wearing a bright pink dress covered in symbols of Slaanesh and bedecked in priceless jewellery like a princess should be.

"Please confirm that you are indeed the princess and Royal heir." Labia prompted.

"Sure Aunty Labia. My name is Egg Sevenson, eldest daughter and heir of my father Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson by his wife TigerLily. I'm a princess and one day I will be the next Chaos Lord." Egg said adorably and continued.

"That's my Daddy over there punching my birth mother in the face."

Egg waved to the Chaos Lord who was engaged in sickening domestic violence against the bleeding face of his wife. The Chaos Lord waved back with a blood soaked hand and stomped over to join them, dragging his wife behind him like a bit of meat.

Pete Smith fled as the Chaos Lord drew close and Egg affectionately hugged her Father's massive leg, calling him Daddy.

The Chaos Lord put his bleeding wife in a chair that was moved to face Candy and sat down in an adjacent chair which groaned under his massive weight but didn't give way. Egg climbed up and
"Daddy, Daddy, Aunty Candy is interviewing me to let her friends learn about me and the Royal family!" Egg said excitedly.

"Yes sweetie, I already gave her an interview." The Chaos Lord said to her with surprising gentleness and affection.

"I also had a long interview with TigerLily before the food was served." Candy said happily.

Egg and the Chaos Lord looked at the battered bleeding TigerLily curiously and she cowered fearfully.

"What did you say to Candy?" The Chaos Lord snarled at his wretched wife.

TigerLily cowered wretchedly and fearfully said, "I told her about the events of the last year, about how Egg met her fiancé and about the recent court case and engagement."

The Chaos Lord growled angrily but didn't hit his flinching wife.

"What did you want to know about my daughter's so called engagement?" The Chaos Lord asked angrily.

"What are your thoughts on it?" Candy asked fearlessly.

"If she waits until she comes of legal age then she can fuck her slaves as she wishes and even marry them, if she really wants to and can convince me that they are worthy of her. This is not about an engagement, this is about a grown man in his late 30's fiddling with my 11 year old daughter's private parts in a bathtub!" The Chaos Lord explained with a snarl at the end.

"Daddy please don't kill him, you already have him tortured every day." Egg pleaded.

"Death is too merciful for him, I plan to keep him alive for a long, LONG time!" The Chaos Lord promised.

"Thank you Daddy." Egg said relieved.

"Why is he here at the dinner?" Candy asked the Chaos Lord.

"Day release from the torture chamber. I keep him in agony every waking moment, and it will stay that way for the rest of his very long life. But every now and then my adorable little daughter gets permission from me to release him under supervision for short periods. He is still her slave and has a duty to serve her." The Chaos Lord explained to Candy.

"One day I will marry him and have him released from that torture chamber." Egg said determined.

"By the time you are old enough to marry that pedophile he will no longer be interested in you, he only fucks kids." The Chaos Lord told his daughter gently.

"Fiancé, come here." Egg called out in a loud voice.

The tall creepy looking mutilated man fearfully emerged from hiding in a doorway and obediently approached Egg, grovelling in terror in the presence of her father. TigerLily made angry bird sounds at his presence and the Chaos Lord sneered at him.

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Chapter 15

Chapter 15C

The audience of slaves and sanitation workers yelled angrily at Pete Smith on the video screen. They now saw him for exactly what he was and the romantic illusions were shattered against the hard reality.

They cheered as the Chaos Lord kicked and beat the pedophile on the floor, joined by TigerLily who also savagely kicked and clawed him with her bird feet. Egg screamed in dismay but the Chaos Lord picked her up out of harms way and continued beating the absolute shit out of the man.

Pete Smith was barely still alive at the end and Egg clung to him weeping as soon as she was put back down on the floor. Paramedics raced the half dead man to hospital, accompanied by the wailing weeping Egg.

TigerLily licked the blood off her claws, looking extremely satisfied. Without warning the Chaos Lord grabbed her and passionately fucked her on top of the blood covered floor, to the obvious delight of TigerLily.

The video ended at this point and Candy turned it off. The audience looked at her in amazement and the sanitation workers requested copies of the video, which Candy was happy to share.

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The ship was in an absolute uproar after Candy's video went viral, several people in the Royal family were now a laughing stock or despised. Everyone with a video projector had shown the footage to as many of the chained up slaves and commoners as possible, spreading the feverish reaction.

The Chaos Lord had now earned the nickname "Wife Beater", and Augusta was now called "Sister Fucker." Egg was seen as a tragically naïve idiot with a heart of gold and the Royal family in general was seen as a bunch of incestuous freaks. The only person who really came out of this scandal looking good was TigerLily.

Egg was of course still popular, but her public perception had been somewhat tarnished. It was obvious to all that she had a heart of gold, but it was equally obvious that she had a severely fucked up home life. "That's my Daddy over there punching my Mummy in the face," had now become a popular catchphrase throughout the ship and the fact that Egg hadn't even reacted to the domestic violence had seriously damaged her pure image.

TigerLily on the other hand had a lot of sympathy among the crew members and slaves who had never met her and didn't know her true character. In the video footage she had been a blameless tragic figure.

The initial chase and subsequent tripping over and getting hurt had actually made her endearing to the audience. The fact was that Labia's comment had been insulting and personally hurtful enough to reasonably justify TigerLily's reaction, so she didn't come across in a bad light.

The first they saw of TigerLily was a woman who had obviously pulled out all the stops to try to make herself attractive to her husband. They saw the jealousy and wretchedness on her face as her husband fooled around with a much hotter woman that she couldn't compete with, and they pitied her.
Everyone had cheered when TigerLily joined in beating up the pedophile who had molested her
daughter and gained enormous respect for her.

And the footage of her massive husband brutally punching her bleeding face and Egg’s comment
about it had instantly elevated her to the level of being almost a saint. Some of the more
superstitious slaves had coined TigerLily as a patron saint of battered wives.

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"Did you see the bit where that massive brute punched his poor wife in the face, what a vicious
brute!" Tommy the slave said to his chained up neighbours.

"Yeah it was brutal. Such a waste, she had a pretty hot face, for a mutant anyway." Jason the slave
agreed.

"She should leave him, I'd gladly fuck her, mutant or not, she is clearly a very good woman." Glen
the slave added.

"Well I'm not so sure about fucking a mutant, but as mutants go she is really something. Maybe not
worthy of a servant of the emperor, but yeah, she is the chaos equivalent of the perfect wife." Harry
the slave replied.

"Yeah, mutants are inferior and not worthy of us, but he is a chaos lord, so a mutant is an
appropriate choice for him. They are both creatures of Chaos, it's a great match. I mean talk about
a perfect wife, bore him over ten children, goes the extra mile to please him and is totally obedient
to him! That's the dream wife right there!" Tommy opined.

"He should focus on her and leave the normal human girls for us pure men of the Emperor! Did
you see that Octavia chick that he was fooling around with, oh baby put those tits in my mouth!"
Exclaimed Frank the slave.

"Yeah, I don't care if she likes ticklin, I'd tickle that chick all day long, fucking gorgeous!" Jason
exclaimed.

"Yeah, and that Candy chick said that he fucks her like 6 hours a day! What a waste! He should be
faithful to his wife and free her up for us! I don't ever had a wife, I'd gladly marry that hottie and
make an honest woman of her!" Glen added eagerly.

"And what about that Sabrina chick that Candy interviewed! Oh my sweet Emperor, I have never
seen any girl that hot!" Harry exclaimed excitedly.

"She's married though, it sounds like her husband is a real peace of work! Fancy making your wife
call you "Master", what a loser!" Frank said with a guffaw.

"Yeah," Tommy agreed, "such a waste, these Chaos villains steal all these really great girls all for
themselves. At least her husband married her instead of just keeping her on the side like Octavia!"

"Did anyone see her husband?" Asked Sally the slave.

"Nah, she said that this ship is traveling to meet up with him. He must be on some different ship
due to his duties." Jason replied.

"Why not take her with him?" Steve the slave asked.

"I heard about that, apparently the Night Lords were in some huge war and all the women were in
danger. That's why they sent the women to the Tau Empire, to keep them safe. And now that the war is won, Wife Beater has been sent by his traitor legion to collect their women for them." Jason explained.

"Well damn, the husband will be damn pleased to get Sabrina back after all this time, holy fuck I would be pleased is I had a girl that yummy being sent to me!" Harry said excitedly.

"Well ok, so that really hot one is married, but Octavia is still fair game. I wonder if Candy will introduce her to me," Jasper the slave wondered.

"I'd happily even fuck Candy, did you see her pussy when she dropped her panties, I almost busted a nut." Frank said with a laugh.

"What and catch gonorrhoea? Last time I fucked Candy it felt like I was pissing out razor blades for a week! That girl has fucked every single guy in the entire ship, from me all the way up to the Chaos Lord!" Said Kevin the slave from a little way down the corridor.

"Wait, how do you know Candy? Isn't she Royal family?" Sally asked confused.

"Nah, Candy is one of those sanitation chicks who fuck all the guys instead of cleaning. I've fucked her, every guy in this corridor has fucked her. She's a total slut." Jasper told Sally.

"I wish she would do her job and clean this place, it's fucking filthy!" Sally exclaimed.

"But how does one of those skanky sanitation chicks know the Chaos Lord?" Asked Hilda the slave.

"Because she is best friends with Octavia. Candy never shuts up about her life when she fucks you. Octavia used to be like a sanitation slave or something. She caught the cock of the Chaos Lord one day and he knocked her up. I mean look at her, she's REALLY hot, the Chaos Lord was probably just walking past and liked what he saw." Jasper explained.

"Does Octavia ever work with Candy?" Tommy asked excitedly.

"She used to but that was years ago. She was just another sanitation skank like Candy, only like a million times hotter. She now lives with the Royal family and is fucked all the time, she has like a family or something." Jasper explained.

"Yeah, Sister Fucker is her son, the Chaos Lord is obviously the father. That means that "gun-to-her-head-girl" you know, the sister that he fucked, she must also be Octavia's daughter. I bet that Wife Beater has knocked her up heaps of times." Harry replied.

"Fucking greedy Wife Beater stealing away all the really hot sanitation chicks! He should give her back, then she will be back with Candy and we will all get to fuck her!" Tommy exclaimed angrily.

"Yeah!" Shouted every other man in earshot.

The discussion was interrupted at this point by the arrival of the charity workers with their daily food and water. With crashing and slithering noises the silent horrors that lurk in the dark fled away from the new arrivals before the lights came on.

"Holy fuck! One of the horrors was like 2 foot away from me and I didn't even know it was there! Crap that's terrifying how silent thosefuckers can be!" Tommy exclaimed in shock from the noise of the silent monster crashing away.
"Oh shit, the horrors got Chuck! They chewed him down to a skeleton!" Exclaimed Nigel the slave in horror as soon as there was enough light to see.

As the light increased screams rang out as slaves found some of their comrades eaten in the night. With all of the slaves now fed and watered thanks to Egg, the slaves were no longer dying of hunger and thirst, meaning far less carrion for the horrors in the dark to eat. This had caused the horrors to start praying more and more on the living, and the death toll was rising.

The charity workers were mostly off duty slaves, especially Tau, plus a small number of more compassionate chaos worshippers. To the absolute astonishment of everyone present they saw TigerLily! They started to call her name but she shook her head in irritation.

"I'm not TigerLily! I'm Indigo Muhammad, I'm TigerLily's sister!"

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Indigo was getting really tired of everyone mistaking her for her amoral sister, it was hard enough being a bird mutant without having your subspecies of abhuman become infamous because of a brutal despot!

Indigo was a childless spinster completely by choice. She had saved up money and voluntarily had herself sterilised so that she would never become pregnant and never succumb to the terrible maternal instincts that plagued her kind.

Indigo was morally the polar opposite of TigerLily. She was a deeply ethical person who had dedicated her life to charity work and helping the less fortunate. She was a devout Tzeentch worshipper, dedicating herself to bringing hope to the hopeless and breaking the stereotype that all Tzeentch worshippers are deceitful manipulative self-centred assholes.

Indigo had deliberately had no part in the insane ritual more than a decade ago to secure husbands for the Tzeentch worshipping spinsters at the cost of far too many lives. In fact Indigo had finally stopped talking to TigerLily after that fucked up human sacrifice ritual and had been estranged from her ever since.

Indigo and TigerLily were descendants of the old Muhammad family dynasty that had ruled the strike cruiser "Crucible of Starvation" before the Sevensons slaughtered many of them and took power. The Muhammad dynasty had been a Tzeentch worshipping faction of brains and psychic powers, and it had been a glorious time for the Muhammad family.

Luke Sevenson had personally led the slaughter of Indigo's ancestors centuries ago and the vile monster who destroyed her entire dynasty was still alive today! And TigerLily had MARRIED that monster! She really was an honour-less power hungry peace of shit!

Indigo sighed and helped feed the poor unfortunate slaves, politely refusing to talk about her sister. She had a lot of work to do and all the questions were slowing her down!

Indigo was physically similar to TigerLily except that she lacked the feathers for hair. She instead had bright blue dyed human hair, which was naturally black in colour and dyed for religious reasons. TigerLily had originally had human hair too but had mutated when she received a mark of Tzeentch for being a supremely manipulative piece of shit. The feather mutation appeared to be genetic now as all of TigerLily's children had inherited it.

"Please stop asking! I have been estranged from my sister for over a decade, I have not talked to her in all that time. Please let me do my job!" Indigo implored them.
"She needs you now, her husband is beating her!" The slaves implored her in return.

"I have seen the viral video and I'm really not surprised. The entire family warned her not to marry that psychopath, mother did everything she possibly could to talk her out of it. I don't have time to chat with you, we run a tight schedule to make sure every single person gets fed. I still have another 12 hours before my shift ends and that is only just enough time to feed everyone if I don't dawdle!" Indigo shouted at them urgently.

"Wow, even her sister is nice, the entire TigerLily family is nice all around!" The slaves said impressed.

Indigo felt herself die a little inside but didn't have time to correct these mistakes. If she didn't work faster then people would start dying!

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Indigo was so exhausted that she was on the verge of tears when she finally fed and watered the last of the slaves. The slaves had been mistaking her for her sister ALL DAY! the entire 13 hour shift!

She didn't think that she could cope with another shift of people praising her evil sister!

Not only did she have to deal with this, she also had to deal with her mother at home being hysterical about TigerLily's safety!

Indigo reached out with her psychic powers and telepathically connected with the mind of her mother at home.

"I'm safe, I'm heading home Mum." Indigo told her mother telepathically.

"Thank Tzeentch you are safe. My darling TigerLily is in danger! That Sevenson tyrant is beating her up!" Mum replied hysterically.

Indigo sighed wretchedly and disconnected the telepathic link before Mother's wailing drove her tired mind insane!

Indigo dropped off her work gear at the charity office and walked home, thinking about what vermin she would eat tonight. Indigo didn't get paid for the work she did so she had to find alternate ways of feeding herself, usually the meat of vermin animals.

Indigo pulled an old and very worn long knife from her belt and walked to a suitably vermin infested trash heap. She reached out with her powers and touched the mind of a massive hairy spider she sensed hidden deeply under the trash. The spider's feeble mind lacked the processing power to be suspicious of the urge to move that Indigo placed in its mind and it obediently emerged from the safety of it's burrow and stood still as she picked it up and put it in her food box.

With her powers controlling their minds, even the most venomous spiders could be safely handled, they would not bite her. One by one Indigo collected enough spiders to make soup with. Every spider she collected she put into a deep sleep with a psychic command, laying spiders that would normally attack each other safely on top of each other in the food box.

Indigo wondered if she should risk getting bigger prey. This was dangerous as bigger animals had more advanced minds that were harder to control. She decided to play it safe when she was so exhausted and stuck to gathering the giant fat spiders.
With a box full to capacity of peacefully sleeping spiders, Indigo headed home to cook the spiders into a soup for her and her mother.

Her home was relatively modest but because of who her sister was, it was completely rent free. Technically it was her mother's home and TigerLily had given the property to their mother as a gift. All the utilities were paid for by TigerLily so they had no bills at all. Indigo had nowhere else to live but could always rely on her mother's maternal instincts to let her live with her.

"I got spiders for dinner." Indigo told her Mother exhaustedly as she entered.

"Why the fuck is my own sister eating vermin and feeding it to my mother!" Said the last voice Indigo had any desire to hear, the voice of her sister TigerLily!

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Indigo regarded her sister coldly. She was a mass of contusions, black eyes and bruises, horribly beaten up. She was wearing a helmet that hurt Indigo's psychic powers to even look at and her extravagantly expensive blue silk robes were stained with her own blood.

"You look fucking terrible!" Indigo exclaimed in horror at the sickening signs of domestic violence.

"Then you are seeing me on a good day." TigerLily said with a bitter smirk.

Mother fussed over TigerLily's injuries, compelled by her maternal instincts to care for her daughter. No matter what TigerLily did, Mother was incapable of ever disowning her nor forsaking her.

"Why are you here?" Indigo asked.

"Lash suggested that it would help my depression if I spend time with family." TigerLily explained.

"Who's Lash?" Indigo asked.

"The only friend I have now, the only adult person I see everyday who still cares about me." TigerLily said sadly.

"You have me! You always have me!" Mother said with maternal madness, her instincts obsessing over TigerLily.

"I can't stay long or Luke will beat me even worse tonight. A few hours is all I am allowed, he knows I am here." TigerLily explained.

Mother hissed angrily at the mention of Luke beating her up.

"Well I don't have much but you are welcome to share some spider soup with us tonight." Indigo offered.

"I think that I will pass no offence, Tzeentch only knows what filth those spiders were living in." TigerLily said in disgust.

Indigo shrugged and began the laborious process of washing all the filth off the spiders to make them less toxic to eat. TigerLily criticised the entire time, saying it was disgusting.

"It's all I can afford!" Indigo snapped.
"What about the money I send Mum?" TigerLily asked.

"It's all untouched in her account, I refuse to use that filthy Sevenson money, they destroyed our entire dynasty!" Indigo snapped angrily.

"The dynasty is reborn, my children are now heirs to the throne!" TigerLily insisted.

"I'll say this for your children, I'm proud of Egg. She gave my charity all the food we need to save every slave from starvation, I'm so proud of her." Indigo said with real respect.

"I am compelled to love that girl, but she is very cruel to me. She messes with my maternal instincts, and holds loaded guns to her head and threatens to kill herself to get her way! She has basically disowned me in favour of that bed slave who raised her. She hurts me more than Luke's fists ever did!" TigerLily admitted wretchedly.

Indigo and Mother both shuddered in horror, what TigerLily had described was the worst possible thing that could happen to a bird mutant!

"Oh that's so horrid!... Wait a minute, that girl has a sense of ethics as strong as my own... What did you DO to make such a sweet girl be so cruel to you?" Indigo asked suspiciously.

"Well... Well it's not entirely my fault! My maternal instincts went crazy with all the suicide threats and I have beaten her ass with a belt excessively pretty much every single day since I got her back! I want to stop but I can't help it and she hates me so much for it! The only reason it has stopped at the moment is because Egg is messing with my maternal instincts, she has made my mindless instincts think that 2 of my other children will die if I beat Egg!" TigerLily admitted.

"That's why I sterilised myself, the instincts make us crazy." Indigo said.

"She is just so cruel! She tells me that invisible assassins are holding guns at my new egg!" TigerLily exclaimed in horror.

Mother hugged TigerLily to comfort her and Indigo pitied her.

"Have you explained to her how much it hurts you?" Indigo asked.

"She enjoys hurting me, she even tells my husband to take this THING he married back to the torture chamber and throw away the key!" TigerLily said in horror.

"I'm not buying it, if she said that then you must have done something even worse than daily beltings." Indigo said suspiciously.

TigerLily looked guiltily at her feet.

"Out with it, what did you DO," Indigo asked

"I... Well I did a few things, it's complicated to explain. You see, Egg was raised by my Sister-in-law Wendy Sevenson and her bed slave wife Octavia. She considers them both to be her mother's, and considers Octavia to be her primary parent." TigerLily explained.

"Go on," Indigo prompted.

"Well I sort of attempted to murder Octavia recently, and I tried to mess with Wendy's head to manipulate her into becoming my ally. Both the murder and the mind games failed and now Egg hates my guts." TigerLily admitted miserably.
"I'm not surprised! Why would you do something so horrid, please tell me what could possibly justify that," Indigo exclaimed in disgust.

"My husband fucks Octavia constantly and loves her more than he loves me! He might divorce me and marry her, she is a terrible threat to me!" TigerLily exclaimed animatedly.

"You are probably better off if he does! Look at how beaten up you are!" Indigo said honestly.

"But I LOVE him! He is the only man I ever truly loved!" TigerLily said with obvious feeling.

"That man was one of the ringleaders who wiped out our ancestors! He has the blood of so many Muhammads on his hands! How can you love him?! Out of all the men to fall in love with, why HIM?!" Indigo exclaimed in angry bewilderment.

"The sex is really good," TigerLily replied feebly.

Indigo shook her head in disgust and continued preparing dinner.

"If you won't use my money then why don't you get a real job that pays money so that you aren't eating vermin!" TigerLily criticised.

"Those people will die if I don't do what I do! They desperately need me and I am too tired after my shifts to do a second job. My powers let me get enough meat to feed us and I sell some of the meat for other types of food." Indigo explained.

"But why help them at all? They are no relation to you, they are complete strangers, why do you care so much about their fate?" TigerLily asked incredulously.

"Because unlike you, I am not an amoral piece of shit." Indigo replied with brutal honesty.

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Things had not improved by the time dinner was ready. The more TigerLily talked the more her sister lost respect for her.

"You really are not worthy of this family, you are the most evil person I have ever known!" Indigo told TigerLily.

TigerLily felt deep stabs of pain at this accusation and hid her face in her hands. Her saintly sister had always had a way of making TigerLily feel like an evil monster.

Mother of course defended TigerLily, but Mother had no choice but to with her maternal instincts, without the instincts her mother would probably despise her too.

"Is it even possible for you to forgive me sister?" TigerLily pleaded.

"Stop playing the victim, you know damn well that I am a forgiving person and will forgive you gladly. But forgiveness of crimes of your scale requires at the very least remorse. You have killed and enslaved millions of innocent people for selfish gain and you have shown no remorse at all!" Indigo snapped at her.

"You are saying that I have to remember and be sorry for absolutely everything I ever did?" TigerLily asked in bewilderment.

"I would frankly be happy if you were sorry for ANYTHING that you ever did wrong!" Indigo exclaimed angrily.
"What can I do to make up for it?" TigerLily asked.

"I told you, be sorry and mean it for the crimes you have committed!" Indigo insisted.

"I'm sorry," TigerLily lied.

"Lies don't count, why is it even so hard to regret mass murder?" Indigo yelled.

TigerLily thought about this and didn't like the answer she found. If she took responsibility for the morality of her actions then it would limit her in the future on her journey to selfish gain. TigerLily decided to change the subject.

"Perhaps I could contribute to your charity?" TigerLily suggested.

"You have had that opportunity for a long time, in the end it was your daughter rather than you who helped get us Royal family funding to feed everyone. The only thing you have contributed to the good of others is when you squeezed an egg out of your vagina!" Indigo replied hatefully.

"I'm at rock bottom now, I'm severely depressed and fucking look at how beaten up I am! I'm reaching out to you, my own sister, for some fucking pity here!" TigerLily exclaimed desperately.

Indigo sighed deeply and TigerLily knew that she had won.

"You are right, you ARE my sister, and it's obvious that you are in a really bad way. If someone in your position came to my charity I would help them without question, I should extend you the same compassion." Indigo said compassionately.

"Enough chitchat, come back home now, I want to use you as a punching bag." Luke's terrible voice said from a speaker system in TigerLily's helmet.

"Leave my little girl alone you brute!" Mother squawked in maternal outrage.


"I'm coming husband." TigerLily said fearfully.

"I'm coming with you." Indigo said.

"No mother-in-laws! You are still barred from entering the Royal quarters you bat shit cock-blocker!" Luke exclaimed.

"I'm not, I'm your sister-in-law Indigo." Indigo assured him.

"Oh, I don't think I have met you... Are you on birth control?" Luke asked her.

"What? Why would you ask me such a question!" Indigo answered in shock.

"I don't want you to get pregnant after I fuck you." Luke replied matter-of-factly.

"Who said that you are going to fuck me?" Indigo asked in bewilderment.

"I said that I am going to fuck you, disobedience will result in death. I suggest that you bring birth control." Luke told TigerLily's horrified sister.

Indigo didn't even have time to reply before Mother was frantically pushing her out the door towards the Royal quarters, mother's maternal instincts demanding that Indigo be brutally raped to
save her from the death penalty!

TigerLily hid her smirk, it served the do-gooder right.

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Indigo cowered in the corner with her sister, using her own body as a human shield protectively in front of TigerLily. Indigo had never been so afraid in her life!

The guards had stripped Indigo and her sister completely naked before shoving them in the room with the horny naked Chaos Lord and locking them in the room!

The massive Luke Sevenson was like 8 or 9 feet tall and thick with muscle. His mind was protected from Indigo's powers by anti-telepathy drugs and she simply had no way of fighting him off! Fortunately the tyrant was distracted by other naked women in the room.

The bedroom was absolutely extravagant, gigantic beyond any justifiable need and richly bedecked in the most lavish and expensive fabrics and materials money could buy. It had it's own luxurious bathroom that was almost a luxury swimming centre in its sheer scale. The wealth wasted on this room could have elevated a lot of people out of poverty and Indigo found it utterly disgusting!

The room was dominated by a gigantic 4 posted bed that covered more floor area than Indigo's entire apartment and it was swarming with beautiful naked women who were all eager to fuck the Chaos Lord as much as humanly possible!

"Sister-in-law, I haven't fucked you yet, it's your turn." Luke told her in a voice that expected no arguments.

"Please don't rape me!" Indigo pleaded.

"It's not rape if you consent, get your butt over here before I get mad, you won't like me when I'm mad." Luke said with deadly threat.

"DO IT! HE WILL KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T!" Mother's psychic voice screamed in Indigo's mind.

Feeling sick with fear and loathing, Indigo forced herself to walk towards the brutal psychopath, knowing that he was about to rape her! She only got halfway to the bed before the nausea was too much for her and she doubled over and puked up her spider soup.

Some of the more depraved Slaanesh worshipping women enthusiastically ran to the puddle of sick and licked it with moans of lust! It was so vile that Indigo threw up even more until she was completely empty and curled up in the fetal position on floor wailing wretchedly in horror and nausea.

"That's fucking disgusting! None of you puke lickers are allowed back on the bed tonight!" Luke roared in revulsion.

The sick lickers shrugged and proceeded to have an orgy with each other in the sick, smearing it all over each other and then licking it off! It was utterly fucked up!

Indigo suddenly saw the snippet of hope that would save her from rape, recognising a gift from Tzeentch when she saw one. She had a choice between being raped by Luke or joining the sick lickers and be banished from the bed! Screwing her courage to the breaking point and spurred by the desperate hope of Tzeentch, Indigo imitated a moan of lust and smeared her own sick all over
her and forced herself to lick some of it. The plan worked like a charm.

"Fucking hell! I should have known that TigerLily's sister would have something majorly fucked up about her! I'm not into that gross stuff! Get out of my bedroom and take those other puke orgy girls with you! Go on, out!" Luke shouted.

The guards opened the door and Indigo walked out, looking at TigerLily with pity as she left. The other girls were so lost in lust that they had to be physically dragged out of the room by the guards. They continued their pukey love making in the hallway outside the bedroom.

"I could really use somewhere to wash myself before I get sick." Indigo told one of the revolted looking guards.

"You're telling me! You fucking stink! The second door on the left over there is a bathroom, feel free to use the shower, towels are on the towel racks." The guard directed her.

Indigo thanked him and had a badly needed shower, enjoying the expensive soaps and shampoos and skin lotions. By the time she left the bathroom she was cleaner than she had been in months and felt a bit better.

Indigo wrapped herself in expensive towels and left the bathroom. She decided that she might as well explore while she was here so she roamed around the massive home, exploring. She turned around a corner and just about had a heart attack!

"Feed me TigerLily!" A psychic voice complained in her brain before she had even made sense of what she was seeing.

It was clearly some sort of Tyranid, with a massive oversized head and atrophied limbs. It had a lot of bionics sticking out of it's head and was floating in mid air on a pillar of awesome psychic force!

"I said feed me TigerLily!" The voice snarled at her.

"Oh, um what do you eat?" Indigo asked it telepathically.

"What is wrong with you, you smell like TigerLily but your mind is different... Who are you?. Not important, just feed me whoever you are!" The thing replied.

"Ignore that vile thing, it's brain implants make it harmless, and whatever you do don't feed the fucking thing or it will never leave you alone!" A passing guard told her.

"What is it?" Indigo asked the guard in amazement.

"It's the family pet, a Tyranid zoanthrope, it's called Chappie and all it ever does is eat and shit. It won't hurt you, it's just a nuisance." The guard told her with a laugh.

"It's amazing!" Indigo exclaimed in wonder.

"The novelty quickly wears off trust me. If you don't mind me asking, who are you and why are you wandering around in this part of the home?" The guard asked politely.

"I'm Indigo, Indigo Muhammad. I'm a charity worker. The Chaos Lord forced me to come to his bedroom on pain of death, trust me I don't want to be here!" Indigo explained.

"One of the Chaos Lord's booty calls huh? Yeah we get you girls all the time. Why aren't you in the bedroom being fucked?" The guard asked.
"He told a bunch of us to leave the room. There are like a multitude of girls in there and some were getting bored and playing with each other instead. Me and a bunch of other girls were getting freaky with vomit and he found it disgusting and made us leave the bedroom." Indigo explained.

"So you are just wandering around the house now?" The guard asked.

"Pretty much, I have never seen anything like this place, it's amazing. I'm also hoping to see my nieces and nephews." Indigo said happily.

"Do they work here or something?" The guard asked.

Indigo showed him her feet and explained that she was TigerLily's sister.

The guard's attitude completely changed and he became very formal as soon as he confirmed her identity with a scan of her implanted microchip.

"I'm so sorry for the confusion Ma'am, I thought you were some floozy trying to rob the place."
The guard explained.

Indigo laughed and told him it was ok. They got talking and got to know each other.

"I'm surprised that the Chaos Lord wanted to sleep with his Sister-in-law," the guard said relaxedly.

"I think he wanted both me and my sister together, like as a threesome or something. This is actually the first time I ever met him." Indigo admitted.

"Really? There must be an interesting story there! My name is Ketut by the way." The guard said with a laugh.

"Well my sister and I had a falling out over a decade ago and hadn't spoken to each other in all that time before today. This evening she randomly visited me at home and we reconciled, well were at least in the process of reconciliation when suddenly my brother-in-law who I have never met before decided that he wanted to welcome me... By fucking me!" Indigo explained openly.

"By the four powers! So you didn't even get to finish reconciling before the pair of you are getting fucked together!?!" Ketut asked in horrified wonder.

Indigo nodded, "yep, one minute I'm having a reconciliation meal with my sister and we were finally in the process of making peace and then suddenly I'm forced on pain of death to run off and get fucked!"

"Wow, that's brutal! But it sounds like you had fun at least, puke play is not my thing though." Ketut exclaimed.

"To be honest I found it pretty gross too, it just sort of happened. It's just crazy in that bedroom and I was feeling really nauseous. I don't think you want to know the details." Indigo said, feeling at ease with Ketut.

"I'm so sorry that this happened to you." Ketut apologised with just a touch too much chivalry.

Indigo read Ketut's mind, he was on the verge of flirting with her. It was still innocent at this point but he was wondering such things as her marital status and if he could take things to the next level. Indigo decided to cut this off at the pass.
"Ketut I don't like to read people's minds without their permission as it's rude, but I must apologise for reading your's just now. I'm a psyker and a telepath, sometimes it just happens." Indigo told him.

Ketut got embarrassed and asked what she had seen.

"Yes I read what you fear I read," Indigo confirmed.

"So that's a no huh?" Ketut guessed.

"Yes I am single and yes you are doing fine, lets just get this out in the open no bullshit." Indigo said and continued.

"Yes you have a shot but I don't think it's fair to you. I'm sterile meaning I can't ever get pregnant, I work 13 hours a day as a charity worker, and you already know what my brother-in-law is like. I have no money, I live with my overprotective mother who won't approve of you, and I fart like you wouldn't believe!" Indigo admitted with a giggled.

Ketut brightened up and enjoyed her presence, moving in closer.

Indigo sighed and gave him her contact details, asking him to call on her after work some time.

It had been a long time since a man who wasn't a complete creep had shown romantic interest in her and she still lived in hope of one day finding someone worthy of halting her self imposed spinsterhood for. She would give him a chance. Just not tonight after narrowly escaping rape.

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Indigo groaned herself awake on the filthy pile of rags she used as a bed and scratched at all the bedbug bites.

Mother was already awake and pottering around the cooking fire in the fire place Indigo had rigged up when she first moved in. Mother of frying thin sliced rat meat in a frypan over a pile of bubbling burning molten plastic. The homemade chimney vented the toxic black smoke into the room's stale air intake vent, carrying it off to the atmosphere scrubbing machines and no doubt annoying a tech priest.

"Smells good." Indigo said as she got up and did her morning chores before work.

Mother had probably been up for ages, she always woke up super early. Her morning ritual started with her going out to a trash heap, and using her powers to catch some edible vermin for breakfast. She would then spend the rest of the morning before Indigo woke up, skinning, gutting and preparing the food so it could be safely cooked.

During the day mother gathered flammable trash for the fire and traded meat for other types of food while Indigo was at work.

Indigo was currently scrubbing the walls and floor with a soapy brush like she did every morning, making one less chore for her mother to do. Soap was very cheap and could be traded easily for properly prepared rat meat.

Indigo checked the thick webs of the ceiling spiders and lovingly cleaned away the old fly choked webs to encourage the spiders to spin new webs, and added more rat guts to the fly bait cups.

The ceiling spider set up was an ingenious way of controlling the fly population on a budget. It
consisted of a tangled mass of scrap wire dangling from the ceiling with styrofoam cups impaled on the wire in the middle of the tangle. Spiders will naturally start colonising the wire with webs. You then put rat guts and similar smelly leftovers in the cups to attract flies and sit back as hundreds of annoying flies get stuck in the webs trying to get at the bait.

The wire tangle had had a population explosion of spiders and was now a formidable powerhouse of fly annihilation that could quickly clear the entire room of flies as long as it was kept clean of old webs.

The entire room was full of neat tricks to perform essential tasks on a budget like this, sparing them from using the filthy money that TigerLily obtained through her sickening crimes against humanity. When times were really hard Mother used some of the money without telling Indigo, but when they could be they were self sufficient apart from essential utilities that could only be paid for with real money.

Indigo and her Mother sat down on the old creaky fold up chairs and and ate breakfast at the equally old wobbly fold up table. Like everything they owned it was extremely cheap and second hand, cheap enough that even they could afford it with nothing but meat to trade for it.

Indigo and her mother were poor by choice. They were both extremely devout Tzeentch worshippers who followed Tzeentch in his aspect of bringer of hope to the hopeless.

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Chapter 16

Chapter 16C

Indigo and her mother continued to eat at the rickety table, the rat meat wasn't exactly delicious but it was food and was free so they ate it gladly. This level spartan monastic life was largely motivated by a desire to make up for all the evil TigerLily caused. She was part of their family, that made them at least partially responsible for her shocking behaviour.

Originally Mother and Indigo had been employed as astropaths along side TigerLily and they had earned decent money, but they quit their jobs and devoted themselves more and more to the poor and hopeless as TigerLily did ever more evil things.

Centuries ago the Muhammad dynasty had been despot's much like the Sevenson family were today. The dynasty had centred around the Night Lord Chaos Sorcerer Space Marine Vladimir Muhammad, a reclusive psyker who conducted breeding experiments on his own offspring.

Vladimir had taken all manner of psykers, mutants and mentally gifted women as his bed slaves and deliberately bred with them, creating genetic lines for his insane experiments. His breeding experiments created the bird mutant race, his masterpiece of an entirely psychic stable race of abhumans who could even breed with ordinary humans for generations without their unique traits breeding out!

As well as the bird mutants he had also bred vast numbers of intellectually gifted humans who quickly filled the educated middle classes and even creeped up the social ladder into the non-space marine upper classes.

In the old days all of the Muhammad descendants had been in contact with each other and even had a governing council that ultimately ruled the ship. Vladimir had been far too obsessed with his experiments to be interested in anything so pedestrian as power, so the Muhammad dynasty had instead ruled behind the scenes.

The Muhammad dynasty had been a soft power faction, not directly controlling any space marines but instead setting all the space marines against each other so they lacked the unity to challenge the dynasty. They had been easy to manipulate behind the scenes, puppets on strings, united only by their Muhammad dynasty puppet masters.

The family had gotten ever more arrogant and increasingly despotic, committing ever more sickening crimes against humanity. This evil and corruption had made them weak, and they had been too arrogant to see the danger of the Sevenson family before it was too late.

The day that Space Marine Nathan Hornswoggle married his bed slave MA7 had been seen as an amusing novelty but not as a threat. Psykers with divination abilities had of course seen the outcome as one possible future but the dynasty had been too arrogant to consider it seriously. It had all seemed so completely unthreatening, one space marine and one wife.

That one wife however had had well over forty children, and every single boy child had grown up to become a space marine! The Hornswoggle family had been gloriously dysfunctional, with Nathan beating up all his kids, a few even to death, and every female child being molested. The family despised the father so much that they almost murdered him and the very idea of them uniting behind Nathan was laughable.
The Muhammad family members had eagerly married the Hornswoggle women, marrying the eldest daughter Macy and dating Wendy for a while, trying to gain control of them, but in the end it had just let the Hornswoggle girls produce sons with superior Muhammad intellects.

The Hornswoggle family had had laughable attempts of unity behind different space marines and every time it had ended in murder. The Muhammads had in fact carefully engineered disunity between the various space marines, causing vicious hatred and factions to form within the group so that no space marine could unite them.

But in all their arrogance the Muhammad Dynasty had overlooked the harmless inoffensive seeming MA7, and that arrogance had destroyed them when MA7 United her children and together they slaughtered the entire core of the Muhammad dynasty in an orgy of sickening violence led by Luke Hornswoggle. After MA7 took over the children changed their last names to Sevenson in her honour and the Sevenson cartel was born.

The purge against the Muhammad dynasty members had been terrible with thousands slaughtered. The arrogant, despotic and violent members of the Muhammad family had been the first to go and the only groups that survived were either inoffensive civilians or else were factions who followed gentle and non-violent religious practices.

The Muhammads who married into the Sevensons were of course safe but these lines of the family quickly lost their identities, becoming assimilated into the Sevenson family.

Indigo's bird mutant ancestors had been religious pacifists devoted to helping the poor and worshipping Tzeentch as the bringer of hope to the hopeless. This had made them non threatening enough to survive the centuries and they got by without being bothered. But now TigerLily was endangering EVERYTHING!

TigerLily was not alone but was certainly the worst of a new generation of bird mutants turning their backs on the old ways and grasping selfishly for power. She embodied everything the old ways opposed, an arrogant power hungry despot who didn't care less about the hopes of the hopeless, only caring about herself.

The more TigerLily did evil, the more the family did good to try to make up for it! Indigo was now approaching saintly levels of goodness and wasn't sure how much more goodness she could even achieve!

She was tired, so terribly tired. She never took a day off, never paused in her devotion to the poor. She ate only vermin lest her food consumption take food away from someone else and always traded more food than she took when bartering for other types of food.

Apart from meat she only ate the minimum dietary supplements needed to keep her healthy.

Her clothing was all extremely old and threadbare, as was everything else she owned. She used only what she needed and gave everything she could to the poor.

The only thing that she really spent on herself was the cheap blue hair dye, achieved through a combination of cheap bleach and dye. This hair colouring was done in devotion to Tzeentch as a weekly ritual.

With the meal finished, Indigo got ready for work as Mother cleaned up after breakfast.

Work was even more intolerable today as an even larger number of slaves mistook her for her sister and said what a good woman TigerLily was! It was maddening!
TigerLily wasn't only the most evil bird mutant Indigo had ever met, she was the most evil bird mutant that Indigo had ever even heard of!

A bird mutant who would enslave millions of desperate human refugees for selfish profit was unthinkable! Bird mutants certainly would do evil things when forced to by their maternal instincts to protect their children, but TigerLily did even the most sickening cold blooded acts with no maternal instinct prompting at all!

The fact was that outside of maternal instinct madness, the majority of bird mutants were highly ethical beings. For centuries they had mostly bred with likeminded ethical people, and their selfless compassion was hereditary.

The behaviour of Egg Sevenson was classic bird mutant selfless behaviour, going to extremes of compassion. Nurture could twist it to some extent and turn it evil but the evil of TigerLily was frankly astonishing.

Every time a slave praised the goodness of TigerLily, Indigo felt herself die a little inside. It was soul destroying.

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"I found my doctorate subject!" Mandy told her two mothers excitedly at the feast hall table.

"Dentistry!" Mandy exclaimed happily.

Everyone in the feast hall shuddered in horror at the thought of that out of control sadist one day being their dentist and there was an uproar of opposition to the idea.

"Why not?" Mandy asked the extended family.

"The last thing the family needs is a sadistic dentist!" Shouted several people in unison.

"But it sounds so fun! Drills and needles and whatnot, it's perfect!" Mandy exclaimed excitedly.

"That's the spirit honey, but maybe find something that doesn't involve torturing your relatives." Mummy Wendy said gently.

Mandy sulked, she just couldn't win!

"What about a dentist for people outside the family?" Egg suggested.

"What's the point of that? How does that help the family at all?" Asked Mummy.

"Well the charity workers I talked to said that they desperately need dentists, a lot of the slaves are dying from tooth abscesses." Egg explained sweetly.

"That's very noble dear but Mandy also needs a real job." Mummy told her.

"What about a doctorate of helping the poor?" Egg suggested.

"You mean about how to use the poor to help the family?" Mummy corrected.

"No, I mean just helping them because they need help." Egg insisted.

Royal family women throughout the feast hall awwwwed at this and called her sweet and adorable and so cute.
"That is a spare time activity not a real job, it has to be something useful to the Royal family and staying in power." Mummy insisted.

"But WHAT should I do! Nothing is ever good enough for you!" Mandy sulked.

The entire feast hall echoed with all sorts of suggestions from everyone at once. It was so frustrating!

"I want to be a dentist!" Mandy insisted.

People everywhere objected.

"Stop being a bunch of babies! The family NEEDS a dentist and I'm volunteering!" Mandy insisted.

Everyone was very unhappy but the mention of the fact that they didn't actually have a dentist was not lost on them either. At the moment the medical doctors had to double as dentists and it was a problem that everyone wanted addressed.

"Well does anyone else want to be a dentist?" Mandy asked everyone in the feast hall.

The silence that greeted her was very reassuring.

"It's settled then, I will be the long awaited dentist the family has wanted for 300 years." Mandy said triumphantly.

The family reluctantly agreed.

***

TigerLily hissed with pain as Lash did the usual terrible things to her, and was forced to listen to Wendy bitching about her finances.

"My husband just gave your wife a billion dollars, how fucking greedy are you?!" TigerLily asked without even pretending to be polite.

"Shut up bitch, shut the fuck up!" Wendy shouted at her.

"How much of that billion dollars did she share with you guild members? A million each?." TigerLily asked the Dominatrices in Wendy's office.

The Dominatrices grumbled and looked at Wendy coldly. Clearly they hadn't received so much as a single dollar of that money.

"So that means that Fetter's medical expenses are all paid off now right?. You going to set her free now and stop taking 50 percent of these women's earnings now?." TigerLily asked with a smirk.

The Dominatrices were close to rioting now, held back only by fear from actual hostility to Wendy.

"Gag that bitch!" Wendy shouted at Lash.

"Which bitch? I only see one bitch in this room and it sure as shit isn't the battered wife!" Said Mistress Blade coldly.

Wendy shuddered with submissive desire despite herself, responding to the angry authority of the pedigree Dominatrix. Every Dominatrix in the room noticed this weakness and many pressed in
Wendy weakened and grovelled before the group of angry Dominatrices, kissing their shoes and completely submissive to them. TigerLily smirked as she watched Wendy get the absolute shit beaten out of her by the group of angry women.

"I know we never talk, but I think you are an amazing woman TigerLily. As a former battered wife myself I find your courage inspirational. I know that your husband sends you here to have you beaten all day, it's not right! I cried when I saw him punching you in the face in that video, every battered women I know is talking about you, I want you to know that you have a lot of people who are on your side." Blade said to TigerLily with obvious respect.

Other women in the room agreed and showered TigerLily with praises even as they beat Wendy to a pulp.

"Lash, please return to torturing me, I don't want you to face my husband's wrath." TigerLily pleaded.

The women gained even more respect for TigerLily at this and Lash reluctantly resumed making TigerLily miserable.

***

Crowds of battered looking women surrounded TigerLily as she limped out of the guild building with the help of Lash and Blade.

TigerLily looked absolutely terrible, she wasn't wearing makeup and she was black and purple with bruises. Everyone could see that she was in terrible pain and she looked about as beaten up as it was possible to be. Yet despite it all, TigerLily wore a look of intense hope on her face.

Cameras flashed and videos recorded TigerLily's terribly beaten up appearance. TigerLily schemed feverishly without changing her facial expression and saw seeds of change that she could sow. TigerLily stopped to address the women and their cameras.

"I am staggered by this show of support, I had honestly thought that I had no friends left except Lash Lee here. I am in an extraordinary amount of pain but you have taken a huge weight off my heart."

"When the men we love beat us, it makes us feel terribly isolated. You start to believe that you have no one who will even believe you if you tell them."

"But this gathering here brings me hope. So many of us here are battered women, we have all felt our husbands fists and know how lonely it makes us feel. We don't need to feel lonely anymore, we have a voice, we have each other, don't lose hope!"

"I have to go back to my husband now, he is going to beat me again tonight. He will beat me twice as hard for talking to you and 3 times as hard if I am late. Maybe tonight I will die? Every night I think that maybe tonight he will punch me so hard that I die... Please let me through, he will be so angry if I'm late!" TigerLily finished.

The crowd went wild just as TigerLily had predicted and refused to let her pass. Women shouted and wailed and gnashed their teeth and a full scale riot erupted!

***
TigerLily sat down in the safe house of her abductors, drinking a hot cup of tea shakily.

One of the abductors was savagely ripping into TigerLily's helmet with adamantium bolt cutters and the floor was littered with chunks of high tech looking parts that looked important. With every cut TigerLily felt her powers returning. It was as good as nonfunctional now.

As predicted, a squad of Space Marines teleported into the room and gunned down every woman in the room other than TigerLily.

"Right on time." TigerLily said in the minds of the space marines.

The space marines froze in horror and pointed their weapons at her. TigerLily yawned and the weapons disassembled themselves in their hands. The space marines were frozen immobile by her powers.

TigerLily reached out with her powers and commandeered the cogitator of the nearest suit of power armour and used it to activate the Nightmare Asylum's teleportarium.

With a flash a very surprised looking Egg Sevenson teleported into the room and TigerLily immobilised her with her powers and grabbed her.

"No suicide gambits this time!" She told Egg.

"What are you going to do?" Egg asked fearfully.

"What I should have done months ago!" TigerLily snarled in triumphant satisfaction.

With another flash a very surprised looking Pete Smith materialised in the room.

"Say your goodbyes to your fiancé my darling, I'm afraid that he dies tragically before the wedding!" TigerLily said with sickening sweetness.

Egg wailed and the vile pedophile said a pitiful goodbye before his body exploded like a water balloon from the force of TigerLily's powers, showering the room with gore.

Egg screamed like she had never screamed before and TigerLily felt so satisfied that it was better than sex!

TigerLily engaged the teleportarium again and Wendy and Octavia materialised in the room.

"No don't do it! Don't kill my parents!" Egg pleaded so frantically that her words were a scream.

TigerLily reached out with her powers and Octavia's concubine collar ripped apart and fell to the floor in broken fragments.

"You are now free, go back to your wife and leave my husband alone. Do not put on another collar if you value your safety. I am not going to kill you, keep your filthy slut holes away from my husband you whore!" TigerLily told Octavia.

TigerLily teleported Wendy and Octavia back to their home and focused on Egg.

"I spared her life," TigerLily told Egg.

"You MURDERED Pedo!!" Egg shrieked.

"I set him free. His soul is now in a Slaanesh pedophile paradise afterlife, he can now spend all
eternity fucking daemonettes disguised to look like children. No more torture, no more fear, no more shame. He's much happier this way." TigerLily reassured Egg.

Egg was inconsolable but TigerLily's words did calm her slightly.

TigerLily turned to the cameras in the immobilised space marines helmets and said, "Luke I know that you can see this. I think that I should take everyone's advice and separate from you for a while, I still love you but I think that it's for the best if I take a temporary leave of absence, I will be back when you win me back. Incidentally I have made this footage public on the data network, it should have already gone viral by now."

TigerLily activated the teleportarium once more and with a flash Egg was sent to Octavia and in her place Chappie the Zoanthrope appeared.

"Come on Chappie, let's find some nice rats for you to eat," TigerLily said happily and floated out of the room with her beloved pet.

***
Mrs Abernathy cowered on the floor where she was cornered by her husband. Her face was bruised and bleeding and what blood wasn't on her face was plastered to her husband's brutal fists.

Mr Abernathy shouted abuse at Mrs Abernathy and raised his blood stained fist to beat her again. He brought down his fist with all his might but before it could make contact a titanic force pulled it back.

Mr Abernathy roared with rage and tried to pull against the strange invisible force but it was far stronger than he was. Forces gripped every part of his arms and fingers and suddenly his own fists started punching him in the face with brutal force!

Mr Abernathy screamed in fear and pain as the godlike forces drove his own fists to beat his own face to a bloody pulp! He wailed desperately to his beaten wife to help him and a mocking laugh filled his mind.

Mr and Mrs Abernathy watched in horror as the infamous TigerLily, patron saint of battered wives, floated into the room through the doorway, radiating terrible power!

"What's the matter Mr Abernathy? If you think your poor little wife can take your fists then surely a big strong man like you can endure them with no problems." TigerLily smirked into the minds of the pair.

Mr Abernathy screamed as his fists punched him all over with terrible power. He tried to run but he could no more run away from his own fists than he could his own shadow. With the terrifying TigerLily blocking the only doorway, Mr Abernathy instead ran all about the room in blind panic.

TigerLily laughed uproariously at his futile attempts to escape his brutal beating.

"Please don't hurt him!" Mrs Abernathy pleaded TigerLily and instantly the fists stopped.

Mr Abernathy moved his arms around in amazement, finding them back in his control.

"Listen up Mr Abernathy you swine, your fists stopped only because your wife pleaded on your behalf. Your continued safety depends on her. At a word she spared you and at a word she can make you beat yourself up again! I have placed a hypnotic command in your brain that will force you to punch yourself if you ever hit her again or if she tells you to hit yourself or if you even say any hurtful things to her! I suggest that you be nice to this woman, otherwise you will beat yourself to death!" TigerLily said with gleefully vindictiveness.

Mrs Abernathy rushed to her husband and fussed over his injuries, but Mr Abernathy brushed her off cursing her. Suddenly his fists resumed beating himself and only stopped when Mrs Abernathy begged the fists to stop hurting him.

"You two will figure it out. From now on Mr Abernathy you are totally your wife's bitch, she controls the fists and you are the defenceless little spouse at the mercy of the fists!" TigerLily smirked cruelly and floated out of the room.

TigerLily felt fantastic, this was better than sex! Unable as she was to safely get revenge on her superhuman husband, she instead took out her rage on wife beating commoners all over the ship,
imagining that every wife beater was her husband Luke. The sickening violence against wife beaters was extremely therapeutic for her.

TigerLily spent the majority of her time now on this highly satisfying violence. She of course didn't genuinely give a fuck about the wellbeing of the battered wives, it was just extremely satisfying to her personally to do this to anyone who reminded her of Luke.

The entire ship was now scattered with TigerLily's victims, all terrified of their own fists and desperate to appease their wives who controlled said fists. It had resulted in a lot of reverse domestic violence, as not every wife was as kind as Mrs Abernathy and a few of the wives were quite sadistic with their new found power. The death toll was rising as more and more men were beaten to death by their own fists and TigerLily found it absolutely hilarious!

TigerLily floated down the corridor searching with her powers for another victim. It was after midnight now and the domestic violence acts were dying down as wife beaters fell asleep. TigerLily only intervened during the actual act of domestic violence as this was the most satisfying and therefore the most personally interesting moment to have her fun.

TigerLily got bored and checked on the few people she actually cared about, using her powers to eavesdrop.

Her precious children were all safe, all except Egg were sleeping peacefully. Egg was await yet again, woken by another nightmare about Pete Smith exploding and being cuddled in the protective arms of her two adopted mothers.

Her estranged husband Luke was literally half asleep, using his gene seed organs to rest one half of his higher brain function centres at a time while keeping the other half conscious. He was aware of his surroundings but was sessile as his brain rested, letting his body rest too.

Lash was asleep as were everyone else TigerLily cared about, with one amusing exception, Chappie, who was busily herding a multitude of terrified vermin into Mother and Indigo's apartment with walls of psychic flames. TigerLily got comfortable and watched the hilarity ensue.

***

Indigo was fast asleep when a terrible cacophony of sound woke her with a start. She looked around in horror to see the room filling up with shrieking vermin at an alarming rate! Mother screamed and turned the lights on to reveal a scene out of hell!

The only door in the single room apartment was open and through it poured a living carpet of frantic creatures! Rats and mice, cockroaches and spiders, feral cats, stray dogs, trash pandas, chaos spawn, and even a few screaming human children, all of these things flooded into the room in a terrified mass!

Indigo and her mother huddled together in terror as thousands of crawling things swarmed all over them! They both remained absolutely still, psychically aware that these creatures wanted to run not fight. They would not bite so long as Indigo and her mother made no sudden movements.

The room filled up until the press of bodies was almost beyond enduring and the last of the creatures fled into the room and put as much distance as they could between themselves and the door! Indigo had huge spiders crawling all over her face and her clothing was absolutely alive with everything from mice to cockroaches! She desperately suppressed the urge to scream madly in horror!
The open doorway erupted in psychic flames, forming an impassable pillar of terrifying flames! In the middle of this psychic inferno was visible the hissing snapping fanged jaws of Chappie the pet zoanthrope that Indigo had stupidly agreed to mind earlier today!

Indigo and her mother could easily see through the harmless illusion of flames that Chappie had created, it was psychic trickery, those flames could not hurt anyone. Chappie's brain was full of bionic implants that inhibited him from actually directly harming any non-microscopic living thing. Unfortunately the sea of terrified vermin was no illusion and the vermin didn't know that the flames were harmless!

Indigo telepathically shouted at Chappie, "WHAT THE FUCK!!! What in Tzeentch's name are you doing!!!"

"Feed me." Chappie telepathically replied simply.

"What?!" Indigo telepathically screamed in bewilderment.

"I want to eat all these things but I can't kill them myself with these bionic behavioural inhibitors, I want you to kill all these things for me so I can eat them, I can eat them freely once they are already dead." Chappie explained in what sounded like a tone of someone making a point of sounding patient.

"There are human children in this swarm!!" Indigo exclaimed in shock.

"Yes I know, they look delicious, please kill them." Chappie replied eagerly.

TigerLily's psychic laughter filled their minds, she sounded like she was rolling around on the floor with laughter! Indigo tried to reply but couldn't get a word in through TigerLily's howling laughter!

"This isn't funny!" Mother's psychic voice bellowed in their minds.

"It's fucking hilarious!" TigerLily shrieked through her laughter and refused to stop laughing for like ten minutes!

Indigo and her mother were pinned in on all sides by a mass of terrified creatures and couldn't safely move without getting mauled! Their skin was absolutely crawling with what seemed like the very vermin from hell, some innocent kids were in danger of getting mauled, and their home was completely trashed! Indigo couldn't really see what exactly was supposed to be funny about this situation!

Chappie repeatedly badgered them to start slaughtering the swarm of creatures for them and TigerLily laughed so hard that she admitted to wetting herself!

"Get these things out of my apartment!" Mother telepathically screamed angrily.

"I will, when you kill them I will get them out by eating them." Chappie promised.

"We can't even move without getting mauled you fool! We couldn't kill all these things even if we wanted to!" Indigo telepathically shouted at the stupid Tyranid.

Chappie paused and then telepathically said, "in that case I will wait until TigerLily arrives here and she will kill these things for me."

The metal door then slammed shut from Chappie's psychic powers and a tiny amount of illusionary flames simmered in the door cracks, just enough to keep the smaller vermin from escaping without
wasting too much effort on Chappie's part. Similar fake fire covered the air vents and every other crack the cockroaches could escape through.

Indigo checked the minds of the creatures in the room. At the moment they were all in "fear of fire" mode and had no desire to attack each other, but that wouldn't last long. It was only a matter of time before lack of new threats made them calm enough to notice how terribly hungry a lot of them were, and then things would get bad!

As one, Indigo and her mother decided on a plan and worked together to remove some of the biggest threats.

The chaos spawn were the most dangerous creatures in the room and they were all getting very hungry. Working as a pair mother and daughter focused all their powers on the respiratory centres of the brain of the largest chaos spawn and fed so much power into the brain cells that they died, causing permanent brain damage to this essential system. The Chaos Spawn was now incapable of commanding it's lungs to breathe and would never inhale breath again.

Indigo and Mother did this to all of the most dangerous spawn one by one, and the Chaos Spawn dropped down dead like flies. TigerLily was sure taking her sweet time in rescuing them and they were forced to kill dozens of extremely dangerous creatures all by themselves.

"You are doing well, only a few of the big ones left." TigerLily's telepathic voice reassured them with barely controlled laughter.

"Help us!" Indigo pleaded.

"Oh very well killjoy, this will be messy." TigerLily replied with amusement.

Less than a minute later the door opened and a storm of psychic energy rolled into the room, turning every living thing that wasn't human into minced meat! Chappie bellowed with delight and got stuck into an orgy of messy feeding.

TigerLily physically walked through the doorway with her actual feet for once, took one look at the horrified expressions of the gore covered humans in the room, and actually fell on the floor laughing!

Seriously, how the fuck was this funny?!?

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Lash was woken up by a knock on the door and checked the time. It was half past 3 in the morning. Who the fuck would be calling at this hour Lash wondered as she went to the front door.

"It's TigerLily, my sister threw me out and I need a place to stay." TigerLily's psychic voice said in Lash's mind.

"Oh dear, come in come in," Lash said and opened the front door.

She just about had a heart attack when a massive gore covered set of jaws poked through the door as soon as it opened! Something out of a nightmare pushed her aside and immediately started raiding her food supplies in the kitchen!

TigerLily floated in through the door a moment later, with several boxes and suitcases of belongings floating in in mid air behind her.
"Get out of that, I just fed you!" TigerLily's psychic voice commanded.

"I have a little bit more room left in my stomach," a telepathic voice answered in a strangely insect-like voice that affected an accent identical to TigerLily's.

"How is that even possible?" TigerLily asked in amazement, apparently talking to the monster.

"My tyranid digestive system works very fast, I have already absorbed enough nutrients to make some more room." The voice replied, apparently coming telepathically from the monster!

"I don't care if you made room, stop stealing Lash's food, I will feed you more meat after I get a good 8 hours sleep!" TigerLily commanded the thing.

The thing reluctantly stopped gobbling up Lash's food supply and instead floated over to Lash's bed and settled down on the middle of her bed and went to sleep!!!

"What the FUCK!" Lash exclaimed.

"I'm sorry about my pet, he is a bit of a handful at times." TigerLily told her.

"That THING is your pet?!?!" Lash exclaimed in horror.

"Yeah, I got him years ago back when Tyranid hive fleet Leviathan first boarded our fleet. He was part of the boarding party, he killed a lot of people before the militia managed to lock him in a psychic nullifying cage and capture him alive. He bonded with me and with a bit of corruption I was able to acquire him for myself as a pet." TigerLily said cheerfully.

"I have KIDS in this apartment, how could you let something so dangerous into my home! Will he eat my kids?" Lash asked in horror.

"Yes please! I would love to eat your children, please bring them to me and kill them for me." The monster said in a cheerful excited voice.

Lash wailed in horror.

"He can't harm any living thing! I had his brain filled with bionics to control his behaviour and make him safe! He is incapable of killing or harming your kids! He can only eat dead bodies and he can't kill anything himself, that's why he asked you to kill them for him! He's completely harmless!" TigerLily implored her.

"Harmless?" Lash asked, feeling faint reassurance return to her.

"Absolutely harmless. He's a greedy pig who will eat all your food and he shits everywhere, but he's completely harmless, so harmless that I even trust him with my OWN children, and you know how protective I am of them! I wouldn't let him near them if I didn't know for sure that he was absolutely safe." TigerLily insisted.

Lash felt a lot calmer now and with a lot more reassurance TigerLily got Lash to calm down completely. She learned that the thing was named "Chappie".

"So your sister threw you out huh? Why did she evict you in the middle of the night?" Lash asked conversationally.

"Because of this stupid thing, he went out and rounded up every vermin he could find into her apartment at like 2 in the morning! I have never seen so many rats in my life, like thousands of
them! She didn't appreciate it at all and threw us out!" TigerLily said with a laugh.

"By the 4 powers! I wouldn't appreciate that either! Why the fuck was Chappie rounding up rats into her apartment?" Lash asked in astonishment.

"I was hungry." Chappie answered without opening his eyes.

"He wanted my sister and mother to kill all the vermin for him so he could eat them! You should have seen their faces, I laughed so hard that I wet myself!" TigerLily snorted with laughter.

Lash giggled despite herself at the mental image.

"In the end all 3 of us, me, my sister and my mum, all of us together had to kill all the vermin just to save the apartment from being permanently infested! And this greedy fucker ate every fucking one of the dead vermin! I honestly don't know where he even put all that food inside him, it was unbelievable how much he ate!" TigerLily exclaimed laughing.

"And she then threw you out at 2 in the morning?" Lash asked.

"Yeah, she was really mad. The apartment was totally trashed, it will take a week of cleaning to get all the vermin blood and gore off the walls and floor, furniture got broken, just totally trashed the place!" TigerLily explained with a laugh.

"Do I really want him in my house? I don't want my place trashed and full of vermin." Lash said with a shudder.

"Chappie, no rounding up creatures into Lash's apartment or I will burn the bodies before you can eat them so your energies are wasted." TigerLily said to her pet.

Chappie hissed in irritation but reluctantly agreed.

"Can I please have my bed back?" Lash asked.

"No." Chappie said and went back to sleep.

***

The mood was subdued in the Royal family communal feast hall and the Royal extended family was quieter than usual as they had breakfast together. The recent events with TigerLily had troubled them and this bummed them out.

Hatred of TigerLily was one of the few things that united them as a family recently, and having her gone annoyed them! Bullying and harassing TigerLily had really been a wonderful bonding activity for the family and they missed her.

Even worse was the fact that TigerLily had been making herself far harder to hate of late. Everyone except Egg had been very happy to see "Pedo" Pete Smith explode in a fountain of gore, and everyone except Luke was happy to see Octavia released from the terrible concubine collar and returned to Wendy.

Ever since separating from Luke TigerLily had dedicated nearly every waking moment to hunting down and punishing commoner men who battered their wives, and with the majority of the Royal family adults being female this actually made her annoyingly popular!

This was all wrong, TigerLily's whole unwritten "job" was to be the "bad guy" for everyone to
have fun hating! Having her do highly popular morally "good" things every waking moment made the family feel bad every time they said fun nasty things about her!

The family glared angrily at Luke, blaming him for driving away their favourite bullying target and despising him for some of the things that had emerged about what he got up to sexually.

Even the highly biased Royal family had deeply disapproved of Luke raping saintly charity workers who gave their lives to helping the unfortunate, especially when said charity worker was the biological Aunty of Egg Sevenson! Combined with Octavia and all his other sexual exploits with less than ideal circumstances involved, Luke's reputation had been damaged recently.

Luke glowered back at his fickle relatives, sick of this politics bullshit. In time the fickle fuckers would be back to kissing his ass, all it would take was one disaster and all would be forgiven, and in this ship that wouldn't take long. Not long at all!

***

Chappie gobbled up a half eaten human slave cadaver, ignoring the shouts of protest from the still living human slaves chained to the walls of the corridor. It was delicious.

The humans hit him with their chains and the chains deflected off his psychic force field. Chappie used blasts of warp energy to vaporise the heavy metal chains, disarming his attackers from having the heavy iron chains to hit him with. The slaves cheered at this and suddenly every slave was trying to hit him with the remaining chains!

Chappie hissed aggressively at his attackers and viciously disarmed them, burning away chain after chain until every human in line of sight was completely disarmed of chains to attack him with. The humans thanked him and quickly left the corridor, leaving him to eat in peace.

"Stop setting the slaves free you stupid critter!" A psychic voice of one of the Royal family's hired psykers shouted in his mind.

Chappie ignored the voice but quickly fled the corridor when angry armed human militia soldiers arrived and chased him away from the slave infested corridors with gunshots!

Chappie quickly found TigerLily and she hid him protectively behind herself. The militia pursuers took one look at TigerLily and fled for their lives, their minds full of fear.

TigerLily grabbed his head and kissed his cranial chitin plate. Chappie had learned from experience to drop his psychic force field to let TigerLily touch him, she fed him more when he did this and never harmed him.

TigerLily wagged a disapproving finger at him when he suddenly tried to kill her with a blast of psychic energy, the attack stopped before it could even start by his bionic behavioural inhibitors.

"You waited 5 whole additional seconds before trying to kill me this time! You really love me don't you Chappie!" TigerLily psychically told him in delight.

"Feed me." Chappie demanded and waited a few more seconds before trying to kill her again.

"Give me a few hours and then I will feed you as much as your stomach can hold." TigerLily promised him.

Chappie accepted this reluctantly and, after making sure that he was no longer being chased, simply left without another word.
Chappie was not human and did not think like a human thinks. Human words and concepts really could not adequately describe how Chappie thought, he was far too alien for that.

Humans called Chappie an evil self-centred asshole, but that really wasn't fair. He wasn't human and couldn't be judged by human standards. The truth was that by Zoanthrope standards Chappie was one of the most loving, loyal and selfless Zoanthropes who had ever lived! The very act of pausing over 5 seconds before attempting to murder TigerLily showed that he in fact cared for her very deeply in his own extremely limited capacity.

Chappie's entire species had only a concept of self, with no true empathy for anything that wasn't self. Anything that wasn't self was merely food or a means of getting food.

There were two levels of self. The first level was Chappie himself as a solitary individual as he was now. The second level of self was when he became part of the hive mind and trillions of selves became one single giant self. These were the only concepts of being that Chappie's brain was evolved to understand, the Tyranids had no use of communal or social empathy, the hive mind took care of all that stuff.

Chappie's brain had been surgically altered to remove the part of his brain that compelled him to obey the hive mind, preventing the hive mind from becoming self. He could certainly hear the hive mind trying to command him even now, but as it wasn't self anymore and wasn't bribing him with food, he completely ignored it.

Chappie's brain, like most Tyranid brains, had only one major driving motivation: hunger.

He of course had a self preservation instinct and similar drives designed to keep him alive, and he was naturally lazy to conserve the enormous energies his psychic powers consumed, but he didn't have as many or as complex motivations as a human had. He didn't have the ability to reproduce (technically he didn't have a gender) so had no sexual motivation, he didn't get lonely so didn't desire company, and he had no empathy so couldn't be motivated by concern for others.

Unless the higher self of the hive mind compelled him otherwise, Chappie would do nothing but try to eat as much as he could and sleep a lot when not trying to eat.

He was instinctively motivated to kill any human sized or bigger living thing that came within a certain distance of him, but if humans stayed out of what he considered to be his "personal space" then he was far too lazy to try to kill them so long as his stomach was already full.

Chappie's relationship with TigerLily was the closest relationship he was capable of. He strongly associated TigerLily with food, safety and comfort. She was worth far more to him alive than dead, worth far more food than her meagre meat. If she didn't constantly invade his personal space then he wouldn't seek to kill her at all! He couldn't help trying to kill her when she got too close, but he valued her so highly that he did his best to pause before killing her. He would eat her last of all if given the choice.

Chappie explored the ship, searching for food. He was ravenously hungry, just as he always was when not full of food already. He was extremely fat for a Zoanthrope, storing the surplus energy in extremely high energy fuel molecules far more energy dense than the crude fats that human bodies used. This Tyranid "fat" was stored inside every cell in his body, especially his brain cells which used up the majority of his energy.

His brain was swelling uncomfortably from being so fat now and he was almost out of room to store anymore. The moment he was completely filled to capacity with this fat he would go from being ravenous howling hunger to very suddenly having no interest in food whatsoever. Once that
happened he would desire to sleep as much as possible in a safe place until he had used up enough
fat to be hungry again.

Fat as he was, that moment of complete capacity had not quite arrived yet, and right up until the
moment it did he would be filled with raging hunger. He guessed that he would reach capacity
sometime in the next 4 hours and then he would sleep for a few weeks or months before being
hungry once more.

Chappie sniffed the air hungrily and caught a faint whiff of rotting meat! He excitedly followed the
stench, hoping to find a cadaver to consume.

Chappie's Tyranid immune system was the very peak of evolution, he had never been sick in his
entire life and freely ate even the most infected meat without any problems. He simply used his
psychic powers to move all the maggots and similar creatures out of the meat as his behavioural
inhibitors prevented him from harming even maggots. If it wasn't for the inhibitors he would
happily eat the live maggots too.

Chappie actually preferred rotten meat, the more rotten and decomposed it was, the less effort it
took to digest!

Whatever it was, it absolutely stank to high hell, a terrible rotting reek. It smelled absolutely
delicious to Chappie and he raced as fast as he possibly could to it's source.

He was extremely disappointed when he discovered that the source of the smell was merely a
temple of Nurgle! Chappie knew enough from reading minds to understand how to read human
writing and he knew about the Nurgle worshippers. They were the ones who smelled dead but were
still alive!

Chappie entered the temple all the same, hoping that it might still contain something worth eating.
Inside he saw a lot of the dead smelling live humans engaged in some elaborate rituals that didn't
interest Chappie in the least. What did interest him however were the sacrifice offerings of diseased
rats!

The Nurgle priests were chanting and killing these rats with knives and placing the bodies on some
sort of altar. Chappie happily floated over to the altar and gobbled up the dead rats, ignoring the
shouts of protest from the priests.

"Stop stealing Nurgle's offerings Chappie!" The family voice of Rat Abernathy shouted at him with
a rare show of anger.

"Feed me." Chappie demanded.

Rat peeled off dead skin from her body and offered it to Chappie who happily ate it. The ritual
continued as Rat distracted him with tasty titbits of her wonderfully rotten skin and the Nurgle
worshippers carefully guarded the new offerings from Chappie.

Chappie was too lazy to get at the dead rats as long as Rat Abernathy kept feeding him and the
ritual heated up. The worshippers were focused on some sort of psychically active summoning
circle, but Chappie didn't care what they were up to. The ritual reached a climax and a temporary
warp rift opened, filling the air with the most deliciously rotten smell Chappie had ever smelled!

Chappie whirled around and gazed hungrily as something materialised inside the summoning
circle.

The thing was human sized with a single eye, a single horn on its head and holding some
decomposing metal sword. It was absolutely putrid and looked DELICIOUS! Best of all it was a daemon with no biological living cells, so his behaviour inhibitors wouldn't stop him from eating it!

Chappie hurled himself at the thing, his tail dragging on the floor behind him rubbing through the chalk summoning circle, breaking it. Chappie used his powers to hold the delicious smelling warp entity immobile and distended his huge flexible jaws to maximum width. He then swallowed the thing whole!

The outraged Nurgle worshippers shouted abuse at him and opened fire on him with weapons. Chappie got the hell out of there as bullets deflected off his psychic force field!

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Chappie irritatedly tried to digest the squirming thing in his guts, no matter how much acids and enzymes he tried, he STILL hadn't been able to digest the delicious thing!

Chappie felt really strange, his throat hurt terribly, he a terrible ache in his head and his respiratory system was filling up with immune system mucous! He felt terrible and he was having difficulty regulating his body temperature!

Chappie sneezed violently, spraying nearby slaves with his respiratory mucous. The slaves wailed in horror and soon they were sneezing too and appeared to be getting sick! Chappie suddenly realised that he was sick too!

In panic Chappie fled to find TigerLily hoping she could save him! He found her in a domestic violence couple's home and whimpered at her for help.

"Chappie? What's wrong sweetie? What is that THING in your guts?!?" TigerLily said with concern.

"I'm sick, I think I'm dying! Help me!" Chappie pleaded her.

TigerLily frantically checked him and he was too sick to even try to kill her!

Chappie felt a horrible feeling in his digestive system and unwillingly vomited up the yummy thing on the floor. TigerLily recoiled from the thing in disgust and tried to obliterate it with a psychic blast! Chappie deflected the blast with his own powers, protecting his meal!

The meal got to it's feet but before it could take a step the floor dissolved under it from all the different digestive juices Chappie had been trying on it, all puked up with it onto the metal floor! A giant hole burned through the floor and the yummy thing tumbled down to the floor below! The floor below then gave way too and it tumbled even further out of reach!

Chappie reached out with his powers to grab the meal but TigerLily blocked him with her own powers.

"That thing is what made you sick! It's a plague bearer, a lesser daemon of the vile turd god Nurgle! You will die if you eat it!" TigerLily telepathically shouted at him.

Chappie sneezed again, spraying everyone in the room with his snot. Soon TigerLily was sneezing too!

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Octavia sneezed violently and blew her nose. For the first time in over a decade she was sick!

Octavia was not alone in this, EVERYONE was sick! Even people who should not be able to get sick were getting sick such as ALL the space marines! The humans were sick, the Tau were sick, the Kroot and other aliens were sick, the vermin were sick, even the fucking FLIES were sick!

"Oh Slaanesh I feel so terrible!" Octavia wailed.

"I feel fine, this new Tyranid Flu Virus is making me stronger than ever before!" Rat Abernathy said cheerfully.

The Slaanesh worshippers all cursed angrily at her but she as usual was unbothered by their anger.

With the Tyranid Flu afflicting everyone who wasn't a Nurgle worshipper, the Royal family had been forced to hire the more trustworthy of the Nurgle worshippers as nursemaids to look after them. They also had plenty of Tau robotic drones who were completely unaffected by the Flu, but these were not intelligent enough for the complexity of nursing cranky Royal family members.

This Flu virus was unlike anything else known to medical science, it was the ultimate flu, one strong enough to even make a Tyranid get sick! It was somehow able to cross EVERY species barrier, even species with fundamental differences! Even the fucking BACTERIA in the trash heaps were getting infected by this virus!

"You are lucky that we Nurgle worshippers like you all so much, you would have all died yesterday if we hadn't interceded with Nurgle on your behalf. The only reason you all on the ship still live is because we keep praying for Nurgle to repeatedly spare you." Rat said smugly.

Octavia and the others gaped at her and immediately started pleading for their lives. Rat and the other Nurgle worshippers chuckled smugly.

"How big a bribe are you wanting to completely call this off?" Wendy asked croakily through her sick throat.

"If we wanted money then we would simply take it, you are far too sick to stop us. What we want is more POWER! We are going to summon a Greater Daemon of Nurgle later today and you will all acknowledge him as the new leader of this fleet, or you will all die as wretched buckets of pus and snot!" Rat said contentedly.

"You sneaky fuckers! I thought that Tzeentch was the one who did this sort of convoluted scheming!" Wendy exclaimed.

"We didn't plan this, it just happened and we went with it. We have no hopes of this ultimately succeeding, everything is futile in the end. We just want to increase the despair as much as possible for Nurgle, we don't really do plans, that's not our thing." Rat said defensively.

"Will this Greater Daemon be nice to us?" Octavia asked with dread and despair.

"Your despair is wonderful Octavia, the more despair you feel the nicer he will be to you." Rat said approvingly.
"Answer the question, WHO are you summoning?" Wendy demanded wretchedly.

"Fecaluria," Rat replied happily.

"Oh, that's not so bad then, I have read about her, she is on good terms with Slaanesh." Wendy said sounding relieved.

"Stop being hopeful! Go back to feeling despair!" Rat whined unhappily.

"Her? I thought it was a him?" Octavia asked confused.

"To be honest it's hard to tell with Nurgle daemons, I just assumed she was female, maybe she's not," Wendy replied snottily.

"Stop it, remember that you have lost all hope!" Rat urged them, sounding upset.

"Do you HOPE that we are in despair? Shouldn't you rather DESPAIR that we will hope?" Wendy asked her with a smirk.

Rat stammered, apparently caught in some dilemma.

"Why is it good that we will now be ruled by this Fecaluria?" Octavia asked with a croaking voice.

"Because she will not alter our plans. Fecaluria will be very eager to defeat the Flesh Mistress and will be strong enough to defeat him in battle. We can then save our family and rebuild the entire Sevenson cartel." Wendy explained.

"But what after that? Will we ever be healed of this horrible sickness?" Octavia asked anxiously.

"I'm not sure about that, but if we suck up enough to Fecaluria the symptoms will disappear so long as we stay loyal." Wendy admitted.

Octavia wailed in utter despair.

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TigerLily and Chappie miserably added their immense psychic powers to the summoning ritual for the revolting Fecaluria, they had no choice! They were both dying and only continued to live so long as they obeyed the Nurgle worshippers! Even Chappie was scared enough to cooperate!

TigerLily frantically tried to maintain her hope, but it was extremely difficult to see hope in this situation! The forces of Nurgle were the destroyers of all hope, the arch enemies of Tzeentch! TigerLily settled for having blind faith that somehow or other things would go back to normal, the best hope she could manage in the face of so much evidence to the contrary.

This was all Chappie's fault! When that plague bearer was in his stomach it had tried every disease it could to attack Chappie with to no avail. In the end it had gotten creative and had through trial and error had finally invented a completely new virus bad enough to affect the Tyranid.

The virus had to mutate faster than Chappie's awesome immune system could develop countermeasures to and the resulted in so many random mutations that the Virus could very rapidly cross barriers between radically different types of life forms!

Every single cell in both their bodies was infected now, and the only reason they weren't dead was because Nurgle himself was supernaturally halting the virus and pausing the symptoms enough for them to serve him!
A despairing slave was curled up in the middle of the ritual circle, far too sick to move and TigerLily fed as much power as she safely could into the miserable wretch. The ritual would normally take hours, but TigerLily and Chappie were greatly speeding up the process.

The slave was laying in an immense pile of putrid foulness in the middle of the circle, biomass for the new body the daemon host would mutate into! The sheer size of the mountain of filth was deeply disconcerting about how BIG the Greater Daemon would be!

Huge energies rolled around inside the slave and TigerLily sensed something truly revolting enter him from the warp! The slave swelled visibly and putrid filth surged into his screaming mouth with horrible speed.

He grew bigger at an alarming rate, becoming steadily more putrid. Huge horns erupted from his head and his abdomen swelled so much that it was drooping down longer than his legs! As his mouth grew, the stream of filth flew into him all the faster, increasing his growth exponentially.

With a sound of all the sickness in the entire world, the great uncanny one bellowed in despair, it's summoning complete.

Chappie clearly wanted to attack it, but it was possessing a living body so he could not harm it. TigerLily and Chappie instead grovelled before it in fear, wanting it to spare their lives.

The vile thing laughed joyfully and picked TigerLily up off the floor and cuddled her jubilantly! TigerLily immediately dry heaved, her empty stomach trying to puke from the sheer stench of Fecaluria up close! To say that he/she/it stank was an understatement!

TigerLily had never smelled anything that stank even ten percent as bad as Fecaluria stank! It needed a new word as things that "stank" smelled wonderful in comparison to this apocalyptic reek! It was worse than all the bad smells she had ever smelled combined!

Her eyes widened in horror as the thing went to kiss her right on the mouth! She desperately trying to stop it with her powers but the thing simply took control of her symptoms and made her too sick to use any offensive powers! It deliberately made sure that she could sense it clearly with her psychic sight and kissed her entire face!

TigerLily had never felt more despair as the thing forced it's TONGUE INTO HER MOUTH! It was the foulest most horrible thing in the entire universe! All hope disappeared from her mind, replaced only with undiluted despair and woe beyond human understanding.

The vile thing pulled her back and placed her back on the wonderful floor. TigerLily curled up in a ball on the floor, completely broken with horror! Her sanity felt like it was leaking out!

The great unclean one (as greater daemons of Nurgle were known) addressed the crowd of other people in the room for a long time but TigerLily didn't hear it, her mind was too numb with horror and nausea.

After a long time TigerLily became aware of the voice of her god Tzeentch in her mind, it sounded almost sad.

"I am afraid that this is where you and I must part ways, you are collateral damage in the great game of the gods. It has been most amusing watching your antics but sadly I must now give you up to Nurgle as part of my plans. Best of luck in your future as a servant of Nurgle and I hope that you will think kindly of me and those who still worship me. Good bye." Tzeentch said sadly.

TigerLily wailed in despair and felt the mark of Tzeentch on her pubic mound tingle and vanish
back into normal skin! Why had he forsaken her!

"He has forsaken you because you are about to worship Nurgle." Fecaluria said jubilantly.

TigerLily looked at the thing numbly, unable to even think of what to make of this ludicrous claim.

"Your maternal instincts compel you to protect your children, even if it costs you your soul." Fecaluria said smugly.

TigerLily's maternal instincts shot awake and she saw that it was checkmate.

"Your children are all infected with a lethal disease which I control. At the moment I am keeping them alive but I can at any time choose to let them die. Your ONLY chance of convincing me to spare their lives is if you become a worshipper of Nurgle, I will lead you through the worship ritual process, I will kill them right now if you don't!" Fecaluria warned.

TigerLily had absolutely no choice, her maternal instincts were too strong for her to do anything other than obey! With every single part of her wailing in horror she gave up her very soul to the last being in the universe that she had EVER wanted to entrust her soul with!

"Your children are now safe." Fecaluria reassured her.

TigerLily felt the first faint amount of peace.

"Welcome to the faith!" Rat said happily.

***

Weeks later Wendy and her wife and kids huddled together in their filthy home, shivering with despair.

All nonessential cleaning of the ship was now illegal, as was even PERSONAL HYGIENE! They all STANK!

Everything in the entire ship fucking stank now! The floor was permanently flooded with sewerage, mould grew on everything, and don't even get her started on the SWIMMING POOLS! No matter how bad it got they never died of disease, Fecaluria kept them all supernaturally protected!

All of them were still sick with lethal Tyranid Flu but the disease had halted and the worst symptoms were abated. Every now and then Nurgle let some of the more terrible symptoms return just to show them that he owned them now!

Wendy prayed to Slaanesh and felt herself fill with wonderful lust. This gross situation could work!

Wendy licked the fecal matter off Octavia's face, moaning lustfully at this perverted act. Octavia was surprised but reciprocated and soon they were engaged in one of the most filthy acts of love making imaginable!

"Ewwwww!!!" Violet exclaimed in horror, but the two lovers ignored her.

***

Mandy joyfully squelched through the sewerage, beating her submissives in front of her with a cane. This was just so kinky!
Mandy was now completely immune to even the most lethal diseases and healed all wounds with unnatural speed! She could now freely engage in even the most unhygienic fantasies without fear!

Mandy and her submissives hooted with joy as they cannon balled into the toxic slime filled swimming pool! They joyfully splashed each other and Mandy sadistically slapped her submissive lovers around.

It absolutely reeked but Slaanesh was granting them the lust and fetishes needed to take orgasmic delight in the smell! Mandy was absolutely wet all the time now and orgasmic with pleasure!

The lovers had sex in the pool passionately, it was so good now! They never had to go to school, "food" was everywhere, and everyone could freely access the Royal family district now. Life was good now, no more PhD!!!

As Fecaluria said, "education only builds hope in a mind, why not just despair and accept things as they are!" That was absolutely right!

***

"My wedding plans are RUINED! I can't walk down the aisle like THIS!" Liling wailed, modelling her shit stained wedding dress!

Liling was absolutely filthy and stank like a sewer! She ran out of the tailors shop in tears still wearing the dress, going to talk to the one person who could do something about this.

Ignoring the smell Liling burst into the throne room of Fecaluria in tears and wailed, "please let me be clean for my wedding, I can't walk down the aisle like this!!!"

"I think you are beautiful just as you are! Nurgle thinks so too. You don't need to wash, you don't need change, you are perfect just as you are and Nurgle loves you." Fecaluria gushed delightedly.

"I'm covered in SHIT! My future husband won't even touch me anymore! This hygiene ban is ruining my sex life!" Liling wailed in despair.

"If he is so shallow that he only cares about you for your hygiene then he is not worthy of you! If he really loves you then it won't matter to him if you are covered in sewerage all the time!" Fecaluria advised.

"It's completely ruined more sex lives than just your's! Luke won't fuck ANY women now, most of the couple's on this ship are having intimacy problems thanks to this hygiene ban!" TigerLily said miserably.

"Please Fecaluria! Please at least let us be clean for weddings and sex!" Liling pleaded.

"Beloved, I am not deaf to your cries. I'm a romantic at heart and I hate to see relationships break up. The problem is not the external hygiene, it is the internal shallow hearts of these men. What you are seeing is the true heart of the man who says he loves you! If his love is only skin deep then it's not love at all!" Fecaluria said with surprising wisdom.

"Fucking hell, you are RIGHT! Luke doesn't love me at all does he!" TigerLily exclaimed with revelation.

"What about my dress!" Liling insisted.

"Personally I think it's a bit too revealing, what are you trying to prove." Fecaluria suggested.
"I want to look as sexy as possible for my husband on my wedding day!" Liling shouted.

"Dash those hopes immediately, you will walk down the aisle stinking to high hell and covered with shit!" Fecaluria said firmly, causing terrible despair in Liling.

***

TigerLily used her psychic powers to give Luke an orgasm, rolling her blind infected eyes at his pure cheek!

As soon as the hygiene stopped, Luke was unable to get into having sex with anyone. Even his gorgeous concubines were repellent to him now that they were perpetually smeared with poo! In fact even Octavia herself couldn't tempt him now!

Oh how quickly he had gone grovelling back to his poor psyker wife once he realised that she alone could still give him satisfying orgasms using her powers!

TigerLily smirked mockingly at him.

"My turn, and I want kisses." TigerLily tormented him.

Luke looked at her decaying body and shuddered violently with horror and loathing.

"You shallow asshole! You just lost sex privileges from my psychic powers!" TigerLily said angrily.

"No WAIT! Please my beloved, I want to win you back, and be a good husband!" Luke pleaded.

"You can start by fucking me! Make me feel loved and give me lots of kisses or you will be having blue balls for a VERY long time!" TigerLily demanded.

TigerLily had no hope at all of Luke changing, it was merely fun to torment him. As predicted, Luke was completely unable to get an erection despite frantically fantasising about clean hygienic women. TigerLily used her powers to help and he got a stiff so hard that a saw couldn't cut through it (as the saying goes).

TigerLily slid her decaying vagina over Luke's cock and smirked sadistically at his intense nausea. She deliberately kissed him with her reeking rotten mouth and enjoyed the nauseous despair that filled his mind.

TigerLily rode Luke's cock, getting very turned on. It felt fantastic inside her and she moaned in bliss, pleasantly surprised that the sex wasn't as bad as she had despaired.

TigerLily had orgasm after orgasm, ignoring Luke's revulsion and focused only on her own pleasure. Her new diseased body had limitless supernatural stamina and she just kept riding his cock late into the night, singing praises to Nurgle. She periodically rewarded Luke with psychic stimulation of the pleasure centres of his brain, keeping him from bailing on him.

After midnight TigerLily finally stopped and lay down on the mouldy bed next to her husband, sighing in contentment. Luke put an affectionate arm around her and she snuggled in close to him.

"This is nice, just the two of us, no concubines or other women, just you and me." TigerLily said feeling extremely content.

"Well the surroundings are not ideal but I am also very glad to have you." Luke replied selfishly.
"Do you still love me? Sex aside." TigerLily asked him.

She read his mind feverishly trying to think of something diplomatic to say and she knew the truth.

"Your anti telepathy drugs don't work on me now, your brain is infected and Nurgle lets me read what the infection hears. Say it out loud, no lies, or I'm gone." TigerLily warned him.

"Sex aside no I don't, you are ugly now and you have maggots in your fucking pussy! I still feel friendship for you and in some ways I care about you extremely deeply, but physically you repel me." Luke admitted with brutal honesty.

TigerLily started to cry, she had known what he thought but hearing it out loud seemed to make it real.

Luke hugged her tightly and let her cry. They both knew that this had been inevitable eventually. TigerLily now saw just how futile all her convoluted schemes to prolong their marriage had been.

"You are still my wife and the mother of my children. We still are best friends too." Luke told her.

"Is beauty really so important to you? Why do my looks affect your love for me!" TigerLily demanded despite knowing the answer already.

"Yes, beauty is very important to me but it's not just lack of beauty, it's the fact that you are rotting! You reek and you have loathsome skin diseases that make me want to puke! On an emotional level you are extremely dear to me but physically you do nothing for me." Luke admitted.

"I appreciate your honesty, I will continue to use my powers to satisfy you and I will of course look after the children, but maybe it's time that you divorce me. I have given up all my stupid hopes for my children ruling the galaxy, I'm happy for them just to live at all." TigerLily said sombrely.

Luke agreed.

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Egg was really REALLY pissed off! This Nurgle stuff was ruining EVERYTHING!

The place was disgusting, everyone was sick, she was still grieving over Pedo, and now, to add insult to injury, her biological parents were getting DIVORCED over this!

As much as Egg did not like TigerLily, she still could not stand it that a marriage had been broken up by this Fecaluria monster!

This had to stop NOW!

Egg had been taking months of classes in controlling her psychic powers and knew at least a little bit of what she needed to know to control her powers. She certainly didn't know enough to undo this mess herself but she knew that Tzeentch could!

Egg was currently protected from poisons and acids by the loathsome Fecaluria, but she was pretty sure that her psychic nullifying helmet wasn't!

Chappie was currently hibernating like he always did whenever he got as fat as he could get, curled up in a ball in his nest room in Daddy's apartment. Egg was creeping up to him holding a metal net covered in sacred symbols of the magic hating blood god Khorne. The net was crudely made by Egg herself with the help of Aunty Labia's tools, but it should be effective at partially hindering
Chappie's psychic powers.

A bunch of Nurglings snickered at the sight of what Egg was about to do and a passing plague bearer chortled and told her that she was very mischievous. With the psychic nullifying helmet on her head even the daemons of Nurgle could not read her diseased mind and they assumed that she was merely engaged in some harmless mischief, which they thoroughly approved of.

Egg threw the net over the sleeping Chappie and he awoke instantly with a vicious hiss. As predicted he could not psychically levitate himself with the net covering him and Egg pounced on him!

Chappie opened his huge jaws threateningly and Egg plunged one of her bird feet down his throat and viciously pinched a handful of the soft flesh of his throat, slicing into the flesh with her razor sharp toe talons and getting a grip that Chappie couldn't shake!

Chappie couldn't bite her with his behaviour inhibitors so he instead tried to lick the leg from his throat but he couldn't budge her without hurting his throat even more. The net was still preventing him from using his powers to dislodge her and he couldn't move without them. The Nurgle daemons gathered around laughing at this act of mischief and cheered her on.

Egg kept squeezing the flesh of Chappie's throat until he eventually puke a mixture of terrible acids all over the floor. The puddle of acid hissed violently and started to eat through the raised metal floor of his nest platform!

Egg let go of Chappie's throat and he was all too happy to let her take her foot out of his mouth. She giggled and cavorted in the puddle of vicious acids, completely protected by Fecaluria. She rolled around in the sick, completely covering every part of herself to throw off suspicion but only really wanting it smeared all over her helmet.

The psychic nullifying helmet hissed and crackled violently and Egg feverishly hoped that Tzeentch had anticipated her plan and was ready for her. The helmet became terribly hot as it dissolved and she frantically put her head down in the cool sewerage. The helmet continued to hiss under the water from the acids still stuck to it and the helmet mechanisms flickered then died altogether!!!

Time suddenly slowed down for Egg, Tzeentch had indeed anticipated her plan and had slowed down time for her.

"Just as planned." Tzeentch said smugly.

"I'm glad, I have only a few seconds before Fecaluria notices this and this plague kills me. Heal me now or lose your chance." Egg told Tzeentch bluntly.

"Of course beloved," Tzeentch said happily and Egg sensed every cell in her body purge clean of the Tyranid Flu virus.

Egg centred herself, struggling desperately to control her terrible Alpha Plus powers, and time suddenly returned to normal speed. Egg wept tears of blood from her efforts but managed to keep her powers from ripping her apart.

She reached out with her powers and made contact with Fecaluria.

"Heal everyone and cure the Tyranid Flu right now or I will end your eternal existence and dedicate this ship to Tzeentch!" Egg roared at Fecaluria with terrible fury.
"You are lying." Fecaluria chuckled.

Egg reached into the warp and started summoning Lords of Change, the enigmatic greater daemons of Tzeentch. She didn't just summon one or two, she summoned dozens of them, using her off the scale power levels to keep them stable in real space even without possessing mortal bodies.

The greater daemons of Tzeentch scrambled to cure the plague in the people Egg cared about, knowing that if they died she would get upset and lose the focus needed to maintain them in real space.

"Stop this! I will cure them! You must not dedicate this ship to Tzeentch!" Fecaluria pleaded.

"Cure every trace of the virus from this ship and surrender control back to my father and I will stop them and spare your existence!" Egg demanded.

The ship superstructure was now groaning loudly from Egg's poor control of her powers, if Fecaluria did not stop pissing her off then the entire ship would soon be destroyed!

Suddenly Egg sensed TigerLily madly trying to drive Egg into a temporary coma to control her powers and spare her children. Egg laughed.

Egg floated through the corridors with vicious speed and confronted her birth mother in Fecaluria's throne room. Egg held Fecaluria at bay and gripped TigerLily with her powers. TigerLily struggled but a mere Gamma level psyker was no match for an Alpha Plus and Egg easily overpowered her.

Egg used her powers to bend TigerLily over and using the power of the warp she beat her ass absolutely raw! Egg laughed in deep satisfaction and then turned to Fecaluria who was desperately fighting off 5 Lords of change.

"Heal them!" Egg demanded.

Fecaluria looked at her hatefully and sent out a wave of Nurgle energy, annihilating the virus from the entire ship.

"It is done." Fecaluria said in defeat.

"Good," Egg said and burned the possessed body down to ashes, banishing Fecaluria back to the warp.

***

"Welcome back TigerLily," Tzeentch said happily.

"BIGGEST. DICK. MOVE. EVER!!!" TigerLily shouted in absolute rage at her asshole of a god!

"It all went as planned and Nurgle is now weaker in the great game of godly politics." Tzeentch replied with happy insanity.

TigerLily felt a burning sensation on her diseased pubic mound and her mark of Tzeentch returned once more. TigerLily was not satisfied with just getting her mark back, this had really really hurt her!

"My husband DIVORCED me! You left me for WEEKS in that disgusting shithole religion! I have MAGGOTS IN MY PUSSY!" TigerLily screamed with rage.
Tzeentch merely laughed sardonically and told her to get over it before ending the conversation.

TigerLily had never felt so manipulated in her entire life! She was nothing but a pawn to be expended in the great game!

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Chapter 19

Chapter 19C

The inhabitants of the Imperial Agri World Cocowango just about crapped themselves in fear as a massive Chaos fleet dropped out of warp at the edge of their system! To be honest a few of the more fearful inhabitants literally DID crap themselves in terror!

It was the most powerful Chaos Fleet the entire local sector had ever seen since the time of the Horus Heresy ten thousand years ago, and the local sector Battlefleet simply did not have enough available ships that were powerful enough to fight a fleet of this might!

Cocowango was a desert planet with very small oceans and very high solar intensity. During the day it was hot and bright and blazing with light, and during the night it was freezing cold. It had huge aquifers of water deep underground and was very humid during the day.

Each night the plummeting temperatures caused dew to soak into the top of the desert sands, providing more than adequate watering for the arid crops and filling the small rivers that flow into the seas. During the day the blazing brightness evaporated all of the water from the sand and also evaporated a sizeable amount of seawater, driving the humidity up to unbearable levels, creating an endless cycle of wet and dry. It was indeed the PERFECT Agri world environment.

Huge rolling plains of genetically modified crops covered the entire planet end to end, bolstered by water pumped up from underground and along endless miles of underground irrigation pipes. The days and nights were nearly twice as long as on earth and with such intense sunlight the plants could grow much MUCH faster.

In fact the only thing that limited growth was low CO2 levels and nutrient depleted soils. Cocowango solved this problem by importing billions of tons of CO2, fossil fuels, sewerage and artificial fertilisers from every world in the entire sector willing to sell these things.

With regular imports of these things (particularly the bottled CO2 pollution which the hive worlds sold so cheap that it was almost as if they desperately wanted to get rid of this stuff even if they didn't make a profit, how crazy is that!!!) the agricultural crop production of Cocowango was absolutely staggering and the economy was absolutely booming with close to zero percent unemployment for the approximately 1 billion inhabitants!

For 10,000 years Cocowango had enjoyed mostly abundant harvests (at least according to the propaganda) and had thrived under imperial rule (again this is what the propaganda insisted!). And now it looked like this long history was about to reach its end, wiped out by the forces of chaos!

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Emergency sirens blared throughout the entire Nightmare Asylum, they had been blaring for DAYS now! The ship was in a very bad way.

In the 30 minutes or so that Egg had been unhindered by a functioning psychic nullifying helmet she had caused catastrophic damage to the entire ship. The ship had already been in a terrible state of disrepair thanks to Fecaluria and now it was a festering barely functioning wreckage!

Tech Priests and Priestesses wept in lament for the terrible suffering of the poor machines and all of them were constantly bothering Luke in his throne room.

TigerLily smirked in his mind, pissing him off even more and Luke smashed a bit of mouldering furniture in frustration.

The entire ship was a reeking rust bucket, nothing fucking worked properly anymore!

Labia left in a huff and presumably went back to her work on the repairs. Luke sat back down as the next person came to his throne on ship's business.

Luke had not slept in days and was becoming ever more combustible in temperament with each passing hour of constantly dealing with people on official business.

The latest delegate was Jenny Sevenson from the sanitation department, pleading for more staff and resources to help clean the oceans of filth out of the Nightmare Asylum. She had been bothering him for days now with different requests from her department. The departments liked to use Sevenson women as their messengers as he was far less likely to shoot his own relatives!

Luke snarled belligerently at his distant great niece Jenny and told her to fuck off and stop bothering him.

"Give my department 100 percent of its requests and you won't have to see me!" Jenny insisted firmly.

Luke felt the soothing psychic presence of TigerLily enter his mind and flood him with peace, and he sighed in relief. She was the only thing keeping him from physical violence (against people) these past few days.

With their divorce official, Luke and TigerLily had returned to their previous work relationship of Chaos Lord and his official "pet" chaos sorceress. She was his psychic bodyguard and she assisted him in all things psychic related, but was no longer his wife.

Truth be told they were still sexually active, but then this was hardly unusual as Luke fucked almost all his female coworkers.

TigerLily was still the mother of all his legitimate children and had unlimited access to them. She could enter his home freely and had full access to the Royal family forbidden quarters. She had her own rooms in his home now and slept in her own bed.

Luke calmed down and listened patiently to Jenny Sevenson's requests. With his temper under control he was able to work out a compromise by letting her use the chained up slaves as slave labor for cleaning the revolting ship. This was dangerous of course but they desperately needed to get sanitation to nonlethal levels.

Without Nurgle protecting them, the entire population of the ship was getting sick from nonlethal infections from the filth. The Tyranid Flu was utterly gone but the more mundane sewerage borne diseases remained!

***

Octavia, Wendy, Violet, Mandy, Liling, Candy and Candy's children worked diligently cleaning the ship, alongside an army of other people. In this time of crisis absolutely EVERYONE had to do their part.
Octavia happily scrubbed the floor of the corridor with a plastic scrubbing brush, using a harsh chemical detergent to scour the filth from the corroded metal floor plates. The brush was churning the detergent into a brown foam as she energetically scrubbed the surface absolutely raw.

Octavia was wearing a pair of absolutely filthy waterproof work overalls, heavy rubber waterproof industrial work gloves, proper waterproof work boots and clear plastic protective safety goggles. Her hear was carefully done up out of the way and she felt as thoroughly professional as she looked. Her family was wearing the same and Octavia had shown them the best way to tie their hair out of the way.

"This is so nostalgic! It takes me back to when I was an unskilled maintenance slave. I used to do this sort of thing over 12 hours a day, sometimes the shifts were 15 hours or more!" Octavia said happily.

"Yeah I remember, I miss working with you." Candy added nostalgically.

"It's hideous! How could anyone do this 12 hours a day!" Mandy exclaimed unhappily.

"I was a slave Mandy, I did what I was told or I got beaten and starved. I got stuck in and dirty, did my job well, and I got fed without punishment." Octavia explained proudly.

"My arms hurt, can I stop yet?" Mandy asked hopefully.

"This is nothing, this is actually far easier than what I used to do. At least we are in the open corridor with a lot of people scaring away the trash pandas. I used to work almost exclusively in the filthy spider infested maintenance crawl spaces, getting mauled by trash pandas and clambering around in really awkward positions to clean really hard to reach stuff," Octavia said amused.

"Mistress Octavia got such a yummy physique from all those hours crawling about. I remember all the trips to hospital for maulings, the plastic surgeons did a great job fixing up her skin, you can't even see it anymore." Wendy purred blissfully.

"But it really hurts, my shoulders are killing me, how did you even, like, not die!??!" Mandy asked in a whiny tone.

"Candy and Labia give amazing massages that take away the cramps and pain, just wonderful. My entire body hurt like you wouldn't believe at the end of every single shift, it was horrible hard work on my body. But I found it extremely satisfying to scrub away that filth all the same, it was the best feeling when you see that grit coming off." Octavia said nostalgically.

For a while they continued in silence (not counting Mandy's incessant complaining). They tore at the filth with scrubbing brushes and chemicals, bringing up the very filth of a Nurgle hell and leaving raw shiny metal plates under the thick putrid chemical foam.

This section of corridors had been drained of sewerage prior to Octavia's work party's arrival and the bulk of the solids had already been shovelled up with bulldozers and motorised shovels. All that remained was the tedious job of scrubbing away what remained.

They had been working for less than an hour and Mandy had been steadily complaining the entire time. Wendy of course had centuries of experience doing disgusting cleaning chores as a submissive in her private life and was handling the work perfectly. Liling was likewise used to this sort of task.

The real surprise was Violet. Violet had the same spoilt upbringing as Mandy but was working quietly without complaint. In fact Violet was being extremely diligent and far less lazy than Candy
was. Candy of course had a lot of cleaning experience, but she was using this experience to use the laziest possible way of cleaning, getting the most clean for each brush stroke but using the fewest brush strokes she could get away with. Mandy was trying to mimic her, causing significant delays in the cleaning.

The entire corridor was thick with people, all down on their hands and knees scrubbing the floor and walls furiously. With everyone dressed exactly the same in freshly made mass produced work gear, it was impossible to tell the social rank of the people around them without scanning their microchips. Octavia guessed that most were recently unchained slaves.

Despite her face and hair being filthy and her standardised work gear, Octavia was getting a lot of attention from male slaves who could see her attractive figure and massive breasts outlined through her overalls.

"Hey girl, you got a boyfriend?" A slave man asked Octavia.

Octavia shook her head, technically she did not have a MALE sexual partner at this time.

The man got excited and crawled up beside her, helping her scrub her patch of floor and eagerly chatting her up.

"Stop hitting on my Mum!" Mandy said indignantly.

"Wow, that's your daughter? You must have been so young when you had her!" The man exclaimed in wonder.

"Just fuck off and leave!" Mandy demanded.

The man chuckled and ignored Mandy, focusing completely on Octavia.

"What are you doing later?" The man asked her.

"Probably sucking your cock if you play your cards right." Candy giggled.

Suddenly other men were interested too and Octavia was swamped by men who surrounded her and competed for attention.

"I'm trying to do my job here." Octavia told them politely.

"We are slaves honey, stop working so hard, it's not like they pay you." A slave said, clearly assuming that everyone present were also slaves.

"You have a very poor attitude about your duty as a slave then! I don't know what culture you are from but in my culture slaves take pride in being good slaves! I have never served any of my owners poorly and I refuse to talk to you if this is your attitude!" Octavia said angrily and turned her back on the man.

Suddenly Violets psychic voice was warning Octavia in her mind, "I have already warned the others, you must not let on WHO we are, they will kill us. They think that we are all slaves, you must play along for all our sakes!"

Octavia acknowledged, wondering what the hell the sanitation department was thinking with these work assignments, playing along with the part.

Octavia spoke in her dead village dialect to Mandy and Violet, they were 3 of only 5 people who
spoke this language. The slaves didn't understand a word and asked them to speak in a language they understood.

"That mutant is your daughter?" A man said in horror looking at Violet.

"My adopted daughter, I call her my daughter, I raised her." Octavia said quickly.

"She looks like TigerLily." Someone else said suspiciously.

"I'm related to her." Violet said truthfully.

"Why are you being raised by slaves." The men asked.

"It's a long story. I don't even know you and am sick and tired of telling the same story to every random passerby. Please leave me alone, I'm trying to help my mum reach her quota so she doesn't get a beating!" Violet lied with a perfect tone of exasperated impatience.

The men were extremely curious but they were still primarily focused on becoming Octavia's new boyfriend so they let the matter drop. Octavia had not stopped diligently scrubbing and made a point of giving them all a very cold reception.

"I just figured out how I know you all! It all makes sense now! They are all in the feast hall video with sister fucker and wife beater! That chick over there is Candy the sanitation skank who fucks us sometimes! I didn't recognise her with so many clothes on!" A man exclaimed and continued.

"That girl there is the sister who was fucked by sister fucker! And this gorgeous slave chick is Octavia, the slave fucktoy of the chaos lord!"

The crowd all exclaimed in recognition and asked what the hell they were doing here.

"I'm here to CLEAN! So what if my owner knocked me up! I don't just fuck, I take my responsibility very seriously and just want to do a good job. This ship is absolutely filthy and even the "fucktoys" as you put it are out doing our part!" Octavia exclaimed angrily, reading the situation carefully.

The slaves were still not hostile, they hadn't recognised Wendy yet and they were unsure about whether Mandy was a slave or not. But they were asking a lot of questions and it could become dangerous very soon.

Suddenly a cold threatening psychic presence filled the space with terrifying tangible evil.

"Everybody back off! TigerLily is getting upset! That feeling is a warning that comes before she strikes!" Octavia yelled in warning.

The slaves instantly fled, superstitiously terrified of "the patron saint of battered wives" and fearing being beaten to death with their own fists.

Octavia and the others sighed in relief as suddenly everyone of the slaves put a huge distance between themselves and the family. The sighs became groans when they realised that they now had to clean the floor all by themselves now!

***

Tech priestess Labia Johnson worked feverishly programming the stolen Tau technical drones to perform repairs on the ship. The other Tech priests still preferred to use the much simpler servitors
and together the drones and servitors were performing frantic repairs.

Egg Sevenson had caused so much damage to the superstructure that it would be almost simpler to simply build a new ship than to repair this one! It was a miracle that the void shields were still keeping the atmosphere trapped inside the bubble of the shields!

The entire ship had massive cracks all through it and the cracks left it open to the hard vacuum of space outside if not for the shields! It wasn't just a few hull breaches, the whole entire hull was currently MADE out of breaches of all shapes and sizes!

Labia's drones were frantically welding closed these cracks, but this was only a temporary fix, so the entire fleet had dropped out of warp near the closest habitable planet with a breathable atmosphere for a truly radical solution.

They were going to physically enter the atmosphere of the planet and attempt to land on a suitably deep body of water!

The ship was not designed to leave the vacuum of space and was absolutely not aerodynamic nor designed to land on a planet. It could not be set down horizontally either, it would have to land vertically with it's rear engine firmly resting on the sea floor and it's prow manoeuvring side thrusters working to maintain balance, otherwise it would be very difficult to take off to orbit again.

They could then drop the shields and simply breathe the atmosphere until repairs were completed!

It of course had a few problems. The artificial gravity would be badly overworked to let the crew treat a vertical floor as a horizontal surface, the front half of the ship would have too low air pressure to be safely inhabited without breathing gear, the engine would be deep underwater, and to top it off the locals might be hostile!

Labia had in fact voiced her concerns to Luke repeatedly, but he was convinced that his plan was a great one! More fool him!

***

The inhabitants of Cocowango wailed in horror as the FUCKING HUGE chaos flagship entered the planet's atmosphere. What in holy fuck were they DOING!

The ripping roaring sound of the city sized starship zipping through the atmosphere at faster than the speed of sound was so fucking loud that it could be heard for thousands of miles!

The heat of it's atmospheric entry was so enormous that it raised the local ground level air temperature slightly as it tore overhead, made all the hotter by the screaming plasma engines belting out super heated reaction mass! For thousands of miles it shot across the sky, using atmospheric friction to absorb it's colossal inertial momentum, generating more heat than a very large atomic bomb in the process!

The surrounding area got hotter and hotter as the giant red hot thing finally slowed down to below the speed of sound, it's enormous mass kept airborne by screaming engines, igniting raging fires in the local vegetation!

The giant red hot ship was about as aerodynamic as a pallet of bricks and made sluggish progress as it screamed across the sky, setting an inferno underneath it with it's raging engines. It was headed straight for the Brighton Sea, one of the larger oceans on Cocowango, about the size of the Mediterranean Sea on earth back in the 1st and 2nd millenniums.
Leaving a line of fire blackened wasteland in its wake, the ship reached the Brighton Sea, which promptly began to boil and steam underneath it. The ship flew out to the deepest part of this relatively shallow ocean and the engines under the front section of the ship roared to full thrust. The front raised high into the atmosphere as other engines compensated, keeping the ship airborne.

Now fully vertical, the ship's rear engines were roaring to keep it aloft and the plasma wake boiled away the water almost down to the sea floor, the water boiling faster than the surrounding water could surge in to replace it. With a deafening whine the engines reduced thrust, letting the ship slowly lower to the ocean below.

As it got closer to the water the water churned and boiled away from the heat and thrust of the engines, revealing the sea floor and roasting it red hot! It was only dawn here but the Ocean was already more evaporated than it had ever been, countless cubic kilometres of water evaporated away in mere minutes! A column of steam big beyond imagining rose up promising a very VERY humid day today!

After long minutes the rear lowered itself down to the partially molten bedrock of the roasted sea floor and with a sudden silence the rear engines stopped. With a deep roar the surrounding seawater fell into the super hot empty space, boiling over the red hot bedrock and smashing into the red hot surface of the ship with a terrible hiss. Huge plumes of steam rose as the water boiled in contact with the red hot metal.

The top section of the ship still had its engines firing constantly to maintain awkward balance and red hot pipes sent cooling fluid to the rear of the ship to use the water as a heat sink. In fact the entire ship was still glowing red hot with heat and seemed to be furiously pumping as much heat as possible into the Brighton Sea. All of this combined to keep the water boiling away against the hull of the rear of the ship, creating a never ending plume of angry hot steam.

The ship spent the next hour frantically cooling itself down and the raging sea gradually settled down. The sea level was noticeably lower than it had ever been before, and it still had an entire long hot day of evaporation ahead! Today was going to be a VERY bad day!

***

Imperial farm slave worker Caligula Maximus listened in horror to the radio in his owner's home. Oh by the golden throne this was bad! The planetary governor had just formally surrendered to the Chaos forces!

According to the radio the Chaos Flagship had deliberately caused all the destruction and had deliberately evaporated a worrying amount of the Brighton Sea as a warning of their awesome power! The enemy had threatened to boil away every ocean and sea on Cocowango and set fire to every settlement by flying over them like they had before unless the planet surrender!

Caligula didn't blame the governor for surrendering in the face of such deadly threat, a billion people would die if he didn't!

Caligula looked to his owner for guidance like he always did when in an unfamiliar situation, but his owner was just as bewildered as he was.

Without anyone telling him what to do, Caligula simply stayed in the room with his owner, as was his duty.

Caligula was deeply proud to be a slave, he had worked hard to receive this honour. On Cocowango slavery was regarded as the highest honour that the lower class could achieve. Being a
slave meant becoming the member of your owner's family. It entitled you to live rent free in the home of your owner, share in the food (eating as directed by your owner of course), and build into the wealth of a wealthy family.

Being a slave meant having a totally secure future, the owners chose and provided everything for you, from your meals to your wife. His owner had not yet chosen which slave woman would become Caligula's wife but he hoped she was pretty.

Caligula condemned himself, it was not his place to hope she was pretty! No matter what she was like Caligula would obediently accept her and cherish her as a gift from his owner!

Mr Tiberius Caesar was Caligula's current owner, he was an old man who had a massive farm, part of the rich class of land owners. On Cocowango 99 percent of the land was owned by 1 percent of the population and rent prices were gruesomely high.

The majority of the population had to work terribly hard just to pay the exorbitant rent on poorly adequate hovels with no mod cons. After spending 99 percent of their wages on rent, they had only just enough left to keep themselves well enough to keep working.

Caligula had been born in the lowest class, his parents barely able to pay the rent on the single room dump they lived in. The harvests were plentiful and the planets economy was booming of course, but the huge amounts his parents earned all went just on rent.

Caligula's parents had wanted better for him and had groomed him from birth to ascend to slavery. Wonderful slavery with no rent to pay and all meals guaranteed!

Caligula had studied like crazy at school to get a highly coveted diploma of slave training and had competed against strong competition for one of the few slave positions available. He had been prouder than ever in his entire life when he was found worthy and sold into slavery!

After a lifetime of training he was totally obedient to whoever owned him and took extreme pride in his performance as a slave. He would die if necessary for his owner and was utterly loyal.

In exchange for this he lived in a beautiful air conditioned home for free, got all his physical needs met and had the priceless raise in social status from poorest class to slave class. Slavery was not hereditary on Cocowango as that would be unfair, slavery had to be earned by hard work! The children of slaves could always study hard and earn slavery same as anyone else, but if they were unsuccessful they would simply move out of the owners home at 18 and start paying rent as a free commoner.

Slavery wasn't all easy however, it had it's drawbacks to balance its perks. Caligula worked very very hard every day on the farm, hot hot work out in the sun. Every unpleasant job on the farm or in the villa house was the duty of the slaves, stuff that the hired rent paying free commoners couldn't be trusted with doing properly. The most unpleasant task he had ever been ordered to do was performing fellatio on Mr Tiberius Caesar's upper class homosexual guests, Caligula had HATED that but had done his duty as a proud slave with neither hesitation nor complaint.

Mr Tiberius Caesar had lots of slaves and the female slaves had the honour of providing for his sexual needs. He had a wife of course, but he only slept with her occasionally as she was old and not attractive, she had already provided him with a pair of adult children, a son to inherit his property and a daughter to marry off to an appropriate match. The upper class almost always had only just enough children to replace their numbers, keeping the inheritance estates intact from generation to generation.
These arranged marriages between the sons and daughters of the upper class were rarely happy, so they mostly relied on slaves for their sexual needs. Caligula had sexually serviced Mrs Caesar when she ordered him, but she preferred one slave man over Caligula and the others, so this had been a rare event.

The farm estate of Mr Tiberius Caesar was very close to the shore of the Brighton Sea, thankfully just outside the destruction zone caused by the tsunami waves kicked up by the engines of the Chaos Flagship. The western edge of the farm had been flooded with seawater but compared to all the farms between here and the Brighton Sea, they were lucky to be alive!

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Hours later Caligula was out in the field harvesting genetically modified chillies on the western edge of the farm, trying to save as much of the harvest as possible before the salt from the seawater killed the plants!

Caligula was in charge of hundreds of poor free commoner labourers of all ages and genders, making sure that they worked fast enough and didn't steal. As a slave Caligula was far more trustworthy than a hired hand and acted as both a labourer and a foreman all in one.

He was working twice as hard as anyone else, simultaneously picking chillies and managing the hired hands. He was sweating buckets in the unprecedented humidity this morning.

Usually the first half of the morning was the least humid time of daylight and relatively cool. The days here lasted over 40 hours, half nighttime and half daytime, giving just over 20 hours of daylight. The first 5 hours of daylight were pleasant and cool but after that the temperature became extremely hot and the humidity levels steadily climbed. But this morning it was only the 4th hour of daylight but was already as humid as the 15th hour!

The Chaos forces had evaporated far too much of the Brighton Sea and this was wreaking havoc on the daily humidity cycle. The dew fall tonight would clearly be the biggest ever recorded!

This was actually a very good thing for tomorrow's crop growth, the crop growth each day was limited by the amount of nightly dew available to water them, bigger dew meant bigger and faster harvests.

In terms of crop growth of Mr Tiberius Caesar's farm, today's events would actually result in one of the biggest harvests on record. Not only was humidity through the roof but CO2 was up too from all the fires (plus liberation of trapped CO2 from all the vaporised seawater). Normally CO2 had to be imported from hive worlds or generated by burning fossil fuels imported from mining worlds. It was always in extremely short supply in the atmosphere and this limited growth rate of crops.

Caligula sternly ordered the labourers to work faster, the humidity would make it too hot to keep working far earlier than usual today. If they didn't work as fast as humanly possible then some of the harvest would be lost and Mr Tiberius Caesar would not have as large a profit as he could!

All along the western edge of the farm similar groups of labourers were harvesting under the stern gaze of slaves like Caligula. The farm was massive and even with thousands of people the groups were hundreds of meters separate from each other. At least Mr Tiberius Caesar had a flood of able bodied refugees entering the farm from the tsunami devastated regions, and these were being hired on top of the usual hired hands to let them harvest more per hour than usual in this race against time.

A distant roar made him look up, on the western horizon he saw tiny black dots that sounded like
aircraft. Even at this distance he could clearly see the top half of the Chaos flagship poking over the western horizon. The black dots were coming from the exact direction of the flagship.

Caligula cursed and urged everyone to work even faster, he wanted as much loaded into the trucks as possible before the aircraft arrived. If necessary they would flee in the trucks.

As the dots grew steadily larger it became clear that they were traveling very fast, far too quick to outrun in a truck so he gave up all notions of trying to flee and simply hoped that the aircraft would fly on past overhead without bothering them.

The aircraft were soon big enough in the sky to identify, they were thunder hawk gunship! They were dark midnight blue in colour, almost black, and looked terrifying.

Caligula sighed in relief as the aircraft shop past overhead, but quickly gulped as one of the aircraft curved around in the air and returned in his direction, flying low! The hired hands scattered away in terror but Caligula stood his ground, determined to try to get these unwanted visitors away from Mr Tiberius Caesar's land.

Whoever was piloting the aircraft was clearly a maniac! It came in far too low and far too fast (and slightly sideways!), it was going to crash!

At the last moment it slowed down to nonlethal velocity and plowed into a dirt, annihilating hundreds of chilli plants! Caligula winced in horror at the damage to Mr Tiberius Caesar's harvest, the aircraft had left a huge long furrow in the grown behind it!

The aircraft came to rest 30 meters away from Caligula at an angle clearly designed to miss him (so he hadn't run for cover). Landing gears, which had not even been down during landing, deployed and raised the dirt streaked thunder hawk out of the dirt to a more or less level upright position and the engines powered down!

Caligula cautiously observed the aircraft for hostility before steeling himself and carefully approaching it.

A window in the cockpit lowered and he heard a woman shouting what sounded like "damn it rats, where did you learn..." He had terrible trouble understanding the dialect. A lot of the words were unfamiliar to him but it sounded like the thunder hawk was being piloted by rats... That can't be right, clearly he misunderstood the dialect or something.

A woman popped her head out the window, and WHAT a woman! She was a curly brown haired goddess with the most beautiful face he had ever seen! She smiled at him with her ruby red lips and he simply gawked at her. Something about her seemed to radiate raw sex appeal like a light bulb radiates light.

She said something to him and he quickly snapped out of it, remembering his duty and years of training as a slave. She appeared to be asking him for directions but he didn't understand her dialect properly.

"Where is ? We need ." She said in her strange dialect.

"I can't understand you, please speak in Cocowango low gothic." Caligula told her apologetically.

She clearly didn't understand him but of her own accord she started asking him questions in a variety of languages until she hit on one that he understood.

"We need trade, where sell?" The woman asked in appalling high gothic.
"What do you want to buy?" Caligula asked in fluent high gothic, courtesy of his slave training education to let him communicate with off world guests of his owner.

"Food, metal, slaves, anything!" The woman said excitedly in her appalling high gothic.

"My owner Mr Tiberius Caesar sells all of those things, especially food. I myself am one of his slaves, he has many slaves." Caligula began.

"Excellent, I buy you, I need." The woman said happily.

Caligula was taken aback by this Chaos Traitor's desire to buy him and personally could think of nothing he wanted less! However his own wants were meaningless, his sale was completely up to his owner.

"That is up to my owner not me." Caligula said loyally.

The front hatch of the thunder hawk gunship opened and the woman told him to get in and direct them to his owner. Caligula was no fool and refused to leave his post at the harvest, explaining his duty to the woman.

In response to this a group of armed men exited the aircraft and man handled Caligula into the aircraft at gun point!

The thunder hawk gunship interior smelled absolutely awful, like sewerage, rotten meat and the smells of the sick. Caligula immediately threw up violently, it smelt worse than the farms sewage tanks!

"Sorry about smell, that our pilot." The woman's voice said, he was currently too bent over his own puke to see it.

"My husband says that I smell nice!" Said a zombie-like second female voice, this time in fluent high gothic.

Caligula felt someone wipe his mouth clean and felt a gas mask be fastened to his face. The debilitating smell vanished and he looked up at his surroundings.

He was in the cargo hold of the thunder hawk gunship, surrounded by heavily armed men with defaced imperial guard equipment and uniforms. As well as the men were two women, one a dream and the other a nightmare.

The woman who had first spoke to him was a dream, wearing a scandalously scanty hot pink dress with plunging cleavage and a VERY short skirt. Her breasts were wonderfully big, her figure perfect and he had never even imagined that any woman could be so beautiful.

The second woman was something out of his worst nightmare. She looked like a dead body, a hideous skeletal thin rotting cadaver! She had weeping infected sockets where her eyes should be and sticking out of these sockets were badly corroded bionic camera eyes! She seemed to have large breasts that were clearly fake under her filthy pilots uniform and she had badly infected long hair plugs implanted in her badly peeling scalp! He gazed at her in horror!

"Yeah yeah, I'm ugly to your discriminatory concept of beauty, I get it all the time." The nightmare woman said sounding impatient.

"We need you point us your owner house and help trade, resupply all ship." The attractive woman said in her terrible broken high gothic.
Caligula agreed and he was taken to the cockpit. The cadaverous pilot took off like a maniac and flew unsteady across the sky over the farm. Caligula pointed out Mr Tiberius Caesar's villa home and the pilot nodded.

Caligula hung on for dear life as the pilot brought the aircraft crashing down in a chilli field next to the villa house yard, plowing an appalling furrow in the valuable crops!

Armed men from the house ran to the thunder hawk apparently searching for survivors thinking it had crash landed by accident. Caligula quickly disembarked and explained the confusing situation as best as he could.

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Things were understandably tense in the villa house as Mr Tiberius Caesar and his wife showed hospitality to this unusual guest.

Tiberius had feared the worst when the radio had said that chaos trade ambassadors were being sent out to local farms and settlements while his workers and slaves were harvesting in the fields. What he got instead was a very pleasant surprise.

Instead of some foaming psychotic chaos space marine, the ambassador was the loveliest young woman he had ever laid eyes on! Her name was Octavia Antony Sevenson (he wasn't sure if Sevenson was even a name or not) and she was absolutely delightful to be around.

Her high gothic was absolutely appalling but Tiberius didn't care, a mouth like that wasn't expected to talk!

In the room with her were a score of soldiers who were obviously traitor imperial guardsmen, all of them hard eyed killers to a man. She had another score of men guarding the Thunder Hawk Gunship, but they needn't have bothered, NO ONE wanted to enter the aircraft with that foul smelling THING of a pilot lurking inside it!

Octavia was leaning in close as she could, and bent forward in such a way that Tiberius could see right down her cleavage! Tiberius swallowed hard as his eyes were glued to her cleavage like a magnet. Octavia giggled provocatively and suddenly she seemed to radiate raw sexual energy like the sun radiates light!

Tiberius couldn't fight it, he had never wanted anyone so badly! His penis was painfully erect under the table and he was shaking with effort to control himself from ravaging her right here on the table in front of everyone!

Octavia seductively asked to buy certain things from him at certain prices and Tiberius didn't even hear what she said but enthusiastically agreed and ordered his slaves to perform the transaction. Octavia got very VERY happy about this and showered Tiberius in wonderful compliments, making him feel wonderful.

She started to provocatively run her perfect soft smooth fingertips over the food in front of her and shamelessly bent forward and erotically licked a phallic shaped fruit, rubbing her fingers all over it as she licked it.

Tiberius couldn't help himself anymore and stood up involuntarily, shaking all over and sick with desire. Octavia got provocatively to her feet and sauntered off towards the guest bedroom he had pointed out to her earlier when she first arrived. Octavia hadn't said a word but Tiberius followed her.
His wife said something but he couldn't process her words, didn't care about anything except making sweet sweet love to Octavia.

Tiberius entered the guest room and closed the door behind him. Octavia sauntered up to him and kissed him without even pausing. He kissed her back hungrily and pressed his body up against her. He was so utterly sick with desire that the slight rub of his penis against her through his clothes caused him to involuntarily prematurely ejaculate.

Tiberius was absolutely mortified and apologised frantically, terrified of her leaving in disgust.

"We not finish." Octavia purred in her broken high gothic and proceeded to get naked.

Tiberius almost wept in relief.

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Tiberius felt fantastic as he lay in bed with the naked Octavia. He was covered all over his body with her ruby red lipstick marks and he had never felt so satisfied in his entire life.

She felt so soft and warm against his naked skin and she was lazily covering the side of the his face with soft kisses. Her perfume was youthful and sweet smelling, it suited her.

He felt totally comfortable in her presence, dangerously comfortable. He knew that she was an agent of chaos, but he would hate himself forever if he said anything to make her leave his bed.

Tiberius was totally empty, his testicles had not so much as a drop of semen left in them. Octavia had completely emptied him out until he couldn't physically go on. He was now as utterly satisfied as it was possible to be and enjoying the amazing feeling of comfort.

"Stay with me forever, please never let this moment end." Tiberius implored her.

"I have son and 3 daughters, can't leave them." She said apologetically.

Tiberius was stupidly disappointed that this woman clearly had slept with at least one other man before him, but it made perfect sense that such a beauty would have her pick of other men.

"Your children can stay here too." Tiberius insisted.

"The father not like that." Octavia said apologetically.

"So what if he doesn't like it, what can he do to stop it. Please just stay with me forever." Tiberius pleaded stupidly.

"Father of 2 be Chaos Lord, Lord all fleet. He stop." Octavia insisted.

"The Chaos Lord got you pregnant?!?" Tiberius exclaimed in horror.

Octavia got a very haunted look on her face and nodded sadly.

"Chaos Lord, Luke Sevenson, rape Octavia, bad." She said struggling to use high gothic.

Tiberius was horrified, this poor young paragon of loveliness raped by some ugly chaos tyrant! Tiberius felt holy rage fill him, he would avenge this poor girl somehow and then she could stay with him forever!

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Caligula waited patiently for his new owner Octavia to emerge from the guest room with Mr Tiberius Caesar, they had been in the room for well over 3 hours now!

While Mr Tiberius Caesar was flirting with Octavia over the meal of greeting he had agreed to a staggering amount of very large transactions on VERY favourable terms for Octavia. Among those transactions had been the sale of Caligula Maximus himself to Octavia as her own personal slave property.

She had paid 3 gold coins for Caligula, the cadaverous pilot had already handed over the coins to Mr Tiberius Caesar's accountant and they only needed the owner's final signature on the deed to make it fully official.

The door finally opened and Mr Tiberius Caesar and Octavia left the room with their clothes all messed up, clearly they had had sex.

Caligula bowed before the pair and said, "the accountant just needs your signature to complete my transfer of ownership Mr Tiberius Caesar sir."

"What transfer of ownership, what the hell are you talking about?" Mr Tiberius Caesar asked in annoyed confusion.

"Sir, Octavia Antony Sevenson asked you at the meal to sell me to her and you agreed, the accountant has received payment and completed the paperwork now. He only needs your signature sir." Caligula said humbly.

Mr Tiberius Caesar looked at Octavia and she smiled at him sweetly. He trembled with obvious desire and agreed to sign the paperwork. A quick signature later and Caligula Maximus was the legal property of Octavia Antony Sevenson (marital status unknown due to language difficulties)! **

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Octavia bathed in the villa house of Tiberius Caesar, enjoying the old man's kisses on the back of her neck. She was completely robbing the old twit blind in her business dealings with him and earning staggering amounts of commission.

Currently Octavia, Sabrina and to a lesser extent Melody were having the greatest success in dealing with these wealthy land owners, using their feminine charms to get favourable trade deals. Every large farm or settlement within easy reach of the sea were currently being visited by trade ambassadors representing the Chaos fleet.

As long as this Tiberius kept coughing up stuff to trade at extremely favourable prices, Octavia would be all over him and sexually available to him. The moment he stopped coughing up, Octavia would be gone and seducing the next poor fool.

Octavia was so thankful to Slaanesh for the gift of her passive psychic lust aura, it was certainly paying for itself now!

Octavia softly washed herself in the giant bathtub, her every movement designed to excite the old man. This was too easy!

The Night Lords had known that they could easily just intimidate locals into giving them stuff for free, but military might was very expensive and might make the locals more likely to fight back. They had instead fallen back to using their (much cheaper) time proven tactic of using scantily clad beautiful women to seduce the locals into willingly practically giving away everything they owned.

Octavia turned around in the tub and summoned her new slave Caligula to shampoo her hair as she passionately made out with Tiberius. Caligula obeyed her unquestionably, the epitome of what a good slave should be.

He was obviously in a lot of pain from his new slave brand but he didn't let on. Slaves on Cocowango apparently did not get branded, this was his first brand, proclaiming him as the property of Octavia Antony Sevenson.

Caligula would normally be bought as the property of Wendy rather than Octavia, but Octavia was being very careful to not let slip to Tiberius that she was anything but single. The old man had simply assumed that Octavia was totally heterosexual and had not even thought to ask about if Octavia had FEMALE partners.

Octavia truthfully told Tiberius that she didn’t have a husband and equally truthfully that she didn’t have a boyfriend when the old man jealously asked. She had told him some of her relationship history but by no means all of it. She had told him that the Chaos Lord had raped her and that she had borne children to him. Tiberius had been chivalrously sympathetic and full of righteous rage and Octavia had praised him for being so protective of her, which had the desired effect of making him even more easy to manipulate.

"What are these?" Tiberius asked in fluent high gothic as he ran his fingertips over her slave brands.

"Slave brands, I slave in past." Octavia explained in her poor high gothic.

"You are a slave! I will buy you! No matter the price!" Tiberius exclaimed with feverish
Octavia gently shook her head and said, "Octavia no longer slave".

Tiberius got very confused by this, apparently on Cocowango slavery was for life with no chance of freedom.

Octavia held the back of his hand softly and guided his fingers to each brand in turn, translating them.


Tiberius got upset when she finally convinced him that she couldn't be bought and Octavia calmed him down with her soft gentle kisses.

The old man quickly calmed down and Octavia paused to let Caligula rinse her hair before continuing to make delicate love to Tiberius in the bathtub.

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Caligula was shaking with effort to maintain his self control as he helped his stunningly beautiful new owner bathe as she had sex with Tiberius. Caligula was mortified by the erection in his pants that refused to go down!

As he no longer belonged to Tiberius, Caligula no longer was compelled to call him Mr Tiberius Caesar every single time and could address and think of him on a first name basis now.

Caligula was now the property of (marital status unknown) Octavia Antony Sevenson, a mysterious trade ambassador from the chaos flagship. Caligula was horrified by this turn of events but as a proud slave he accepted his new owner unquestioningly and he was utterly loyal to her as was his duty.

She was a complete mystery, Caligula knew almost nothing about her and the language barrier was extremely hard to deal with. Octavia Antony Sevenson apparently spoke a large number of different languages, but very poorly. Out of all of these languages the only one Caligula understood fluently was High Gothic, but Octavia Antony Sevenson spoke it so poorly that it made communication very difficult.

It was abundantly clear to everyone except Tiberius that Octavia Antony Sevenson was severely ripping him off in trade deals, using sex to distract Tiberius. Caligula greatly applauded the cleverness of his new owner, utterly loyal to her alone now and completely indifferent to the plight of his former owner.

Octavia Antony Sevenson had not only purchased Caligula's body, but his loyalty as well. For as long as she owned him she would be his whole world and his loyalty and obedience to her would be absolute. She was his legal owner and that meant everything, she was now his closest form of family, closer than a wife, closer than his parents, the ULTIMATE bond of loyalty and belonging.

Caligula was shaking all over as he resisted the urge to go to Octavia Antony Sevenson and simply ravage her in the bathtub! He was astonished by how much self control it took! She seemed to somehow radiate raw lust to everyone in her presence, it seemed supernatural in origin. Then again she was an EXTREMELY beautiful woman so maybe this was just a natural response to her body?

Tiberius was making no effort to resist and was completely enflamed in lust for Octavia Antony
Sevenson and completely bewitched by her. It was now the tenth hour of daylight and Tiberius had hardly ceased having sex with her ever since the initial welcome meal!

When he wasn't having sex with Octavia Antony Sevenson she was seductively purring trade requests at him and he was agreeing and signing without even listening. She was trading mostly in small gold coins that she had brought with her in the thunder hawk gunship, buying absolutely everything Tiberius was selling.

The thousands of tons of food and materials were being loaded onto every available farm truck and driven to the (extremely dropped) coastline of the Brighton Sea to be loaded onto boats that the forces of chaos had apparently hastily constructed. There was simply far too much to fit on the thunder hawk gunships.

Caligula didn't know all the details to be honest.

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The steaming water around the Nightmare Asylum was absolutely choked with maritime construction, huge floating docks and shipyards taking shape under the direction of unhappy Dark Mechanicum tech priest apprentices. This was an unglamorous job so the fully graduated tech priests were happily sending their shit kicking apprentices to do the job in their place.

The water around the hull was still boiling furiously, being used as the heat sink for the entire ship, and the terrible steam and humidity made it absolutely hellish as a working environment!

The servitors kept overheating so stolen Tau drones did most of the work, constructing floating platforms and structures or building boats and ships in the shipyards. The apprentices were all safely in refrigerated suits but they were getting terribly seasick.

High above them towered the impossibly high Nightmare Asylum, and every inch of it's outer surface was being pulled apart and put back together with freshly made replacement parts! It involved melting down almost the entire mass of the hull and superstructure, recasting it and then putting it back again with the damage fully repaired!

The amount of waste heat that this much metal working was making was quite astonishing and almost every single joule of that heat was being concentrated in superheated cooling fluid and transferred into the seawater causing the water to churn and bubble violently. This churning was spraying hot salt water over everything!

The swaying floating platforms extended out far beyond the boil zone now and were getting steadily longer and more branching, with more and more shipyards churning out hastily built boats that were barely adequate for their roles.

As well as platforms the docks also contained countless pipes made of flexible synthetic polymers that carried all sorts of different liquids both to and from the Nightmare Asylum. Gigalitres of sea water was pumping into the flagship through some of these pipes every minute to extract deuterium fuel from the hydrogen in the water molecules in deuterium refineries deep inside the Nightmare Asylum. They needed this just to replace the fuel they would need for takeoff.

They had feared that the Emperor worshipping citizens of Cocowango would be unwilling to trade with Chaos worshippers, but apparently nothing in the entire universe was reason enough to get in the way of business in the culture of this planet (this behaviour was very unusual for an imperial planet but not unprecedented)!
Flowing out of the ship through other pipes was every liquid that was needed for construction of course, but even more so the out pipes carried liquid commodities to trade. Sewerage in particular was a being pumped into tanker ships at a prodigious rate. The nightmare asylum had an almost endless supply of the leftover liquid filth from Fecaluria’s brief rule and they were extremely happy to get rid of it!

The farmers apparently regularly used sewerage as both irrigation and fertiliser for their crops and they were willing to trade actual food and commodities for this worthless filth!

Not only did sewerage flow out but also synthetic hydrocarbons, especially petroleum. The onboard chemical factories were hard at work using gigawatts of power to convert the carbon compounds in sewerage into high grade petroleum products. The locals were paying a fortune for this stuff!

As the newly constructed ships left port, other ships arrived laden with food and other goods, offloading them into trucks on the docks which then drove it to the edge of the Nightmare Asylum and loaded it into open cargo doors high above with cranes or with corkscrew-like devices in tubes that pumped grain directly up a tube into the cargo doors.

Freshly cleaned and sterilised granaries and storerooms were being used to store this bounty of fresh food and the crew and slaves worked feverishly to completely clean and sterilise dirty silos faster than the already clean ones could be filled.

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Indigo and her mother worked diligently along side the slaves scrubbing the floor of the rooms and corridor of the Nightmare Asylum. It was extremely hard and filthy work.

The slaves all around her knew exactly who she was and wouldn't hurt her, for long months she had worked her ass off to feed these people when they were starving to death and they hadn't forgotten it.

Indigo was perfectly safe surrounded by these slaves, not only would they not attack her but they were quick to defend her from any physical danger, viciously fighting off any people or creatures threatened her!

Indigo was slightly dizzy all the time now, her sense of balance was never totally sure which way was up as the artificial gravity of the Nightmare Asylum fought a vicious tug of war against the natural gravity of Cocowango! It was a battle that the artificial gravity was slightly losing.

Indigo was still held firmly to the floor of the ship and gravity plates in the walls tugged her towards the front of the ship too, counteracting the effects of the natural downward pull of Cocowango. The problem was that the artificial gravity suffered slight fluctuations every few moments that very slightly weakened the counteracting upward pull every few seconds for about a second or two. It caused all the furniture that wasn't bolted down to slowly creep along the floor over time, gradually sliding towards the rear of the ship.

It caused Indigo constant slight dizziness as her centre of balance shifted slightly every few seconds.

Unfortunately it also meant that a mountain of sewerage was gradually creeping it's way downwards over time from the still filthy front half of the ship, undoing all the hard work cleaning the back half of the ship previously! The formerly clean sections of floor were now dirty once more.
Shockingly hot humid air was also leaking in through the gaping hull breaches. This sea level pressure air then traveled up the internal pillar of artificial gravity on the ship to the upper atmosphere nearly 20 kilometres up and powerfully hissed out of the many hull breaches in the top half of the ship!

This air was roaring past Indigo like a hurricane! It was terribly hot and humid and as it traveled to the front of the ship it cooled down and dumped its humidity in condensation on every surface. And this never ending condensation was creating a flood which was steadily heading towards the back half of the ship!

The air conditioning and cooling systems were at full power to fight against the heat of this terribly hot humid air, and that was making the condensation problem even worse!

At best the crew were redirecting the creeping flood of filthy water away from the new food stores.

Indigo and the others groaned as a sheet of filthy foamy scummy water flowed over the bit of floor they had just cleaned, undoing all their hard work! The hurricane strength winds slowed the sheet of water down a bit but the column of water simply had too much weight behind it to be denied its progress.

"Why did we even bother cleaning the floor? It's futile. If we just let the water do its thing it will eventually wash away all the filth all by itself." A nearby man said frustratedly.

"The filth of Nurgle cannot simply be left alone, it would take many months for the water to wash it away to safe levels and before that it will give birth to endless water borne diseases!" Indigo explained urgently.

"But how can we clean when the water keeps flowing?" Another man asked.

"We help the water by dislodging as much trapped filth as possible, let's head towards the front of the ship as far as we dare and start dislodging as much as possible into the water, the water will then help carry it away for us. Every little bit helps." Indigo recommended.

The slaves looked disgustedly at the filth further up stream, but when Indigo and her mother moved upstream the slaves all followed, loyal enough to Indigo to accompany her and recognising the importance of cleaning this filth as quickly as possible.

At the moment the Nightmare Asylum was in barely controlled Chaos. The slaves were all unchained and freely roaming around the now greatly overcrowded rear half of the ship.

Thousands had tried to escape using the cargo doors and hull breaches and it had not ended well. Most of them had jumped down into the sea and immediately boiled to death! Others had used the docks and had died in the terrible hot steam. A few of the smart ones had stowed aboard the refrigerated cabins of the dock trucks and had made it safely aboard boats and reached freedom at the shore. Stowing away on aircraft was also a method of escape that had proven effective, and more and more slaves were trying it.

The Royal family was maintaining control of the rear quarter of the ship and a few other strategic locations with brutal military might, but on the whole varying levels of anarchy reigned onboard most sections of the ship. Gangs of slaves had seized weapons and were now fighting vicious turf wars with forces loyal to the Royal family and it was bad all round.

Indigo and a few other people had rallied groups of saner slaves around them and were working feverishly to clean this filthy before infection killed even more people. The Dark Mechanicum
were of course hard at work repairing the ship, and even the street gangs left them alone, terrified of the entire ship falling apart or exploding without their endless repairs on it.

"Who goes there!" Shouted voice ahead of them as the group of slaves sloshed through the turdy water.

"Just a bunch of slaves on cleaning duty." Said one of the slaves.

A gang of armed slaves with gang markings emerged from where they had been waiting in ambush and inspected the entire group for weapons or valuables to steal.

Indigo offered no resistance as she was robbed of her few possessions of value. Thankfully the gang didn't steal their cleaning implements or mass produced work gear and the group of cleaners continued on their way further upstream.

They were stopped and searched many times by different gangs as they traveled further and further out of Royal family controlled territory.

The gangs thankfully had no fight with a bunch of unarmed cleaning slaves. If Indigo had been by herself or dressed in her home clothes then she would be dead by now, these slave street gangs shot non slaves on sight!

The further they went along the worse the wind got and the deeper the water got. It also got steadily filthier. It was obvious that the screaming winds were holding back a huge column of water!

The air got thinner after a few more miles and the wind was getting dangerously strong. They were in real danger of being blown out of a hull breach if they went much further! It was chillingly cold up here and the condensation was starting to lessen and the water became slightly more shallow, knee deep rather than nearly hip deep.

They stopped here took out their plastic brooms. The water was thick with filth and much much warmer than the freezing air, heated up by the decomposing putrid filth in the water. The floor under the water was sticky with thick mud-like filth, bogging their boots slightly.

The group then started scrubbing this muddy substance hard with their brooms, kicking it up into the water which gradually carried it away down the ship. It was hard work in the thin air and progress was slow despite the group numbering over 100.

The group steadily worked backwards towards the rear of the ship, kicking up mountains of filth into the already foul water. With every step the air pressure increased slightly and they felt stronger.

Meter after meter they lifted up the worst of the filth, making the water in front of them steadily more thick and turgid until it eventually bottlenecked in a slightly narrow bit of this one corridor on one deck that they were cleaning. The filth became an immovable blockage at this bottleneck and they couldn't shift it any further.

Indigo looked back up the mile or so of corridor they had just swept and was frankly amazed that they had even cleaned as much as they had. It was however just one of hundreds of corridor on countless floors of the ship and really had barely made any difference.

The group backed away from the bottle neck as the overflowing water deposited "mud" ever higher up, making the blockage ever bigger. Water was flowing in from side corridors and down stairwells from "upper" decks and the water level was getting steadily higher at an alarming rate!
They were in danger of drowning!

They fled up stream ahead of the rising water around their waists, frantically fighting to outrun the water. The wind behind them was not blowing as hard now, clearly the blockage was now near the ceiling back down the corridor!

The water was now chest high and they couldn't run fast enough anymore! They were floating in the putrid filth in danger of drowning.

"Looks like you are having a miserable time." TigerLily's psychic voice smirked in Indigos mind.

"Help us!" Indigo pleaded her sister.

"Get ready to go surfing." TigerLily smirked and suddenly Indigo was aware of a massive psychic blast attacking the blockage!

Indigo screamed as the column of water she was floating in suddenly surged away out of the now clean blockage!

A powerful psychic force plucked Indigo and her mother out of the water as they shot past the the bottleneck, levitating them to the ceiling.

Indigo wailed as she saw the slaves carried off, many of them dashed against walls and killed! TigerLily had only rescued Indigo and Mother, not any of the others!

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Indigo wept as she followed the wake of destruction left by the column of water once it subsided to a safe amount. Dead bodies were everywhere! Not just her own group but from the armed gangs as well.

Indigo desperately tended to the survivors and TigerLily reluctantly used her powers to help, healing wounds and using the ship's teleportarium to teleport the wounded to the relative safety of the rear quarter of the ship.

"On the plus side, the corridor IS noticeably cleaner now." TigerLily psychically smirked like the asshole she was!

It had cost a lot of lives but that flood surge sure had done an impressive job of scouring the floor clean of a noticeable amount of thick sediment.

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The surge of filthy water was directed into a massive collection tank and sold to the farmers as sewerage for their crops. In fact the ship had several catastrophic surges of water that day and all of them were very profitable for the Royal family.

Huge pumps drained away the more general flood of the main water column as soon as it entered the rear quarter of the ship that the Royal family directly controlled, this filthy stuff was like liquid gold in the trade deals with the farmers!

It was now the 19th hour of daylight in the area of the Brighton Sea and the local sun was getting very low on the horizon. The local heat was dangerously high to be outside in now and the humidity was the highest ever recorded. It had been an extremely profitable day for the Royal family, but night was coming now.
The sun dipped down over the horizon but the heat of the day lingered reluctantly, unwilling to simply vanish. But nights here on Cocowango were just over 20 hours in length and vanish that heat surely would!

As the hours marched on the heat of the day gradually radiated out into space, getting colder by the hour. The air was thick and pregnant with the highest local humidity level it had ever had on record and as the temperature plummeted the air tried in vain to hold onto it's rich bounty of moisture.

First in tiny little droplets dew began to form on the leaves of the crops, on the metal roofs of buildings, on the exposed ground. Countless trillions of little droplets formed, and these got bigger every passing minute. By the 9th hour of night the dew was soaking everything, even forming puddles!

Vast amounts of moisture soaked into the sandy topsoil and gullies and streams started to flow with dew water, feeding it into vast rivers which carried it to the hungrily waiting Brighton Sea.

Around the Nightmare Asylum the sea was still boiling away into huge columns of steam but now something was different than before.

As the hot steaming humid air of the steam column met with the freezing cold (yet still humid) surrounding air huge clouds started to form and the wind over the sea became a howling gale. A storm cell was taking shape around the Nightmare Asylum.

The long night continued and the rivers burst their banks, the dew fall was completely off the scale! The crop fields were flooding now, the flat plains covered by a few centimetres of water. The topsoil and desert sands were absolutely soaked.

The bloated rivers fed into the sea and the sea level rose and rose, meter by meter. The raging storm overhead churned the sea into a tempest and for the first time in centuries rain began to fall.

Thunder rumbled ominously and with sudden fury bolts of lightning started striking the Nightmare Asylum!

Bolt after bolt struck, melting red hot circles in the hull and obliterating drones and servitors with the bolts or frying their electronics with localised electromagnetic pulses. The hull was not really significantly damaged by the red hot circles melted into it but the damage to the dark Mechanicum workforce was catastrophic!

On the Brighton Sea poorly built and rushed ships sank in the raging waves, losing entire cargoes in the process and the floating docks and shipyards watched apprehensively at the storm around them, safely in the eye of the storm!

The winds got heavier and heavier as the air got steadily colder, the temperature difference between steam column and surrounding air combining with the Nightmare Asylums effect on local air currents to create a giant atmospheric heat engine! The wind drew into the storm cell from ever further away until the shores and surrounding land areas were battered with howling winds.

By the 17th hour of night the storm was a full blown hurricane, spreading for hundreds of miles around it's stationary eye in the vicinity of the Nightmare Asylum!

With it's deuterium fusion reactors generating countless terawatts of power for the artificial gravity, plus the repairs, plus the prow manoeuvring engines maintaining the "posture" of the ship, plus the countless other things that needed huge amounts of power, the waste heat was unbelievable.
The entire hull under the waterline was faintly glowing red hot as superheated cooling fluids transferred as much heat as possible into the water, giving out more heat per second than the blast of a moderately large atomic bomb! The ocean water was absolutely raging with bubbles as it instantly boiled in contact with this ferocious heat.

It was extremely impressive that even a ship as large as the Nightmare Asylum could produce enough raw heat to generate a fully fledged hurricane, but the surrounding air was now sub zero centigrade and that extra temperature difference gave the system that extra "kick" to perform the maximum amount of work with the available heat.

The locals were in for a truly miserable time!

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Octavia huddled fearfully in the villa house in front of the fireplace for warmth, listening to the howling and crashing of the hurricane outside. She prayed in her mind for Slaanesh to deliver them, but with her lips she put on a show of praying to the Emperor to avoid offending her fellows.

"It's the wrath of the Emperor! For letting these Chaos worshippers trade with us!" Mrs Caesar wailed fearfully.

"Actually it's simple thermodynamics..." Rat said and went on to explain the thermodynamic reasons that had formed the storm, and even Octavia didn't follow it and hadn't a clue what Rat was talking about.

Rat was wearing an airtight space suit to contain her appalling stench, but the household still barely tolerated her presence.

The wife ignored Rat and insisted that this was divine punishment for welcoming the chaos worshippers into their home. The traitor imperial guardsmen unsubtly cocked their weapons loudly, making a point in case anyone tried anything stupid.

The wife wisely shut up and for a while everyone sat in silence, listening to the storm outside.

It was so ferocious that the occupants of the thunder hawk gunship had been forced to take shelter inside the solid thick walls of the villa house. There was a very real possibility that the gunship would blow away in this wind!

Outside Octavia could hear metal roofs being ripped off the squalid little hovels that the commoners lived in, the noise was terrible. The hovels occupied a field next to the villa house yards, the field was a square approximately 4 hectares in area and home to thousands!

With occasional deafening crashes some of these torn off roofs impacted against the sides of the villa house, smashing windows but doing no serious damage to the house itself. Octavia and the rest of the house inhabitants were taking shelter in a basement room with no windows, sheltered from the worst of the storm.

The villa was constantly pelted with vegetation from the crop fields and it was even raining! Thunder rumbled in the sky and the storm was getting steadily worse.

"It will get worse for the next two hours until just before the 20th hour of darkness, the cold air is causing it, it's more powerful the colder the air gets. At the 20th hour warm air from over the horizon will start to weaken the storm." Rat explained and continued.

"When the sun comes up over the horizon the air will heat up and the storm will get weaker and
die down. In about 5 hours from right now the storm will be gone completely where we are." Rat reassured them.

"5 hours! We will lose everything by then!" The wife exclaimed.

"I don't create the weather, I merely explain what it will do. We did lots of theory about weather science during my pilot training." Rat said apologetically.

"Pity they didn't teach you to fly while they were at it." Octavia quipped sarcastically in fleet gothic (the dialect of the chaos fleet population).

"You are welcome to try if you think you can do a better job." Rat retorted wryly.

"It's your fault that we even came here in the first place! I'm surprised you weren't shot for all that Nurgle shit you did, you really stabbed us in the back!" Octavia snapped angrily.

"As I told the interrogators, it wasn't my idea. I'm not a priest of Nurgle, I had nothing to do with the attempt at taking power. I was just a messenger repeating what I had heard from others. I was just a civilian carried along for the ride who watched from the sidelines." Rat said defensively and continued.

"In fact I tried everything to stop Chappie from swallowing that daemon! He was an absolute menace!"

"He gate crashed our worship service in the temple of Nurgle and ate everything he could find! He kept eating the sacrifice offerings on the altar! I had to distract him with my own peeling skin just to keep him from ruining the entire service!"

"We had no idea that his bionic behavioural inhibitors would let him eat daemons, we would have stopped the ritual if we had known."

"We finally summoned the plague bearer after Chappie had delayed us. He was summoned to give a sermon to us, we do that every service."

"We were outraged when Chappie ate our sermon giver and we even shot at him to get our plague bearer back! It wasn't something I approved of or planned I can assure you!"

"The interrogators acquitted me, so you should too." Rat finished.

"What did your pilot just say?" Tiberius asked curiously.

Rat answered him in fluent high gothic, "Octavia was accusing me of something that wasn't my fault and I was explaining my innocence. Some people I know did some things recently that Octavia doesn't like, she thought I was the mastermind behind it but I was just a bystander."

"What happened?" Tiberius asked.

"It would take far too long to even begin to explain," Rat said with a sigh.

Tiberius looked at Octavia for her to explain.

Octavia sighed and said, "hard explain."

"Now I am really curious." Tiberius insisted.

"The politics of our fleet are extremely difficult to explain. Recently the Chaos Lord was briefly
deposed as leader by a powerful daemon my friends summoned. The Chaos Lord then regained power, some of my friends were shot in punishment and I was interrogated but acquitted. Octavia still suspects me of it being my fault but it was not my doing.” Rat explained.

Every local in the room except Caligula shuddered in horror and looked at Rat suspiciously, fearing that she would summon a daemon.

"It wasn't my fault, I did everything I could to stop that stupid pet from causing all this mess!” Rat insisted, which confused everyone.

Rat explained, "The Chaos Lord had a wife who owns a pet. This pet got loose in a chaos temple, disrupted a worship service and caused a chain of events that eventually resulted in the Chaos Lord from temporarily being ousted from power. I did everything I could to stop this pet from disrupting the service."

Octavia didn't like the direction of this conversation and she deliberately fed a lot more power into her passive psychic lust aura to distract the conversation. The effect was immediate and every person in the room reacted, either with desire or jealousy.

Tiberius was immediately all over her, but in the crowded basement other gynophiles (people sexually attracted to women) were also caught in her sphere of greatest influence. The traitor imperial guardsmen, male and even female members of the household, and worst of all even Rat!

Octavia whimpered slightly in fear as about 50 people tried to fuck her all at the same time! The situation was saved when Rat stripped out of her space suit and filled the room with her unholy stench.

Every local in the room puked and the even the chaos worshippers who were used to Rat's stench looked revolted and lost all interest in sex!

Rat was still unaffected however and Octavia wailed in horror as the cadaverous naked woman threw herself on Octavia and attempted to make passionate love to her! The sight of this made even the traitor imperial guardsmen puke and masses of people fled the room.

Octavia frantically tried to lower the power of her aura but she couldn't concentrate with Rat all over her!

Worse of all, the hungry lust of Slaanesh was awoken in Octavia now and her sex addiction was howling to be stimulated! Rat was filling Octavia's brain with orgasmic amounts of extreme sensations with her hellish reek, and the nausea was so powerful that it was filling her mind with the most exquisite overwhelming sensations!

Octavia gave in to her insatiable lust and passionately fucked Rat long into the night, oblivious to the horror she was causing to everyone else around her.

***

Tiberius was upset, not just upset but completely disturbed! The woman he had been utterly smitten with had shown her true colours and her bewitching spell was broken!

He now saw the seductive siren for exactly what she was, an unholy temptress who lures men to their doom! Tiberius was such a fool!

The foul harlot was still having unholy sex with that vile thing of a pilot and she was screaming the name "Slaanesh" repeatedly. Slaanesh was the foul Chaos god of lust and sexual depravity!
Octavia was now obviously an agent of Slaanesh, using her unnatural charms to drive him to madness with lust over her! It was absolutely terrifying the sheer power of the lust she could excite in him! He had barely ceased having sex with her ever since she had arrived!

The diabolical temptress had cost him an absolute fortune, paying a tiny pittance for almost his entire stock of goods and produce! He had also lost one of his best male slaves for a mere 3 small gold coins, he was worth over ten times that much!!!

The wrath of the Emperor was raging outside, destroying his farm for his terrible sins of fraternising with the great enemy. Tiberius understood it completely now, it was the Emperor's way of warning him of the peril his soul was in!

Tiberius braved the wind outside and grovelled down in the dirt before the Emperor's awesome storm, full of repentance and deep in prayer and worship. It was nearing the 20th hour of night now and the storm was the most powerful it had ever been.

Tiberius confessed his sins to the storm and bared his soul, offloading all the spiritual filth that Octavia had infected him with. It felt wonderful to spiritually purge himself before the Emperor, letting it all out to the stern wrath of the Emperor's angry storm.

For minutes without counting Tiberius prayed as metal roofs and vegetation flew around him, always missing him as he grovelled face first in the dirt. Tiberius felt a deep sense of peace filling him, his soul emptied out and a huge burden lifted off his heart. He asked the Emperor if he was still angry with him.

In answer to his question the wind noticeably became weaker, but didn't vanish completely. Clearly the Emperor was slightly appeased but still very angry, so Tiberius just kept praying and worshipping, filled with a wonderful spiritual euphoria.

The more he prayed the more the wind dropped, and eventually the Emperor greeted him with a wonderful sunrise. The light illuminated the terrible devastation caused by the Emperor's furious wrath, his crops were in a sorry state and his rental hovels were all but torn apart, and Tiberius knew beyond all doubt that he had caused this with his sins and that he deserved this!

The wind was still blowing and he knew what the Emperor wanted him to do to finally calm his great wrathful anger, he had to kill the harlot who had led him astray!

Tiberius noticed a bit of sharp metal sticking in the ground next to him and he knew it was divine providence. This sharp triangle of sheet metal was from the roof of one of the hovels and was his holy weapon of vengeance!

Tiberius picked it up and walked resolutely into the villa house holding it.

He found Octavia frantically bathing herself in his bathroom and he steeled himself to attack her. She turned and smiled at him and he felt her unholy lust hit him, but he ignored it and advanced towards her, holding the piece of sheet metal aloft to stab her to death with. He reached the bathtub and she backed away to the wall fearfully, begging him not to hurt her. He ignored her cries for mercy and cornered her, towering over her and raising the improvised blade to end her life.

Suddenly loud gunshot noises echoed through the room and he felt terrible pain in his back and chest. He looked down at his chest and saw half a dozen exit wounds in his chest where bullets had exited his body after penetrating him from behind! The wall in front of him had bloody bullet holes where these bullets had continued on into the wall!
He weakened instantly as his obviously shot heart struggled to pump any blood through his body and he collapsed on top of Octavia, too weak to stand let alone stab her.

He flopped onto his back and he looked to see Caligula holding a smoking revolver, HIS revolver that he had given to Octavia as a present! He had just been shot with his own bullets by his own gun by his own slave!

"Why?" Tiberius asked Caligula weakly, astonished by this betrayal!

"Octavia Antony Sevenson is my lawful owner now and you were about to murder her, I did my duty as her slave. I will kill to protect my lawful owner, even if it means killing you Tiberius." Caligula said sadly, his eyes full of sorrow and apology.

Tiberius looked into the eyes of his former slave and understood. Caligula did not want to shoot Tiberius and had obviously hesitated until the last moment to do so, but he was a slave and bound by the unbreakable sacred duty of slavery to protect and obey his legal owner in all things, even if he hated them as chaos worshipping scum!

Tiberius had done this to loyal Caligula, he had heartlessly sold a fine servant of the Emperor into service to darkness, betrayed a man who had entrusted his entire autonomy to him! It was such an evil thing that Tiberius had done and it was almost fitting that Caligula was the one to kill him.

Tiberius apologised to Caligula and begged his forgiveness, which Caligula gave after a pause, to his great relief.

Tiberius's wife ran screaming into the bathroom and frantically tried to stop the bleeding, Tiberius apologised to her too and died to the wailing lament of his wife.

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Tiberius Caesar's soul left his body and travelled through the warp to stand judgement before the Emperor, not knowing that the real Emperor was merely a man on life support and that the act of trillions of humans worshipping him as a god had actually spawned a warp entity that was exactly as the worshippers believed he was.

But this warp entity was not the wise and sensible person that the real Emperor had been before being rendered comatose, it was a vengeful deity that exactly followed the outlines of the Imperial Creed, shaped by the psychic turbulence of trillions of people thinking the exact same thoughts, parasitically using the combined tiny proportion of total brainpower taken from each individual mind to be endowed with consciousness and form.

"I died attempting to do my duty, your storm showed me the error of my ways. You were right, I feel that my sins are absolved now and am ready to enter your paradise." Tiberius told the Emperor, feeling deep peace and somber pride.

The Emperor spoke.

"You fool! The storm was just a storm, I did not cause it! You aided and abetted the forces of Chaos! You did sins of the flesh with a filthy heretic psyker!"

"You are both a heretic and a traitor, you never served in my armies, and you never even helped my poverty stricken servants in your employ who are far better men than you! As honest men and women earned their salvation through hard labour in your fields you lived at ease in a palatial home!"
"My scriptures are clear, hard work EARNS salvation. For your sins at the very least it would require a life sentence in one of my penal legions to earn my forgiveness!"

Tiberius wailed in horror and begged the Emperor for forgiveness.

"You make me sick Tiberius! I have forgiven many of the miserable slaves on that vile chaos fleet, loyal men and women of myself and my Imperium, abducted against their will by the forces of chaos and beaten and terrified into reluctant submission. These people resisted the chaos worshippers, had to be subdued by force and died still faithful to me. I welcome such good and faithful servants." The Emperor said and continued.

"Even the harlot you sinned with showed more resistance to Chaos and showed me more devotion than you ever did! It took over a year of constant exposure to chaos to corrupt her, but YOU gave into chaos in less than a single hour! You are lower than the harlot you sinned with!"

"The attempt to murder the harlot was admirable, she corrupts men everywhere she goes and will likely go on damming men in the future. Her death would have been a blow that may have saved hundreds from temptation, and the attempt to murder her was the only admirable act you ever performed in your entire decadent life!"

"Doesn't it count for something?!?" Tiberius begged desperately.

The Emperor scorned him and spent what might have been a second or a day or a thousand years, looking at every single thing Tiberius had ever done in his life, every single one of his mountain of sins and his very occasional (mostly very minor) righteous acts.

The Emperor demanded that Tiberius explain himself at every sin and wrongdoing, why had he forced his heterosexual male slaves to perform fellatio on male friends, why had he increased the rent on his tenants while decreasing the repairs on the hovels they lived in, why why why to a lifetime of sinful immoral acts!

He was shown other people's lives and how he compared to them. He saw Emperor worshipping slaves onboard chaos warships, meeting in secret in filthy secluded crawl spaces to worship the Emperor at great personal risk. He was shown Octavia herself (much less attractive back then) tortured for using the Emperor's name in public yet still not forsaking him. He was even shown his own tenants lives of squalor and how they were forced to load his harvests into trucks to deliver to the chaos worshippers by threat of Tiberius making them homeless and dying out in the open during the hottest part of the day without a roof over their heads to protect them from the lethal heat!

Tiberius burned with guilt and had no answer for his behaviour. His guilt was such that he welcomed hell fire at the end of this review of his entire life, at least in hell fire his burning guilt would be quenched by righteous punishment.

He sighed in relief as the Emperor cast him into hell fire, he knew beyond all doubt that he deserved to be here and the soothing of his guilt gave him a heavenly peace even in his screaming torment. No matter how hot these flames were, the burning guilt had been even worse and having them quenched by getting what he deserved and being therefore all square with the Emperor was so wonderful that he wouldn't leave these flames even if he had a choice to! He had found his eternal peace, the only sort of peace that would let him live with himself!

***
Augusta embarked into one of the remaining undamaged Thunder Hawk Gunships with the girls in one of the flight bays, they were going to visit Mum at the villa house she had temporarily commandeered.

When all were aboard, the gunship took off from the floor of the launch bay and the outside door opened to reveal a completely sideways landscape. This was going to be rough.

They buckled themselves in and held on tightly as the thunder hawk shot out of the open bay door at high acceleration. With a sickening feeling of disorientation, sideways very suddenly became up and down, they had exited the sideways artificial gravity and were suddenly affected only by local planetary gravity!

The aircraft lurched sideways/down/whatever and the pilot quickly righted the aircraft to the orientation of local gravity, bringing it steady as the passengers got terribly dizzy.

Eventually the passengers discovered their new sense of orientation and regained their sense of balance as the aircraft flew over miles of ocean.

The Brighton Sea was irregular in shape but was roughly circular (sort of, at least in places) and the Nightmare Asylum was right in the centre of it. The wind and storm was still raging over the centre of the sea but far less strongly than last night and it had already stopped over the land.

The thunder hawk was unbothered by the wind, simply ascending to cruising altitude above the tempest, and made smooth progress.

Last night had done terrible damage to the countryside surrounding the Brighton Sea and the locals were very upset. The superstitious fools had thought it was the angry wrath of the Emperor punishing them for dealing with the forces of chaos and they were getting violent.

The units of traitor imperial guardsmen had so far held out against the militant locals but it was a dangerous situation all the same with female family members down on the ground.

Additional regiments of traitor guard and chaos militia were now being sent down to the planet from the rest of the fleet in orbit and had fortified all of the most high ranking women.

The villa Mum had Commandeered was now being used as a fortified strong point for ground forces, along with a few other villas and towns, securing access to the local resources.

The storm clouds thinned out as they approached the eastern coastline and the thunder hawk gunship dropped down in altitude. The villa was relatively close to the coastline and wasn't far now.

Below them the land was shining with a film of water covering it in places, it had obviously flooded during the night. Signs of devastation were everywhere as they flew overhead, both from the initial tsunami and more recently from the hurricane. Buildings were destroyed and pieces of them were scattered everywhere across the landscape.

The villa house was in view ahead of them and it was already surrounded by a huge military camp. A wall of complicated fortified earthworks was already taking shape around the camp and
transportable modular shelters were set up everywhere.

The thunder hawk gunship set down in the newly designated landing pad zone (little more than a patch of dirt) and the passengers disembarked.

With both Augusta and Egg present, the passengers were received by a full honour guard and stupid parade, which delighted Egg but irritated Augusta. Instruments played, soldiers saluted and it was all perfectly embarrassing. They were received by 2 traitor guard lieutenant colonels and a more senior militia colonel who was the ranking officer.

As a space marine, even though only a neophyte, and especially as the Chaos Lord's favourite bastard son, Augusta outranked all of these men in the chain of command and they saluted him respectfully.

"As you were. I'm here merely as an observer and won't be interfering with your command." Augusta told them, feeling annoyed by all the over the top attention.

The officers acknowledged and started with their prepared speeches of welcome.

The commanding officer was just getting into his introduction of who he was when Augusta stopped him, he had heard that name before!

"Colonel Otto Armstrong who once served on the Indefatigable Faith?" Augusta asked insistently.

"Yes sir..." The colonel began but Augusta cut him off.

"The Otto Armstrong who raped my mother?" Augusta demanded angrily.

"Ah, well sir, I still have severe amnesia from a chemical weapons attack during the great slave wars 12 years ago. I was a registered de facto of your mother at a point prior to the chemical attack according to the paperwork records but I have no memory of this time period. The person I was during the lost years of my memory is completely gone now." Colonel Armstrong explained cautiously.

Augusta growled angrily but didn't harm the man. There was a tense silence before Colonel Armstrong awkwardly continued his speech.

The group accompanying Augusta then entered into the villa after the welcoming ceremony bullshit was over, the villa was nothing like as grand as the Royal family quarters but it was ok.

Mum ran to them in welcome and hugged everyone in turn. Augusta tolerated his mother's hugs patiently and observed the room. It contained about a score of traitor guardsmen and a terrified huddle of locals.

One local man stood apart from the rest, bare chested and displaying a fresh slave brand proclaiming him the property of Mum. The slave was looking concerned for Mum's safety, looking steadily at Augusta sizing him up as a potential threat to his new owner. Augusta approved of this devotion to his mother and nodded at him reassuringly.

The locals were all looking at Augusta fearfully, but he was used to people being afraid of him.

At 7 feet tall, with his huge muscles and his night lords space marine scout armour, Augusta was a terrifying sight to most normal humans. He was tall for his age even as a space marine and would be one of the largest marines in the entire warband once he was fully grown.
The locals could clearly see that he was a chaos space marine and this scared the hell out of them. They had probably never seen one of his kind before and might even think that he was the Chaos Lord!

***

Caligula and the other native inhabitants of Cocowango in the room gazed at the terrifying chaos space marine fearfully. They had only ever seen space marines in photos and films and were not prepared for just how BIG a space marine was!

The space marine had the face of a psychotic and the eyes of a cold hard killer. He had obviously killed people in the past, you could just tell by something about the way he carried himself. Everything about him positively screamed that he was dangerous and Caligula didn't want him anywhere near his owner!

Whoever the space marine was, it was clear that Octavia Antony Sevenson did not regard him as a threat. In fact the body language and other behavioural cues indicated a kinship between them.

The locals cringed as Octavia Antony Sevenson grabbed the terrifying chaos space marine by the hand and excitedly pulled him in their direction! It was obvious that she wasn't strong enough to actually pull the massive man and that he was merely cooperating of his own accord.

Octavia Antony Sevenson presented the huge brute to the crowd of locals and excitedly said, "my son, my son," in her terrible high gothic (which Caligula translated to the local dialect for the locals who didn't understand high gothic)!

Octavia Antony Sevenson confirmed what Augusta said and excitedly gushed about her son proudly in her grating grasp of high gothic. Augusta showed clear signs of embarrassment and interrupted his mother in a language that Caligula had never heard before, sparking a conversation

"I am Augusta Antony Sevenson, favourite bastard son of my father the Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson, and son of my mother Octavia here. I am indeed 14 years old and am not fully grown yet, if you think I am big then you should see the size of my father!"

They all marvelled at him, he was only 14!!! It was crazy, but given that his father was apparently some monstrous Chaos Lord they did not doubt his words. Octavia Antony Sevenson had clearly been very young when she had him.

None of them knew how new space marines were created and they all assumed that perhaps it was possible that space marines were simply born as space marines the way that other men were born. It just made sense to them that a space marine would beget space marines when he slept with a woman.

Octavia Antony Sevenson confirmed what Augusta said and excitedly gushed about her son proudly in her grating grasp of high gothic. Augusta showed clear signs of embarrassment and interrupted his mother in a language that Caligula had never heard before, sparking a conversation
When the conversation seemed to pause, Caligula abased himself before Augusta, the son of his lawful owner was to be respected. Augusta nodded impatiently and told him to get up.

Augusta walked to a shy looking little girl in rich royal looking robes and led her gently by the hand to Octavia Antony Sevenson. The girl was very obviously a mutant and the locals all recoiled in dread and loathing to be in the presence of such a sinful creature! She had disgusting bare bird talons for feet!!! Around her head was locked some sort of blasphemous xenos technology helmet and from under the helmet protruded long blue feathers in place of hair!

The tiny abomination shyly cuddled up to Octavia Antony Sevenson as soon as she reached her and Caligula was appalled to see an unclean mutant touching his owner! Octavia Antony Sevenson hugged the foul thing adoringly and reassured her in the strange unknown language.

The mutant was terribly shy but she addressed the crowd in fluent high gothic in a strangely bird like voice.

"Hello... I... I'm too shy!" The mutant said and huddled closer to Octavia Antony Sevenson.

"This little girl is my half sister princess Egg Sevenson, eldest legitimate child and heir of my father by a different mother. One day she will rule as a Chaos Lord after my father and will rule you all." Augusta proclaimed harshly.

Caligula gazed in amazement that such a shy and frightened little thing would one be something so terrible!

***

Egg, Violet, Mandy, Liling and Octavia chortled with laughter as they watched a truly ancient historical comedy show on a massive video monitor in the villa's luxurious home cinema room. The late Tiberius had apparently been a keen collector of the oldest film clips he could acquire from the 3rd and even 2nd millennium Earth/Terra.

They were currently watching a show called "Mr Bean" and found it surprisingly funny. They couldn't understand a word he said (except for occasional mathematical terms such as Trigonometry and Calculus) but his face was so expressive that they didn't need to!

Egg and Violet said that he was clearly some sort of psyker based on some of the physically impossible things he did, most likely some sort of latent technomancer from the way that machinery did impossible things when he interacted with it or even merely went near it.

They howled with laughter as he impersonated a sergeant or officer, giving a unit of soldiers commands in his incomprehensible language so that they assumed a ridiculous looking pose and then leaving just before sergeant/officer returned to find the unit like that and scream at them. It was a situation that was just timeless in the war torn age they now lived in.

Judging by the laughter track they clearly didn't get all the jokes, and at times they were surprised that the protagonist Mr Bean wasn't beaten up or even shot, but they got enough of it to be hugely entertained and had a huge Mr Bean marathon, watching the entire series.

He was an absolute maniac, more like a child than a grown man, and it was just so different from the usual things they watched!

Egg especially liked it when Mr Bean was attempting to copy another man in an exam, especially
as the words "calculus" and "trigonometry" hinted that it was a mathematics exam. She actually fell over sideways on her wide chair laughing when he deliberately dropped his writing implement and disappeared under the table only to reemerge at the other end and read the other man's answers!

All of them exploded with laughter when he put a stick of explosive in a paint can to paint his apartment, and Liling actually fell out of her seat laughing when she saw the paint free human outline left on the wall!

Octavia snorted with laughter when Mr Bean cut a hole in the wall of a single room rental room to commandeer the bathroom in the neighbouring room, exclaiming that the landlord would have had a fit if she and her roommates had done this back when they used to rent a room together!

They liked it so much that they made copies of the villa's entire collection of films so they could watch them later at home.

***

While the girls were watching ancient films and shows, Augusta was focused on the much more interesting (to Augusta) task of learning all he could about this fortified camp and the local military situation.

3 entire infantry regiments were currently occupying this site and platoons were patrolling the area for miles around, battling groups of armed locals for control of the rich coastal farm lands. The properties surrounding the Brighton Sea were some of the richest and most densely populated farmland on the entire planet due to reliable heavy dew fall each night.

Out in the deserts far from the seas the farms had poorer harvests due to limited water and were frequently so sparsely populated that they were little more than a single landowning family most of the year round, only importing hired hands during occasional harvests. Compared to these the farms around the seas with their thousands of tenants renting hovels were like wealthy metropolises!

The farm of the late Mr Tiberius Caesar was an agricultural goldmine. It stretched almost from horizon to horizon and had at least one crop field in harvest each and every day! The main crops in this particular farm were various varieties of genetically modified chillies, a high value cash crop that could only be grown in these dew-heavy coastal areas.

These chillies grew astonishingly quickly in the long days of extremely bright sunlight. The sheer amount of available photons of light per second on Cocowango greatly exceeded anything ever recorded on Earth/Terra, and this provided insane amounts of photosynthesis energies which fuelled this explosive growth.

The genetic modification made the chilli plants resistant to extremes of temperature, especially heat. They could quite easily weather temperatures of over 60 degrees Celsius, using genetic adaptations originally taken from bacteria that live in super hot volcanic vents to give the chillies this impressive heat resistance.

Chain gangs of Tau slaves were currently out harvesting chillies in the fields, their desert home world having evolved them to withstand temperatures far hotter than humans. It was not yet dangerously hot for humans at this early hour, but it would be later today.

It just made sense to use Tau slaves, they could work almost all day before the heat got too much for them and, more importantly, they knew that the xenophobic locals would kill them if they
escaped. They were so much more superior for this role than human slaves that it was frankly a waste of fuel to even transport any human slaves to do the same job.

The Royal family had given the locals the chance to trade peacefully with them, but they had today decided to be dicks about it, so the Royal family would just take their goods and crops by force! They were still of course eagerly trading with the few locals who were still willing to trade, but after the hurricane the superstitious locals were mostly convinced that the Emperor would personally destroy them if they didn't resist.

The ground forces were capturing more and more ground, killing (and probably raping) any locals they found except for those on the few farms that were still trading with the Royal family. The locals were fleeing en mass to these farms, little islands of refuge in a sea of certain death.

The message was clear, trade with us or die!

More and more drop ships from orbit landed by the hour, disgorging Tau slaves as well as mass produced trucks and other farm machinery from the chaos battleships still in orbit. Like on the Nightmare Asylum, these other ships were stuffed to capacity with slaves and loot from the Tau Empire, and the various captains were more than happy to finally find a use for these Tau slaves that they had been (only just) feeding for months!

The harvests were rolling in by the truckload, a steady stream of trucks delivering trailers full of food to massive silos around the military strongpoints such as this one here at the villa.

Actually getting this stuff to the Nightmare Asylum was a real problem however. The storm had sunk a lot of boats last night and a lot of people with boat driving experience had either drowned or more likely were simply floating about in life jackets lost somewhere in the storm. The storm had completed receded from the shore now but the last bits of it still lingered out in the middle of the sea, hindering rescue attempts.

Like so many things the Sevenson family does, they had really not thought this through yesterday. Meteorology experts had of course predicted the storm, but poor communication had prevented this information from reaching the people it needed to in time. They had done a rushed and half assed job with the boats they constructed yesterday and now they had paid the price.

The floating shipyards were now doing a proper job constructing fully fledged cargo ships, designed to handle hurricane seas rather than just any old boat that could float in calm weather. The problem was that it takes time to not do a half assed job, and while they waited for these new ships to be built the plundered harvests were piling up.

Augusta wandered through the camp, admiring the defensive earthworks and noting the rugged modular shelters that were being erected everywhere. Platoons of combat engineers were welding together huge silos and earth moving machines were busy everywhere, flattening peasant hovels, getting rid of storm debris and contributing to the massive ring of earthworks and general construction.

The locals on this farm were either staying in the villa house now if they were lucky, or (predominantly) they were being kept in a newly constructed concentration camp. The Slaanesh worshipping soldiers would rape these people in the concentration camp later (if they hadn't already), they were the designated camp "comfort" men and women. Augusta was amazed by how little he cared, if his Mum hadn't drummed "rape is bad" into his head ever since the day he was born then he would happily rape these comfort women too.

With his Mum and all his sisters present, rape was out of the question (he would be nagged
incessantly to stop) so he had deliberately brought along Liling to satisfy his sexual needs instead.

***

Octavia was having a great time watching very old shows with her girls and would happily spend all day with them if she had a choice. Unfortunately Octavia didn't have that choice.

Octavia was a sex addict and it had been almost FIVE HOURS since she last fucked someone!

Normally Octavia would not have even been able to last half that long, but her last sexual encounter had been with Rat Abernathy and it had been very effective at killing her libido afterwards! It had been THAT nauseating, enough to temporarily calm even Octavia's raging libido!

Octavia once again had that itch that someone else must help scratch.

She looked at her happy children painfully, this was such a wonderful family bonding moment. It was rare to have just her and the girls watching (non-pornographic) films together like this, the entire room had an atmosphere of intense fellowship that it seemed sacrilege to disturb!

Octavia HATED this! She just wanted to be able to spend an uninterrupted day with her children! Not all the time, not even most of the time, but just on rare special days like today she longed to just have a NORMAL sex drive that she could switch off at inconvenient times, you know, like NORMAL people have!

Octavia had once had this precious gift, she had even been able to happily go over a YEAR without sex! It had been so convenient! She used to have time, so much time, the entire day to spend on whatever she liked, no unstoppable sex addiction that consumed her entire life!

Octavia might be legally free now, but she was still a slave to her own pussy, a slave to her lust, a slave to a debilitating addiction that was strangling every other part of her life!

Violet was looking at her now, reading her mind, and Octavia felt so deeply ashamed that she couldn't keep looking at Violet. Octavia's lust was once more going to ruin everything!

"Mum, stop freaking out. You lasted longer than usual and I am proud of you. We all understand, just do what you need to do." Violet's psychic voice said in her mind.

Octavia nodded and excused herself from the room, waiting until she was out of the room before crying miserable bitter tears of despair and running off to find her new slave Caligula.

***

Caligula had never known that so much pleasure could exist in the world as he sexually serviced his Owner!

He was moaning and gasping with pleasure as his penis frantically penetrated her! The feel of her wet slippery pussy on his manhood was the most extreme insane UNBELIEVABLE feeling of pleasure he had ever felt! He LOVED this!

He was far too wild to even think of her as the full formal address of Octavia Antony Sevenson, she was "she", "her", the only woman in the entire world that currently existed as far as he was concerned!

The undiluted naked "HER" was howling and screaming with pleasure and lust, she was as wild and passionate as last night's hurricane! She clung at his body frantically, desperate, starving even,
yes, she was STARVING for his touch!

Her eyes looked desperate and empty, like she was a bottomless vessel of lust that could never EVER be filled yet so desperately NEEDED to be filled! She was crying and sobbing as she fucked him ravenously, this wasn't healthy!

Caligula's entire sum of selfish desire did not want this to stop, did not want to say ANYTHING that might make her stop, but he had his duty for his owner and that came first. She was his OWNER, and in Caligula's culture that meant a bond that was even more intimate than if she was his wife.

With all his self control pushed to breaking point Caligula overcame his selfish desire and said, "are you sad?"

She broke down weeping and nodded furiously. She hugged him tightly and as feared she stopped having frantic sex with him, though he was still deep inside her, simply stationary inside her.

Caligula felt almost unendurable sexual frustration as the extreme pleasure of the rubbing inside her stopped, but he viciously exerted his self control and he simply returned her tight cuddle, focused solely on her needs.

Octavia was so shocked by his response that she pulled back from his chest and gazed at him in open mouthed amazement.

"How?" She asked in astonishment.

"How what owner?" Caligula asked.

"How... How stop? How Caligula stop sex Octavia? How?" She asked amazed.

"How did I stop having sex with you?" Caligula asked to clarify.

She nodded frantically.

"You are my owner, I serve only you not myself." Caligula explained, straining with effort to maintain his self control.

She wept, wept and wept like an entire ocean was providing her with tears and she clung to him like he was the most precious thing she had ever owned.

"Thank you for being so kind to me, men like you are very rare." She told him and slid off his cock and nestled against his chest, sobbing softly and asking him to simply hold her.

Caligula started to silently cry too. The sheer weight of frustration that heavenly sex had stopped was so overwhelming that he wept, he simply couldn't hold the tears in.

He held her tightly like the precious thing that she was and found this soothing. Something about this cuddle right here was INTENSELY intimate. It was sacrosanct, the holy of holies of intimacy. He had never been in a moment so tender and sacred as this, and every moment that he resisted the temptation to resume having sex with her the more the sacredness grew and grew.

What Caligula had created with this act of selfless mercy was TRUST. He didn't know it but he was the first heterosexual man to EVER show the selfless self control to resist Octavia's lust aura at this high strength and simply STOP. Simply STOP fucking her when she desperately needed SOMEONE to have the strength to stop when she herself couldn't.
Caligula was still straining with effort to resist temptation, his penis had never felt so hard as it was right now. She was still right there, naked and wet and oh so inviting. She was only a woman of average height, physically smaller and weaker than him and intoxicatingly desirable.

He knew with absolute certainty that if he simply resumed sex with her that she would not resist. She was very clearly some sort of sex addict and the events in the basement during the last few hours of night had unquestionably shown that she was simply incapable of resisting sexual advances from anyone.

But in spite of this he resisted the urge and simply held her tightly because that is what she needed him to do right now. And the more he just held her, the more he could sense that something really special was forming. Her tears became less as he continued holding her and she seemed to be sighing deeply, as if some terrible burdens which had been crushing her were gradually being lifted off her chest and letting her breathe deeply once more.

She stopped crying and started kissing his chest experimentally. It was terribly arousing and Caligula felt sick and exhausted from the effort it took to keep his cock from making any move in her direction. She lifted her head from where it was nestled against his chest and looked at him with a massive grateful relieved smile, she was absolutely beaming at him, jubilant in fact.

"Thank you, Octavia need that." She said with a voice that sounded like a huge burden had lifted.

"I live to serve Octavia Antony Sevenson." Caligula told her, still shaking with self control.

"Call me Octavia." She told him.

"Yes Octavia," he replied and broke down in tears from his exhausting ordeal.

***

Octavia felt emotionally lighter than she had in years as she sat with her family at the table for a meal. After all these years she had finally found a heterosexual man who she could put in the elusive "friend zone"! She finally had a straight man who could be just a friend!!!

She was grinning ear to ear and humming happily as the children had an animated discussion about Mr Bean. She had clearly missed a few episodes and the children were trying (and failing) to not let slip any spoilers.

"He has cartoons too and even movies! Let's watch the cartoons next!" Egg exclaimed excitedly.

"But do I need to see the episodes I missed to understand the other works?" Octavia asked unsure.

"I don't think so, it barely even has a plot. I think every episode is standalone." Mandy suggested.

"That's good. I wonder if he marries that girl in later works? That would be hilarious seeing him get married!" Octavia laughed.

"Yes I think he does, there is a special episode we haven't watched yet called Mr Bean Wedding." Violet said looking at a printout of every film the villa had on file.

"Oh wonderful! We simply MUST watch that one next!" Octavia said excitedly.

They all agreed and started putting food on their plates.

The food in the serving dishes in the middle of the table was all crops this farm had grown, they
wanted to try them. The food was thoroughly scanned for poisons and found to be safe, but they all (except Augusta) injected themselves with emergency antihistamines just in case these unfamiliar plants caused any of them a severe allergic reaction.

None of them had ever eaten a chilli before so they piled their plates up with every different type of chilli available from the wide selection.

Violet ate first, biting into what the dish labeled as a "Trinidad Moruga Scorpion Chilli Pepper" and she moaned in satisfaction.

"It's so SWEET, it's absolutely delicious!" Violet said.

Egg took a bite of a Trinidad Moruga Scorpion chilli of her own and moaned, "oh Slaanesh this is so sweet! It's really sugary and refreshing."

Octavia and others were encouraged and all eagerly bit into "Trinidad Moruga Scorpion" chillies of their own.

Octavia took a giant eager bite of her chilli and was just chewing it when suddenly her mouth caught fire! At least it felt like it did! Her tongue was burning with the most terrible heat imaginable and it spread to her entire face!!!

She couldn't see through her streaming eyes, her nose was running worse than it had when she was sick with Tyranid Flu, and her mouth was hotter than a furnace! She screamed at the top of her lungs and the most intense exquisite burning sensation filled her brain.

Everyone else (except Egg and Violet) was also crying out and screaming in pain. They frantically drank water to cool their mouths but it didn't help!

"Octavia drink this." Caligula's voice insisted and she felt a glass of cool liquid be placed in her hand.

Octavia was too desperate to even first check if it was poisoned or not and simply drank the liquid. She recognised the taste, it was milk. Instantly the horrible burning started to gradually wash away and the sense of relief was almost orgasmic. Quickly Octavia gave glasses of milk to all the others and they recovered.

"Violet and Egg WHAT THE FUCK!" Augusta roared at them, his face bright red.

Violet and Egg looked puzzled and they both sampled the remains of the chillies the others had just eaten, showing no negative reaction at all! Octavia gazed in horrified wonder as Egg picked up the partially eaten chilli Octavia had been stricken by and popped the entire thing in her mouth and chewed it up with no negative reaction whatsoever!

They all cautiously tried different varieties of chillies and had similar results, the two mutants showed no signs of discomfort while everyone else felt burning sensations!

Liling pulled out her portable Vox phone and connected to the fleet database, reading about chillies. After a brief read she angrily shouted, "BIRDS ARE IMMUNE! The chemical that makes human mouths burn doesn't affect birds at all!!"

"Wow, it really sucks to be you guys!" Violet laughed and happily popped another Trinidad Moruga Scorpion chilli in her mouth.

***
While Mistress Octavia and the kids enjoyed the clean fresh air of the villa house, Wendy was hard at work onboard the hellish Nightmare Asylum doing about a million things that needed doing.

The entire ship was like a crazy cross between a construction site, a war zone and a reeking sewer! Space marines, chaos militia and traitor guardsmen battled against batshit crazy slave street gangs all across the ship, and don't even get her started on the floods!

The lightning from the storm had fried the circuits of hundreds of thousands of priceless stolen Tau technical and construction drones! These losses could not be quickly replaced with the entire ship a war zone, the loot from the Tau empire was stored predominantly in the gang controlled front half of the ship so they were starved of materials to construct a lot of new drones quickly.

The sea floor around the hull of the Nightmare Asylum was being dredged with nets to recover as many of the fallen fried drones as possible for parts and materials to replace them, and it was slow progress at best.

Wendy sighed as she heard distant gunfire, the gangs had broken into some of the locked storage rooms full of high tech loot and had found Tau pulse rifles! Those guns were absolutely lethal even to space marines and it severely limited their options!

All in all the ship was in a sorry state and might even have to be abandoned. They had other ships in orbit and could always simply evacuate all the important people in aircraft and just leave the gangs to fight over the falling apart wreckage. If it came to that they would, but hopefully it wouldn't come to that.

Wendy furiously organised her worldly wealth, it ALL had to be ready to evacuate if need be! And for wealth as large as Wendy's this was no mean feat!

It wasn't helped either by Mistress Octavia's sizeable commission on the crops yesterday, they now owned huge silo-fulls of chillies and Wendy didn't know what the hell to do with them!

These chillies were like a useless type of food, they provided nutrition but were so spicy that you couldn't eat more than a tiny mouthful of them! The Caesar family farm had apparently specialised in growing only the hottest chilli breeds, high value cash crops that went well with other ingredients in small quantities but completely useless as a bulk food item!

It was intolerable! They were almost completely useless right now but would be worth a fortune eventually on the black market as soon as they found a friendly pirate/chaos port! Wendy didn't want to just throw them away but she also didn't want to try to evacuate this bulk in the limited aircraft.

The bondage furniture would sadly have to be left behind, as would most of the other furniture. It was all ruined anyway by Fecaluria's filth and no amount of cleaning could save the wooden and leather furniture.

The same went for all the leather clothing they owned, in fact everything except non-biodegradable synthetic fabric clothing was now completely ruined! They had lost a fortune worth of expensive silk lingerie!
Biological materials had simply rotted away during those terrible weeks, it was just so fortunate that at least the minted Royal family bank notes were all made of non-biodegradable plastic!

Wendy miserably sorted through their belongings aided by some slaves, so much was ruined, just so much sheer waste! The "throw out" pile in the sorting was getting depressingly large and included priceless ivory artwork, exquisite Tau canvas paintings (originally free for all to see in public art galleries for the greater good of the entire society), solid wooden statues of the Tau Ethereal caste members, and all manner of other artefacts that were absolutely irreplaceable!

That fucking greater daemon had cost her hundreds of millions of dollars in damage!

The rot was so deep that even the ivory couldn't be partially salvaged by grinding away the rotten bits, the whole fucking things were rotten all the way through!

All that they had left was either metal, synthetic materials or ceramics. It was so depressing!

Fetter and a group of other slaves returned to the room with their plastic wheel barrows and Wendy watched sadly as they hauled away yet another load from the "throw out" pile.

Wendy sighed.

***

Fetter was really annoyed as she pushed her wheelbarrow, she was a frail old lady, far too old to be pushing wheelbarrows! Fetter really was astonished that someone she had once been married to could treat her so indifferently!

It had felt fantastic kicking Wendy's ass alongside the rest of the Lee family Dominatrix guild, they had beaten her absolutely black and blue. The submissive fool hadn't been able to resist and had actually begged them to beat her harder!

It had vented a lot of rage but hadn't really changed anything, Wendy had suddenly been teleported away before they could really modify her behaviour and she had traveled with bodyguards ever since then! At the very least Wendy hadn't taken offence to her ass kicking and had continued dealing with the guild as if nothing had happened.

Fetter spat with rage into her wheelbarrow full of ruined treasure, she wanted so much to make Wendy pay!

Fetter pushed her wheelbarrow as best she could, trying to keep up with the young people slaves, even though it was less full than anyone else's her wheelbarrow was too heavy for her old body to quickly move. The young ones stopped ahead and a pair of them came and helped her catch up, they really were kind to her.

For the last few decades Fetter had dealt exclusively with submissive clients who had "old lady" fetishes. The play sessions had not been physically difficult for Fetter, the much younger clients had done all the work and she had deliberately avoided anything that required her to lift or bend.

It had actually been rather humiliating for Fetter. Some of these creeps had been obsessed with stuff like her adult diapers and had insisted on changing her soiled diapers and washing her! She hadn't minded the free assistant in nursing care but the way some of them had gone about it had been just soul destroyingly humiliating for her!

And she had had such a limited clientele that she couldn't risk offending any of these people either, she had been only just earning enough to barely survive without draining the guild emergency
funds. The loss of even a single client would have been disastrous! So she hadn't dared to complain
about the humiliating way the fucked up creeps treated her, enduring every indignity for her pitiful
ten dollars an hour!

And now to go from basically being nursed for a living to pushing wheelbarrows when she was
about as physically old as it was possible to be, it was just so heartless. Disgusting as it had been,
the few weeks under the rule of Fecaluria had been easier on Fetter's body than now.

With her body aching all over and with a lot of help Fetter emptied her wheelbarrow at the
recycling centre. The materials themselves could not be recycled but apparently the chemical
industry would break it all down and turn it into some useful chemical or plastic or whatnot.

"Got any bodies?" a recycling centre worker asked creepily with far too much excitement.

Fetter turned and looked at the man through her age dulled eyes. Just as she had feared it was the
detestable Glans Abernathy, husband of the sickening Rat Abernathy and probably the biggest
necrophiliac on the entire ship!

***

(Authors note: this is the first time Glans has ever been shown in first person, wish me luck, this is
going to be very disturbing to write [though Pete Smith was even worse! Honestly I felt sick for the
rest of the day every time I had to write "Pedo" in first person!!!]!

Cadaver disposal processing technician Glans Abernathy was extremely disappointed when the
slaves with wheelbarrows informed him that they had no fresh cadavers for him.

He instead eyed the really elderly slave named Fetter longingly. He could always sense when
someone was close to death's door, and she was clearly not long for this world. He was looking
forward to having a lot of fun with her exquisite dead meat when she passed the final threshold.

He reached out with the wonderful gift that blessed Slaanesh had given him and sensed Fetter's
mortality excitedly.

His "death sense" was a gift of Slaanesh that allowed him to sense the progress of dying in a living
person, letting him find his new lovers before they became his new lovers, letting him not waste a
moment of the short time between the death of a body and the moment when that body must sadly
be dissolved in a chemical plant for raw materials.

He was disgusted to sense that her body was responding even better than yesterday to her cancer
treatment, pushing further back the time when they could be lovers!

"So soon yet still so much delayed my love." Glans purred at Fetter lustfully.

The geriatric woman looked at him in horror and revulsion and he got excited that her shock might
give her a sudden heart attack.

A young muscular male slave in Fetter's group punched Glans hard in the stomach and he doubled
over in pain, coughing violently! The man proceeded to shout curses at Glans, calling him a
revolting necrophiliac and kicking him on the ground till some recycling centre security personnel
broke it up.

"You really gotta watch your mouth Glans." The security men told him as the group of slaves left.

Glans nodded and painfully got to his feet. He was forever offending the companions of dying
people and getting beaten up like this. For whatever reason, people seemed to take terrible offence when he told their dying friends and relatives that he was going to fuck their bodies when they died!

Glans mopped the perpetual sweat off his balding head and scratched his badly sweating armpits. He had always had a problem with sweat, his parents said it was just because he got too excited.

He scratched his sweaty testicles and returned sadly to his empty section.

He knew that there were a lot of dead bodies out there, but he always seemed to miss them! It seemed that as soon as he finished his shift the cadaver disposal section suddenly flooded with bodies and they kept flooding in until just before he started his shift again. He still got the occasional bodies but no matter how he rearranged the time of his shifts he always seemed to miss the delicious flood of cadavers! It was almost as if his shift schedule was being shared by coworkers to everyone in his jurisdiction so that they could deliberately avoid him fucking their dead loved ones!!!

Glans was so horny that it ached, he yearned for smelly rotten rancid cadavers that he could lick all over and fill up with semen! He got so excited thinking about it that he wet himself for the third time that day.

He put his hand down his clinging wet pants and masturbated frantically. But he couldn't cum! There wasn't a single dead body anywhere around him, he couldn't cum without one!!!

Sick with disappointment he thought about his beloved wife Rat and shuddered terrible with longing. His beautiful beautiful exquisite perfect wife!

She had been gone for over 40 hours now! On Cocowango that might be only a single day but for Glans that was an eternity! 40 hours without his beautiful perfect bride! She was the most beautiful thing in the entire universe!

She was the eternal cadaver, a cadaver that endured year after year without rotting away to nothing, a cadaver that didn't just lay still during love making but actually moved about and took part! She moved, she talked, she took care of him, yet she was unquestionably the deadest dead body he had ever encountered in his long career!

It was a lot of things, the smell for one thing. His wife had the most beautiful intoxicating natural perfume, he liked to spend hours smelling her each day. She smelt like a dead body, but somehow more so than a dead body smells like a dead body. A hundred rotting corpses, their guts spilled open to release all the rotten shit inside them and the smell of the hundred sicknesses that killed them, all of that combined smell concentrated down into a single body, THAT was her smell!

And then there was her beautiful body and perfect figure! Except for her boob job she was skeletally thin, she had so little muscle on her that it was only by the supernatural gift of Nurgle that she was even able to move at all! The exquisite figure of a cadaver that died of starvation! A zombie! A skeleton! With perfect peeling mouldy skin!

Oh she was so divine! He spent hours every day making love to that goddess, licking every inch of her decomposing skin, tasting her all over! Drinking in the shockingly strong taste of her furry moulds and putrefying rotten flesh! Sucking the wiggling maggots off her and feeling them squirming around in his mouth before swallowing them!

(Author's note: you are not alone, I feel like I'm about to puke too.)
Oh Slaanesh how he WORSHIPPED that woman's body! She was so close to death that his death sense clearly showed that if she stopped being under Nurgle's protection for even a second that she would instantly die! She was physically BEYOND the veil of death, her every cell clearly dead but supernaturally still alive and dividing!

He yearned for her kisses, to taste her ulcer covered tongue in his mouth, the breathe in deep her heavenly halitosis! Oh how he yearned to taste her!

Glans got so excited that he somehow managed the impressive feat of simultaneously cumming himself, wetting himself, and shitting himself, all at exactly the same moment! He scratched the brown stain at the rear of his trousers and smelled his fingers. He then licked his fingers and several nearby coworkers heaved, barely holding in their vomit!

Glans got very bored and with the lack of cadavers could probably slip off from work for a while. As the thought of changing out of his shit filled clothes and cleaning himself up never occurred to him, he instead found a pay phone and rang around to find Rat and have some phone sex.

(Author: Oh sweet Jesus thank goodness that's over!)

***

Rat Abernathy squealed and giggled as her husband said naughty things to her on the vox phone, if her festering face was capable of blushing then she would be blushing ear to ear right now! Oh he was so naughty!

She wanted to come clean to him about what happened with Octavia, but so far he was being far too randy for her to broach such a serious topic.

"I need to talk seriously about something." Rat told him seriously.

"Make it quick, I'm about to bust a nut thinking about your beautiful face!" He replied huskily.

Rat smiled, he always made her feel so beautiful! She focused herself, not letting him distract her.

"I cheated on you..." She admitted fearfully, feeling terrible.

"NO! NO YOU ARE MINE! No one is taking you away from me!" He bellowed with possessive jealous anger.

"I'm your's, I'm not leaving you! It was a one time thing! I'm so sorry Glans, please I'm so sorry!" Rat apologised frantically.

Glans raged and demanded to know all the details, incandescent with jealousy. It made Rat feel so special that he was so jealous for her. Truly she felt really touched!

It took 30 minutes to calm him down completely and she promised repeatedly that she not going to leave him. She felt like the most desirable woman in the world by the time they hung up, he really wanted her!

Rat was grinning ear to ear after the call, really she felt so special. He always made her feel so special.

Rat was someone who felt very insecure about her looks, she felt so repulsively ugly. She had once been beautiful, extremely beautiful in fact. Like so many others she had not asked for her fate.
She had been an imperial citizen once, a curvy chubby busty young woman with a real first name and with men lining up to date her, told all the time how beautiful she was. And the night lords had come along and ruined EVERYTHING! They enslaved her and completely ruined her life!

She had been the slave of a psychotic woman named Gemma Sevenson and it had been bad. Gemma's husband had noticed Rat's beauty and had an affair with her. Gemma had found out and after that Rat had never been beautiful again!

Gemma had planned to make Rat's death as miserable and degrading as possible, given only human and animal shit as food, liquid sewerage as drinking water, spending every waking hour in either torture or forced labour.

On the very first day she had already known that she wouldn't survive the week, not without divine help.

She had already learned about the different chaos gods during her time as a slave, knew slaves who worshipped the various gods, and she remembered something a Nurgle worshipping friend had told her:

"A devout Nurgle worshipper can survive ANYTHING!"

Rat had wanted more than anything to just SURVIVE! Nothing else matters if you don't survive! It was the only way she had to survive and she had desperately taken it.

Filled with despair and loathing she had given her soul to Nurgle, in exchange for the ability to SURVIVE. And survive she had.

For 5 terrible years Gemma Sevenson had psychotically starved and tortured Rat until the beautiful woman she had been was replaced with a reeking cadaver that simply refused to die. She had been strangled, starved, shot, stabbed, poisoned, attempted to be worked to death, but NOTHING seemed to be able to kill her!

She had forgotten her own original name, or more correctly she had deliberately hidden it from her mind. She didn't want to remember who she had once been, it made what she was now too terrible to bear. Other people only called her by insults as she got steadily uglier, and she EMBRACED those insults.

She had been hungry, oh so hungry, ravenously eating even the foulest things in her terrible starvation. In the forced labour that attempted to daily work her to death she had occasionally come across rotting dead rats that even the other scavenging vermin refused to eat and alway gobbled them up frantically.

She had had many names: the zombie, the stinker, the ugly, the filthy rat eater! On one occasion Gemma had sadistically made Rat choose a new name from this list of available insults and Rat had chose: she was the filthy rat eater.

Over time "filthy rat eater" had just been shortened to "Rat" and Gemma gleefully changed her name to Rat in all official records and had all mention of her original name erased as an attempt to completely dehumanise her.

Rat was made to feel ugly and worthless every single day. She couldn't even walk down a corridor without random strangers telling her that she was ugly and that she stank. Complete strangers hated her on sight simply because of her outward appearance! Ugly! Stinker! ZOMBIE!

No amount of makeup or hygiene had helped, she had tried everything to make the hecklers stop,
nothing had worked! And always she was made to feel uglier and uglier!

Glans had been different, oh so different from the others! He had called her beautiful and meant it!

To a person like Rat, the words "you are beautiful", those words had POWER!

To be hated on sight all the time, persecuted and ostracised consistently by almost anyone and everyone for being too ugly, and then to have some say "you are beautiful", oh my those words carry awesome power!

Glans have lusted over her ever since he first saw her when they randomly encountered each other when she was walking to her forced labour shift. He had immediately told her that she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen and had followed her down the corridor openly masturbating over her!

Truth be told she had initially found this extremely creepy and disturbing, but he had relentlessly stalked her, telling her over and over again that she was beautiful until she was crying her diseased eyes out from these wonderful words.

Rat had been quite quick to let him fuck her, scared that the wonderful praise would end and oh my Nurgle HOW he had fucked her! This was no mercy fuck, no sex given out of pity, oh no this was feverish passionate sex! He WANTED her!

For 13 long years ever since he had never ceased fucking her like she was the most desirable woman in the entire universe!

Rat had been completely blown away by this, he had completed melted her heart, she could not help but fall completely and utterly in love with him. The constant praise and attention, the constant insistence of how desirable she was, the way he feverishly fucked without stopping until his balls were totally empty and sore! It was all completely overwhelming to her poor romantic heart!

He had not hesitated to marry her, granting this poor slave woman freedom from slavery by marriage to a free chaos crew member, and they really have lived happily ever after!

Nurgle had even blessed her diseased womb with the unnatural fertility to become pregnant and this living dead woman had actually brought new life into the world, a surprisingly healthy son who they named "Gonorrhoea Abernathy" in honour of both Nurgle and Slaanesh!!!

Oh it had been such bliss! Glans was like her oxygen, incessantly proclaiming her beauty and worth, lifting her up when she felt ugly and worthless. And oh the sex!

The sex was simply overwhelming, he was absolutely all over her whenever she was around him!

And now when she felt like he couldn't POSSIBLY make her feel any more special, he was now being jealous of losing her! Oh Nurgle he was going to get a lot of sex next time she saw him, she had never felt so special in her entire life!!!

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"On behalf of the pilot, who is me, I'd like to welcome you all aboard Rat Abernathy airlines. Please make sure your tray tables are securely upright during takeoff and landing and keep your seat belts securely fastened." Rat's voice spoke over the intercom.

"Stop quoting that stupid ancient movie you smart ass!" Shouted several traitor guardsmen.

Over the past 20 hours of daylight everyone had found time to get into the Caesar family's ancient film collection and the quoting of lines was getting ridiculous. Playing around with the home cinema settings they had eventually figured out how to activate the automatic translation subtitles and now they could read what the people in the films were saying.

"She needs to eat a snickers, then she will turn into an actual pilot." Mandy yelled out.

"What's a snickers?" Rat asked over the intercom.

"Something that Mr Bean eats and it transforms him into an acrobatic warrior." Mandy replied.

"Who's Mr Bean?" Rat asked.

"Just fly the fucking thunder hawk!" Augusta shouted.

The passengers started heckling and exchanging ancient film quotes until Rat gunned the engines and took off like a maniac.

The thunder hawk gunship corkscrewed upwards ever higher and ever faster, heading for orbit as the sun set in the distance. They were in Rat's original Thunder Hawk Gunship, freshly repaired from the hurricane damage.

With the nightly hurricane due again tonight and with the high ranking Egg Sevenson on the ground, the Royal family were not taking any chances with the villa. The Nightmare Asylum was still a dangerously structurally unsound war zone so the Princess and her entourage were instead being evacuated to the safety of the rest of the fleet in orbit.

Rat set the autopilot and the wild spinning became steady flight and the machine spirit rapidly plotted the optimal trajectory for orbital insertion. The landscape out the windows got steadily smaller until they could see the entire expanse of the Brighton Sea below them.

(The kids of course all eagerly looked out the windows.)

Up ahead a distant dot came into view, visible from the sunlight glinting off it. The artificial gravity automatically adjusted as they achieved the weightlessness of a stable orbit and the thunder hawk engines powered down to save fuel, letting the intercept orbit carry them without effort.

The entire planet was visible below them now, half covered by blazing light and half in darkness (and the Brighton Sea in the line between the two). The passengers marvelled at the breathtaking austere beauty of the arid world below, almost all desert with occasional tiny shapes of blue marking the small seas that were sparsely scattered about the dry landscape.

The dot up ahead was getting steadily bigger now, revealing itself as a warship of imperial design,
painted in Night Lord colours. It was still a long way off but was clearly immense in size.

Everything looked so peaceful up here, vast empty space over the terrible beauty of the planet far below. An entire Chaos fleet was up here somewhere, but the distances were so immense that they couldn't be seen, all spread out across the immensity of orbit.

The Slaanesh worshipping passengers drank in this primal beauty, admiring the terrible beauty of the vastness around them. It had a terrible proudness about it, uncaring of the petty antics of humans as it endured over the countless millions of years. This planet had existed long before humans first evolved, and it would go on existing long after humanity went extinct or evolved into something completely new.

The shape up ahead was large enough to completely make out now. It was the Emperor class battleship "Joy of Sodomy", a Slaanesh worshipping vessel that was basically a colossal 8 kilometre long aircraft carrier. It was one of the most undamaged survivors of the originally much larger Royal family fleet that had battled with the Ultramarines and the Tau.

It was currently the safest place in the entire fleet to keep Princess Egg Sevenson, it's crew members numbering some of the loyalest members of the entire fleet.

Rat disengaged the autopilot and ignored the radio speakers when the Joy of Sodomy space traffic control screamed at her that she was flying like a maniac. An outside teleport field snatched up Egg Sevenson and teleported her to safety on board the Joy of Sodomy as Rat brought the Thunder hawk gunship into the launch bay at a slightly sideways angle!

The thunder hawk thumped down on the flight deck with bone jarring force and slid sideways across the deck for a few meters, badly scraping the paintwork but doing no serious damage.

The passengers cursed Rat's pilot ability and she defensively replied that she had gotten them all here safely. The passengers frantically disembarked, glad to be out of the terrifyingly out of control aircraft!

***

They found Egg waiting for them on the bridge of the ship with her space marine uncle Bradley Sevenson who was now in overall command of this vessel. Egg predictably ran to Octavia and Octavia hugged her frantically to be reunited with her after the scary sudden teleportation.

"Sorry about the teleportation, you were just coming in to dangerously to risk the Royal heir." Bradley said apologetically.

"What about the rest of us? You didn't care about our safety enough to teleport us too?" Mandy asked acidly.

"It was a military decision not a personal thing. Princess Egg is an Alpha Plus psyker, the ONLY Alpha Plus we have. Her strategic value is absolutely incalculable!" Bradley explained adamantly.

This generated a lot of snarky replies but they got over their offence quickly, no harm no foul was pretty much the Sevenson family's default attitude to these sort of things.

They instead moved on to the more pleasant activity of fellowship with Bradley. To the children the senior chaos space marine was "Uncle Bradley".

He was one of the relatively few surviving younger brothers of Luke, younger than Luke but older than Wendy. In the interest of not being murdered Bradley had formally abdicated all claim to ever

They liked Uncle Bradley a lot, he was one of the more mentally stable of their space marine uncles, a psychopath but a dependable psychopath. He was not prone to fits of psychotic rage, not unpredictable, just a steady reliable cold hearted soullessly sociopathic man. By the standards of their uncles this actually made Bradley one of the better ones!

He had spent 300 years learning to imitate human behaviour, could pass for someone with a conscience in the way he talked, but it was all just learned behaviour. Inside he was afflicted by the same psychopathy that cursed all recipients of a Sevenson gene seed. But the children knew this and didn't care, Uncle Bradley was always nice to his own extended family (even Violet), so that's all that mattered.

Bradley handed over the bridge to the ship's first officer (and former captain) and led the guests to a great feast hall in another part of the bridge.

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Caligula gazed in awe at his surroundings, he had never seen anything like this place!

He had never before left Cocowango, the towns and farms were all he knew. Even the space port on Cocowango was little more than a large flattened section of exposed desert bedrock surrounded by a lot of silos and fuel tanks, with just an adjacent small rural town to service it.

Everything man made on Cocowango was relatively small and widely spaced over the endless landscape.

But this ship was bigger than all the settlements he had ever seen put together! He had never imagined that human beings could build anything this large! And so many people, more than he had ever imagined existing in the world!

And now here he was, sitting at a giant feast table with Royalty like an equal, ordered to sit by Octavia!!! It was overwhelming.

Octavia had been extremely warm towards him ever since the time he had sexually serviced her. To his surprise she had taken to having sex with random chaos soldiers, not using Caligula for sex at all. She instead had spent hours talking to him about her feelings in her terrible high gothic.

Octavia had lavished Caligula with gifts and special treatment, having him eat with her even in the presence of royalty!

And now he was dining at a table with what was obviously the captain of this mighty vessel, being waited on by servants as though he himself were highborn royalty!

Caligula helped himself to delicious foods, the table even had real meat! Grox meat, pig meat, chicken meat, fish meat, so many types of meat that only the upper class on Cocowango got to eat! Most of it was clearly local produce from Cocowango, but some of it was unlike anything produced on Cocowango.

He almost wept in pleasure as he tasted the rich savoury flavours of the fatty meats, oh Emperor this food was orgasmic! He savoured each mouthful, trembling with pleasure at just how good it tasted.

He ate until he could eat no more and then sat back and sighed in the most complete satisfaction.
Octavia was looking at him happily and said, "Caligula will always eat good now".

"I will eat this well all the time?" Caligula asked in astonishment.

"Yes." Octavia said with a nod and a beaming smile.

The son Augusta asked Octavia something in the strange dialect of the chaos forces and Caligula understood only partially what was said. Octavia replied, clearly talking about Caligula, and the mother and son had an animated conversation.

Octavia was saying something with deep feeling and touched looking nonverbal cues and every woman in earshot smiled approvingly. Augusta and the captain burst out in roaring laughter, which caused the women to look at them disapprovingly.

The laughter continued, generating female protest, and Caligula wondered what was so funny.

"You have been put in the friend zone you poor fool!" The captain told Caligula in fluent high gothic, roaring with laughter.

Caligula didn't understand this term so the captain explained that Caligula was now the male friend who gets to listen to the woman talk about her feelings but never gets to fuck her!

Caligula's mouth fell open in horror and desperately looked at Octavia to deny it. She smiled jubilantly and happily confirmed that this was indeed true, and Caligula felt himself die a little inside!

"Welcome to blue balls." Augusta told him, jubilant with humour.

***

Back on the Nightmare Asylum TigerLily was happily playing with her small army of children.

Unlike Egg and Violet, TigerLily had personally raised all of these other children herself and they considered her alone as being their mother. They looked at her with a child's devotion to it's mother, loyal to her.

TigerLily smiled and took another tiny dose of "spook", the psychoactive Necromundan fungus that turbocharged the psychic abilities of the human brain at the cost of slight brain damage. She felt a shock of pleasure as the fungus stimulated the already turbocharged psychic centres of her brain even more.

She sighed in pleasure as she became very very slightly more powerful than she had ever been before. It was such a shame that Fecaluria had ruined almost her entire stock! She was now using the emergency backup supply she had kept on the Joy of Sodomy and she was forced to ration herself severely until she could by some more on the black market.

TigerLily was very openly a spook addict, she craved the stuff constantly. She could go a few weeks without it in an emergency, but the withdrawal symptoms were unpleasant.

TigerLily had been born a psyker, but not a very powerful one. She had been a telepath like Indigo, but slightly less powerful. It had taken a combination of luck, sneakiness and nerves of steel to get hold of her very first batch of the highly illegal (and expensive) drug spook, and spook had been the key that unlocked her now awesome powers.

A few gifts of Tzeentch had also helped her get even higher than spook alone could, and now her
powers were absolutely incredible!

TigerLily sighed in bliss as her grip on the warp became that little bit stronger, ignoring the new slight brain damage.

Over the course of the first 2 years TigerLily had accumulated so much brain damage to the visual and audio centres of her brain that she was utterly blind and deaf. Even bionics couldn't help her now, they just didn't have enough brain matter left to work with, it was all dead. The damage was spreading to other areas now and she was trying her best to psychically direct the new damage to other nonessential areas of her brain.

In exchange for this loss of function she had permanently strengthened the psychic centres of her brain, raising her psychic level on "the Assignment" from a mere Iota level psyker to the awesome power of a lofty Gamma level psyker! The drug functioned by giving both a super high boost of temporary power for a few days at most, and a less high but permanent increase in psychic powers, in the first two years the increase in her permanent powers had absolutely surged!

After this initial surge in permanent power the psychic centres of her brain had unfortunately been so turbocharged already that they increased only very very slightly more with each additional dose she took and she had spent over a decade trying to get her permanent powers over the line from Gamma level to Beta level. It was so close now but she still hadn't quite reached it!

Mostly now she just gave herself more brain damage for little real benefit every time she took more spook. She knew that she was an addict, but she assured herself that she would stop once she finally reached Beta level!

Her children read her thoughts and nagged her yet again to quit. She had already tried unsuccessfully to quit in the past, but she never lasted more than 2 months before she used again, she just NEEDED her drugs!

"Can I try some spook mummy?" Asked her daughter Hyacinth telepathically.

TigerLily clutched her stash protectively in horror, she NEEDED these all for herself. The brain damage from her current meagre stash of spook would cause would not be significant in Hyacinth, so TigerLily's maternal instincts hadn't activated, she was just unwilling to share.

Hyacinth frowned, reading her thoughts, and TigerLily apologised but insisted that she needed all the drugs just for herself.

The children were quick to forgive by nature so soon Hyacinth and the others were back to playing, using their powers freely as TigerLily viciously scared off local warp predators.

TigerLily's psychic presence in the warp circled the souls of her children like a shark, ruthlessly destroying any warp entity that came anywhere near them. Faced with an angry mummy shark, the warp predators (mostly) left the baby sharks alone, seeking easier prey elsewhere.

TigerLily's children splashed and swam happily in the ocean that was the warp, their young psychic souls learning to use the warp under the protection of their awesome mother. Bird mutant children were all born with an instinctive knowledge of basic warp use and safety, they could avoid warp predators on their own without her, she was just providing an extra security net to let them swim without fear.

In the physical world the children levitated toys and made pretty psychic light shows, depending upon their level of power. Most were in the Iota/Theta/Eta level power ranger, but a few were
higher. It all depended on how much spook TigerLily had coursing through her body at the time their eggs were forming inside her.

The most extreme example of this was of course Egg. At the time Egg was conceived TigerLily was dangerously overdosing on spook to maximise her powers against Sevenson family retaliation.

The Sevenson cartel had absolutely forbidden the marriage and promised to annul any elopement. Luke and TigerLily had eloped anyway, perfectly timing it so that they could medically record themselves conceiving a legitimate child during the few minutes it took for the Sevenson family to annul their marriage. The legitimate child they conceived, Egg Sevenson, had been TigerLily and Luke's legal ace in the sleeve to help give them the leverage to overturn the marriage annulment.

Just minutes before they eloped TigerLily had taken the highest dose of Spook she had ever dared to take in her life, and her body was absolutely flooding with the drug when Egg was conceived. For the next several days that it took for the egg to grow big enough inside her to be laid TigerLily had maintained an extremely high dose of Spook to give herself the maximum edge.

The developing egg had drawn all it's nutrient substance into itself from TigerLily's own body fluids and had been positively drowning in an extreme amount of Spook. The egg had then formed a shell around itself and been laid, locking all that spook inside itself for the next nine months!

The drug had then severely affected Egg's brain development, prompting the psychic centres of her growing brain to overdevelop in the extreme. The result was the birth of an Alpha Plus psyker, one of maybe only 20 or 30 currently alive in the entire galaxy!

These poor psykers almost never lived to adulthood, they were usually ripped apart by their own powers before the age of 5, their infant brains lacking the wisdom and maturity to use their powers safely and falling victim to warp predators or blowing themselves (and everything around them) to smithereens in a supernova of psychic force. Either that or killed by the agents of the sinister imperial inquisition!

At 11 years old Egg was currently one of the oldest of the (known) currently living human Alpha Plus Psykers. A few were adults, but certainly few enough to be able to count with your fingers. The Imperium hunted them down ruthlessly, nuking entire planets just to kill a single Alpha plus if necessary. The Inquisition almost certainly already knew about the existence of Egg by now, and would be hunting her even now!

TigerLily shuddered in horror at the thought!

***

Egg Sevenson gazed out the 3 meter thick armoured glass window of her temporary Royal bedchamber onboard the Joy of Sodomy, missing her late fiancé "Pedo" Pete Smith. He would have loved to see this view.

It had been a while now since she had witnessed his brutal murder and the nightmares and bed wetting had finally stopped, at least, most nights they had stopped.

For a girl of 11 Egg had been forced to experience some pretty fucked up shit, shit that no 11 year old should have to deal with, ESPECIALLY not an 11 year old PRINCESS!

In her short life she had been raped and molested by pedophiles, witnessed brutal murders, been tortured, been experimented on by the Tau earth caste scientists, been uprooted from her loving adopted mothers, had wars that killed billions fought over her to acquire her as a weapon, fallen in
love, had her heart crushed by grief, had orgies go on all around her, witnessed brutal domestic violence, watched her birth parents marriage implode in divorce!

She had seen genocide of innocent people, seen wretched prisoners starve to death chained up in their own filth, enslavement of millions, battled a fucking GREATER DAEMON, and seen innocent slaves raped and tortured and brutalised!

And this was just a SHORTENED VERSION of the list of fucked up things Egg had seen and experienced!

And on top of the shocking big stuff, Egg also had to deal with the daily persecution for being a mutant! Of course no one DARED to tell the chaos lord's heir to her face what they thought, but she saw the looks. It was the constant subtle things, the looks, the body language, constantly chipping away at her.

When she had been down at the villa house at her initial introduction to the locals she had just wanted to crawl into a hole and hide! She knew the moment she first saw those locals that they might not like her, she had been shy and terrified of them, and the LOOKS they had given her! It had been just so awful to endure those looks of disgust!

And ON TOP OF THAT, she couldn't even take off her psychic nullifying helmet without causing billions of dollars in damage to whatever starship she happened to be on!!! People had DIED just from something so basic as not wearing a special hat!!!!!!

She was a living super weapon, more destructive than even the biggest atomic bomb! The Nightmare Asylum was built to shrug off atomic bombs with only minor damage, but Egg had all but destroyed the ship without even meaning to!!!

The sheer fear that she lived in all the time that her helmet would fail completely dominated her life! No 11 year old should ever have to carry such a terrible burden!

She hadn't let on at the time but Uncle Bradley's talk about Egg's "strategic value" had really gotten to her. Just another grownup who saw her as a weapon, a thing to destroy their enemies with! The Tau had certainly seen her that way when they captured her, doing all their experiments to figure out "how she worked", all so that they could "make more of her kind"!

Egg was so utterly sick of being seen as a super weapon to be possessed by warring factions! She was a PERSON!

Egg cried softly, tears running down her face as she gazed out the window. It was just so exhausting.

She wondered about what life was like for the other Alpha Plus psykers living somewhere in the galaxy, all alone without even a helmet to protect them, killed by the Inquisition or fought over as a weapon like Egg was. The thought made her heart break for these kindred spirits. She had never met any of them but these handful of people were the only others in the galaxy who truly understood what Egg went through.

Egg was interrupted from her depression by a servant.

"Princess, your adopted sisters have come to visit you." The servant woman said.

Egg smiled bittersweet and turned to face her sisters. She had barely taken in the sight of them before she exploded in a fit of giggles!
They had Violet's baby son Patrick dressed in a tiny copy of the ancient historical outfit that Mr Bean always wore!

Egg immediately felt her mood lift as she chortled with laughter.

"It's Mr Patrick Bean." Violet giggled.

"He looks just like him!" Egg exclaimed through her giggles.

"We went to a tailor shop and had it made up quickly." Mandy said having a fit of giggles of her own.

Patrick himself cheeped softly like a baby bird, not minding the costume in the least.

"Does he have a Teddy?" Egg asked eagerly.

"Oh yeah, we forgot about that." Violet laughed.

The three girls laughingly played with the tiny baby. Egg's Royal bedchamber was well stocked with all manner of children's toys and the 3 girls gathered a selection of toys and had Patrick act out scenes from Mr Bean. They laughed and giggled uproariously as they gently got the tiny baby to softly head butt an appropriately sized doll, pretending it was the high ranking Royal that Mr Bean head butted.

Egg felt her depression disappear as she lost herself in the fun of the game, just being a kid again. Patrick cheeped happily at the sounds of their laughter but was still too young to really join in the game properly, merely putting things in his mouth.

They joked and laughed and had a wonderful time, the Mr Bean costume on the tiny baby was just so funny and cute!

***

The three sisters were in many ways simply girls, just children really. No matter how hyper sexualised they were taught to be by their culture, they were still two 13 year olds and an 11 year old, just the same as any other kids their age the galaxy over.

The giggles, the games, the way they interacted right now, ALL of it was just kids stuff. It was the innocent play of 3 girls, sisters playing with toys. These girls were far too young for all the things life through at them.

Violet in particular was far to young and immature to be a mother, she was still just a kid herself. She was currently dressing up her rape baby (let's be honest), and playing with him like a doll! He was just another toy that her maternal instincts compelled her to care for.

Violet clearly had absolutely no idea what she was doing. Her maternal instincts were only able to direct her from what she knew herself, they were not some magical repositories of knowledge. They were the instincts of birds, and let's face it, most birds are quite stupid animals.

As long as Violet kept Patrick safe and healthy, her maternal instincts didn't care what bizarre things she did to him. She was forever playing with him like this, just a toy that she didn't know how to raise properly.

Mandy was likewise just a kid. Despite the fact that she had more sex than the average adult has in a lifetime, Mandy was still only a 13 year old girl with an immaturity to match. She was in the grip
of powerful instinctive behaviours selectively bred into her pedigree, compelling her to hyper
sexuality long before she was ready for it.

Mandy's biology did not understand that she was safe and secure from birth, didn't comprehend the
different circumstances. She was a Lee family Dominatrix pedigree and generations of brutal
natural selection had programmed one simple imperative into her: "Being a Dominatrix will stop
you from starving to death, so to survive long enough to reproduce you must become a Dominatrix
as early as you can and as often as you can!"

With regular famines and similar survival threats affecting every generation, the death toll had
been absolutely merciless, weeding out any that lacked the sheer Dominatrix drive to let them
compete for clients and therefore keep themselves and their children fed. It was sheer survival with
no time for the innocence of childhood, the earning had to start young to avoid starvation!

Everything inside Mandy compelled her to bottomless dominant sadistic libido, to greedily take as
many submissive partners as humanly possible and act out a Dominatrix role with all of them!

Yet despite all this, Mandy was still just a child who was currently playing with dolls.

And Egg, poor poor Egg, to be basically a living super weapon that wars were fought over, to
endure all that she had. She most of all was a child at heart, trying not to grow up too fast but
repeatedly forced into very adult situations. She was the quintessential little girl that circumstance
repeatedly forced to grow up far too fast.

But despite all the horror and evil around them, right now the 3 little girls were just being 3 little
girls, playing with dolls and laughing at childish jokes, playing childish games. It wouldn't last
forever, but right now in this moment in time, the kids could just be kids.

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Chapter 24

Chapter 24C

It happened very quickly and completely without warning. Even the psykers could not predict it.

Clearly the Imperial Inquisition had used every means at their disposal to hide themselves from all forms of psychic scrying.

With completely no warning whatsoever an Inquisitorial Retribution class battleship (clearly identified as such by its paint job and markings) dropped out of the warp inside of firing range of the Joy of Sodomy and instantly engaged it in battle!

Down on Cocowango the nightly hurricane was raging around the Brighton Sea but no one cared about the hurricane anymore! Every important person and high ranking officer on the ground rushed into whatever aircraft they had and took off frantically for orbit, hurricane be damned! They had something a billion times more deadly than a hurricane to deal with now!

In the centre of the Brighton Sea the Nightmare Asylum activated it's void shields, Gellar field and warp drive and immediately started the 15 second jump to warp space! A mass of atmosphere and sea water (and floating docks and ships and shipyards too) trapped inside the bubble of the void shields.

For 15 seconds the atmosphere of Cocowango blew into the roaring vacuum of the growing warp rift and then in a flash the Nightmare Asylum was gone from real space, closing the warp rift behind it. The repairs were far from complete but they would have to wait now!

The Inquisition battleships were rightly feared for their ability to use cyclonic torpedoes to scour the entire surface of a planet with nuclear fire, the aptly named Exterminatus attack!

This Inquisition battleship thankfully seemed to have no interest in launching an Exterminatus however, it focused solely on the Joy of Sodomy, aiming directly at it's bridge... Where Egg Sevenson's room was located!

***

Violet screamed as massive explosions reverberated off the hull, it was just so loud! She clutched Patrick, half insane with maternal terror!

She fled away from Egg as fast as her legs would carry her. They had all been taught about the sinister Imperial Inquisition, their target would always be Egg first and foremost.

Violet had no choice but to protect her chick Patrick, his safety and survival was all that mattered! The further away from Egg that she got him, the safer Patrick would be!

The sounds of Imperial Storm Bolters sounded in the distance behind her as she got Patrick the hell out of the entire bridge section!

Violet fled deep into the guts of the ship where the majority of the crew lived, keeping psychic track of Egg's location and attempting to put ever more distance between herself and Egg. Violet could sense the presence of terrible anti-psykers close to Egg's position, Imperial Assassins with the hideous ability to resist and quell all forms of psychic powers!
Suddenly Violet sensed a supernova of psychic force, someone had removed Egg's helmet! Violet and Patrick both screamed in unison, the psychic noise of Egg's unbound mind was so deafeningly loud that it was agony to them!

The entire superstructure of the ship started to groan horribly as terrible forces acted on it! Violet psychically screamed for Egg to stop before she killed Patrick.

"Sorry Violet I'm trying my best!" Replied a deafening terrible godlike psychic voice, so powerful that Violet involuntarily crapped herself from the strain it put on her mind!

Violet crawled desperately with Patrick, clawing at the floor to drag herself further away, towards the very prow of the ship. All the while as she crawled she sensed the terrible power that Egg was unleashing to defend herself against the agents of the Inquisition.

Violet could clearly sense that Egg was bending huge chunks of walls and floors around herself to keep the hideous anti-psykers at bay with a physical barrier. Even the godlike Egg couldn't directly affect these anti-psychic specialists with her powers, so she was instead using the superstructure of the ship itself to keep them from attacking her!

The entire ship was being steadily ripped apart!

***

Imperial Inquisitor Horatio Hoffman of the Ordo Hereticus cursed as the Alpha Plus was unbounded from her infamous "psychic nullifying helmet" and started ripping the chaos battleship apart. They had to leave now while the Culexus assassins kept her distracted or she would destroy his ship too.

Inquisitor Hoffman gave the order to flee to warp space and his Retribution class battleship "Dictator of Righteousness" disengaged to the safety of the warp.

Inquisitor Hoffman was disappointed that they had failed, but not totally surprised, his prey was incredibly dangerous!

The Ordo Hereticus had been tracking the detestable mutant "Egg Sevenson" ever since she hatched from her filthy unclean egg. At first they had been content to sit back and watch as the living super weapon unwittingly destroyed her entire ship, taking out her heretic kin and herself in the process, but she had survived far longer than anyone had predicted.

Usually Alpha Plus psykers did not survive past the age of 5, but Egg Sevenson had survived twice this long and was now a catastrophic threat to the Imperium! They had followed the movements of "the Kilimanjaro" implacably once it became clear that she wasn't going to wipe out herself and her kin, but it had been constantly on the move always deep in hostile xenos controlled space where they dare not follow them.

The hated Tau had then acquired her and done unholy xenos-science experiments on her, trying to find a technological means of weaponising the same power as the Alpha Plus! It had been intolerable but she had been out of reach!

The Inquisition had manipulated events behind the scenes, so that on the pretext of avenging an insult to the Ultramarines pride a massive war with the Tau empire had been waged. The catspaws had played their parts beautifully and the Tau hadn't gotten wise that Egg Sevenson was the true target until it was far too late.

The Ultramarines and their successor chapters had won the war with the help of the Imperial Guard
and the Imperial Navy, taking extremely heavy losses in the process, and Egg was trapped on a
continent sized Tau deep space fortress station. The Tau had been too afraid to remove the psychic
nullifying helmet from Egg's head and she was completely powerless.

Victory should have been assured but without warning the "Royal family" night lords faction
suddenly arrived with an astonishingly large Chaos fleet and waged a fresh war on the battle
weakened Imperial forces. The vile heretics had then soundly defeated the remnant forces of both
the Imperium and the Tau, snatched away Egg Sevenson to the safety of the Chaos Flagship
"Nightmare Asylum" and she was once more out of reach!

And now finally after 6 years of secretly tracking her every movement she had been down on the
ground of an Imperial planet, totally vulnerable to Exterminatus. Curses that they had arrived a day
too late when she was no longer vulnerable on the ground!

Horatio Hoffman was an Inquisitor who had dedicated his entire career to hunting down and
destroying Alpha Plus Psykers. He was absolutely ancient, over 500 years old, kept alive by the
same rejuvenation drugs that the Sevenson family used to slow down the ageing process. In that
time he had protected the Imperium by destroying scores of foul Alpha Plus psykers and he knew
exactly how dangerous they were.

Egg Sevenson was easily the greatest future threat to the Imperium of all the currently living Alpha
Pluses. She was not only controlled and protected by a Chaos Space Marine faction, she was even
worse assured of becoming a future CHAOS LORD by birthright alone! Inquisitor Hoffman could
not imagine anything more DANGEROUS than an Alpha Plus chaos lord!

Her vile kin had kept her safe from birth with psychic nullifying helmets that blocked and
contained her powers, and this had kept her alive for 11 undeserved years of filthy existence! Oh
how he HATED the vile abomination!

Destroying Egg Sevenson was now one of the highest priorities of the entire Ordo Hereticus, if she
survived to adulthood she would be almost impossible to stop. Her kin were already training her to
properly use her powers and once she was fully trained there were no theoretical limits to what she
might be capable of!

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Egg Sevenson was still screaming, she had never felt so afraid! She desperately hugged Mum
(Octavia) for comfort, a psychic nullifying helmet once more safely locked around her head.

Those people had been trying to kill her! Not kill anyone else, just HER!

She screamed and screamed and screamed and SCREAMED! She was absolutely sick with terror!

Mum tried in vain to comfort Egg but she was beyond consoling right now. Egg knew now that she
was not safe, not even on a mighty battleship! There was no safe place that she could be guaranteed
safety now!

***

Octavia desperately hugged her screaming child, feeling sick with horror herself. The attack had
been absolutely sinister!

Those sick imperial MONSTERS had very deliberately thrown every weapon at their disposal at
the Joy of Sodomy for the SOLE purpose of ending the life of her poor little girl! It was just SICK!
That terrifying Inquisition Battleship had boarded the Joy of Sodomy with all of the most terrible Imperial servants the Inquisition could call on! Highly trained Inquisitorial Storm Troopers, lethal psychic warrior-mons of the Grey Knights, the horrifying "Sisters of Silence", seconded squads of imperial loyalist space marine terminators, puritanical "Sisters of Battle", sinister imperial assassins, and even Custodians of the golden throne itself! The most lethal warriors in the Imperium of Man (if not the entire galaxy itself) had assembled for the sole purpose of killing Octavia's beloved adopted daughter!!!

It was scary beyond anything, her poor little girl!

Octavia had been with Egg at ground zero of everything. There had been total surprise and confusion as that battleship came out of nowhere and started firing. Bodyguards had instantly evacuated Egg to a panic room with a teleportarium disruption field protecting it (to stop Egg being nicked or having assassins teleport in beside her) and Octavia and the other kids had gone with her. Violet had grabbed Patrick and screamed at Egg to stay away from her as she fled out of sight, which had filled Octavia with dread.

Before they even got to the panic room the gunfire had started and Octavia had watched as psychic bodyguard had thrown themselves around the group as a human shield and been obliterated by some terrible psychic weaponry!

They had scrambled into the panic room and locked it's 3 meter thick doors behind them as gunfire howled everywhere. Augusta had then gotten on a radio and talked in military code as Octavia and the others had cowered in the middle of a mass of bodyguards, and for a while their was a brief peace.

Without warning Augusta had gotten off the radio, walked up to Egg and started shooting glancing shots at the thick armoured circuit bundles of her helmet with his bolt pistol! The bodyguards had howled with rage and shot Augusta even as he emptied his entire gun into the helmet!

Augusta had gone down, bleeding badly and Octavia had screamed and thrown herself on top of him to stop the bodyguards from shooting him! She had been simultaneously looking at Egg, terrified of her being hurt by the gunshots, but Egg didn't seem to be seriously injured at all, just startled (and maybe mildly concussed).

The bolter rounds had all apparently grazed across the surface of the helmet faces at a parallel angle, ripping huge trenches in the helmet machinery but not hitting Egg's actual flesh. The helmet had crackled dangerously and it's imminent failure warning siren had blared.

The panic room door had then glowed red hot and melted with terrible heat, activating the panic room refrigerated sprinkler systems and distracting Octavia by drenching her with terribly cold fluid.

What happened next had been so horrifying that Octavia had blocked it out of her mind. The very creatures of imperial hell had surged inside the room and that's all that she had dared to remember!

The next events that she had not deliberately blocked from her memory had all been of them encased in a ball of mangled metal, their minds quaking with terrible psychic noise and Egg floating in the middle of the ball screaming her head off with blood streaming from her eyes, ears, nose and mouth! Egg had been completely naked, her clothes and helmet burned away by raging incandescent magenta flames that didn't seem to harm her own flesh and feathers.

Octavia had bled from every opening in her head and had quickly fainted from the sheer mental strain of Egg's presence.
Octavia had a few hours ago awoken in a totally locked penthouse with her children (other than Violet). Egg once more had had a psychic nullifying helmet locked around her head, Augusta was alive but bedridden with tubes sticking out of his heavily bandaged body and Octavia had all her bleeds healed and was covered in bandages. Liling and Mandy (who were also ok) had accessed the video monitors in the penthouse and put the fleet news channel on for everyone to watch and listen to.

And the entire time of these last hours Egg had not ceased screaming!

Mandy had accessed a wall Vox phone and very quickly learned what was going on with this room, they were locked in this room completely separated from the outside world for the foreseeable future!

They were currently on an undisclosed chaos ship, their exact location top secret even hidden from them themselves. The boarding crafts had unloaded an unknown number of Imperial Assassins onboard the Joy of Sodomy and partial psychic scans had detected the presence of Callidus Assassins, dreaded polymorphs who could change their shape to look like anyone!

To protect Egg the fleet had had to assume that everyone who hadn't been with Egg already in her protective ball of superstructure was potentially a Callidus assassin imposter. A new psychic nullifying helmet had been teleported into the ball for Egg to put on and the 5 of them had then been teleported into this room as soon as she put the helmet on.

This penthouse had no windows and no doors, but it had everything they needed already inside. Tau medical drones had been already part of the standard furniture and these had treated all of them. The room had it's own synthetic food synthesiser, it's own atmosphere processor, water recycling until, bathroom, laundry, everything they could physically need.

Everything that is, except someone over the age of consent to satisfy Octavia's sex addiction she suddenly realised in horror!

***

The chaos fleet fled from Cocowango, pausing only to evacuate their forces and slaves from the ground (and not even accounting for all of them truth be told).

The wreckage that was the Joy of Sodomy was simply evacuated of all onboard and looted of everything of value before being left behind in orbit of Cocowango. It's damage was so bad that it was technically two large chunks rather than a single ship now!

No doubt the local Imperial Battlefleet would salvage the wreckage and put it back together for their own fleet but this regrettably could not be helped. No one in the fleet wanted to wait around Cocowango for the Inquisition to return so they got the fuck out of there with what loot they could carry.

They were now stuffed to bursting with crops and slaves for Cocowango on top of all the other loot they had had already and they had one less ship now to carry it in!

Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson cursed and raged and broke things in the throne room of his still far from repaired Nightmare Asylum. His once beautiful ship was an absolute dump and was now partially flooded with hot seawater!

The void shields had trapped a bubble of atmosphere and seawater around itself and with the hull breaches still not fixed they couldn't drop the shields to let all this unwanted water out of the
bubble!

The ship was now intolerably hot and humid! They couldn't even use the engines without boiling themselves alive so they just sat parked in the warp using only just enough power to maintain the void shields and Gellar field, keeping the temperature down as much as possible as the tech priests frantically used fast setting plastic foam to seal the remaining hull breaches as a temporary stopgap.

The air pressure onboard was dangerously low, the void shields had trapped a lot of very low pressure air at higher altitudes around the front half of the ship and the pressure inside the entire void shield bubble had equalised with the ship through the hull breaches. They had been forced to vent all of their stored gasses into the bubble (including priceless deuterium!) just to bring up the pressure to only just adequate levels!

All in all this situation sucked ass. It stank, it was dirty, the lights and even the artificial gravity had been switched off to save power use and the low pressure air they did have was becoming gradually less breathable over time!

The only silver lining he could see was that all the gangs were too weakened from oxygen deprivation to have the energy to fight. As space marines could function perfectly fine in much lower oxygen levels than humans, the Royal family space marines were jubilantly slaughtering these gangs, gunning down the disoriented sluggish gangers in the dark before they even knew they were under attack.

No space marine legion's gene seeds had night vision as sharp as the night lords, their very name reflected the fact that they were the absolute lords of night fighting and low light combat. At the moment Luke's own pupils were dilated so widely that they filled almost his entire eyes in the complete darkness of the throne room and he could see the entire room as clear as day.

The only photons of light in the entire room were from the magenta light of the warp outside, slipping in threw the tiny hull breaches left in this section (little more than hairline cracks) and bouncing off hundreds of surfaces (admittedly the shiny wetness of the clinging water helped), around bends and turns and corners, then slipping under the cracks of closed doors to bounce all around his throne room and be detected by his gene seed eye organs! Luke picked up a book with very tiny print and faded letters, reading it perfectly with no trouble at all.

All over the ship his space marines were stalking their prey in the pitch blackness, silent as spiders until the moment they struck. Luke had joined in the fun too, it was absolutely exhilarating being able to breath perfectly and see perfectly while your prey gasped breathless and was completely blind!

"I'm still more awesome than you, I don't even need eyes or a single photon to see you with my mind." TigerLily smirked in his mind teasingly.

Luke smirked and maintained that he was still more awesome, his rage temporarily forgotten. Ever since they got divorced Luke and TigerLily had gotten much more friendly with each other. They had returned to simply being best friends and it suited them far better than marriage.

(Authors Note to Lilith_Night: it took a while but got there in the end lol)

Without all the trouble and drama of marriage they now could simply focus on the fun stuff of their close friendship. Luke probably cared about TigerLily more deeply than anyone else in his life, but it was a care that was predominantly friendship in nature.
"Only predominantly?" TigerLily asked mockingly.

"Only predominantly", Luke agreed with a smirk.

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Chapter 25

Chapter 25C

Octavia was shaking with lust, desperate, hungry, STARVING for sex! It had now been 7 hours since she had woken up in this penthouse and she was getting sick from withdrawal.

Octavia looked around herself yet again and looked at the other people in the room: two 14 year olds, a 13 year old, and an 11 year old! All of them were under the age of consent and 3 of them were her own children!

Oh Slaanesh it was HORRIBLE!

Octavia was feeling terribly physically sick, wanting her sexual itch to be scratched! She was shaking all over!

Octavia heaved again, running and puking in the toilet as the physical symptoms wracked her body. She just felt so wretched!

She curled up on the floor next to the toilet shaking all over and involuntarily wrapped her legs around the toilet, rubbing her pussy against the cold metal. She moaned mindlessly as she humped the toilet, smearing her gushing vaginal juices all over the cold stainless steel.

Octavia came in screaming orgasm against the metal but wasn't satisfied at all!

She had been masturbating and humping the furniture repeatedly for the last 3 hours, but it had given her only temporary relief at best, getting weaker over time until it didn't satisfy her at all!

She needed human touch, needed someone to engage in sex with her physically!

Octavia frantically prayed to Slaanesh to spare her from her lust. But Slaanesh refused to be denied, demanding fresh offerings of sex from her! She felt the whispers of Slaanesh tug at her mind, making her sexual itch a thousand times worse until she was in howling torment to scratch it!

"But Slaanesh they are CHILDREN!" Octavia screamed verbally in prayer.

"So what if they are children!" Slaanesh seemed to whisper in answer, and made her lust even worse.

Octavia howled incoherently and tore at her pussy in desperation to give herself some relief!

Octavia was utterly exhausted from fighting her lust for the first time in over a decade, she had not exercised her self control and it had gotten terribly weak, like a muscle that never got used and became atrophied. The mental strain was so extreme that she was puking from it!

She absolutely refused to engage in pedophilia! She MUST fight this!

Oh this was her own personal hell!

***

Octavia had never wanted to get to know her future daughter-in-law THAT intimately! Oh Slaanesh she felt SICK!
In the end Liling had always been the logical choice, the only one who wasn't one of Octavia's children.

The Slaanesh worshipping submissive teenager had taken it well and Octavia was now satisfied for the next few hours.

"Stop looking so guilty, I LIKED it." Liling reassured Octavia.

Octavia nodded numbly and cleaned herself up.

Octavia felt numb with guilt and horror, Slaanesh had just driven her to be no better than a common pedophile...

***

Violet was scared as she wandered the corridors of the new ship holding Patrick. She had been evacuated from the Joy of Sodomy with the rest of the survivors to some new ship, but so far she had not been able to find any Royal family members or even any Royal guards.

She had already made psychic contact with TigerLily and confirmed that she was alive, but TigerLily was currently stuck on the Nightmare Asylum and was getting further away as Violet's ship fled through the warp. The psychic messages were now experiencing delays as the distance steadily increased.

The problem was that Violet was not officially anyone, just a commoner that the Royal family treated like an unofficial family member. But it was still only an unofficial membership. Given that she was alive right now and both Mum and Mummy nor her siblings were present, whatever Royal family members existed on this ship were content to just leave her to wander without collecting her.

This was a dangerous situation, the last time she had wandered a ship unattended she had been badly raped and impregnated with Patrick!

Violet reached out with her powers and searched all the minds nearby for any that were familiar. This ship had millions of minds on board, it was so difficult. So far she had not recognised the mind of a single person she knew even being onboard, it was such a lonely feeling.

For hours she wandered the overcrowded guts of the ship, her clothes in tatters and herself wrapped in a filthy blanket she had found to keep Patrick hidden. The crowd around her barely noticed her, just a mutant girl wrapped in a filthy blanket like thousands of others.

Long after she had lost all hope of finding anyone she knew, Violet suddenly sensed a mind that stood out.

It was not a mind that she had met before, except in some long distant dream. It was hauntingly familiar despite being a complete stranger to her.

Not having anything better to do Violet moved in the direction of this mind and started to read it. The thoughts were slightly unbalanced, indicating mild mental illness, but somehow familiar.

It was the mind of a man, his thoughts jumping all over the place and muttering to itself in anxiety and paranoia. He was afraid of a million contradictory things, but astonishingly he was scared most of all of TigerLily.
Violet felt a burst of relief, this person knew TigerLily, or at least believed that he did. It was possible that he was just an average crazy who imagines that famous people are persecuting them, but his mind didn't seem to be totally delusional.

What was clear was that he was absolutely terrified of TigerLily, feared her more than anyone else in the universe and was totally triggered by her.

As she followed the trail Violet got an ever greater grip on his mind and got a true sense of his terrible crippling anxiety and paranoia, this man needed serious professional help!

The man was now walking towards her in the corridor and Violet stood in his path and lifted up the blanket to expose her bird feet, making sure that her blue feathers were clearly visible.

The effect was instant. The man took one wide eyed look at her, let out a shriek and grovelled on the floor before her.

"TigerLily please have mercy on me!" He wailed in abject terror.

The crowd all around heard the name, looked at Violet's features and fled for their lives mistaking her for her mother.

"I need your help." Violet spoke in the man's mind the way that TigerLily would.

"Anything you like!" The man promised fearfully.

"I require a safe place to stay and some food and water." Violet psychically told him.

"Of course, follow me back to my place." The man said and ran off.

Violet tracked his mind and followed at her own pace until she reached an apartment. Violet sensed other minds in the apartment, all of them women, and read the minds. The minds all were thinking a name, Sigmund, and suddenly Violet knew who this man was.

Violet entered the apartment and Sigmund and everyone else inside grovelled on the floor before her in terror.

"Hello Father," Violet said with her verbal voice.

Sigmund looked at her in astonishment and asked, "Violet?"

Violet nodded, tears welling up in her eyes.

Sigmund's mind became extremely turbulent with a surge of different emotions. To Violet's horror she saw Sigmund's memories of hatred of Violet, of the terrible threats TigerLily had said awaited him if he didn't force himself to love Violet!

Even now Sigmund was thinking only out of extreme fear of terrible wrath, remembering the lines to say to avoid punishment. It was obvious that he had always detested Violet!

"You HATE me?" Violet squawked in tears.

This instantly triggered Sigmund's most terrible fears, this was the thing that had been warned would absolutely spell his doom!

"NO! I LOVE YOU! Please TigerLily, I love Violet! I will love her, I will look after her, oh please I just want to LIVE without being enslaved again!" Sigmund begged and pleaded.
"If you help me then I will talk to my mother and have her spare you." Violet promised.

Sigmund cried his eyes out in gratitude and enthusiastically agreed.

Violet cautiously moved the blanket to reveal Patrick to Sigmund.

"Is that?" Sigmund asked in wonder.

"Yes father, this is my chick, his name is Patrick and he is your grandson. It is of the greatest importance in the entire universe that Patrick be protected!" Violet told him.

"Maternal instincts?" Sigmund asked.

Violet nodded.

"I see. What about the father, can't he help you?" Sigmund asked.

"TigerLily killed him, blew him apart in an explosion of blood and gore." Violet explained.

Sigmund shuddered in fear and wailed in terror at the mental image.

"My chick will be protected or more people will be blown apart." Violet warned with absolute threat.

Everyone in the apartment trembled with fear and frantically agreed!

***

Sigmund Smith and his many bed slaves grovelled fearfully before the nightmare from the past that had just reentered Sigmund's life.

The monster that he had spawned from his own loins was here and he desperately must appease it!

"Hey! I can read your mind you bigoted mother fucker! I inherited psychic powers from TigerLily, don't make me mad!" Violet's psychic voice shouted angrily in his mind.

Sigmund wet himself in terror and screamed apologies for his thoughts until Violet's chick woke up and started cheeping grumpily! (he knew the sound of every different cheep and what it meant, this cheep was "grumpy at being woken up by loud noises")

"Now look what you did! You are absolutely pathetic, I can't believe that my own father is such a cowardly bigoted mentally ill loser!" Violet shouted at him verbally.

Sigmund silenced himself and merely grovelled before her fearfully as she tried to get her chick back to sleep, she was doing it wrong too.

"What do you mean I'm doing it wrong?" Violet asked his mind.

"When you used to cheep like that I was the only one who could get you back to sleep, there is a trick to it." Sigmund explained to her.

Violet tried it and still got it wrong so Sigmund got up off the floor without thinking and cradled the tiny chick as though it was Violet, following neural pathways laid in his mind by TigerLily over a decade ago. Violet looked alarmed but he had no intention of hurting the chick and she read this in his mind and didn't attack him. Sigmund quickly had the chick sound asleep in his arms.
Violet's hostile body language softened considerably after that and she became more friendly.

***

The Callidus Assassin Agent Darkness grovelled on the floor before Violet alongside the other bed slaves, still completely undetected. With her false mind camouflage even the mutant psyker could not detect anything out of the ordinary.

Agent Darkness knew the complete file on her target, Egg Sevenson, and knew which people would be granted access to her. Violet was the most likely to be granted access of the people Agent Darkness could currently reach.

Normally Agent Darkness would have simply killed Violet and taken her place, but with TigerLily the Gamma level psyker monitoring her children at all times for danger it would be noticed instantly if Violet died. Sigmund himself was psychically "soul marked" by TigerLily to let out an alert the moment he died, so Agent Darkness could not kill and replace him either. That had left only the bed slaves.

When the target Egg Sevenson had wrapped herself in a thick ball of superstructure Agent Darkness had been unable to reach her. The target had been teleported to an unknown location and Agent Darkness was stranded on the wreckage of the Joy of Sodomy.

Agent Darkness had polymorphed herself into the likeness of a chaos civilian and hidden among the survivors until a chaos Apocalypse class Battleship "the Midnight Scream" had docked with the wreckage of the two halves of the Joy of Sodomy and evacuated survivors and treasure. Agent Darkness had simply boarded the Midnight Scream with the rest of the survivors.

Agent Darkness had quickly learned where she was and had searched through the survivors for any sign of her target and covertly located Violet but no one else on her (admittedly outdated) list of people who were close to the target.

Agent Darkness had quickly hacked into the Midnight Scream's data network and discovered that no Royal family members were on board and that the command crew placed a very low priority on Violet, planning to simply hand her over to the care of her biological father, one Sigmund Smith, when they finally got around to finding her.

Agent Darkness had then stalked Sigmund Smith, planning to kill him and replace him, but detected the "soul marker" with her tiny high tech sensor equipment. She had then instead stalked Sigmund's bed slaves.

A group of the bed slaves had gone together to a communal bathroom to toilet, walking down a corridor, and Agent Darkness had made her move. She had thrown a circuit breaker to the corridor lights, plunging the entire corridor into pitch darkness (her own bionic retinas giving herself flawless night vision), and in the confusion she had grabbed one of the bed slaves, sedated her and dragged her into a secluded maintenance crawl space.

Agent Darkness had then used a miniature neural scanner (a relic from the dark age of technology) to record the woman's entire brain and fed it into her "false mind" camouflage device (another relic from the dark age of technology) that was surgically implanted into Agent Darkness's own brain. The false mind camouflage gave Agent Darkness access to the bed slave's memories and let her run an exact replica of the woman's mind that would fool psykers while keeping Agent Darkness's real mind hidden from view.

Agent Darkness had then killed the original woman, injecting her with a corrosive venom that
dissolved her down into a puddle of goo in minutes, and used her polymorph abilities to exactly
disguise herself as the dead woman. She had stolen all the dead woman's clothes and belongings
and had rejoined the other bed slaves before the lights were put back on. The other bed slaves
hadn't even known that the dead woman had been missing.

No one had gotten wise that she wasn't really "Pamela the bed slave" and she had entered the
apartment and acted exactly as Pamela would. A few hours later Violet had arrived and Agent
Darkness now had access to gain Violet's trust in the hope of eventually gaining access to Egg
Sevenson.

Agent Darkness had no exit strategy, didn't anticipate surviving this mission. Her orders came from
the High Lords of Terra themselves. The ONLY thing that mattered was the death of her target.
Agent Darkness could not be bargained with, could not be reasoned with, did not feel pity or
remorse or fear (blatant terminator quote). And she would not stop hunting Egg Sevenson until she
was confirmed dead, no matter what.

Sooner or later Violet would either hear from Egg and learn her location, or even better Violet
would be granted access to Egg and Agent Darkness could build up enough trust to join her.

***

Wendy Sevenson desperately breathed through her oxygen mask, greedily inhaling every whiff of
her hoarded supply. Wendy reluctantly gave the hired astropath (who happened to be TigerLily's
sister Indigo) a few more puffs and even more reluctantly shared some with Fetter who was
complaining that her frail old body was dying from oxygen starvation.

A selection of radioisotope luminous children's toys floated about the room, providing the only
illumination in the zero gravity space.

"Your father sounds like he has a mental illness, don't judge him too harshly. He spent 100 percent
of his time looking after you before TigerLily divorced him. Everyone I know who used to know
Sigmund says that he is not all there as far as mental health goes." Wendy dictated to the astropath
and continued.

"He means well I think, he's just a bit broken. I'm glad that Pamela is being so nice to you, she
sounds like a good person. Just try to stay positive."

"I have transferred a million Royal family dollars to your fleet account in digital form, the transfer
message should reach the astropath at the bank on your ship before you get this message. Use it to
keep yourself comfortable but don't go overboard, I don't want to have to send anymore!"

"The local upper class academy on your new ship is not much I admit but it will have to do for
now. I already worked it out with the academy so that your tuition fee will be paid for by the Royal
family, they are expecting you tomorrow at 9am and they understand the situation with Patrick."

"In answer to your question, I have no idea where Egg is. NOBODY seems to know where she is,
or at least they are not telling me! All I know is that the rest of our immediate family are alive,
Liling too, and that's all anyone will tell me."

"Tell Pamela not to worry about your little sister, I know that the whole fleet is worried about Egg
right now. We just have to trust that she will be looked after by whoever is keeping her safe."

"This is all just a precaution until we hunt down every last assassin. Be careful to read the minds of
everyone around you all the time, those Callidus Assassins can change shape but I doubt that they
can make their minds change with their bodies."

"They will be especially likely to impersonate anyone high ranking, so be wary of the captain or his high ranking officer staff."

"Remember that their target is Egg not you. TigerLily has already soul marked you back when you were a baby so they will be unable to replace you as a victim. The less that you try to learn about Egg the better, knowledge about Egg would just draw them to you. They currently have no reason to hurt you, so let's keep it that way."

"Ok Violet stay safe and I will reply back again in a few hours when I get your reply, tell Sigmund and his bed slaves that I said hi, and don't forget about the money I sent you. Good bye for now." Wendy finished.

The hired astropath relayed Wendy's words to Violet as she spoke, it would take a few hours before they received a reply.

Wendy floated about agitatedly, her floating a metaphor for how much her entire life was spinning out of control lately. The entire room was a mass of floating oxygen tanks, furniture and assorted other crap she owned.

Wendy was physically separate now from both her wife and all of her non-adult children. She had astropathic contact with Violet but had no way of contacting any of the others. And to make matters worse this situation was most likely permanent!

In a year's time Augusta would have to be teleported out of whatever hiding place he was in to receive the next batch of his gene seed organs (Fecaluria thankfully hadn't ruined these) and he would then be returned to Wendy, possibly with Liling too, but that is all that she could hope for for the foreseeable future.

This chaos fleet had been designed specifically for the purpose of reacquiring the insanely strategically valuable Egg Sevenson. The rescue of the rest of the Sevenson family members was of course a priority as well, but it had always been about Egg. With a Sevenson who was an Alpha Plus psyker, the family could potentially conquer large swaths of the galaxy!

Luke and his army of servants had had an entire year to plan out contingency plans on their lengthy voyage to the Tau Empire and had designed every ship in the fleet to contain hidden rooms and sections to hide Egg inside in case of disasters like this. The ships had then been constructed from local rogue asteroids using stolen Tau technical drones, the drones built more drones which exponentially built more copies of themselves until Luke had trillions of them to very quickly construct a massive fleet to his new specifications.

Wendy didn't know all the details as they were top secret but she did know that somewhere on some ship other than the destroyed Joy of Sodomy or the out of reach Nightmare Asylum, Egg and the others would be safely tucked away in some secret place where even the Assassins wouldn't be able to find them.

Wendy moaned out loud in despair.

"Don't give up hope." Indigo reassured Wendy gently, the low oxygen sapping her energy.

"What hope? The only hope I have is that in about a decade from now Egg will have enough control of her powers to safely hunt down all the assassins for us! What about my marriage! What about seeing my kids grow up! This is a disaster!" Wendy moaned in despair.
"Surely there is another way of defeating them sooner. There is always another way." Indigo insisted.

"Indigo you are very sweet, much nicer than your sister, but you are overly optimistic. This is the INQUISITION we are dealing with, the most powerful division of the most powerful unified space empire in this current age of the galaxy! This is a fell foe beyond imagining, wishful thinking just won't defeat these people!" Wendy explained with deep dread.

"TigerLily could hunt them down," Indigo suggested.

"She needs to stay beside Luke at all times as a bodyguard now, he will be the number 2 target as he certainly would know where Egg is. Besides, even TigerLily cannot directly fight Culexus Assassins and at least 3 of them were detected!" Wendy insisted.

"Only 3? Surely the fleet can fight off 3 people with our combined strength." Indigo said ignorantly.

"Oh Indigo Indigo Indigo, I know that your brain doesn't have much oxygen to work with at the moment but please TRY to think about things before you open your mouth and say foolish things. We lack the power to be assured of defeating even ONE of those Culexus assassins." Wendy said and continued.

"These people are the BEST killers that the Imperium has at their disposal. These guys have a mission success rate of like 90 percent, they eat the most deadly psykers for breakfast. And it's not just those 3, there are also an unknown number of Callidus assassins as well!"

"Imperial assassins are the worst of the worst, these are the same organisation that managed to kill Konrad Curze the Night Haunter himself, Primarch and father of the entire Night Lords space marine legion! If they can kill our primarch then they can sure as shit kill anything we throw at them!"

"The whole reason that we put the survivors of the Joy of Sodomy on the Midnight Scream was because it had no Royal family members or space marines on board. The original plan was to simply get everyone on board and isolate the threat."

"Bradley and the other space marines onboard were safely teleported to prison cells on a different ship, for quarantine you see, because of their power armour signatures we could be fairly sure they weren't duplicates, sure enough to bung em in cells for a battery of identity tests anyway."

"But Violet has only TigerLily to really vouch for her authenticity, and I personally think that she might actually be a duplicate, but for Patrick's sake we mustn't let on or the Callidus assassin will drop the whole charade and kill him! We had no choice but to put her on the Midnight Scream with the rest."

"Are Callidus Assassins capable of telepathy and of exactly duplicating the distinctive psychic signature of Violet's mind?" Indigo asked.

"Hmm, you have a point. But I'm not sure, the whole problem is that we can't be sure. I fucking hope that Violet is not dead! But we can't know for SURE!" Wendy insisted.

"You sound paranoid." Indigo said weakly.

"Paranoia will keep Egg alive." Wendy insisted.

"So what happens to the Midnight Scream?" Indigo asked.
"It is infected with assassins plus any other surviving imperial servants from the Imperial boarding parties. If Violet and Patrick were not on board then the Royal family would blow that fucking ship up just to be sure of killing every one of those fuckers! As it is we must simply keep it away from the other ships until Egg has been fully trained to use her powers, then Egg will be able to detect the Assassins and destroy them." Wendy said bitterly.

"You would kill millions just to defeat a handful!? The Imperium would just send more!" Indigo exclaimed.

Wendy moaned softly in despair, Indigo was right, they would just send more and more, FOREVER!

"Good job destroying my hope." Wendy said depressed.

"No you are missing the point, the fleet needs to find a reliable long term defence against these assassins. They must have a weakness of some kind that we can exploit." Indigo said as animatedly as she could manage in the low air pressure.

Wendy gave Indigo a few lungfuls of bottled oxygen and the Tzeentch worshipper's mind seemed to go wild with scheming.

"I have it! You need to get the crew of the Midnight Scream to summon Fecaluria and we can instruct him to release a disease that only affects non-chaos worshippers!" Indigo said with triumph.

Wendy thought about this and said, "but a psychic plague like that would kill all the children and babies too young to worship chaos, including Patrick, and it wouldn't even affect the Culexus assassins! Nothing psychic like that will affect them!"

"Fecaluria could protect the children. It might affect the Callidus assassins at least?" Indigo suggested.

Wendy smiled diabolically at the thought, maybe they COULD kill off a few assassins after all.

***

Sigmund moaned as he fucked the absolute shit out of his bed slave Pamela. The blonde bombshell was so good to pound! Her meaty flesh slapped against him as he pile drove her with all his might!

She herself was screaming in orgasm and he added his own screams of pleasure as he finished her off and exploded inside her in one of the most intense orgasms he had ever had without TigerLily's psychic stimulation to the pleasure centres of his brain.

Sigmund collapsed on top of her sweaty body and panted for breathe.

Sigmund was perfectly comfortable laying on top of her and hadn't bothered to pull out of her yet, he just lay on top of her and started to get drowsy.

Pamela gently squirmed underneath him but he was too comfortable and just lay on top of her pinning her down. She couldn't possibly need to pee again so she had no legitimate reason to deny her lawful owner his right to lay on top of her as he pleased.

Sigmund kissed her sleepily and Pamela returned his kisses softly and slowly. Sigmund slipped his tongue in her mouth and chased her tongue around in circles with his.
It was intensely intimate as he sleepily made out with Pamela, his tongue in her mouth and his cock still inside her. All around him his other naked bed slaves reclined sleepily, he had fucked every single one of them over the last 4 hours and was now utterly relaxed.

Sigmund's life was great since the divorce. He had gotten his hands on a modest amount of money by shamelessly grovelling before TigerLily after the divorce until she was amused enough to give him a dozen gold ingots out of her thousands of gold ingots. With 12 gold ingots Sigmund had bought everything he wanted in life.

He now had his own apartment on a different ship than TigerLily, an entire harem of extremely yummy women (very deliberately all on birth control) and enough food and supplies to keep himself and his girls for the rest of his life.

He did have an unfortunately mandatory part time job as a reserve militia forces private, but that was little more than 3-4 hours a day every other day training on the rifle range and very occasionally other training and drills. He spent pretty much all of the rest of his time fucking his bed slaves and generally having a wonderful time.

Pamela was one of his favourites, young, busty and absolutely gorgeous. He knew her very intimately, even for one of his harem girls, and jealously obsessed over her that someone else would steal her from him.

He had memorised every slight detail of her body and behaviour, paranoid for any sign that anything was amiss to suggest she was cheating on him. He was always so terribly paranoid like that.

Pamela was clearly very slightly different ever since Violet showed up, but then again, ALL the girls had had their usual behaviour alter with the presence of Violet. It was very very subtle differences in behaviour, this squirming for one thing was out of the ordinary.

"WHAT is making you squirm so much! This is completely out of the ordinary for you Pamela!" Sigmund finally snapped in irritation.

"I'm sorry Owner Sigmund, I am unsettled by everything lately. To be honest I'm completely freaked out! I can't settle." Pamela admitted anxiously.

All the other girls in his harem added their own voices in agreement, saying such things as "me too" and "yeah Pamela's right, I'm completely freaked out!" The girls all started to voice fears and anxieties about assassins and inquisitors and other such terrible things until Sigmund himself was completely freaked out!

Soon Sigmund was voicing his own fears until the panic was completely contagious and Violet woke up from the sounds of alarm from her little corner of the single large room of the apartment.

Pamela went and cuddled Violet reassuringly as Sigmund and the others completely freaked out. Sigmund was so crippled by anxiety that he barely even noticed.

***
Tech priestess Labia Johnson grunted in triumph as the hull of the Nightmare Asylum FINALLY passed it's pressurisation test!

It had taken many days of coating basically the entire outside hull in fast setting airtight plastic foam but the ship could now hold it's pressure in the vacuum of space.

Labia wept in relief as the pumps engaged and the atmosphere in the outside bubble of the void shields started pumping into the ship, raising the air pressure gloriously. As the air pressure increased it started to superheat (exactly the way that an air conditioner works) and the tech priests had to disengage the pumps before they all roasted alive!

Crap, foiled yet again by the laws of physics!

Labia sighed, this would need to be done extremely gradually in stages, a tiny bit of pumping at a time to let the temperature dissipate. The warp outside the Gellar field was cool enough to use as a heat sink by the super hot fusion reactors to perform work, but it was still far warmer than the vacuum of space was in real space.

Labia estimated that it would take at least 78 hours at maximum tolerable air heat to get the Nightmare Asylum to completely empty out the void shields bubble. It would then take even more time to actually get some repairs done.

Basically they were up chastity belt creek without a key!

***

Mum (Octavia) was weeping in a corner half mad as Egg looked at her in concern. Drool was creeping out of the corners of Mum's mouth as she babbled like some lunatic.

In the other side of the room Augusta and Mandy were squabbling over Liling.

The whole penthouse was becoming a madhouse!

It had been many many days now and they were all starting to get a little crazy from the claustrophobic confinement.

"Children... Children..." Mum kept babbling over and over again, driven to near madness by guilt.

Mum had been having sex with Liling every 4 hours (except sleep mercifully) like clockwork for the last few days to satisfy her sex addiction and every time she did it seemed to have a corrosive effect on her sanity!

Egg cuddled her mother reassuringly but pulled away in horror as Mum tried to insert a finger inside her! Egg backed away as Mum crawled after her, mad eyes filled with unholy lust! Mum's lust aura flared and everyone in the room trembled as they felt it!

Augusta walked up to Mum, physically picked her up, and forced her into the bathtub full of ice cold water again. Mum screamed and the lust aura vanished as the icy water snapped her out of it yet again.
This time Mum did cuddle Egg properly and sobbed wretchedly.

"Poor Mum, I'm so sorry that I caused us all to be locked in here." Egg said sadly.

"Oh my baby girl, it's not your fault, this is all ME, I'm so filthy and pathetic!" Mum sobbed.

After a lot of cuddles from Egg (and some "special cuddles" from Liling) Mum regained her composure and they were all awarded another 3-4 hours of peace before Mum went mental again.

Egg returned to her studies, the only thing she ever studied now was psychic discipline to better control her powers. Egg was amazed that she even missed MATHS, the psychic classes were just so repetitive!

 Apparently it seemed that learning to harness her powers safely now took priority over any sort of well rounded education! Egg was now merely a weapon to use to fight against the Inquisition now!

Egg sighed and focused on the mental exercise that reshaped her mind to give herself far greater control. It was all sorts of meditations and directed thinking exercises, mindfulness training and getting to really understand every aspect of her own mind.

Egg endured endless hours of recorded hypnotherapy tracks everyday now, it was gruelling. She had her own little soundproof meditation booth where she wasn't distracted by the crazy family members around her as she sat for hours and contemplated her own farts!

When they were actually sane, the rest of the family in the penthouse desperately insisted that Egg do at least TWELVE HOURS each day doing these exercises. As they said, "we can't get out of here until you learn to harness your powers."

Egg's powers were by nature like an atomic bomb that destroys absolutely everything around it. What it needed to be was like a highly focused laser beam that directed all that power to destroy only certain things she carefully aimed at (and nothing else!).

Egg hadn't removed her helmet at all in these so-called psychic classes, all she ever did was mind shaping stuff that made her head hurt afterwards. The plan was to have her totally master all of the mind training stuff before attempting to take off the helmet.

The penthouse she was in was itself warded against psychic powers damaging it as an added safety measure, with what seemed like thousands of psychic resistant daemonic flesh hounds of Khorne bound into the fabric of the walls. Her insane powers could still damage these walls with a lot of effort, but it was a safeguard that would buy her some time to regain her control before the ship was destroyed. Unfortunately the family members in the penthouse would still be annihilated if this happened!

The chemical/synthetic food machine was multifunctioned to produce any carbon based organic material from food to paper to even synthetic fabrics and plastics, needing only atmospheric gasses and their own sewerage as raw materials! It readily printed out typed sheets of paper for Egg to read and Liling was helpfully organising these into plastic ring folders as Egg studied.

Mum was currently putting thick black slices of sterile common comet tar into the synthesiser to print more books, the penthouse had already been well stocked with this inexpensive hydrocarbon, most likely mined from the same floating space flotsam that was used to construct whatever ship they were on.

The room stank from this pungent stuff, had an entire store room filled with carefully stacked slices of this element rich space gunk. It was filthy with space dust stuck in it and probably
contained at least a little bit of every known naturally occurring element in the entire universe! Perfect for industrial production but stinky to high hell!

Egg ignored the smell that made her snot turn black each night and focused on the page in front of her. It presented her with a gruelling mental exercise designed to make her think in a way that felt completely unnatural! Egg groaned in mental discomfort as her mind stretched painfully.

Over the past Slaanesh-only-knows-how-long period of time, Egg's poor brain had been bent and stretched like so contortionist gymnast! Different lessons forced her to think in different ways until her poor brain felt like it had a cramp!

Every day her brain was pushed to stretch ever more extremely, always pushed to just before breaking point. It was terribly painful and she was never allowed to get comfortable with the new levels of mental stretchiness, always pushed to the very level of agony!

Egg was drugged up to the eyeballs with a huge cocktail of psychoactive drugs that let her push her mind even further and the results were absolutely astonishing! Her mind was now the equivalent of an anus that was fucked by ever bigger cocks until it was so loose that you could comfortably have a fist put up it!

Egg moaned in mental strain as the current exercise agonisingly stretched her brain almost to breaking point. She was just so TIRED!

If ONLY she could take a few days off to rest her violated brain! But she knew full well that she couldn't! People she loved's lives depended on her mastering her powers, every minute of delay could cost them their lives!

Weeping with fatigue and resolve Egg finished the current exercise to perfect completion, not cutting any corners, going until she could tick all the boxes honestly 3 times in a row without any mistakes (restarting the whole exercise every time she made a mistake).

With a sigh of relief she enjoyed a few moments of mental rest as she turned the page. The next exercise built on the first one, stretching her almost twice as bad! Egg sobbed softly in dismay as she forced her agonising abused brain to stretch even more into bizarre and unnatural ways of thinking!

***

That night Egg was puking into one of the several toilet bowls, 12 hours of painful mental exercises had left her feeling absolutely wretched.

Her brain was responding well to the drugs and was actually reshaping with every exercise as the drugs let her physically mould her neural pathways like clay. By being pushed to the absolute limit like this the drugs were able to give Egg's brain the maximum benefit, locking the changes in place so that she was permanently more mentally flexible.

This was only the beginning of a gruelling regime that should really have been started months ago, a regime of mental reshaping that would stretch, strengthen and focus Egg's mind until it was actually able to wield her immense powers safely.

It would be absolute hell for her but in the end she would be one of the most dangerous human psykers the forces of chaos had ever had!

***
Agent Darkness was extremely pissed off, violated even, but she had to endure every indignity for the sake of completing her mission successfully.

She currently had a snoring traitor rating from the Imperial Navy fast asleep on top of her with his limp cock still partially inside her! She was pinned down under him and couldn't go anywhere without waking him up!

Agent Darkness might not feel fear or pity, but she certainly felt anger, hate and disgust, and right now she felt these 3 emotions very intensely!

Running over the top of her own thoughts, the recorded mind of Pamela in her false mind camouflage was sleepily thinking about how adorable Patrick was and how much she wanted to cuddle him instead of being pinned under Sigmund. Violet's maternal instincts meant that love and protectiveness of Patrick was the quickest way to earn her trust, and Agent Darkness played this weakness ruthlessly.

Agent Darkness would very much like to be laying down next to Violet right now and spooning her as she slept to further strengthen the bond of trust she was forming with her. The more that "Pamela" became like a mother to Violet, the more likely it was that Violet would let Pamela one day meet Egg!

Agent Darkness marshalled all her iron discipline to prevent herself from shuddering in disgust as Sigmund drooled on her face! She hated this man passionately!

Sigmund seemed to do little else besides fuck his slaves and sleep, and he fucked Agent Darkness more than anyone else! She had been fucked continually in every hole she had, been tongue kissed, licked, sucked all over, drooled on, cummed on and more ever since she impersonated Pamela!

Agent Darkness had of course had to sleep with people in the past to achieve previous missions, but never as much as this! It severely limited how much time she could spend befriending the vile unholy mutant Violet and was absolutely revolting!

The odious little traitor didn't seem capable of sleeping unless he was laying on top of a woman, and Pamela had been his favourite human mattress. He insisted on having his cock inside her as he slept and it was terribly uncomfortable! Periodically throughout the night he entered REM sleep and his penis became erect (the infamous "morning wood" phenomenon) inside her!

At the moment he was thankfully limp once more but 30 minutes ago he had been fully erect inside her and it was terribly uncomfortable!

Agent Darkness had slept fitfully at best, always woken up by erections inside her or snoring in her ears or loud farts or the innumerable other things that Sigmund did to annoy her. Sigmund groaned in his sleep and snuggled even closer.

Sigmund stirred and kissed Agent Darkness with his appalling morning breath, putting his traitor tongue inside her mouth! She flawlessly followed the script of Pamela and reciprocated sleepily. Sigmund became erect from the kisses and Agent Darkness used her complete control of her own body to force her vagina to instantly become completely wet. Moments later Sigmund was fucking her yet again.

Agent Darkness dearly wanted to kill this man, in fact she wanted to kill Violet and her unholy offspring too! She felt no pity or regard for them, only hatred and disgust. They were chaos scum, to be deceived, manipulated and then murdered as convenient. She would relish killing these blasphemous traitors!
But for the moment she needed all of them alive and unsuspecting, and that meant that Pamela the bed slave must do what she normally did, enduring endless undignified sex for the good of the immortal god emperor!

***

Caligula huddled with a group of other homeless natives of Cocowango in a dark corner of a crowded deck. He was hungry and cold and couldn't find his owner.

He hadn't yet been issued with a microchip and was apparently recorded as having died in the battle against the Inquisition. He had no way of confirming his identity and had been turned away by the ship's authorities for wasting their time.

Legally declared dead, Caligula was now a nobody, but at least he was in good company. The entire "Midnight Scream" was full of people who didn't technically exist according to records, and these wandered the ship aimlessly, fed synthetic nutrient paste occasionally by charity workers and drinking from public water fountains.

All over the ship these nonpersons lived, including huge numbers from Cocowango who had not been properly processed in the rushed evacuation. They used the communal bathrooms, stole stuff, and generally kept themselves alive as best they could to the indifference of the chaos people around them.

Caligula was cut off from his owner and in his culture this was considered more grievous than being cut off from contacting your WIFE! He was frantic but had given up trying now and simply kept himself alive and healthy like good property should, hoping to be eventually reunited with his owner.

His fellow natives of Cocowango comforted Caligula as he grieved in traditional mourning for the loss of his owner. They were deeply sympathetic, sharing his culture. It was regarded as even more serious than if Octavia had been Caligula's wife and he were now bereaved!

The others had all been taken prisoner by the forces of chaos, but they had not earned what their culture considered to be the privilege of slavery. They considered themselves prisoners of war rather than true slaves, no matter what the brands on their shoulders declared to the contrary. To be a slave required years of study and many somber rituals, and Caligula alone had been found worthy of this title out of his group.

Mrs Caesar was sobbing with another nearby group in the filth, a "slave" brand on her front right shoulder same as the rest. The entire farm had been "enslaved" when the soldiers evacuated, as had every other surviving chaos controlled farm and settlement around the Brighton Sea!

In the end the chaos worshippers had stolen back every one of the gold coins they had used to buy things with, it was disgraceful! But as his owner had not been the one who did this personally, it did not invalidate his sale to her. The money had been stolen by chaos soldiers into their own pockets rather than going back to Octavia.

Cocowango would take years to recover from this disaster, and the Inquisition would be all over the planet now and brutally purging the planet with torture for information and mass executions of everyone who was even suspected of having any dealings with the forces of chaos!

Frankly speaking everyone from the Caesar family farm was better off here on this chaos ship, they would live far longer here and be (probably) tortured far less than if they had been left behind to face the wrath of the Inquisition!
This particular giant "room" of deck space seemed to (population wise) be little else but a community of homeless people from Cocowango. It was something to do with sewerage systems, so the smell drove away everyone else except the occasional dark Mechanicum personnel who checked on the sewerage system. This deck area had therefore been completely commandeered by the Cocowango community and they had dubbed it "little Brighton Sea", joking that the reeking treatment ponds in the middle of the room were a small sea.

Some of the more adventurous farmers were even growing mushrooms from solids they dredged out of the ponds and the crops were helping ward off some of their terrible hunger.

A group of people heavily wrapped in blankets entered the room and looked around cautiously, taking in everyone as if looking for the threatening presence of anyone who wasn't from Cocowango. They were not disappointed, no chaos worshippers came in here unless they absolutely had to. The people threw aside their blankets to reveal themselves as inquisitorial storm troopers.

They spoke to the crowd in a flawless high gothic, identifying themselves as servants of the Emperor and demanding their aid in helping to gain control of this ship and force it out of the warp so that the Inquisition battle ship could capture it and bring justice to the heretics!

The crowd was roused as the demagogues gave an impassioned speech and they stirred up more and more as the men and women spoke. Within hours the entire mob was fanatically foaming at the mouth to bring death and vengeance to the forces of Chaos, and Caligula was cheering along with them! His owner was not on this ship, so he had no problems with killing every faceless chaos scum on the entire ship!

***

Rat Abernathy and the other Nurgle worshippers were hard at work attempting to summon Fecaluria as the chaos lord had ordered when suddenly an angry mob surged into the temple of Nurgle and attacked the congregation with machine guns!

Rat grunted as she was hit in the chest by an automatic stub rifle (an auto gun). The high caliber bullets tore through her lungs and heart, which annoyed Rat but didn't really have much affect on the woman who couldn't be killed.

Rat and the other unarmed Nurgle worshippers shrugged off the lethal fusillade of gunfire and shouted at the attackers to go away! The angry mob gawked at them in astonishment.

Rat and the other unarmed Nurgle worshippers picked up dead rats and other things on the floor and threw them at the mob as those parishioners with firearms fired warning shots. The mob hadn't succeeded in actually killing anyone so the congregation was prepared to let them off with a warning this time!

Some demagogues among them encouraged them to press on with the attack and the angry mob pressed forward with huge blades, planning to hack the resilient congregation into pieces if they refused to simply die!

Rat was an innocent civilian woman who had never been violent towards anyone (throwing things and infecting people around her didn't count as violence in her book) and she was not about to start now by getting stuck into a deadly knife fight! She was a lady, not some ruffian, a lover not a fighter, a civilian pilot by trade and a very gentle soul. So that being the case Rat fled rather than fight.
Rat was not alone, quite a large number of the women fled. No matter what their diseased bodies looked like, these were women same as any other in the galaxy and had no desire to get involved in a knife fight with an angry mob. The Nurgle worshipping men knew that this wasn't a fight that they could win, but they were honourable men in a way that few chaos worshippers were and stayed behind to fight so that their women could flee to safety.

The sounds of horrible hacking of blades on meat sounded behind Rat and the other women as they fled into the maintenance crawl spaces in the walls and under the floors of the temple!

Rat and the others scrambled frantically through the vermin infested maze of electrical access ducts, plumbing crawl spaces and engineering access tubes. Behind them they heard the terrible sound of a flamethrower being sprayed into the crawl spaces to flush them out and it got terribly hot!

The Nurgle women went mad as they caught fire but still didn't die, merely taking on an extra crispy appearance as their fat melted and their flesh sizzled and blackened! Rat's bionic eyes were fire resistant and merely blackened over the glass lenses whilst the other women's eyeballs cooked and melted. Rat wiped away enough of the lens fire blackening to partially see and she helped direct the now blind women through the crawl space inferno.

Quite a while later the extremely upset band of still partially on fire Nurgle worshipping women tumbled out of a wall hatch into a section of the Midnight Scream that was under firm chaos control. They were weeping, not from pain but because their husbands and brothers and fathers had stayed behind to fight and were most likely hacked to bits!

Rat led the blind band to the first chaos militia patrol she found and together the weeping women explained what had happened and wailed lament for their menfolk!

***

Violet huddled fearfully with her dad's household as riots and gun battles raged outside, terrified for Patrick's safety!

Her father Sigmund had been conscripted with all the other reserve militia fighters really early this morning and 15 hours later had still not returned! They had locked and barricaded the door but it sounded like a firefight was raging right outside the door!

Outside she heard men shouting "FOR THE EMPEROR" and the screams of the dying!

The minds outside the door were filled with xenophobic fanaticism and hatred of all things chaos.

"KILL THE MUTANT, BURN THE HERETIC, PURGE THE UNCLEAN!" Bellowed a psychotic demagogue right outside the door!

The women screamed and Patrick started a high pitched cheeping of fear, his instinctive cry he made when he sensed danger! Men outside the door heard them and started banging on the door!

"Shut up you fools!" Pamela hissed at the women in an uncharacteristic display of leadership.

The women responded to the surprising authority in Pamela's voice and quieted down. Patrick refused to be quiet so Pamela snatched him from Violet's arms lightning fast, Violet feeling a slight scratch to her skin in the process! Violet squawked in horror but suddenly she swooned unconscious and passed out.

***
When Violet regained consciousness she observed a scene of terrible slaughter, dead bodies were all around her!

All of the bed slaves were dead, as were dozens of armed men bedecked in crude highly visible imperial symbols! Violet screamed in horror to find Patrick and got up frantically!

She looked around and saw Patrick cheeping agitatedly in Pamela's arms, he was absolutely terrified! Pamela herself was weeping in terror, hiding behind a pile of metal boxes and clinging to Patrick for dear life, her mind was unhinged with terror for Patrick's safety and Violet wept in relief that Patrick was ok!

Violet scrambled over to Pamela and snatched Patrick from her numb hands, hugging him desperately! His mind was absolutely frantic with fear, images of terrible violence, but he was too young to remember what he had seen and heard clearly, only had emotions and a blur of colour and movement.

For some reason he was giving his "predator nearby" cheep (Violet's maternal instincts somehow recognised this particular cheep from instinct alone) and it was directed at Pamela for some reason. Violet read Pamela's mind suspiciously but their was no danger at all hinted in her mind, merely terrible fear and shock from the fighting.

Violet had calmed down slightly but Patrick was going absolutely mental, getting more frantic whenever Violet moved him closer to Pamela!

Violet couldn't figure out what had him so freaked out. His infant mind had clearly seen Pamela do something that had made him think that Pamela was REALLY dangerous, but he had already forgotten what he had seen, he only remembered that he now associated Pamela with being dangerous.

Violet eyed Pamela suspiciously but there really was nothing at all threatening about the woman. She was rocking weakly back and forth in shock and trembling all over. Her mind contained a blur of incomplete memory, most of it blocked out as was normal for victims of extremely traumatic events.

From what little coherent memory Violet could read, Violet had swooned and fainted, and Pamela had frantically grabbed Patrick out of Violet's arms as she fell. Violet actually remembered this part, though she had thought the exact details were different... Well it was certainly true that both accounts were identical in that Pamela had grabbed Patrick and that Violet had fainted, so Violet shrugged and accepted Pamela's version of it.

After grabbing Patrick, Pamela had fled behind the metal boxes as men burst into the room and the men had gunned down every other woman in the room. At least it seemed that way from the chaotic snippets that hadn't been blocked out, her memory was a wild blur of violence and screaming.

From the shot up bodies of the men on the floor, it seemed that the men had entered the apartment and then been themselves gunned down by chaos forces! Violet frantically looked through the door and saw shot up and stabbed bodies from both sides choking the corridor outside!

It was eerily quiet outside, it looked like all the combatants from both sides had taken so many casualties that they had both either simultaneously retreated or completely killed each other to a man!

Violet fled into a maintenance crawl space in the wall of the corridor before the men with guns
came back and Pamela numbly followed her, still deeply in shock but terrified of being alone right now.

Patrick let out warning cheeps so frantically that Violet had to insist (futilely) that Pamela keep her distance lest the noise attract the armed men!

"Patrick, what is wrong with you! You need to shut up! Stop cheeping or the bad men will find you!" Violet frantically pleaded Patrick telepathically, but the infant refused to be silent unless Pamela kept out of his psychic senses range (a few meters)!

Violet despaired and went ever deeper into the guts of the crawl spaces and didn't stop until she was confident that no one would hear the frenzied cheeping!

She didn't notice the complete lack of any sounds of fighting...

***

Inquisitor Horatio Hoffman was extremely irritated by the latest reports from his telepathic agents hidden on the chaos apocalypse class battleship "Midnight Scream", the imperial forces were now clearly attacking each other!

This was EXACTLY why the Officio Assassinorum should be answerable to the Imperial Inquisition!

The shadowy clandestine Officio Assassinorum was answerable to the high lords of Terra on the Imperial Senate alone, and regarded themselves as above the Inquisition!

They had always had an extremely narrow scope of their duties to the Emperor, obeying their orders to the letter even if it meant blatantly fighting against wider imperial strategy! It was always about killing their target, even if it required absolutely insanely counterproductive means of doing it!

Indeed it was said that the Officio Assassinorum would kill the Emperor himself if doing so would help them kill their target! This might be said in jest but it carried more than a grain of truth in it!

The imperial assassins on the Midnight Scream had been sent by the Imperial Senate themselves to assassinate Egg Sevenson, and as far as they were concerned this was the ONLY worthwhile thing that they believed they could do to serve the Emperor.

The problem was that servants of the Inquisition had been organising the enslaved imperial citizens onboard to capture the Midnight Scream in a bloody mutiny in order to drop it out of the warp so that the Inquisition could capture millions of chaos worshippers for interrogation to help them find out everything they possibly could about the foe they were fighting, ultimately letting Egg Sevenson be found more quickly!

The single minded short sighted assassins had apparently had other ideas and instead decided that the Midnight Scream being captured by the imperium would hinder their own mission, so they had slaughtered all the ring leaders of the mutiny attempt as well as thousands of imperial citizens who were doing their duty to the Emperor!

Needless to say, the Imperial Senate would be getting a VERY stormy astropathically delivered letter from Inquisitor Hoffman, a very very strongly worded letter indeed!

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Chapter 27C

The entire (important) population of the Nightmare Asylum cheered as the engines roared to life and they were once more fully operational!

They were still mostly plugged airtight by hardened plastic foam alone but at least they could now jettison a lot of (now fully deuterium stripped) super heated sea water into the void of the warp by dropping the void shields for a moment. The sea water had removed terawatts of heat with it and now the Nightmare Asylum was a comfortable temperature once again!

A lot of repairs still needed to be done of course, and it would be a long time before everything was perfect, but they now had (tenuously) regained full operation of all (important) ship systems and could (sort of) hold their own in a battle if necessary.

Laughing triumphantly Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson ordered his flagship to rejoin the rest of the fleet, he would finally bring some order to this whole string of debacles!

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Egg's head hurt terribly as she sat with the rest of the family at the end of another gruelling day of mind training. They were watching another Tiberius Caesar collection film, a cartoon movie from the late second millennium called "Aladdin".

"What a stupid waste of wishes", Augusta grumbled when it was over, "the only person who used the wishes properly was Jafar, and even he didn't get it right!"

"His last wish was logically impossible anyway." Egg said simply, her brain now so stretched from logic exercises that she could spot a logical fallacy a mile away.

"Why not?" Augusta asked sounding disappointed.

"Because the first genie was already all powerful, it is impossible for him to make Jafar all powerful as well. If you have a pair of all powerful genies then they both cease to be all powerful. Being all powerful means by definition that nothing is beyond your power, but a second genie just as powerful as you would be himself beyond your power to overpower... The best the two genies could do is stalemate each other by exerting equally infinite power in opposition to each other, meaning that logically NEITHER of the genies is by definition all powerful any more." Egg explained.

"What the fuck are you talking about? You are hurting my head!" Augusta complained.

"Also why are they both trapped in lamps and have limitations if they are all powerful? It's logically impossible unless the genie simply chooses the protocols he operates by and just lied about having no choice about it? Maybe the genie is just a complete dork who gets off on his silly rules?" Egg added with a giggle.

"Stop it, my head hurts now!" Augusta insisted grouchily.

"Oh that's nothing, I do stuff a thousand times worse than this 12 hours a day, that's why my head always hurts." Egg complained.
There was silence for a while before Mandy spoke up.

"Jafar's second wish also didn't make sense, it should have made him at least as powerful as you Egg." Mandy offered.

"Actually not true, it was set some time in the ancient past before humans left Terra. The statistical chance of a child being born as an Alpha Plus is like approximately one in every 20-100 trillion live human births, or maybe even less common than even that! Back then they didn't have anywhere near enough people to produce a single Alpha Plus, it is very possible that he was the most powerful sorcerer in the human world at the time. Personally I thought that turning into a giant snake was AWESOME!" Egg said nerdily.

"Can you turn into a giant snake?" Mandy asked with a giggle.

"I can't think why I wouldn't be able to, I will put it on my to do list." Egg giggled.

"I liked the songs", Mum (Octavia) added to the discussion.

"What happened to the guy at the start who was trying to sell stuff, the guy with the big animal with the big hump on its back? He was telling the story of the lamp and the movie never returned to him." Liling pointed out.

The rest of them said "oh yeah, I forgot about him" to each other and wondered what happened to him.

"Aladdin" was the second "Disney" cartoon movie they had watched so far. The first had been "Beauty and the Beast" and the girls had all spent the entire film drooling over the character "Gaston" and ignoring most of the other characters.

With so little else to do in their spare time they watched a lot of movies as well as fleet news channels. The news in the fleet was grim, the assassins were still at large on the "Midnight Scream" and apparently the ship had put down a massive mutiny! On the whole, movies were far less stressful than the news!

"What if the first genie destroyed himself at the exact moment that he made Jafar all powerful, would that make Jafar all powerful?" Liling asked after a pause.

"Yes that would work perfectly in making Jafar all powerful, the only problem is that the genie refuses to kill anyone. He can't kill himself either by that stipulation." Egg explained.

"What if he just gave up his own power rather than killing himself, would that solve the problem?" Liling asked.

"Wow Liling you are really smart, I didn't even think of that! Yes that would work perfectly!" Egg exclaimed in amazement.

"What should we watch next?" Mum asked.

"Let's watch Beauty and the Beast again, but just skip to only the bits with Gaston." Egg giggled.

"You know that he 5 dozen eggs every morning." Mandy giggled suggestively, playing on Egg's name.

"I would let Gaston eat any part of my anatomy that he likes!" Egg said naughtily.
The others exploded in laughter and giggles until Augusta ruined it by stupidly suggested that Gaston could be Egg's next fiancé and the room went deadly quiet. Egg was quiet for the rest of the night after that, remembering Pedo, and that night she cried herself to sleep. Stupid Augusta!

***

Caligula and the relative handful of other survivors returned pitifully to "Little Brighton Sea", they were the lucky ones. Thousands of others had not been so lucky!

The inquisition storm troopers were all dead, as was every other leader of any kind in the militant mob of imperial citizens! They had all been picked off in mad bloodbaths that left no witnesses!

Caligula and the others had no idea what had killed them, the complete lack of witnesses was terrifying! It must be the Night Lords, they were feared everywhere for terror tactics like this! Caligula and the other survivors were now far too terrified to even think of starting a mutiny again, they were completely demoralised and intimidated.

The only reason that Caligula was still alive was the blind luck that he had not been present near any of the mob leaders at the time that they were killed. It seemed that everyone who had died had been a witness to whatever killed the leaders, all of the survivors were not witnesses so had apparently been spared!

They had been so close to victory too! They had nearly reached the warp drive when suddenly they were so inexplicably slaughtered! They had burned every chaos temple on the ship, slaughtered multitudes of chaos worshippers and been so CLOSE to victory!

And it wasn't just the citizens of Cocowango who had been decimated, more than half of the population on this ship were "slaves", imperial citizens taken prisoner from a score of different worlds. The largest group of them came from some hive world near the Tau empire called "Blue Husko", but they were simply a large minority out of multitudes of smaller minority groups. Every single one of these groups of imperial citizens that had been involved in the fighting had been brutally decimated.

The bodies were absolutely ripped to pieces, frequently cut in half or brutally shot in the head with a weapon that exploded their skulls! Weirdly enough chaos forces were also among the victims, but only if they were present to witness whatever had caused all the carnage. Apparently the Night Lords REALLY did not like any witnesses, even if they were their own forces!

Caligula slumped down on the floor of Little Brighton Sea and groaned in despair. They had failed in their war against the Emperor's foes!

The only plus side he could see at all was that with fewer mouths to feed they would all get a bigger share of the crop of mushrooms growing in the sewerage!

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Patrick was still going mental as Violet and Pamela huddled together in the safety of the crawl space, but Violet ignored him. For whatever reason he seemed to think that the harmless gentle bimbo bed slave was horrifyingly dangerous.

Obviously in the terrible violence of people being gunned down in the apartment room Patrick had erroneously associated all that carnage with Pamela! Very young bird mutant chicks like Patrick were little more than a mass of instincts and were really not very smart.

Violet relaxed as Pamela wrapped her warm arms around her reassuringly from behind, Violet
leaned back heavily into the soft warmth of the bed slave's voluptuous body with a sigh of contentment.

Pamela had really been Violet's rock in all of this and Violet now trusted her completely. She had saved Patrick's life and seemed obsessed with continuing to keep Patrick safe, and in Violet's book that made Pamela absolutely wonderful! The act of saving Patrick's life while Violet was unconscious had earned Violet's absolute trust.

"When this is all over, I think that I will buy you Pamela. You really came through for Patrick in his time of need and I want you by his side all the time from now on." Violet told Pamela seriously.

Pamela choked up with emotion and started to cry happy tears. She thanked Violet profusely, saying that she would dearly love to be a nanny for Patrick.

"My father will not be happy, but I only have to mention that I will complain to TigerLily if he refuses and he will fold like the spineless coward he is." Violet laughed.

Pamela laughed too and looked the happiest that Violet had ever seen her.

***

Sigmund felt more terrible than he had ever since TigerLily stopped being a regular part of his life! He had come home after a night and a day of wetting himself in a live combat zone to find everything he cared about dead on the floor of his apartment!

He wailed as he hugged the dead bodies of his beautiful bed slaves! He had loved every single one of these girls!

He had searched everywhere for Pamela's body but she was nowhere to be found. Violet and her chick were not among the dead either, which to Sigmund's surprise caused him profound relief. He hadn't even known it but he had apparently felt real paternal love for his daughter and grandson.

"We are fine father, Patrick and Pamela have escaped with me deep into a crawl space. We are actually a little bit lost to be honest and not even sure what deck we are on right now." Violet's psychic voice said in Sigmund's mind.

Sigmund wept in relief that they were all ok, especially that Pamela was ok! He absolutely loved that girl and had even considered marrying her, she was the love of his life even among his many girls!

Sigmund had a complete mental meltdown as the conflicting emotions of grief for his dead girls and joy over the survivors battled each other in his mind. This was all just too much for him!

In the end grief won out and he continued clinging to his dead lovers and weeping with grief. He knew that he needed to pull himself together to go and rescue his living, but he was just too distraught to move!

Feeling more pathetic than ever before in his life he cried like a little girl over his dead slaves, even as a real little girl who needed him right now was being far braver than him! Violet had been right, he really was a loser after all!

***

Augusta was bored out of his mind in this penthouse, he was trapped in here with only a bunch of
females for company!

He had fucked both Liling and Mandy until his balls were totally empty and now he had to wait until his balls refilled before he could use sex to entertain himself once more!

He was getting really behind in his training too! The penthouse did not have a firing range, training course, heck it didn't even have a gym! Not a single weight to lift, not a single weapon to train with!

He had done every type of exercise he could think of that didn't require equipment, push-ups, one arm push-ups, fucking one arm HANDSTAND push-ups even! No end of squats and running around the penthouse. He had lifted up everything in the apartment as a weight, including all the girls, but it just wasn't the same as a nice 300kg barbell.

He was quite capable of lifting 250kg weights in the gym, but the combined weight of every girl in the penthouse put together was less than this! There just wasn't anything heavy enough to satisfy his growing muscles!

He had read everything his training required him to read for the next few months and he had already passed all his theory exams for this entire semester on the cogitator months before the due dates! What he needed was PRACTICAL training for getting ready for actual battle as a full space marine one day!

He did 1000 single arm handstand push-ups on each arm with Mandy climbed on his legs just for something to do, but it was barely even a workout. His gene seed organs had reshaped his muscle tissues into something far stronger than natural human muscle fibres, and these pitiful workouts didn't even work up a sweat!

Mandy however seemed impressed and looked at his bulging muscles lustfully and licked his biceps erotically. If Augusta had any cum left in him he would have found this arousing, but at the moment his balls ached far too much to even think about sex right now.

Augusta brushed Mandy off disinterestedly and wandered the penthouse apartment for something to do.

Mum and Liling were energetically scissoring and screaming their heads off in pleasure, Egg was studying hard in her soundproof booth, and Mandy was pestering Augusta for sex and attention. The drones in the penthouse were all on standby mode, every chore was already done, and everything was doing what it was supposed to be doing.

He was sick of watching TV and movies right now, bored with the cogitator and utterly starved of something interesting to do. To kill some time he fingered Mandy to orgasm, but his heart really wasn't in it, this was just BORING!

Not able to stand his boredom anymore Augusta washed his hands, ditched Mandy, and entered Egg's soundproof booth and sat down next to her.

"Hi brother, what's up?" Egg asked cheerfully, apparently more than happy to be interrupted from her painful mental reshaping.

"I'm bored out of my mind little sister, I can't stand it!" Augusta told her with feeling.

Egg cuddled him sweetly and reached up and kissed him on the cheek. Augusta smiled at the gesture, he deeply loved his littlest sister, was loyal to her. She was extremely sweet natured and endearing, able to put Augusta's mind at ease in a way that few others could.
"What are you doing right now?" Augusta asked Egg curiously.

"Right now I am working on an exercise that asks me to try to visualise a place with completely impossible and contradictory rules of logic and try to make objects in this place do things that violates their own laws of logic until my head hurts so much that I want to scream!" Egg explained unhappily.

"Just thinking about that makes my head hurt already!" Augusta exclaimed with a shudder.

"Yeah, that's the whole point. I have to stretch my poor brain as much as I possibly can without going completely mad in the process. It wants me to be in mental agony all the time so the drugs can reshape my mind!" Egg pouted unhappily.

"Will that actually let you use your powers safely?" Augusta asked curiously.

"I hope so, my mind is already a lot more flexible now and can be stretched a lot more than previously. I'm also much more resistant to mental strain. All of this will help me contain my powers far better than last time." Egg said optimistically.

Augusta nodded and watched as Egg resumed her exercises. He read what she was reading and quickly got a terrible migraine trying to bend his mind the way it asked him to. This was just cruel to poor little Egg to make her do this mental torture 12 hours a day.

Augusta welled up deep inside his dull heart with sympathy for Egg and decided that it was his duty to take her mind off this horrible mental torture with a good dose of her favourite PHYSICAL torture.

Without warning he pinned Egg down and started tickling her ribs and belly mercilessly. Egg squawked with shock and surprise and instantly started laughing frantically.

Augusta looked at his dear little sister lovingly and tickled her so hard that she couldn't get a single word out past her laughter, he would save her from her studies for a few hours!

***

Egg was squealing with laughter as Augusta tickled her, oh Slaanesh it tickled BAD! She couldn't get a word out past her frenzied laughter!

The booth she was in was soundproof so the others wouldn't be able to hear and come to her rescue! She was totally screwed!

Her brother had her totally pinned down so she couldn't escape and his impossibly strong fingers did not even budge as she desperately tugged on them, remorselessly digging into her ribs and tummy!

All thought was driven out of her mind by the sheer ticklishness of the killer tickles, it completely overwhelmed her! She was a living fit of laughter, absolutely frantic!

It was utterly unbearable, yet at the same time she found it intensely pleasurable. She felt a weird feeling in her pussy, but it was a nice kind of weird. Masochistic pleasure filled her desperately frantic brain.

Egg had grown up being tickled a lot, and she really did mean a LOT!

She had grown up in a Slaanesh worshipping culture, raised by a pair of devout pleasure mad
Slaanesh worshippers. What Slaanesh worshipping cultures basically did was take things that were ok within certain limits or moderations, and then push these things to such extremes that it became what most other human cultures would consider perverse.

The tickling of children was a classic example. In pretty much all ("normal") cultures the galaxy over, children got tickled by both adults and other children in moderation as a normal part of child bonding dynamics. In Slaanesh worshipping cultures they did this too, but they did it to such extremes that it became excessive to the point of being what most people would consider a vice!

Egg had not merely been tickled growing up, she had had the absolute complete SHIT tickled out of her! Endless hours of terrible merciless tickling! And just as many hours tickling other children in turn!

She had grown up playing hundreds of different tickling games of varying levels of inappropriate and sadistic. Tie-up tickle games, the tummy stroke game, the toe giggler game, huge amounts of bondage games involving excessive amounts of tickling, just endless different games of all sorts that involved hours of laughing and peeing yourself!

Augusta had already informed her that he planned to tickle her for at least two hours this time around, and this was considered an appropriate length of time to spend tickling a screaming child in Slaanesh culture. Egg herself didn't see anything inappropriate or abusive about what Augusta was doing, he was just an older brother tickling his little sister the way that older brothers do.

Egg herself had tied Augusta up many times in chairs or other bits of furniture back before he was old enough to receive his first gene seed organs, and had usually spent similar lengths of time tickling him (usually helped by Mandy and Violet). Even after he wet himself she didn't stop tickling him, this was just culturally appropriate amongst her people.

Egg squealed with the most extreme ticklish laughter, frantic to escape but equally yearning for it to continue. This had happened countless times before and Egg knew exactly what to expect.

But this time something was different.

Egg was 11 years old and slowly creeping inexorably towards her distant 12th birthday. And her body was experiencing some recent changes. Egg was feeling different recently, really for a long time now she had been noticing changes in herself, but they were really getting stronger now.

She still hadn't yet had the bird mutant equivalent of her first menstrual period yet, but if she knew that it could happen anytime now over the next 12 months. Her nipples had gotten tender recently and she had tiny little lumps growing under them that got slightly bigger every morning.

It wasn't just the physical changes she noticed either, her thoughts and feelings were changing too. She seemed to notice boys now in a way that she hadn't before, fantasising about having cute boys kiss her on the lips! In fact, she imagined them doing a lot more than just kissing her!

And right now as Augusta was tickling her absolutely to insanity, Egg felt a strange desire to have him do more than just tickle her! He was currently tickling her stomach but what she really wanted was for him to tickle a few inches south of her belly!

Egg was far too shy to ask Augusta to tickle her pussy, and even if she wasn't she couldn't get a word out past her laughter anyway! She was absolutely shrieking hysterically with laughter, never given a moment of rest to get a word out!

It was absolutely tormenting her, driving her mad, but she wanted MORE!
Augusta’s bulging muscles excited her. Ever since watching "Beauty and the Beast" Egg had had a massive crush on the muscular hunk "Gaston". Egg imagined that Augusta's muscular arms that were tickling her were actually the arms of Gaston and she felt a wonderful tingling in her vagina. The thought that "Gaston is tickling me" was just so pleasant and exciting!

Despite shrieking with laughter and frantically wanting to use her hands to protect her ticklish body, Egg felt an even stronger desire to touch her own pussy. It tingled invitingly and Egg curiously touched her pussy. It felt FANTASTIC!

Egg put her hand inside her colourful panties and touched the outside surface of her pussy. It was all wet and slimy! It was so gross! She hadn't yet peed herself and it was the wrong consistency for pee anyway. This stuff felt like some sort of slippery snot!

She was deeply curious and grossed out by the pussy snot, but Augusta's hideously potent tickling was far too distracting to investigate it! She was now absolutely frantic in a frenzy of laughter, tickled so fucking badly!

Unable to do anything else, Egg imagined that Gaston was the one tickling her and started to rub her slimy pussy outer surface all over with a fingertip. It felt FANTASTIC!

Egg had never felt anything that felt so good before! This was different from every other time she had played with her pussy. This was NEW and oh my Slaanesh this was INTENSE!

The wonderful perfect amazing feeling of pleasure increased as "Gaston" tickled her. The pleasure grew so powerful that it even displaced the terrible tickling from her mind and her frenzied laughter was replaced by an involuntary bird mating call!

Squawking and shrieking her bird mating call Egg bucked her pelvis and threw back her head as her very first true orgasm overwhelmed her brain and exploded in a shocking supernova of pleasure! It just went on and on in an endless wave of the most wonderful pleasure for what was probably only 30 seconds but felt like an ETERNITY!!

Egg stretched out in relaxation as she came down from her dizzying heights of pleasure and felt an overwhelming urge to cuddle and talk.

It was then that the pleasure high got low enough for Egg to notice that Augusta had not stopped tickling her and she was once more screaming with laughter!

Oh sweet holy Slaanesh, he really was going to make her go the entire 2-3 hours! And she was now even more ticklish than before after the orgasm! Oh fuck this was going to be a fucking ticklish few hours!!!

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Wendy sighed in delight as she hung suspended by ropes from the ceiling of the Lee Family Dominatrix Guild facility. A number of Dominatrices were enthusiastically beating her bound naked body with flexible rods and canes like a piñata.

Wendy had waited for Mistress Octavia as long as she reasonably could but it had now been several weeks and Wendy just couldn't hold out any longer.

Slaanesh only knew how long Mistress Octavia would be gone for, but it could be as much as 10 years! Wendy simply couldn't wait that long, she needed a Dominatrix just so that she could function properly!
Wendy couldn't even communicate with her wife at all, it was hopeless! The marriage had had a good run, and out of loyalty Wendy would wait a little bit longer before filling for divorce, but she was already on the hunt for her next Dominatrix wife to replace Mistress Octavia.

Mistress Octavia the free by marriage wife would lose her freedom status the moment that Wendy divorced her and would once again be Wendy's slave. When she finally returned she would resume her former role as Wendy's dedicated tickling slave and would stay a part of the children's lives.

Wendy felt guilty about this to be honest. She was being extremely disloyal to have given up after only a few weeks! But she had no choice! A Slaanesh Champion simply cannot be expected to remain sexually faithful for this long without so much as a call or even an email!

Wendy now needed to sample every unmarried professional Dominatrix on the ship to determine the best one. Once she had an absolute favourite Wendy would date the chosen Dominatrix for a suitable length of time, allow the Dominatrix to woo her and then marry her.

This extremely fun task would take time, giving every pro Domme a chance to play with her, and it would then take even more time to grow the new relationship to the point of marriage. Mistress Octavia had until the last minute to return before Wendy divorced her.

Wendy moaned in pain as she was beaten, without a job to go to she just spent almost every waking moment hiring pro Dommes to beat and dominate the absolute shit out of her! Her entire body was a perpetual angry bruise and it was absolutely heavenly!

As a billionaire Wendy was the most desirable woman on the ship to the pro Domme population, and ALL of them were now coming out of the woodwork in a desperate feeding frenzy to fight over her!

This would be a good thing in the long run, Mistress Octavia would be able to submit to the new wife along side Wendy, they would be submissive sisters again! The new wife could tickle the absolute shit out of Octavia even as she beat Wendy and it would be just like the good old days!

Octavia was still part of the family and Wendy would never just get rid of her. The kids for one wouldn't stand for Octavia being mistreated and she would be well cared for by the Sevenson family in general.

This wasn't the end, it was just a new beginning in a relationship that would endure for centuries!

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Chapter 28

Chapter 28C

Glans Abernathy excitedly read the latest astrophatically delivered letter from his wife Rat, he missed her so much that it hurt!

The letter was extremely erotic, describing in detail everything his wife wanted to do to him in bed and Glans immediately cummed himself from sheer excitement!

His teenage son "Gonorrhoea Abernathy" read the letter over his shoulder and became extremely embarrassed. Glans ignored the teenage embarrassment and openly masturbated over the letter.

Gonorrhoea sat down on the mouldy pile of rotting trash that served as the family lounge chair and resumed his prayers to Nurgle.

To Glans's mild disappointment his son had chosen to worship Nurgle rather than Slaanesh. It was hardly surprising, Rat was the only one who really put any work into raising the child and was the only one to regularly take him to chaos temple services. The brat was of course still perfectly happy to visit the temple of Slaanesh to have sex with the teenage girls, but he had no interest in worshipping Slaanesh!

Glans put down the letter and returned his attention to the female cadaver that he had "borrowed" from work. She was absolutely beautiful, decomposing erotically on the filthy floor!

Glans got naked and penetrated the cadaver's maggoty pussy with his rock hard cock!

"That's fucking disgusting! If you MUST cheat on Mum with dead bodies can you at least not do it in front of me!" Gonorrhoea exclaimed in utter revulsion.

Glans ignored his prude of a son and had a fantastic time making passionate love to the rotting body. His permanently infected cock exploded with cum inside the rotting pussy and he groaned in the orgasmic pain and pleasure of the semen burning past his infected urethra!

Glans rolled over onto the furry turf of mould that covered his floor and breathed in the wonderful stink of everything around him. His apartment was a place of heavenly eroticism!

Slaanesh protected Glans from the worst health consequences of his life of excess in his extremely unhygienic fetishes. The apartment was such a biological hazard that even the rats that entered dropped down dead shortly afterwards from all the thick mould spores colonising their lungs!

The entire apartment was full of the liquefying remains of the cadavers Glans kept bringing home and he and Rat joyfully smeared this liquid filth on every wall, floor and ceiling in the entire apartment. It was so fucking sexy, spreading the intoxicating perfume of rotting cadavers to every part of the apartment!

The thick smears grew dense forests of the most exquisitely revolting furry moulds in a mosaic of blues and greens and greys and yellows and browns, and these moulds released so many spores into the air that it was hazy and hard to see through the thick cloud of spores.

Sometimes people who visited dropped down dead before even entering the open front door, and Glans joyfully fucked their corpses and added their liquified remains to the mould gardens!
His work required him to be decontaminated in an anti-spore gas chamber before they even let him in the recycling centre, and only the threat of being fired from his wonderful job caused him to maintain even the bare minimum of hygiene before coming to work each day!

Glans was excited today, the Nightmare Asylum was now en route to rendezvous with the rest of the fleet in the warp somewhere halfway between the ship and the rest of the fleet. ALL the other ships were turning around now and we're racing to meet them so that it took only half as long to meet up!

That meant that he could soon be reunited with his beloved wife! Surely the assassins would be dealt with now the the Chaos Lord was getting into the fight?

***

Indigo sighed in pleasure as Ketut kissed her, it felt so wonderful!

The silly man had been undeterred by her dire warnings about the lethality of her smelly farts and had insisted on courting Indigo.

The kisses felt absolutely amazing and Indigo was getting quite flustered. He did this thing with his tongue that melted away all her resistance, it felt incredible! Indigo responded passionately to the tongue in her mouth and turned her head slightly sideways to kiss even more deeply!

"This a bad time huh?" TigerLily smirked in Indigos mind.

"Please not now! Go away!" Indigo psychically pleaded with her sister.

"Chappie is just about to interrupt you anyway." TigerLily chortled.

Moments later as promised the odious pet burst in on the kissing and said the only two words he ever liked to say, "Feed Me"!

Both Indigo and Ketut shooed the tyranid away but by the time he left them alone the moment was totally ruined! Before they could even try to rebuild the mood, TigerLily teleported into the room.

"What are your intentions with my sister?" TigerLily asked as if she was a protective sister.

Ketut stammered to answer but Indigo beat him to it.

"His intention is hopefully to pound my pussy till I can barely walk and I warmly encourage him to do so!" Indigo said with a combination of exasperated jest and complete seriousness.

Ketut spluttered with embarrassment and after a lot of awkwardness he took his leave and left!

"I was on a date! How could you do that to me!" Indigo demanded indignantly!

"2 reasons, firstly it was fucking hilarious, secondly I need your advice about Violet." TigerLily replied with a smirk.

"Couldn't you wait until AFTER I finished enjoying my date with the nice man!?!" Indigo exclaimed angrily.

"He will be back, even a non-psyker could read that that guy is really into you. This is my only window of time before I must return to guard Luke, I only have a few minutes and wanted to see you." TigerLily insisted.
"Fine, what's up with Violet?" Indigo asked.

"In all your correspondence with her have you heard anything at all that made you suspicious? She somehow survived a lethal firefight in very unlikely circumstances and has then purchased a new slave that she is suddenly best friends with off my ex husband. It's really fucking suspicious." TigerLily explained.

Indigo pondered this, it certainly was a weird chain of events. But Violet was still alive as a consequence of these events and that was a good thing.

"I agree that it is a good thing that fortune smiles on my firstborn daughter Violet, but do you think that something suspicious is going on?" TigerLily pressed.

"You think that this Pamela is a Callidus Assassin?" Indigo questioned her bluntly.

"I'm not sure! I wish I knew! It could all be a coincidence but I can't risk digging too deeply into the matter with Violet just in case Pamela IS a Callidus Assassin! If she is then she will kill Violet or take her hostage to get to Egg if she thinks that her cover is blown! I can't take that risk!" TigerLily said agitatedly.

"Suppose for arguments sake that Pamela IS an assassin, what does this mean for Violet?" Indigo asked.

"It means that for as long as Violet is useful, she will be protected by one of the most awesome bodyguards in the galaxy. As soon as she is not useful, Violet is dead meat." TigerLily said.

"Then we had better make Violet appear as useful as possible." Indigo stated gravely.

"Yes, that would make her much much safer." TigerLily agreed.

***

On the nearby daemon world of Aumaom, the local contingent of the Iron Warriors faction known as "the Steel Brethren" watched the unfolding naval chess match between the Night Lords and the Inquisition with interest. It was extremely entertaining to watch.

(Authors note on cannon details: the Steel Brethren actually exists in cannon fluff as a currently existing warband of Iron Warriors formed in mid M34 and existent to this day. Very little is known about them beyond the major wars they took part in and the fact that the primarch of the Iron Warriors really doesn't like them very much and had them exiled from his realms for their part in the massive Iron Warriors civil war "the Dispute of Iron" in M34 that killed a shitload of the legion's forces. That in mind I am using a bit of artistic license in portraying them.)

The Iron Warriors had by far the best technology of any chaos space marine legion and their advanced sensor technology could quite easily penetrate the crude stealth measures the Inquisition fleet was employing. Of course the Night Lords lacked these advanced sensors and ignorantly thought it was only the single Retribution class battleship "Dictator of Righteousness" that they faced, but they were fools.

The Steel Brethren knew all about this "Egg Sevenson", and they had desperate need of her for themselves! With a fully trained Alpha Plus psyker in their arsenal they could undo the terrible shame of their exile and return triumphant to their primarch Perturabo and take their rightful place by his side on the legion capital world of Medrengard in the Eye of Terror!

With the Alpha Plus under their control they could do ANYTHING! They destroy their many
enemies, humble their own Primarch even and destroy the false Emperor on his golden throne! They would drown the galaxy in blood and take their rightful place as lords of the galaxy!

Unfortunately to do that they needed this psyker alive and even their own advanced sensors could not pinpoint her precise location. Simply shooting down ships to look for her might kill her in the process. Also it would be wise to avoid doing anything to annoy the Alpha Plus or she might turn her powers against them.

Much as it galled the Steel Brethren they would have to enter into an alliance with the Night Lords to get at their prize. And the Night Lords would be currently VERY motivated find friendly forces to ally with!

Aumaom was the only safe port the Night Lords would find in this entire sector at the moment. It was a warp enshrouded daemon world that the Inquisition fleet couldn't touch with their Exterminatus attacks. The chaos gods themselves directly protected this planet and would simply physically transmute any cyclonic torpedoes launched into harmless lumps of inertia lead.

Even the Inquisition would have great difficulty reaching the Night Lords here on and around Aumaom!

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There was then a brief delay as the message travelled to the distant envoy and then returned. The Iron Warriors had a scout vessel some light years away and the distance was causing some delays even in the faster than light communication of the warp.

"Yes", the envoy's reply came through, "we have a common cause against the Inquisition and offer you a safe port at Aumaom and the aid of our forces."

Luke found this offer to be overly generous for the Iron Warriors, certainly more polite than their usual rudeness in dealing with other people. Luke was not a complete idiot and saw instantly that the Iron Warriors were desperate for something the Royal family fleet carried, either their stolen Tau technology or even more likely they wanted to acquire Egg.

Luke delayed further discussion with the envoy and called an immediate meeting of all of his senior space marines and military advisers.

The meeting went for many hours and included the usual shouting and colourful name calling but also an adequate amount of serious discussion about this extremely important decision. As it became clear that more and more people were affected by this, more and more Royal family members on the Nightmare Asylum were called in and briefed.

It steadily grew into one of the most colourful and memorable meetings in recent history and several new swear words were invented at this meeting. Mothers were insulted, details about genitals were insinuated, and tempers flared in bellowing shouting matches. But out of this display of gross emotional immaturity, they finally got the chaos spawned rage out of their systems and had one of their more sensible meetings policy wise.

The Sevenson family had a proud history of making extremely questionable decisions based largely on emotions, but for once they narrowly avoided their usual incompetence and agreed on a fairly sensible decision. They would accept the Steel Brethren's help, but the Night Lords would accept it
on their own terms.

The envoy was less than impressed with the Night Lords terms, but accepted them as Luke had always known he would. The Steel Brethren would absolutely kiss Luke's ass to get the chance to borrow the use of Egg once she was fully trained.

***

Indigo was on another date with Ketut and this time she had given TigerLily (and Chappie too) very strict instructions not to interrupt her this time!

All the charity work was done for the day, she had a notebook and writing implement handy to write down any astropathic message from Violet in her second job as Wendy's personal hired astropath, and she now had a few sweet hours of free time to enjoy the kisses of the charming Ketut.

She was all dolled up, she had condoms, her cleavage was low and she had told her mother not to wait up tonight!

Ketut had taken her out to a (partially repaired) nice restaurant in one of the trendy but affordable decks and it was absolutely perfect!

Indigo leaned in close and let Ketut place delicious chillies in her mouth, they tasted absolutely wonderful with her bird mutant inability to be affected by the spice in the chillies. This fruit was evolved specifically to taste good to birds (and only birds) and Indigo had never tasted anything so delicious.

Indigo used a trick she had seen the Slaanesh women use and maintained provocative eye contact with Ketut as she softly ate chillies out of his hand. Ketut was excited but the trick was quickly ruined when she almost choked on a chilli and had a coughing fit!

They both laughed a lot as soon as she recovered from the coughing fit, her failed attempt at seduction was ridiculous and hilarious. They moved closer as they laughed about the incident and they found themselves both leaning in for a perfect spontaneous kiss.

For a few seconds the kiss was absolutely wonderful until the super hot chilli spices from Indigo's mouth found their way into Ketut's mouth...

Some time later Indigo was in Ketut's apartment, though this itself was a miracle. That had to be one of the most disastrous dates in recorded history! Almost everything that could go wrong had gone wrong and, as often happens onboard public decks of a chaos controlled ship, the meal had been interrupted by a gunman shooting up the restaurant!

Indigo and Ketut (and everyone else in the restaurant) had hit the deck and hidden under the table as the heavy automatic fire sprayed through the restaurant at chest height. The ship's security forces had then driven off the gunman with shots of their own, but they hadn't killed him and he was still at large. The security forces probably would not go to any great trouble to attempt to apprehend him so long as he had not annoyed anyone in a position of power with his actions, that was just how "justice" worked here.

Indigo and Ketut were a bit shaken up by the near death experience, but he had still invited her inside and things had picked up. Indigo had very thoroughly swished her mouth clean with cheap distilled alcohol to make sure that her mouth was totally clean of chillies, and enough of the alcohol had absorbed through her mouth walls before she spat to lower Indigo's inhibitions slightly
without making her drunk.

And now Indigo's freshly cleaned mouth was playing host to Ketut's wonderful tongue!

Indigo sighed with pleasure and enthusiastically got into the kissing, it was all so perfect! Oh Tzeentch it was really going to happen, they were going to go all the way tonight!

Finally this time no one she knew would interrupt her, he was finally going to give her pussy the pounding it so desperately needed!

Ketut gently laid Indigo down on the bed, kissing her the entire time, and she trembled all over with yearning. His mind was empty, completely lost in the passion of the moment and this single mindedness excited her terribly!

Ketut started kissing her neck and she moaned, "oh Ketut, oh yes."

Ketut replied with mindless passion, "oh Rhonda," the name of his ex wife!!!!

***

TigerLily actually slightly peed herself a little bit from how hard she was laughing as she psychically eavesdropped on Indigo's date! Indigo's dates really were one of the highest forms of comedy!

TigerLily didn't even have to meddle much to keep the comedy show going, Indigo was perfectly capable of turning a date into a train wreck all on her own. The only really big thing TigerLily had done to meddle was to psychically force the gunman to deliberately miss hitting Indigo, redirecting the aim into the ceiling instead until she was safely hidden from view.

The rest of the meddling was just little things that she only used as needed to keep it funny. Chappie was on standby to gate crash the date again if it got too boring and TigerLily had a whole stockpile of other hilarious disasters lined up if necessary to mess with Indigo's personal life!

TigerLily rolled around on the floor laughing as Indigo's date steadily became an ever bigger train wreck. TigerLily was currently very very subtly using her psychic powers to prevent Ketut from getting an erection and Indigo's desperation was getting ever more frantic!

Tears of howling laughter ran down TigerLily's eyes as Ketut took a dose of male potency drugs and TigerLily changed tactics and gave him such an extreme erection that he had to go to the emergency station and have his dick drained with a HUGE needle!!!

TigerLily felt wonderful joy as the date finally ended, she really had needed a great laugh like that. The best jokes always were at other people's expense! TigerLily of course had no intention of really hurting Indigo and would always intervene to keep her safe, she just enjoyed secretly messing with her whenever it was funny.

"You seem in a good mood."
Luke said amused.

"Oh I feel wonderful, I have been watching my sister Indigo go on a date!" TigerLily psychically told him but was laughing too much to explain the details before Luke lost interest in the story.

TigerLily read Luke's mind after she recovered and sighed, he had other things on his mind. She stripped naked out of her Tzeentch sorceress robes and lay on top of the table with her legs spread as Luke removed the groin plate from his Terminator armour and released his massive erection.
As Chaos Lord Luke had sexual rights to every non-Royal family woman on the ship, including TigerLily. He was an absolute terror to the female staff of the command sections of the ship!

TigerLily telepathically grunted as Luke went in dry, oh Tzeentch that cock was fucking HUGE! She couldn't stand it, it was too big and she was too dry! It was PAINFUL! She squawked out to Tzeentch in prayers of dismay and, unusually, Tzeentch replied to her prayer.

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"You are not the only one who finds it hilarious to mess with other people's sex lives, I find your "train wreck" of a sex life to be the height of comedy!" Tzeentch smirked mockingly to TigerLily as she was brutally agonisingly fucked, it served the evil minded bitch right!

***

Agent Darkness looked at the tiny little baby in her arms and felt an extremely strong emotion stirring deep inside her heart... And the powerful deep overwhelming emotion she felt was... hatred.

The vile mutant abomination was a blasphemy against the Emperor, a filthy unclean creature of chaos! The more she looked at it the more she hated the detestable creature. She desperately wanted to kill the defenceless little thing in her arms, and kill it in a way that was both painful and undignified!

Not only was it unclean, it had SEEN her! Seen the real her, was a witness to her acts of murder! It had thankfully forgotten all the details before Violet regained consciousness from the tranquilliser, but it had formed a permanent neural pathway that remembered that she was extremely dangerous!

Even now the vile thing was relentlessly cheeping a high pitched distress call as Agent Darkness held it in her arms, it alone knew the terrible danger it was in and was calling in vain for its stupid mother to rescue it from Agent Darkness. Call out all you like little abomination, Agent Darkness thought, your stupid mother has been tricked into ignoring your cries!

Agent Darkness's body and false mind camouflage rigidly followed the script of the adoring newly reappointed nanny slave Pamela who deeply loved "Patrick". The discipline of her disguise was perfect, no one at all even suspected her.

A dark age of technology communications implant in Agent Darkness's brain buzzed as it received the latest report from the rest of her team and she sent a communication pulse of her own in reply. An entire team of Assassins from different temples were active on this ship and all of them were working together in constant contact.

It was Agent Darkness and her teammates who had slaughtered the hundreds of thousands of imperial forces between them. Agent Darkness herself had not had a big enough window of time to kill more than a few hundred people (all while holding the cheeping Patrick), but the Culexus Assassins had slaughtered hundreds of thousands between them!

It was unavoidable, the probability of mission success greatly decreased if the Midnight Scream became permanently separated from the rest of the fleet (which it would be if the Inquisition captured the ship). The slaughter had been the course of action most probable to result in maximum mission success probability.

The Clade Vanus infocyte onboard the Officio Assassinorum ship that was silently tailing the Midnight Scream through the warp sent a new information pulse with new intelligence information and Agent Darkness and her teammates returned pulses of acknowledgement.
The lost technology that allowed them to communicate used pulses of virtually undetectable neutrinos to send encrypted data packets that the forces of chaos lacked the technology to intercept. The neutrinos passed through all known materials (like the metal of the ship) as though it didn't even exist and were extraordinary difficult to detect without the dark age technology relics the assassins were currently using.

These neutrinos passed through the warp just as easily as they did through everything else and travelled at the speed of light (relative to distances in the warp) so could be used like radio waves to maintain real time communication with the tailing Officio Assassinorum ship.

For added security the pulses were encrypted in a code that even a super computer would struggle to crack, and the code changed every five minutes and was then never used again. Every assassin already had every code that would be used stored in neural implants that would erase if the assassin died, and the team had enough codes to let them change code every 5 minutes for the next 100 years from time of mission start.

In short the transmissions were very difficult to detect and impossible to decode in a timely manner even if detected.

The Clade Vanus Infocyte on the tailing ship was the team coordinator and digital espionage agent. He used a discreet neutrino pulse transmitter/receiver equipped data network device (with a completely different neutrino pulse frequency to prevent confusion) that the team had secretly wired into a Midnight Scream data cable to hack into every system on the ship. The Infocyte then used this mountain of information to ensure that real time intelligence information was always available.

The only problem with this system was that the chaos worshippers were terrible at keeping digital records, especially during the rushed evacuation of Cocowango, and vast numbers of people onboard had no official records of any kind to tell who they were or what relationship (if any) they might have to Egg Sevenson!

Hopefully this wouldn't be a significant problem.

***

Safely hidden away behind many meters of super strength armoured metal in a secret penthouse on an unknown ship, the girl that was the cause of so much strife and effort, Egg Sevenson, was brushing the hair of a plastic doll with a tiny plastic brush. The doll and the brush had been 3D printed by the synthetic food/chemical synthesiser, along with a plethora of other toys.

It was early in the morning before her agonising mental exercises, a brief period of time when she was at her most refreshed after a full 8 hours of exhausted sleep. It was the time each day when the migraines hurt the least, the golden moment each day when she could just enjoy some "me" time with her dolls and other toys.

As Egg played with her dolls mum (Octavia) groomed her feathers under her helmet with a long plastic implement and generally fussed over her. Mum gave Egg a quick sponge bath as Egg fidgeted to get away, wanting to spend every second of this time playing.

Every few days Egg was forced to sacrifice an entire precious hour of her free time having a proper bath including having a squirt hose wash and rinse her feathers under her helmet. The rest of the days she just had quick sponge baths like this to maintain basic hygiene.

Helmet care with the long plastic implements every morning was essential for Egg's health. The
armoured metal helmet was in contact with Egg's head at all times and had a tendency to cause bedsores and bald patches where it rubbed.

It had a small gap between the helmet and her scalp, just enough to hose soap and water under and slide thin plastic implements in to scratch and massage her scalp. Ever since she hatched she had been forced to wear a variety of different psychic nullifying helmets, having her head bare only for the second it took to change to a bigger helmet as she grew.

At first the helmets had been crude ugly iron things covered all over with runes of Khorne and possessed by all sorts of daemons of Khorne that inhibit psychic powers. She hadn't liked those helmets, the flesh hounds bound inside them had sometimes loudly barked and howled late at night when she wanted to sleep!

She was currently wearing a Tau designed psychic nullifying helmet, and she preferred this particular make of helmet. It was elegant, quiet, comfortable and it had a little built-in night light. It was powered by Egg's repressed psychic powers and even had a warning siren that warned when it was about to fail.

Egg was plagued with problems with her scalp under the helmet. She had gotten terrible bedsores and pressure injuries underneath it, loose feathers had no way of falling out so they accumulated underneath, and it got terribly itchy sometimes!

Photos taken during the rare moments her helmet was off showed that her feathers and scalp underneath were terribly disfigured! She had massive calloused white bald spots where the helmet rubbed and these spots had knobbly swellings of bone in the middle of them where the constant bumping on the skull stimulated bone growth! In other places her blue feathers were a dust bunny-like tangle of 11 years of loose feathers all tangled up with her still attached feathers!

The sight of the photos always made her feel hideously ugly!

With a helmet always on these problems could not be fixed, but with proper helmet care they could at least be partially managed.

Egg let mum hand feed her and she drank water that mum gave her as she played with her dolls. Egg especially loved brushing the tops of her dolls heads, imagining what it must feel like to get the top of the head brushed like that! She had always been fascinated by scalps.

Egg was also fascinated by normal human hair. She herself only had actual human hair on places other than her scalp, and it was always blue. The bits with the most hair was her eyebrows, both of them blue. She also had blue eyelashes, a little bit of blue hair up her nose, occasional tiny little wispy blue hairs on her arms and legs and, to her embarrassment, she was now starting to develop her first patch of wispy blue pubic hair around her private parts!

Egg admired the human hair of her non-bird mutant relatives, especially Mandy's. Mandy had such beautiful long black hair, it was so soft and silky! It didn't have any firm central Rachis (shaft) like Egg's long feathers did, nor was it all fluffy like Egg's softer short down feathers either. It was floppy, soft and straight with a perfectly even consistency, not full of hard bits like feathers!

Egg and Violet had always wanted to have real hair like Mandy when they were growing up. At least Violet had been able to have her scalp helmet free, Egg would happily settle just for that!

Thinking about Violet made Egg feel sad, she missed her so much! Even during the incarnation by the Tau scientists, Egg and Violet had never been separated like this.
Egg knew from the daily "still alive" list on the penthouse cogitator that both Violet and Patrick were still alive. For a brief period Violet and Patrick had been listed as "missing presumed alive", but now they were once more confirmed alive on the Midnight Scream in the care of her biological father Sigmund Smith.

Egg wished with all her might to see Violet again, she missed her so much!

She also missed Mummy (Wendy), and all her aunties and uncles too! She missed her cousins and second cousins, she missed the family friends, she missed Chappie, heck she even missed TigerLily a little bit!

Egg had spent so much of her life surrounded by heaps of people. Even during her year as a Tau science experiment on psychic powers she had been surrounded by other psykers like Violet and had been surrounded all the time by a lot of Tau too. She was used to crowds and she found this current lack of a lot of people to be intensely lonely.

Oh dear Slaanesh she missed her massive extended family so much! She had grown up crammed inside the Kilimanjaro with hundreds of thousands of other people in a confined space, surrounded by hundreds of aunties and cousins.

It had been difficult sure, but there had been so much community, so much family everywhere you looked! And no matter what their faults, the Sevenson family was an extremely close knit extended family who really really loved their own.

It was just so sad. Egg was not a bad person, she had not asked to be born an Alpha Plus, had not asked to be forced to wear disfiguring helmets! She had not asked to be locked away in some gilded stinky lonely cage, separated from her loving close knit extended family and forced to endure 12 hours of mental torture each day just in order to save herself from being murdered by the most lethal psychotic killers in the Imperium of bigotry!!!

She was a little girl who just wanted to play with dolls and avoid doing maths homework! Why did the Imperium hate her so fucking much that the fucking high lords of terra themselves would take time out of their extremely busy schedule to cast the multiple two thirds majority votes required to deploy each individual Officio Assassinorum assassin that they had sent!

It was fucking SICK! These 12 despots who ruled the grotesquely oppressive Imperium KNEW HER NAME! They knew who she was and at least 8 of the 12 had voted to have the most lethal killers in their service hunt down an 11 year old girl!!!

They didn't care that she was only a child, didn't care about who she was as a person. The only thing that they cared about was that she was born an Alpha Plus psyker, and for the crime of just being born the highest level of the imperial government had sentenced her to die!!!

The more she thought about it the more she knew this to be true!

The horror and injustice of this shocking fact thundered through her mind and it made her feel so terribly angry!

She was so TERRIBLY ANGRY! She had endured and suffered through so much terrible shit in her life, eventually even someone as gentle natured as Egg must get to a point where enough was enough! Egg knew as scientific fact that she was one of the most powerful beings in the galaxy, and the Imperium of Man had just made a terrible enemy!

Fuck this shit! Egg was not going to be a victim anymore!
As the ancient grey and white cartoon rabbit named Bugs says, "of course you realise THIS MEANS WAR!!!"
Chapter 29

Chapter 29C

Dark Mechanicum Tech Priestess Labia Johnson was playing with her stolen Tau technology. Candy was bugging her to come to bed, but Labia had not engaged in her hobby in ages and was determined to fiddle with the experimental prototype tech for a few hours!

"My pussy won't eat itself!" Candy whined impatiently.

"Candy you really should see this astronomy satellite module, it let's you map out every single wave and particle emission from a star! This could even help you calculate dark matter interactions in the star's gravitational field!" Labia gushed excitedly.

Candy reluctantly got up and looked at the prototype Tau satellite with her dim uncomprehending eyes.

"Is it a weapon?" Candy asked stupidly.

"No my love it is a scientific satellite for mapping out stellar evolution processes." Labia explained patiently.

"Umm, so it maps stuff, does that mean it can be used to find gold? Like mining maps?" Candy asked excitedly.

"No it can't do that either, it maps the particle emissions and radio waves of stars." Labia explained yet again.

"Does the mapping of stars have some military importance?" Candy asked.

"Not really no." Labia replied.

"Hmm ok, so if it doesn't do military stuff and doesn't do mining, how does it make any money?" Candy asked dopily.

"It doesn't make money, it is purely for scientific exploration." Labia explained excitedly.

Candy blinked, clearly not understanding the concept of the value of gathering knowledge simply for its own sake.

"Here look at this experimental prototype neutrino detection sensor on the side here. See this? The human race has not been able to make this sort of thing since the dark age of technology! The Tau have now surpassed even the most advanced technologies the adeptus mechanicus can produce in neutrino detection methods! And now WE have captured the Tau schematics for this prototype and can make more copies of this technology!" Labia exclaimed in feverish excitement.

"But new-Reno detection is not useful anyway." Candy insisted stupidly.

"Neutrino, it has a "T" in it, and you are missing the point! The entire mission of the Mechanicum is the quest for knowledge! We want to know EVERYTHING, even if it's just knowledge about neutrinos and stellar evolution!" Labia passionately explained.

"Well then turn it on and let's see what you find!" Candy said excitedly, clearly not understanding.
Labia humoured her and turned on the neutrino detector. She didn't really expect to find anything except the constant low level background neutrino emissions from some of the nuclear interactions on the Nightmare Asylum. What she found instead was absolutely bizarre!

"Wait... This isn't right at all. There are far too many neutrinos to all just be coming from the Nightmare Asylum. What the hell is making this many neutrinos?" Labia murmured in perplexity.

"Where do new-tree-nose even come from?" Candy asked uncomprehendingly.

"They are produced by certain high energy physics phenomenon, mostly from the nuclear reactions inside stars but also from natural radioactive decay of certain isotopes, from random particle collisions in space, supernovas, a few other sources. Oh yeah they can also be produced artificially." Labia explained absentmindedly.

"Maybe those things are making these ones?" Candy suggested.

Labia frowned and said, "here in the warp we are cut off from most real-space neutrino sources. I guess it's possible that they are leaking out of the Eldar webway? The Eldar apparently keep a number of stars in their webway as a power source."

"That's probably what it is. Now stop playing with that thing and start playing with ME, I'm wet enough to drown a trash panda!" Candy insisted provocatively and started making out with Labia passionately.

Labia put the confusing readings out of her mind and focused on the much more enticing prospect of her provocative yummy wife, the reading could wait.

***

Octavia could not stop crying as the end credits rolled at the end of an ancient film called "Star Wars a New Hope" that she and the kids had just watched, it was just so terribly sad! She had never related to anything so strongly!

It was a grim suspenseful survival film about a married couple of noncombatant sentient civilian robot slaves forced to carry out a hideously dangerous military espionage mission by the human terrorist organisation that owned them. It was absolutely shocking!

The film started with the golden sentient robot C3PO and his husband ("counterparts" was the official "robot term" they called their relationship but they were clearly lifelong partners) R2D2 on board a terrorist ship during a vicious space battle against a law enforcement/military vessel with superior firepower.

The terrorists had stolen some classified military plans from their own government (one of them was even a PRINCESS of said government!!!) and they despicably intended to use these plans to blow up a huge mobile space hive that was home to billions of innocent people!

The ship was boarded by the legitimate government law enforcement forces to stop the terrorists but the traitor princess callously ordered poor R2D2 to carry the plans to her terrorist group at extreme personal risk.

R2D2 then fled the ship with his very fearfully reluctant husband C3PO in an escape pod and went on to endure a terrible journey of survival. It was absolutely sick! Terrorists should not even be ALLOWED to own thinking feeling intelligent peaceful robots like that!

She had cried when the two husbands had a falling out in the desert and went off in different
directions after a stupid fight! She had been so scared! And it had gotten even worse after that!

She had screamed and wept when a group of what looked like Hrud xenos shot poor R2D2 and kidnapped him, but she had wept in relief as he had been reunited with his husband C3PO in a terrible robot slave pen!

But most of all, what made her weep her absolute eyes out was when the Hrud sold the two husbands as slaves to a man named LUKE!!! His name was LUKE! Just like the name of the man who had first enslaved Octavia herself!!!!

She Octavia was those robots, enslaved to a group of terrorists hell bent on destroying the imperial government here in the real world! It was an indirect metaphor for Octavia's entire adult life!

She had been on the edge of her seat for the rest of the film as the husbands got involved with dangerous violent criminal psychopaths who killed and maimed people in crowded drinking establishments without so much as blinking and remorselessly killed law enforcement soldiers the entire fucking film!

These people treated the husband protagonists like they barely existed the entire film, only even acknowledging them when they needed them for something!

It had been horrible watching the terrorists force the husbands to be computer hacking accomplices in a jail break of the arrogant traitor princess (who didn't even acknowledge her poor robots when she saw them!) and felt utterly sick when the poor robots delivered the plans to the terrorist headquarters!

She had actually been crying far too much to take in every scene in the film, she would have to watch it again to see the bits she missed. She had wailed with horror when R2D2 had been destroyed by an energy weapon during the rebel interceptor fighter attack, had absolutely screamed and screamed! And the shocked body language of C3PO when he heard the words "I lost R2"!!! Oh it had been heart wrenching!

Octavia had watched in numb horror as the husbands' psychopath slave-owner LUKE had used his psychic powers to successfully shoot a pair of nuclear weapons into the tiny exhaust vent that was the mobile space hive's only weakness and killed billions of people in the worst single act of mass murder she had ever seen!

But even worse had been the scene showing poor C3PO's grief as the burned wreckage of R2D2 was lifted down on a crane from the fighter! It was HORRIBLE! And C3PO offering to donate his parts to bring R2D2 back had been the most tragically romantic line in the entire movie!!!

Her wails of grief had mixed with choking sobs of relief when she saw R2D2 alive again and reunited with his husband in the final scene of the movie, and the credits had rolled to her mixed sad and happy tears!

That movie was HER! She was C3PO, enslaved by a mass murdering psychopath named Luke, and forced to live out her life inside a violent rebel terrorist organisation that was fighting the galaxy spanning real life imperial government! No matter how much she convinced herself that she wanted to be here, she had no choice but to be here, she could never leave the Night Lords alive even if she wanted to!!!

No film in years had triggered her as badly as this one, it was all her, she was C3PO!

The only good thing about being a C3PO was that a C3PO has an R2D2, Octavia was almost sick
with relief when she reminded herself that she had her Wendy, her own R2D2. Octavia had never felt so thankful that she had her wonderful perfect love of her life Wendy!

No matter how bad things got, she would always have her wife Wendy to go through the journey with together. Her R2D2, her EVERYTHING!

***

Wendy's bright pink mark of Slaanesh glowed on her right cheek like a blazing sun, it was so bright that it illuminated even the darkest rooms and corridors like a flood light!

Every Dominatrix on the entire ship was inflicting the most orgasmic pleasure and pain on her every waking moment! She was a giant bruise now that was only held together by excessive doses of advanced healing drugs! Her bum was even more viciously marked than Egg's had been after months of TigerLily's constant beltings!

With no kids to look after, no job to go to and no real responsibility of any kind, Wendy was finally able to really let herself go in the full worship of Slaanesh like never before!

She was currently high as shit on an extreme amount of pleasure enhancing drugs and the pleasure centres of her brain blazed with chemical enhanced power! Mistress Octavia had never let Wendy take this many drugs for this long (worried about Wendy's health) but with her gone and no job to be sober for, Wendy was drugged out of her mind all the time now!

Pleasure blazed through her turbocharged brain as gorgeous latex clad Dominatrices did ever more extreme and wonderful things to her! The pleasure was so extreme that it was making her sick, but the nausea and migraines just added to her pleasure now.

The dungeon she was chained up in was an alter of sensory excess so extreme that the Dominatrices needed gas masks, ear plugs and highly tinted eye goggles to avoid getting ill from the sensory overload! The air was almost pure perfume, the strobing lights flashed so brightly that it would cause retina damage to anyone who wasn't a chosen of the chaos gods, and the speaker systems blared music so loudly that it would cause permanent deafness to ordinary mortals!

Wendy's tongue was thickly coated in 100 percent pure extracted chilli spice chemical, the concentration so extreme that no unprocessed chilli pepper in the galaxy could match even half the potency of this purest extract! The effect of this was so extreme that it caused a sensation supernova in her mind!

Every sense she had was pushed more and more, ever brighter lights, ever louder music, ever stronger perfume and especially ever more extreme PAIN! She currently had reverse engineered inquisition pain engines injecting agony stimulating chemicals directly into her spinal cord!!!

She was being beaten and tickled, electrocuted and cut, doused in ice cold water and roasted with flames, vibrated, penetrated and a hundred other wonderful things by a highly trained and experienced team of ruthless sadists. The sensation was beyond anything she had ever experienced before.

With a grunting moan the fabric of real space trapped inside the Gellar field distorted yet again and another daemonette spontaneously summoned itself out of the warp into the dungeon room. It immediately danced over to Wendy and forced it's impossibly long tongue inside her anus, making Wendy's pleasure even greater.

The room now had quite a few daemonettes and they were getting quite wild.
Now that Wendy had discovered that pleasure could get this extreme, she was actually feeling quite resentful that Mistress Octavia had wasted years of her time on tame and mild insipid non-pleasures like spankings, kisses and boring bullshit!

Always so obsessed with watered down nannying like safe, sane and consensual! Always worried about Wendy's safety at the expense of Wendy's PLEASURE! Wendy should be on the path to daemonhood ever since getting her mark of Slaanesh and Octavia had WASTED TWELVE YEARS of Wendy's time on this path!

Wendy was utterly shocked by how much HATE she felt for Octavia now! She still loved her of course, still cared about her, but she also deeply resented her for how much lost potential for debauchery Octavia had cost her! Octavia was a PRUDE, better suited to raising Wendy's children for her then being responsible for Wendy's pleasure!

It was time for Wendy to shed the dead weight, Octavia was simply incapable of providing Wendy with the heights of pleasure that Slaanesh demanded of her! The only reason that Wendy didn't divorce Octavia this very second (apart from the fact that she was currently in strict bondage) was because she still hadn't decided on her replacement yet, but she RELISHED thought of it!

***

TigerLily watched in amusement as Chappie enthusiastically blasted apart daemonettes with bolts of psychic energy. The ship was becoming increasingly infested with them lately.

As his bionic behavioural inhibitors did not prevent him from harming daemons like these daemonettes with no living cells in their bodies, Chappie was having a lovely time annihilating them on sight. He wasn't even waiting for them to invade his personal space, he was in a "playful" (read belligerently aggressive) mood.

His lack of being able to kill every living thing he encountered had caused a lot of pent up aggression in Chappie. From time to time he played with the daemons like this to vent this pent up desire to kill things.

Back when they were still part of the Sevenson Cartel under the rule of the Flesh Mistress after the end of the great slave war, Chappie had been an absolute nuisance to the Daemon Princess MA7, forever blowing her physical body apart and banishing her back to the warp. She was always instantly summoned back again by the "MA7 summoning circle" that was forever on standby, but it still annoyed the mighty immortal!

Unfortunately (or fortunately from the point of view of Chappie's safety) the Flesh Mistress himself was possessing the grossly mutated still living body of a little girl (probably an adult now). This body of living cells prevented Chappie from attacking the greater daemon in the same way.

Luke scowled at the wanton daemonette genocide going on in his command throne room, he was fond of fucking the daemonettes and Chappie was cock blocking him. Chappie sensed the Chaos Lord's aggression and hid behind TigerLily like a wuss.

TigerLily lovingly fussed over her pet, covering his bulging armoured head with kisses and tutting as he instinctively tried to kill her after a few seconds of delay. She telepathically spoke to him in pet/baby talk and he tolerated it as he was incapable of feeling embarrassment.

With great effort TigerLily blocked all of Chappie's psychic blasts long enough for Luke to finish fucking a daemonette. When she stopped blocking, the daemonette vanished into thin air, leaving a pussy shaped wad of Luke's semen comically floating in mid air for a fraction of a second before
dropping to the floor with a splat.

The Nightmare Asylum had always had the occasional daemonette in the past but lately the ship was swarming with them! It was all Wendy's doing.

Without a job to stay sane and sober for and without Octavia to reign in her behaviour, Wendy had completely let herself go and was plunging the depths of Slaanesh worship as deeply as it goes!

She was so high on drugs that if Slaanesh wasn't protecting her she would be dead ten times over from lethal overdose! She should have killed off every sense she had by now with her excesses but Slaanesh was protecting her from that too!

The racket from her supposedly soundproof room could be felt as vibrations through the walls and floors on almost half the ship, and the volume was reaching the level of a noise marine's sonic blaster weapon! Some of the Dominatrices were even dropping down dead now in the steadily increasing explosion of noise!

The lust and pleasure centres of Wendy's brain were shining in the warp like a strobe light and this raw psychic tidal wave of emotions was greatly feeding Slaanesh. The lusty emissions were so strong that minor daemons of Slaanesh (daemonettes) could now maintain themselves in the real space of the Gellar field so long as they remained near enough to Wendy.

Thousands of the fucking things were tumbling out of the warp around Wendy now, had been for a few days in fact, and they were starting to cause problems.

They were more intelligent than something like a dog, but they still were not very bright and certainly not truly sentient. Some of the more favoured ones could talk, but the majority of these had very little intelligent things to say and on the whole these creatures communicated with hisses and grunts and moans. These were the common foot soldiers of Slaanesh, used only for fucking or hand-to-hand fighting, and they didn't really require that much intelligence to do these things.

The daemonettes were causing a lot of chaos on the ship. They attacked anyone who was religious towards anything other than Slaanesh or chaos undivided, and they constantly attempted to engage in sexual congress with those they didn't attack. They were mostly (but not always) non hostile to irreligious people like Luke and the other night lords, the same went for the atheist Tau slaves.

The real problem was for the worshippers of Tzeentch, Nurgle and Khorne (very few people onboard worshipped Khorne), as well as for the human slaves who still worshipped the Emperor. Indigo and Mother were currently taking refuge with a large group of slaves they had befriended during their charity work, all armed with pipes and similar improvised weapons that slaves could legally carry, and these people were very literally beating the daemonettes off with their metal pipes to keep them at bay!

The chaos cultists of Tzeentch and Nurgle were out in force across the ship in heavily armed mobs now, keeping the areas they lived and worked in free from these deadly creatures. If TigerLily wasn't required to constantly be in Luke's presence as a bodyguard then she would also be out using her powers to help her fellow Tzeentch worshippers.

Dangerous as they were, the daemonettes were also very useful at sniffing out imperial assassins, and that made them useful enough for the Royal family to tolerate their presence. They could smell the faith of a soul like a bloodhound, they could be fooled but not easily and they provided an extra line of defence and Callidus Assassins.

Chappie was currently extremely popular with the Tzeentch and Nurgle worshippers on board and
they huddled around him everywhere he went now. No matter how lazy he was feeling Chappie was instinctively compelled to obliterate any daemonettes that got to close to him, and that made him an island of safety in this sea of danger.

Chappie usually wandered the ship freely, but he was now so sick of having mobs desperate people huddling around him that he was now hanging around the intimidating Chaos Lord to scare off the mob and give himself some personal space!

Poor Chappie was getting really stressed by all the people invading his personal space, the poor thing was getting very upset! And the selfish people were delaying him in his favourite pass time of gorging himself with food!

He was now whining at TigerLily to make the mean people leave him alone! TigerLily of course understood the need for Tzeentch worshippers to take advantage of Chappie's protective radius, but not Nurgle worshippers! It was pure cheek of them to use a Tzeentch champion's pet as a refuge!

Poor Chappie was now incessantly obliterating daemonettes to vent all the stress this was causing him, and that just attracted even MORE people!

TigerLily returned her attention to what the bridge lieutenant was saying, he had been droning on for some time as Luke and TigerLily took it in turns ignoring him. It was all bullshit about navigation.

Apparently they had no reliable charts of the warp currents in this part of the warp. This itself was nothing new for this incompetent operation that they liked to call a fleet, but it apparently was causing delays in the rendezvous with the other ships.

As best as they could tell it might take between a day and a week to make the rendezvous, and that was a pretty fucking big margin of uncertainty! They then had to travel to Aumaom, which in this fleet could take a completely unknown amount of time but which hopefully would take about a week.

Blah blah blah boring warp navigation bullshit.

***

As it turned out, the warp navigation predictions were wildly pessimistic. A mere 5 minutes after the lieutenant had told the Chaos Lord that it would take at least a day to make the rendezvous, the Nightmare Asylum crew just about crapped themselves as they had to turn hard to narrowly avoid a collision with the oncoming Midnight Scream!

Luke cursed, his servants really were a symphony of utter incompetence!

They barely had time to process their very close escape when something smashed into the prow of the Nightmare Asylum with an appalling crunch of tortured metal and a huge bang as whatever it was exploded in a massive thermonuclear self destruct explosion!!

The red alert and hull breach sirens blared as an area of the Nightmare Asylums prow partially melted in the heat of the impact and explosion!

"What the fuck was that! Did we hit a mine?" Luke asked in confused apprehensiveness.

It took a while for him to get a straight answer out of his bridge officers as they stopped every ship in the entire fleet and tried to figure out what the hell had just happened. When they did, they informed him that they had collided with a small ship that was not one of theirs but was traveling
very close to the Midnight Scream and matching it's course and speed!

This answer just raised a heap of more questions, and the bridge officers did not have any hard answers for him.

***

Agent Darkness was troubled when the neutrino signals from the Infocyte on the tailing Officio Assassinorum ship suddenly went dead, sometimes was terribly wrong. The entire team sent neutrino pulses to the Infocyte and each other but they got no answer about the silence.

The team members fell back to their training for what to do in the event of losing contact with the Infocyte and organised themselves to each sort through a different set of information out of the terabytes of ship information still being transmitted by the data probe they had wired into a Midnight Scream data cable.

Agent Darkness was instantly overwhelmed with far more information than she could process and she made tedious progress. The others likewise struggled, only an Infocyte or Tech Priest had the necessary brain implants to process this amount of raw data. The loss of their intelligence operative was a terrible blow to their intel efficiency!

After a long time of constant processing, the others finally gathered enough relevant information to figure out that the Nightmare Asylum had had a head on collision with the Infocyte's ship!

The Nightmare Asylum had used an improbable and suboptimal avoidance trajectory as soon as the two ships became aware of each other, and the trailing Infocyte ship had plotted it's own avoidance trajectory in the assumption that the Nightmare Asylum would use the most optimal trajectory. By the time the Infocyte ship had discovered that the Nightmare Asylum was on a suboptimal trajectory it had been too late to change trajectory again and the two ships had collided at significantly faster than the speed of sound!

Both ships been traveling in opposite directions with a relative speed of approximately 40 kilometres per second (quite a leisurely pace) and the resulting impact had been predictably gruesome! The Infocyte ship had been utterly destroyed by the impact and it's emergency self destruct warheads had detonated to make sure that no trace of the information it carried could fall into enemy hands.

The Nightmare Asylum had fared much better but was crippled terribly by the collision. It had only even survived because of it's armoured prow power ram that was specifically designed for ramming other ships in combat and because of the fact that the entire ship had been designed with high impact ramming in mind!

A sizeable portion of the front half of the Nightmare Asylum was gone, little more than red hot mangled metal now, and the rest of the ship was in a bad way. The Infocyte might be gone, but he had taken a huge number of chaos scum with him! May the Emperor welcome this hero to his golden feast halls in paradise!

***

Tech Priestess Labia Johnson cried as she surveyed the appalling destruction that she was expected to somehow fix! How much more fucking damage would it take before she could convince the Chaos Lord to write this ship off and just build a new one?

Honestly this damage was so bad that she couldn't fix it out here. It would take nothing short of the
shipyard dry dock at nearby Aumaom to repair this ship now, assuming they could even make it that far with the ship this badly crippled!

The old stop gap hull breach plugs had been destroyed by the impact and they had lost void shields to retain the atmosphere. The precious atmospheric gases had leaking out at an alarming rate and all people onboard had been quickly issued with space suits before the pressure dropped enough to kill them.

The ship interior was now a hard vacuum and although the space suits recycled and processed the air inside them, no one could take off their space suits to eat or drink! If they didn't find a solution in the next 2-3 days then a lot of people were going to die!

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"Stop complaining Chappie, what do you even expect me to do about it?" TigerLily said in an irritated telepathic voice.

"Bring back the atmosphere!" Chappie whined.

"You don't even need it to survive!" TigerLily pointed out.

"I'm losing moisture!" Chappie insisted.

"I'm also dehydrated, you will live far longer at present than I will! Stop pestering me about things I can't change!" TigerLily snapped angrily.

The Tyranid Zoanthrope was absolutely driving her crazy with his incessant complaining!

He was currently covered in thick vacuum resistant oily mucous that his body had spontaneously produced as soon as the air pressure got too low even for him. He was using his anaerobic metabolism in the absence of oxygen and he was perfectly fine for the next few weeks.

He was continually losing moisture and having to replace it with anaerobic cellular respiration of his fat stores, and he was very vocal about not liking this! TigerLily herself was slowly dying of dehydration inside her space suit and would be dead weeks before Chappie was in any real danger, but his self interest was utterly without shame!

The Nightmare Asylum was now traveling as fast as it's engines would carry it to Aumaom where a giant fully pressurised dry dock was awaiting them. The plan was to enter it ASAP and then pressurise the dry dock and take off their space suits as soon as enough pressure found its way into the ship.

The best estimates said that they would arrive some time in the next 2-3 days, and the inhabitants of the ship were miserably holding out till then with neither food nor water. The ship of course had plenty of both food and water onboard, but without an atmosphere they could not remove their space suits to reach it!

On the plus side they had finally permanently gotten rid of (hopefully) all the vermin on the ship for good this time.

***

The inhabitants of the daemon world of Aumaom were angry, they were ALWAYS angry. Even on a particularly lazy day when things were going well they were a little bit miffed, and today they were VERY ANGRY INDEED!
They had just been informed that some wussy sissy Slaanesh Worshippers were coming to visit their planet and the population was APOCALYPTIC with rage!

Aumaom was a planet that worshipped the bloody rage god Khorne, arch enemy of Slaanesh and all things sissy and effeminate!

The planet was home to an estimated one TRILLION Khorne worshippers, all of them filled with anger and rage every waking moment! The men were angry and had big beards, the women were angry and had smaller beards, and even the babies were angry (and had tiny little baby beards). They were to a person a bunch of raging hairy hooligans.

The fact that they even had enough public order to keep such a large population without all killing each other was entirely due to the Iron Warriors. Let's face it, they are the only ones that could in a place like this!

The Iron Warriors had achieved this by being clever. They had engineered the culture of Aumaom in such a way that every geographic regional population felt intense nationalistic pride for their own group, and projected every ounce of their endless rage and hatred onto every other regional population group on the planet. The Iron Warriors had then built such huge and fortified walls separating the different regional populations from each other that they couldn't get to each other!

It was a perfect system that prevented the people in the hive cities from killing their own countrymen but still kept them furiously angry all the time to satisfy Khorne's demand that his worshippers always be angry!

To outlet their violent urges and keep the different groups hateful of each other, the Iron Warriors had organised suitably aggressive contact sports where elite teams from each region could fight against the teams of other regions on the sporting field (and beat the absolute shit out of each other). These events were televised constantly and the local people spent large amounts of their free time screaming with rage at a (bulletproof) television screen and hurling abuse at the rival teams.

Instead of decimating their own population, these people had an absolute population explosion!

The universal beards were a result of all the testosterone and other aggression hormones that the constant rage elevated, the women were THAT angry that it affected their hormones and gave them facial hair! The beard on Aumaom was the symbol of how angry you were, the bigger the beard the more angry you were!

The population spent their lives aggressively working in their jobs, aggressively being sports hooligans, aggressively eating/drinking/showering/etc, and having extremely angry sex with each other and breeding extremely angry babies!

But if there was one thing that they hated EVEN MORE than their rival regions, it was SLAANESH WORSHIPPERS! They would fucking KILL the pansies!

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Chapter 30

Chapter 30C

The crew of the Nightmare Asylum desperately removed their space suit helmets and drank gallons of water, the dry dock at Aumaom had finally fully pressurised the ship once more!

Sadly some of the people had already died of dehydration inside their space suits.

For a good half hour the survivors frantically ate and drank until they were out of danger, and many threw up from drinking too fast and had to restart the process.

It had taken 4 days since putting the space suits on to reach the pressurised environment of the dry dock. To reduce water loss all the space suits had set their internal temperatures to the lowest setting to prevent sweating and the people had had a truly miserable time. A lot of babies had died of hypothermia and/or dehydration inside pressurised baby capsules and the mothers were understandably upset.

Despite the grief of the survivors, they were still alive, eating and drinking and suckling their surviving babies. It sucked, but shit happens in life and they needed to just carry on surviving.

A few of the crew started to turn on radios to thank their rescuers and they were shocked to hear nonstop angry curses and diatribe in a very peculiar dialect of common low gothic that they only sort of understood. It sounded like the speakers were insulting them for their lack of facial hair?

The survivors gaped as they were called beardless Slaanesh pansies and promised extremely over the top physical violence against them! This was not good at all!

***

The Steel Brethren chaos space marines savagely restored tenuous public order among the millions of workers in the dry dock facility. The Khorne worshipping morons were causing a diplomatic incident!

In their entire history the Steel Brethren faction of the Iron Warriors had never had such a potentially important diplomatic negotiation. If this negotiation was successful then they would have their very own Alpha Plus to help them, with Egg Sevenson they would be unstoppable!

Somewhere on one of the other Night Lord ships Egg Sevenson was watching this. The rest of the Night lord's fleet was deliberately pulled back out of range of Aumaom and ready to flee at a moments notice. They absolutely had to make a good impression with the way they dealt with the "Nightmare Asylum", it was their only chance to get the Alpha Plus to trust them!

Having millions of local workers blasting insults at the Slaanesh worshippers on every radio frequency they could find and opening fire on the hull of the ship with small arms fire was NOT the warm diplomatic welcome that the Steel Brethren had in mind! Fucking Khorne worshippers!

Even now the Chaos Lord of the Night Lords was demanding an explanation and the Steel Brethren burned with shame at this terrible loss of face! The Steel Brethren diplomats were frantically explaining the situation and assuring Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson that the matter was being dealt with. He was obviously not impressed but he diplomatically accepted the assurances to the profound relief of the Steel Brethren.
With the work force savagely subdued by lethal violence, the Steel Brethren got to work salvaging the situation and welcomed their guests with full fanfare and every luxury they could offer.

Hopefully this would still go well.

***

Tech Priestess Labia Johnson scowled as the angriest morons she had ever seen aggressively hacked the Nightmare Asylum apart and brutally hammered replacement parts in place before welding them with angry ugly welds! The machine spirits were all grievously offended by this brutal treatment and Labia was having a terrible time soothing their offence!

Labia had downloaded all of the local languages and understood every offensive thing that the workers constantly shouted at her. The Iron Warriors had advised her to ignore them, any response from her would merely distract them from their "work" and make them even more angry.

The only reason that they hadn't yet attacked her was because in her dark Mechanicum tech priestess robes she looked like only a worshipper of the machine god rather than a dual faith Slaanesh worshipper! These people angrily tolerated the Dark Mechanicum as a neutral party but killed Slaanesh worshippers on sight!

The entire ship had been evacuated of everything even remotely Slaanesh, and the Tzeentch and Nurgle worshippers were keeping out of the way.

Labia shook with rage as the brutes deliberately spat on the sacred housings of the machine spirits out of spite, offending the machines terribly!

She gave up trying to placate the offended machines, the morons of Khorne were offending them faster than she could undo the offences, it was futile until after the bearded buggers left. She instead simply wandered the ship and observed as millions of raging neck beards performed the most aggressive repairs she had ever seen.

Everywhere she looked she saw beards with human beings attached to them screaming with rage as they beat the walls and floors with hammers for no apparent reason and graffitied hate filled insults against Slaanesh worshippers on every surface they could reach. They were unified in their hate, directing all of their rage at Slaanesh so that they could work together without attacking each other.

The repair job was surprisingly adequate, everything they built worked the way it should, they merely found the angriest possible way of building and installing it. Workers angrily punched armoured calculators as they correctly performed every calculation, highly skilled tradesmen howled with rage and thumped surfaces with their tools as they wired electrical systems and countless other specialised tasks, and in general very angry workers got the job done!

The Iron Warriors had been extremely clever in how they were able to get these people to knowingly repair a Slaanesh aligned vessel. They had told the population that the Slaanesh worshippers had mocked them for being "too sissy to repair something as manly and beardy as their pansy flagship", those exact words!

According to the Iron Warriors the Slaanesh worshippers had said that the Khorne worshippers were a bunch of effeminate sissies who were too weak to do the "real beard" job of repairing a Gloriana class battleship and that they should all shave off their beards! In Aumaom culture this was the worst possible insult and the locals could not let this challenge go unanswered.

Millions of the most highly skilled of the bearded fuckers had VOLUNTEERED to work on the
repairs without pay, to force the Slaanesh worshippers to eat their words! They really were a bunch of fucking idiots!

At this highly aggressive pace the repairs would be finished significantly ahead of schedule and every day more and more workers joined the repairs as bloody riots on the planet raged as every single person demanded the right to repair the ship! Even ethnic groups that HATED each other were working together on the repairs, their hatred of each other forgotten in the face of their much greater hatred of Slaanesh!

It was frankly astonishing how the Iron Warriors had so skilfully manipulated an entire overcrowded planet of Khorne worshippers to maintain this level of peaceful coexistence, this was almost unprecedented. They had taken an exhausted decimated planet of unending pointless war and turned it into a thriving peaceful hive world!

***

Chaos Champion of Slaanesh Wendy Sevenson was annoyed as her entourage of daemonettes fought a vicious battle against daemonic blood letters of Khorne. She was rapidly running out of daemonettes and could not summon more fast enough to replace them in this stupid place!

Neophytes and space marines of clan Wendy and every other type of military unit allied to clan Wendy formed up protectively around her and the other clan women, children and noncombatant clan allies in the armoured vehicles in the streets of the hive/fortress of the Iron Warriors. The wide streets were littered with the dead bodies of locals that the allies, neophytes and space marines had gunned down.

The entourage of clan Wendy was also supported by units of Iron Warriors space marines and armoured vehicles, and this combined force was barely enough! They even had a pair of war hound scout titans that were gunning down greater daemons of Khorne as though they were clay pigeons!

Wendy frowned as vicious small arms fire thumped into the armoured side of the Iron Warrior's Land Raider heavy transport tank, this was not exactly her idea of a warm welcome!

The entourage numbered in the tens of thousands. It included slaves, Slaanesh worshipping crew members, regiments of Slaanesh worshipping traitor imperial guard, Slaanesh worshipping cultists and militia, basically everyone with some alliance or friendship to clan Wendy. In situations like this it was essential to be able to claim alliance to one of the Royal family clans, survival depended on it!

The way that the ship's society worked was that every person was part of some group, gang or faction. Every group in turn was part of a yet larger group which in turn was part of a still larger group. The groups were all ultimately under the extended web of one of the Royal family clans, and the clans in turn were united under the unified institution of the Sevenson extended Royal family. At the very top of the heap was the Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson who was the leader of the Royal family and through them leader of all the clans and their allies.

Right now anyone who worshipped Slaanesh but couldn't call on the protection of one of the clans was dead meat. A few of the Sevenson family members without a strong clan of their own could always tag along with a stronger clan, but the lower classes didn't have this privilege. Clan protection required a regular payment of "protection money" and right now they were all VERY thankful that they had spent all that money to assure clan Wendy protection!

A long line of trucks laden with treasure and lower ranking noncombatants followed behind the heavily armoured vehicles at the head of the column, and infantry of all types encircled the entire
column protectively. It was slow methodical progress.

The orbital dry dock was perched atop an absolutely gargantuan fortress hive that went from the ground down on the planet's equator all the way up to geostationary orbit thousands of kilometres away! Only on a daemon world where the laws of physics broke down was such a structure even possible without collapsing under it's own weight! The column of Clan Wendy members and allies had simply marched out of the Nightmare Asylum through a docking tube bridge and travelled down into the fortress hive below with no need of any kind of shuttle or other spacecraft.

The destination they were heading for was a gigantic luxury hotel large enough to house the entire multitude of the column. It was warded against daemons entering uninvited, was staffed by lobotomised servitors that wouldn't attack them, and was being entirely paid for by the Steel Brethren themselves.

Every clan column was being housed in a different hotel and in theory they should have arrived 3 hours ago given that the entire journey was only a few miles from the dry dock! They had been fighting for every meter they traveled as soon as they entered the hive city and it had caused massive delays!

Wendy and the other noncombatants had been summoning daemonettes nonstop in their vehicles as reinforcements and this alone had kept the human casualties down!

Wendy peaked out of one of the land raider's viewing periscopes and cursed as she sure another battalion of blood letters (minor daemons) of Khorne materialise next to the flank of the mob of daemonette cannon fodder that was keeping the Khorne forces distracted from attacking the column of humans!

If the daemonette mob could not be maintained then a lot of humans would die!

The Khorne morons operated down a descending list of preferred targets, based on how much each target enraged them. Daemons of Slaanesh were at the absolute top of the list of things that pissed them off, so the fools had focused all of their attacks on these completely expendable and easily replaceable daemonettes at the expense of more sensible but less irritating targets.

The heavily armoured gate of the hotel was in sight ahead now, they were so close! Just another 200 meters and they were safe!

With horror she saw that the locals had blocked up the road ahead with heavy trailers full of scrap metal and concrete blocks! Oh sweet holy Slaanesh this was going to be a slaughter!

***

Melody Sevenson was still shaking in horror as her many neophyte sons lifted her out of the scarred and battered land raider inside the safety of the hotel parking lot. That battle had been horrendous!

Thousands of common soldiers had died, and thousands more were wounded. All of her neophyte sons had been viciously wounded but had already healed! Thank Slaanesh for the ultra fast healing factor of space marine gene seed organs!

The "slave mummy" of each one of her sons fusses over the young man they had raised as their own from birth, as terribly worried as any biological mother would be, and the neophytes brushed off their over protective slave mummies just like a normal teenage boy would towards their real mother.
Melody was carried over to the protective arms of her space marine "wife", the trans gender Mary (formerly Mark) Sevenson, and Melody gratefully entered her spouse's embrace.

"Oh Mary, are you all right my love?" Melody asked worriedly.

Mary nodded happily, showing that the skin visible through the bloodstained gaping holes in her power armour had already healed. Melody sighed with relief and hugged her wife tightly, that had been far too scary.

Melody was quite happy to be simply carried by her massive wife into the hotel lobby, her short legs couldn't keep up with Mary anyway. Melody was a tiny little woman, completely unsuited for walking quickly, and she weighed so little that Mary had no effort carrying her.

Melody quickly calmed down, she always found it deeply comforting to be carried in the arm of the power armoured giant who fucked her each night. She felt safe and untouchable up here in these arms, these arms would protect her.

All around the giant lobby tired and wounded common human soldiers sat or lay exhausted, that battle had been brutal. It had taken almost an hour to move away enough of the obstacles to get the convoy of vehicles into the hotel whilst fighting a bloody battle against human and daemonic forces of Khorne!

It had been hellish but no one had been left behind and the soldiers had all waited valiantly until the very last vehicle and noncombatant entered the armoured gate to the giant hotel car park before themselves retreating inside and locking the atomic bomb resistant gate behind them with a boom!

The brave soldiers had all definitely earned a rest, the courage Melody had seen had been legendary! The name of every one of these brave men and women (and other) of the Slaanesh armed forces would be recorded forever in Clan Wendy records and would all certainly receive a medal for this!

Mary walked up to a concierge servitor and identified herself and Melody. The servitor unemotionally gave them a set of key cards to a grand penthouse suite and a room number. Melody heard Mary tell the rest of the clan Wendy space Marines her room number so they knew where to find her and then collected a massive suitcase of belongings from the car park and carried both Melody and the suitcase to the room with their bed slave Andrew following obediently behind them on foot.

The hotel was oddly decorated in a way that offended Melody's Slaanesh worshipping sensibilities. It had clearly been built by the savages who just tried to kill them and was made of thick rusty iron dented with impact marks from hammers and welded together with thick ugly welds.

The walls were covered in ugly graffiti that was saying ugly diatribe against what seemed to be rival sporting teams, and everything about the place spoke of the raging hatred of the workers who built it. What little art that did exist was grotesquely nationalistic and proclaimed hatred towards everyone except their own countrymen.

When they reached the penthouse suite it was little better. Everything was certainly kept clean by the servitors, but hygiene aside the place looked dirty. It was just so brutal and ugly, all the same ruddy rust colour with horrible brass fixtures and with crudely patterned sheets in a hideous pattern of dark red and brass! It was just so brutal and "fuck you" in atmosphere that it hurt the eyes to look at it!

Mary gently put Melody down on the bed and went to the bathroom as Melody cringed at the
crude non-decadent no nonsense thread count of the sheets under her. Suddenly Mary screamed from the bathroom and Melody ran to investigate.

Melody then screamed too, the hotel had a tap that ran with human blood!

***

Egg looked at the television screen in horrified wonder, observing footage of the planet Aumaom recorded by the Nightmare Asylum during it's approach. The planet had oceans of BLOOD!

According to the news announcer the entire planet had no naturally occurring fresh water at all, only blood! The population got all of their fresh water by distilling it out of the oceans of blood, but they also used blood and even had blood piped to their homes! The local Khorne worshippers could apparently survive with just blood as drinking water and used distilled water sparingly.

The news reader talked a lot about the economy of Aumaom, advising Royal family fleet population investors about the sort of trade to expect. Apparently the entire planet's economy was based on blood. The food they ate was dried blood from the oceans, served in thick congealed slices and infused with synthetic dietary supplements to provide everything they needed. They also processed blood into "blood gas" which powered most of their machines and generated electricity. They even extracted trace metals from it for industry!

In fact pretty much everything came from the blood!

The entire planet seemed to be made of little else besides blood and bones, with the land masses composed of a mixture of skulls and splintered bones gummed together with dry congealed blood! It had no natural photosynthesis but the atmosphere supernaturally remained oxygenated and breathable no matter how much pollution was dumped into it.

The blood ocean was likewise always supernaturally fresh and rich, no matter how much it was drained or how much other stuff was dumped into it.

The population mined the land masses for bone too and the Iron Warriors turned this bone into reinforced concrete to make massive mile high walls to physically separate the different "nations" from each other to stop them fighting.

The nations were festooned with insanely tall hive cities separated by wide open planes of quarries and earthworks and it all looked hideously ugly!

The news reader predicted that according to reports from the Iron Warriors, the local population was sick of just eating blood and would pay a lot of money for food of other types, especially unprocessed farm produce. Slaves would be bought, but the return would be very low due to the already present extreme overcrowding and the news reader recommended not selling slaves at this port due to low profits.

Weapons technology was extremely high profit, as well as anything related to offensive military capabilities. The Iron Warriors would be very keen to purchase experimental Tau technology but this had been outlawed to prevent the Iron Warriors from becoming too powerful. The news reader announced a list of technologies that were allowed to be sold, mostly lower level technologies with little strategic significance.

They all suddenly cheered and turned up the volume as Mummy Wendy's name was mentioned and listened eagerly. They were horrified to hear a report about thousands dead in a street battle between clan Wendy forces and Khorne worshipping local commoners!
They were sick with relief to hear that Wendy and every other Royal family member of clan Wendy had survived, Mum Octavia even wept happy tears.

Then the cohost said something to the newsreader that made them all go icily silent.

He said, "good news for all the pro Dommes currently competing for her hand huh?"

The news reader gave the cohost a wide eyed look that said that he should not have let that particular information slip.

He saw her look and said, "better edit that out, my bad."

"This is live", the news reader woman replied and the cohost exclaimed, "oh shit, hopefully she isn't tuned into our channel!"

Egg turned her head and looked at Mum (Octavia).

She was very still and very very quiet as she processed the information she had just received. She got steadily paler, her eyes got steadily wider and her top lip started to tremble. She didn't make a sound, you could cut the air with a knife. She started blinking a lot and twin lines of tears started to run down her cheeks.

Mum was not alone in her tears either. Egg, Mandy and Liling were all blinking away tears and starting to tremble. So far no one had made a sound and they all just continued listening to the news numbly with tears flowing down their faces.

Augusta cleared his throat and quietly said, "are we going to talk about this?"

Mum tried to speak but as soon as she did she threw back her head and screamed inconsolably for a very long time.

Egg screamed too, her mothers were getting a divorce, what else could she say to convey what this made her feel other than to scream!

Mandy joined in too and together the three of them huddled together and just wailed and screamed for a very long time.

They all felt a bit better after a long scream, it had been the appropriate thing to do in this situation. Augusta had vented his own feelings and the matter by having extremely angry sex with Liling as the other 3 had screamed themselves out.

Egg cuddled against her mother on one side and Mandy cuddled in on the other side and nobody said much until Mum was ready to speak.

"That bitch..." Mum managed to say, but the effort of saying even this much seemed to exhaust her.

They had muted the television now and they both agreed that Mummy Wendy really was a bitch.

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Octavia was cuddled up in bed sandwiched between her daughters, quietly working through her feelings with them. The girls were terribly sad and angry and were also venting their feelings to her.

Augusta was being very stoic at the moment, but that was for the best right now, this was the sort of thing that was best talked through with other girls.
"It's so SOON! We have only been apart for little over a month, I think it's too soon." Octavia vented.

"Far too soon, you have been married for a long time, too long to dump you after a month for no reason without even telling you!" Mandy agreed bitterly.

"I carried that bitch through her time of need, how could she do this to me?!" Octavia asked angrily.

"We all saw how she treated poor Fetter, clearly loyalty to wives means nothing to her." Mandy pointed out bitterly.

"Please don't get a divorce!" Egg pleaded yet again.

"I am not the one doing this, I don't want a divorce either! But I can't stop this when I am trapped in here." Octavia said bitterly.

"What will happen if she does this?" Mandy asked.

"The second she divorces me my freedom by marriage will be revoked, I will lose my freedom and once more I will be Wendy's slave. When that happens I will lose all rights and be simply her property to do with as she pleases." Octavia explained to her children.

"Fuck that, I will buy you Mum!" Augusta shouted from the other room.

"I cost approximately one billion dollars, you don't have that much money." Octavia replied sadly.

"But what happens then?" Egg asked agitatedly.

"I will most likely resume my role as a grade A tickling slave and be put back in the slave tickling tournaments and porn. Either that or Luke will buy me and if TigerLily doesn't kill me then I will become Luke's new wife." Octavia explained.

"Well which of these do you want?" Mandy asked.

"It doesn't matter what I want, I get no say in what happens to me, that's just how slavery works." Octavia said bitterly.

"But what about your own slave Caligula, what happens to him?" Egg asked

"If he is still alive then he and everything else I own will cease to be my property and be instead the property of Wendy." Octavia said with a sigh.

"One day I will be a Chaos Lord Mum, when that happens I will rescue you from slavery. You know what I can overturn this right now, if I refuse to keep cooperating then you will get justice!" Egg said with resolution.

"No Egg you mustn't, lives depend on you! I will be ok, a return to tickle slavery will do me good. You just focus on saving all our lives with your powers." Octavia insisted.

Egg reluctantly agreed and the 3 of them continued to vent for a while.

Octavia was feeling upset, but she was feeling horny too. Her sex addiction would not be denied no matter how bad the timing. She sighed and went to get up to find Liling but Mandy stopped her.

"You know Mum, I could always do what Liling does. I'm a sadist and you are a masochist, it
would be more fun than what you do with Liling.” Mandy offered.

Octavia shuddered with desire but Egg interrupted, "No Mandy, Mum is confused enough already. Don't make it worse."

Mandy agreed and Octavia was almost disappointed.

***

Violet spoke excitedly to Pamela, "I just heard from TigerLily, she has heard from Luke that Mum Octavia has found out from the news that Mummy Wendy is already looking for her replacement as the next wife! Mum absolutely exploded! Egg is apparently with her and refused to cooperate anymore unless the Royal family blocks the divorce!"

"Egg is with Octavia? What else did you hear, tell me everything!” Pamela asked enthusiastically.

"Well mum is in tears, she only just found out. Egg is really really angry apparently. All this stuff has been really hard on her. TigerLily wouldn't tell me everything she said that she will tell me more later." Violet said animatedly.

"But how did Egg refuse to cooperate?" Pamela insisted.

"Refused to use her powers to help us, I don't know really. But the point is that poor Mum is so upset!” Violet insisted.

Pamela listened with rapt attention and questioned Violet about every single detail, she was SUCH a good listener!

Patrick gave his cheeping distress call and Violet continued to ignore it. Pamela was the least dangerous person in the entire world.

***

Tech Priestess Labia Johnson rescued her Neutrino detection triangulation device she had set up after the weird readings from the Khorne morons and continued to review all the data collected since a few hours before colliding with that mystery ship.

She was now positive that the ship had been one of the sources of the elevated neutrino levels but it wasn't the only one!

She had already calculated the neutrino emissions that were expected to be produced by every ship in the chaos fleet and had deducted these values from the readings, but the results had still been too high. And she now knew why.

The neutrino detection triangulation device she had chucked together by bolting several tau neutrino detectors together on a simple frame. It was a crude set up but was scientifically accurate. It was sensitive enough to very slight differences in the neutrino readings at each detector to use trigonometry to determine the direction the neutrinos were coming from.

After a lot of calculations she had determined that neutrino emissions consistent with Imperial battle ships and Imperial line cruisers had consistently been coming from 17 discrete points a few million kilometres from the Royal family fleet and which periodically altered their course and speed to match the chaos fleet!

An Imperial Inquisition fleet was tailing their every move!
As disturbing as this was it was also encouraging that the inquisition fleet was keeping a very wide berth from Aumaom and had not followed the fleet into the warp rift around the planet.

But even more interestingly, she had tracked another elevated neutrino source coming from the Midnight scream and these neutrino emissions were PULSING. It was a CODE!

And comparison with the neutrinos from the mystery ship (that she stupidly had thought was an error until after they hit it) with the unexplained neutrinos from the Midnight Scream showed a pulse pattern that exactly matched! This was a dark age of technology communication method that was beyond anything the Mechanicum (Dark or Imperial) could make!

She had determined two separate neutrino pulse frequencies, both of them heavily encrypted and had also determined that the encrypted patterns changed every 5 minutes exactly. Even SHE had been unable to decode this encryption which was in itself incredible, hacking encrypted codes was her specialty and even the Tau cyber security systems had lacked the encryption to frustrate Labia!

The only imperial organisation she had ever heard of who had access to this level of tech combined with this level of encryption was the Officio Assassinorum!

There were 6 coded neutrino sources coming from the Midnight Scream, one that used one frequency and broadcast constantly, and 5 that used a different frequency and broadcast intermittently.

Labia hypothesised that the constant broadcast was some kind of device wired into a data network on the Midnight Scream, so that means that the other 5 were the assassins, at least 3 Culexus from the earlier psychic scans, at least one Callidus according to the same scans, and one unknown that might be either type or a possible third type.

The best thing was that she could now triangulate the neutrino emissions. It would take some time to get the system precise enough but eventually she would be able to determine their exact location inside the Midnight Scream with enough precision to grab them with a teleportarium and bung them in a suitable holding cell!

The hunters were about to become the hunted!!!

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Chapter 31

Chapter 31C

The entire Lee Family Dominatrix Guild frantically pleased and tortured an army of Royal family Slaanesh worshipping women for the mass summoning ritual. They needed more than just Daemonettes for the fight ahead. Sooner or later they all had to leave the safety of the hotel and return to the Nightmare Asylum once the repairs were completed, and the more powerful a daemon army they could summon the better.

Lash was exhausted as she frenziedly electrocuted Melody Sevenson with a voltage that would be lethal to a non-Slaanesh worshipper. Melody was screaming in lust and with a flash another fiend of Slaanesh materialised into the summoning circle. The fiend wafted it's soporific musk at Lash but her rune inscribed fetishised gas mask filtered it out easily.

The hotel was absolutely infested with these Slaanesh shock troops, the fiends of Slaanesh. They utilised a potent soporific musk as a chemical attack that knocked enemies unconscious, they then ripped the unconscious enemies apart. They were also tough enough to battle enemy shock troops who didn't succumb to their musk, invaluable against Khorne's daemons.

As well as fiends they had summoned daemonettes by the hundreds of thousands, battalions of a type of cavalry called seekers of Slaanesh, and entire regiments of various types of seeker chariots. Best of all they had a score of greater daemons of Slaanesh!

As well as the Slaanesh daemons they even had daemons of other chaos gods, including the greater daemon Fecaluria who had apparently had no hard feelings about what happened before. Squabbling swarms of daemonic furies of chaos undivided hung from every inch of ceiling upside down like bats, Nurglings infested every toilet and helped people wipe, screamers of Tzeentch floated about wherever there was room and the entire place was packed!

The hotel was almost standing room only and the only reason it had any space left was because the daemons of Slaanesh helpfully congregated in space saving orgies, all squished together in seething piles of squirming daemonic bodies. They still needed to keep one of the loading docks free for the trucks of the Iron Warriors to trade with them, so every inch of saved space was precious!

Lash was utterly exhausted but the Keeper of Secrets (greater daemon of Slaanesh) in command of the daemonic forces would not let anyone stop the worship rituals until the army could not possibly get any bigger! Emm-Hegg-Ammon was the name of this ruthless taskmaster of a Keeper of Secrets and Lash had never heard of a Greater Daemon of Slaanesh who took their job so seriously!

Emm-Hegg-Ammon was herself a dark legend among the chronicles of the Slaanesh worshippers, she was totally unique. Millennia ago Slaanesh had thought that it would be amusing to create a Keeper of Secrets with a very strong sense of conscience and morality, and the result had been the miserable Emm-Hegg-Ammon, nicknamed "the conscience of Slaanesh".

Every story involving Emm-Hegg-Ammon was tragic, heartbreaking even. This poor creature had a morality that would put a Tau ethics philosopher to shame, but was compelled to serve Slaanesh in disgusting acts of evil! The daemon's wails of horror and misery gave Slaanesh endless pleasure and he pushed her to perform ever more acts of evil and depravity!

At the moment Emm-Hegg-Ammon was tasked with providing safe passage for a group of Slaanesh worshipping civilian noncombatants from the Hotel to the Nightmare Asylum when it
was completely repaired, and the Greater Daemon was frenziedly excited to be given a morally ok task for a change! She was feverishly determined to keep mortal casualties as low as possible and Lash was VERY glad that Emm-Hegg-Ammon was in charge!

***

Wendy was extremely unhappy as she was forced to write lines on the wall thousands of times about the crappy way she treated people! Emm-Hegg-Ammon was watching her sternly holding a syringe full of numbing local anaesthetics, ready to numb yet more of Wendy's wonderful pain as a punishment if she didn't cooperate!

Wendy wasn't alone either, all of the most evil Royal family clan Wendy women were here in the compulsory ethics education detention, along with a selection of other morally dubious people in positions of power! The space marines were psychopaths who couldn't help their shitty behaviour, so they were exempt from this humiliation.

Wendy begged miserably as Emm-Hegg-Ammon injected her with even more anaesthetic as punishment for not showing enough remorse for her many acts of evil! Why the fuck did they have to summon the only known killjoy in the entire population of Keepers of Secrets!

"Tell me again why it was wrong to run a business that enslaved millions of innocent civilians!" Emm-Hegg-Ammon demanded with righteous rage.

"Slaanesh APPROVED of that business!" Wendy reasoned desperately.

"Slaanesh approves of EVERYTHING! That puts the ball in your court to find moral ways of producing offerings of lust!" Emm-Hegg-Ammon screamed at Wendy.

Wendy cowered in terror before the raging immortal and insisted that she was sorry and that she had improved since her slaving days a dozen years ago!

Emm-Hegg-Ammon laughed uproariously in a heroic "good guy" laugh and grabbed Wendy and picked her up off the floor and held her inches from Emm-Hegg-Ammon's own face.

"Let's look at your recent so called improvements. It is true that as a result of a war you were UNWILLINGLY deprived of the opportunity to continue your grotesquely large slaving business. Since then you have been involved in shocking war crimes against the morally righteous Tau empire. The Tau then imprisoned you for a year in what I'll admit was less than humane treatment of prisoners yet in that year of incarceration you showed no remorse." Emm-Hegg-Ammon said and continued.

"You were then rescued by your psychopath brother Luke and took vast numbers of people as slaves for your share in the so called spoils of war and stole huge amounts of technology and treasure that didn't belong to you."

"Thousands of the slaves you took starved to death or died of dehydration or disease because you didn't lift a finger to help them meet their most basic needs. And then we come to the antics of your personal life." Emm-Hegg-Ammon sneered.

"My personal life is no body else's business." Wendy insisted quietly.

"What did you just say to me worm!?? Did my flawless sense of hearing just detect defiance?" Emm-Hegg-Ammon hissed dangerously.

Wendy gulped and frantically said that absolutely everything was Emm-Hegg-Ammon's business.
The immortal graciously forgave the defiance from her and asked a lot of extremely personal questions about Wendy's treatment of people in her life for about an hour.

"So let me get this straight. You keep your ex WIFE Fetter as a SLAVE, did I get that detail right?" Emm-Hegg-Ammon said dramatically, already knowing the answer.

Wendy trembled and nodded wretchedly.

"You are despicable, absolutely despicable. Have you no sense of loyalty even to your own lovers!" Emm-Hegg-Ammon said in disgust.

Wendy cried and agreed that she was despicable. Emm-Hegg-Ammon had broken her down with careful words designed to trigger Wendy's sense of guilt. Wendy now felt like absolute shit.

Emm-Hegg-Ammon dialled up the guilt about Fetter until Wendy pleaded to set Fetter free immediately, but the greater daemon demanded that rather than take the easy way out of freeing Fetter and casting her aside, Wendy had to KEEP Fetter and treat her like a treasured loved one rather than a slave! Oh this was HELLISH!

"And what about trying to divorce your long suffering wife Octavia, what do you have to say about THAT!??" Emm-Hegg-Ammon demanded after exhausting the topic of Wendy's many sins against Fetter.

"The divorce fell through, we are not getting divorced anymore!" Wendy wailed fearfully.

"If by fell through you mean that Egg found out and made threats to do terrible things if the divorce wasn't blocked by the Royal family then yes, it "fell through" you disloyal base evildoer!" Emm-Hegg-Ammon said darkly.

Wendy frantically agreed and said everything that she thought Emm-Hegg-Ammon wanted to hear, but the greater daemon wasn't fooled by her sycophancy.

"You better show me some REAL repentance for your many sins or I will completely cut out your clitoris so that you can never enjoy a full orgasm EVER AGAIN!!" Emm-Hegg-Ammon demanded, clacking her razor sharp crab claws with terrible threat!

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Wendy puked into a bucket as she shakily negotiated a trade deal of chillies to the trade ambassador from the Iron Warriors, she had only just escaped with her clitoris intact! She was so terribly filled with guilt now that it was exacerbating her morning sickness worse than ever before.

She was miserable as she worked through the trade, Emm-Hegg-Ammon was forcing Wendy to give 99 percent of all proceeds to a new charity called "the Indigo Foundation" which was newly established by TigerLily's saintly sister to aggressively tackle poverty on the Royal family fleet! That left a mere ONE PERCENT for Wendy to keep for herself!

Emm-Hegg-Ammon was a MONSTER! Worse even than the Flesh Mistress! The Flesh Mistress never demanded that the rich give 99 percent of their profits to the poor! The Flesh Mistress never forced slave traders and "war criminals" to be sorry for what they did! Emm-Hegg-Ammon really was the WORST!

Wendy had been forcibly given a complete moral detox to get all the "evil" purged out of her system! She had been made to look at her life in microscopic detail and truly contemplate the very real harm she had done to millions of people. She had wept and pleaded apologies, written endless
self criticism dissertations and forced on pain of having her clit cut out to make a serious promise to turn her life around!

Wendy now unquestionably KNEW that she was evil, to save her clit she had had to truly understand this very real fact. She had hurt people all around her for a long time and did not deserve her massive wealth and power.

And Wendy HATED Emm-Hegg-Ammon for forcing her to confront this horrible reality!

Emm-Hegg-Ammon was feared throughout the galaxy by Slaanesh worshippers for doing this to high ranking Slaanesh worshipping mortals who she judged to be evil. The Emperor's Children chaos space marine legion called her "the Killjoy", the Violators space marine war band called her "the Buzzkill", and everyone else called her by similar names!

The Eldar called her "the Conscience of Slaanesh" and a few highly obscure sects of some of the Craft World Eldar even worshipped her as a god! From what little Wendy knew, Eldar who didn't have soul stones could instead pledge their souls to Emm-Hegg-Ammon so that she had dibs on their souls over the other Slaanesh daemons when they died. She swallowed these Eldar souls into her stomach and gave them a pleasant eternity of rest and comfort and now had swallowed so many Eldar souls that she was now fearsomely powerful even for a Greater Daemon!

The name "conscience of Slaanesh" was literally true of her nature. Like all Greater Daemons of Slaanesh, Emm-Hegg-Ammon was formed out of a tiny fragment of Slaanesh's psyche. She was the living embodiment of Slaanesh's forever offended conscience, never listened to no matter how loudly she shouted and screamed, consistently upset by Slaanesh's evil acts!

There is a type of sick pleasure that comes from knowing that something is wrong but doing it anyway, the pleasure of deliberately offending ones conscience. Only beings who possess a conscience can sample this pleasure, and Slaanesh as lord of all pleasures deliberately gave himself a conscience to indulge this pleasure by then going out of his way to offend it!

Clan Wendy had been very hesitant to summon Emm-Hegg-Ammon, VERY hesitant, but they had no choice. They needed a very powerful Keeper of Secrets who would not backstab them and Emm-Hegg-Ammon was the ONLY one that would be guaranteed to make a real effort to get a band of civilians through a war zone with minimal casualties and no nasty surprises.

With Emm-Hegg-Ammon present the other Keepers of Secrets would reluctantly bow to her authority and not try any funny business, as would all the other Slaanesh daemons. She got on coldly but politely with Fecaluria but on the whole she actually had more respect for Nurgle daemons than those of Slaanesh!

Emm-Hegg-Ammon would get them back to the ship alive, that was without question, but it had a terrible price. The price was being completely made to feel like shit and to repent, and to give away most of their profits to the poor!

The Indigo Foundation was in for a VERY pleasant shock later!

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Indigo squawked in astonishment as she checked the bank balance of her charity organisation, it now contained hundreds of millions of dollars! It was a MIRACLE!

Indigo excitedly showed the portable cogitator screen to the slaves and charity workers around her and they cheered wildly with feverish euphoria!
Indigo noticed that a large amount came from Wendy and deliberately confirmed with Wendy's new astropath to make sure that it wasn't a mistake.

"It's not a mistake!!!" Indigo squealed with excitement, "I just talked to a Royal family astropath telepathically! The whole of Clan Wendy have spontaneously felt extremely motivated to donate 99 percent of their profits to our cause!!!"

The entire crowd around her blazed with jubilant hope at these wonderful words. Thousands of souls blazed with supernovas of the most extreme hope Indigo had ever seen, the hope clearly visible to her psychic senses. It was absolutely overwhelming how much raw hope this had given to them!

The Indigo Foundation was the most ambitious charity enterprise ever attempted in Sevenson fleet history. Whilst other organisations had always merely focused on meeting only the most basic material needs of the poor, the Indigo Foundation aimed to eliminate the CAUSES of the poverty in the first place.

The causes of poverty were many and complex but what they all had in common was that they trapped and disempowered people. The most obvious cause was slavery itself but other causes included exorbitant rents, the payment of protection moneys, low wages, limited opportunities for the poor, systematic inequality and corruption, unemployment and a whole plethora of other causes that eliminated all hope of building up savings or climbing the economic ladder. The Indigo Foundation planned to aggressively combat all of these causes and empower the disempowered to decide their own fate and stay out of poverty.

The Indigo Foundation was itself staffed by the people it was helping, all of them volunteers and mostly either slaves or extremely poor free crew members. Thousands of homeless hungry people all aggressively working together to lift each other out of poverty. They resembled an armed street gang more than a conventional charity, using violence if necessary to protect the most vulnerable people in the community.

All faiths, races and creeds were welcomed. Xenos and mutant and human alike all stood together in fellowship, all united by shared hope to make poverty history. Slaanesh, Tzeentch, Nurgle, Khorne, Undivided and even Emperor worshippers all stood side by side as brothers.

At the moment they numbered in the many tens of thousands at last estimate and they were growing by the hour as more people joined them. They currently occupied a set of obscenely large Royal family treasure vaults that had been completely cleaned out by the clans to trade with Aumaom at exorbitant prices, chosen because the Khorne worshippers had already finished repairs here and left, and had fortified their position against the violent Khorne worshippers of Aumaom who returned.

Despicably the Royal family clans had left behind all Slaanesh worshippers who had not paid them exorbitant protection money fees, leaving them to be slaughtered by the Khorne worshippers as a warning to everyone else to keep paying their outrageous protection money fees! These desperate wretches were all inevitably the poorest of the poor, unable to cough up protection money due to disgusting levels of poverty and they were exactly the sort of people the Indigo Foundation was here to help.

Indigo's armed associates freely offered these Slaanesh worshippers sanctuary in the fortified vault, gunning down pursuing Khorne worshippers with what few weapons they had. They were running low on ammunition now but freely spent it to protect their fellow Nightmare Asylum "countrymen" from harm. Soon they would be reduced to fighting with metal pipes and other hand weapons.
The Indigo Foundation was currently the only armed gang that was taking in the desperate Slaanesh worshippers. These desperate people had all hidden in every crawl space and other hiding place they could find, but the Khorne worshipping repair workers were hacking the entire ship apart and entering the maintenance crawl spaces to do repairs, flushing out these poor unfortunates.

The armed cultists of Tzeentch and Nurgle were not helping these worshippers of a rival god, even going so far as to shoot them on sight (and saying that the Khorne worshippers shot them)! The armed street gangs that had survived the cull by the Night Lords were even more hostile to Slaanesh worshippers and many of them had eagerly joined forces with the workers from Aumaom, many of them converted to the worship of Khorne. A lot of other slave groups had simply walked off the ship to the dubious freedom of life in the Iron Warriors hive city.

Some of these Slaanesh worshippers had formed together into armed gangs to fight off the Aumaom locals, but these were rapidly being slaughtered as they eventually ran out of ammunition, the locals were just endless no matter how many died. As a result, a constant stream of harried Slaanesh noncombatants and bloodied survivors of Slaanesh combatants with no ammo left flooded into the safety of the Indigo Foundation every hour, having literally no other safe place to go.

Not only were Slaanesh worshippers joining them, but harried and displaced people in general were flooding in to the Indigo Foundation. They were running out of food and room, they had only fire hydrants to provide water, and the sewerage situation was beyond disgusting now!

The power outlets were recharging the power packs of the few las guns they had, but they were currently firing the las guns faster than the power packs could be recharged! Some of the slaves who were Tau earth caste members had partially addressed this problem by using extension cords to plug some of the las guns directly into the outlets, but they didn't have enough cables for all of the guns.

They had plenty of Tau pulse rifles stolen by the street gangs back on Cocowango, but the ammunition was almost gone and they had no way of making more.

By far the most common guns available were old crudely home made 45 caliber pistols, relics of the terrible slave wars 12 years ago. These guns were little more than whatever bits of metal and springs that could be smuggled out of a factory in a slave worker's pussy and anus, crudely cut and welded together with home made arc welders.

The "freedom activist movement" as the slave rebels had called themselves had secretly manufactured an entire arsenal of these pistols (and bullets to fit them) right under the Sevenson family's nose and had then risen up in a bloody civil war that killed millions and caused the Sevenson women and children to flee to the other side of the galaxy. The entire reason that the Nightmare Asylum was even out here in the Ultima Segment was to recover these women and children (especially Egg) in the aftermath of this terrible war.

Indigo had lived through that war, protected from the slaves then, as now, because of her relentless charity work to help slaves earning herself a place on the Freedom Activist Movement's "do not kill" list.

The Freedom Activist Movement sadly did not win their noble war to abolish slavery, and apart from a few divisions escaping to the warp in captured chaos ships, none of the slave rebel fighters had survived. In the aftermath the fleet was absolutely flooded with their crappy guns and ammo and they were so cheap that it cost like a dollar to buy one of these pistols! And there was a REASON why they only cost a dollar!
These guns were just as likely as not to explode in your hand and a lot of the bullets were duds. Despite having crates full of these guns and ammo no one was particularly eager to risk using them, especially after the corrosive effects of Fecaluria! Frankly speaking they were safer just using a metal pipe or wrench in close combat than risking these slave guns!

With (safe) ammo running desperately low, food running out, ever more mouths to feed and never ending armies of enemies the members of the Indigo Foundation had been running out of hope. But now with a sudden miracle they had hundreds of millions of dollars flooding in and the atmosphere in the crowd was absolutely electric!

Indigo had been using her psychic powers to incessantly beg all the clans for donations, bugging the astropaths of every rich person she could think of. Indigo had regretted staying behind on the Nightmare Asylum instead of traveling with clan Wendy to keep bugging them for money, but she couldn't bring herself to leave her poor comrades behind. Now it seemed that she needn't have stressed about it, clan Wendy had miraculously discovered their conscience even without Indigo's physical presence!

The crowd of Indigo Foundation members around Indigo gazed at her in feverish hope, looking at her like some sort of messianic figure. As far as they knew, Indigo herself had been the cause of the sudden turn of fortunes and they gazed at her in feverish frenzied adoration.

In ones and twos, and then more and more the people started chanting her name. Soon the whole crowd was shouting her name like an anthem and proclaiming her motto of "hope for the hopeless!"

"Indigo, Indigo, Indigo!" The crowd chanted in an ever growing frenzy until they were screaming with raw hope in a combined blaze that echoed in the warp for miles around!

Indigo suddenly became very aware of the gaze of Tzeentch himself looking at her.

"Hope for the hopeless indeed Indigo." Tzeentch smirked delightedly in her mind.

Indigo felt her forehead burning with flowing lines of fire. The flames swirled into the sacred symbol of Tzeentch and a bright blue mark of Tzeentch burned into her forehead marking her as a chaos champion of Tzeentch!!!

Indigo felt agonising pain in around her shoulder blades as a pair of huge bulges formed. The bulges swelled and swelled and then burst in twin fountains of gore as a pair of giant mutant wings sprung free and spread gloriously!

He followers grovelled in feverish hope as Indigo erupted in a storm of mutations. A new chaos champion had been born!

Far off in the Chaos Lord's bedchamber TigerLily was deeply troubled, this might become a problem.

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Mandy excitedly studied her dentistry text book, it looked exquisitely sadistic! This was going to be such a fun career!

Mum cleared her throat warningly and Mandy unhappily returned to the school work she was supposed to be doing.

Mum was still absolutely furious with Mummy Wendy and Mandy knew better than to try her
patience. Mummy had already made a public announcement on television that she would NOT divorce mum under any circumstances, but everyone in the penthouse knew that the real reason was because of Egg's threats to not cooperate if the divorce wasn't blocked!

When Mum got out of the penthouse Mummy Wendy was in for a world of hurt! Months of chastity, a complete sex embargo and spending hours each day sitting quietly in the naughty corner were the very least of the punishments Mummy could expect until she won Mum back.

Mandy had suggested injecting Mummy's clitoris with dental anaesthetic to make it too numb to feel anything down there and Mum had liked this idea a lot. With Mummy being a masochist, conventional pain and suffering were not a punishment. Instead the family in the penthouse had helped Mum brainstorm alternative methods to REALLY punish Mummy!

Mum was going to starve Wendy of all sensation until she was driven mad, and restrain her and numb her whole body then use Mum's lust aura to make Wendy weep with frustration. It would be hilarious to watch!

With the possible exception of Liling, everyone in the penthouse was angry lately. Some of it was no doubt from proximity to the Khorne planet of Aumaom, but mostly it was because they had every reason to be pissed off!

Life really sucked! They each had a list of reasons to be angry. Mandy was cut off from all her other submissive lovers and had only Egg and Liling to dominate. Augusta in turn was completely dominating Mandy, which was ok but not as fun as taking the dominant role. Egg was almost never up for playing lately, she had very little time and was too tired to play even when she did have time. Liling was always up for it but was now shared between 3 people so she also had limited time!

Mandy sighed as she studied advanced mathematics, it was so boring using calculus in the exercise question to calculate the trajectory of the nuclear missiles Warmaster Horus was aiming at the imperial palace on Terra. Like all Sevenson children Mandy was expected to excel in the highest level education imaginable!

Mandy was pretty damn sure that calculus was not usually considered appropriate for a mere 13 year old! Even the adult Mr Bean had been unable to do calculus in an exam!

Mandy injected herself with another dose of potent learning drugs and felt a temporary boost in cognitive ability raising her IQ slightly. It helped but only slightly, Mandy simply wasn't academically gifted.

Mandy got the question wrong and had to try again, her missile hadn't even hit Terra at all! She looked in irritation as Augusta enthusiastically demanded more questions about missilery, having calculated every trajectory perfectly! Stupid Wsuioo heritage with his fancy designer genes!

Liling was likewise having zero difficulty with the calculus questions. Mum however couldn't even spell calculus and was doing language homework designed for small children. She was a tribal from a hill tribe village in the middle of a forest in the absolute middle of fucking nowhere and had never been properly educated growing up. She was trying valiantly but she really was better at fucking than thinking at the end of the day.

Egg herself had gotten lonely so was sitting with them too and the whole family was hard at work studying together. Egg was crying softly as she always did during the second half of her 12 hours of mental torture each day, but she seemed to find the company of the family soothing.

Egg looked terribly angry, she was almost always angry recently. The near divorce had made her
scarily angry and she seemed to have an intense focus now. She now WANTED to grow her powers, not just out of duty but out of true desire to right all the terrible wrongs in her life. Her rage was driving her to study her mind exercises like never before and she was getting better success averages at mastering new exercises first time.

With a sudden scream of effort Egg passed out from mental strain. The family rushed to her aid and a Tau medical drone activated and floated over to assist her. It took a few minutes and an injection to revive her and Egg instantly attempted to continue with her exercises the moment she regained consciousness.

"Much as I admire your dedication, you really need to take at least a few minutes to recover your strength Egg. You are making yourself sick." Augusta said gently.

The others all agreed, this really wasn't healthy at all.

Egg raged, angrily shouting to let her continue. Augusta took away her books and sat on them, his massive weight too much for Egg's tiny body to shift. Egg had a tantrum that shocked everyone, this wasn't normal behaviour for her! She angrily clawed Augusta's face with her bird feet, drawing blood and curses from Augusta!

Mandy, Mum and Liling frantically pulled Egg away and Egg screamed with rage and tried to claw them too! What the fuck was wrong with her! She was so violent that they had to tie her up with Liling's printed synthetic thread bondage ropes to stop her from clawing them all!

"What's wrong sweetie?" Mum asked the struggling hogtied Egg.

"I don't have time for this! I need to master my powers so I can destroy everyone who ever threatened our family! I will kill the High Lords of Terra, I will destroy the whole fucking Imperium so they never threaten us again!" Egg screamed in a frenzy of rage.

"You can't do that if you make yourself sick, you need to pace yourself." Mum insisted compassionately.

Egg sighed in defeat after tugging the ropes to no avail and nodded. Mum stroked Egg's feathers soothingly and she eventually relaxed. Mum just kept stroking and soothing Egg until she fell asleep, the poor thing was exhausted.

Over a month of drugs and mental torture had changed Egg, she had a grimness about her now and a hardness to her eyes. She was more arrogant, but it was a healthy deserves arrogance that had been earned, not a self deceiving arrogance but an acceptance of how powerful she really was.

Really she was changing into her true potential. Her mind had been stretched to the point that some of her thoughts about things were said in mind wrecking gobbledygook that gave them all headaches. She was on the one hand able to cope with the most appalling mental strain yet at the same time not able to cope with her emotions. Apparently the emotional training only came after she first mastered the mind stretching.

Her lessons were now so inherently built on previous lessons that they now made no sense at all without this background. Mandy didn't even get headaches reading the new exercises as she didn't understand them anymore, they had gone completely beyond her comprehension but were apparently bad enough to make Egg pass out!

"What are we going to do with her?" Mandy asked.

"For now she needs to rest, after she wakes up we will deal with problems as they arise." Mum said.
simply.

Really what else could they do?

***
Chapter 32

Chapter 32C

Indigo happily greeted the latest chaos undivided arms dealers. They had been visiting every day for the last fortnight with fresh stockpiles of weapons and ammunition.

With a net worth of now over a billion dollars the Indigo Foundation was now by far the richest armed faction on the Nightmare Asylum not counting the Royal family themselves. Every arms dealer on the ship was flocking to sell to them.

The planet Aumaom was a Khorne aligned daemon/hive world ruled by a faction of Iron Warriors chaos space marines. That means guns, BILLIONS of guns! The entire planet was a vast factory churning out guns, guns and more guns at a prodigious rate, as well as ammo, vehicles, armour, equipment and a million other things (and of course civilian products too). Arms dealer from Aumaom were selling to chaos undivided and other neutral arms dealers and these in turn were selling to the Indigo Foundation.

The electronic banking system of the ship allowed for completely cashless transactions, converting the digital local currency from clan Wendy's profits seamlessly into Royal family dollars in digital form that was then transferred to the arms dealer's accounts.

The Indigo Foundation was stockpiling everything they could possibly need for their coming (literal) war on poverty. Every poor person was being armed and equipped to fight if necessary for the rights they were entitled to. The time of change was here, the time of hope for the hopeless!

Indigo now had over 100,000 followers and every single one of them was feverish with frenzied hope. Many people were now converting to worship Tzeentch openly and with every new soul converted, Indigo's favour with Tzeentch grew.

She was now a tangled mass of mutations, rapidly accumulating unwanted chaos gifts. Many of these mutations did little more than ruin her future sex life prospects but a few were actually useful. She had massive wings that actually worked, letting her fly! She was superhumanly strong, able to bend crowbars or pick up huge heavy objects, though she had a ravenous appetite to provide all the energy for this strength. Her psychic abilities had increased and she was becoming aware of the subtle strands of fate now.

Ketut (who worshipped Chaos Undivided) was less than impressed with Indigo's new body, but he was a gentleman and was trying to work through this problem rather than simply dumping her. Indigo had cried that he was being so decent to her, she really had never had a man who was so good. She had read his mind and seen that he was attracted to her character and unselfishness, it was rare indeed to find someone with Indigo's character on a chaos ship and he was impressed by it! That being said, he unfortunately no longer desired to fuck her!!!

Relationship problems aside, Indigo was deeply happy about the way things had turned out. She now had the means to eliminate poverty completely on the Nightmare Asylum! Millions of people would now be assured of having all their needs met, anyone who stood in the way would be shot!

Indigo's new mutant heads tittered and chanted praises to Tzeentch as her scorpion tail curled and stretched happily. So much wonderful HOPE!!!

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Dark Mechanicum Tech Priestess Labia Johnson smiled triumphantly as she finished the final touches to her assassin containment system deep in one of the hidden penthouse rooms onboard the Nightmare Asylum. Even the agents of the Officio Assassinorum would not be able to dig their way out of THIS trap!

The assassins would each be teleported into a different penthouse and would be instantly trapped inside a stasis field that slows down the passage of time so much that a second experienced inside the stasis field would take 100 YEARS in real time! It would take the fuckers over a century to even notice that they had been caught!

Photons of radio waves would move much slower in the stasis field, but at the speed of light relative to stasis field time they would still pass through it in a timely manner. That meant that Labia would be able to scan them with only a slight delay and learn everything she could about them as they were frozen in time! She would unlock the secrets of their technology before they erased it, hack all their codes and figure out every secret they had hidden!

The Nightmare Asylum was not keeping any record of what Labia was doing, only the chaos Lord and a few other people knew about this and security was paramount to stop this information leaking out to the Assassins. Labia had set up highly calibrated neutrino detection systems in a number of different hidden penthouses and was even now tracking the 5 assassins movements with astonishing accuracy considering all the neutrino interference from the local star.

Once they had learned all they possibly could from the Assassins, Labia had some extremely fun automated torture chambers prepared for the assassins. Not to make them talk, just for fun!

The thought of this made Labia wet and she teleported out of the penthouse and returned to her apartment to work on the new torture engine that was a surprise present for her wife Candy.

Candy was currently accompanying clan Wendy for safety, along with their daughters, and Labia missed her terribly! For weeks Labia had been fucking Aumaom repair workers as her only sexual release and she was utterly sick of the angry sex!

The local men were as willing to fuck as any men were, they just did it in the angriest way possible. She had trained herself to not blurt out praises to Slaanesh during sex and for added protection she had bleached the pink dye out of her hair and dyed it her natural blonde instead. The sexy Slaanesh symboled pink underwear had been replaced with sexy red underwear festooned in Dark Mechanicum symbols and her apartment had likewise been given a face lift to look the part of a single faith tech priestess.

Labia now just looked like a surprisingly sexy Tech Priestess and she had no trouble at all in getting the men to fuck her. She actually now had the problem of men angrily fighting over her and claiming her as their own!

Labia currently had the machine partially disassembled, it still needed a lot of work. The floor was covered in metal parts ranging from dildo attachments to razor blades as well as more nonspecific machine parts like wires and pistons and cogs. Candy was really going to love this!

Without warning a man with a beard kicked the apartment door down and bellowed, "Crog want to fuck Lab-Ya, you are mine!"

Labia just about had a heart attack, he had startled her with his sudden entrance.

"I'm building a machine Crog", Labia said in the local language.
Crog eyed the dildos and other clearly sexual machine parts and snarled, "what is this Slaanesh sissy shit!"

Labia thought quickly and said, "it's a torture engine to show your hate to enemies. You take a defeated enemy and hurl him inside the machine with all your rage and the machine does hateful things to show contempt and make him a pansy faggot!"

Crog roared with laughter at the thought of making heterosexual men he hated be buggered by a machine and demanded to own one to use on the next enemy he found. Labia told him the price to build one and he snarled in disappointed rage that he couldn't afford one.

Labia quickly moved his attention to the blades the machine used on the victims skin and hid all of the more sexual parts in a box. Crog angrily admired the blades and then turned his attention to Labia.

"You be Crog's wife bitch, Crog fuck your cunt and you give Crog many sons and make machines for Crog!" Crog proposed in what was apparently a romantic gesture on Aumaom!

"I don't have the beard to be your wife, I have no body hair at all." Labia said carefully.

"Crog don't fucking care you bitch! Crog says what he means like true beard does! You say yes bitch!" Crog demanded.

Labia did not like this, Crog would attack her if she said the wrong thing. She decided that it was time for a tiny injection of truth, not too much, just a bit.

"I'm already married Crog", Labia said truthfully.

Crog raged and started smashing up the room, but thankfully didn't hit Labia herself.

"Where your husband? Why he not stop you fuck Crog? Has he no beard at all?!" Crog demanded in a rage.

"My husband is a beardless sissy girl who fled with the other sissies. He has no manhood in pants, just tiny little bump. I fuck real beard Crog to stuff my cunt!" Labia said in the moronic speech of Aumaom.

Technically this was all true, Candy was a beardless sissy (read Slaanesh) girl who had no penis, only the tiny bump of a clitoris, and of course Labia DID want Crog to "stuff her cunt".

Crog roared with angry laughter at the description of his romantic rival and aggressively threw Labia on the bed and fucked her so hard that she couldn't walk for a while afterwards!

She moaned praises to the Machine God the entire time he fucked her and had a surprisingly good orgasm. She tried to kiss and cuddle Crog but he simply rolled off her and angrily stole food from her kitchen! What a charmer!

Crog had not even finished eating before another bearded angry asshole showed up at Labia's door demanding that she be his wife!

Labia ducked for cover as Crog hurled himself at the newcomer in a rage and started a deadly brawl that resulted in Labia's apartment being trashed and both Crog and the other man braining each other with metal tools and dropping dead to the floor!

Labia blinked in shock as she surveyed the two dead bodies on the floor of her apartment, had that
shit really just happened?! She didn't have more than 30 seconds to process this before yet another suitor turned up to woo her, wanting her to bear him sons and make weapons to destroy his enemies...

3 hours later Labia had 18 bodies on her floor and one victor who was fucking her as the spoils of conquest!

Apparently Aumaom men had trouble with the concept of "casual sex no strings attached"! Every guy she had fucked had heard about Crog moving in on the Tech Priestess and all had raced over as soon as they heard to fight to the death over the highly prized Tech Priestess!

Apparently every man on Aumaom fantasised about having a woman who could make power armour and deadly weapons to make them invincible in battle against their enemies!

Her new "husband" lasted all of about ten minutes before yet another angry man showed up, killed him and fucked Labia in victory! She was getting really sore from all the testosterone fuelled victory fucks! This was fucking ridiculous!

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Wendy submissively grovelled before Emm-Hegg-Ammon, the weeks of discipline and punishment had really been brutal on her. She was locked in full chastity and had not been able to orgasm in over a fortnight!

Wendy desperately pleaded with Emm-Hegg-Ammon to take off the chastity belt but the immortal was unmoved by her pleas for mercy. The greater daemon instead forced Wendy to contemplate her evil deeds and explain why her actions were wrong!

Wendy sobbed, completely broken by guilt and chastity, just wanting some pleasure. She was tired of being punished, tired of her terrible guilt. She was now giving 100 percent of her profits to the Indigo Foundation in a vain attempt to get the daemon to show some mercy to her, she no longer cared about money, she just wanted even the simple pleasure of being able to masturbate right now!

To a pleasure addict like Wendy this was her own personal hell. She was injected with so much anaesthetic that she could not feel anything at all beyond numbness! She had a large cage locked around her head that had big enough gaps to stick a hand in with food so she could eat, but which prevented her from all forms of kissing, sucking nipples or performing oral sex on another woman!

At the moment her hands were secured behind her back with heavy padded handcuffs and bondage mittens to stop her from trying to rip into her flesh just to feel SOMETHING, and she was frustrated out of her mind!

In centuries of existence Wendy had never been so totally deprived of pleasure for this long, sure some of her Dominatrices had locked her in chastity, sometimes for YEARS, but they had never numbed her entire body like this!

Wendy was now so absolutely SORRY that she had ever wanted to divorce Octavia, right now Wendy would pay a billion dollars just to have Octavia simply give her a kiss on the lips! Wendy was STARVING for some intimate touch and was more than satisfied with Octavia's "spankings, kisses and other non-pleasures"!!

Wendy had sent grovelling messages of apologies to Octavia but had not heard anything from her in reply. The thought of Octavia deliberately ignoring her was so terrible that Wendy wanted to
Wendy was different now, her "evil detox" was purging a remarkable amount of badness out of her. She now had a better grip on morality and ethics than she had in years. She had been forced to rediscover her conscience, been forced to become kinder and more selfless, been dragged kicking and screaming along the path to moral redemption!

Her forced withdrawal from all pleasures had done a lot to sensitize the pleasure senses of her brain to once more take pleasure in simple things, helped along massively by the daemon's supernatural effects on her brain. A part of Wendy was actually utterly grateful to Emm-Hegg-Ammon for so patiently redeeming an evil piece of shit like Wendy!

Despite her desperate sexual frustration and terrible guilt Wendy felt the best she had in years. She had confessed and repented to a mountain of terrible sins, spiritually puking out these terrible burdens and feeling lighter afterwards. She still had an entire mountain range of sin left to work through but the old mountains disappeared once fully repented and Emm-Hegg-Ammon never returned to them once they were fully laid to rest.

Wendy suddenly understood what Emm-Hegg-Ammon was trying to do, and it was wonderful!

"You are trying to save me, that's why you didn't just kill me, you are going to extreme effort to save me. I know it's a bit late but from the bottom of my heart, THANK YOU for saving me." Wendy said with complete conviction.

Emm-Hegg-Ammon beamed at Wendy so intensely that happy tears ran down her face.

"Very good Wendy, finally you understand! I knew that I was right about you! You are absolutely correct, I am saving you from your mistakes. You have terrible addictions and such terrible evil rooted in your heart strangling everything good out of your life. I had to be ruthless to rip it all out to give you back your life. You have no idea how gratifying it is to have you thank me for my labor of love, far too few ever thank me." Emm-Hegg-Ammon said with happy tears.

"Why didn't you just kill me?" Wendy asked.

"I certainly was tempted to and certainly could have, but I am (if I don't say so myself) too GOOD a person to just kill emotionally damaged sinners. That is why I didn't kill your space marines either, the Sevenson family has heartbreaking emotional damage, you people need serious professional help! You should be in an asylum for the criminally insane getting treatment, not executed on death row." Emm-Hegg-Ammon said compassionately.

"Will you please help us, help my entire family?" Wendy pleaded.

"Alas I cannot stay with you beyond the confines of my mission to escort you to safety, but if Slaanesh is willing then I will return to you in the future. In the meantime it is absolutely imperative that you return to Beta Kappa Rwanda 5 with your daughter Egg Sevenson and defeat the Flesh Mistress. Over a trillion lives depend upon you stopping that evil being!" Emm-Hegg-Ammon insisted emphatically.

"Won't that be against Slaanesh's best interests?" Wendy asked.

"Wendy your own problems are but gnats before the evil burdens carried by the heart of Slaanesh. I myself am the conscience of arguably the most evil being in existence and I can absolutely say that what Slaanesh wants and what Slaanesh NEEDS are two completely different things! Just as a mortal's conscience tries to stop him or her doing evil, I likewise try to stop Slaanesh doing evil.
Obeying me is still obedience to Slaanesh, never forget that I myself am a PART of Slaanesh."
Emm-Hegg-Ammon said sagely.

"I am a champion of Slaanesh, that means I am also a champion of YOU." Wendy said with sudden insight.

"Exactly!" Emm-Hegg-Ammon beamed with delight.

***

Dark Mechanicum Tech Priestess Labia Johnson trembled as she built a suit of human sized power armour for her latest "husband" in an apartment in the hive city on Aumaom, she had been kidnapped by bearded morons!

The Royal family valued her services (not to mention her knowledge of their classified data) so highly that a huge bounty had been issued for her safe return. The problem was that every time a bounty hunter "rescued" her, he decided that they also wanted a hot wife who makes weapons and armour!

Labia had been changing hands between ever more powerful bearded morons ever since one of the workers beat her unconscious and carried her off the ship! Her current "husband" was an exalted champion of Khorne who was muscled like a Catachan!!

Labia yelped in fright as one of her new husband's blood letters of Khorne called her a Slaanesh whore in a daemonic voice! The blood letter's head was very abruptly cleaved from its shoulders with a daemon weapon by her new husband!

"Anyone who bothers my wife DIES!" Her husband bellowed with rage at his war band of mortal and daemon followers.

Labia frantically machined the servo components faster, terrified of him losing patience with her. She installed the new components into the growing suit of armour as quickly as possible with the help of her husband's servitors and was soon out of materials!

"Husband I need more rhodium for the power core of your armour!" Labia pleaded.

Her husband beat her savagely for giving him bad news and then shouted at his war band to find him some more rhodium! Labia squeaked with fright as her husband heaved her over his shoulder like a hunk of meat and carried her to the bedroom. He roughly tugged her clothes off and slammed her down on the mattress in a rage!

"Do what you do best Slaanesh whore!" He roared at her and brutally penetrated her!

Labia's cover of pretending to not worship Slaanesh was blown the moment she was taken to the hive city and the Khorne daemon smelled her soul. Luckily for her she was also a priestess of the Dark Mechanicum and Khorne tolerated those who built weapons for his armies. She was now little more than a slave.

The other thing that set Labia apart was her physical beauty. While the men of Aumaom happily fucked their angry bearded women, they apparently preferred women who didn't have hairy chests and beards. Labia's complete lack of facial and body hair combined with her natural Slaanesh fuckability made her a status symbol for any Aumaom man to possess. With being a tech priestess too she was absolutely irresistible!

Labia frantically called on the lust of Slaanesh to make her as sexually pleasing as possible to her
"husband". On Aumaom any man who wanted a woman simply took her by force and that made her his wife! Women could change husbands 50 times in a day!

Labia was intensely aware of how much semen was inside her, aware because the semen of the different men was very literally waging a war against each other in her uterus! These chaos champions of Khorne were so supernaturally endowed with rage that even their cum was belligerent! Labia was somehow supernaturally aware that a microscopic war was waging inside her!

She was on birth control but her ovaries were quite literally under siege by angry sperm, hacking the surface with supernatural warp formed tiny axes to force her body to ovulate!

With a fresh aggressive ejaculation her current husband delivered yet another army of his forces to the battle, fresh troops to fight the battle weakened sperm of dead men previous! He seemed to be aware of the battle and just kept fucking her and pumping more and more inside her to make sure that the resulting child would be his alone!

When his balls were totally empty he made her get dressed and continue working on his new armour, oh Slaanesh this was hellish!

***

The Steel Brethren ached with shame! The magnitude of their loss of face was completely humiliating!
They shuddered to think what the Alpha Plus thought of the way her kin had been treated!

At least with all the wars so far, none of Egg’s relatives had died. The Iron warriors had especially made sure that any non space marine that Egg was documented to care about had been safely onboard a land raider the entire time they were in the columns. For weeks things had been contained, until now!

The local morons had been busily helping themselves to women on the Nightmare Asylum to be their wives, which no one important cared about. This was fine until one of them abducted a fucking TECH PRIESTESS who Egg Sevenson called her Auntie!

Apparently this woman was best friends with the woman that Egg considers to be her mother. Not to mention the fact that this tech priestess was married and was the parent of two of Egg’s biological relatives! This was an absolute disaster for earning the trust of the living psychic super weapon!

This tech priestess had changed hands constantly as local chaos champions fought over her and had been very brutally raped. Even Egg Sevenson herself had sent out an official plea for her safe return!
If the this woman died then the diplomatic repercussions were unthinkable!

3 entire companies of Steel Brethren Iron Warriors were currently advancing on the gang stronghold of the local chaos champion who currently possessed the Tech Priestess and intelligence indicated that he was forcing her to make military equipment.

They were just getting into position when suddenly a blood thirster (greater daemon) of Khorne smashed out of the roof of the building (within the greater building of the enclosed hive city) and flew off holding the screaming tech priestess in a clawed hand!

***
The Blood Thirster of Khorne Galit roared in triumph as he flew off with his new wife. With her he could create weapons to blast the Slaanesh "clan" cowards out of hiding and destroy them all!

Skulls for the skull throne!

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Agent Darkness reviewed the footage of Egg Sevenson demanding the safe return of one Dark Mechanicum Tech Priestess Labia Johnson, the target had grown slightly but even more telling was the change in demeanour and subtle cues that suggested intensive psychic mind training!

The Alpha Plus had clearly not been idle these past two months. She would now be even more dangerous than previously!

***

TigerLily brooded jealously as her sister's favour with Tzeentch steadily grew. This would NOT do!

Indigo might be converting multitudes to Tzeentch but TigerLily would conquer the entire fucking planet from Khorne to win Tzeentch's attention back squarely onto herself!

Years ago TigerLily had perfected a fast breeding strain of Tyranid hormagaunt specifically for this purpose and would now finally use them! The "TigerLily strain" hormagaunts reached egg laying age 2 hours after hatching, could eat almost any biological materials, were EXCELLENT SWIMMERS, and most importantly they had a mutation that caused their highly psychic minds to blaze with the Tyranid equivalent of the emotion HOPE!

An ocean of blood would very quickly become an ocean of TigerLily strain hormagaunts, eat the entire Khorne worshipping population of the planet and fill the planet with so much Tyranid hope that Tzeentch would be unable to help but notice TigerLily over her sister!

TigerLily connected her mind with the mind of an astropath on her personal ship out in the fleet, the dauntless class light cruiser "Orphan Blender".

TigerLily said one word, "Chappie", and the astropath knew what she wanted them to do.

***

The Dauntless light cruiser "Orphan Blender" entered teleport range of the upper atmosphere of Aumaom. They were far from a land mass, right over the middle of the largest blood ocean.

With a flash a small escape pod teleported into the upper atmosphere as the Orphan Blender once more pulled back to the edge of the system. The escape pod instantly began a fiery descent, screaming down through the daemonic atmosphere to the ocean of blood below.

At the last moment parachutes deployed and slowed the descent to nonlethal velocity before the pod entered the ocean with an almighty splash! 20 seconds later the pod bobbed back to the surface on inflated flotation bags.

For a moment it just bobbed about before a hatch blew out of the side of the pod with a loud bang.

As the smoke cleared the snouts of Tyranid Hormagaunts poked out of the hatch opening, sniffing the smell of blood eagerly. The Tyranids were astonished by the bounty of food they had just discovered, this endless ocean of blood contained all the food they would EVER need!
The hormagaunts eagerly trotted to the edge of the floatation bags and greedily drank the blood until they were totally gorged. They then pissed out litres of unwanted water and gorged themselves yet again. When they had enough biomass they started to swell up with eggs and laid them floating in the water by the hundreds!

5 minutes later these eggs hatched into tiny snakelike ripper larvae. These rippers then gorged themselves on blood. 2 hours later the rippers were adult Hormagaunts swimming in the blood and each one of these laid hundreds of eggs of their own every HOUR!

The planet didn't yet know it but 24 hours from now they were going to be in very serious trouble.

In the warp Tzeentch laughed an insane diabolical laugh.

"Just as planned"

***
Chapter 33

Dark Mechanicum Tech Priestess Labia Johnson was now very definitely pregnant as she directed hundreds of billions of Tau technical drones, servitors, Khorne daemons and local human workers to build a legion of chaos Titans!

Her latest "husband", a blood thirster greater daemon of Khorne named Galit, had very definitely won the war to get her pregnant! Galit had consummated their "marriage" by penetrating her with the father of all giant cocks and filling her uterus up to capacity with angry daemonic cum! The daemonic cum had slaughtered it's mortal rivals and supernaturally forced Labia to ovulate in both ovaries at once!

She didn't know WHAT she was now carrying in her womb and wasn't sure that she WANTED to know!

Her husband clearly was not interested in her sexually, indeed he hadn't touched her intimately since consummating the marriage. He was just so aggressively belligerent that he had got her pregnant simply for the sake of being the victor of the war in her uterus! The whole marriage was an expression of dominance over Khorne worshipping rivals, he only wanted to claim her as a wife because others had battled over her, he was all about claiming the spoils of war for his martial pride, even if he didn't want them!

What Galit absolutely DID want from her was her stolen Tau earth caste design schematics to build "an army worthy of Khorne". Labia was an infamous data thief and cyber criminal who freely hacked every xenos data network she encountered on the Dark Mechanicum quest for knowledge. She knew so many classified Tau military technology secrets that the Tau Empire now had placed a price on her head equivalent to over a billion imperial credits!

Labia usually guarded her secrets jealously, but with herself chained by the neck to the belt of a greater daemon of Khorne... Needless to say that she was feeling VERY motivated to give up her secrets in exchange for her life!

Galit had taken her to another level of the hive city in a massive manufacturing district. His daemonic army had proceeded to capture hundreds of factories from Steel Brethren control and Labia had upgraded the automated systems in these factories with Tau technology secrets. These factories now were churning out Tau technical drones at an exponential rate and the drones in turn had constructed yet more drone factories until they had a workforce of hundreds of millions.

Labia's drones had then produced thousands of suits of ordinary-human adapted power armour to equip Galit's mortal servants and bolters and anti tank weapons to let them capture yet more factories from the Iron Warriors space marines.

With every victory Labia was forced to increase military production even more, making ever more ridiculously over the top things until she was now constructing fucking Imperator Titans and Tau Manta Missile Destroyers! Even the Royal family had never wanted such ridiculous ground based fire power!

She had barely slept as her brain implants frantically programmed this ludicrous rate of production. Labia knew from experience that if you had enough raw manpower than you could build ANYTHING astonishingly quickly, and with hundreds of billions of technical drones for
manpower she was churning out even new Titans in mere hours!

Ten million Aumaom locals were now clad in power armour and toting ferocious Tau energy weapons! And millions more were crewing vehicles. Titans and tanks and aircraft and even small space craft were battling through the ridiculously large streets of the hive city against the Steel Brethren Iron Warriors and their own Titan legions.

The Iron Warriors were the consummate masters of this type of warfare and had spent years building an even larger army of war machines than Galit currently had. Galit's forces were attempting to break through the Iron Warriors defensive lines to reach the Slaanesh worshippers of the Royal family clans in their hotels, which were warded against daemons and so heavily armoured that nothing short of a Titan could blast out the doors!

The Iron Warriors were so far holding the line, but with Galit's forces capturing ever more factories away from the front lines, it was only a matter of time before the sheer number of military units pushed through.

***

Out in the ocean of blood the TigerLily strain hormagaunts had had an insane population explosion. It had now been 3 days since they first arrived and now the swarm in the ocean was so big that it was clearly visible from space!

These Tyranids could survive without oxygen so couldn't drown and the press of bodies was so great that trillions of them were pushed down deep below the surface. They drank the blood constantly and continually laid hundreds of eggs into the blood every hour. The eggs became egg laying adults 2 hours later and the sheer press of growing bodies was crushing billions to death!

The daemons of Khorne had been aware of their presence within minutes of their arrival and had attacked them only halfheartedly, distracted by the Slaanesh worshippers. By the time the daemons took the threat seriously the hormagaunts were already breeding faster than they could kill them!

Billions of daemonic flesh hounds had transformed themselves to resemble sharks for the aquatic environment and were having a feeding frenzy, but it was making very little difference to the swarm. The growing press of bodies had now formed a floating continent of hormagaunt bodies, and you just can't fight a continent!

The Iron Warriors had been ruthlessly bombing the mass with nuclear weapons and killing them by the billions, but the swarm extended down so deeply into the ocean that the ones at the bottom were shielded by the ones on the top! The Swarm so far hadn't reached land quite yet, and the Iron Warriors were terrified of what would happen when they did in a few hours time!

No matter how much blood the Tyranids drank, it continually supernaturally renewed itself. No matter how much fresh water they pissed out, the blood never became diluted. This ocean was connected to the very blood oceans of Khorne deep in his realm in the warp and contained a mass of blood so great that it could never be drained. The Tyranids had found the ULTIMATE food source!

With every passing minute the outside edge of the swarm was pushed outwards at astonishing speed by the sheer pressure of growing bodies behind them. The ocean was rapidly becoming an ocean of nothing but Tyranids. The ones at the very bottom of the floating swarm were pushed down into the crushing high pressure depths of the ocean and killed, but their bodies remained and were pushed ever downwards until the entire mass of living and dead rested on the ocean floor!
Trillions of bodies in the press were dead, but enough were alive in pockets of nonlethal pressure that the mass just kept expanding.

At the nearest shore to Tyranid ground zero, angry bearded local surfers stood on the beaches of bones and scabs and gazed in rage at the rapidly growing thing that was fucking up their surf. For hours it had been building on the horizon and absorbing the waves!

The first sign of what it was came when swimming hormagaunts far ahead of the main swarm washed up on the beach in ones and twos. The locals angrily beat these to death with their surf boards in a rage.

Soon however the swimming hormagaunts were far more numerous than just ones and twos and the surfers were fighting for their lives. As the angry survivors were driven back, the outside edge of the swarm hit the beach like a tsunami of Tyranid bodies and the entire local landscape was completely covered by the creatures.

Nukes fell on the swarm and destroyed them mercilessly, but the flood was never ending for as long as they didn't run out of food, and Aumaom was completely MADE out of food!

***

The power of Tzeentch surged through TigerLily as the combined hope of trillions of highly psychic TigerLily strain hormagaunts shone in the warp so brightly that it obscured even the Astronomican itself! The effect of this combined psychic hurricane of hope on the warp was to greatly increase Tzeentch's power!

The diabolical laughter of Tzeentch roared in her mind as he steadily grew in power with the swarm! TigerLily had just ensured the death of a TRILLION Khorne worshippers, ALL of them would be eaten by this swarm! The women, the children, the babies, ALL of them!

It was her most evil act, sacrificing a trillion human beings for selfish reasons!

The Iron Warriors would have to evacuate the planet, it would soon be nothing but an eternal choir of hope to Tzeentch, forever making him much more powerful than before.

TigerLily telepathically laughed like a maniac, thinking about all the other planets she could infest like this. She would make Tzeentch more powerful than even Khorne himself!

Luke was looking at TigerLily in alarm as an inferno of psychic energy blazed around her. The entire throne room of the Nightmare Asylum was blazing with power as Tzeentch gazed at TigerLily in adoration.

"Beloved TigerLily, chosen of Tzeentch, I do declare that I LOVE YOU!" Tzeentch shouted in a booming echo in the throne room that even Luke heard with his ears.

"I LOVE YOU TOO!" TigerLily telepathically screamed in delight to her beloved god Tzeentch.

Tzeentch laughed in delight in an insane laugh and TigerLily felt something absolutely wonderful happening to her.

Her mutant voice box somehow formed human speech and she threw back her head and bellowed, "BEAR WITNESS TO MY ASCENSION!"

TigerLily's body then exploded in a fountain of gore as the glorious TigerLily, Daemon Princess of Tzeentch was born!
TigerLily screamed in triumph and gazed through the warp at Tzeentch in adoration, she was now IMMORTAL!

Luke congratulated her with thunderous applause and she turned to regard the mortal worm that had dared to interrupt her moment of glory.

"Well done TigerLily, you did it! I couldn't be happier for you!" Luke told her jubilantly.

TigerLily cocked her head at him and said, "well if it isn't the husband who used to beat me, speaking to me like an equal."

"Oh crap, you didn't retain all of yourself did you! Are you still my beloved TigerLily somewhere deep down inside?" Luke asked in grief.

TigerLily smirked, "Oh yes beloved ex husband, I am still in here. You and I have a special bond and I claim you as my own for eternity! We are going to have so much FUN together!"

Luke grinned at her like a maniac and she picked him up like a doll and hugged him in adoration, her beloved mortal plaything to keep her entertained!

***

Emm-Hegg-Ammon screamed as she saw what Slaanesh had done to her! It was just another cruel tragedy to mess with her!

Slaanesh was absolutely gloating as he showed her the lines of fate, showing that her act of making the rich give to the poor had made TigerLily jealous of her saintly sister finally getting some well deserved recognition and set in motion the genocide of a trillion people just to steal back the spotlight!

"YOU did this!" Slaanesh gloated at her in sick sadistic cruelty!

Emm-Hegg-Ammon screamed in horror at the sheer scale of the evil that had been done! The conscience of Slaanesh was once more profoundly upset by Slaanesh and this upset flooded the chaos lust god with pleasure beyond mortal comprehension!

It was all so undone! Her wonderful reformed clan Wendy sinners were now under the rule of an unspeakably evil new born Daemon Princess! TigerLily would manipulate the innocent little Egg Sevenson into doing terrible evil, billions of people would be hurt by this!

Well not TODAY! Emm-Hegg-Ammon was completely and utterly sick of every good thing she built falling into ruin! It was time that she took her leave of the warp for a while!

She turned to her class of penitent sinners and asked for permission to possess one of them for a while, she would be coming with the Sevenson family to try to undo the terrible damage Slaanesh had caused today.

***

Completely without warning the hotel gates opened and a tide of daemons of Slaanesh surged out guarding clan Wendy as they fled back to the partially repaired Nightmare Asylum. They were not due to leave yet and the forces of Khorne had not been expecting them.

The nation that the hive city occupied was thankful completely land locked and completely surrounded by mile high 200 meter thick reinforced concrete walls with extremely deep
foundations. The walls had so far kept the hormagaunts out, but nations bordering the sea had not been so lucky.

If the night lords people's didn't leave soon then they would be eaten along with the rest!

Huge Keepers of Secrets smashed aside massive roadblocks as the column of vehicles sped through the Streets, running over surprised Khorne forces. With the element of surprise they were halfway to the ship before they met seriously resistance.

Every single vehicle was packed to capacity with civilians and soldiers alike, with soldiers even on the roofs of vehicles to let the column move at speed without being slowed by infantry on foot. The daemonette foot soldiers had completely broken off from the column and was acting as diversion forces to draw enemies away from the column.

As the news spread that clan Wendy was making a break for it, the forces besieging the hotels of the other clans abandoned their posts and rushed to engage the daemonette diversion forces. Fecaluria was mostly ignored as she quietly plodded along to the hotels and started puking on the road blocks blocking the roads between the hotels and the ship. The road blocks decayed instantly from Fecaluria's filthy vomit leaving the way clear for the future when the other clans decided to flee.

Emm-Hegg-Ammon and a squad of fellow greater daemons of Slaanesh brought up the rear, drawing the Khorne blood thisters away from mortals in the column.

In a mere 30 minutes the column was safely driving into the Nightmare Asylum, gunning down the unarmored Aumaom repair workers who got in their way, with Emm-Hegg-Ammon bringing up the rear. The daemonic armies continued fighting each other outside buying Clan Wendy time to fortify a position for themselves on the Nightmare Asylum.

***

Emm-Hegg-Ammon snarled with righteous rage as she confronted Daemon Princess TigerLily in the throne room of the Nightmare Asylum.

"A trillion lives sacrificed for jealousy of your sister!" Emm-Hegg-Ammon screamed at TigerLily in dumbfounded fury.

"Pretty much," TigerLily smirked back.

Emm-Hegg-Ammon roared with holy rage and ran at TigerLily with blurring speed. She snipped her long elegant crab claws at TigerLily but the daemon princess dodged her every move in anticipation.

TigerLily stabbed Emm-Hegg-Ammon through the heart in retaliation, able to perfectly predict the conscience of Slaanesh's every movement!

Emm-Hegg-Ammon staggered back bleeding daemonic ichor and tripped over a hibernating Tyranid zoanthrope, waking it up with an irritated hiss.

The creature tried to blast Emm-Hegg-Ammon but was blocked from doing so by its bionic behavioural inhibitors. It turned its attention to regard TigerLily and there was a terrible pause.

Time seemed to slow down as Emm-Hegg-Ammon witnessed the emotional exchange between the Tyranid and the Daemon Princess. The Tyranid had clearly been hibernating since before TigerLily had ascended to daemonhood and this was it's first time seeing her new form. It recognised her
instantly, recognised her and LOVED her!

With every fibre of it's extremely limited ability this Tyranid LOVED TigerLily, to Emm-Hegg-Ammon it was painfully obvious to see the obvious goodness in this creatures heart. Relative to it's kind this creature was a SAINT. It loved TigerLily with the whole of it's heart and right now it had something that might be akin to grief filling it.

TigerLily was gazing at the creature with deep pain too, she also loved this Tyranid, so much so that she had soul marked it. She was looking at the Tyranid and she also clearly had grief too.

The zoanthrope paused, trembling with effort, desperately trying not to do what it's nature demanded that it must. It paused for far longer than one of its kind had ever paused before, but then it could pause no more and it blasted a lethal bolt of energy at TigerLily's head.

TigerLily psychically blocked the bolt but it took a lot of effort. The Tyranid continued attacking her miserably and she didn't retaliate, merely blocking each attack.

Emm-Hegg-Ammon saw her opening and rose to her feet, advancing on TigerLily, she couldn't defend herself against both of them at once. TigerLily clearly saw this and called out psychically for a mortal ally to summon her and fled into the warp with a puff of smoke.

For a long time afterwards the Tyranid Zoanthrope looked at the spot where TigerLily had last stood, if it was capable of it then the Tyranid would be weeping!

***

Sigmund Smith soiled himself as his own worst nightmare puffed into existence in a crude summoning circle Violet had made a few moments ago without any explanation.

The nightmare looked at him with a cruel smirk and a horribly familiar voice said in his mind, "well hello Sigmund, it sure has been awhile!"

***
Chapter 34

Chapter 34C

"Explain the meaning of this!" Roared the leader of the Steel Brethren contingent on Aumaom.

Luke looked at the communication screen sheepishly, TigerLily had really stabbed their allies in the back big time!

"My daughter will get you a new planet." Luke offered feebly.

"We want the Alpha Plus, you owe us the use of her in payment for all that you have cost us!" The Steel Brethren leader demanded angrily.

"Sure thing, we just need to find the assassins and finish training her, AND we need her Aunty Labia back to make her cooperate." Luke reassured the Iron Warrior.

"Your assurances leave me cold, put the Alpha Plus on the line at once I will speak only to her!" The Iron Warriors leader snarled.

Luke quickly considered his options. One the one hand opening a direct line to Egg would give away what ship she was on. On the other hand if Luke refused then the Iron Warriors would potentially turn hostile. Luke didn't blame them for being pissed off.

Even the most favourable optimistic estimates predicted that the planet Aumaom would completely fall to TigerLily's blasted hormagaunts no more than two weeks time from now. Even if the planet was then sterilised with virus bombing or Exterminatus it would still take centuries to recover the damage done to the planet. The Iron Warriors were REALLY pissed off!

With a sigh Luke opened a massively encrypted channel to Egg's secret penthouse on the chaos Retribution class Battleship "Widow Raper" and patched it into the conference call.

***

Egg was squealing and laughing as Mistress Mandy tickled her, all tied up in a chair. It felt so wonderful to enjoy some submission once more!

Both of them were completely naked and alone in Egg's study and Mandy was tickling Egg's pussy with one of Egg's own shed feathers whilst simultaneously tickling her underarm with a finger! It felt beyond wonderful and Egg felt an orgasm slowly creeping up on her.

Mandy kissed Egg on the mouth and Egg returned the kisses passionately, praising Slaanesh with her entire being. It was getting so wonderful when when the cogitator on Egg's school work desk flickered to life and a pair of chaos space marines looked at them through the screen!

The two girls screamed and Mandy covered herself, leaving Egg tied up and totally naked with her pussy on full display of the two uninvited space marines! Egg wailed in humiliation as she recognised one of the chaos space marines as her father Night Lords Chaos Lord Luke Sevenson and the other as Iron Warriors Junior Warsmith Victus Ironboot lord of the entire contingent of the Steel Brethren stationed on Aumaom!!!

Mandy flung open the soundproof door and yelled for all the others to come and they ran into the room as Egg screamed her head off to be covered up and untied!
"I demand to speak to the Alpha Plus!" Shouted Victus Ironboot in a harsh booming voice as the family frantically untied Egg and covered her up.

"I am Egg Sevenson, I'm so embarrassed I could die! What the fuck do you want!" Egg shouted back at the rude man.

"What form of Slaanesh ritual were you engaged in just now?" Victus asked as if it was entirely his business.

"Just normal submission to calm my mind after all my psychic training today! Oh Slaanesh you have no idea how embarrassing that was!" Egg exclaimed blushing so much that it hurt.

"You are being trained then? Excellent! You will use your powers for the Iron Warriors to pay off your father's debt to us!" Victus Ironboot demanded.

Egg was dismayed by the sheer blunt rudeness of this man and hid behind Mum Octavia, feeling scared.

"You are scaring my daughter, she is just a little girl." Luke told Victus.

"No, she is my new super weapon to kill my enemies! How long before the training is complete?" Victus Ironboot demanded harshly.

Egg was terrified of the scary man and hid behind her mother as he shouted questions and demands at her, she didn't like this at all!

For two terrible hours the angry conversation continued before the Iron Warrior was satisfied with the terms continuing the alliance with the Night Lords. She was now pledged to a few years of service to the Steel Brethren as soon as her training was complete! She would obliterate their enemies for them and in exchange they would forgive the loss of Aumaom and swear eternal warm friendship to the Sevenson Night Lords.

Egg was scared but her father and her family in the penthouse all assured her that she would be treated well and that this would massively help the family.

Before the conversation ended Egg had some demands of her own, that Aunty Labia and the rest of her family and friends on Aumaom be returned to the ship unharmed. Victus Ironboot reluctantly agreed to these terms.

***

The surface of Aumaom was now a hormagaunt infested war zone. Daemons, mortals and machines alike all viciously fought against the tide of hormagaunts but for each one that fell 100 more took it's place!

The most deadly war machines ever devised by man killed the hormagaunts by the hundreds of trillions but this barely even slowed the hoard down. Cunning fortifications and earthworks channeled the swarm into mine fields and killing zones but the dead bodies merely piled up over the top of these defences.

All of the nations open to the sea were gone now and the inland nations were rapidly falling as hungry rippers ate so much of the blood and bones that formed the bedrock of the planet that they burrowed all the way under the deep foundations of the walls! Over 70 percent of the planets surface area was now completely composed of Tyranids!
The walls that were not undermined were instead simply overflowing with a growing plateau of living and dead Tyranids. The ripper larvae were not fussy and very happily fed on the carrion of their own dead if they couldn't reach the blood.

The psychic effects of the combined selectively mutated hope that filled the creatures was now so great that it was weakening the Khorne daemons and causing flying daemons of Tzeentch to appear in vast flocks above the swarm. This planet was now inevitably lost to Tzeentch.

The Steel Brethren were evacuating everything of value that they could from the planet from the few nations that still held out as the insanely angry locals kept fighting the hormagaunts to the last. All remaining Steel Brethren forces on the planet were now focused solely on evacuating the clans of the Slaanesh worshippers and rescuing Labia Johnson, nothing else mattered now if they couldn't earn the loyalty of the Alpha Plus!

***

(Author's note: this section works best if you have the ridiculous song "Trogdor the Burninator" playing in the background of your mind as you read haha)

Labia screamed as her self appointed husband, Galit the Blood Thirster, gunned the engines of the new "asskicker" class "atomic death machine" that Labia had designed to his exact specifications (Galit had chosen the naming). This machine was officially christened as the "BEHEADINATOR", the ridiculous name being Galit's idea!

The BEHEADINATOR (always spelt with shouty capital letters) immediately had a head on collision with an Iron Warriors Warlord class Titan, annihilating the smaller war machine in a titanic (pun intended) explosion as the Warlord's ammunition detonated!

Galit was laughing like a raging maniac (which he was) as he slammed through enemy war machines completely heedless of danger, leaving a blown apart battalion of Titans in his wake.

The BEHEADINATOR was the result of Galit's "brilliant" idea of combining all of the most macho aspects of an Imperator Titan with a slightly scaled down version of a warp capable imperial firestorm class fucking FRIGATE! It was quite easily the most testosterone fuelled lunacy she had ever seen!

The BEHEADINATOR was just under a kilometre in length and it travelled through the hive city by the simple method of simply gunning it's engines and smashing through every structure and wall in its path!

The enemy Titans were tough and powerful but not warship level tough. The less than 100 meter tall titan's armour and void shields stood as much chance of being the victor in a head on collision with the over 900 meter long BEHEADINATOR as a space marine in power armour being hit by a high speed battle tank, basically the smaller of the colliding objects went "squish"!

The BEHEADINATOR's engines were at full power just to keep the ridiculous thing airborne, especially the Imperator Titan torso built into the heavily reinforced armoured prow! The hive city all around them was a blazing inferno from the blazing retro rocket engines, burning men and vehicles into ashes as they plowed through the hive city like a giant battering ram!

In their wake marched (partially on fire) Titan legions loyal to Galit and (a safer distance back) millions of men in power armour and huge columns of war vehicles of all shapes and sizes. The enemy Titan legions fought valiantly but they had not been insane enough to deploy anti-starship weaponry in the confines of the hive city!
The Iron Warriors were soon in full retreat as the BEHEADINATOR obliterated everything in its path and Galit insanely rammed the fleeing survivors, smashing down through the floor to the levels below before then reemerging in a shower of flaming concrete underneath a swarm of fleeing space marines!

Galit hurled the ship upward through the ceiling, ramming his way through everything in his path towards the uppermost level where the clans and the dry dock was located. With a roar of rage beyond mortal understanding Galit slammed his giant fist down on the giant red button on his specially built drivers console and the colossal laser lance on the front of the BEHEADINATOR fired a beam designed to kill other starships into the hotel that clan Wendy had last been recorded as staying in!

The hotel exploded in a fireball and the hive city started to depressurise as the beam cut right through the outside hull of the hive city (that was so high up that most of it existed in orbit)! People, daemons and machines started blowing out of the open hole in the hull as Galit roared with laughter!

Labia scanned the hotels frantically and found that all but a very few of the clans had already evacuated to the Nightmare Asylum. Galit maniacally opened fire on other hotels as the hive city came apart all around them!

The entire city was now starting to lean at an alarming angle, the hundreds of miles of infernos left in the wake of the BEHEADINATOR as it smashed it's way upwards from Galit's factories in the lower levels causing catastrophic problems to the structural integrity of the hive city! As Galit's laser lance obliterated clan Alissa, a smaller clan which sadly hadn't yet evacuated from their hotel, the entire uppermost hive city finally gave way and ripped apart under the atmospheric pressure into a billion floating pieces in orbit!

Labia's screamed as the BEHEADINATOR was suddenly hit by firepower from a nearby Iron Warriors Strike Cruiser, the surrounding fleets now had a clear shot at the BEHEADINATOR in the rapidly spreading artificial "asteroid" field of buildings and bodies!

Galit roared with rage that his ship was no match for the Iron Warriors war fleet and thrust the BEHEADINATOR into the thickest remains of the orbiting debris and demanded that Labia build him a better ship!

"I can't in this debris field, I need a functioning factory district!" Labia exclaimed in shock.

Galit bellowed and swore with rage and rammed his way through the more intact sections looking for a factory district that wasn't broken! Labia gazed at her stupid husband in incredulity, was he fucking serious?!

As they fled the Iron Warriors blasted the largest chunks of hive city apart with lethal weapons fire, taking away their hiding places and available cover, creating an ever bigger debris field! The BEHEADINATOR's navigational shields were going crazy deflecting the high speed orbital shrapnel as macro cannon explosions accelerated the lumps of concrete and metal to supersonic speeds!

With a scream of rage and triumph Galit found the uppermost section of the still intact hive city and smashed his way down into it as the Iron warriors blew it apart around them. The Iron Warriors could no longer track them in the enclosed hive city and the firing became more random. Galit jubilantly powered the BEHEADINATOR down the depressurised hive city towards the still intact automated factory districts, time now to build something far bigger!
The extremely pissed off Nightmare Asylum spun around crazily in orbit inside it's still mostly intact dry dock. The dry dock had detached when the hive city it was attached to blasted apart and was in a fairly stable orbit around Aumaom.

The entire Night Lords fleet apart from the Midnight Scream had entered orbit now and were assisting the Iron Warriors fleets in finding survivors in the wreckage of the debris field.

Billions of people had lived in the upper sections of the hive city and a number of them had had the foresight to put on space suits before the upper hive explosively decompressed. Among these survivors were space marines in their enclosed power armour and members of the clans that were currently floating in the remains of their hotels!

The rescue attempts were frantic as it was hard to tell who the "important people" were in the mass of space suits, so for once the Night Lords actually rescued everyone they found just in case it was a Royal family member.

Every ship that had been on Aumaom was now in orbit, all of them packed with refugees from the planet and the most valuable treasure they could fit and all of these now were frantically rescuing survivors.

In the repaired orbital dry dock an airlock hissed as yet another group of Aumaom refugees was delivered, for want of anywhere else to put them. If they wanted to go on breathing then they would work as slave labor to continue the ongoing repairs on the Nightmare Asylum.

Only 3 nations had not yet fallen to the Tyranids now, and ships and shuttles were evacuating people non stop from the surviving hive cities.

These Khorne worshippers were very valuable as soldiers in the armies of chaos and the combined fleets of Iron Warriors and Night Lords would have great need of them later. The problem was figuring out where to put them all?

Every Titan and other high value war machine floating around in orbit had now been collected over the past few days and most of these were simply parked in stable orbit out of range of the dangerous debris field. They didn't currently have room on their ships to store them all until the massive Nightmare Asylum was fully repaired.

A quick and cheap shanty town of space habitats was rapidly taking shape to just find SOMEWHERE to put all the refugees, but they were not able to build them fast enough to keep up with all the new waves of people. The dry dock was currently the only pressurised environment big enough to house the estimated one billion extra refugees that were predicted before the planet finally fell to the Tyranids.

The Night Lords fleet had been very thoroughly looting the debris fields for all sorts of valuables. Ammo, power armour, weapons, gold, technology, crates of food and a million other things were floating around in orbit for the taking. The hive city had been an unbelievably rich powerhouse of industry.

Down in the remaining hive cities the automated factories were STILL churning out goods for the fleet, making the most of it while it lasted.
In lost nations all over Aumaom, huge hive cities were warrens of madness. The lands all around these mighty spires seethed with "TigerLily strain" hormagaunts and their larvae but the hives themselves still had pockets of resistance.

The hormagaunts were extremely aggressive but also extremely stupid without the hive mind to guide them. For the most part the hormagaunts merely followed the food or else were pushed along by the ever growing swarm.

The ocean of blood was now so utterly lost under a pile of crushed to death bodies that the living Tyranids could no longer reach it so they were compelled to spread ever further before they starved to death. Carrion now provided over 90 percent of the food of the swarm, mostly their own carrion.

The population had peaked and now it was declining. The top 30 meters or so of the middle of the hormagaunt "continent" now consisted of still living Tyranids who would never ever reach food in their entire lives unless one of their neighbours starved to death before they did so they could eat the body, this was the "starve zone". Below this was the "crush zone" we're the pressure from bodies above them became lethal even for Tyranids. But right on the boarder line between the "starve zone" and the "crush zone" was the "food zone" where the only just alive Tyranids at the very edge of the crush zone could gorge themselves on the carrion of the crush zone and lay eggs.

At first the food zone had steadily increasing in altitude as rainstorms of blood from Khorne's hellish realm had let the top of the pile feed and breed far above the level of access to the oceans or land masses. But Khorne was now losing this world to Tzeentch and the way to his bloody hells had closed. The blood no longer rained from the sky and the food was now gone except for in 3 untapped nations not yet reached.

The swarm had been entirely parasitic upon Khorne to feed itself and Tzeentch it seems had no intention of wasting his energy to feed his pawns. The swarm was shrinking in altitude as the starving Tyranids ate their own pile of dead, exhaling the substance of the carrion as it was metabolised to provide energy. It was still dangerous and would remain as long as the carrion remained, but it was getting weaker now.

Up in orbit Fecaluria pushed off a bit of hive city concrete, propelling herself towards the upper atmosphere above Tyranid "ground zero". She laughingly curled up like a cannonball as she entered the upper atmosphere in a blazing fireball that was inadequate to kill something so tough as a Great Unclean One.

In her body Fecaluria was brewing a copy of the fabulous Tyranid Flu, this would be absolutely GLORIOUS!

Daemons of Tzeentch frantically attacked her as she plummeted down through the atmosphere, sensing the terrible danger, but Fecaluria merely laughed at their attacks and poked out her tongue, they were insufficient to destroy her in time!

Laughing like a maniac the badly damaged Fecaluria impacted into the mass of Tyranids with a colossal "SPLAT" and her physical body was completely destroyed by the impact, releasing the terrible Tyranid flu over the starvation weakened swarm!

The Tyranids instantly became infected and started to sneeze on each other, spreading the virus faster than the screaming greater daemons of Tzeentch could burn the infected! Like a ripple the virus spread out in an ever wider circle. The Tyranids would still take a while to die but their death was inevitable now.
In the warp Nurgle chuckled and said, "all plans decay in the end, swivel on it Tzeentch!"

***
Chapter 35C

Chapter 35

TigerLily smirked as Tzeentch raged at the latest plan completely RUINED by Nurgle, it was fucking hilarious to see even Tzeentch himself be outwitted occasionally. TigerLily didn't give a fuck, she had already gotten daemonhood out of it and was not really big on stuff beyond her own self interest.

Tzeentch glared at her and she winked and said, "it's not my fault that Nurgle ruined everything. I followed your plan to the letter. You have to admit that this is actually pretty hilarious!"

Tzeentch smirked at the pure cheek of his new daemon princess, and admitted that it actually was pretty funny how she had basically killed billions of people for NOTHING!

TigerLily laughed uproariously and continued cradling her adorable grandson Patrick, ignoring the distress this caused her daughter Violet.

TigerLily smirked and gave the baby back to the Callidus Assassin pretending to be a nanny slave named Pamela. TigerLily was party now to some of Tzeentch's knowledge of fate and saw through the disguise instantly, she just found it so hilarious that she was pretending that she was fooled by the disguise.

It would be fucking hilarious dropping cryptic hints about Egg's location just to mess with the assassin, and the look on Violet and Sigmund's faces when they finally found out would be PRICELESS! It just required very careful planning to make sure that the final revelation was as hilarious as absolutely possible!

In her new daemonic nature TigerLily was freed from her pesky maternal instincts, at least in part. She still had something akin to love for her mortal children, but she was no longer bound by that love. She wouldn't go out of her way to kill Violet but she also had no problems with leaving her in the proximity of an extremely dangerous Callidus Assassin!

Poof foolish Sigmund was very obviously smitten with "Pamela" and it was hilarious watching the discomfort in the Assassin's mind every time Sigmund did anything intimate with her! In her mind TigerLily could not stop laughing, even though she kept up a perfect act on the surface.

TigerLily looked at her reflection in a mirror she conjured out of warp energy and admired her glorious majesty. She looked like a slightly smaller version of a Greater Daemon of Tzeentch, only with her distinctive human face and a great pair of tits under her flowing blue and white robes. She had a terrible daemonic blade formed out of pure hopeful lunacy that materialised in her clawed hand anytime she wanted and she could form a staff in the same way if she wished.

Her height varied on her desire at the time and was currently short enough to fit in the room without her magnificent wings getting in the way too much.

TigerLily had WON, she was now completely immortal and would exist for all eternity. Her every desire was in line with the will of Tzeentch yet at the same time she retained her independence, the entire universe was a hilarious joke and she desired to make the joke even funnier!

She would drive trillions of people mad with hope and then screw them over and eat their souls!

That being said she was still affected by some of her mortal affections. She loved a very small
number of people and wouldn't simply abandon them. Her children, Chappie, Luke, Lash, her mother and siblings and other relatives and friends, she cared about THESE people, at least she cared enough to stick around and try what she could be bothered to to help them.

But more than anything else she was staying because of her daughter Egg. An Alpha Plus was too precious a thing to leave! With a bit of maternal guidance Egg could turn out just fine!

***

Labia was now permanently trapped inside her dreadnaught sarcophagus, the Tyranid Flu would kill her if it got to her outside of these airtight seals!

The entire planet of Aumaom was now a charnel pit of dead and dying hormagaunts and humans. The planet was now under quarantine to contain the deadly virus and the only humans who now lived were locals that had converted to worship Nurgle.

The only biological things that were not dying on the planet were a few hundred million local Aumaom Nurgle worshippers and a few million Khorne worshippers loyal to Galit that were fully entombed inside airtight suits of human sized power armour that Labia had modified with life support systems before the virus reached the hive they occupied. Everything else was either dead or was not long for this world!

The Tyranid Flu virus was the ULTIMATE of Nurgle's creations thus far, it was lethal to ALL life except for those that Nurgle chose to spare. A few especially favoured chaos champions of undivided or other gods could MAYBE survive it with the direct divine intervention of the other chaos gods, but these occasional individuals were so rare that they were statistically negligible. Even the BACTERIA were being killed by the virus, the planet was rapidly becoming completely sterilised of all non-chaos-worshipper life of any kind.

According to Galit even Nurgle himself was dissatisfied by the sterilised dead world that his virus was creating. It just lacked STYLE! Nurgle loved reeking decaying decomposition with furry moulds, swarms of flies and festering swamps of putrid bacterial life. Instead all he had was complete dead sterility where nothing decomposed and everything would simply stay as it was until it eventually fossilised! The life hating robotic Necrons would LOVE this place, it was fast becoming even deader than one of their tomb worlds!

Labia was now completely bound to the will of Galit by a daemonic collar of Khorne he had locked around her neck, she was an official Greater Daemon consort, bound to the will of her husband/Master. And through Labia Galit had control over all of her lifeless machines.

Labia was electronically in command of billions of Tau technical drones as well as thousands of automated factories. None of these machines had any biological components so were completely immune to the Tyranid Flu virus.

Together this workforce was constructing a fleet of escort sized daemon ships and a mighty Overlord Class Battle Cruiser, made out of the original ship and retaining the name BEHEADINATOR. It was a fleet that would let Galit escape Aumaom with Labia, together they would apparently conquer the universe for Khorne!

***

In the warp a safe distance from Aumaom, the fleet of Inquisitor Horatio Hoffman waited broodingly.
Sooner or later the heretics would leave the safety of the warp rift surrounding Aumaom, and when they did the Inquisition would be ready for them!

***

In the safety of the still miraculously hidden penthouse, Egg Sevenson was safely tucked out of harms way.

Terrible foes had done or tried to do terrible things to her, but she had so far survived everything that the 41st millennium had thrown at her.

She was Egg Sevenson the Alpha Plus, and soon the entire galaxy would fear her name!!!

*** end of book four of the Women of the Night Lords Series ***

(Many thanks to Drakshaa for all the comments and feedback, you are absolutely awesome)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!