

Fury and anger hit me like a truck as I finished getting a hold of myself. This Nyava bitch just drugged me so that she could learn the type of person I was. Another retch went through me, and I had to spit out more vomit as I got a hold of myself.

"You will need a caloric intake. That dinner that you were making for all of us will be very useful to you to feel better. Please, Punish me later; I will not resist," Nyava said with a smile.

I closed my eyes for several moments and felt the nausea returning, so I opened my eyes and got off the table. I was rarely this angry and, to be honest, Scared. This game allowed my inner thoughts to be out for a minute, and an NPC made me talk. Should that even be possible in the game?

My mind centered back on the fact that Nyava had done it to me, as I didn't want to think about the larger implications at this moment. My fury was high, and there were questions I didn't want to answer truthfully, like my current feelings about the program Ura.

Those feelings were something I wasn't sure about either, as I had just met her in real life, but in the game, it had been over a week now. I got up out of bed and stumbled towards the hatch, and I stepped out of the Medical bay with a new appreciation for the crazy bitch that we purchased. Nyava was a woman with a very large screw loose, and when I sat down to eat, I got two concerned looks from Ura and Emily.

"You okay?" Ura asked.

"Not really," I told her, turning to the Med bay, "Nyava truth drugged me," I snapped, and Nyava poked her head out, surprised.

"I must have read you wrong, Sleepy Wonder," Nyava said, coming out of the room. "My respect for you has gone up several notches. You are not the type to hold things in and deal with them yourself. Very commendable," She noted, and I rolled my eyes.

"You drugged me, questioned me, then let me puke it all out in five minutes or something." I coughed out, feeling like shit.

"Oh, I also treated you. Some of the drugs that tend to be universal can help with Truth drugs. I only added a little spice to piss you off for some fun time later. Please punish me in a way you see fit. The other women can help out if you so wish. I do not wish for this to ruin our working relationship. Rish'an Locktor is unique, and I have so much to learn from you," Nyava countered, and I rolled my eyes.

This woman was insane, and I turned to her, "Yes, In five minutes, you treated me and questioned me while drugging me." I said, my sarcasm evident.

“Oh, that is another thing I must correct; your time perception is incorrect; it was twenty minutes that I treated you in. Although five minutes would be an impressive time that I could brag about for a long time, it is a gross exaggeration. Now please, eat; you will feel much better with calories and essential vitamins infused in the food that spacefarers eat.” Nyava countered.

I couldn't help but feel annoyed, but I dug into the food instead of losing more of the argument. My anger was still simmering, but I knew to keep good control of it, and I knew this woman loved pain. Letting her get a kick would be the worst thing I could do, and I would have to develop something better. She wanted the pain like a typical pain slut. That meant that there was a better route to play with her if I decided to. It wouldn't be tonight, either, as I needed to log off and get a hold of my anger.

Not only that, but I had been logged in for a lot longer than I should have been, and I was struggling to remember when I last logged off. If I remember correctly, it was after I went to the gun range with Ura and before the delivery. It had been almost twenty-four hours, I think, since then, or maybe sixteen hours, but I was exhausted, and this game was high-intensity. My mind needed a break, and I had a job to do outside.

“You okay?” Ura asked, waking me from my thoughts, and I realized as I had devoured half my food that I was feeling much better.

“Yeah, I did need the calories,” I told her, deliberately not looking at our doctor. She seemed smug about it, and I rolled my eyes. “Are we about to head out?” I asked, feeling sleepy.

“The goods should be here soon. Once that is packed in, we will make it to our next destination before Dry docking for a bit. I am taking what Emily said seriously and putting up our ship on repair. I plan to book it for the dock to see the true extent of the damage.” Ura said, and Emily smiled.

“Although I haven't been on the ship long, I am glad that you are trusting me. I will take a look to see the extent of the damage, but Micro jumps can really hurt a slipstream drive. I will not know the true extent without ripping out a bunch of bulkheads.” Emily said, and Ura nodded at her.

“Perfect,” I said, taking another bite of food when a loud beep came, and I grabbed my guns. I pulled up my assault rifle, and Ura walked, showing me her juicy ass as I followed her to the ramp.

The com showed a bored-looking man, and Ura opened up the Cargo bay for the goods they were bringing. It didn't take long, and the dark cargo container quickly went into the nook without anyone else being allowed to see it. I watched the delivery take place in silence as Ura moved things around while the bored-looking man brought it up, and he looked surprised when the dark cargo disappeared. When all was said and done, Ura happily signed, saying she accepted the packages they delivered, and the man left without further incident.

Ura didn't return to the crew quarters as the ship locked up. Instead, she went to the bridge and started to prep the ship for leaving. "We going?" I asked, leaning on the doorway as Ura finished talking into a mic.

"Yup, we are in line for five minutes and can get out of this station." She replied.

"Good, I am exhausted and need to sleep. I feel like I am going to collapse." I told Ura with a soft smile, and Ura turned to look at me.

"You want to do anything. I still have those outfits?" Ura suggested, and I could tell she wanted special attention. I stepped toward her and leaned to whisper into her ear, "When I wake up. My stamina is done; then I will make sure Nyava is extremely jealous of you," I told her, making her face turn a wonderful shade of purple blushing. "You are cute," I told her, turning and walking away, "See you when I wake up," I told her and walked down to the crew quarters and saw Emily just finishing cleaning up dinner.

"Thanks," I told her, "I am going to bed; you can use any other room that Ura and I are not using," I continued as I got on the ladder and headed up to the beds, "See you too when I wake up."

Emily seemed to look a little lost, but I couldn't care anymore. I went to the bed Ura and I had been sleeping on, put down all my guns, and laid back on the bed, tucking myself in. I logged off without another moment's thought.

The pod opened up a moment later, and a yawn ripped through me as I was exhausted. My mind felt groggy, and I found myself sweaty and yawning hard when I stretched. I got out and stretched more, and decided a shower was needed. I picked up my phone and noticed a missed call from an unknown number. It had been about three hours ago, and I shook my head. It was almost night time, and although it would be a little early, it seemed to go to bed I could get some extra things done.

I ordered food, walked to the shower, and started washing myself as I hoped the food would arrive by then. The heat washing off my hot body was relaxing, and my head fluttered with exhaustion. After everything, I learned something major about this game today. The combat was harsh, and I needed to plan more. I needed more traps and things to help me out. Oxrock was a hard target, and missing my first shot was something I needed to be more prepared for.

I needed to plan for the days with the pro league, especially after the last time I got kicked off teams. I needed to be invaluable for the strategy based around me to become irreplaceable. There was also the route of making my own team, but that was insanely difficult. Gaben Corporation was good at funding their pro leagues, but they were difficult to win in. With the large cash prizes they hand out, the first pro league would only be the start of a brutal competition.

Stepping out of the shower, I quickly dried myself off and picked up a low-cut crop top and some comfy hot pants, which didn't hide much when the doorbell rang. I smiled and opened the door to see a kid just past the age of eighteen holding my food. I smiled and took the food from his hands while he was staring at my body, shocked. I closed the door in his face, not feeling horny at the moment.

Bringing the food back to my computer, I turned on my computer and decided to learn what the perverts online wanted me to sleep in tonight. With a yawn, I dug into the food and brought up my account. I looked and smiled as I realized that the choice of outfit was a very tight latex outfit with a little skirt around my ass, hinting that it was covering up something that you couldn't quite see. It was a sexy little outfit, and it was one of my favorites as a tight latex outfit. I couldn't help but smile, and I ate with a smile, thinking about the cute and sexy little outfit that I got to wear tonight.

The pervs chose well tonight, and the money was coming in faster than normal. I was going to make rent safely and easily this month. It was great with all the expenses that Galaxy Online took out of me. This Sleep stream was a better and better thing for me, and these perverts continued to pay for my lifestyle. They were my perverts, and I enjoyed that thought.

I decided to take a break from Galaxy Online, turned my attention to something more soothing, and turned on some cat videos. Instantly as I watched them, I was reminded of Nyava. The woman pissed me off, and even my calmer side was pissed off with her. I needed my own form of revenge, and I knew when I logged back in tomorrow, I would do it. I smiled as I remembered various things I used to do. Ura was a fun playmate, and I wonder how Nyava would react to getting her deserved punishment.

Before I even knew it, I was planning in my head what to do to the naughty cat in the spaceship over watching random videos on the internet. When I clued back in, it was already late, and I yawned before turning on the stream and realizing that my stream would be soon. I turned on the equipment and walked away, letting them enjoy the look of my slightly messy bed before I crawled into it. Let them get all antsy, and I set the alarm posting what the alarm was.

I was exhausted, and the ship would be flying to the new destination while I was asleep. I got up, walked to my closet, and found my outfit for today. I put it on methodically, and soon my breasts and cock were hugged tightly. A little skirt around my waste covered the bulge of my cock, and I yawned. I looked good in the tight red Latex outfit, and you could see every contour of my shapely body. Nothing was missed except around the skirt, and there was not a gap anywhere other than my head. I loved tight outfits, and this was yet another of my favorites.

Enjoying looking at myself in the mirror for a couple of minutes, I sealed myself in and turned, leaving the room for the bedroom. I cleaned up after dinner and tossed the trash into the kitchen before heading to bed. It was such a long day in the game that I was just done. I sat down at my computer and smiled, turning on the computer camera. "Hey guys, Sleepy Wonder here. Another sleep stream for you all. The winner of today's vote was a cute little Latex outfit that I

absolutely adore. Check it out,” I said, backing up and showing off the outfit. “Sorry, everyone,” I followed up. “I am really tired, and my alarm is set, and I need tons of sleep with how exhausted I am. Enjoy the stream, and maybe you will see something fun,” I told them and turned the cameras onto the bed before getting up and crawling in. Moments later, if I cared to look, I could see chat going crazy over which angle was the best.

I let them enjoy themselves and curled up to a pillow, knowing I was showing off my ass and not caring. I fell asleep quickly after such a long day.